

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Thomas Carlyle

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History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Book I. BIRTH AND PARENTAGE. 1712.

Chapter I. PROEM: FRIEDRICH'S HISTORY FROM THE DISTANCE WE ARE AT.

About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was VATER FRITZ,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute SOFTNESS, if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors);—and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or out, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor,—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (French)(portaient, au gre de son ame heroique, la seduction ou la terreur)(end French)." [Mirabeau, (French) *Histoire Secrete de la Cour de Berlin*, (end French) *Lettre 28??* (24 September, 1786) p.128 (in edition of Paris, 1821)]. Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr. Moore. [Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany* (London, 1779), ii. 246.] "He speaks a great deal," continues the doctor; "yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection."

Just about threescore and ten years ago, [A.D. 1856,—17th August, 1786] his speakings and his workings came to finis in this World of Time; and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men;—which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied. As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to it and more, and though masses of it were deliberately put on paper by himself, in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much vanished into the inane; and except as record or document of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the things he did were extremely remarkable; and cannot be forgotten by mankind. Indeed, they bear such fruit to the present hour as all the Newspapers are obliged to be taking note of, sometimes to an unpleasant degree. Editors vaguely account this man the "Creator of the Prussian Monarchy;" which has since grown so large

in the world, and troublesome to the Editorial mind in this and other countries. He was indeed the first who, in a highly public manner, notified its creation; announced to all men that it was, in very deed, created; standing on its feet there, and would go a great way, on the impulse it had got from him and others. As it has accordingly done; and may still keep doing to lengths little dreamt of by the British Editor in our time; whose prophesyings upon Prussia, and insights into Prussia, in its past, or present or future, are truly as yet inconsiderable, in proportion to the noise he makes with them! The more is the pity for him,—and for myself too in the Enterprise now on hand.

It is of this Figure, whom we see by the mind's eye in those Potsdam regions, visible for the last time seventy years ago, that we are now to treat, in the way of solacing ingenuous human curiosity. We are to try for some Historical Conception of this Man and King; some answer to the questions, "What was he, then? Whence, how? And what did he achieve and suffer in the world?"—such answer as may prove admissible to ingenuous mankind, especially such as may correspond to the Fact (which stands there, abstruse indeed, but actual and unalterable), and so be sure of admissibility one day.

An Enterprise which turns out to be, the longer one looks at it, the more of a formidable, not to say unmanageable nature! Concerning which, on one or two points, it were good, if conveniently possible, to come to some preliminary understanding with the reader. Here, flying on loose leaves, are certain incidental utterances, of various date: these, as the topic is difficult, I will merely label and insert, instead of a formal Discourse, which were too apt to slide into something of a Lamentation, or otherwise take an unpleasant turn.

1. FRIEDRICH THEN, AND FRIEDRICH NOW.

This was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries; who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms. As an original man has always to do; much more an original ruler of men. The world, in fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it does, unconsciously or, consciously, with all such; and after the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for Seven Years, had not been able. Principalities and powers, Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal, enemies innumerable as the seasand, had risen against him, only one helper left among the world's Potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them all such a dance as had astonished mankind and them.

No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is;—nay, in the long-run, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men; whose movements were polar, and carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes,—were his life passed like that of Samuel Johnson in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper,—the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill; this is always a spectacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, not by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite ruinous circumstances. As this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. When he died, in 1786, the enormous Phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growling audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric coruscations heralding it, all round the horizon. Strange enough to note, one of Friedrich's last visitors was Gabriel Honore Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. These two saw one another; twice, for half an hour each time. The last of the old Gods and the first of the modern Titans;—before Pelion leapt on Ossa; and the foul Earth taking fire at last, its vile mephitic elements went up in volcanic thunder. This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the last of the Kings; that he ushers in the French Revolution, and closes an Epoch of World-History. Finishing off forever the trade of King, think many; who have grown profoundly dark as to Kingship and him.

The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his History;—especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so. On the

breaking-out of that formidable Explosion, and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations;—wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic; especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage-heroism, in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals. or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

All this, however, in half a century is considerably altered. The Drawcansir equipments getting gradually torn off, the natural size is seen better; translated from the bulletin style into that of fact and history, miracles, even to the shilling-gallery, are not so miraculous. It begins to be apparent that there lived great men before the era of bulletins and Agamemnon. Austerlitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder,—gunpowder probably in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one; but neither of them was tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rossbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity and intrepidity, and the loss of 165 men. Leuthen, too, the battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it) may very well hold up its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were of not far from equal quality; and only the General was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction. Napoleon did indeed, by immense expenditure of men, and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time: but Napoleon never, by husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave up the enterprise as one it could not manage. So soon as the Drawcansir equipments are well torn off, and the shilling-gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great kings before Napoleon,—and likewise an Art of War, grounded on veracity and human courage and insight, not upon Drawcansir rodomontade, grandiose Dick-Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. "You may paint with a very big brush, and yet not be a great painter," says a satirical friend of mine! This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust-whirlwind, and huge uproar of the last generation, gradually dies away again.

2. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

One of the grand difficulties in a History of Friedrich is, all along, this same, That he lived in a Century which has no History and can have little or none. A Century so opulent in accumulated falsities,—sad opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital;—opulent in that bad way as never Century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that—in fact the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, how extricate the man from his Century? How show the man, who is a Reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his Century, as a Hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in the due abeyance?

To resuscitate the Eighteenth Century, or call into men's view, beyond what is necessary, the poor and sordid personages and transactions of an epoch so related to us, can be no purpose of mine on this occasion. The Eighteenth Century, it is well known, does not figure to me as a lovely one; needing to be kept in mind, or spoken of unnecessarily. To me the Eighteenth Century has nothing grand in it, except that grand universal Suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act;—setting fire to its old home and self; and going up in flames and volcanic explosions, in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination, as I thankfully feel, for such a Century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent-bankrupt; gone at length utterly insolvent, without real MONEY of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any farther:—what could the poor Century do, but at length

admit, "Well, it is so. I am a swindler—century, and have long been,— having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last forever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favored of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action?" Which the poor Century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.

For there was need once more of a Divine Revelation to the torpid frivolous children of men, if they were not to sink altogether into the ape condition. And in that whirlwind of the Universe,— lights obliterated, and the torn wrecks of Earth and Hell hurled aloft into the Empyrean; black whirlwind, which made even apes serious, and drove most of them mad,—there was, to men, a voice audible; voice from the heart of things once more, as if to say: "Lying is not permitted in this Universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this Universe; and Beelzebub, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is NOT God!" This was a revelation truly to be named of the Eternal, in our poor Eighteenth Century; and has greatly altered the complexion of said Century to the Historian ever since.

Whereby, in short, that Century is quite confiscate, fallen bankrupt, given up to the auctioneers;—Jew—brokers sorting out of it at this moment, in a confused distressing manner, what is still valuable or salable. And, in fact, it lies massed up in our minds as a disastrous wrecked inanity, not useful to dwell upon; a kind of dusky chaotic background, on which the figures that had some veracity in them—a small company, and ever growing smaller as our demands rise in strictness—are delineated for us.—"And yet it is the Century of our own Grandfathers?" cries the reader. Yes, reader! truly. It is the ground out of which we ourselves have sprung; whereon now we have our immediate footing, and first of all strike down our roots for nourishment;—and, alas, in large sections of the practical world, it (what we specially mean by IT) still continues flourishing all round us! To forget it quite is not yet possible, nor would be profitable. What to do with it, and its forgotten fooleries and "Histories," worthy only of forgetting?—Well; so much of it as by nature ADHERES; what of it cannot be disengaged from our Hero and his operations: approximately so much, and no more! Let that be our bargain in regard to it.

3. ENGLISH PREPOSSESSIONS.

With such wagon—loads of Books and Printed Records as exist on the subject of Friedrich, it has always seemed possible, even for a stranger, to acquire some real understanding of him;— though practically, here and now, I have to own, it proves difficult beyond conception. Alas, the Books are not cosmic, they are chaotic; and turn out unexpectedly void of instruction to us. Small use in a talent of writing, if there be not first of all the talent of discerning, of loyally recognizing; of discriminating what is to be written! Books born mostly of Chaos—which want all things, even an INDEX—are a painful object. In sorrow and disgust, you wander over those multitudinous Books: you dwell in endless regions of the superficial, of the nugatory: to your bewildered sense it is as if no insight into the real heart of Friedrich and his affairs were anywhere to be had. Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labor, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known; I have often sorrowfully felt as if there were not in Nature, for darkness, dreariness, immethodic platitude, anything comparable to him. He writes big Books wanting in almost every quality; and does not even give an INDEX to them. He has made of Friedrich's History a wide—spread, inorganic, trackless matter; dismal to your mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand!—Enough, he could do no other: I have striven to forgive him. Let the reader now forgive me; and think sometimes what probably my raw—material was!—

Curious enough, Friedrich lived in the Writing Era,—morning of that strange Era which has grown to such a noon for us;—and his favorite society, all his reign, was with the literary or writing sort. Nor have they failed to write about him, they among the others, about him and about him; and it is notable how little real light, on any point of his existence or environment, they have managed to communicate. Dim indeed, for most part a mere epigrammatic sputter of darkness visible, is the "picture" they have fashioned to themselves of Friedrich and his Country and his Century. Men not "of genius," apparently? Alas, no; men fatally destitute of true eyesight, and of loyal heart first of all. So far as I have noticed, there was not, with the single exception of Mirabeau for one hour, any man to be called of genius, or with an adequate power of human discernment, that ever personally looked on Friedrich. Had many such men looked successively on his History and him, we had not found it now in such a condition. Still altogether chaotic as a History; fatally destitute even of the Indexes and mechanical appliances: Friedrich's self, and his Country, and his Century, still undeciphered; very dark phenomena, all three, to the

intelligent part of mankind.

In Prussia there has long been a certain stubborn though planless diligence in digging for the outward details of Friedrich's Life—History; though as to organizing them, assorting them, or even putting labels on them; much more as to the least interpretation or human delineation of the man and his affairs,—you need not inquire in Prussia. In France, in England, it is still worse. There an immense ignorance prevails even as to the outward facts and phenomena of Friedrich's life; and instead of the Prussian no-interpretation, you find, in these vacant circumstances, a great promptitude to interpret. Whereby judgments and prepossessions exist among us on that subject, especially on Friedrich's character, which are very ignorant indeed.

To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two. FIRST, for his Public Character: it was an all-important fact, not to IT, but to this country in regard to it, That George II., seeing good to plunge head-foremost into German Politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian-Succession War of 1740-1748, needed to begin by assuring his Parliament and Newspapers, profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by and by, George's Parliament and Newspapers cheerfully accepted; nothing doubting. And they have re-echoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day; as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with; that was one settled point.

Afterwards when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven-Years War took place, George's Parliament and Newspapers settled a second point, in regard to Friedrich: "One of the greatest soldiers ever born." This second item the British Writer fully admits ever since: but he still adds to it the quality of robber, in a loose way;—and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in Review-Articles, and disquisitions on Progress of the Species, and labels it FREDERICK; very anxious to collect new babblement of lying Anecdotes, false Criticisms, hungry French Memoirs, which will confirm him in that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British Writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away; nor could any amount of unwise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful Historic Acherons and Stygian Fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light!— Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds; and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

SECOND English source relates to the Private Character. Friedrich's Biography or Private Character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privee du Roi de Prusse* (Private Life of the King of Prussia) [First printed, from a stolen copy, at Geneva, 1784; first proved to be Voltaire's (which some of his admirers had striven to doubt), Paris, 1788; stands avowed ever since, in all the Editions of his Works (ii. 9-113 of the Edition by Bandouin Freres, 97 vols., Paris, 1825-1834), under the title *Memoires pour servir a Vie de M. de Voltaire*, —with patches of repetition in the thing called (italic) *Commentaire Historique*, which follows *ibid.* at great length.] libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury; but not intended to be published by him; nay burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined; No line of which, that cannot be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed; and large portions of which can be proved to be wild exaggerations and perversions, or even downright lies,—written in a mood analogous to the Frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the Biography or Private Character of Friedrich; imputing all crimes to him, natural and unnatural;—offering indeed, if combined with facts otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible and impossible image. Like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the black-hole, by an Artist whom you had locked up there (not quite without reason) overnight.

Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privee* in a state little inferior to the Frenzy of John Dennis,—how brought about we shall see by and by. And this is the Document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia! Keep it awhile, he that would know Francois Arouet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals, whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for, in this world!—Alas, go where you will, especially in these irreverent ages, the noteworthy Dead is sure to be found lying under infinite dung, no end of calumnies and stupidities accumulated upon him. For the class we speak of, class of "flunkies doing *saturnalia* below stairs,"

is numerous, is innumerable; and can well remunerate a "vocal flunky" that will serve their purposes on such an occasion!—

Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demigods; and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last, a questionable hero; with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry, That in his way he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognizes for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm. Which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon. We perceive that this man was far indeed from trying to deal swindler-like with the facts around him; that he honestly recognized said facts wherever they disclosed themselves, and was very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious. For he knew well, to a quite uncommon degree, and with a merit all the higher as it was an unconscious one, how entirely inexorable is the nature of facts, whether recognized or not, ascertained or not; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management and sophistry, to save any mortal who does not stand on the truth of things, from sinking, in the long-run. Sinking to the very mud-gods, with all his diplomacies, possessions, achievements; and becoming an unnamable object, hidden deep in the Cesspools of the Universe. This I hope to make manifest; this which I long ago discerned for myself, with pleasure, in the physiognomy of Friedrich and his life. Which indeed was the first real sanction, and has all along been my inducement and encouragement, to study his life and him. How this man, officially a King withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed not to be a Liar and Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it.

He that was honest with his existence has always meaning for us, be he king or peasant. He that merely shammed and grimaced with it, however much, and with whatever noise and trumpet-blowing, he may have cooked and eaten in this world, cannot long have any. Some men do COOK enormously (let us call it COOKING, what a man does in obedience to his HUNGER merely, to his desires and passions merely),—roasting whole continents and populations, in the flames of war or other discord;—witness the Napoleon above spoken of. For the appetite of man in that respect is unlimited; in truth, infinite; and the smallest of us could eat the entire Solar System, had we the chance given, and then cry, like Alexander of Macedon, because we had no more Solar Systems to cook and eat. It is not the extent of the man's cookery that can much attach me to him; but only the man himself, and what of strength he had to wrestle with the mud-elements, and what of victory he got for his own benefit and mine.

4. ENCOURAGEMENTS, DISCOURAGEMENTS.

French Revolution having spent itself, or sunk in France and elsewhere to what we see, a certain curiosity reawakens as to what of great or manful we can discover on the other side of that still troubled atmosphere of the Present and immediate Past. Curiosity quickened, or which should be quickened, by the great and all-absorbing question, How is that same exploded Past ever to settle down again? Not lost forever, it would appear: the New Era has not annihilated the old eras: New Era could by no means manage that;— never meant that, had it known its own mind (which it did not): its meaning was and is, to get its own well out of them; to readapt, in a purified shape, the old eras, and appropriate whatever was true and NOT combustible in them: that was the poor New Era's meaning, in the frightful explosion it made of itself and its possessions, to begin with!

And the question of questions now is: What part of that exploded Past, the ruins and dust of which still darken all the air, will continually gravitate back to us; be reshaped, transformed, readapted, that so, in new figures, under new conditions, it may enrich and nourish us again? What part of it, not being incombustible, has actually gone to flame and gas in the huge world-conflagration, and is now GASEOUS, mounting aloft; and will know no beneficence of gravitation, but mount, and roam upon the waste winds forever,—Nature so ordering it, in spite of any industry of Art? This is the universal question of afflicted mankind at present; and sure enough it will be long to settle.

On one point we can answer: Only what of the Past was TRUE will come back to us. That is the one ASBESTOS which survives all fire, and comes out purified; that is still ours, blessed be Heaven, and only that. By the law of Nature nothing more than that; and also, by the same law, nothing less than that. Let Art, struggle how it may, for or against,—as foolish Art is seen extensively doing in our time,—there is where the limits of it will be. In which point of view, may not Friedrich, if he was a true man and King, justly excite some curiosity

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again; nay some quite peculiar curiosity, as the lost Crowned Reality there was antecedent to that general outbreak and abolition? To many it appears certain there are to be no Kings of any sort, no Government more; less and less need of them henceforth, New Era having come. Which is a very wonderful notion; important if true; perhaps still more important, just at present, if untrue! My hopes of presenting, in this Last of the Kings, an exemplar to my contemporaries, I confess, are not high.

On the whole, it is evident the difficulties to a History of Friedrich are great and many: and the sad certainty is at last forced upon me that no good Book can, at this time, especially in this country, be written on the subject. Wherefore let the reader put up with an indifferent or bad one; he little knows how much worse it could easily have been!—Alas, the Ideal of history, as my friend Sauerteig knows, is very high; and it is not one serious man, but many successions of such, and whole serious generations of such, that can ever again build up History towards its old dignity. We must renounce ideals. We must sadly take up with the mournfulest barren realities;—dismal continents of Brandenburg sand, as in this instance; mere tumbled mountains of marine-stores, without so much as an Index to them!

Has the reader heard of Sauerteig's last batch of *Springwurzeln*, a rather curious valedictory Piece? "All History is an imprisoned Epic, nay an imprisoned Psalm and Prophecy," says Sauerteig there. I wish, from my soul, he had DISimprisoned it in this instance! But he only says, in magniloquent language, how grand it would be if disimprisoned;— and hurls out, accidentally striking on this subject, the following rough sentences, suggestive though unpractical, with which I shall conclude:—

"Schiller, it appears, at one time thought of writing an *Epic Poem upon Friedrich the Great*, 'upon some action of Friedrich's,' Schiller says. Happily Schiller did not do it. By oversetting fact, disregarding reality, and tumbling time and space topsy-turvy, Schiller with his fine gifts might no doubt have written a temporary 'epic poem,' of the kind read and admired by many simple persons. But that would have helped little, and could not have lasted long. It is not the untrue imaginary Picture of a man and his life that I want from my Schiller, but the actual natural Likeness, true as the face itself, nay TRUER, in a sense. Which the Artist, if there is one, might help to give, and the Botcher (*Pfuscher*) never can! Alas, and the Artist does not even try it; leaves it altogether to the Botcher, being busy otherwise!—

"Men surely will at length discover again, emerging from these dismal bewilderments in which the modern Ages reel and stagger this long while, that to them also, as to the most ancient men, all Pictures that cannot be credited are—Pictures of an idle nature; to be mostly swept out of doors. Such veritably, were it never so forgotten, is the law! Mistakes enough, lies enough will insinuate themselves into our most earnest portrayings of the True: but that we should, deliberately and of forethought, rake together what we know to be not true, and introduce that in the hope of doing good with it? I tell you, such practice was unknown in the ancient earnest times; and ought again to become unknown except to the more foolish classes!" That is Sauerteig's strange notion, not now of yesterday, as readers know:—and he goes then into "Homer's Iliad," the "Hebrew Bible," "(terrible Hebrew VERACITY of every line of it;" discovers an alarming "kinship of Fiction to lying;" and asks, If anybody can compute "the damage we poor moderns have got from our practices of fiction in Literature itself, not to speak of awfully higher provinces? Men will either see into all this by and by," continues he; "or plunge head foremost, in neglect of all this, whither they little dream as yet!—

"But I think all real Poets, to this hour, are Psalmists and Iliadists after their sort; and have in them a divine impatience of lies, a divine incapacity of living among lies. Likewise, which is a corollary, that the highest Shakspeare producible is properly the fittest Historian producible;— and that it is frightful to see the *Gelehrte Dummkopf* [what we here may translate, DRYASDUST] doing the function of History, and the Shakspeare and the Goethe neglecting it. 'Interpreting events;' interpreting the universally visible, entirely INdubitable Revelation of the Author of this Universe: how can Dryasdust interpret such things, the dark chaotic dullard, who knows the meaning of nothing cosmic or noble, nor ever will know? Poor wretch, one sees what kind of meaning HE educes from Man's History, this long while past, and has got all the world to believe of it along with him. Unhappy Dryasdust, thrice-unhappy world that takes Dryasdust's reading of the ways of God! But what else was possible? They that could have taught better were engaged in fiddling; for which there are good wages going. And our damage therefrom, our DAMAGE,—yes, if thou be still human and not cormorant,—perhaps it will transcend all Californias, English National Debts, and show itself incomputable in continents of Bullion!—

"Believing that mankind are not doomed wholly to dog-like annihilation, I believe that much of this will

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mend. I believe that the world will not always waste its inspired men in mere fiddling to it. That the man of rhythmic nature will feel more and more his vocation towards the Interpretation of Fact; since only in the vital centre of that, could we once get thither, lies all real melody; and that he will become, he, once again the Historian of Events,—bewildered Dryasdust having at last the happiness to be his servant, and to have some guidance from him. Which will be blessed indeed. For the present, Dryasdust strikes me like a hapless Nigger gone masterless: Nigger totally unfit for self-guidance; yet without master good or bad; and whose feats in that capacity no god or man can rejoice in.

"History, with faithful Genius at the top and faithful Industry at the bottom, will then be capable of being written. History will then actually BE written,—the inspired gift of God employing itself to illuminate the dark ways of God. A thing thrice—pressingly needful to be done!—Whereby the modern Nations may again become a little less godless, and again have their 'epics' (of a different from the Schiller sort), and again have several things they are still more fatally in want of at present!"—

So that, it would seem, there WILL gradually among mankind, if Friedrich last some centuries, be a real Epic made of his History? That is to say (presumably), it will become a perfected Melodious Truth, and duly significant and duly beautiful bit of Belief, to mankind; the essence of it fairly evolved from all the chaff, the portrait of it actually given, and its real harmonies with the laws of this Universe brought out, in bright and dark, according to the God's Fact as it was; which poor Dryasdust and the Newspapers never could get sight of, but were always far from!—

Well, if so,—and even if not quite so,—it is a comfort to reflect that every true worker (who has blown away chaff were his contribution no bigger than my own, may have brought the good result NEARER by a hand-breadth or two. And so we will end these preludings, and proceed upon our Problem, courteous reader.

Chapter II. FRIEDRICH'S BIRTH.

Friedrich of Brandenburg–Hohenzollern, who came by course of natural succession to be Friedrich II. of Prussia, and is known in these ages as Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, about noon, on the 24th of January, 1712. A small infant, but of great promise or possibility; and thrice and four times welcome to all sovereign and other persons in the Prussian Court, and Prussian realms, in those cold winter days. His Father, they say, was like to have stifled him with his caresses, so overjoyed was the man; or at least to have scorched him in the blaze of the fire; when happily some much suitabler female nurse snatched this little creature from the rough paternal paws,—and saved it for the benefit of Prussia and mankind. If Heaven will but please to grant it length of life! For there have already been two little Princekins, who are both dead; this Friedrich is the fourth child; and only one little girl, wise Wilhelmina, of almost too sharp wits, and not too vivacious aspect, is otherwise yet here of royal progeny. It is feared the Hohenzollern lineage, which has flourished here with such beneficent effect for three centuries now, and been in truth the very making of the Prussian Nation, may be about to fail, or pass into some side branch. Which change, or any change in that respect, is questionable, and a thing desired by nobody.

Five years ago, on the death of the first little Prince, there had surmises risen, obscure rumors and hints, that the Princess Royal, mother of the lost baby, never would have healthy children, or even never have a child more: upon which, as there was but one other resource,—a widowed Grandfather, namely, and except the Prince Royal no son to him,—said Grandfather, still only about fifty, did take the necessary steps: but they have been entirely unsuccessful; no new son or child, only new affliction, new disaster has resulted from that third marriage of his. And though the Princess Royal has had another little Prince, that too has died within the year;—killed, some say on the other hand, by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it! [Forster, *Friedrich Wilhelm I., König von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834), i. 126 (who quotes Morgenstern, a contemporary reporter). But see also Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden* (Berlin, 1838), pp. 379–380] Yes; and the first baby Prince, these same parties farther say, was crushed to death by the weighty dress you put upon it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow! In short, it is a questionable case; undoubtedly a questionable outlook for Prussian mankind; and the appearance of this little Prince, a third trump–card in the Hohenzollern game, is an unusually interesting event. The joy over him, not in Berlin Palace only, but in Berlin City, and over the Prussian Nation, was very great and universal;—still testified in manifold dull, unreadable old pamphlets, records official and volunteer,—which were then all ablaze like the bonfires, and are now fallen dark enough, and hardly credible even to the fancy of this new Time.

The poor old Grandfather, Friedrich I. (the first King of Prussia),—for, as we intimate, he was still alive, and not very old, though now infirm enough, and laden beyond his strength with sad reminiscences, disappointments and chagrins,—had taken much to Wilhelmina, as she tells us; [*Memoires de Frederique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith, Soeur d Frederic–le–Grand* (London, 1812), i. 5.] and would amuse himself whole days with the pranks and prattle of the little child. Good old man: he, we need not doubt, brightened up into unusual vitality at sight of this invaluable little Brother of hers; through whom he can look once more into the waste dim future with a flicker of new hope. Poor old man: he got his own back half–broken by a careless nurse letting him fall; and has slightly stooped ever since, some fifty and odd years now: much against his will; for he would fain have been beautiful; and has struggled all his days, very hard if not very wisely, to make his existence beautiful,—to make it magnificent at least, and regardless of expense;—and it threatens to come to little. Courage, poor Grandfather: here is a new second edition of a Friedrich, the first having gone off with so little effect: this one's back is still unbroken, his life's seedfield not yet filled with tares and thorns: who knows but Heaven will be kinder to this one? Heaven was much kinder to this one. Him Heaven had kneaded of more potent stuff: a mighty fellow this one, and a strange; related not only to the Upholsteries and Heralds' Colleges, but to the Sphere–harmonies and the divine and demonic powers; of a swift far–darting nature this one, like an Apollo clad in sunbeams and in lightnings (after his sort); and with a back which all the world could not succeed in breaking!—Yes, if, by most rare chance, this were indeed a new man of genius, born into the purblind rotting Century, in the acknowledged rank of a king there,—man of genius, that is to say, man of originality and veracity;

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capable of seeing with his eyes, and incapable of not believing what he sees;—then truly!—But as yet none knows; the poor old Grandfather never knew.

Meanwhile they christened the little fellow, with immense magnificence and pomp of apparatus; Kaiser Karl, and the very Swiss Republic being there (by proxy), among the gossips; and spared no cannon–volleyings, kettle–drummings, metal crown, heavy cloth–of–silver, for the poor soft creature's sake; all of which, however, he survived. The name given him was Karl Friedrich (Charles Frederick); Karl perhaps, and perhaps also not, in delicate compliment to the chief gossip, the above–mentioned. Kaiser, Karl or Charles VI.? At any rate, the KARL, gradually or from the first, dropped altogether out of practice, and went as nothing: he himself, or those about him, never used it; nor, except in some dim English pamphlet here and there, have I met with any trace of it. Friedrich (RICH–in–PEACE, a name of old prevalence in the Hohenzollern kindred), which he himself wrote FREDERIC in his French way, and at last even FEDERIC (with a very singular sense of euphony), is throughout, and was, his sole designation. Sunday 31st January, 1712, age then precisely one week: then, and in this manner, was he ushered on the scene, and labelled among his fellow–creatures. We must now look round a little; and see, if possible by any method or exertion, what kind of scene it was.

Chapter III. FATHER AND MOTHER: THE HANOVERIAN CONNECTION.

Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown-Prince of Prussia, son of Friedrich I. and Father of this little infant who will one day be Friedrich II., did himself make some noise in the world as second King of Prussia; notable not as Friedrich's father alone; and will much concern us during the rest of his life. He is, at this date, in his twenty-fourth year: a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering, and out-of-door exercises, having little else to do at present. He has been manager, or, as it were, Vice-King, on an occasional absence of his Father; he knows practically what the state of business is; and greatly disapproves of it, as is thought. But being bound to silence on that head, he keeps silence, and meddles with nothing political. He addicts himself chiefly to mustering, drilling and practical military duties, while here at Berlin; runs out, often enough, wife and perhaps a comrade or two along with him, to hunt, and take his ease, at Wusterhausen (some fifteen or twenty miles [English miles,—as always unless the contrary be stated. The German MEILE is about five miles English; German STUNDE about three.] southeast of Berlin), where he has a residence amid the woody moorlands.

But soldiering is his grand concern. Six years ago, summer 1706, [Forster, i. 116] at a very early age, he went to the wars,—grand Spanish-Succession War, which was then becoming very fierce in the Netherlands; Prussian troops always active on the Marlborough-Eugene side. He had just been betrothed, was not yet wedded; thought good to turn the interim to advantage in that way. Then again, spring 1709, after his marriage and after his Father's marriage, "the Court being full of intrigues," and nothing but silence recommendable there, a certain renowned friend of his, Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, of whom we shall yet hear a great deal,—who, still only about thirty, had already covered himself with laurels in those wars (Blenheim, Bridge of Casano, Lines of Turin, and other glories), but had now got into intricacies with the weaker sort, and was out of command,—agreed with Friedrich Wilhelm that it would be well to go and serve there as volunteers, since not otherwise. Varnhagen von Ense, *Furst Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau* (in *Biographische Denkmale*, 2d edition, Berlin, 1845), p. 185. *Thaten und Leben des weltberuhmten Furstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau* (Leipzig, 1742), p. 73. Forster, i. 129.] A Crown-Prince of Prussia, ought he not to learn soldiering, of all things; by every opportunity? Which Friedrich Wilhelm did, with industry; serving zealous apprenticeship under Marlborough and Eugene, in this manner; plucking knowledge, as the bubble reputation, and all else in that field has to be plucked, from the cannon's mouth. Friedrich Wilhelm kept by Marlborough, now as formerly; friend Leopold being commonly in Eugene's quarter, who well knew the worth of him, ever since Blenheim and earlier. Friedrich Wilhelm saw hot service, that campaign of 1709; siege of Tournay, and far more;—stood, among other things, the fiery Battle of Malplaquet, one of the terriblest and deadliest feats of war ever done. No want of intrepidity and rugged soldier-virtue in the Prussian troops or their Crown-Prince; least of all on that terrible day, 11th September, 1709;—of which he keeps the anniversary ever since, and will do all his life, the doomsday of Malplaquet always a memorable day to him. [Forster, i. 138.] He is more and more intimate with Leopold, and loves good soldiering beyond all things. Here at Berlin he has already got a regiment of his own, tallish fine men; and strives to make it in all points a very pattern of a regiment.

For the rest, much here is out of joint, and far from satisfactory to him. Seven years ago [1st February, 1705.] he lost his own brave Mother and her love; of which we must speak farther by and by. In her stead he has got a fantastic, melancholic, ill-natured Stepmother, with whom there was never any good to be done; who in fact is now fairly mad, and kept to her own apartments. He has to see here, and say little, a chagrined heart-worn Father flickering painfully amid a scene much filled with expensive futile persons, and their extremely pitiful cabals and mutual rages; scene chiefly of pompous inanity, and the art of solemnly and with great labor doing nothing. Such waste of labor and of means: what can one do but be silent? The other year, Preussen (PRUSSIA Proper, province lying far eastward, out of sight) was sinking under pestilence and black ruin and despair: the Crown-Prince, contrary to wont, broke silence, and begged some dole or subvention for these poor people; but there was nothing to be had, Nothing in the treasury, your Royal Highness:—Preussen will shift for itself; sublime dramaturgy, which we call his Majesty's Government, costs so much! And Preussen, mown away by death, lies much of it vacant ever since; which has completed the Crown-Prince's disgust; and, I believe, did produce some change of

ministry, or other ineffectual expedient, on the old Father's part. Upon which the Crown-Prince locks up his thoughts again. He has confused whirlpools, of Court intrigues, ceremonials, and troublesome fantasticalities, to steer amongst; which he much dislikes, no man more; having an eye and heart set on the practical only, and being in mind as in body something of the genus ROBUSTUM, of the genus FEROX withal. He has been wedded six years; lost two children, as we saw; and now again he has two living.

His wife, Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, is his cousin as well. She is brother's-daughter of his Mother, Sophie Charlotte: let the reader learn to discriminate these two names. Sophie Charlotte, late Queen of Prussia, was also of Hanover: she probably had sometimes, in her quiet motherly thought, anticipated this connection for him, while she yet lived. It is certain Friedrich Wilhelm was carried to Hanover in early childhood: his Mother,—that Sophie Charlotte, a famed Queen and lady in her day, Daughter of Electress Sophie, and Sister of the George who became George I. of England by and by,—took him thither; some time about the beginning of 1693, his age then five; and left him there on trial; alleging, and expecting, he might have a better breeding there. And this, in a Court where Electress Sophie was chief lady, and Elector Ernst, fit to be called Gentleman Ernst, ["Her Highness (the Electress Sophie) has the character of the merry debonnaire Princess of Germany; a lady of extraordinary virtues and accomplishments; mistress of the Italian, French, High and Low Dutch, and English languages, which she speaks to perfection. Her husband (Elector Ernst) has the title of the Gentleman of Germany; a graceful and," W. Carr, *Remarks of the Governments of the severall Parts of Germanie, Denmark, Sweedland* (Amsterdam, 1688), p. 147. See also *Ker of Kersland* (still more emphatic on this point, *soepius*)] the politest of men, was chief lord,—and where Leibnitz, to say nothing of lighter notabilities, was flourishing,—seemed a reasonable expectation. Nevertheless, it came to nothing, this articulate purpose of the visit; though perhaps the deeper silent purposes of it might not be quite unfulfilled.

Gentleman Ernst had lately been made "Elector" (*Kurfurst*, instead of *Herzog*),—his Hanover no longer a mere Sovereign Duchy, but an Electorate henceforth, new "NINTH Electorate," by Ernst's life-long exertion and good luck ;—which has spread a fine radiance, for the time, over court and people in those parts; and made Ernst a happier man than ever, in his old age. Gentleman Ernst and Electress Sophie, we need not doubt, were glad to see their burly Prussian grandson, —a robust, rather mischievous boy of five years old;—and anything that brought her Daughter oftener about her (an only Daughter too, and one so gifted) was sure to be welcome to the cheery old Electress, and her Leibnitz and her circle. For Sophie Charlotte was a bright presence, and a favorite with sage and gay.

Uncle George again, "*Kurprinz* Georg Ludwig" (Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent), who became George I. of England; he, always a taciturn, saturnine, somewhat grim-visaged man, not without thoughts of his own but mostly inarticulate thoughts, was, just at this time, in a deep domestic intricacy. Uncle George the Kurprinz was painfully detecting, in these very months, that his august Spouse and cousin, a brilliant not uninjured lady, had become an indignant injuring one; that she had gone, and was going, far astray in her walk of life! Thus all is not radiance at Hanover either, Ninth Elector though we are; but, in the soft sunlight, there quivers a streak of the blackness of very Erebus withal. Kurprinz George, I think, though he too is said to have been good to the boy, could not take much interest in this burly Nephew of his just now!

Sure enough, it was in this year 1693, that the famed Konigsmark tragedy came ripening fast towards a crisis in Hanover; and next year the catastrophe arrived. A most tragic business; of which the little Boy, now here, will know more one day. Perhaps it was on this very visit, on one visit it credibly was, that Sophie Charlotte witnessed a sad scene in the Schloss of Hanover high words rising, where low cooings had been more appropriate; harsh words, mutually recriminative, rising ever higher; ending, it is thought, in THINGS, or menaces and motions towards things (actual box on the ear, some call it),—never to be forgotten or forgiven! And on Sunday 1st of July, 1694, Colonel Count Philip Konigsmark, Colonel in the Hanover Dragoons, was seen for the last time in this world. From that date, he has vanished suddenly underground, in an inscrutable manner: never more shall the light of the sun, or any human eye behold that handsome blackguard man. Not for a hundred and fifty years shall human creatures know, or guess with the smallest certainty, what has become of him.

And shortly after Konigsmark's disappearance, there is this sad phenomenon visible: A once very radiant Princess (witty, haughty-minded, beautiful, not wise or fortunate) now gone all ablaze into angry tragic conflagration; getting locked into the old Castle of Ahlden, in the moory solitudes of Luneburg Heath: to stay there till she die,—thirty years as it proved,—and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may. Old peasants, late

in the next century, will remember that they used to see her sometimes driving on the Heath,—beautiful lady, long black hair, and the glitter of diamonds in it; sometimes the reins in her own hand, but always with a party of cavalry round her, and their swords drawn. [*Die Herzogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852), p. 22. Divorce was, 28th December, 1694; death, 13th November, 1726,—age then 60.] "Duchess of Ahlden," that was her title in the eclipsed state. Born Princess of Zelle; by marriage, Princess of Hanover (*Kurprinzessin*); would have been Queen of England, too, had matters gone otherwise than they did.— Her name, like that of a little Daughter she had, is Sophie Dorothee: she is Cousin and Divorced Wife of Kurprinz George; divorced, and as it were abolished alive, in this manner. She is little Friedrich Wilhelm's Aunt—in-law; and her little Daughter comes to be his Wife in process of time. Of him, or of those belonging to him, she took small notice, I suppose, in her then mood, the crisis coming on so fast. In her happier innocent days she had two children, a King that is to be, and a Queen; George II. of England, Sophie Dorothee of Prussia; but must not now call them hers, or ever see them again.

This was the Konigsmark tragedy at Hanover; fast ripening towards its catastrophe while little Friedrich Wilhelm was there. It has been, ever since, a rumor and dubious frightful mystery to mankind: but within these few years, by curious accidents (thefts, discoveries of written documents, in various countries, and diligent study of them), it has at length become a certainty and clear fact, to those who are curious about it. Fact surely of a rather horrible sort;—yet better, I must say, than was suspected: not quite so bad in the state of fact as in that of rumor. Crime enough is in it, sin and folly on both sides; there is killing too, but NOT assassination (as it turns out); on the whole there is nothing of atrocity, or nothing that was not accidental, unavoidable;—and there is a certain greatness of DECORUM on the part of those Hanover Princes and official gentlemen, a depth of silence, of polite stoicism, which deserves more praise than it will get in our times. Enough now of the Konigsmark tragedy; [A considerable dreary mass of books, pamphlets, lucubrations, false all and of no worth or of less, have accumulated on this dark subject, during the last hundred and fifty years; nor has the process yet stopped,—as it now well might. For there have now two things occurred in regard to it FIRST: In the year 1847, a Swedish Professor, named Palmblad, groping about for other objects in the College Library of Lund (which is in the country of the Konigsmark connections), came upon a Box of Old Letters,—Letters undated, signed only with initials, and very enigmatic till well searched into,—which have turned out to be the very Autographs of the Princess and her Konigsmark; throwing of course a henceforth indisputable light on their relation. SECOND THING: A cautious exact old gentleman, of diplomatic habits (understood to be "Count Von Schulenburg—Klosterrode of Dresden"), has, since that event, unweariedly gone into the whole matter; and has brayed it everywhere, and pounded it small; sifting, with sublime patience, not only those Swedish Autographs, but the whole mass of lying books, pamphlets, hints and notices, old and recent; and bringing out (truly in an intricate and thrice—wearisome, but for the first time in an authentic way) what real evidence there is. In which evidence the facts, or essential fact, lie at last indisputable enough. His Book, thick Pamphlet rather, is that same *Herzogin von Ahlden* (Leipzig, 1852) cited above. The dreary wheelbarrowful of others I had rather not mention again; but leave Count von Schulenburg to mention and describe them,— which he does abundantly, so many as had accumulated up to that date of 1852, to the affliction more or less of sane mankind.] contemporaneous with Friedrich Wilhelm's stay at Hanover, but not otherwise much related to him or his doings there.

He got no improvement in breeding, as we intimated; none at all; fought, on the contrary, with his young Cousin (afterwards our George II.), a boy twice his age, though of weaker bone; and gave him a bloody nose. To the scandal and consternation of the French Protestant gentlewomen and court—dames in their stiff silks: "Ahee, your Electoral Highness!" This had been a rough unruly boy from the first discovery of him. At a very early stage, he, one morning while the nurses were dressing him, took to investigating one of his shoe buckles; would, in spite of remonstrances, slobber it about in his mouth; and at length swallowed it down,—beyond mistake; and the whole world cannot get it up! Whereupon, wild wail of nurses; and his "Mother came screaming," poor mother:— It is the same small shoe—buckle which is still shown, with a ticket and date to it, "31 December, 1692," in the Berlin *Kunstammer* ; for it turned out harmless, after all the screaming; and a few grains of rhubarb restored it safely to the light of day; henceforth a thrice—memorable shoe—buckle. [Forster, i. 74. Erman, *Memoires de Sophie Charlotte* (Berlin, 1801), p. 130.]

Another time, it is recorded, though with less precision of detail, his Governess the Dame Montbail having ordered him to do something which was intolerable to the princely mind, the princely mind resisted in a very strange way: the princely body, namely, flung itself suddenly out of a third—story window, nothing but the hands

left within; and hanging on there by the sill, and fixedly resolute to obey gravitation rather than Montbail, soon brought the poor lady to terms. Upon which, indeed, he had been taken from her, and from the women altogether, as evidently now needing rougher government. Always an unruly fellow, and dangerous to trust among crockery. At Hanover he could do no good in the way of breeding: sage Leibnitz himself, with his big black periwig and large patient nose, could have put no metaphysics into such a boy. Sublime *Theodicee* (Leibnitzian "justification of the ways of God") was not an article this individual had the least need of, nor at any time the least value for. "Justify? What doomed dog questions it, then? Are you for Bedlam, then?"—and in maturer years his rattan might have been dangerous! For this was a singular individual of his day; human soul still in robust health, and not given to spin its bowels into cobwebs. He is known only to have quarrelled much with Cousin George, during the year or so he spent in those parts.

But there was another Cousin at Hanover, just one other, little Sophie Dorothee (called after her mother), a few months older than himself; by all accounts, a really pretty little child, whom he liked a great deal better. She, I imagine, was his main resource, while on this Hanover visit; with her were laid the foundations of an intimacy which ripened well afterwards. Some say it was already settled by the parents that there was to be a marriage in due time. Settled it could hardly be; for Wilhelmina tells us, [*Memoires de la Margrave de Bareith*, i. 1.] her Father had a "choice of three" allowed him, on coming to wed; and it is otherwise discernible there had been eclipses and uncertainties, in the interim, on his part. Settled, no; but hoped and vaguely pre-figured, we may well suppose. And at all events, it has actually come to pass; "Father being ardently in love with the Hanover Princess," says our Margravine, "and much preferring her to the other two," or to any and all others. Wedded, with great pomp, 28th November, 1706; [Forster, i. 117.]—and Sophie Dorothee, the same that was his pretty little Cousin at Hanover twenty years ago, she is mother of the little Boy now born and christened, whom men are to call Frederick the Great in coming generations.

Sophie Dorothee is described to us by courtier contemporaries as "one of the most beautiful princesses of her day:" Wilhelmina, on the other hand, testifies that she was never strictly to be called beautiful, but had a pleasant attractive physiognomy; which may be considered better than strict beauty. Uncommon grace of figure and look, testifies Wilhelmina; much dignity and soft dexterity, on social occasions; perfect in all the arts of deportment; and left an impression on you at once kindly and royal. Portraits of her, as Queen at a later age, are frequent in the Prussian Galleries; she is painted sitting, where I best remember her. A serious, comely, rather plump, maternal-looking Lady; something thoughtful in those gray still eyes of hers, in the turn of her face and carriage of her head, as she sits there, considerately gazing out upon a world which would never conform to her will. Decidedly a handsome, wholesome and affectionate aspect of face. Hanoverian in type, that is to say, blond, florid, slightly PROFUSE;—yet the better kind of Hanoverian, little or nothing of the worse or at least the worst kind. The eyes, as I say, are gray, and quiet, almost sad; expressive of reticence and reflection, of slow constancy rather than of SPEED in any kind. One expects, could the picture speak, the querulous sound of maternal and other solicitude; of a temper tending towards the obstinate, the quietly unchangeable;—loyal patience not wanting, yet in still larger measure royal impatience well concealed, and long and carefully cherished. This is what I read in Sophie Dorothee's Portraits,—probably remembering what I had otherwise read, and come to know of her. She too will not a little concern us in the first part of this History. I find, for one thing, she had given much of her physiognomy to the Friedrich now born. In his Portraits as Prince-Royal, he strongly resembles her; it is his mother's face informed with youth and new fire, and translated into the masculine gender: in his later Portraits, one less and less recognizes the mother.

Friedrich Wilhelm, now in the sixth year of wedlock, is still very fond of his Sophie Dorothee,— "*Fiechen*" (*Feechin* diminutive of *Sophie*), as he calls her; she also having, and continuing to have, the due wife's regard for her solid, honest, if somewhat explosive bear. He troubles her a little now and then, it is said, with whiffs of jealousy; but they are whiffs only, the product of accidental moodinesses in him, or of transient aspects, misinterpreted, in the court-life of a young and pretty woman. As the general rule, he is beautifully good-humored, kind even, for a bear; and, on the whole, they have begun their partnership under good omens. And indeed we may say, in spite of sad tempests that arose, they continued it under such. She brought him gradually no fewer than fourteen children, of whom ten survived him and came to maturity: and it is to be admitted their conjugal relation, though a royal, was always a human one; the main elements of it strictly observed on both sides; all quarrels in it capable of being healed again, and the feeling on both sides true,

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however troublous. A rare fact among royal wedlocks, and perhaps a unique one in that epoch.

The young couple, as is natural in their present position, have many eyes upon them, and not quite a paved path in this confused court of Friedrich I. But they are true to one another; they seem indeed to have held well aloof from all public business or private cabal; and go along silently expecting, and perhaps silently resolving this and that in the future tense; but with moderate immunity from paternal or other criticisms, for the present. The Crown-Prince drills or hunts, with his Grumkows, Anhalt-Dessaus: these are harmless employments;—and a man may have within his own head what thoughts he pleases, without offence so long as he keeps them there. Friedrich the old Grandfather lived only thirteen months after the birth of his grandson: Friedrich Wilhelm was then King; thoughts then, to any length, could become actions on the part of Friedrich Wilhelm.

Chapter IV. FATHER'S MOTHER.

Friedrich Wilhelm's Mother, as we hinted, did not live to see this marriage which she had forecast in her maternal heart. She died, rather suddenly, in 1705, [1st February (Erman, p. 241; Forster, i. 114): born, 20th October, 1666; wedded, 28th September 1684; died, 1st February, 1705.] at Hanover, whither she had gone on a visit; shortly after parting with this her one boy and child, Friedrich Wilhelm, who is then about seventeen; whom she had with effort forced herself to send abroad, that he might see the world a little, for the first time. Her sorrow on this occasion has in it something beautiful, in so bright and gay a woman: shows us the mother strong in her, to a touching degree. The rough cub, in whom she noticed rugged perverse elements, "tendencies to avarice," and a want of princely graces, and the more brilliant qualities in mind and manner, had given her many thoughts and some uneasy ones. But he was evidently all she had to love in the world; a rugged creature inexpressibly precious to her. For days after his departure, she had kept solitary; busied with little; indulging in her own sad reflections without stint. Among the papers she had been scribbling, there was found one slip with a HEART sketched on it, and round the heart "PARTI" (Gone): My heart is gone!—poor lady, and after what a jewel! But Nature is very kind to all children and to all mothers that are true to her.

Sophie Charlotte's deep sorrow and dejection on this parting was the secret herald of fate to herself. It had meant ill health withal, and the gloom of broken nerves. All autumn and into winter she had felt herself indefinitely unwell; she determined, however, on seeing Hanover and her good old Mother at the usual time. The gloomy sorrow over Friedrich Wilhelm had been the premonition of a sudden illness which seized her on the road to Hanover, some five months afterwards, and which ended fatally in that city. Her death was not in the light style Friedrich her grandson ascribes to it; [*Memoires de Brandebourg* (Preuss's Edition of *OEuvres*, Berlin, 1847 et seqq.), i. 112.] she died without epigram, and though in perfect simple courage, with the reverse of levity.

Here, at first hand, is the specific account of that event; which, as it is brief and indisputable, we may as well fish from the imbrolios, and render legible, to counteract such notions, and illuminate for moments an old scene of things. The writing, apparently a quite private piece, is by "M. de la Bergerie, Pastor of the French Church at Hanover," respectable Edict-of-Nantes gentleman, who had been called in on the occasion;—gives an authentic momentary picture, though a feeble and vacant one, of a locality at that time very interesting to Englishmen. M. de la Bergerie privately records:—

"The night between the last of January and the first of February, 1705, between one and two o'clock in the morning, I was called to the Queen of Prussia, who was then dangerously ill.

"Entering the room, I threw myself at the foot of her bed, testifying to her in words my profound grief to see her in this state. After which I took occasion to say, 'She might know now that Kings and Queens are mortal equally with all other men; and that they are obliged to appear before the throne of the majesty of God, to give an account of their deeds done, no less than the meanest of their subjects.' To which her Majesty replied, (I know it well (*Je le sais bien*)).'—I went on to say to her, 'Madam, your Majesty must also recognize in this hour the vanity and nothingness of the things here below, for which, it may be, you have had too much interest; and the importance of the things of Heaven, which perhaps you have neglected and contemned.' Thereupon the Queen answered, 'True (*Cela est vrai*)!' 'Nevertheless, Madam,' said I, 'does not your Majesty place really your trust in God? Do you not very earnestly (*bien serieusement*) crave pardon of Him for all the sins you have committed? Do not you fly (*n'a-t-elle pas recours*) to the blood and merits of Jesus Christ, without which it is impossible for us to stand before God?' The Queen answered, 'Oui (Yes).'
—While this was going on, her Brother, Duke Ernst August, came into the Queen's room,"— perhaps with his eye upon me and my motions? "As they wished to speak together, I withdrew by order."

This Duke Ernst August, age now 31, is the youngest Brother of the family; there never was any Sister but this dying one, who is four years older. Ernst August has some tincture of soldiership at this time (Marlborough Wars, and the like), as all his kindred had; but ultimately he got the Bishopric of Osnabruck, that singular spiritual heirloom, or HALF-heirloom of the family; and there lived or vegetated without noise. Poor soul, he is the same Bishop of Osnabruck, to whose house, twenty-two years hence, George I., struck by apoplexy, was breathlessly galloping in the summer midnight, one wish now left in him, to be with his brother;—and arrived dead, or in the

article of death. That was another scene Ernst August had to witness in his life. I suspect him at present of a thought that M. de la Bergerie, with his pious commonplaces, is likely to do no good. Other trait of Ernst August's life; or of the Schloss of Hanover that night,—or where the sorrowing old Mother sat, invincible though weeping, in some neighboring room,— I cannot give. M. de la Bergerie continues his narrative:—

"Some time after, I again presented myself before the Queen's bed, to see if I could have occasion to speak to her on the matter of her salvation. But Monseigneur the Duke Ernst August then said to me, That it was not necessary; that the Queen was at peace with her God (*etait bien avec son Dieu*)."—Which will mean also that M. de la Bergerie may go home? However, he still writes:—

"Next day the Prince told me, That observing I was come near the Queen's bed, he had asked her if she wished I should still speak to her; but she had replied, that it was not necessary in any way (*nullement*), that she already knew all that could be said to her on such an occasion; that she had said it to herself, that she was still saying it, and that she hoped to be well with her God.

"In the end a faint coming upon the Queen, which was what terminated her life, I threw myself on my knees at the other side of her bed, the curtains of which were open; and I called to God with a loud voice, 'That He would rank his angels round this great Princess, to guard her from the insults of Satan; that He would have pity on her soul; that He would wash her with the blood of Jesus Christ her heavenly Spouse; that, having forgiven her all her sins, He would receive her to his glory.' And in that moment she expired." [Eerman, p. 242.]—Age thirty-six and some months. Only Daughter of Electress Sophie; and Father's Mother of Frederick the Great.

She was, in her time, a highly distinguished woman; and has left, one may say, something of her likeness still traceable in the Prussian Nation, and its form of culture, to this day. Charlottenburg (Charlotte's-town, so called by the sorrowing Widower), where she lived, shone with a much-admired French light under her presidency,—French essentially, Versailles, Sceptico-Calvinistic, reflex and direct,—illuminating the dark North; and indeed has never been so bright since. The light was not what we can call inspired; lunar rather, not of the genial or solar kind: but, in good truth, it was the best then going; and Sophie Charlotte, who was her Mother's daughter in this as in other respects, had made it her own. They were deep in literature, these two Royal Ladies; especially deep in French theological polemics, with a strong leaning to the rationalist side.

They had stopped in Rotterdam once, on a certain journey homewards from Flanders and the Baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, to see that admirable sage, the doubter Bayle. Their sublime messenger roused the poor man, in his garret there, in the Bompies,—after dark: but he had a headache that night; was in bed, and could not come. He followed them next day; leaving his paper imbrolios, his historical, philosophical, anti-theological marine-stores; and suspended his neverending scribble, on their behalf;—but would not accept a pension, and give it up. [Eerman, pp. 111, 112. Date is 1700 (late in the autumn probably).]

They were shrewd, noticing, intelligent and lively women; persuaded that there was some nobleness for man beyond what the tailor imparts to him; and even very eager to discover it, had they known how. In these very days, while our little Friedrich at Berlin lies in his cradle, sleeping most of his time, sage Leibnitz, a rather weak but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs, is seen daily in the Linden Avenue at Hanover (famed Linden Alley, leading from Town Palace to Country one, a couple of miles long, rather disappointing when one sees it), daily driving or walking towards Herrenhausen, where the Court, where the old Electress is, who will have a touch of dialogue with him to diversify her day. Not very edifying dialogue, we may fear; yet once more, the best that can be had in present circumstances. Here is some lunar reflex of Versailles, which is a polite court; direct rays there are from the oldest written Gospels and the newest; from the great unwritten Gospel of the Universe itself; and from one's own real effort, more or less devout, to read all these aright. Let us not condemn that poor French element of Eclecticism, Scepticism, Tolerance, Theodicea, and Bayle of the Bompies versus the College of Saumur. Let us admit that it was profitable, at least that it was inevitable; let us pity it, and be thankful for it, and rejoice that we are well out of it. Scepticism, which is there beginning at the very top of the world-tree, and has to descend through all the boughs with terrible results to mankind, is as yet pleasant, tinting the leaves with fine autumnal red.

Sophie Charlotte partook of her Mother's tendencies; and carried them with her to Berlin, there to be expanded in many ways into ampler fulfilment. She too had the sage Leibnitz often with her, at Berlin; no end to her questionings of him; eagerly desirous to draw water from that deep well,—a wet rope, with cobwebs sticking to it, too often all she got; endless rope, and the bucket never coming to view. Which, however, she took patiently,

as a thing according to Nature. She had her learned Beausobres and other Reverend Edict-of-Nantes gentlemen, famed Berlin divines; whom, if any Papist notability, Jesuit ambassador or the like, happened to be there, she would set disputing with him, in the Soiree at Charlottenburg. She could right well preside over such a battle of the Cloud-Titans, and conduct the lightnings softly, without explosions. There is a pretty and very characteristic Letter of hers, still pleasant to read, though turning on theologies now fallen dim enough; addressed to Father Vota, the famous Jesuit, King's-confessor, and diplomatist, from Warsaw, who had been doing his best in one such rencontre before her Majesty (date March, 1703),—seemingly on a series of evenings, in the intervals of his diplomatic business; the Beausobre champions being introduced to him successively, one each evening, by Queen Sophie Charlotte. To all appearance the fencing had been keen; the lightnings in need of some dexterous conductor. Vota, on his way homeward, had written to apologize for the sputterings of fire struck out of him in certain pinches of the combat; says, It was the rough handling the Primitive Fathers got from these Beausobre gentlemen, who indeed to me, Vota in person, under your Majesty's fine presidency, were politeness itself, though they treated the Fathers so ill. Her Majesty, with beautiful art, in this Letter, smooths the raven plumage of Vota;—and, at the same time, throws into him, as with invisible needle-points, an excellent dose of acupuncture, on the subject of the Primitive Fathers and the Ecumenic Councils, on her own score. Let us give some Excerpt, in condensed state:—

"How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?" she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books; "especially of his method in that Book, *Commentary on the Galatians*, where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation and even of hypocrisy. The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact," says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse; ["Epist. 28*, edit. Paris." And Jerome's answer, "Ibid. Epist. 76*."] "and Jerome answers: 'I followed the Commentaries of Origen, of'—five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them in coming years!—"And to confess the honest truth to you,' continues Jerome, 'I read all that; and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense.' In another place (in the Book itself farther on ["*Commentary on the Galatians*, chap. iii."]), he says: 'I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, to say the thing better or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he cannot endure to wait.'"—Here is a sacred old gentleman, whom it is not safe to depend on for interpreting the Scriptures, thinks her Majesty; but does not say so, leaving Father Vota to his reflections.

Then again, coming to Councils, she quotes St. Gregory Nazianzen upon him; who is truly dreadful in regard to Ecumenic Councils of the Church,—and indeed may awaken thoughts of Deliberative Assemblies generally, in the modern constitutional mind. "He says, ["*Greg. Nazian. de Vita sua.* "] No Council ever was successful; so many mean human passions getting into conflagration there; with noise, with violence and uproar, 'more like those of a tavern or still worse place,'—these are his words. He, for his own share, had resolved to avoid all such 'rendezvousing of the Geese and Cranes, flocking together to throttle and tatter one another in that sad manner.' Nor had St. Theodoret much opinion of the Council of Nice, except as a kind of miracle. 'Nothing good to be expected from Councils,' says he, 'except when God is pleased to interpose, and destroy the machinery of the Devil.'"

—With more of the like sort; all delicate, as invisible needle-points, in her Majesty's hand. [Letter undated (datable "Lutzelburg, March, 1708,") is to be found entire, with all its adjuncts, in *Erman*, pp. 246–255. It was subsequently translated by Toland, and published here, as an excellent Polemical Piece,—entirely forgotten in our time (*A Letter against Popery by Sophia Charlotte, the late Queen of Prussia: Being*, London, 1712). But the finest Duel of all was probably that between Beausobre and Toland himself (reported by Beausobre, in something of a crowing manner, in *Erman*, pp. 203–241, "October, 1701"), of which Toland makes no mention anywhere.] What is Father Vota to say?—The modern reader looks through these chinks into a strange old scene, the stuff of it fallen obsolete, the spirit of it not, nor worthy to fall.

These were Sophie Charlotte's reunions; very charming in their time. At which how joyful for Irish Toland to be present, as was several times his luck. Toland, a mere broken heretic in his own country, who went thither once as Secretary to some Embassy (Embassy of Macclesfield's, 1701, announcing that the English Crown had fallen Hanover-wards), and was no doubt glad, poor headlong soul, to find himself a gentleman and Christian again, for

the time being,—admires Hanover and Berlin very much; and looks upon Sophie Charlotte in particular as the pink of women. Something between an earthly Queen and a divine Egeria; "Serena" he calls her; and, in his high-flown fashion, is very laudatory. "The most beautiful Princess of her time," says he,— meaning one of the most beautiful: her features are extremely regular, and full of vivacity; copious dark hair, blue eyes, complexion excellently fair;—"not very tall, and somewhat too plump," he admits elsewhere. And then her mind,—for gifts, for graces, culture, where will you find such a mind? "Her reading is infinite, and she is conversant in all manner of subjects;" "knows the abstrusest problems of Philosophy;" says admiring Toland: much knowledge everywhere exact, and handled as by an artist and queen; for "her wit is inimitable," "her justness of thought, her delicacy of expression," her felicity of utterance and management, are great. Foreign courtiers call her "the Republican Queen." She detects you a sophistry at one glance; pierces down direct upon the weak point of an opinion: never in my whole life did I, Toland, come upon a swifter or sharper intellect. And then she is so good withal, so bright and cheerful; and "has the art of uniting what to the rest of the world are antagonisms, mirth and learning,"—say even, mirth and good sense. Is deep in music, too; plays daily on her harpsichord, and fantasies, and even composes, in an eminent manner. [*An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, sent to a Minister of State in Holland*, by Mr. Toland (London, 1705), p. 322. Toland's other Book, which has reference to her, is of didactic nature ("immortality of the soul," "origin of idolatry," but with much fine panegyric direct and oblique: *Letters to Serena* ("Serena" being *Queen*), a thin 8vo, London, 1704.] Toland's admiration, deducting the high-flown temper and manner of the man, is sincere and great.

Beyond doubt a bright airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue,—which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her Husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him: his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was "an expensive Herr;" much given to magnificent ceremonies, etiquettes and solemnities; making no great way any-whither, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him,— from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover, he was slightly crooked; most sensitive, thin of skin and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, "Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!" Besides, it is whispered she was once near marrying to Louis XIV.'s Dauphin; her Mother Sophie, and her Cousin the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, cunning women both, had brought her to Paris in her girlhood, with that secret object; and had very nearly managed it. Queen of France that might have been; and now it is but Brandenburg, and the dice have fallen somewhat wrong for us! She had Friedrich Wilhelm, the rough boy; and perhaps nothing more of very precious property. Her first child, likewise a boy, had soon died, and there came no third: tedious ceremonials, and the infinitely little, were mainly her lot in this world.

All which, however, she had the art to take up not in the tragic way, but in the mildly comic,—often not to take up at all, but leave lying there;—and thus to manage in a handsome and softly victorious manner. With delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism too; keeping all things within limits. She was much respected by her Husband, much loved indeed; and greatly mourned for by the poor man: the village Lutzelburg (Little-town), close by Berlin, where she had built a mansion for herself, he fondly named *Charlottenburg* (Charlotte's-town), after her death, which name both House and Village still bear. Leibnitz found her of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; "wants to know the why even of the why," says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good; nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive. Samuel Johnson, too, had a young-lady friend once "with the acutest intellect I have ever known."

On the whole, we may pronounce her clearly a superior woman, this Sophie Charlotte; notable not for her Grandson alone, though now pretty much forgotten by the world,—as indeed all things and persons have, one day or other, to be! A LIFE of her, in feeble watery style, and distracted arrangement, by one *Erman*, [Monsieur Erman, Historiographe de Brandebourg, *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire de Sophie Charlotte, Reine de Prusse, las dans les Seances*, (1 vol. 8vo, Berlin, 1801.)] a Berlin Frenchman, is in existence, and will repay a cursory perusal; curious traits of her, in still looser form, are also to be found in *Pollnitz*: [Carl Ludwig Freiherr von Pollnitz, *Memoiren zur Lebens- und Regierungsgeschichte der vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (was published in French also), 2 vols. 12mo, Berlin, 1791.] but for our purposes here is enough, and more than

enough.

Chapter V. KING FRIEDRICH I.

The Prussian royalty is now in its twelfth year when this little Friedrich, who is to carry it to such a height, comes into the world. Old Friedrich the Grandfather achieved this dignity, after long and intricate negotiations, in the first year of the Century; 16th November, 1700, his ambassador returned triumphant from Vienna; the Kaiser had at last consented: We are to wear a crown royal on the top of our periwig; the old Electorate of Brandenburg is to become the Kingdom of Prussia; and the Family of Hohenzollern, slowly mounting these many centuries, has reached the uppermost round of the ladder.

Friedrich, the old Gentleman who now looks upon his little Grandson (destined to be Third King of Prussia) with such interest,—is not a very memorable man; but he has had his adventures too, his losses and his gains: and surely among the latter, the gain of a crown royal into his House gives him, if only as a chronological milestone, some place in History. He was son of him they call the Great Elector, Friedrich Wilhelm by name; of whom the Prussians speak much, in an eagerly celebrating manner, and whose strenuous toilsome work in this world, celebrated or not, is still deeply legible in the actual life and affairs of Germany. A man of whom we must yet find some opportunity to say a word. From him and a beautiful and excellent Princess Luise, Princess of Orange,—Dutch William, OUR Dutch William's aunt,—this, crooked royal Friedrich came.

He was not born crooked; straight enough once, and a fine little boy of six months old or so; there being an elder Prince now in his third year, also full of hope. But in a rough journey to Königsberg and back (winter of 1657, as is guessed), one of the many rough jolting journeys this faithful Electress made with her Husband, a careless or unlucky nurse, who had charge of pretty little Fritzchen, was not sufficiently attentive to her duties on the worst of roads. The ever-jolting carriage gave some bigger jolt, the child fell backwards in her arms; [Johann Wegführer, *Leben der Kurfürstin Luise, gebornen Prinzessin von Nassau-Oranien, Gemahlin Friedrich Wilhelm des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 107.] did not quite break his back, but injured it for life:—and with his back, one may perceive, injured his soul and history to an almost corresponding degree. For the weak crooked boy, with keen and fine perceptions, and an inadequate case to put them in, grew up with too thin a skin:— that may be considered as the summary of his misfortunes; and, on the whole, there is no other heavy sin to be charged against him.

He had other loads laid upon him, poor youth: his kind pious Mother died, his elder Brother died, he at the age of seventeen saw himself Heir-Apparent;—and had got a Stepmother with new heirs, if he should disappear. Sorrows enough in that one fact, with the venomous whisperings, commentaries and suspicions, which a Court population, female and male, in little Berlin Town, can contrive to tack to it. Does not the new Sovereign Lady, in her heart, wish YOU were dead, my Prince? Hope it perhaps? Health, at any rate, weak; and, by the aid of a little pharmacy— ye Heavens!

Such suspicions are now understood to have had no basis except in the waste brains of courtier men and women; but their existence there can become tragical enough. Add to which, the Great Elector, like all the Hohenzollerns, was a choleric man; capable of blazing into volcanic explosions, when affronted by idle masses of cobwebs in the midst of his serious businesses! It is certain, the young Prince Friedrich had at one time got into quite high, shrill and mutually minatory terms with his Stepmother; so that once, after some such shrill dialogue between them, ending with "You shall repent this, Sir!"—he found it good to fly off in the night, with only his Tutor or Secretary and a valet, to Hessen-Cassel to an Aunt; who stoutly protected him in this emergency; and whose Daughter, after the difficult readjustment of matters, became his Wife, but did not live long. And it is farther certain the same Prince, during this his first wedded time, dining one day with his Stepmother, was taken suddenly ill. Felt ill, after his cup of coffee; retired into another room in violent spasms, evidently in an alarming state, and secretly in a most alarmed one: his Tutor or Secretary, one Dankelmann, attended him thither; and as the Doctor took some time to arrive, and the symptoms were instant and urgent, Secretary Dankelmann produced "from a pocket-book some drug of his own, or of the Hessen-Cassel Aunt," emetic I suppose, and gave it to the poor Prince;—who said often, and felt ever after, with or without notion of poison, That Dankelmann had saved his life. In consequence of which adventure he again quitted Court without leave; and begged to be permitted to remain safe in the country, if Papa would be so good. [Pollnitz, *Memoiren*, i. 191–198.]

Fancy the Great Elector's humor on such an occurrence; and what a furtherance to him in his heavy continual labors, and strenuous swimming for life, these beautiful humors and transactions must have been! A crook-backed boy, dear to the Great Elector, pukes, one afternoon; and there arises such an opening of the Nether Floodgates of this Universe; in and round your poor workshop, nothing but sudden darkness, smell of sulphur; hissing of forked serpents here, and the universal allelu of female hysterics there;—to help a man forward with his work! O reader, we will pity the crowned head, as well as the hatted and even hatless one. Human creatures will not GO quite accurately together, any more than clocks will; and when their dissonance once rises fairly high, and they cannot readily kill one another, any Great Elector who is third party will have a terrible time of it.

Electress Dorothee, the Stepmother, was herself somewhat of a hard lady; not easy to live with, though so far above poisoning as to have "despised even the suspicion of it." She was much given to practical economics, dairy-farming, market-gardening, and industrial and commercial operations such as offered; and was thought to be a very strict reckoner of money. She founded the *Dorotheenstadt*, now oftener called the *Neustadt*, chief quarter of Berlin; and planted, just about the time of this unlucky dinner, "A.D. 1680 or so," [Nicolai, *Beschreibung der koniglichen Residenzstadte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i. 172.] the first of the celebrated Lindens, which (or the successors of which, in a stunted ambition) are still growing there. *Unter-den-Linden*: it is now the gayest quarter of Berlin, full of really fine edifices: it was then a sandy outskirt of Electress Dorothee's dairy-farm; good for nothing but building upon, thought Electress Dorothee. She did much dairy-and-vegetable trade on the great scale;—was thought even to have, underhand, a commercial interest in the principal Beer-house of the city? [Horn, *Leben Friedrich Wilhelme des Grossen Kurfursten von Brandenburg* (Berlin, 1814).] People did not love her: to the Great Elector, who guided with a steady bridle-hand, she complied not amiss; though in him too there rose sad recollections and comparisons now and then: but with a Stepson of unsteady nerves it became evident to him there could never be soft neighborhood. Prince Friedrich and his Father came gradually to some understanding, tacit or express, on that sad matter; Prince Friedrich was allowed to live, on his separate allowance, mainly remote from Court. Which he did, for perhaps six or eight years, till the Great Elector's death; henceforth in a peaceful manner, or at least without open explosions.

His young Hessen-Cassel Wife died suddenly in 1683; and again there was mad rumor of poisoning; which Electress Dorothee disregarded as below her, and of no consequence to her, and attended to industrial operations that would pay. That poor young Wife, when dying, exacted a promise from Prince Friedrich that he would not wed again, but be content with the Daughter she had left him: which promise, if ever seriously given, could not be kept, as we have seen. Prince Friedrich brought his Sophie Charlotte home about fifteen months after. With the Stepmother and with the Court there was armed neutrality under tolerable forms, and no open explosion farther.

In a secret way, however, there continued to be difficulties. And such difficulties had already been, that the poor young man, not yet come to his Heritages, and having, with probably some turn for expense, a covetous unamiable Stepmother, had fallen into the usual difficulties; and taken the methods too usual. Namely, had given ear to the Austrian Court, which offered him assistance,— somewhat as an aged Jew will to a young Christian gentleman in quarrel with papa,—upon condition of his signing a certain bond: bond which much surprised Prince Friedrich when he came to understand it! Of which we shall hear more, and even much more, in the course of time!—

Neither after his accession (year 1688; his Cousin Dutch William, of the glorious and immortal memory, just lifting anchor towards these shores) was the new Elector's life an easy one. We may say, it was replete with troubles rather; and unhappily not so much with great troubles, which could call forth antagonistic greatness of mind or of result, as with never-ending shoals of small troubles, the antagonism to which is apt to become itself of smallish character. Do not search into his history; you will remember almost nothing of it (I hope) after never so many readings! Garrulous Pollnitz and others have written enough about him; but it all runs off from you again, as a thing that has no affinity with the human skin. He had a court "*rempli d'intrigues*, full of never-ending cabals," [Forster, i. 74 (quoting *Memoires du Comte de Dohna*); what?

One question only are we a little interested in: How he came by the Kingship? How did the like of him contrive to achieve Kingship? We may answer: It was not he that achieved it; it was those that went before him, who had gradually got it,—as is very usual in such cases. All that he did was to knock at the gate (the Kaiser's gate and the world's), and ask, "IS it achieved, then?" Is Brandenburg grown ripe for having a crown? Will it be needful for you to grant Brandenburg a crown? Which question, after knocking as loud as possible, they at last

took the trouble to answer, "Yes, it will be needful."—

Elector Friedrich's turn for ostentation—or as we may interpret it, the high spirit of a Hohenzollern working through weak nerves and a crooked back—had early set him a-thinking of the Kingship; and no doubt, the exaltation of rival Saxony, which had attained that envied dignity (in a very unenviable manner, in the person of Elector August made King of Poland) in 1697, operated as a new spur on his activities. Then also Duke Ernst of Hanover, his father-in-law, was struggling to become Elector Ernst; Hanover to be the Ninth Electorate, which it actually attained in 1698; not to speak of England, and quite endless prospects there for Ernst and Hanover. These my lucky neighbors are all rising; all this the Kaiser has granted to my lucky neighbors: why is there no promotion he should grant me, among them!—

Elector Friedrich had 30,000 excellent troops; Kaiser Leopold, the "little man in red stockings," had no end of Wars. Wars in Turkey, wars in Italy; all Dutch William's wars and more, on our side of Europe;—and here is a Spanish-Succession War, coming dubiously on, which may prove greater than all the rest together. Elector Friedrich sometimes in his own high person (a courageous and high though thin-skinned man), otherwise by skilful deputy, had done the Kaiser service, often signal service, in all these

wars; and was never wanting in the time of need, in the post of difficulty with those famed Prussian Troops of his. A loyal gallant Elector this, it must be owned; capable withal of doing signal damage if we irritated him too far! Why not give him this promotion; since it costs us absolutely nothing real, not even the price of a yard of ribbon with metal cross at the end of it? Kaiser Leopold himself, it is said, had no particular objection; but certain of his ministers had; and the little man in red stockings—much occupied in hunting, for one thing—let them have their way, at the risk of angering Elector Friedrich. Even Dutch William, anxious for it, in sight of the future, had not yet prevailed.

The negotiation had lasted some seven years, without result. There is no doubt but the Succession War, and Marlborough, would have brought it to a happy issue: in the mean while, it is said to have succeeded at last, somewhat on the sudden, by a kind of accident. This is the curious mythical account; incorrect in some unessential particulars, but in the main and singular part of it well-founded. Elector Friedrich, according to Pollnitz and others, after failing in many methods, had sent 100,000 *thalers* (say 15,000 pounds) to give, by way of—bribe we must call it,—to the chief opposing Hofrath at Vienna. The money was offered, accordingly; and was refused by the opposing Hofrath: upon which the Brandenburg Ambassador wrote that it was all labor lost; and even hurried off homewards in despair, leaving a Secretary in his place. The Brandenburg Court, nothing despairing, orders in the mean while, Try another with it,—some other Hofrath, whose name they wrote in cipher, which the blundering Secretary took to mean no Hofrath, but the Kaiser's Confessor and Chief Jesuit, Pater Wolf. To him accordingly he hastened with the cash, to him with the respectful Electoral request; who received both, it is said, especially the 15,000 pounds, with a *Gloria in excelsis*; and went forthwith and persuaded the Kaiser. [Pollnitz, *Memoiren*, i. 310.]—Now here is the inexactitude, say Modern Doctors of History; an error no less than threefold. 1. Elector Friedrich was indeed advised, in cipher, by his agent at Vienna, to write in person to—"Who is that cipher, then?" asks Elector Friedrich, rather puzzled. At Vienna that cipher was meant for the Kaiser; but at Berlin they take it for Pater Wolf; and write accordingly, and are answered with readiness and animation. 2. Pater Wolf was not official Confessor, but was a Jesuit in extreme favor with the Kaiser, and by birth a nobleman, sensible to human decorations. 3. He accepted no bribe, nor was any sent; his bribe was the pleasure of obliging a high gentleman who condescended to ask, and possibly the hope of mothing roads for St. Ignatius and the Black Militia, in time coming. And THUS at last, and not otherwise than thus, say exact Doctors, did Pater Wolf do the thing. [G. A. H. Stenzel, *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1841), iii. 104 (*Berliner Monatschrift*, year 1799); Or might not the actual death of poor King Carlos II. at Madrid, 1st November, 1700, for whose heritages all the world stood watching with swords half drawn, considerably assist Pater Wolf? Done sure enough the thing was; and before November ended, Friedrich's messenger returned with "Yes" for answer, and a Treaty signed on the 16th of that month. [Pollnitz (i. 318) gives the Treaty (date corrected by his Editor, ii.589).] To the huge joy of Elector Friedrich and his Court, almost the very nation thinking itself glad. Which joyful Potentate decided to set out straightway and have the coronation done; though it was midwinter; and Konigsberg (for Prussia is to be our title, "King in Prussia," and Konigsberg is Capital City there) lies 450 miles off, through tangled shaggy forests, boggy wildernesses, and in many parts only corduroy roads. We order "30,000 post-horses," besides all our own large stud, to be got ready at the various stations: our boy

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Friedrich Wilhelm, rugged boy of twelve, rough and brisk, yet much "given to blush" withal (which is a feature of him), shall go with us; much more, Sophie Charlotte our august Electress—Queen that is to be: and we set out, on the 17th of December, 1700, last year of the Century; "in 1800 carriages:" such a cavalcade as never crossed those wintry wildernesses before. Friedrich Wilhelm went in the third division of carriages (for 1800 of them could not go quite together); our noble Sophie Charlotte in the second; a Margraf of Brandenburg—Schwedt, chief Margraf, our eldest Half—Brother, Dorothee's eldest Son, sitting on the coach—box, in correct insignia, as similitude of Driver. So strict are we in etiquette; etiquette indeed being now upon its apotheosis, and after such efforts. Six or seven years of efforts on Elector Friedrich's part; and six or seven hundred years, unconsciously, on that of his ancestors.

The magnificence of Friedrich's processionings into Konigsberg, and through it or in it, to be crowned, and of his coronation ceremonials there: what pen can describe it, what pen need! Folio volumes with copper—plates have been written on it; and are not yet all pasted in bandboxes, or slit into spills. [British Museum, short of very many necessary Books on this subject, offers the due Coronation Folio, with its prints, upholstery catalogues, and official harangues upon nothing, to ingenuous human curiosity.] "The diamond buttons of his Majesty's coat [snuff—colored or purple, I cannot recollect] cost 1,500 pounds apiece;" by this one feature judge what an expensive Herr. Streets were hung with cloth, carpeted with cloth, no end of draperies and cloth; your oppressed imagination feels as if there was cloth enough, of scarlet and other bright colors, to thatch the Arctic Zone. With illuminations, cannon—salvos, fountains running wine. Friedrich had made two Bishops for the nonce. Two of his natural Church—Superintendents made into Quasi—Bishops, on the Anglican model,—which was always a favorite with him, and a pious wish of his;—but they remained mere cut branches, these two, and did not, after their haranguing and anointing functions, take root in the country. He himself put the crown on his head: "King here in my own right, after all!"—and looked his royalest, we may fancy; the kind eyes of him almost partly fierce for moments, and "the cheerfulness of pride" well blending with something of awful.

In all which sublimities, the one thing that remains for human memory is not in these Foliots at all, but is considered to be a fact not the less: Electress Charlotte's, now Queen Charlotte's, very strange conduct on the occasion. For she cared not much about crowns, or upholstery magnificences of any kind; but had meditated from of old on the infinitely little; and under these genuflections, risings, sittings, shiftings, grimacings on all parts, and the endless droning eloquence of Bishops invoking Heaven, her ennui, not ill—humored or offensively ostensible, was heartfelt and transcendent. At one turn of the proceedings, Bishop This and Chancellor That droning their empty grandiloquences at discretion, Sophie Charlotte was distinctly seen to smuggle out her snuff—box, being addicted to that rakish practice, and fairly solace herself with a delicate little pinch of snuff. Raped tobacco, *tabac rape*, called by mortals *rape* or *rappee*: there is no doubt about it; and the new King himself noticed her, and hurled back a look of due fulminancy, which could not help the matter, and was only lost in air. A memorable little action, and almost symbolic in the first Prussian Coronation. "Yes, we are Kings, and are got SO near the stars, not nearer; and you invoke the gods, in that tremendously long—winded manner; and I—Heavens, I have my snuff—box by me, at least!" Thou wearied patient Heroine; cognizant of the infinitely little!—This symbolic pinch of snuff is fragrant all along in Prussian History. A fragranciness of humble verity in the middle of all royal or other ostentations; inexorable, quiet protest against cant, done with such simplicity: Sophie Charlotte's symbolic pinch of snuff. She was always considered something of a Republican Queen.

Thus Brandenburg Electorate has become Kingdom of Prussia; and the Hohenzollerns have put a crown upon their head. Of Brandenburg, what it was, and what Prussia was; and of the Hohenzollerns and what they were, and how they rose thither, a few details, to such as are dark about these matters, cannot well be dispensed with here.

END OF BOOK I

BOOK II. OF BRANDENBURG AND THE HOHENZOLLERNS. 928–1417.

Chapter I. BRANNIBOR: HENRY THE FOWLER.

The Brandenburg Countries, till they become related to the Hohenzollern Family which now rules there, have no History that has proved memorable to mankind. There has indeed been a good deal written under that title; but there is by no means much known, and of that again there is alarmingly little that is worth knowing or remembering.

Pytheas, the Marseilles Travelling Commissioner, looking out for new channels of trade, somewhat above 2,000 years ago, saw the country actually lying there; sailed past it, occasionally landing; and made report to such Marseillaise "(Chamber of Commerce" as there then was:—report now lost, all to a few indistinct and insignificant fractions. [*Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, t. xix. 46, xxxvii. 439, This was "about the year 327 before Christ," while Alexander of Macedon was busy conquering India. Beyond question, Pytheas, the first WRITING or civilized creature that ever saw Germany, gazed with his Greek eyes, and occasionally landed, striving to speak and inquire, upon those old Baltic Coasts, north border of the now Prussian Kingdom; and reported of it to mankind we know not what. Which brings home to us the fact that it existed, but almost nothing more: A Country of lakes and woods, of marshy jungles, sandy wildernesses; inhabited by bears, otters, bisons, wolves, wild swine, and certain shaggy Germans of the Suevic type, as good as inarticulate to Pytheas. After which all direct notice of it ceases for above three hundred years. We can hope only that the jungles were getting cleared a little, and the wild creatures hunted down; that the Germans were increasing in number, and becoming a thought less shaggy. These latter, tall Suevi Semnonnes, men of blond stern aspect (*oculi truces coerulei*) and great strength of bone, were known to possess a formidable talent for fighting: [Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, c. 45.] Drusus Germanicus, it has been guessed, did not like to appear personally among them: some "gigantic woman prophesying to him across the Elbe" that it might be dangerous, Drusus contented himself with erecting some triumphal pillar on his own safe side of the Elbe, to say that they were conquered.

In the Fourth Century of our era, when the German populations, on impulse of certain "Huns expelled from the Chinese frontier," or for other reasons valid to themselves, began flowing universally southward, to take possession of the rich Roman world, and so continued flowing for two centuries more; the old German frontiers generally, and especially those Northern Baltic countries, were left comparatively vacant; so that new immigrating populations from the East, all of Sclavic origin, easily obtained footing and supremacy there. In the Northern parts, these immigrating Slaves were of the kind called Vandals, or Wends: they spread themselves as far west as Hamburg and the Ocean, south also far over the Elbe in some quarters; while other kinds of Slaves were equally busy elsewhere. With what difficulty in settling the new boundaries, and what inexhaustible funds of quarrel thereon, is still visible to every one, though no Historian was there to say the least word of it. "All of Sclavic origin;" but who knows of how many kinds: Wends here in the North, through the Lausitz (Lusatia) and as far as Thuringen; not to speak of Polacks, Bohemian Czechs, Huns, Bulgars, and the other dim nomenclatures, on the Eastern frontier. Five hundred years of violent unrecorded fighting, abstruse quarrel with their new neighbors in settling the marches. Many names of towns in Germany ending in ITZ (Meuselwitz, Mollwitz), or bearing the express epithet *Windisch* (Wendish), still give indication of those old sad circumstances; as does the word SLAVE, in all our Western languages, meaning captured SCLAVONIAN. What long-drawn echo of bitter rage and hate lies in that small etymology!

These things were; but they have no History: why should they have any? Enough that in those Baltic regions, there are for the time (Year 600, and till long after Charlemagne is out) Slaves in place of Suevi or of Holstein Saxons and Angli; that it is now shaggy Wends who have the task of taming the jungles, and keeping down the otters and wolves. Wends latterly in a waning condition, much beaten upon by Charlemagne and others; but never yet beaten out. And so it has to last, century after century; Wends, wolves, wild swine, all alike dumb to us. Dumb, or sounding only one huge unutterable message (seemingly of tragic import), like the voice of their old Forests, of their old Baltic Seas:— perhaps more edifying to us SO. Here at last is a definite date and event:—

"A.D. 928, Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends;" [Kohler, *Reichs-Historie* (Frankfurth und Leipzig, 1737), p. 63. Michaelis, *Chur-und Furstlichen Hauser in Deutschland* (Lemgo, 1759, 1760, 1785), i. 255.]— first mention in human speech of the place now

called Brandenburg: Bor or "Burg of the Brenns" (if there ever was any TRIBE of Brenns,—BRENNUS, there as elsewhere, being name for KING or Leader); "Burg of the Woods," say others,—who as little know. Probably, at that time, a town of clay huts, with dithand palisaded sod-wall round it; certainly "a chief fortress of the Wends,"—who must have been a good deal surprised at sight of Henry on the rimy winter morning near a thousand years ago.

This is the grand old Henry, called, "the Fowler" (*Heinrich der Vogler*), because he was in his *Vogelheerde* (Falconry or Hawk-establishment, seeing his Hawks fly) in the upland Hartz Country, when messengers came to tell him that the German Nation, through its Princes and Authorities assembled at Fritslar, had made him King; and that he would have dreadful work henceforth. Which he undertook; and also did,—this of Brannibor only one small item of it,—warring right manfully all his days against Chaos in that country, no rest for him thenceforth till he died. The beginning of German Kings; the first, or essentially the first sovereign of united Germany,—Charlemagne's posterity to the last bastard having died out, and only Anarchy, Italian and other, being now the alternative.

"A very high King," says one whose Note-books I have got, "an authentically noble human figure, visible still in clear outline in the gray dawn of Modern History. The Father of whatever good has since been in Germany. He subdued his DUKES, Schwaben, Baiern (Swabia, Bavaria) and others, who were getting too HEREDITARY, and inclined to disobedience. He managed to get back Lorraine; made TRUCE with the Hungarians, who were excessively invasive at that time. Truce with the Hungarians; and then, having gathered strength, made dreadful beating of them; two beatings,— one to each half, for the invasive Savagery had split itself, for better chance of plunder; first beating was at Sondershausen, second was at Merseburg, Year 933;—which settled them considerably. Another beating from Henry's son, and they never came back. Beat Wends, before this,—'Brannibor through frozen bogs' five years ago. Beat, Sclavic Meisseners (Misnians); Bohehemian Czechs, and took Prag; Wends again, with huge slaughter; then Danes, and made 'King Worm tributary' (King *Gorm the Hard*, our KNUT'S or Canute's great-grand-father, Year 931);—last of all, those invasive Hungarians as above. Had sent the Hungarians, when they demanded tribute or BLACK-MAIL of him as heretofore, Truce being now out,—a mangy hound: There is your black-mail, Sirs; make much of that!

"He had 'the image of St. Michael painted on his standard;' contrary to wont. He makes, or RE-makes, Markgrafs (Wardens of the Marches), to be under his Dukes,—and not too HEREDITARY. Who his Markgraves were? Dim History counts them to the number of six; [Kohler, *Reich-Historie*, p. 66. This is by no means Kohler's chief Book; but this too is good, and does, in a solid effective way, what it attempts. He seems to me by far the best Historical Genius the Germans have yet, produced, though I do not find much mention of him in their Literary Histories and Catalogues. A man of ample learning, and also of strong cheerful human sense and human honesty; whom it is thrice-pleasant, to meet with in those ghastly solitudes, populous chiefly with doleful creatures.] which take in their order:— "1. SLESWIG, looking over into the Scandinavian countries, and the Norse Sea-kings. This Markgraviate did not last long under that title. I guess, it, became *Stade-and-Ditmarsch* afterwards. "2. SOLTWEDEL,—which grows to be Markgraviate of BRANDENBURG by and by. Soltwedel, now called Salzwedel, an old Town still extant, sixty miles to west and north of Brandenburg, short way south of the Elbe, was as yet headquarters of this second Markgraf; and any Warden we have at Brandenburg is only a deputy of him or some other. "3. MEISSEN (which we call Misnia), a country at that time still full of Wends. "4. LAUSITZ, also a very Wendish country (called in English maps LUSATIA,—which is its name in Monk-Latin, not now a spoken language). Did not long continue a Markgraviate; fell to Meissen (Saxony), fell to Brandenburg, Bohemia, Austria, and had many tos and fros. Is now (since the Thirty-Years-War time) mostly Saxon again. "5. AUSTRIA (OEsterreich, Eastern-Kingdom, EASTERNREY as we might say); to look after the Hungarians, and their valuable claims to black-mail. "6. ANTWERP ('At-the-Wharf,' 'On-t'-Wharf,' so to speak), against the French; which function soon fell obsolete.

"These were Henry's six Markgraviates (as my best authority enumerates them); and in this way he had militia captains ranked all round his borders, against the intrusive Sclavic element. @@@@ "He fortified Towns; all Towns are to be walled and warded,—to be BURGs in fact; and the inhabitants BURGhers, or men capable of defending Burgs. Everywhere the ninth man is to serve as soldier in his Town; other eight in the country are to feed and support him: *Heergeruthe* (War-tackle, what is called HERIOT in our old Books) descends to the eldest son of a fighting man who had served, as with us. 'All robbers are made soldiers' (unless they prefer hanging); and

WEAPON—SHOWS and drill are kept up. This is a man who will make some impression upon Anarchy, and its Wends and Huns. His standard was St. Michael, as we have seen,—WHOSE sword is derived from a very high quarter! A pious man;—founded Quedlinburg Abbey, and much else in that kind, having a pious Wife withal, Mechtildis, who took the main hand in that of Quedlinburg; whose LIFE is in Leibnitz, [Leibnitz, *Scriptores Rerum Brunswicensium*, (Hanover, 1707), i. 196.] not the legiblest of Books.—On the whole, a right gallant King and 'Fowler.' Died, A.D. 936 (at Memleben, a Monastery on the Unstrut, not far from Schulpforte), age sixty; had reigned only seventeen years, and done so much. Lies buried in Quedlinburg Abbey:—any Tomb? I know no LIFE of him but GUNDLING'S, which is an extremely inextricable Piece, and requires mainly to be forgotten.—Hail, brave Henry: across the Nine dim Centuries, we salute thee, still visible as a valiant Son of Cosmos and Son of Heaven, beneficently sent us; as a man who did in grim earnest 'serve God' in his day, and whose works accordingly bear fruit to our day, and to all days!"—

So far my rough Note—books; which require again to be shut for the present, not to abuse the reader's patience, or lead him from his road.

This of Markgrafs (GRAFS of the Marches, MARKED Places, or Boundaries) was a natural invention in that state of circumstances. It did not quite originate with Henry; but was much perfected by him, he first recognizing how essential it was. On all frontiers he had his GRAF (Count, REEVE, G'REEVE, whom some think to be only GRAU, Gray, or SENIOR, the hardest, wisest steel—GRAY man he could discover) stationed on the MARCK, strenuously doing watch and ward there: the post of difficulty, of peril, and naturally of honor too, nothing of a sinecure by any means. Which post, like every other, always had a tendency to become hereditary, if the kindred did not fail in fit men. And hence have come the innumerable Markgraves, Marquises, and such like, of modern times: titles now become chimerical, and more or less mendacious, as most of our titles are,—like so many BURGs changed into "Boroughs," and even into "Rotten Boroughs," with Defensive BURGHers of the known sort: very mournful to discover. Once Norroy was not all pasteboard! At the heart of that huge whirlwind of his, with its dusty heraldries, and phantasmal nomenclatures now become mendacious, there lay, at first, always an earnest human fact. Henry the Fowler was so happy as to have the fact without any mixture of mendacity: we are in the sad reverse case; reverse case not yet altogether COMPLETE, but daily becoming so,—one of the saddest and strangest ever heard of, if we thought of it!—But to go on with business.

Markgraviates there continued to be ever after,—Six in Henry's time:—but as to the number, place, arrangement of them, all this varied according to circumstances outward and inward, chiefly according to the regress or the reintrusion of the circumambient hostile populations; and underwent many changes. The sea—wall you build, and what main floodgates you establish in it, will depend on the state of the outer sea. Markgraf of SLESWIG grows into Markgraf of DITMARSCH and STADE; retiring over the Elbe, if Norse Piracy get very triumphant. ANTWERP falls obsolete; so does MEISSEN by and by. LAUSITZ and SALZWEDEL, in the third century hence, shrink both into BRANDENBURG; which was long only a subaltern station, managed by deputy from one or other of these. A Markgraf that prospered in repelling of his Wends and Huns had evidently room to spread himself, and could become very great, and produce change in boundaries: observe what OESTERREICH (Austria) grew to, and what BRANDENBURG; MEISSEN too, which became modern Saxony, a state once greater than it now is.

In old Books are Lists of the primitive Markgraves of Brandenburg, from Henry's time downward; two sets, "Markgraves of the Witekind race," and of another: [Hubner, *Genealogische Tabellen* (Leipzig, 1725–1728), i. 172, 173. A Book of rare excellence in its kind.] but they are altogether uncertain, a shadowy intermittent set of Markgraves, both the Witekind set and the Non—Witekind; and truly, for a couple of centuries, seem none of them to have been other than subaltern Deputies, belonging mostly to LAUSITZ or SALZWEDEL; of whom therefore we can say nothing here, but must leave the first two hundred years in their natural gray state,—perhaps sufficiently conceivable by the reader.

But thus, at any rate, was Brandenburg (BOT or Burg of the BRENNS, whatever these are) first discovered to Christendom, and added to the firm land of articulate History: a feat worth putting on record. Done by Henry the Fowler, in the Year of Grace 928,—while (among other things noticeable in this world) our Knut's great—grandfather, GORMO DURUS, "Henry's Tributary," was still King of Denmark; when Harald BLUETOOTH (Blaatand) was still a young fellow, with his teeth of the natural color; and Swen with the Forked Beard (TVAESKAEG, Double—beard, "TWA—SHAG") was not born; and the Monks of Ely had not yet (by about a

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hundred years) begun that singing, [Without note or comment, in the old, BOOK OF ELY date before the Conquest) is preserved this stave;—giving picture, if we consider it, of the Fen Country all a lake (as it was for half the year, till drained, six centuries after), with Ely Monastery rising like an island in the distance; and the music of its nones or vespers sounding soft and far over the solitude, eight hundred years ago and more.

Merie sungen the Muneches binnen Ely Tha Cnut ching rew therby: Roweth enites near the lant, And here we thes Muneches saeng.

Merry (genially) sang the Monks in Ely As Knut King rowed (rew) there—by: Row, fellows (knights), near the land, And hear we these Monks's song. See Bentham's *History of Ely* (Cambridge, 1771), p, 94.] nor the tide that refusal to retire, on behalf of this Knut, in our English part of his dominions.

That Henry appointed due Wardenship in Brannibor was in the common course. Sure enough, some Markgraf must take charge of Brannibor, —he of the Lausitz eastward, for example, or he of Salzwedel westward:—that Brannibor, in time, will itself be found the fit place, and have its own Markgraf of Brandenburg; this, and what in the next nine centuries Brandenburg will grow to, Henry is far from surmising. Brandenburg is fairly captured across the frozen bogs, and has got a warden and ninth—man garrison settled in it: Brandenburg, like other things, will grow to what it can.

Henry's son and successor, if not himself, is reckoned to have founded the Cathedral and Bishopric of Brandenburg,—his Clergy and he always longing much for the conversion of these Wends and Huns; which indeed was, as the like still is, the one thing needful to rugged heathens of that kind.

Chapter II. PREUSSEN: SAINT ADALBERT.

Five hundred miles, and more, to the east of Brandenburg, lies a Country then as now called PREUSSEN (Prussia Proper), inhabited by Heathens, where also endeavors at conversion are—going on, though without success hitherto. Upon which we are now called to cast a glance.

It is a moory flat country, full of lakes and woods, like Brandenburg; spreading out into grassy expanses, and bosky wildernesses humming with bees; plenty of bog in it, but plenty also of alluvial mud; sand too, but by no means so high a ratio of it as in Brandenburg; tracts of Preussen are luxuriantly grassy, frugiferous, apt for the plough; and the soil generally is reckoned fertile, though lying so far northward. Part of the great plain or flat which stretches, sloping insensibly, continuously, in vast expanse, from the Silesian Mountains to the amber—regions of the Baltic; Preussen is the seaward, more alluvial part of this,—extending west and east, on both sides of the Weichsel (VISTULA), from the regions of the Oder river to the main stream of the Memel. BORDERING—ON—RUSSIA its name signifies: BOR—RUSSIA, B'ussia, Prussia; or —some say it was only on a certain inconsiderable river in those parts, river REUSSEN, that it "bordered" and not on the great Country, or any part of it, which now in our days is conspicuously its next neighbor. Who knows?—

In Henry the Fowler's time, and long afterwards, Preussen was a vehemently Heathen country; the natives a Miscellany of rough Serbic Wends, Letts, Swedish Goths, or Dryasdust knows not what;— very probably a sprinkling of Swedish Goths, from old time, chiefly along the coasts. Dryasdust knows only that these PREUSSEN were a strong—boned, iracund herdsman—and—fisher people; highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the AMBER they had been used to fish, and sell in foreign parts.

Amber, science declares, is a kind of petrified resin, distilled by pines that were dead before the days of Adam; which is now thrown up, in stormy weather, on that remote coast, and is there fished out by the amphibious people,—who can likewise get it by running mine—shafts into the sandhills on their coast;—by whom it is sold into the uttermost parts of the Earth, Arabia and beyond, from a very early period of time. No doubt Pytheas had his eye upon this valuable product, when he ventured into survey of those regions,—which are still the great mother of amber in our world. By their amber—fishery, with the aid of dairy—produce and plenty of beef and leather, these Heathen Preussen, of uncertain miscellaneous breed, contrived to support existence in a substantial manner; they figure to us as an inarticulate, heavy—footed, rather iracund people. Their knowledge of Christianity was trifling, their aversion to knowing anything of it was great.

As Poland, and the neighbors to the south, were already Christian, and even the Bohemian Czechs were mostly Converted, pious wishes as to Preussen, we may fancy, were a constant feeling: but no effort hitherto, if efforts were made, had come to anything. Let some daring missionary go to preach in that country, his reception is of the worst, or perhaps he is met on the frontier with menaces, and forbidden to preach at all; except sorrow and lost labor, nothing has yet proved attainable. It was very dangerous to go;—and with what likelihood of speeding? Efforts, we may suppose, are rare; but the pious wish being continual and universal, efforts can never altogether cease. From Henry the Fowler's capture of Brannibor, count seventy years, we find Henry's great—grandson reigning as Elective Kaiser,—Otto III., last of the direct "Saxon Kaisers," Otto Wonder of the World;—and alongside of Otto's great transactions, which were onoe called MIRABILIA MUNDI and are now fallen so extinct, there is the following small transaction, a new attempt to preach in Preussen, going on, which, contrariwise, is still worth taking notice of.

About the year 997 or 996, Adalbert, Bishop of Prag, a very zealous, most devout man, but evidently of hot temper, and liable to get into quarrels, had determined, after many painful experiences of the perverse ungovernable nature of corrupt mankind, to give up his nominally Christian flock altogether; to shake the dust off his feet against Prag, and devote himself to converting those Prussian Heathen, who, across the frontiers, were living in such savagery, and express bondage to the Devil, worshipping mere stocks and stones. In this enterprise he was encouraged by the Christian potentates who lay contiguous; especially by the Duke of Poland, to whom such next—neighbors, for all reasons, were an eye—sorrow.

Adalbert went, accordingly, with staff and scrip, two monks attending him, into that dangerous country: not in

fear, he; a devout high-tempered man, verging now on fifty, his hair getting gray, and face marred with innumerable troubles and provocations of past time. He preached zealously, almost fiercely,—though chiefly with his eyes and gestures, I should think, having no command of the language. At Dantzic, among the Swedish-Goth kind of Heathen, he had some success, or affluence of attendance; not elsewhere that we hear of. In the Pillau region, for example, where he next landed, an amphibious Heathen lout hit him heavily across the shoulders with the flat of his oar; sent the poor Preacher to the ground, face foremost, and suddenly ended his salutary discourse for that time. However, he pressed forward, regardless of results, preaching the Evangel to all creatures who were willing or unwilling;—and pressed at last into the Sacred Circuit, the ROMOVA, or Place of Oak-trees, and of Wooden or Stone Idols (Bangputtis, Patkullos, and I know not what diabolic dumb Blocks), which it was death to enter. The Heathen Priests, as we may conceive it, rushed out; beckoned him, with loud unintelligible bullyings and fierce gestures, to begone; hustled, shook him, shoved him, as he did not go; then took to confused striking, struck finally a death-stroke on the head of poor Adalbert: so that "he stretched out both his arms ('Jesus, receive me thou!') and fell with his face to the ground, and lay dead there,—in the form of a crucifix," say his Biographers: only the attendant monks escaping to tell.

Attendant monks, or Adalbert, had known nothing of their being on forbidden ground. Their accounts of the phenomenon accordingly leave it only half explained: How he was surprised by armed Heathen Devil's-servants in his sleep; was violently set upon, and his "beautiful bowels (*pulchra viscera*) were run through with seven spears:" but this of the ROMOVA, or Sacred Bangputtis Church of Oak-trees, perhaps chief ROMOVA of the Country, rashly intruded into, with consequent strokes, and fall in the form of a crucifix, appears now to be the intelligible account. [Baillet, *Vies des Saints* (Paris, 1739), iii. 722. Bollandus, *Acta Sanctorum, Aprilis tom. iii* (DIE 23; in Edition *venetiis*, 1738), pp. 174–205. Voigt, *Geschichte Preussens* (Konigsberg, 1827–1839), i. 266–270.] We will take it for the real manner of Adalbert's exit;—no doubt of the essential transaction, or that it was a very flaming one on both sides. The date given is 23d April, 997; date famous in the Romish Calendar since.

He was a Czech by birth, son of a Heathen Bohemian man of rank: his name (Adalbert, A'lbert, BRIGHT-in-Nobleness) he got "at Magdeburg, whither he had gone to study" and seek baptism; where, as generally elsewhere, his fervent devout ways were admirable to his fellow-creatures. A "man of genius," we may well say: one of Heaven's bright souls, born into the muddy darkness of this world;—laid hold of by a transcendent Message, in the due transcendent degree. He entered Prag, as Bishop, not in a carriage and six, but "walking barefoot;" his contempt for earthly shadows being always extreme. Accordingly, his quarrels with the SOECULUM were constant and endless; his wanderings up and down, and vehement arguings, in this world, to little visible effect, lasted all his days. We can perceive he was short-tempered, thin of skin: a violently sensitive man. For example, once in the Bohemian solitudes, on a summer afternoon, in one of his thousand-fold pilgrimings and wayfarings, he had lain down to rest, his one or two monks and he, in some still glade, "with a stone for his pillow" (as was always his custom even in Prag), and had fallen sound asleep. A Bohemian shepherd chanced to pass that way, warbling something on his pipe, as he wended towards looking after his flock. Seeing the sleepers on their stone pillows, the thoughtless Czech mischievously blew louder,—started Adalbert broad awake upon him; who, in the fury of the first moment, shrieked: "Deafness on thee! Man cruel to the human sense of hearing!" or words to that effect. Which curse, like the most of Adalbert's, was punctually fulfilled: the amazed Czech stood deaf as a post, and went about so all his days after; nay, for long centuries (perhaps down to the present time, in remote parts), no Czech blows into his pipe in the woodlands, without certain precautions, and preliminary fuglings of a devotional nature. [Bollandus, *ubi supra*.]—From which miracle, as indeed from many other indications, I infer an irritable nervous-system in poor Adalbert; and find this death in the Romova was probably a furious mixture of Earth and Heaven.

At all events, he lies there, beautiful though bloody, "in the form of a crucifix;" zealous Adalbert, the hot spirit of him now at last cold;—and has clapt his mark upon the Heathen country, protesting to the last. This was in the year 997, think the best @@@@ Antiquaries. It happened at a place called FISCHHAUSEN, near Pillau, say they; on that, narrow strip of country which lies between the Baltic and the Frische Haf (immense Lake, WASH, as we should say, or leakage of shallow water, one of two such, which the Baltic has spilt out of it in that quarter),—near the Fort and Haven of Pillau; where there has been much stir since; where Napoleon, for one thing, had some tough fighting, prior to the Treaty of Tilsit, fifty years ago. The place—or if not this place, then

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Gnesen in Poland, the final burial-place of Adalbert, which is better known—has ever since had a kind of sacredness; better or worse expressed by mankind: in the form of canonization, endless pilgrimages, rumored miracles, and such like. For shortly afterwards, the neighboring Potentate, Boleslaus Duke of Poland, heart-struck at the event, drew sword on these Heathens, and having (if I remember) gained some victory, bargained to have the Body of Adalbert delivered to him at its weight in gold. Body, all cut in pieces, and nailed to poles, had long ignominiously withered in the wind; perhaps it was now only buried overnight for the nonce? Being dug up, or being cut down, and put into the balance, it weighed—less than was expected. It was as light as gossamer, said pious rumor, Had such an excellent odor too;—and came for a mere nothing of gold! This was Adalbert's first miracle after death; in life he had done many hundreds of them, and has done millions since,—chiefly upon paralytic nervous-systems, and the element of pious rumor;—which any Devil's-Advocate then extant may explain if he can! Kaiser Otto, Wonder of the World, who had known St. Adalbert in life, and much honored him, "made a pilgrimage to his tomb at Gnesen in the year 1000;"—and knelt there, we may believe, with thoughts wondrous enough, great and sad enough.

There is no hope of converting Preussen, then? It will never leave off its dire worship of Satan, then? Say not, Never; that is a weak word. St. Adalbert has stamped his life upon it, in the form of a crucifix, in lasting protest against that.

Chapter III. MARKGRAVES OF BRANDENBURG.

Meanwhile our first enigmatic set of Markgraves, or Deputy– Markgraves, at Brandenburg, are likewise faring ill. Whoever these valiant steel–gray gentlemen might be (which Dryasdust does not the least know, and only makes you more uncertain the more he pretends to tell), one thing is very evident, they had no peaceable possession of the place, nor for above a hundred years, a constant one on any terms. The Wends were highly disinclined to conversion and obedience: once and again, and still again, they burst up; got temporary hold of Brandenburg, hoping to keep it; and did frightful heterodoxies there. So that to our distressed imagination those poor "Markgraves of Witekind descent," our first set in Brandenburg, become altogether shadowy, intermittent, enigmatic, painfully actual as they once were. Take one instance, omitting others; which happily proves to be the finish of that first shadowy line, and introduces us to a new set very slightly more substantial.

END OF THE FIRST SHADOWY LINE.

In the year 1023, near a century after Henry the Fowler's feat, the Wends bursting up in never–imagined fury, get hold of Brandenburg again,—for the third and, one would fain hope, the last time. The reason was, words spoken by the then Markgraf of Brandenburg, Dietrich or Theodoric, last of the Witekind Markgraves; who hearing that a Cousin of his (Markgraf or Deputy– Markgraf like himself) was about wedding his daughter to "Mistevoi King of the Wends," said too earnestly: "Don't! Will you give your daughter to a dog?" Word "dog" was used, says my authority. [See Michaelis *Chur und Furstlichen Hauser*, i. 257–259: Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats– Geschichte* (Halle, 1760–1769), i. 1–182 (the "standard work" on Prussian History; in eight watery quartos, intolerable to human nature): Kloss, *Vuterlandische Gemalde* (Berlin, 1833), i. 59–108 (a Bookseller's compilation, with some curious Excerpts):—under which lie modern Sagittarius, ancient Adam of Bremen, *Ditmarus Merseburgensis*, *Witichindus Corbeiensis*, *Arnoldus Lubecensis*, to all lengths and breadths.] Which threw King Mistevoi into a paroxysm, and raised the Wends. Their butchery of the German population in poor Brandenburg, especially of the Priests; their burning of the Cathedral, and of Church and State generally, may be conceived. The HARLUNGSBERG,—in our time MARIENBERG, pleasant Hill near Brandenburg, with its gardens, vines, and whitened cottages:—on the top of this Harlungsherg the Wends "set up their god Triglaph;" a three–headed Monster of which I have seen prints, beyond measure ugly. Something like three whale's–cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead– drunk (for the dull eyes are inexpressible, as well as the amorphous shape): ugliest and stupidest of all false gods. This these victorious Wends set up on the Harlungsherg, Year 1023; and worshipped after their sort, benighted mortals,—with joy, for a time. The Cathedral was in ashes, Priests all slain or fled, shadowy Markgraves the like; Church and State lay in ashes; and Triglaph, like a Triple Porpoise under the influence of laudanum, stood (I know not whether on his head or on his tail) aloft on the Harlungsherg, as the Supreme of this Universe, for the time being.

SECOND SHADOWY LINE.

Whereupon the DITMARSCH–STADE Markgrafs (as some designate them) had to interfere, these shadowy Deputies of the Witekind breed having vanished in that manner. The Ditmarschers recovered the place; and with some fighting, did in the main at least keep Triglaph and the Wends out of it in time coming. The Wends were fiercely troublesome, and fought much; but I think they never actually got hold of Brandenburg again. They were beginning to get notions of conversion: well preached to and well beaten upon, you cannot hold out forever. Even Mistevoi at one time professed tendencies to Christianity; perhaps partly for his Bride's sake,— the dog, we may call him, in a milder sense! But he relapsed dreadfully, after that insult; and his son worse. On the other hand, Mistevoi's grandson was so zealous he went about with the Missionary Preachers, and interpreted their German into Wendish: "Oh, my poor Wends, will you hear, then, will you understand? This solid Earth is but a shadow: Heaven forever or else Hell forever, that is the reality!" SUCH "difference between right and wrong" no Wend had heard of before: quite tremendously "important if true!"—And doubtless it impressed many. There are heavy Ditmarsch strokes for the unimpressible. By degrees all got converted, though many were killed first; and, one way or other, the Wends are preparing to efface themselves as a distinct people.

This STADE–AND–DITMARSCH family (of English or Saxon breed, if that is an advantage) seem generally to have furnished the SALZWEDEL Office as well, of which Brandenburg was an offshoot, done by deputy,

usually also of their kin. They lasted in Brandenburg rather more than a hundred years;—with little or no Book—History that is good to read; their History inarticulate rather, and stamped beneficently on the face of things. Otto is a common name among them. One of their sisters, too, Adelheid (Adelaide, NOBLENES) had a strange adventure with "Ludwig the Springer:" romantic mythic man, famous in the German world, over whom my readers and I must not pause at this time.

In Salzwedel, in Ditmarsch, or wherever stationed, they had a toilsome fighting life: sore difficulties with their DITMARSCHERS too, with the plundering Danish populations; Markgraf after Markgraf getting killed in the business. "ERSCHLAGEN, slain fighting with the Heathen," say the old Books, and pass on to another. Of all which there is now silence forever. So many years men fought and planned and struggled there, all forgotten now except by the gods; and silently gave away their life, before those countries could become fencible and habitable! Nay, my friend, it is our lot too: and if we would win honor in this Universe, the rumor of Histories and Morning Newspapers,—which have to become wholly zero, one day, and fall dumb as stones, and which were not perhaps very wise even while speaking,—will help us little!—

SUBSTANTIAL MARKGRAVES: GLIMPSE OF THE CONTEMPORARY KAISERS.

The Ditmarsch—Stade kindred, much slain in battle with the Heathen, and otherwise beaten upon, died out, about the year 1130 (earlier perhaps, perhaps later, for all is shadowy still); and were succeeded in the Salzwedel part of their function by a kindred called "of Ascanien and Ballenstadt;" the ASCANIER or ANALT Markgraves; whose History, and that of Brandenburg, becomes henceforth articulate to us; a History not doubtful or shadowy any longer; but ascertainable, if reckoned worth ascertaining. Who succeeded in Ditmarsch, let us by no means inquire. The Empire itself was in some disorder at this time, more abstruse of aspect than usual; and these Northern Markgrafs, already become important people, and deep in general politics, had their own share in the confusion that was going.

It was about this same time that a second line of Kaisers had died out: the FRANKISH or SALIC line, who had succeeded to the SAXON, of Henry the Fowler's blood. For the Empire too, though elective, had always a tendency to become hereditary, and go in lines: if the last Kaiser left a son not unfit, who so likely as the son? But he needed to be fit, otherwise it would not answer,—otherwise it might be worse for him! There were great labors in the Empire too, as well as on the Sclavic frontier of it: brave men fighting against anarchy (actually set in pitched fight against it, and not always strong enough),—toiling sore, according to their faculty, to pull the innumerable crooked things straight. Some agreed well with the Pope,—as Henry II., who founded Bamberg Bishopric, and much else of the like; [Kohler, pp. 102–104. See, for instance, *Description de la Table d'Aute1 en or fin, donnee a la Cathedrale de Bale, par l'Empereur Henri II. en 1019* (Porentruy, 1838).] "a sore saint for the crown," as was said of David I., his Scotch congener, by a descendant. Others disagreed very much indeed;—Henry IV.'s scene at Canossa, with Pope Hildebrand and the pious Countess (year 1077, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire waiting, three days, in the snow, to kiss the foot of excommunicative Hildebrand), has impressed itself on all memories! Poor Henry rallied out of that abasement, and dealt a stroke or two on Hildebrand; but fell still lower before long, his very Son going against him; and came almost to actual want of bread, had not the Bishop of Liege been good to him. Nay, after death, he lay four years waiting vainly even for burial,—but indeed cared little about that.

Certainly this Son of his, Kaiser Henry V., does not shine in filial piety: but probably the poor lad himself was hard bested. He also came to die, A.D. 1125, still little over forty, and was the last of the Frankish Kaisers. He "left the REICHS—INSIGNIEN [Crown, Sceptre and Coronation gear] to his Widow and young Friedrich of Hohenstauffen," a sister's son of his,—hoping the said Friedrich might, partly by that help, follow as Kaiser. Which Friedrich could not do; being wheedled, both the Widow and he, out of their insignia, under false pretences, and otherwise left in the lurch. Not Friedrich, but one Lothar, a stirring man who had grown potent in the Saxon countries, was elected Kaiser. In the end, after waiting till Lothar was done, Friedrich's race did succeed, and with brilliancy,—Kaiser Barbarossa being that same Friedrich's son. In regard to which dim complicacies, take this Excerpt from the imbroglio of Manuscripts, before they go into the fire:—

"By no means to be forgotten that the Widow we here speak of, Kaiser Henry V.'s Widow, who brought no heir to Henry V., was our English Henry Beauclerc's daughter,—granddaughter therefore of William Conqueror,—the same who, having (in 1127, the second year of her widowhood) married Godefroi Count of Anjou, produced our Henry II. and our Plantagenets; and thereby, through her victorious Controversies with King

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Stephen (that noble peer whose breeches stood him so cheap), became very celebrated as 'the Empress Maud,' in our old History—Books. Mathildis, Dowager of Kaiser Henry V., to whom he gave his Reichs—Insignia at dying: she is the 'Empress Maud' of English Books; and relates herself in this manner to the Hohenstauffen Dynasty, and intricate German vicissitudes. Be thankful for any hook whatever on which to hang half an acre of thrums in fixed position, out of your way; the smallest flint—spark, in a world all black and unrememberable, will be welcome."—

And so we return to Brandenburg and the "ASCANIEN and BALLENSTADT" series of Markgraves.

Chapter IV. ALBERT THE BEAR.

This Ascanien, happily, has nothing to do with Brute of Troy or the pious Aeneas's son; it is simply the name of a most ancient Castle (etymology unknown to me, ruins still dimly traceable) on the north slope of the Hartz Mountains; short way from Aschersleben,—the Castle and Town of Aschersleben are, so to speak, a second edition of Ascanien. Ballenstadt is still older; Ballenstadt was of age in Charlemagne's time; and is still a respectable little Town in that upland range of country. The kindred, called GRAFS and ultimately HERZOGS (Dukes) of "Ascanien and Ballenstadt," are very famous in old German History, especially down from this date. Some reckon that they had intermittently been Markgrafs, in their region, long before this; which is conceivable enough: at all events it is very plain they did now attain the Office in SALZWEDEL (straightway shifting it to Brandenburg); and held it continuously, it and much else that lay adjacent, for centuries, in a highly conspicuous manner.

In Brandenburg they lasted for about two hundred years; in their Saxon dignities, the younger branch of them did not die out (and give place to the Wettins that now are) for five hundred. Nay they have still their representatives on the Earth: Leopold of Anhalt—Dessau, celebrated "Old Dessauer," come of the junior branches, is lineal head of the kin in Friedrich Wilhelm's time (while our little Fritzchen lies asleep in his cradle at Berlin); and a certain Prince of Anhalt—Zerbst, Colonel in the Prussian Army, authentic PRINCE, but with purse much shorter than pedigree, will have a Daughter by and by, who will go to Russia, and become almost too conspicuous, as Catharine II., there!—

"Brandenburg now as afterwards," says one of my old Papers, "was officially reckoned SAXON; part of the big Duchy of Saxony; where certain famed BILLUNGS, lineage of an old 'Count Billung' (connected or not with BILLINGS—gate in our country, I do not know) had long borne sway. Of which big old Billungs I will say nothing at all;—this only, that they died out; and a certain Albert, 'Count of Ascanien and Ballenstadt' (say, of ANHALT, in modern terms), whose mother was one of their daughters, came in for the northern part of their inheritance. He made a clutch at the Southern too, but did not long retain that. Being a man very swift and very sharp, at once nimble and strong, in the huge scramble that there then was,—Uncle Billung dead without heirs, a SALIC line of emperors going or gone out, and a HOHENSTAUFFEN not yet come in,—he made a rich game of it for himself; the rather as Lothar, the intermediate Kaiser, was his cousin, and there were other good cards which he played well.

"This is he they call 'Albert the Bear (*Albrecht der Bar*);' first of the ASCANIEN Markgraves of Brandenburg; —first wholly definite MARKGRAF OF BRANDENBURG that there is; once a very shining figure in the world, though now fallen dim enough again. It is evident he had a quick eye, as well as a strong hand; and could pick what way was straightest among crooked things. He got the Northern part of what is still called Saxony, and kept it in his family; got the Brandenburg Countries withal, got the Lausitz; was the shining figure and great man of the North in his day. The Markgrafdom of SALZWEDEL (which soon became of BRANDENBURG) he very naturally acquired (A.D. 1142 or earlier); very naturally, considering what Saxon and other honors and possessions he had already got hold of."—

We can only say, it was the luckiest of events for Brandenburg, and the beginning of all the better destinies it has had. A conspicuous Country ever since in the world, and which grows ever more so in our late times.

He had many wars; inextricable coil of claimings, quarrellings and agreeings: fought much,—fought in Italy, too, "against the Pagans" (Saracens, that is). Cousin to one Kaiser, the Lothar above named; then a chief stay of the Hohenstauffen, of the two Hohenstauffens who followed: a restless, much—managing, wide—warring man. He stood true by the great Barbarossa, second of the Hohenstauffen, greatest of all the Kaisers; which was a luck for him, and perhaps a merit. He kept well with three Kaisers in his time. Had great quarrels with "Henry the Lion" about that "Billung" Saxon Heritage; Henry carrying off the better part of it from Albert. Except that same Henry, head of the Guelphs or Welfs, who had not Albert's talent, though wider lands than Albert, there was no German prince so important in that time.

He transferred the Markgrafdom to BRANDENBURG, probably as more central in his wide lands; SALZWEDEL is henceforth the led Markgrafdom or MARCK, and soon falls out of notice in the world.

Salzwedel is called henceforth ever since the "Old Marck (*Alte Marck, Altmarck*);" the Brandenburg countries getting the name of "New Marck." Modern NEUMARK, modern "Middle– Marck" (in which stands Brandenburg itself in our time), "UCKER– Marck" (OUTSIDE Marck,—word UCKER is still seen in UKRAINE, for instance): these are posterior Divisions, fallen upon as Brandenburg (under Albert chiefly) enlarged itself, and needed new Official parcellings into departments.

Under Albert the Markgrafdom had risen to be an ELECTORATE withal. The Markgraf of Brandenburg was now furthermore the KURFURST of Brandenburg; officially "Arch–treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire;" and one of the Seven who have a right (which became about this time an exclusive one for those Seven) to choose, to KIEREN the Romish Kaiser; and who are therefore called KUR Princes, KURFURSTE or Electors, as the highest dignity except the Kaiser's own. In reference to which abstruse matter, likely to concern us somewhat, will the uninstructed English reader consent to the following Excerpt, slightly elucidatory of KURFURSTS and their function?

"FURST (Prince) I suppose is equivalent originally to our noun of number, First. The old verb KIEREN (participle ERKOREN still in use, not to mention 'Val–KYR' and other instances) is essentially the same word as our CHOOSE, being written KIESEN as well as KIEREN. Nay, say the etymologists, it is also written KUSSEN (to KISS,—to CHOOSE with such emphasis!), and is not likely to fall obsolete in that form.—The other Six Electoral Dignitaries who grew to Eight by degrees, and may be worth noting once by the readers of this Book; are:—

"1. Three Ecclesiastical, MAINZ, COLN, TRIER (Mentz, Cologne, Treves), Archbishops all, with sovereignty and territory more or less considerable;—who used to be elected as Popes are, theoretically by their respective Chapters and the Heavenly Inspirations, but practically by the intrigues and pressures of the neighboring Potentates, especially France and Austria.

"2. Three Secular, SACHSEN, PFALZ, BOHMEN (Saxony, Palatinate, Bohemia); of which the last, BOHMEN, since it fell from being a Kingdom in itself, to being a Province of Austria, is not very vocal in the Diets. These Six, with Brandenburg, are the Seven Kurfursts in old time; SEPTEMVIRS of the Country, so to speak.

"But now PFALZ, in the Thirty–Years War (under our Prince Rupert's Father, whom the Germans call the 'Winter–King'), got abrogated, put to the ban, so far as an indignant Kaiser could; and the vote and KUR of Pfalz was given to his Cousin of BAIERN (Bavaria),— so far as an indignant Kaiser could. However, at the Peace of Westphalia (1648) it was found incompetent to any Kaiser to abrogate PFALZ or the like of Pfalz, a Kurfurst of the Empire. So, after jargon inconceivable, it was settled, That PFALZ must be reinstated, though with territories much clipped, and at the bottom of the list, not the top as formerly; and that BAIERN, who could not stand to be balked after twenty years' possession, must be made EIGHTH Elector. The NINTH, we saw (Year 1692), was Gentleman Ernst of HANOVER. There never was any Tenth; and the Holy ROMISCHE REICH, which was a grand object once, but had gone about in a superannuated and plainly crazy state for some centuries back, was at last put out of pain, by Napoleon, '6th August, 1806,' and allowed to cease from this world." [Ms. *penes me.*]

None of Albert's wars are so comfortable to reflect on as those he had with the anarchic Wends; whom he now fairly beat to powder, and either swept away, or else damped down into Christianity and keeping of the peace. Swept them away otherwise; "peopling their lands extensively with Colonists from Holland, whom an inroad of the sea had rendered homeless there." Which surely was a useful exchange. Nothing better is known to me of Albert the Bear than this his introducing large numbers of Dutch Netherlanders into those countries; men thrown out of work, who already knew how to deal with bog and sand, by mixing and delving, and who first taught Brandenburg what greenness and cow–pasture was. The Wends, in presence of such things, could not but consent more and more to efface themselves,—either to become German, and grow milk and cheese in the Dutch manner, or to disappear from the world.

The Wendish Princes had a taste for German wives; in which just taste the Albert genealogy was extremely willing to indulge them. Affinities produce inheritances; by proper marriage–contracts you can settle on what side the most contingent inheritance shall at length fall. Dim but pretty certain lies a time coming when the Wendish Princes also shall have effaced themselves; and all shall be German–Brandenburgish, not Wendish any more.—The actual Inhabitants of Brandenburg, therefore, are either come of Dutch Bog–farmers, or are simple Lower SAXONS ("Anglo–Saxon," if you like that better), PLATT–TEUTSCH of the common type; an

unexceptionable breed of people. Streaks of Wendish population, extruded gradually into the remoter quagmires, and more inaccessible, less valuable sedgy moors and sea-strands, are scattered about; Mecklenburg, which still subsists separately after a sort, is reckoned peculiarly Wendish. In Mecklenburg, Pommern, Pommerellen (Little Pomerania), are still to be seen physiognomies of a Wendish or Vandalic type (more of cheek than there ought to be, and less of brow; otherwise good enough physiognomies of their kind): but the general mass, tempered with such admixtures, is of the Platt-Deutsch, Saxon or even English character we are familiar with here at home. A patient stout people; meaning considerable things, and very incapable of speaking what it means.

Albert was a fine tall figure himself; DER SCHONE, "Albert the Handsome," was his name as often as "Albert the Bear." That latter epithet he got, not from his looks or qualities, but merely from his heraldic cognizance: a Bear on his shield. As was then the mode of names; surnames being scant, and not yet fixedly in existence. Thus too his contemporaries, Henry THE LION of Saxony and Welfdom, William THE LION of Scotland, were not, either of them, specially leonine men: nor had the PLANTAGENETS, or Geoffrey of Anjou, any connection with the PLANT of BROOM, except wearing a twig of it in their caps on occasion. Men are glad to get some designation for a grand Albert they are often speaking of, which shall distinguish him from the many small ones. Albert "the Bear, DER BAR," will do as well as another.

It was this one first that made Brandenburg peaceable and notable. We might call him the second founder of Brandenburg; he, in the middle of the Twelfth Century, completed for it what Henry the Fowler had begun early in the Tenth. After two hundred and fifty years of barking and worrying, the Wends are now finally reduced to silence; their anarchy well buried, and wholesome Dutch cabbage planted over it: Albert did several great things in the world; but, this, for posterity, remains his memorable feat. Not done quite easily; but, done: big destinies of Nations or of Persons are not founded GRATIS in this world. He had a sore toilsome time of it, coercing, warring, managing among his fellow-creatures, while his day's work lasted,—fifty years or so, for it began early. He died in his Castle of Ballenstadt, peaceably among the Hartz Mountains at last, in the year 1170, age about sixty-five. It was in the time while Thomas a Becket was roving about the world, coming home excommunicative, and finally getting killed in Canterbury Cathedral;—while Abbot Samson, still a poor little brown Boy, came over from Norfolk, holding by his mother's hand, to St. Edmundsbury; having seen "SANTANAS s with outspread wings" fearfully busy in this world.

Chapter V. CONRAD OF HOHENZOLLERN; AND KAISER BARBAROSSA.

It was in those same years that a stout young fellow, Conrad by name, far off in the southern parts of Germany, set out from the old Castle of Hohenzollern, where he was but junior, and had small outlooks, upon a very great errand in the world. >From Hohenzollern; bound now towards Gelnhausen, Kaiserslautern, or whatever temporary lodging the great Kaiser Barbarossa might be known to have, who was a wandering man, his business lying everywhere over half the world, and needing the master's eye. Conrad's purpose is to find Barbarossa, and seek fortune under him.

This is a very indisputable event of those same years. The exact date, the figure, circumstances of it were, most likely, never written anywhere but on Conrad's own brain, and are now rubbed out forevermore; but the event itself is certain; and of the highest concernment to this Narrative. Somewhere about the year 1170, likeliest a few years before that, [Rentsch, *Brandenburgischer Ceder-Hein* (Baireuth, 1682), pp. 273–276.—See also Johann Ulrich Pregitzern, *Teutscher Regierungs- und Ehren-Spiegel, vorbildend des Hauses Hohenzollern* (Berlin, 1703), pp. 90–93. A learned and painful Book: by a Tubingen Professor, who is deeply read in the old Histories, and gives Portraits and other Engravings of some value.] this Conrad, riding down from Hohenzollern, probably with no great stock of luggage about him,—little dreams of being connected with Brandenburg on the other side of the world; but IS unconsciously more so than any other of the then sons of Adam. He is the lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of the little Boy now sleeping in his cradle at Berlin; let him wait till nineteen generations, valiantly like Conrad, have done their part, and gone out, Conrad will find he is come to this! A man's destiny is strange always; and never wants for miracles, or will want, though it sometimes may for eyes to discern them.

Hohenzollern lies far south in SCHWABEN (Suabia), on the sunward slope of the Rauhe-Alp Country; no great way north from Constance and its Lake; but well aloft, near the springs of the Danube; its back leaning on the Black Forest; it is perhaps definable as the southern summit of that same huge old Hercynian Wood, which is still called the SCHWARZWALD (Black Forest), though now comparatively bare of trees. ["There are still considerable spottings of wood (pine mainly, and 'black' enough); HOLZ-HANDEL (timber-trade) still a considerable branch of business there;—and on the streams of the country are cunning contrivances noticeable, for floating down the article into the Neckar river, and thence into the Rhine and to Holland." (*Tourist's Note.*)] Fanciful Dryasdust, doing a little etymology, will tell you the name ZOLLERN is equivalent to TOLLERY or Place of Tolls. Whereby HOHENZOLLERN comes to mean the HIGH or Upper TOLLERY;— and gives one the notion of antique pedlars climbing painfully, out of Italy and the Swiss valleys, thus far; unstrapping their pack-horses here, and chaffering in unknown dialect about TOLL. Poor souls;—it may be so, but we do not know, nor shall it concern us. This only is known: That a human kindred, probably of some talent for coercing anarchy and guiding mankind, had, centuries ago, built its BURG there, and done that function in a small but creditable way ever since;—kindred possibly enough derivable from "Thassilo," Charlemagne, King Dagobert, and other Kings, but certainly from Adam and the Almighty Maker, who had given it those qualities;—and that Conrad, a junior member of the same, now goes forth from it in the way we see. "Why should a young fellow that has capabilities," thought Conrad, "stay at home in hungry idleness, with no estate but his javelin and buff jerkin, and no employment but his hawks, when there is a wide opulent world waiting only to be conquered?" This was Conrad's thought; and it proved to be a very just one.

It was now the flower-time of the Romish Kaisership of Germany; about the middle or noon of Barbarossa himself, second of the Hohenstauffens, and greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other house. Kaiser fallen unintelligible to most modern readers, and wholly unknown, which is a pity. No King so furnished out with apparatus and arena, with personal faculty to rule and scene to do it in, has appeared elsewhere. A magnificent magnanimous man; holding the reins of the world, not quite in the imaginary sense; scourging anarchy down, and urging noble effort up, really on a grand Scale. A terror to evil-doers and a praise to well-doers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since. Whom also we salute across the centuries, as a choice Beneficence of Heaven. Encamped on the Plain of Roncaglia [when he entered Italy, as he too often had occasion to do], his shield was hung out on a high mast over his tent;" and it meant in those old days, "Ho, every one that has suffered

wrong; here is a Kaiser come to judge you, as he shall answer it to HIS Master." And men gathered round him; and actually found some justice,—if they could discern it when found. Which they could not always do; neither was the justice capable of being perfect always. A fearfully difficult function, that of Friedrich Redbeard. But an inexorably indispensable one in this world;—though sometimes dispensed with (to the huge joy of Anarchy, which sings Hallelujah through all its Newspapers) for a season!

Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popes, with his Milanese, and the like;—besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies;—had indeed a heavy—laden hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor of Milan, "lie chained under his table, like a dog, for three days." For the man was in earnest, in that earnest time:— and let us say, they are but paltry sham—men who are not so, in any time; paltry, and far worse than paltry, however high their plumes may be. Of whom the sick world (Anarchy, both vocal and silent, having now swoln rather high) is everywhere getting weary.—Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor, lay three days under the Kaiser's table; as it would be well if every anarchic Governor, of the soft type and of the hard, were made to do on occasion; asking himself, in terrible earnest, "Am I a dog, then; alas, am not I a dog?" Those were serious old times.

On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then; one great gathering of all the chivalries at Mainz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. Gelnhausen, in the Wetterau (ruin still worth seeing, on its Island in the Kinzig river), is understood to have been one of his Houses; Kaiserslautern (Kaiser's LIMPID, from its clear spring—water) in the Pfalz (what we call PALATINATE), another. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year; [1189, A.D.; Saladin having, to the universal sorrow, taken Jerusalem.] thinking to himself, "Let us end with one clear act of piety:"—he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero: "Woe is me, my son has perished, then?" said he once, tears wetting the beard now white enough; "My son is slain!—But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!" And gained great victories, and even found his son; but never returned home;—died, some unknown sudden death, "in the river Cydnus," say the most. [Kohler (p. 188), and the Authorities cited by him. Bunau's *Deutsche Kaiser—und Reichs—Historie* (Leipzig, 1728–1743), i., is the express Book of Barbarossa: an elaborate, instructive Volume.] Nay German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead; but only sleeping, till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder,—says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand rocky look of the place:— A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern; Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow; winking, only half asleep; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor; he looked at the peasant one moment; asked him something about the time it was; then dropped his eyelids again: Not yet time, but will be soon! [Riesebeck's *Travels* (English Translation, London, 1787), i. 140, Busching, *Volks—Sagen*, (Leipzig, 1820), i. 333, He is winking as if to awake. To awake, and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with: Ho, every one that is suffering wrong;—or that has strayed guideless, devil—ward, and done wrong, which is far fataler!

CONRAD HAS BECOME BURGGRAF OF NURNBERG (A.D. 1170).

This was the Kaiser to whom Conrad addressed himself; and he did it with success; which may be taken as a kind of testimonial to the worth of the young man. Details we have absolutely none: but there is no doubt that Conrad recommended himself to Kaiser Redbeard, nor any that the Kaiser was a judge of men. Very earnest to discern men's worth and capabilities; having unspeakable need of worth, instead of unworth, in those under him! We may conclude he had found capabilities in Conrad; found that the young fellow did effective services as the occasion rose, and knew how to work, in a swift, resolute, judicious and exact manner. Promotion was not likely on other terms; still less, high promotion.

One thing farther is known, significant for his successes: Conrad found favor with "the Heiress of the Vohburg Family," desirable young heiress, and got her to wife. The Vohburg Family, now much forgotten everywhere, and never heard of in England before, had long been of supreme importance, of immense possessions, and opulent in territories, and we need not add, in honors and offices, in those Franconian Nurnberg regions; and was now gone to this one girl. I know not that she had much inheritance after all; the vast Vohburg properties lapsing all to the Kaiser, when the male heirs were out. But she had pretensions, tacit claims; in particular, the Vohburgs had long been habitual or in effect hereditary Burggrafs of Nurnberg; and if Conrad had the talent for that office; he now, in preference to others, might have a chance for it. Sure enough, he got it; took

root in it, he and his; and, in the course of centuries, branched up from it, high and wide, over the adjoining countries; waxing towards still higher destinies. That is the epitome of Conrad's history; history now become very great, but then no bigger than its neighbors, and very meagrely recorded; of which the reflective reader is to make what he can.

There is nothing clearly known of Conrad more than these three facts: That he was a cadet of Hohenzollern (whose father's name, and some forefathers' names are definitely known in the family archives, but do not concern us); that he married the Heiress of the Vohburgs, whose history is on record in like manner; and that he was appointed Burggraf of Nurnberg, year not precisely known,— but before 1170, as would seem. "In a REICHSTAG (Diet of the Empire) held at Regensburg in or about 1170," he formally complains, he and certain others, all stanch Kaiser's friends (for in fact it was with the Kaiser's knowledge, or at his instigation), of Henry the Lion's high procedures and malpractices; of Henry's League with the Pope, League with the King of Denmark, and so forth; the said Henry having indeed fallen into opposition, to a dangerous degree;—and signs himself BURGGRAF OF NURNBERG, say the old Chronicles. [Rentsch, p. 276 (who cites *Aventinus, Trittheim*, The old Document itself has long since perished, I conclude: but the Chronicles may be accepted as reporters of so conspicuous a thing; which was the beginning of long strife in Germany, and proved the ruin of Henry the Lion, supreme Welf grown over-big,— and cost our English Henry II., whose daughter he had married, a world of trouble and expense, we may remark withal. Conrad therefore is already Burggraf of Nurnberg, and a man of mark, in 1170: and his marriage, still more his first sally from the paternal Castle to seek his fortune, must all be dated earlier.

More is not known of Conrad: except indeed that he did not perish in Barbarossa's grand final Crusade. For the antiquaries have again found him signed to some contract, or otherwise insignificant document, A.D. 1200. Which is proof positive that he did not die in the Crusade; and proof probable that he was not of it,—few, hardly any, of those stalwart 150,000 champions of the Cross having ever got home again. Conrad, by this time, might have sons come to age; fitter for arms and fatigues than he: and indeed at Nurnberg, in Deutschland generally, as Official Prince of the Empire, and man of weight and judgment, Conrad's services might be still more useful, and the Kaiser's interests might require him rather to stay at home in that juncture. Burggraf of Nurnberg he continued to be; he and his descendants, first in a selective, then at length in a directly hereditary way, century after century; and so long as that office lasted in Nurnberg (which it did there much longer than in other Imperial Free-Cities), a COMES DE ZOLRE of Conrad's producing was always the man thenceforth.

Their acts, in that station and capacity, as Burgraves and Princes of the Empire, were once conspicuous enough in German History; and indeed are only so dim now, because the History itself is, and was always, dim to us on this side of the sea. They did strenuous work in their day; and occasionally towered up (though little driven by the poor wish of "towering," or "shining" without need) into the high places of Public History. They rest now from their labors, Conrad and his successors, in long series, in the old Monastery of Heilsbronn (between Nurnberg and Anspach), with Tombs to many of them, which were very legible for slight Biographic purposes in my poor friend Rentsch's time, a hundred and fifty years ago; and may perhaps still have some quasi-use, as "sepulchral brasses," to another class of persons. One or two of those old buried Figures, more peculiarly important for our little Friend now sleeping in his cradle yonder, we must endeavor, as the Narrative proceeds, to resuscitate a little and render visible for moments.

OF THE HOHENZOLLERN BURGGRAVES GENERALLY.

As to the Office, it was more important than perhaps the reader imagines. We already saw Conrad first Burggraf, among the magnates of the country, denouncing Henry the Lion. Every Burggraf of Nurnberg is, in virtue of his office, "Prince of the Empire:" if a man happened to have talent of his own, and solid resources of his own (which are always on the growing hand with this family), here is a basis from which he may go far enough. Burggraf of Nurnberg: that means again GRAF (judge, defender, manager, G'REEVE) of the Kaiser's BURG or Castle,—in a word Kaiser's Representative and ALTER EGO,—in the old Imperial Free-Town of Nurnberg; with much adjacent very complex territory, also, to administer for the Kaiser. A flourishing extensive City, this old Nurnberg, with valuable adjacent territory, civic and imperial, intricately intermixed; full of commercial industries, opulences, not without democratic tendencies. Nay it is almost, in some senses, the LONDON AND MIDDLESEX of the Germany that then was, if we will consider it!

This is a place to give a man chances, and try what stuff is in him. The office involves a talent for governing,

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as well as for judging; talent for fighting also, in cases of extremity, and what is still better, a talent for avoiding to fight. None but a man of competent superior parts can do that function; I suppose, no imbecile could have existed many months in it, in the old earnest times. Conrad and his succeeding Hohenzollerns proved very capable to do it, as would seem; and grew and spread in it, waxing bigger and bigger, from their first planting there by Kaiser Barbarossa, a successful judge of men. And ever since that time, from "about the year 1170," down to the year 1815,—when so much was changed, owing to another (temporary) "Kaiser" of new type, Napoleon his name,—the Hohenzollerns have had a footing in Frankedand; and done sovereignty in and round Nurnberg, with an enlarging Territory in that region. Territory at last of large compass; which, under the names MARGRAFDOM OF ANSPACH, and of BAIREUTH, or in general MARGRAFDOM OF CULMBACH, which includes both, has become familiar in History.

For the House went on steadily increasing, as it were, from the first day; the Hohenzollerns being always of a growing, gaining nature;—as men are that live conformably to the laws of this Universe, and of their place therein; which, as will appear from good study of their old records, though idle rumor, grounded on no study, sometimes says the contrary, these Hohenzollerns eminently were. A thrifty, steadfast, diligent, clear-sighted, stout-hearted line of men; of loyal nature withal, and even to be called just and pious, sometimes to a notable degree. Men not given to fighting, where it could be avoided; yet with a good swift stroke in them, where it could not: princely people after their sort, with a high, not an ostentatious turn of mind. They, for most part, go upon solid prudence; if possible, are anxious to reach the goal without treading on any one; are peaceable, as I often say, and by no means quarrelsome, in aspect and demeanor; yet there is generally in the Hohenzollerns a very fierce flash of anger, capable of blazing out in cases of urgency: this latter also is one of the most constant features I have noted in the long series of them. That they grew in Frankenland, year after year, and century after century, while it was their fortune to last, alive and active there, is no miracle, on such terms.

Their old big Castle of Plassenburg (now a Penitentiary, with treadmill and the other furnishings) still stands on its Height, near Culmbach, looking down over the pleasant meeting of the Red and White Mayn Rivers and of their fruitful valleys; awakening many thoughts in the traveller. Anspach Schloss, and still more Baireuth Schloss (Mansion, one day, of our little Wilhelmina of Berlin, Fritzkin's sister, now prattling there in so old a way; where notabilities have been, one and another; which Jean Paul, too, saw daily in his walks, while alive and looking skyward): these, and many other castles and things, belonging now wholly to Bavaria, will continue memorable for Hohenzollern history.

The Family did its due share, sometimes an excessive one, in religious beneficences and foundations; which was not quite left off in recent times, though much altering its figure. Erlangen University, for example, was of Wilhelmina's doing. Erlangen University;—and also an Opera-House of excessive size in Baireuth. Such was poor Wilhelmina's sad figure of "religion." In the old days, their largest bequest that I recollect was to the TEUTSCHE RITTER, Order of Teutonic Knights, very celebrated in those days. Junior branches from Hohenzollern, as from other families, sought a career in that chivalrous devout Brotherhood now and then; one pious Burggraf had three sons at once in it; he, a very bequeathing Herr otherwise, settled one of his mansions, Virnsparg, with rents and incomings, on the Order. Which accordingly had thenceforth a COMTHUREI (Commandery) in that country; Comthurei of Virnsparg the name of it: the date of donation is A.D. 1294; and two of the old Herr's three RITTER sons, we can remark, were successively COMTHURS (Commanders, steward-prefects) of Virnsparg, the first two it had. [Rentsch, p.288.]

This was in 1294; the palmy period, or culmination time of the TEUTSCHES RITTERTHUM. Concerning which, on wider accounts, we must now say a word.

Chapter VI. THE TEUTSCH RITTERS OR TEUTONIC ORDER.

Barbarossa's Army of Crusaders did not come home again, any more than Barbarossa. They were stronger than Turk or Saracen, but not than Hunger and Disease; Leaders did not know then, as our little Friend at Berlin came to know, that "an Army, like a serpent, goes upon its belly." After fine fighting and considerable victories, the end of this Crusade was, it took to "besieging Acre," and in reality lay perishing as of murrain on the beach at Acre, without shelter, without medicine, without food. Not even Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and his best prowess and help, could avert such issue from it.

Richard's Crusade fell in with the fag-end of Barbarossa's; and it was Richard chiefly that managed to take Acre;—at least so Richard flattered himself, when he pulled poor Leopold of Austria's standard from the towers, and trailed it through the gutters: "Your standard? YOU have taken Acre?" Which turned out ill for Richard afterwards. And Duke Leopold has a bad name among us in consequence; much worse than he deserves. Leopold had stuff in him too. He died, for example, in this manner: falling with his horse, I think in some siege or other, he had got his leg hurt; which hindered him in fighting. Leg could not be cured: "Cut it off, then!" said Leopold. This also the leech could not do; durst not, and would not; so that Leopold was come quite to a halt. Leopold ordered out two squires; put his thigh upon a block the sharp edge of an axe at the right point across his thigh: "Squire first, hold you that axe; steady! Squire second, smite you on it with forge-hammer, with all your strength, heavy enough!" Squire second struck, heavy enough, and the leg flew off; but Leopold took inflammation, died in a day or two, as the leech had predicted. That is a fact to be found in current authors (quite exact or not quite), that surgical operation: [Mentzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen* (Stuttgard and Tubingen, 1837), p. 309.] such a man cannot have his flag trailed through the gutters by any Coeur-de-Lion.—But we return to the beach at Acre, and the poor Crusaders, dying as of murrain there. It is the year 1190, Acre not yet taken, nor these quarrels got to a height.

"The very Templars, Hospitallers, neglect us," murmured the dying Germans; "they have perhaps enough to do, and more than enough, with their own countrymen, whose speech is intelligible to them? For us, it would appear, there is no help!" Not altogether none. A company of pious souls—compassionate Lubeck ship-captains diligently forwarding it, and one Walpot von Bassenheim, a citizen of Bremen, taking the lead—formed themselves into a union for succor of the sick and dying; "set up canvas tents," medicinal assuagements, from the Lubeck ship-stores; and did what utmost was in them, silently in the name of Mercy and Heaven. "This Walpot as not by birth a nobleman," says one of the old Chroniclers, "but his deeds were noble." This pious little union proved unconsciously the beginning of a great thing. Finding its work prosper here, and gain favor, the little union took vows on itself, strict chivalry forms, and decided to become permanent. "Knights Hospitallers of our dear Lady of Mount Zion," that or something equivalent was their first title, under Walpot their first Grand-Master; which soon grew to be "German Order of St. Mary" (TEUTSCHE RITTER of the MARIE-ORDEN), or for shortness TEUTSCHES RITTERTHUM; under which name it played a great part in the world for above three centuries to come, and eclipsed in importance both the Templars and Hospitallers of St. John.

This was the era of Chivalry Orders, and GELUBDE; time for Bodies of Men uniting themselves by a Sacred Vow, "GELUBDE"—which word and thing have passed over to us in a singularly dwindled condition: "CLUB" we now call it; and the vow, if sacred, does not aim very high! Templars and Hospitallers were already famous bodies; the latter now almost a century old. Walpot's new GELUBDE was of similar intent, only German in kind,—the protection, defence and solacement of Pilgrims, with whatever that might involve.

HEAD OF TEUTSCH ORDER MOVES TO VENICE.

The Teutsch Ritters earned character in Palestine, and began to get bequests and recognition; but did not long continue there, like their two rival Orders. It was not in Palestine, whether the Orders might be aware of it or not, that their work could now lie. Pious Pilgrims certainly there still are in great numbers; to these you shall do the sacred rites: but these, under a Saladin bound by his word, need little protection by the sword. And as for Crusading in the armed fashion, that has fallen visibly into the decline. After Barbarossa, Coeur-de-Lion and Philippe Auguste have tried it with such failure, what wise man will be in haste to try it again? Zealous Popes continue to stir up Crusades; but the Secular Powers are not in earnest as formerly; Secular Powers, when they do

go, "take Constantinople," "conquer Sicily," never take or conquer anything in Palestine. The Teutsch Order helps valiantly in Palestine, or would help; but what is the use of helping? The Teutsch Order has already possessions in Europe, by pious bequest and otherwise; all its main interests lie there; in fine, after less than thirty years, Hermann von der Salza, a new sagacious TEUTSCHMEISTER or HOCHMEISTER (so they call the head of the Order), fourth in the series, a far-seeing, negotiating man, finds that Venice will be a fitter place of lodging for him than Acre: and accordingly during his long Mastership (A.D. 1210–1239), he is mostly to be found there, and not at Acre or Jerusalem.

He is very great with the busy Kaiser, Friedrich II., Barbarossa's grandson; who has the usual quarrels with the Pope, and is glad of such a negotiator, statesman as well as armed monk. The usual quarrels this great Kaiser had, all along, and some unusual. Normans ousted from Sicily, who used to be so Papal: a Kaiser NOT gone on the Crusade, as he had vowed; Kaiser at last suspected of freethinking even:—in which matters Hermann much serves the Kaiser. Sometimes he is appointed arbiter between the Pope and Kaiser;—does not give it in the Kaiser's favor, but against him, where he thinks the Kaiser is wrong. He is reckoned the first great Hochmeister, this Hermann von der Salza, a Thuringer by birth, who is fourth in the series of Masters: perhaps the greatest to be found there at all, though many were considerable. It is evident that no man of his time was busier in important public affairs, or with better acceptance, than Hermann. His Order, both Pope and Emperor so favoring the Master of it, was in a vigorous state of growth all this while; Hermann well proving that he could help it better at Venice than at Acre.

But if the Crusades are ended,—as indeed it turned out, only one other worth speaking of, St. Louis's, having in earnest come to effect, or rather to miserable non-effect, and that not yet for fifty years;—if the Crusades are ended, and the Teutsch Order increases always in possessions, and finds less and less work, what probably will become of the Teutsch Order? Grow fat, become luxurious, incredulous, dissolute, insolent; and need to be burnt out of the way? That was the course of the Templars, and their sad end. They began poorest of the poor, "two Knights to one Horse," as their Seal bore; and they at last took FIRE on very opposite accounts. "To carouse like a Templar:" that had become a proverb among men; that was the way to produce combustion, "spontaneous" or other! Whereas their fellow Hospitallers of St. John, chancing upon new work (Anti-Turk garrison-duty, so we may call it, successively in Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, for a series of ages), and doing it well, managed to escape the like. As did the Teutsch Order in a still more conspicuous manner.

TEUTSCH ORDER ITSELF GOES TO PREUSSEN.

Ever since St. Adalbert fell massacred in Prussia, stamping himself as a Crucifix on that Heathen soil, there have been attempts at conversion going on by the Christian neighbors, Dukes of Poland and others: intermittent fits of fighting and preaching for the last two hundred years, with extremely small result. Body of St. Adalbert was got at light weight, and the poor man canonized; there is even a Titular Bishop of Prussia; and pilgrimages wander to the Shrine of Adalbert in Poland, reminding you of Prussia in a tragic manner; but what avails it? Missionaries, when they set foot in the country, are killed or flung out again. The Bishop of Prussia is titular merely; lives in Liefland (LIVONIA) properly Bishop of RIGA, among the Bremen trading-settlers and converted Lieflanders there, which is the only safe place,—if even that were safe without aid of armed men, such as he has there even now. He keeps his SCHWERTBRUDER (Brothers of the Sword), a small Order of Knights, recently got up by him, for express behoof of Liefland itself; and these, fighting their best, are sometimes troublesome to the Bishop, and do not much prosper upon Heathendom, or gain popularity and resources in the Christian world. No hope in the SCHWERTBRUDER for Prussia;— and in massacred Missionaries what hope? The Prussian population continues Heathen, untamable to Gospel and Law; and after two centuries of effort, little or no real progress has been made.

But now, in these circumstances, in the year 1226, the Titular Bishop of Prussia, having well considered the matter and arranged it with the Polish Authorities, opens a communication with Hermann von der Salza, at Venice, on the subject; "Crusading is over in the East, illustrious Hochmeister; no duty for a Teutsch Order there at present: what is the use of crusading far off in the East, when Heathenism and the Kingdom of Satan hangs on our own borders, close at hand, in the North? Let the Teutsch Order come to Preussen; head a Crusade there. The land is fruitful; flows really with milk and honey, not to speak of amber, and was once called the TERRESTRIAL PARADISE"—by I forget whom. [Voigt, (if he had an Index!) knows.] In fact, it is clear, the land should belong to Christ; and if the Christian Teutsch Ritterdom could conquer it from Satan for themselves, it would be well

for all parties. Hermann, a man of sagacious clear head, listens attentively. The notion is perhaps not quite new to him: at all events, he takes up the notion; negotiates upon it, with Titular Bishop, with Pope, Kaiser, Duke of Poland, Teutsch Order; and in brief, about two years afterwards (A.D. 1228), having done the negotiating to the last item, he produces his actual Teutsch Ritters, ready, on Prussian ground.

Year 1225, thinks Dryasdust, after a struggle. Place where, proves also at length discoverable in Dryasdust,—not too far across the north Polish frontier, always with "Masovia" (the now Warsaw region) to fall back upon. But in what number; how; nay almost when, to a year,—do not ask poor Dryasdust, who overwhelms himself with idle details, and by reason of the trees is unable to see the wood. [Voigt, ii. 177, 184, 192.]—The Teutsch Ritters straightway build a Burg for headquarters, spread themselves on this hand and that; and begin their great task. In the name of Heaven, we may still say in a true sense; as they, every Ritter of them to the heart, felt it to be in all manner of senses.

The Prussians were a fierce fighting people, fanatically Anti-Christian: the Teutsch Ritters had a perilous never-resting time of it, especially for the first fifty years. They built and burnt innumerable stockades for and against; built wooden Forts which are now stone Towns. They fought much and prevalently; galloped desperately to and fro, ever on the alert. In peaceabler ulterior times, they fenced in the Nogat and the Weichsel with dams, whereby unlimited quagmire might become grassy meadow,—as it continues to this day. Marienburg (MARY'S Burg), still a town of importance in that same grassy region, with its grand stone Schloss still visible and even habitable; this was at length their Headquarter. But how many Burgs of wood and stone they built, in different parts; what revolts, surprisals, furious fights in woody boggy places, they had, no man has counted. Their life, read in Dryasdust's newest chaotic Books (which are of endless length, among other ill qualities), is like a dim nightmare of unintelligible marching and fighting: one feels as if the mere amount of galloping they had would have carried the Order several times round the Globe. What multiple of the Equator was it, then, O Dryasdust? The Herr Professor, little studious of abridgment, does not say.

But always some preaching, by zealous monks, accompanied the chivalrous fighting. And colonists came in from Germany; trickling in, or at times streaming. Victorious Ritterdom offers terms to the beaten Heathen; terms not of tolerant nature, but which will be punctually kept by Ritterdom. When the flame of revolt or general conspiracy burnt up again too extensively, there was a new Crusade proclaimed in Germany and Christendom; and the Hochmeister, at Marburg or elsewhere, and all his marshals and ministers were busy,—generally with effect. High personages came on crusade to them. Ottocar King of Bohemia, Duke of Austria and much else, the great man of his day, came once (A.D. 1255); Johann King of Bohemia, in the next century, once and again. The mighty Ottocar, [Voigt, iii. 80–87.] with his extensive far-shining chivalry, "conquered Samland in a month;" tore up the Romova where Adalbert had been massacred, and burnt it from the face of the Earth. A certain Fortress was founded at that time, in Ottocar's presence; and in honor of him they named it KING'S FORTRESS, "Konigsberg:" it is now grown a big-domed metropolitan City,—where we of this Narrative lately saw a Coronation going on, and Sophie Charlotte furtively taking a pinch of snuff. Among King Ottocar's esquires or subaltern junior officials on this occasion, is one RUDOLF, heir of a poor Swiss Lordship and gray Hill-Castle, called HAPSBURG, rather in reduced circumstances, whom Ottocar likes for his prudent hardy ways; a stout, modest, wise young man,—who may chance to redeem Hapsburg a little, if he live? How the shuttles fly, and the life-threads, always, in this "loud-roaring Loom of Time!"—

Along with Ottocar too, as an ally in the Crusade, was Otto III. Ascanier Markgraf and Elector of Brandenburg, great-grandson of Albert the Bear;—name Otto THE PIOUS in consequence. He too founded a Town in Prussia, on this occasion, and called it BRANDENBURG; which is still extant there, a small Brandenburg the Second; for these procedures he is called Otto THE PIOUS in History. His Wife, withal, was a sister of Ottocar's; [Michaelis, i. 270; Hubner, t. 174.]—which, except in the way of domestic felicity, did not in the end amount to much for him; this Ottocar having flown too high, and melted his wings at the sun, in a sad way, as we shall see elsewhere.

None of the Orders rose so high as the Teutonic in favor with mankind. It had by degrees landed possessions far and wide over Germany and beyond: I know not how many dozens of BALLEYS (rich Bailliwick, each again with its dozens of COMTHUREIS, Commanderies, or subordinate groups of estates), and Baillies and Commanders to match;—and was thought to deserve favor from above. Valiant servants, these; to whom Heaven had vouchsafed great labors and unspeakable blessings. In some fifty or fifty-three years they had got Prussian

Heathenism brought to the ground; and they endeavored to tie it well down there by bargain and arrangement. But it would not yet lie quiet, nor for a century to come; being still secretly Heathen; revolting, conspiring ever again, ever on weaker terms, till the Satanic element had burnt itself out, and conversion and composure could ensue.

Conversion and complete conquest once come, there was a happy time for Prussia: ploughshare instead of sword; busy sea-havens, German towns, getting built; churches everywhere rising; grass growing, and peaceable cows, where formerly had been quagmire and snakes. And for the Order a happy time? A rich, not a happy. The Order was victorious; Livonian "Sword-Brothers," "Knights of Dobryn," minor Orders and Authorities all round, were long since subordinated to it or incorporated with it; Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, are all got tamed under its influence, or tied down and evidently tamable. But it was in these times that the Order got into its wider troubles outward and inward; quarrels, jealousies, with Christian neighbors, Poland, Pommern, who did not love it and for cause; --wider troubles, and by no means so evidently useful to mankind. The Order's wages, in this world, flowed higher than ever, only perhaps its work was beginning to run low! But we will not anticipate.

On the whole, this Teutsch Ritterdom, for the first century and more, was a grand phenomenon; and flamed like a bright blessed beacon through the night of things, in those Northern Countries. For above a century, we perceive, it was the rallying place of all brave men who had a career to seek on terms other than vulgar. The noble soul, aiming beyond money, and sensible to more than hunger in this world, had a beacon burning (as we say), if the night chanced to overtake it, and the earth to grow too intricate, as is not uncommon. Better than the career of stump-oratory, I should fancy, and ITS Hesperides Apples, golden and of gilt horse-dung. Better than puddling away one's poor spiritual gift of God (LOAN, not gift), such as it may be, in building the lofty rhyme, the lofty Review-Article, for a discerning public that has sixpence to spare! Times alter greatly.--Will the reader take a glimpse of Conrad von Thuringen's biography, as a sample of the old ways of proceeding? Conrad succeeded Hermann von der Salza as Grand-Master, and his history is memorable as a Teutonic Knight.

THE STUFF TEUTSCH RITTERS WERE MADE OF. CONRAD OF THURINGEN: SAINT ELIZABETH; TOWN OF MARBURG.

Conrad, younger brother of the Landgraf of Thuringen,--which Prince lived chiefly in the Wartburg, romantic old Hill-Castle, now a Weimar-Eisenach property and show-place, then an abode of very earnest people,--was probably a child-in-arms, in that same Wartburg, while Richard Coeur-de-Lion was getting home from Palestine and into troubles by the road: this will date Conrad for us. His worthy elder brother was Husband of the lady since called SAINT Elizabeth, a very pious but also very fanciful young woman; --and I always guess his going on the Crusade, where he died straightway, was partly the fruit of the life she led him; lodging beggars, sometimes in his very bed, continually breaking his night's rest for prayer, and devotional exercise of undue length; "weeping one moment, then smiling in joy the next;" meandering about, capricious, melodious, weak, at the will of devout whim mainly! However, that does not concern us. [Many LIVES of the Saint. See, in particular, *Libellus de Dictis Quatuor Ancillarum*, is, Report of the evidence got from Elizabeth's Four Maids, by an Official Person, Devil's-Advocate or whatever he was, missioned by the Pope to question them, when her Canonization came to be talked of. A curious piece):--in Meuckenii *Scriptores Rexum Germanicarum* (Lipsia, 1728-1730), ii. dd.; where also are other details.] Sure enough her poor Landgraf went crusading, Year 1227 (Kaiser Friedrich II.'s Crusade, who could not put it off longer); poor Landgraf fell ill by the road, at Brindisi, and died,--not to be driven farther by any cause.

Conrad, left guardian to his deceased Brother's children, had at first much quarrel with Saint Elizabeth, though he afterwards took far other thoughts. Meanwhile he had his own apanage, "Landgraf" by rank he too; and had troubles enough with that of itself. For instance: once the Archbishop of an Mainz, being in debt, laid a heavy tax on all Abbeys under him; on Reichartsbronn, an Abbey of Conrad's, among others. "Don't pay it!" said Conrad to the Abbot. Abbot refused accordingly; but was put under ban by the Pope;--obliged to comply, and even to be "whipt thrice" before the money could be accepted. Two whippings at Erfurt, from the Archbishop, there had been; and a third was just going on there, one morning, when Conrad, travelling that way, accidentally stepped in to matins. Conrad flames into a blazing whirlwind at the phenomenon disclosed. "Whip my Abbot? And he IS to pay, then,-- Archbishop of Beelzebub?"--and took the poor Archbishop by the rochets, and spun him hither and thither; nay was for cutting him in two, had hot friends hysterically busied themselves, and got the sword detained in its scabbard and the Archbishop away. Here is a fine coil like to be, for Conrad.

Another soon follows; from a quarrel he had with Fritzlar, Imperial Free-Town in those parts, perhaps a little

stiff upon its privileges, and high towards a Landgraf. Conrad marches, one morning (Year 1232) upon insolent Fritzlar; burns the environs; but on looking practically at the ramparts of the place, thinks they are too high, and turns to go home again. Whereupon the idle women of Fritzlar, who are upon the ramparts gazing in fear and hope, burst into shrill universal jubilation of voice,—and even into gestures, and liberties with their dress, which are not describable in History! Conrad, suddenly once more all flame, whirls round; storms the ramparts, slays what he meets, plunders Fritzlar with a will, and leaves it blazing in a general fire, which had broken out in the business. Here is a pair of coils for Conrad; the like of which can issue only in Papal ban or worse.

Conrad is grim and obstinate under these aspects; but secretly feels himself very wicked; knows not well what will come of it. Sauntering one day in his outer courts, he notices a certain female beggar; necessitous female of loose life, who tremulously solicits charity of him. Necessitous female gets some fraction of coin, but along with it bullying rebuke in very liberal measure; and goes away weeping bitterly, and murmuring about "want that drove me to those courses." Conrad retires into himself: "What is her real sin, perhaps, to mine?" Conrad "lies awake all that night;" mopes about, in intricate darkness, days and nights; rises one morning an altered man. He makes "pilgrimage to Gladbach," barefoot; kneels down at the church—door of Fritzlar with bare back, and a bundle of rods beside him. "Whip me, good injured Christians for the love of Jesus!"—in brief, reconciles himself to Christian mankind, the Pope included; takes the Teutsch—Ritter vows upon him; [A.D. 1234 (Voigt, ii. 375–423).] and hastens off to Preussen, there to spend himself, life and life's resources thenceforth, faithfully, till he die. The one course left for Conrad. Which he follows with a great strong step,—with a thought still audible to me. It was of such stuff that Teutsch Ritters were then made; Ritters evidently capable of something.

Saint Elizabeth, who went to live at Marburg, in Hessen—Cassel, after her Husband's death, and soon died there, in a most melodiously pious sort, [A.D. 1231, age 24.] made the Teutsch Order guardian of her Son. It was from her and the Grand—Mastership of Conrad that Marburg became such a metropolis of the Order; the Grand—Masters often residing there, many of them coveting burial there, and much business bearing date of the place. A place still notable to the ingenuous Tourist, who knows his whereabouts. Philip the Magnanimous, Luther's friend, memorable to some as Philip with the Two Wives, lived there, in that old Castle,—which is now a kind of Correction—House and Garrison, idle blue uniforms strolling about, and unlovely physiognomies with a jingle of iron at their ankles,—where Luther has debated with the Zwinglian Sacramenters and others, and much has happened in its time. Saint Elizabeth and her miracles (considerable, surely, of their kind) were the first origin of Marburg as a Town: a mere Castle, with adjoining Hamlet, before that.

Strange gray old silent Town, rich in so many memories; it stands there, straggling up its rocky hill—edge, towards its old Castles and edifices on the top, in a not unpicturesque manner; flanked by the river Lahn and its fertile plains: very silent, except for the delirious screech, at rare intervals, of a railway train passing that way from Frankfurt—on—Mayn to Cassel. "Church of St. Elizabeth,"—high, grand Church, built by Conrad our Hochmeister, in reverence of his once terrestrial Sister—in—law,—stands conspicuous in the plain below, where the Town is just ending. St. Elizabeth's Shrine was once there, and pilgrims wending to it from all lands. Conrad himself is buried there, as are many Hochmeisters; their names, and shields of arms, Hermann's foremost, though Hermann's dust is not there, are carved, carefully kept legible, on the shafts of the Gothic arches,—from floor to groin, long rows of them;—and produce, with the other tombs, tomb—paintings by Durer and the like, thoughts impressive almost to pain. St. Elizabeth's LOCULUS was put into its shrine here, by Kaiser Friedrich II. and all manner of princes and grandees of the Empire, "one million two hundred thousand people looking on," say the old records, perhaps not quite exact in their arithmetic. Philip the Magnanimous, wishing to stop "pilgrimages no—whither," buried the LOCULUS away, it was never known where; under the floor of that Church somewhere, as is likeliest. Enough now of Marburg, and of its Teutsch Ritters too.

They had one or two memorable Hochmeisters and Teutschmeisters; whom we have not named here, nor shall. [In our excellent Kohler's *Muntzbelustigungen* (Nurnberg, 1729 et seqq. ii. 382; v. 102; viii. 380; are valuable glimpses into the Teutonic Order,—as into hundreds of other things. The special Book upon it is Voigt's, often cited here: Nine heavy Volumes; grounded on faithful reading, but with a fatal defect of almost every other quality.] There is one Hochmeister, somewhere about the fiftieth on the list, and properly the last real Hochmeister, Albert of Hohenzollern—Culmbach by name, who will be very memorable to us by and by.

Or will the reader care to know how Culmbach came into the possession of the Hohenzollerns, Burggraves of Nurnberg? The story may be illustrative, and will not occupy us long.

Chapter VII. MARGRAVIATE OF CULMBACH: BAIREUTH, ANSPACH.

In the Year 1248, in his Castle of Plassenburg,—which is now a Correction–House, looking down upon the junction of the Red and White Mayn,—Otto Duke of Meran, a very great potentate, more like a King than a Duke, was suddenly clutched hold of by a certain wedded gentleman, name not given, "one of his domestics or dependents," whom he had enraged beyond forgiveness (signally violating the Seventh Commandment at his expense); and was by the said wedded gentleman there and then cut down, and done to death. "Lamentably killed, *jammerlich erstochen*," says old Rentsch. [P. 293. Kohler, *Reichs–Historie*, p. 245. Holle, *Alte Geschichte der Stadt Baireuth* (Baireuth, 1833), pp. 34–37.] Others give a different color to the homicide, and even a different place; a controversy not interesting to us. Slain at any rate he is; still a young man; the last male of his line. Whereby the renowned Dukes of Meran fall extinct, and immense properties come to be divided among connections and claimants.

Meran, we remark, is still a Town, old Castle now abolished, in the Tyrol, towards the sources of the Etsch (called ADIGE by Italian neighbors). The Merans had been lords not only of most of the Tyrol; but Dukes of "the Voigtland;"—Voigtland, that is BAILLIE–LAND, wide country between Nurnberg and the Fichtelwald; why specially so called, Dryasdust dimly explains, deducing it from certain Counts von Reuss, those strange Reusses who always call themselves HENRY, and now amount to HENRY THE EIGHTIETH AND ODD, with side–branches likewise called Henry; whose nomenclature is the despair of mankind, and worse than that of the Naples Lazzaroni who candidly have no names!—Dukes of Voigtland, I say; likewise of Dalmatia; then also Markgraves of Austria; also Counts of Andechs, in which latter fine country (north of Munchen a day's ride), and not at Plassenburg, some say, the man was slain. These immense possessions, which now (A.D. 1248) all fall asunder by the stroke of that sword, come to be divided among the slain man's connections, or to be snatched up by active neighbors, and otherwise disposed of.

Active Wurzburg, active Bamberg, without much connection, snatched up a good deal: Count of Orlamunde, married to the eldest Sister of the slain Duke, got Plassenburg and most of the Voigtland: a Tyrolese magnate, whose Wife was an Aunt of the Duke's, laid hold of the Tyrol, and transmitted it to daughters and their spouses,—the finish of which line we shall see by and by:— in short, there was much property in a disposable condition. The Hohenzollern Burggraf of Nurnberg, who had married a younger Sister of the Duke's two years before this accident, managed to get at least BAIREUTH and some adjacencies; big Orlamunde, who had not much better right, taking the lion's share. This of Baireuth proved a notable possession to the Hohenzollern family: it was Conrad the first Burggraf's great–grandson, Friedrich, counted "Friedrich III." among the Burggraves, who made the acquisition in this manner, A.D. 1248.

Onolzbach (On'z–BACH or "–brook," now called ANSPACH) they got, some fourscore years after, by purchase and hard money down ("24,000 pounds of farthings," whatever that may be), [A.D. 1331: *Stadt Anspach*, by J. B. Fischer (Anspach, 1786), p. 196.] which proved a notable twin possession of the family. And then, in some seven years more (A.D. 1338), the big Orlamunde people, having at length, as was too usual, fallen considerably insolvent, sold Plassenburg Castle itself, the Plassenburg with its Town of Culmbach and dependencies, to the Hohenzollern Burggraves, [Rentsch, p. 157.] who had always ready money about them. Who in this way got most of the Voigtland, with a fine Fortress, into hand; and had, independently of Nurnberg and its Imperial properties, an important Princely Territory of their own. Margraviate or Principality of CULMBACH (Plassenburg being only the Castle) was the general title; but more frequently in later times, being oftenest split in two between brothers unacquainted with primogeniture, there were two Margraviates made of it: one of Baireuth, called also "Margraviate On the Hill;" and one of Anspach, "Margraviate Under the Hill:" of which, in their modern designations, we shall by and by hear more than enough.

Thus are the Hohenzollern growing, and never declining: by these few instances judge of many. Of their hard labors, and the storms they had to keep under control, we could also say something: How the two young Sons of the Burggraf once riding out with their Tutor, a big hound of theirs in one of the streets of Nurnberg accidentally tore a child; and there arose wild mother's–wail; and "all the Scythe–smiths turned out," fire–breathing, deaf to a poor Tutor's pleadings and explainings; and how the Tutor, who had ridden forth in calm humor with two Princes,

came galloping home with only one,—the Smiths having driven another into boggy ground, and there caught and killed him; [Rentsch, p. 306 (Date not given; guess, about 1270).] with the Burggraf's commentary on that sad proceeding (the same Friedrich III. who had married Meran's Sister); and the amends exacted by him, strict and severe, not passionate or inhuman. Or again how the Nurnbergers once, in the Burggraf's absence, built a ring-wall round his Castle; entrance and exit now to depend on the Nurnbergers withal! And how the Burggraf did not fly out into battle in consequence, but remedied it by imperturbable countenance and power of driving. With enough of the like sort; which readers can conceive.

BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH III.; AND THE ANARCHY OF NINETEEN YEARS.

This same Friedrich III., Great-grandson of Conrad the first Burggraf, was he that got the Burggraviate made hereditary in his family (A.D. 1273); which thereby rose to the fixed rank of Princes, among other advantages it was gaining. Nor did this acquisition come gratis at all, but as the fruit of good service adroitly done; service of endless importance as it proved. Friedrich's life had fallen in times of huge anarchy; the Hohenstauffen line gone miserably out,—Boy Conradin, its last representative, perishing on the scaffold even (by a desperate Pope and a desperate Duke of Anjou); [At Naples, 25th October, 1268.] Germans, Sicilian Normans, Pope and Reich, all at daggers—drawn with one another; no Kaiser, nay as many as Three at once! Which lasted from 1254 onwards; and is called "the Interregnum," or Anarchy "of Nineteen Years," in German History.

Let us at least name the Three Kaisers, or Triple—elixir of No—Kaiser; though, except as chronological landmarks, we have not much to do with them. First Kaiser is William Count of Holland, a rough fellow, Pope's protege, Pope even raising cash for him; till William perished in the Dutch peat-bogs (horse and man, furiously pursuing, in some fight there, and getting swallowed up in that manner); which happily reduces our false Kaisers to two: Second and Third, who are both foreign to Germany.

Second Kaiser is Alphonso King of Castille, Alphonso the Wise, whose saying about Ptolemy's Astronomy, "That it seemed a crank machine; that it was pity the Creator had not taken advice!" is still remembered by mankind;—this and no other of his many sayings and doings. He was wise enough to stay at home; and except wearing the title, which cost nothing, to concern himself very little about the Holy Roman Empire,—some clerk or two dating "TOLETI (at Toledo)," did languidly a bit of official writing now and then, and that was all. Confused crank machine this of the German Empire too, your Majesty? Better stay at home, and date "TOLETI."

The Third false Kaiser—futile call him rather, wanting clear majority—was the English Richard of Cornwall; younger Son of John Lackland; and little wiser than his Father, to judge by those symptoms. He had plenty of money, and was liberal with it;—no other call to Germany, you would say, except to get rid of his money;—in which he succeeded. He lived actually in Germany, twice over for a year or two:—Alphonse and he were alike shy of the Pope, as Umpire; and Richard, so far as his money went, found some gleams of authority and comfortable flattery in the Rhenish provinces: at length, in 1263, money and patience being both probably out, he quitted Germany for the second and last time; came home to Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire here, [Gough's *Camden*, i.339.] more fool than he went. Till his death (A.D. 1271), he continued to call himself, and was by many persons called, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire;—needed a German clerk or two at Berkhamstead, we can suppose: but never went back; preferring pleasant Berkhamstead, with troubles of Simon de Montfort or whatever troubles there might be, to anything Germany had to offer him.

These were the Three futile Kaisers: and the LATE Kaiser Conrad's young Boy, who one day might have swept the ground clear of them, perished,—bright young Conradin, bright and brave, but only sixteen, and Pope's captive by ill luck,—perished on the scaffold; "throwing out his glove" (in symbolical protest) amid the dark mute Neapolitan multitudes, that wintry morning. It was October 25th, 1268,—Dante Alighieri then a little boy at Florence, not three years old; gazing with strange eyes as the elders talked of such a performance by Christ's Vicar on Earth. A very tragic performance indeed, which brought on the Sicilian Vespers by and by; for the Heavens never fail to pay debts, your Holiness!—

Germany was rocking down towards one saw not what,—an Anarchic Republic of Princes, perhaps, and of Free Barons fast verging towards robbery? Sovereignty of multiplex Princes, with a Peerage of intermediate Robber Barons? Things are verging that way. Such Princes, big and little, each wrenching off for himself what lay loosest and handiest to him, found it a stirring game, and not so much amiss. On the other hand, some voice of the People, in feeble whimperings of a strange intensity, to the opposite effect, are audible to this day. Here are Three old Minstrels (MINNESANGER) picked from Manesse's Collection by an obliging hand, who are of this date,

and shall speak each a word:—

No. 1 LOQUITOR (in cramp doggerel, done into speech): "To thee, O Lord, we poor folk make moan; the Devil has sown his seeds in this land! Law thy hand created for protection of thy children: but where now is Law? Widows and orphans weep that the Princes do not unite to have a Kaiser."

No. 2: "The Princes grind in the Kaiser's mill: to the Reich they fling the siftings; and keep to themselves the meal. Not much in haste, they, to give us a Kaiser."

No. 3: "Like the Plague of Frogs, there they are come out; defiling the Reich's honor. Stork, when wilt thou appear, then," and with thy stiff mandibles act upon them a little? [Mentzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 345.]

It was in such circumstances, that Friedrich III., Burggraf of Nurnberg, who had long moaned and striven over these woes of his country, came to pay that visit, late in the night (1st or 2d of October, 1273), to his Cousin Rudolf Lord of Hapsburg, under the walls of Basel; a notable scene in History. Rudolf was besieging Basel, being in some feud with the Bishop there, of which Friedrich and another had been proposed as umpires; and Friedrich now waited on his Cousin, in this hasty manner,—not about the Basel feud, but on a far higher quite unexpected errand,—to say, That he Rudolf was elected Kaiser, and that better times for the Holy Roman Empire were now probable, with Heaven's help. [Rentsch, pp. 299, 285, 298.] We call him Cousin; though what the kindred actually was, a kindred by mothers, remains, except the general fact of it, disputable by Dryasdust. The actual visit, under the walls of Basel, is by some considered romantic. But that Rudolf, tough steel-gray man, besieging Basel on his own quarrel, on the terms just stated, was altogether unexpectedly apprised of this great news, and that Cousin Friedrich of Nurnberg had mainly contributed to such issue, is beyond question. [Kohler, pp. 249, 251.] The event was salutary, like life instead of death, to anarchic Germany; and did eminent honor to Friedrich's judgment in men.

Richard of Cornwall having at last died, and his futile German clerks having quitted Berkhamstead forever,—Alphonso of Castille, not now urged by rivalry, and seeing long since what a crank machine the thing was, had no objection to give it up; said so to the Pope,—who was himself anxious for a settled Kaiser, the supplies of Papal German cash having run almost dry during these troubles. Whereupon ensued earnest consultations among leading German men; Diet of the Empire, sternly practical (we may well perceive), and with a minimum of talk, the Pope too being held rather well at a distance: the result of which was what we see. [29th September, 1273.] Mainly due to Friedrich of Nurnberg, say all Historians; conjoining with him the then Archbishop of Mainz, who is officially President Elector (literally CONVENER of Electors): they two did it. Archbishop of Mainz had himself a pleasant accidental acquaintance with Rudolf,—a night's lodging once at Hapsburg, with escort over the Hills, in dangerous circumstances;—and might the more readily be made to understand what qualities the man now had; and how, in justness of insight, toughness of character, and general strength of bridle-hand, this actually might be the adequate man.

KAISER RUDOLF AND BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH III.

Last time we saw Rudolf, near thirty years ago, he was some equerry or subaltern dignitary among the Ritters of King Ottocar, doing a Crusade against the Prussian Heathen, and seeing his master found Konigsberg in that country. Changed times now! Ottocar King of Bohemia, who (by the strong hand mainly, and money to Richard of Cornwall, in the late troubles) has become Duke of Austria and much else, had himself expected the Kaisership; and of all astonished men, King Ottocar was probably the most astonished at the choice made. A dread sovereign, fierce, and terribly opulent, and every way resplendent to such degree; and this threadbare Swiss gentleman—at-arms, once "my domestic" (as Ottocar loved to term it), preferred to me! Flat insanity, King Ottocar thought; refused to acknowledge such a Kaiser; would not in the least give up his unjust properties, or even do homage for them or the others.

But there also Rudolf contrived to be ready for him. Rudolf invaded his rich Austrian territories; smote down Vienna, and all resistance that there was; [1276 (Kohler, p. 253).] forced Ottocar to beg pardon and peace. "No pardon, nor any speech of peace, till you first do homage for all those lands of yours, whatever we may find them to be!" Ottocar was very loath; but could not help himself. Ottocar quitted Prag with a resplendent retinue, to come into the Danube country, and do homage to "my domestic" that once was. He bargained that the sad ceremony should be at least private; on an Island in the Danube, between the two retinues or armies; and in a tent, so that only official select persons might see it. The Island is called CAMBERG (near Vienna, I conclude), in the middle of the Donau River: there Ottocar accordingly knelt; he in great pomp of tailorage, Rudolf in mere buff

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jerkin, practical leather and iron;—hide it, charitable canvas, from all but a few! Alas, precisely at this moment, the treacherous canvas rushes down,—hung so on purpose, thinks Ottocar; and it is a tent indeed; but a tent without walls; and all the world sees me in this scandalous plight!

Ottocar rode home in deep gloom; his poor Wife, too, upbraided him: he straightway rallied into War again; Rudolf again very ready to meet him. Rudolf met him, Friedrich of Nurnberg there among the rest under the Reichs-Banner; on the Marchfeld by the Donau (modern WAGRAM near by); and entirely beat and even slew and ruined Ottocar. [26th August, 1278 (Kohler, p. 253.)] Whereby Austria fell now to Rudolf, who made his sons Dukes of it; which, or even Archdukes, they are to this day. Bohemia, Moravia, of these also Rudolf would have been glad; but of these there is an heir of Ottocar's left; these will require time and luck.

Prosperous though toilsome days for Rudolf; who proved an excellent bit of stuff for a Kaiser; and found no rest, proving what stuff he was. In which prosperities, as indeed he continued to do in the perils and toils, Burggraf Friedrich III. of Nurnberg naturally partook: hence, and not gratis at all, the Hereditary Burggrafdom, and many other favors and accessions he got. For he continued Rudolf's steady helper, friend and first-man in all things, to the very end. Evidently one of the most important men in Germany, and candor will lead us to guess one of the worthiest, during those bad years of Interregnum, and the better ones of Kaisership. After Conrad his great-grandfather he is the second notable architect of the Family House;—founded by Conrad; conspicuously built up by this Friedrich III., and the first STORY of it finished, so to speak. Then come two Friedrichs as Burggrafs, his son and his grandson's grandson, "Friedrich IV." and "Friedrich VI.," by whom it was raised to the second story and the third,—thenceforth one of the high houses of the world.

That is the glimpse we can give of Friedrich first Hereditary Burggraf, and of his Cousin Rudolf first Hapsburg Kaiser. The latest Austrian Kaisers, the latest Kings of Prussia, they are sons of these two men.

Chapter VIII. ASCANIER MARKGRAVES IN BRANDENBURG.

We have said nothing of the Ascanier Markgraves, Electors of Brandenburg, all this while; nor, in these limits, can we now or henceforth say almost anything. A proud enough, valiant and diligent line of Markgraves; who had much fighting and other struggle in the world,—steadily enlarging their border upon the Wends to the north; and adjusting it, with mixed success, against the WETTIN gentlemen, who are Markgraves farther east (in the LAUSITZ now), who bound us to the south too (MEISSEN, Misnia), and who in fact came in for the whole of modern Saxony in the end. Much fighting, too, there was with the Archbishops of Magdeburg, now that the Wends are down: standing quarrel there, on the small scale, like that of Kaiser and Pope on the great; such quarrel as is to be seen in all places, and on all manner of scales, in that era of the Christian World.

None of our Markgraves rose to the height of their Progenitor, Albert the Bear; nor indeed, except massed up, as "Albert's Line," and with a History ever more condensing itself almost to the form of LABEL, can they pretend to memorability with us. What can Dryasdust himself do with them? That wholesome Dutch cabbages continued to be more and more planted, and peat—mire, blending itself with waste sand, became available for Christian mankind,—intrusive Chaos, and especially Divine TRIGLAPH and his ferocities being well held aloof:—this, after all, is the real History of our Markgraves; and of this, by the nature of the case, Dryasdust can say nothing. "New Mark," which once meant Brandenburg at large, is getting subdivided into Mid-Mark, into UCKERmark (closest to the Wends); and in Old Mark and New much is spreading, much getting planted and founded. In the course of centuries there will grow gradually to be "seven cities; and as many towns," says one old jubilant Topographer, "as there are days in the year,"—struggling to count up 365 of them.

OF BERLIN CITY.

In the year (guessed to be) 1240, one Ascanier Markgraf "fortifies Berlin;" that is, first makes Berlin a German BURG and inhabited outpost in those parts:—the very name, some think, means "Little Rampart" (WEHRLin), built there, on the banks of the Spree, against the Wends, and peopled with Dutch; of which latter fact, it seems, the old dialect of the place yields traces. [Nicolai, *Beschreibung der Koniglichen Residenzstadte Berlin und Potsdam* (Berlin, 1786), i. pp. 16, 17 of "Einleitung." Nicolai rejects the WEHRLIN etymology; admits that the name was evidently appellative, not proper, "The Berlin," "To the Berlin;" finds in the world two objects, one of them at Halle, still called "The Berlin;" and thinks it must have meant (in some language of extinct mortals) "Wild Pasture—ground,"— "The SCRUBS," as we should call it.—Possible; perhaps likely.] How it rose afterwards to be chosen for Metropolis, one cannot say, except that it had a central situation for the now widened principalities of Brandenburg: the place otherwise is sandy by nature, sand and swamp the constituents of it; and stands on a sluggish river the color of oil. Wendish fishermen had founded some first nucleus of it long before; and called their fishing—hamlet COLN, which is said to be the general Wendish title for places FOUNDED ON PILES, a needful method where your basis is swamp. At all events, "Coln" still designates the oldest quarter in Berlin; and "Coln on the Spree" (Cologne, or Coln on the Rhine, being very different) continued, almost to modern times, to be the Official name of the Capital.

How the Dutch and Wends agreed together, within their rampart, inclusive of both, is not said. The river lay between; they had two languages; peace was necessary: it is probable they were long rather on a taciturn footing! But in the oily river you do catch various fish; Coln, amid its quagmires and straggling sluggish waters, can be rendered very strong. Some husbandry, wet or dry, is possible to diligent Dutchmen. There is room for trade also; Spree Havel Elbe is a direct water—road to Hamburg and the Ocean; by the Oder, which is not very far, you communicate with the Baltic on this hand, and with Poland and the uttermost parts of Silesia on that. Enough, Berlin grows; becomes, in about 300 years, for one reason and another, Capital City of the country, of these many countries. The Markgraves or Electors, after quitting Brandenburg, did not come immediately to Berlin; their next Residence was Tangermunde (MOUTH of the TANGER, where little Tanger issues into Elbe); a much grassier place than Berlin, and which stands on a Hill, clay—and—sand Hill, likewise advantageous for strength. That Berlin should have grown, after it once became Capital, is not a mystery. It has quadrupled itself, and more, within the last hundred years, and I think doubled itself within the last thirty.

MARKGRAF OTTO IV., OR OTTO WITH THE ARROW

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

One Ascanier Markgraf, and one only, Otto IV. by title, was a Poet withal; had an actual habit of doing verse. There are certain so-called Poems of his, still extant, read by Dryasdust, with such enthusiasm as he can get up, in the old *Collection of Minne-singers*, made by MANESSE the Zurich Burgermeister, while the matter was much fresher than it now is. [Rudiger von Manesse, who fought the Austrians, too, made his *Sammlung* (Collection) in the latter half of the fourteenth century; it was printed, after many narrow risks of destruction in the interim, in 1758,—Bodmer and Breitinger editing;—at Zurich, 2 vols. 4to.] Madrigals all; MINNE-Songs, describing the passion of love; how Otto felt under it,—well and also ill; with little peculiarity of symptom, as appears. One of his lines is,

"*Ich wunsch ich were tot,*
I wish that I were dead:"

—the others shall remain safe in Manesse's *Collection*.

This same Markgraf Otto IV., Year 1278, had a dreadful quarrel with the See of Magdeburg, about electing a Brother of his. The Chapter had chosen another than Otto's Brother; Otto makes war upon the Chapter. Comes storming along; "will stable my horses in your Cathedral," on such and such a day! But the Archbishop chosen, who had been a fighter formerly, stirs up the Magdeburgers, by preaching ("Horses to be stabled here, my Christian brethren"), by relics, and quasi-miracles, to a furious condition; leads them out against Otto, beats Otto utterly; brings him in captive, amid hooting jubilations of the conceivable kind: "Stable ready; but where are the horses,—Serene child of Satan!" Archbishop makes a Wooden Cage for Otto (big beams, spars stout enough, mere straw to lie on), and locks him up there. In a public situation in the City of Magdeburg;—visible to mankind so, during certain months of that year 1278. It was in the very time while Ottocar was getting finished in the Marchfeld; much mutiny still abroad, and the new Kaiser Rudolf very busy.

Otto's Wife, all streaming in tears, and flaming in zeal, what shall she do? "Sell your jewels," so advises a certain old Johann von Buch, discarded Ex-official: "Sell your jewels, Madam; bribe the Canons of Magdeburg with extreme secrecy, none knowing of his neighbor; they will consent to ransom on terms possible. Poor Wife bribed as was bidden; Canons voted as they undertook; unanimous for ransom,—high, but humanly possible. Markgraf Otto gets out on parole. But now, How raise such a ransom, our very jewels being sold? Old Johann von Buch again indicates ways and means,—miraculous old gentleman:—Markgraf Otto returns, money in hand; pays, and is solemnly discharged. The title of the sum I could give exact; but as none will in the least tell me what the value is, I humbly forbear.

"We are clear, then, at this date?" said Markgraf Otto from his horse, just taking leave of the Magdeburg Canonry. "Yes," answered they.—"Pshaw, you don't know the value of a Markgraf!" said Otto. "What is it, then?"—"Rain gold ducats on his war-horse and him," said Otto, looking up with a satirical grin, "till horse and Markgraf are buried in them, and you cannot see the point of his spear atop!"—That would be a cone of gold coins equal to the article, thinks our Markgraf; and rides grinning away. [Michaelis, i. 271; Pauli, i. 316; Kloss; poor Archbishop, a valiant pious man, finding out that late strangely unanimous vote of his Chapter for ransoming the Markgraf, took it so ill, that he soon died of a broken heart, say the old Books. Die he did, before long;—and still Otto's Brother was refused as successor. Brother, however, again survived; behaved always wisely; and Otto at last had his way. "Makes an excellent Archbishop, after all!" said the Magdeburgers. Those were rare times, Mr. Rigmarole.

The same Otto, besieging some stronghold of his Magdeburg or other enemies, got an arrow shot into the skull of him; into, not through; which no surgery could extract, not for a year to come. Otto went about, sieging much the same, with the iron in his head; and is called Otto MIT DEM PFOILE, Otto SAGITTARIUS, or Otto with the Arrow, in consequence. A Markgraf who writes Madrigals; who does sieges with an arrow in his head; who lies in a wooden cage, jeered by the Magdeburgers, and proposes such a cone of ducats: I thought him the memorablist of those forgotten Markgraves; and that his jolting Life-pilgrimage might stand as the general sample. Multiply a year of Otto by 200, you have, on easy conditions, some imagination of a History of the Ascanier Markgraves. Forgettable otherwise; or it can be read in the gross, darkened with endless details, and thrice-dreary, half-intelligible traditions, in Pauli's fatal Quartos, and elsewhere, if any one needs.—The year of

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that Magdeburg speech about the cone of ducats is 1278: King Edward the First, in this country, was walking about, a prosperous man of forty, with very LONG SHANKS, and also with a head of good length.

Otto, as had been the case in the former Line, was a frequent name among those Markgraves: "Otto the Pious" (whom we saw crusading once in Preussen, with King Ottocar his Brother-in-law), "Otto the Tall," "Otto the Short (PARVUS);" I know not how many Ottos besides him "with the Arrow." Half a century after this one of the ARROW (under his Grand-Nephew it was), the Ascanier Markgraves ended, their Line also dying out.

Not the successfulest of Markgraves, especially in later times. Brandenburg was indeed steadily an Electorate, its Markgraf a KURFURST, or Elector of the Empire; and always rather on the increase than otherwise. But the Territories were apt to be much split up to younger sons; two or more Markgraves at once, the eldest for Elector, with other arrangements; which seldom answer. They had also fallen into the habit of borrowing money; pawning, redeeming, a good deal, with Teutsch Ritters and others. Then they puddled considerably,—and to their loss, seldom choosing the side that proved winner,—in the general broils of the Reich, which at that time, as we have seen, was unusually anarchic. None of the successfulest of Markgraves latterly. But they were regretted beyond measure in comparison with the next set that came; as we shall see.

Chapter IX. BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH IV.

Brandenburg and the Hohenzollern Family of Nurnberg have hitherto no mutual acquaintanceship whatever: they go, each its own course, wide enough apart in the world;—little dreaming that they are to meet by and by, and coalesce, wed for better and worse, and become one flesh. As is the way in all romance. "Marriages," among men, and other entities of importance, "are, evidently, made in Heaven."

Friedrich IV. of Nurnberg, Son of that Friedrich III., Kaiser Rudolf's successful friend, was again a notable increaser of his House; which finally, under his Great-grandson, named Friedrich VI., attained the Electoral height. Of which there was already some hint. Well; under the first of these two Friedrichs, some slight approximation, and under his Son, a transient express introduction (so to speak) of Brandenburg to Hohenzollern took place, without immediate result of consequence; but under the second of them occurred the wedding, as we may call it, or union "for better or worse, till death do us part."—How it came about? Easy to ask, How! The reader will have to cast some glances into the confused REICHS—History of the time;—timid glances, for the element is of dangerous, extensive sort, mostly jungle and shaking bog;—and we must travel through this corner of it, as on shoes of swiftness, treading lightly.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS IN THE REICH: KAISER ALBERT I.; AFTER WHOM SIX NON-HAPSBURG KAISERS.

The Line of Rudolf of Hapsburg did not at once succeed continuously to the Empire, as the wont had been in such cases, where the sons were willing and of good likelihood. After such a spell of anarchy, parties still ran higher than usual in the Holy Roman Empire; and wide-yawning splits would not yet coalesce to the old pitch. It appears too the posterity of Rudolf, stiff, inarticulate, proud men, and of a turn for engrossing and amassing, were not always lovely to the public. Albert, Rudolf's eldest son, for instance, Kaiser Albert I.,—who did succeed, though not at once, or till after killing Rudolf's immediate successor, [Adolf of Nassau; slain by Albert's own hand; "Battle" of Hasenbuehl "near Worms, 2d July, 1298" (Kohler, p. 265).]— Albert was by no means a prepossessing man, though a tough and hungry one. It must be owned, he had a harsh ugly character; and face to match: big-nosed, loose-lipped, blind of an eye: not Kaiser-like at all to an Electoral Body. "*Est homo monoculus, et vultu rustico; non potest esse Imperator* (A one-eyed fellow, and looks like a clown; he cannot be Emperor)!" said Pope Boniface VIII., when consulted about him. [Kohler, pp. 267–273; and *Muntzbelustigungen*, xix. 156–160.]

Enough, from the death of Rudolf, A.D. 1291, there intervened a hundred and fifty years, and eight successive Kaisers singly or in line, only one of whom (this same Albert of the unlovely countenance) was a Hapsburger,—before the Family, often trying it all along, could get a third time into the Imperial saddle. Where, after that, it did sit steady. Once in for the third time, the Hapsburgers got themselves "elected" (as they still called it) time after time; always elected,—with but one poor exception, which will much concern my readers by and by,—to the very end of the matter. And saw the Holy Roman Empire itself expire, and as it were both saddle and horse vanish out of Nature, before they would dismount. Nay they still ride there on the shadow of a saddle, so to speak; and are "Kaisers of AUSTRIA" at this hour. Steady enough of seat at last, after many vain trials!

For during those hundred and fifty years,—among those six intercalary Kaisers, too, who followed Albert,—they were always trying; always thinking they had a kind of quasi right to it; whereby the Empire often fell into trouble at Election-time. For they were proud stout men, our Hapsburgers, though of taciturn unconciliatory ways; and Rudolf had so fitted them out with fruitful Austrian Dukedoms, which they much increased by marriages and otherwise,—Styria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, by degrees, not to speak of their native HAPSBURG much enlarged, and claims on Switzerland all round it,—they had excellent means of battling for their pretensions and disputable elections. None of them succeeded, however, for a hundred and fifty years, except that same one-eyed, loose-lipped unbeautiful Albert I.; a Kaiser dreadfully fond of earthly goods, too. Who indeed grasped all round him, at property half his, or wholly not his: Rhine-tolls, Crown of Bohemia, Landgraviate of Thuringen, Swiss Forest Cantons, Crown of Hungary, Crown of France even:—getting endless quarrels on his hands, and much defeat mixed with any victory there was. Poor soul, he had six-and-twenty children by one wife; and felt that there was need of apanages! He is understood (guessed, not proved) to have

instigated two assassinations in pursuit of these objects; and he very clearly underwent ONE in his own person. Assassination first was of Dietzman the Thuringian Landgraf, an Anti-Albert champion, who refused to be robbed by Albert,—for whom the great Dante is (with almost palpable absurdity) fabled to have written an Epitaph still legible in the Church at Leipzig. [Menckenii *Scriptores*, i.?? *Fredericus Admorsus* (by Tentsel).] Assassination second was of Wenzel, the poor young Bohemian King, Ottocar's Grandson and last heir. Sure enough, this important young gentleman "was murdered by some one at Olmutz next year" (1306, a promising event for Albert then), "but none yet knows who it was." [Kohler, p. 270.]

Neither of which suspicious transactions came to any result for Albert; as indeed most of his unjust graspings proved failures. He at one time had thoughts of the Crown of France; "Yours I solemnly declare!" said the Pope. But that came to nothing;—only to France's shifting of the Popes to Avignon, more under the thumb of France. What his ultimate success with Tell and the Forest Cantons was, we all know! A most clutching, strong-fisted, dreadfully hungry, tough and unbeautiful man. Whom his own Nephew, at last, had to assassinate, at the Ford of the Reus (near Windisch Village, meeting of the Reus and Aar; 1st May, 1308): "Scandalous Jew pawnbroker of an Uncle, wilt thou flatly keep from me my Father's heritage, then, intrusted to thee in his hour of death? Regardless of God and man, and of the last look of a dying Brother? Uncle worse than pawnbroker; for it is a heritage with NO pawn on it, with much the reverse!" thought the Nephew,—and stabbed said Uncle down dead; having gone across with him in the boat; attendants looking on in distraction from the other side of the river. Was called Johannes PARRICIDA in consequence; fled out of human sight that day, he and his henchmen, never to turn up again till Doomsday. For the pursuit was transcendent, regardless of expense; the cry for legal vengeance very great (on the part of Albert's daughters chiefly), though in vain, or nearly so, in this world. [Kohler, p. 272. Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch, oder Leben und Bildnisse*, (12 Bandchen; Wien, 1807,—a superior Book), i. 65.]

OF KAISER HENRY VII. AND THE LUXEMBURG KAISERS.

Of the other six Kaisers not Hapsburgers we are bound to mention one, and dwell a little on his fortunes and those of the family he founded; both Brandenburg and our Hohenzollerns coming to be much connected therewith, as time went on. This is Albert's next successor, Henry Count of Luxemburg; called among Kaisers Henry VII. He is founder, he alone among these Non-Hapsburgers, of a small intercalary LINE of Kaisers, "the Luxemburg Line;" who amount indeed only to Four, himself included; and are not otherwise of much memorability, if we except himself; though straggling about like well-rooted briars, in that favorable ground, they have accidentally hooked themselves upon World-History in one or two points. By accident a somewhat noteworthy line, those Luxemburg Kaisers:—a celebrated place, too, or name of a place, that "LUXEMBOURG" of theirs, with its French Marshals, grand Parisian Edifices, lending it new lustre: what, thinks the reader, is the meaning of Lutzenburg, Luxemburg, Luxembourg? Merely LUTZELburg, wrong pronounced; and that again is nothing but LITTLEborough: such is the luck of names!—

Heinrich Graf von Luxemburg was, after some pause on the parricide of Albert, chosen Kaiser, "on account of his renowned valor," say the old Books,—and also, add the shrewder of them, because his Brother, Archbishop of Trier, was one of the Electors, and the Pope did not like either the Austrian or the French candidate then in the field. Chosen, at all events, he was, 27th November, 1308; [Kohler, p. 274.] clearly, and by much, the best Kaiser that could be had. A puissant soul, who might have done great things, had he lived. He settled feuds; cut off oppressions from the REICHSTADTE (Free Towns); had a will of just sort, and found or made a way for it. Bohemia lapsed to him, the old race of Kings having perished out,—the last of them far too suddenly "at Olmutz," as we saw lately! Some opposition there was, but much more favor especially by the Bohemian People; and the point, after some small "Siege of Prag" and the like, was definitely carried by the Kaiser. The now Burggraf of Nurnberg, Friedrich IV., son of Rudolf's friend, was present at this Siege of Prag; [1310 (Rentsch, p. 311).] a Burggraf much attached to Kaiser Henry, as all good Germans were. But the Kaiser did not live.

He went to Italy, our Burggraf of Nurnberg and many more along with him, to pull the crooked Guelf-Ghibelline Facts and Avignon Pope a little straight, if possible; and was vigorously doing it, when he died on a sudden; "poisoned in sacramental wine," say the Germans! One of the crowning summits of human scoundrelism, which painfully stick in the mind. It is certain he arrived well at Buonconvento near Sienna, on the 24th September, 1313, in full march towards the rebellious King of Naples, whom the Pope much countenanced. At Buonconvento, Kaiser Henry wished to enjoy the communion; and a Dominican monk, whose dark rat-eyed

look men afterwards bethought them of, administered it to him in both species (Council of Trent not yet quite prohibiting the liquid species, least of all to Kaisers, who are by theory a kind of "Deacons to the Pope," or something else [Voltaire, *Essai sur les Moeurs*, c. 67,?? Henri VII. (*UEuvres*, xxi. 184.)];—administered it in both species: that is certain, and also that on the morrow Henry was dead. The Dominicans endeavored afterwards to deny; which, for the credit of human nature, one wishes they had done with effect. [Kohler, p. 281 (Ptolemy of Lucca, himself a Dominican, is one of the ACCUSING spirits: Muratori, l. xi. ?? *Ptolomaeus Lucensis*, A.D. 1313).] But there was never any trial had; the denial was considered lame; and German History continues to shudder, in that passage, and assert. Poisoned in the wine of his sacrament: the Florentines, it is said, were at the bottom of it, and had hired the rat-eyed Dominican;— "*O Italia, O Firenze!*" That is not the way to achieve Italian Liberty, or Obedience to God; that is the way to confirm, as by frightful stygian oath, Italian Slavery, or continual Obedience, under varying forms, to the Other Party! The voice of Dante, then alive among men, proclaims, sad and loving as a mother's voice, and implacable as a voice of Doom, that you are wandering, and have wandered, in a terrible manner!—

Peter, the then Archbishop of Mainz, says there had not for hundreds of years such a death befallen the German Empire; to which Kohler, one of the wisest moderns, gives his assent: "It could not enough be lamented," says he, "that so vigilant a Kaiser, in the flower of his years, should have been torn from the world in so devilish a manner: who, if he had lived longer, might have done Teutschland unspeakable benefit." [Kohler, pp. 282–285.]

HENRY'S SON JOHANN IS KING OF BOHEMIA; AND LUDWIG THE BAVARIAN, WITH A CONTESTED ELECTION, IS KAISER.

Henry VII. having thus perished suddenly, his Son Johann, scarcely yet come of age, could not follow him as Kaiser, according to the Father's thought; though in due time he prosecuted his advancement otherwise to good purpose, and proved a very stirring man in the world. By his Father's appointment, to whom as Kaiser the chance had fallen, he was already King of Bohemia, strong in his right and in the favor of the natives; though a titular Competitor, Henry of the Tyrol, beaten off by the late Kaiser, was still extant: whom, however, and all other perils Johann contrived to weather; growing up to be a far-sighted stout-hearted man, and potent Bohemian King, widely renowned in his day. He had a Son, and then two Grandsons, who were successively Kaisers, after a sort; making up the "Luxemburg Four" we spoke of. He did Crusades, one or more, for the Teutsch Ritters, in a shining manner;— unhappily with loss of an eye; nay ultimately, by the aid of quack oculists, with loss of both eyes. An ambitious man, not to be quelled by blindness; man with much negotiation in him; with a heavy stroke of fight too, and temper nothing loath at it; of which we shall see some glimpse by and by.

The pity was, for the Reich if not for him, he could not himself become Kaiser. Perhaps we had not then seen Henry VII.'s fine enterprises, like a fleet of half-built ships, go mostly to planks again, on the waste sea, had his Son followed him. But there was, on the contrary, a contested election; Austria in again, as usual, and again unsuccessful. The late Kaiser's Austrian competitor, "Friedrich the Fair, Duke of Austria," the parricided Albert's Son, was again one of the parties. Against whom, with real but not quite indisputable majority, stood Ludwig Duke of Bavaria: "Ludwig IV.," "Ludwig DER BAIER (the Bavarian)" as they call him among Kaisers. Contest attended with the usual election expenses; war-wrestle, namely, between the parties till one threw the other. There was much confused wrestling and throttling for seven years or more (1315–1322). Our Nurnberg Burggraf, Friedrich IV., held with Ludwig, as did the real majority, though in a languid manner, and was busy he as few were; the Austrian Hapsburgs also doing their best, now under, now above. Johann King of Bohemia was on Ludwig's side as yet. Ludwig's own Brother, Kur-Pfalz (ancestor of all the Electors, and their numerous Branches, since known there), an elder Brother, was, "out of spite as men thought, decidedly against Ludwig.

In the eighth year came a Fight that proved decisive. Fight at Muhldorf on the Inn, 23th September, 1322,—far down in those Danube Countries, beyond where Marlborough ever was, where there has been much fighting first and last; Burggraf Friedrich was conspicuously there. A very great Battle, say the old Books,—says Hormayr, in a new readable Book, [Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, ii. 31–37.] giving minute account of it. Ludwig rather held aloof rearward; committed his business to the Hohenzollern Burggraf and to one Schweppermann, aided by a noble lord called Rindsmaul ("COWMOUTH," no less), and by others experienced in such work. Friedrich the Hapsburger DER SCHONE, Duke of Austria, and self-styled Kaiser, a gallant handsome man, breathed mere martial fury, they say: he knew that his Brother Leopold was on march with a reinforcement to him from the Strasburg quarter, and might arrive any moment; but he could not wait,—perhaps afraid Ludwig

might run;—he rashly determined to beat Ludwig without reinforcement. Our rugged fervid Hormayr (though imitating Tacitus and Johannes von Muller overmuch) will instruct fully any modern that is curious about this big Battle: what furious charging, worrying; how it "lasted ten hours;" how the blazing Handsome Friedrich stormed about, and "slew above fifty with his own hand." To us this is the interesting point: At one turn of the Battle, tenth hour of it now ending, and the tug of war still desperate, there arose a cry of joy over all the Austrian ranks, "Help coming! Help!"—and Friedrich noticed a body of Horse, "in Austrian cognizance" (such the cunning of a certain man), coming in upon his rear. Austrians and Friedrich never doubted but it was Brother Leopold just getting on the ground; and rushed forward doubly fierce. Doubly fierce; and were doubly astonished when it plunged in upon them, sharp-edged, as Burggraf Friedrich of Nurnberg,—and quite ruined Austrian Friedrich. Austrian Friedrich fought personally like a lion at bay; but it availed nothing. Rindsmaul (not lovely of lip, COWMOUTH, so-called) disarmed him: "I will not surrender except to a Prince!"—so Burggraf Friedrich was got to take surrender of him; and the Fight, and whole Controversy with it, was completely won. [*Jedem Mann ein Ey* (One egg to every man), *Dem frommen Schweppermann zwey* (Two to the excellent Schweppermann): Tradition still repeats this old rhyme, as the Kaiser's Address to his Army, or his Head Captains, at supper, after such a day's work,—in a country already to the bone.]

Poor Leopold, the Austrian Brother, did not arrive till the morrow; and saw a sad sight, before flying off again. Friedrich the Fair sat prisoner in the old Castle of Traussnitz (OBER PFALZ, Upper Palatinate, or Nurnberg country) for three years; whittling sticks:—Tourists, if curious, can still procure specimens of them at the place, for a consideration. There sat Friedrich, Brother Leopold moving Heaven and Earth,—and in fact they said, the very Devil by art magic, [Kohler, p. 288.]—to no purpose, to deliver him. And his poor Spanish Wife cried her eyes, too literally, out,—sight gone in sad fact.

Ludwig the Bavarian reigned thenceforth,—though never on easy terms. How grateful to Friedrich of Nurnberg we need not say. For one thing, he gave him all the Austrian Prisoners; whom Friedrich, judiciously generous, dismissed without ransom except that they should be feudally subject to him henceforth. This is the third Hohenzollern whom we mark as a conspicuous acquirer in the Hohenzollern family, this Friedrich IV., builder of the second story of the House. If Conrad, original Burggraf, founded the House, then (figuratively speaking) the able Friedrich III., who was Rudolf of Hapsburg's friend, built it one story high; and here is a new Friedrich, his Son, who has added a second story. It is astonishing, says Dryasdust, how many feudal superiorities the Anspach and Baireuth people still have in Austria;—they maintain their own LEHNPROBST, or Official Manager for fief-casualties, in that country:—all which proceed from this Battle of Muhldorf. [Rentsch, p. 313; Pauli; Battle fought on the 28th of September, 1322:—eight years after BABBOCKBURN; while our poor Edward II. and England with him were in such a welter with their Spencers and their Gavestons: eight years after Bannockburn, and four-and-twenty before Crecy. That will date it for English readers.

Kaiser Ludwig reigned some twenty-five years more, in a busy and even strenuous, but not a successful way. He had good windfalls, too; for example, Brandenburg, as we shall see. He made friends; reconciled himself to his Brother Kur-Pfalz and junior Cousinry there, settling handsomely, and with finality, the debatable points between them. Enemies, too, he made; especially Johann the Luxemburger, King of Bohemia, on what ground will be seen shortly, who became at last inveterate to a high degree. But there was one supremely sore element in his lot: a Pope at Avignon to whom he could by no method make himself agreeable. Pope who put him under ban, not long after that Muhldorf victory; and kept him so; inexorable, let poor Ludwig turn as he might. Ludwig's German Princes stood true to him; declared, in solemn Diet, the Pope's ban to be mere spent shot, of no avail in Imperial Politics. Ludwig went, vigorously to Italy; tried setting up a Pope of his own; but that did not answer; nor of course tend to mollify the Holiness at Avignon.

In fine, Ludwig had to carry this cross on his back, in a sorrowful manner, all his days. The Pope at last, finding Johann of Bohemia in a duly irritated state, persuaded him into setting up an Anti-Kaiser,—Johann's second Son as Anti-Kaiser,—who, though of little account, and called PFAFFEN-KAISER (Parsons' Kaiser) by the public, might have brought new troubles, had that lasted. We shall see some ultimate glimpses of it farther on.

Chapter X. BRANDENBURG LAPSES TO THE KAISER.

Two years before the victory at Muhldorf, a bad chance befell in Brandenburg: the ASCANIER Line of Markgraves or Electors ended. Magniloquent Otto with the Arrow, Otto the Short, Hermann the Tall, all the Ottos, Hermanns and others, died by course of nature; nephew Waldemar himself, a stirring man, died prematurely (A.D. 1319), and left only a young cousin for successor, who died few months after: [September, 1320 (Pauli, i. 391). Michaelis, i. 260–277.] the Line of Albert the Bear went out in Brandenburg. They had lasted there about two hundred years. They had not been, in late times, the successfulest Markgraves: territories much split up among younger sons, joint Markgraves reigning, which seldom answers; yet to the last they always made stout fight for themselves; walked the stage in a high manner; and surely might be said to quit it creditably, leaving such a Brandenburg behind them, chiefly of their making, during the Two Centuries that had been given them before the night came.

There were plenty of Ascanier Cousins still extant in those parts, Saxon dignitaries, Anhalt dignitaries, lineal descendants of Albert the Bear; to some of whom, in usual times, Albert's inheritance would naturally have been granted. But the times were of battle, uncertainty, contested election: and the Ascaniers, I perceive, had rather taken Friedrich of Austria's side, which proved the losing one. Kaiser Ludwig DER BAIER would appoint none of these; Anti-Kaiser Friedrich's appointments, if he made any, could be only nominal, in those distant Northern parts. Ludwig, after his victory of Muhldorf, preferred to consider the Electorate of Brandenburg as lapsed, lying vacant, ungoverned these three years; and now become the Kaiser's again. Kaiser, in consequence, gave it to his Son; whose name also is Ludwig: the date of the Investiture is 1323 (year after that victory of Muhldorf); a date unfortunate to Brandenburg. We come now into a Line of BAVARIAN Markgraves, and then of LUXEMBURG ones; both of which are of fatal significance to Brandenburg.

The Ascanier Cousins, high Saxon dignitaries some of them, gloomed mere disappointment, and protested hard; but could not mend the matter, now or afterwards. Their Line went out in Saxony too, in course of time; gave place to the WETTINS, who are still there. The Ascanier had to be content with the more pristine state of acquisitions,—high pedigrees, old castles of Ascanien and Ballenstadt, territories of Anhalt or what else they had;—and never rose again to the lost height, though the race still lives, and has qualities besides its pedigree. We said the "Old Dessauer," Leopold Prince of Anhalt–Dessau, was the head of it in Friedrich Wilhelm's time; and to this day he has descendants. Catharine II. of Russia was of Anhalt–Zerbst, a junior branch. Albert the Bear, if that is of any use to him, has still occasionally notable representatives.

Ludwig junior, Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian's eldest son, was still under age when appointed Kurfurst of Brandenburg in 1323: of course he had a "STATEHOLDER" (Viceregent, STATTHALTER); then, and afterwards in occasional absences of his, a series of such, Kaiser's Councillors, Burggraf Friedrich IV. among them, had to take some thought of Brandenburg in its new posture. Who these Brandenburg Statthalters were, is heartily indifferent even to Dryasdust,—except that one of them for some time was a Hohenzollern: which circumstance Dryasdust marks with the due note of admiration. "What he did there," Dryasdust admits, "is not written anywhere;"—good, we will hope, and not evil;—but only the Diploma nominating him (of date 1346, not in Ludwig's minority, but many years after that ended [Rentsch, p. 323.]) now exists by way of record. A difficult problem he, like the other regents and viceregents, must have had; little dreaming that it was intrinsically for a grandson of his own, and long line of grandsons. The name of this temporary Statthalter, the first Hohenzollern who had ever the least concern with Brandenburg, is Burggraf Johann II., eldest Son of our distinguished Muhldorf friend Friedrich IV.; and Grandfather (through another Friedrich) of Burggraf Friedrich VI.,—which last gentleman, as will be seen, did doubtless reap the sowings, good and bad, of all manner of men in Brandenburg. The same Johann II. it was who purchased Plassenburg Castle and Territory (cheap, for money down), where the Family afterwards had its chief residence. Hof, Town and Territory, had fallen to his Father in those parts; a gift of gratitude from Kaiser Ludwig:—most of the Voigtland is now Hohenzollern.

Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian left his sons Electors of Brandenburg; —"Electors, KURFURSTS," now becomes the commoner term for so important a Country;—Electors not in easy circumstances. But no son of his succeeded Ludwig as Kaiser,—successor in the Reich was that Pfaffen-Kaiser, Johann of Bohemia's son, a

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Luxemburger once more. No son of Ludwig's; nor did any descendant,—except, after four hundred years, that unfortunate Kaiser Karl VII., in Maria Theresa's time. He was a descendant. Of whom we shall hear more than enough. The unluckiest of all Kaisers, that Karl VII.; less a Sovereign Kaiser than a bone thrown into the ring for certain royal dogs, Louis XV., George II. and others, to worry about;— watch—dogs of the gods; apt sometimes to run into hunting instead of warding.—We will say nothing more of Ludwig the Baier, or his posterity, at present: we will glance across to Preussen, and see, for one moment, what the Teutsch Ritters are doing in their new Century. It is the year 1330; Johann II. at Nurnberg, as yet only coming to be Burggraf, by no means yet administering in Brandenburg; and Ludwig junior seven years old in his new dignity there.

The Teutsch Ritters, after infinite travail, have subdued heathen Preussen; colonized the country with industrious German immigrants; banked the Weichsel and the Nogat, subduing their quagmires into meadows, and their waste streams into deep ship— courses. Towns are built, Konigsberg (KING Ottocar's TOWN), Thoren (Thorn, CITY of the GATES), with many others: so that the wild population and the tame now lived tolerably together, under Gospel and Lubeck Law; and all was ploughing and trading, and a rich country; which had made the Teutsch Ritters rich, and victoriously at their ease in comparison. But along with riches and the ease of victory, the common bad consequences had ensued. Ritters given up to luxuries, to secular ambitions; ritters no longer clad in austere mail and prayer; ritters given up to wantonness of mind and conduct; solemnly vowing, and quietly not doing; without remorse or consciousness of wrong, daily eating forbidden fruit; ritters swelling more and more into the fatted—ox condition, for whom there is but one doom. How far they had carried it, here is one symptom that may teach us.

In the year 1330, one Werner von Orseln was Grand—master of these Ritters. The Grand—master, who is still usually the best man they can get, and who by theory is sacred to them as a Grand—Lama or Pope among Cardinal—Lamas, or as an Abbot to his Monks,—Grand— master Werner, we say, had lain down in Marienburg one afternoon of this year 1330, to take his siesta, and was dreaming peaceably after a moderate repast, when a certain devil—ridden mortal, Johann von Endorf, one of his Ritters, long grumbling about severity, want of promotion and the like, rushed in upon the good old man; ran him through, dead for a ducat; [Voigt, iv. 474, 482.]—and consummated a PARRICIDE at which the very cross on one's white cloak shudders! Parricide worse, a great deal, than that at the Ford of Reuss upon one—eyed Albert.

We leave the shuddering Ritters to settle it, sternly vengeful; whom, for a moment, it has struck broad—awake to some sense of the very questionable condition they are getting into.

Chapter XI. BAYARIAN KURFURSTS IN BRANDENBURG.

Young Ludwig Kurfurst of Brandenburg, Kaiser Ludwig's eldest son, having come of years, the Tutors or Statthalters went home,—not wanted except in cases of occasional absence henceforth;—and the young man endeavored to manage on his own strength. His success was but indifferent; he held on, however, for a space of twenty years, better or worse. "He helped King Edward III. at the Siege of Cambray (A.D. 1339);" [Michaelis, i. 279.] whose French politics were often connected with the Kaiser's: it is certain, Kurfurst Ludwig "served personally with 600 horse [on good payment, I conclude] at that Siege of Cambray;"—and probably saw the actual Black Prince, and sometimes dined with him, as English readers can imagine. In Brandenburg he had many checks and difficult passages, but was never quite beaten out, which it was easy to have been.

A man of some ability, as we can gather, though not of enough: he played his game with resolution, not without skill; but from the first the cards were against him. His Father's affairs going mostly ill were no help to his, which of themselves went not well. The Brandenburgers, mindful of their old Ascanier sovereigns, were ill affected to Ludwig and the new Bavarian sort. The Anhalt Cousinry gloomed irreconcilable; were never idle, digging pitfalls, raising troubles. From them and others Kurfurst Ludwig had troubles enough; which were fronted by him really not amiss; which we wholly, or all but wholly, omit in this place.

A RESUSCITATED ASCANIER; THE FALSE WALDEMAR.

The wickedest and worst trouble of their raising was that of the resuscitated Waldemar (A.D. 1345): "False Waldemar," as he is now called in Brandenburg Books. Waldemar was the last, or as good as the last, of the Ascanier Markgraves; and he, two years before Ludwig ever saw those countries, died in his bed, twenty-five good years ago; and was buried, and seemingly ended. But no; after twenty-five years, Waldemar reappears: "Not buried or dead, only sham-buried, sham-dead; have been in the Holy Land all this while, doing pilgrimage and penance; and am come to claim my own again,— which strangers are much misusing!" [Michaelis, i. 279.]

Perkin Warbeck, POST-MORTEM Richard II., Dimitri of Russia, Martin Guerre of the CAUSES CELEBRES: it is a common story in the world, and needs no commentary now. POST-MORTEM Waldemar, it is said, was a Miller's Man, "of the name of Jakob Rehback;" who used to be about the real Waldemar in a menial capacity, and had some resemblance to him. He showed signets, recounted experiences, which had belonged to the real Waldemar. Many believed in his pretension, and took arms to assert it; the Reich being in much internal battle at the time; poor Kaiser Ludwig, with his Avignon Popes and angry Kings Johann, wading in deep waters. Especially the disaffected Cousinry, or Princes of Anhalt, believed and battled for POST-MORTEM Waldemar; who were thought to have got him up from the first. Kurfurst Ludwig had four or five most sad years with him;—all the worse when the PFAFFEN-KAISER (King Johann's son) came on the stage, in the course of them (A.D. 1346), and Kaiser Ludwig, yielding not indeed to him, but to Death, vanished from it two years after; [Elected, 1314; Muhldorf, and Election COMPLETE, 1322; died, 1347, age 60.] leaving Kurfurst Ludwig to his own shifts with the Pfaffen-Kaiser. Whom he could not now hinder from succeeding to the Reich. He tried hard; set up, he and others, an Anti-Kaiser (GUNTHER OF SCHWARTZBURG, temporary Anti-Kaiser, whom English readers can forget again): he bustled, battled, negotiated, up and down; and ran across, at one time, to Preussen to the Teutsch Ritters,—presumably to borrow money:—but it all would not do. The Pfaffen-Kaiser carried it, in the Diet and out of the Diet: Karl IV. by title; a sorry enough Kaiser, and by nature an enemy of Ludwig's.

It was in this whirl of intricate misventures that Kurfurst Ludwig had to deal with his False Waldemar, conjured from the deeps upon him, like a new goblin, where already there were plenty, in the dance round poor Ludwig. Of which nearly inextricable goblin-dance; threatening Brandenburg, for one thing, with annihilation, and yet leading Brandenburg abstrusely towards new birth and higher destinies,—how will it be possible (without raising new ghosts, in a sense) to give readers any intelligible notion?— Here, flickering on the edge of conflagration after duty done, is a poor Note which perhaps the reader had better, at the risk of superfluity, still in part take along with him:—

"Kaiser Henry VII., who died of sacramental wine, First of the Luxemburg Kaisers, left Johann still a boy of fifteen, who could not become the second of them, but did in time produce the Second, who again produced the

Third and Fourth.

"Johann was already King of Bohemia; the important young gentleman, Ottocar's grandson, whom we saw 'murdered at Olmutz none yet knows by whom,' had left that throne vacant, and it lapsed to the Kaiser; who, the Nation also favoring, duly put in his son Johann. There was a competitor, 'Duke of the Tyrol,' who claimed on loose grounds; 'My wife was Aunt of the young murdered King,' said he; 'wherefore'—! Kaiser, and Johann after him, rebutted this competitor; but he long gave some trouble, having great wealth and means. He produced a Daughter, Margaret Heiress of the Tyrol,—with a terrible MOUTH to her face, and none of the gentlest hearts in her body:—that was perhaps his principal feat in the world. He died 1331; had styled himself 'King of Bohemia' for twenty years,—ever since 1308;—but in the last two years of his life he gave it up, and ceased from troubling, having come to a beautiful agreement with Johann.

"Johann, namely, wedded his eldest Son to this competitor's fine Daughter with the mouth (Year 1329): 'In this manner do not Bohemia and the Tyrol come together in my blood and in yours, and both of us are made men?' said the two contracting parties.—Alas, no: the competitor Duke, father of the Bride, died some two years after, probably with diminished hopes of it; and King Johann lived to see the hope expire dismally altogether. There came no children, there came no—In fact Margaret, after a dozen years of wedlock, in unpleasant circumstances, broke it off as if by explosion; took herself and her Tyrol irrevocably over to Kaiser Ludwig, quite away from King Johann,—who, his hopes of the Tyrol expiring in such dismal manner, was thenceforth the bitter enemy of Ludwig and what held of him."

Tyrol explosion was in 1342. And now, keeping these preliminary dates and outlines in mind, we shall understand the big-mouthed Lady better, and the consequences of her in the world.

MARGARET WITH THE POUCH-MOUTH.

What principally raised this dance of the devils round poor Ludwig, I perceive, was a marriage he had made, three years before Waldemar emerged; of which, were it only for the sake of the Bride's name, some mention is permissible. Margaret of the Tyrol, commonly called, by contemporaries and posterity, MAULTASCHE (Mouthpoke, Pocket-mouth), she was the bride:—marriage done at Innsbruck, 1342, under furtherance of father Ludwig the Kaiser:—such a mouth as we can fancy, and a character corresponding to it. This, which seemed to the two Ludwigs a very conquest of the golden-fleece under conditions, proved the beginning of their worst days to both of them.

Not a lovely bride at all, this Maultasche; who is verging now towards middle life withal, and has had enough to cross her in the world. Was already married thirteen years ago; not wisely nor by any means too well. A terrible dragon of a woman. Has been in nameless domestic quarrels; in wars and sieges with rebellious vassals; claps you an iron cap on her head, and takes the field when need is: furious she-bear of the Tyrol. But she has immense possessions, if wanting in female charms. She came by mothers from that Duke of Meran whom we saw get his death (for cause), in the Plassenburg a hundred years ago. [Antes, p.102.] Her ancestor was Husband to an Aunt of that homicided Duke: from him, principally from him, she inherits the Tyrol, Carinthia, Styria; is herself an only child, the last of a line: hugest Heiress now going. So that, in spite of the mouth and humor, she has not wanted for wooers,—especially prudent Fathers wooing her for their sons.

In her Father's lifetime, Johann King of Bohemia, always awake to such symptoms of things, and having very peculiar interests in this case, courted and got her for his Crown-Prince (as we just saw), a youth of great outlooks, outlooks towards Kaisership itself perhaps; to whom she was wedded, thirteen years ago, and duly brought the Tyrol for Heritage: but with the worst results. Heritage, namely, could not be had without strife with Austria, which likewise had claims. Far worse, the marriage itself went awry: Johann's Crown-Prince was "a soft-natured Herr," say the Books: why bring your big she-bear into a poor deer's den? Enough, the marriage came to nothing, except to huge brawlings far enough away from us: and Margaret Pouch-mouth has now divorced her Bohemian Crown-Prince as a Nullity; and again weds, on similar terms, Kaiser Ludwig's son, our Brandenburg Kurfurst,—who hopes possibly that HE now may succeed as Kaiser, on the strength of his Father and of the Tyrol. Which turned out far otherwise.

The marriage was done in the Church of Innsbruck, 10th February, 1342 (for we love to be particular), "Kaiser Ludwig," happy man, "and many Princes of the Empire, looking on;" little thinking what a coil it would prove. "At the high altar she stript off her veil," symbol of wifehood or widowhood, "and put on a JUNGFERNKRANZ (maiden's-garland)," symbolically testifying how happy Ludwig junior still was. They had a son by and by; but

their course otherwise, and indeed this-wise too, was much checkered.

King Johann, seeing the Tyrol gone in this manner, gloomed terribly upon his Crown-Prince; flung him aside as a Nullity, "Go to Moravia, out of sight, on an apanage, you; be Crown-Prince no longer!"—And took to fighting Kaiser Ludwig; colleagued diligently with the hostile Pope, with the King of France; intrigued and colleagued far and wide; swearing by every method everlasting enmity to Kaiser Ludwig; and set up his son Karl as Pfaffen-Kaiser. Nay, perhaps he was at the bottom of POST-OBIT Waldemar too. In brief, he raised, he mainly, this devils'-dance, in which, Kaiser Ludwig having died, poor Kurfurst Ludwig, with Maultasche hanging on him, is sometimes near his wits' end.

Johann's poor Crown-Prince, finding matters take this turn, retired into MAHREN (Moravia) as bidden; "Margrave of Mahren;" and peaceably adjusted himself to his character of Nullity and to the loss of Maultasche;—chose, for the rest, a new Princess in wedlock, with more moderate dimensions of mouth; and did produce sons and daughters on a fresh score. Produced, among others, one Jobst his successor in the apanage or Margrafdom; who, as JOBST, or Jodocus, OF MAHREN, made some noise for himself in the next generation, and will turn up again in reference to Brandenburg in this History.

As for Margaret Pouch-mouth, she, with her new Husband as with her old, continued to have troubles, pretty much as the sparks fly upwards. She had fierce siegings after this, and explosive procedures,—little short of Monk Schwartz, who was just inventing gunpowder at the time. We cannot hope she lived in Elysian harmony with Kurfurst Ludwig;—the reverse, in fact; and oftenest with the whole breadth of Germany between them, he in Brandenburg, she in the Tyrol. Nor did Ludwig junior ever come to be Kaiser, as his Father and she had hoped; on the contrary, King Johann of Bohemia's people,—it was they that next got the Kaisership and kept it; a new provocation to Maultasche.

Ludwig and she had a son, as we said; Prince of the Tyrol and appendages, titular Margraf of Mahren and much else, by nature: but alas, he died about ten; a precocious boy,—fancy the wild weeping of a maternal She-bear! And the Father had already died; [In 1361, died Kurfurst Ludwig; 1363, the Boy; 1366, Maultasche herself.] a malicious world whispering that perhaps she poisoned them BOTH. The proud woman, now old too, pursed her big coarse lips together at such rumor, and her big coarse soul,—in a gloomy scorn appealing beyond the world; in a sorrow that the world knew not of. She solemnly settled her Tyrol and appendages upon the Austrian Archdukes, who were children of her Mother's Sister; whom she even installed into the actual government, to make matters surer. This done, she retired to Vienna, on a pension from them, there to meditate and pray a little, before Death came; as it did now in a short year or two. Tyrol and the appendages continue with Austria from that hour to this, Margaret's little boy having died.

Margaret of the Pouch-mouth, rugged dragoon-major of a woman, with occasional steel cap on her head, and capable of swearing terribly in Flanders or elsewhere, remains in some measure memorable to me. Compared with Pompadour, Duchess of Cleveland, of Kendal and other high-rouged unfortunate females, whom it is not proper to speak of without necessity, though it is often done,—Maultasche rises to the rank of Historical. She brought the Tyrol and appendages permanently to Austria; was near leading Brandenburg to annihilation, raising such a goblin-dance round Ludwig and it, yet did abstrusely lead Brandenburg towards a far other goal, which likewise has proved permanent for it.

Chapter XII. BRANDENBURG IN KAISER KARL'S TIME; END OF THE BAVARIAN KURFURSTS.

Kaiser Ludwig died in 1347, while the False Waldemar was still busy. We saw Karl IV., Johann of Bohemia's second son, come to the Kaisership thereupon, Johann's eldest Nullity being omitted. This Fourth Karl,—other three Karls are of the Charlemagne set, Karl the Bald, the Fat, and such like, and lie under our horizon, while CHARLES FIFTH is of a still other set, and known to everybody,—this Karl IV. is the Kaiser who discovered the Well of KARLSBAD (Bath of Karl), known to Tourists of this day; and made the GOLDEN BULL, which I forbid all Englishmen to take for an agricultural Prize Animal, the thing being far other, as is known to several.

There is little farther to be said of Karl in Reichs—History. An unesteemed creature; who strove to make his time peaceable in this world, by giving from the Holy Roman Empire with both hands to every bull—beggar, or ready—payer who applied. Sad sign what the Roman Empire had come and was coming to. The Kaiser's shield, set up aloft in the Roncalic Plain in Barbarossa's time, intimated, and in earnest too, "Ho, every one that has suffered wrong!"—intimates now, "Ho, every one that can bully me, or has money in his pocket!" Unadmiring posterity has confirmed the nickname of this Karl IV.; and calls him PFAFFEN—KAISER. He kept mainly at Prag, ready for receipt of cash, and holding well out of harm's way. In younger years he had been much about the French Court; in Italy he had suffered troubles, almost assassinations; much blown to and fro, poor light wretch, on the chaotic Winds of his Time,—steering towards no star.

Johann, King of Bohemia, did not live to see Karl an acknowledged Kaiser. Old Johann, blind for some time back, had perished two years before that event;—bequeathing a Heraldic Symbol to the World's History and to England's, if nothing more. Poor man, he had crusaded in Preussen in a brilliant manner, being fond of fighting. He wrung Silesia, gradually by purchase and entreaty (*pretio ac prece*), from the Polish King; [1327–1341 (Kohler, p. 302).] joined IT firmly to Bohemia and Germany,—unconsciously waiting for what higher destinies Silesia might have. For Maultasche and the Tyrol he brought sad woes on Brandenburg; and yet was unconsciously leading Brandenburg, by abstruse courses, whither it had to go. A restless, ostentatious, far—grasping, strong—handed man; who kept the world in a stir wherever he was. All which has proved voiceless in the World's memory; while the casual Shadow of a Feather he once wore has proved vocal there. World's memory is very whimsical now and then.

Being much implicated with the King of France, who with the Pope was his chief stay in these final Anti—Ludwig operations, Johann— in 1346, Pfaffen—Kaiser Karl just set on foot—had led his chivalry into France, to help against the English Edwards, who were then very intrusive there. Johann was blind, but he had good ideas in war. At the Battle of Crecy, 24th August, 1346, he advised we know not what; but he actually fought, though stone— blind. "Tied his bridle to that of the Knight next him; and charged in,"—like an old blind war—horse kindling madly at the sound of the trumpet;—and was there, by some English lance or yew, laid low. They found him on that field of carnage (field of honor, too, in a sort); his old blind face looking, very blindly, to the stars: on his shield was blazoned a Plume of three ostrich— feathers with "ICH DIEN (I serve)" written under:—with which emblem every English reader is familiar ever since! This Editor himself, in very tender years, noticed it on the Britannic Majesty's war—drums; and had to inquire of children of a larger growth what the meaning might be.

That is all I had to say of King Johann and his "ICH DIEN." Of the Luxemburg Kaisers (four in number, two sons of Karl still to come); who, except him of the sacramental wine, with "ICH DIEN" for son, are good for little; and deserve no memory from mankind except as they may stick, not easily extricable, to the history of nobler men:—of them also I could wish to be silent, but must not. Must at least explain how they came in, as "Luxemburg Kurfursts" in Brandenburg; and how they went out, leaving Brandenburg not annihilated, but very near it.

END OF RESUSCITATED WALDEMAR; KURFURST LUDWIG SELLS OUT.

Imaginary Waldemar being still busy in Brandenburg, it was natural for Kaiser Karl to find him genuine, and keep up that goblin—dance round poor Kurfurst Ludwig, the late Kaiser's son, by no means a lover of Karl's. Considerable support was managed to be raised for Waldemar. Kaiser Karl regularly infeoffed him as real

Kurfurst, so far as parchment could do it; and in case of his decease, says Karl's diploma farther, the Princes of Anhalt shall succeed,—Ludwig in any case is to be zero henceforth. War followed, or what they called war: much confused invading, bickering and throttling, for two years to come. "Most of the Towns declared for Waldemar, and their old Anhalt line of Margraves:" Ludwig and the Bavarian sort are clearly not popular here. Ludwig held out strenuously, however; would not be beaten. He had the King of Denmark for Brother-in-law; had connections in the Reich: perhaps still better he had the REICHS-INSIGNIA, lately his Father's, still in hand. He stood obstinate siege from the Kaiser's people and the Anhalters; shouted—in Denmark to help; started an Anti-Kaiser, as we said,—temporary Anti-Kaiser Gunther of Schwartzburg, whom the reader can forget a second time:—in brief, Ludwig contrived to bring Kaiser Karl, and Imaginary Waldemar with his Anhalters, to a quietus and negotiation, and to get Brandenburg cleared of them. Year 1349, they went their ways; and that devils'-dance, which had raged five years and more round Ludwig, was fairly got laid or lulled again.

Imaginary Waldemar, after some farther ineffectual wriggings, retired altogether into private life, at the Court of Dessau; and happily died before long. Died at the Court of Dessau; the Anhalt Cousins treating him to the last as Head Representative of Albert the Bear, and real Prince Waldemar; for which they had their reasons. Portraits of this False Waldemar still turn up in the German Print-shops; [In Kloss (*Vaterlandische Gemalde*, ii. 29), a sorry Compilation, above referred to, without value except for the old Excerpts, there is a Copy of it.] and represent a very absurd fellow, much muffled in drapery, mouth partially open, eyes wholly and widely so,—never yet recovered from his astonishment at himself and things in general! How it fared with poor Brandenburg, in these chaotic throttlings and vicissitudes, under the Bavarian Kurfursts, we can too well imagine; and that is little to what lies ahead for it.

However, in that same year, 1349, temporary quietus having come, Kurfurst Ludwig, weary of the matter, gave it over to his Brother: "Have not I an opulent Maultasche, Gorgon-Wife, susceptible to kindness, in the Tyrol; have not I in the Reich elsewhere resources, appliances?" thought Kurfurst Ludwig. And gave the thing over to his next Brother. Brother whose name also is LUDWIG (as their Father's also had been, three Ludwigs at once, for our dear Germans shine in nomenclature): "Ludwig THE ROMAN" this new one;—the elder Brother, our acquaintance, being Ludwig simply, distinguishable too as KURFURST Ludwig, or even as Ludwig SENIOR at this stage of the affair. Kurfurst Ludwig, therefore, Year 1349, washes his hands of Brandenburg while the quietus lasts; retaining only the Electorship and Title; and goes his ways, resolving to take his ease in Bavaria and the Tyrol thenceforth. How it fared with him there, with his loving Gorgon and him, we will not ask farther. They had always separate houses to fly to, in case of extremity! They held out, better or worse, twelve years more; and Ludwig left his little Boy still surviving him, in 1361.

SECOND, AND THEN THIRD AND LAST, OF THE BAVARIAN KURFURSTS IN BRANDENBURG.

In Brandenburg, the new Markgraf Ludwig, who we say is called "THE ROMAN" (LUDWIG DER ROMER, having been in Rome) to distinguish him, continued warring with the Anarchies, fifteen years in a rather tough manner, without much victory on either side;—made his peace with Kaiser Karl however, delivering up the REICHS-INSIGNIA; and tried to put down the domestic Robbers, who had got on foot, "many of them persons of quality;" [Michaelis, i. 282.] till he also died, childless, A.D. 1365; having been Kurfurst too, since his Brother's death, for some four years.

Whereupon Brandenburg, Electorship and all Titles with it, came to Otto, third son of Kaiser Ludwig, who is happily the last of these Bavarian Electors. They were an unlucky set of Sovereigns, not hitherto without desert; and the unlucky Country suffered much under them. By far the unluckiest, and by far the worst, was this Otto; a dissolute, drinking, entirely worthless Herr; under whom, for eight years, confusion went worse confounded; as if plain chaos were coming; and Brandenburg and Otto grew tired of each other to the last degree.

In which state of matters, A.D. 1373, Kaiser Karl offered Otto a trifle of ready money to take himself away. Otto accepted greedily; sold his Electorate and big Mark of Brandenburg to Kaiser Karl for an old song,—200,000 thalers (about 30,000 pounds, and only half of it ever paid); [Michaelis, i. 283.]—withdrew to his Schloss of Wolfstein in Bavaria; and there, on the strength of that or other sums, "rolled deep as possible in every sort of debauchery." And so in few years puddled himself to death; foully ending the Bavarian set of Kurfursts. They had lasted fifty years; with endless trouble to the Country and to themselves; and with such mutual profit as we have seen.

Chapter XIII. LUXEMBURG KURFURSTS IN BRANDENBURG.

If Brandenburg suffered much under the Bavarian Kurfursts for Fifty years, it was worse, and approached to the state of worst, under the Luxemburgers, who lasted for some Forty more. Ninety years of anarchy in all; which at length brought it to great need of help from the Fates!—

Karl IV. made his eldest Boy Wenzel, still only about twelve, Elector of Brandenburg; [1373 (born 1361).] Wenzel shall be Kaiser and King of Bohemia, one day, thinks Karl;—which actually came to pass, and little to Wenzel's profit, by and by. In the mean while Karl accompanied him to Brandenburg; which country Karl liked much at the money, and indeed ever after, in his old days, he seemed rather to busy himself with it. He assembled some kind of STANDE (States) twice over; got the Country "incorporated with Bohemia" by them, and made tight and handy so far. Brandenburg shall rest from its woes, and be a silent portion of Bohemia henceforth, thinks Karl,—if the Heavens so please. Karl, a futile Kaiser, would fain have done something to "encourage trade" in Brandenburg; though one sees not what it was he did, if anything. He built the Schloss of Tangermunde, and oftenest lived there in time coming; a quieter place than even Prag for him. In short, he appears to have fancied his cheap Purchase, and to have cheered his poor old futile life with it, as with one thing that had been successful. Poor old creature: he had been a Kaiser on false terms, "Ho every one that dare bully me, or that has money in his pocket;"—a Kaiser that could not but be futile! In five years' time he died; [King of Bohemia, 1346, on his Father's death; Kaiser (acknowledged on Ludwig the BAIER'S death), 1347; died, 1378, age 62.] and doubtless was regretted in Brandenburg and even in the Reich, in comparison with what came next.

In Brandenburg he left, instead of one indifferent or even bad governor steadily tied to the place and in earnest to make the best of it, a fluctuating series of governors holding loose, and not in earnest; which was infinitely worse. These did not try to govern it; sent it to the Pawnbroker, to a fluctuating series of Pawnbrokers; under whom, for the next five—and—thirty years, Brandenburg tasted all the fruits of Non—government, that is to say, Anarchy or Government by the Pawnbroker; and sank faster and faster, towards annihilation as it seemed. That was its fate under the Luxemburg Kurfursts, who made even the Bavarian and all others be regretted.

One thing Kaiser Karl did, which ultimately proved the saving of Brandenburg: made friendship with the Hohenzollern Burggraves. These, Johann II., temporary "STUTTHALTER" Johann, and his Brother, who were Co—regents in the Family Domain, when Karl first made appearance,—had stood true to Kaiser Ludwig and his Son, so long as that play lasted at all; nay one of these Burggraves was talked of as Kaiser after Ludwig's death, but had the wisdom not to try. Kaiser Ludwig being dead, they still would not recognize the PFAFFEN—KAISER Karl, but held gloomily out. So that Karl had to march in force into the Nurnberg country, and by great promises, by considerable gifts, and the "example of the other Princes of the Empire," ["Hallow—eve, 1347, on the Field of Nurnberg," Agreement was come to (Rentsch, p. 326).] brought them over to do homage.

After which, their progress, and that of their successor (Johann's son, Friedrich V.), in the grace of Karl, was something xtraordinary. Karl gave his Daughter to this Friedrich V.'s eldest Son; appointed a Daughter of Friedrich's for his own Second Prince, the famed Sigismund, famed that is to be,—which latter match did not take effect, owing to changed outlooks after Karl's death. Nay there is a Deed still extant about marrying children not yet born: Karl to produce a Princess within five years, and Burggraf Friedrich V. a Prince, for that purpose! [Rentsch, p. 336.] But the Burggraf never had another Prince; though Karl produced the due Princess, and was ready, for his share. Unless indeed this strange eager—looking Document, not dated in the old Books, may itself relate to the above wedding which did come to pass?—Years before that, Karl had made his much—esteemed Burggraf Friedrich V. "Captain—General of the Reich;" "Imperial Vicar," (SUBSTITUTE, if need were), and much besides; nay had given him the Landgraviate of Elsass (ALSACE),—so far as lay with him to give,—of which valuable country this Friedrich had actual possession so long as the Kaiser lived. "Best of men," thought the poor light Kaiser; "never saw such a man!"

Which proved a salutary thought, after all. The man had a little Boy Fritz (not the betrothed to Karl's Princess), still chasing butterflies at Culmbach, when Karl died. In this Boy lie new destinies for Brandenburg: towards him, and not towards annihilation, are Karl and the Luxemburg Kurfursts and Pawnbrokers unconsciously guiding it.

Chapter XIV. BURGGRAF FRIEDRICH VI.

Karl left three young Sons, Wenzel, Sigismund, Johann; and also a certain Nephew much older; all of whom now more or less concern us in this unfortunate History.

Wenzel the eldest Son, heritable Kurfurst of Brandenburg as well as King of Bohemia, was as yet only seventeen, who nevertheless got to be Kaiser, [1378, on his Father's death.]—and went widely astray, poor soul. The Nephew was no other than Margrave Jobst of Moravia (son of Maultasche's late Nullity there), now in the vigor of his years and a stirring man: to him, for a time, the chief management in Brandenburg fell, in these circumstances. Wenzel, still a minor, and already Kaiser and King of Bohemia, gave up Brandenburg to his two younger Brothers, most of it to Sigismund, with a cutting for Johann, to help their apanages; and applied his own powers to govern the Holy Roman Empire, at that early stage of life.

To govern the Holy Roman Empire, poor soul;—or rather "to drink beer, and dance with the girls;" in which, if defective in other things, Wenzel had an eminent talent. He was one of the worst Kaisers, and the least victorious on record. He would attend to nothing in the Reich; "the Prag white beer, and girls" of various complexion, being much preferable, as he was heard to say. He had to fling his poor Queen's Confessor into the River Moldau,—Johann of Nepomuk, Saint so called, if he is not a fable altogether; whose Statue stands on Bridges ever since, in those parts. Wenzel's Bohemians revolted against him; put him in jail; and he broke prison, a boatman's daughter helping him out, with adventures. His Germans were disgusted with him; deposed him from the Kaisership; [25th May, 1400 (Kohler, p. 331).] chose Rupert of the Pfalz; and then after Rupert's death, [1410 (ib. p. 336).] chose Wenzel's own Brother Sigismund, in his stead,—left Wenzel to jumble about in his native Bohemian element, as King there, for nineteen years longer, still breaking pots to a ruinous extent.

He ended, by apoplexy, or sudden spasm of the heart; terrible Zisca, as it were, killing him at second-hand. For Zisca, stout and furious, blind of one eye and at last of both, a kind of human rhinoceros driven mad, had risen out of the ashes of murdered Huss, and other bad Papistic doings, in the interim; and was tearing up the world at a huge rate. Rhinoceros Zisca was on the Weissenberg, or a still nearer Hill of Prag since called ZISCA-BERG (Zisca Hill): and none durst whisper of it to the King. A servant waiting at dinner inadvertently let slip the word:— "Zisca there? Deny it, slave!" cried Wenzel frantic. Slave durst not deny. Wenzel drew his sword to run at him, but fell down dead: that was the last pot broken by Wenzel. The hapless royal ex-imperial Phantasm self-broken in this manner. [30th July, 1419 (Hormayr, vii. 119).] Poor soul, he came to the Kaisership too early; was a thin violent creature, sensible to the charms and horrors of created objects; and had terrible rhinoceros Ziscas and unruly horned-cattle to drive. He was one of the worst Kaisers ever known,—could have done Opera-singing much better;—and a sad sight to Bohemia. Let us leave him there: he was never actual Elector of Brandenburg, having given it up in time; never did any ill to that poor Country.

SIGISMUND IS KURFURST OF BRANDENBURG, BUT IS KING OF HUNGARY ALSO.

The real Kurfurst of Brandenburg all this while was Sigismund Wenzel's next Brother, under tutelage of Cousin Jobst or otherwise;—real and yet imaginary, for he never himself governed, but always had Jobst of Mahren or some other in his place there. Sigismund, as above said, was to have married a Daughter of Burggraf Friedrich V.; and he was himself, as was the young lady, well inclined to this arrangement. But the old people being dead, and some offer of a King's Daughter turning up for Sigismund, Sigismund broke off; and took the King's Daughter, King of Hungary's,—not without regret then and afterwards, as is believed. At any rate, the Hungarian charmer proved a wife of small merit, and a Hungarian successor she had was a wife of light conduct even; Hungarian charmers, and Hungarian affairs, were much other than a comfort to Sigismund.

As for the disappointed Princess, Burggraf Friedrich's Daughter, she said nothing that we hear; silently became a Nun, an Abbess: and through a long life looked out, with her thoughts to herself, upon the loud whirlwind of things, where Sigismund (oftenest like an imponderous rag of conspicuous color) was riding and tossing. Her two Brothers also, joint Burggraves after their Father's death, seemed to have reconciled themselves without difficulty. The elder of them was already Sigismund's Brother-in-law; married to Sigismund's and Wenzel's sister,—by such predestination as we saw. Burggraf Johann III. was the name of this one: a stout fighter and manager for many years; much liked, and looked to, by Sigismund. As indeed were both the Brothers, for that

matter; always, together or in succession, a kind of right-hand to Sigismund. Friedrich the younger Burggraf, and ultimately the survivor and inheritor (Johann having left no sons), is the famed Burggraf Friedrich VI., the last and notablist of all the Burggraves. A man of distinguished importance, extrinsic and intrinsic; chief or among the very chief of German public men in his time;—and memorable to Posterity, and to this History, on still other grounds! But let us not anticipate.

Sigismund, if apanaged with Brandenburg alone, and wedded to his first love, not a King's Daughter, might have done tolerably well there;—better than Wenzel, with the Empire and Bohemia, did. But delusive Fortune threw her golden apple at Sigismund too; and he, in the wide high world, had to play strange pranks. His Father-in-law died in Hungary, Sigismund's first wife his only child. Father-in-law bequeathed Hungary to Sigismund: [1387 (Sigismund's age then twenty).] who plunged into a strange sea thereby; got troubles without number, beatings not a few,—and had even to take boat, and sail for his life down to Constantinople, at one time. In which sad adventure Burggraf Johann escorted him, and as it were tore him out by the hair of the head. These troubles and adventures lasted many years; in the course of which, Sigismund, trying all manner of friends and expedients, found in the Burggraves of Nurnberg, Johann and Friedrich, with their talents, possessions and resources, the main or almost only sure support he got.

No end of troubles to Sigismund, and to Brandenburg through him, from this sublime Hungarian legacy! Like a remote fabulous golden-fleece, which you have to go and conquer first, and which is worth little when conquered. Before ever setting out (A.D. 1387), Sigismund saw too clearly he would have cash to raise: an operation he had never done with, all his life afterwards. He pawned Brandenburg to Cousin Jobst of Mahren; got "20,000 Bohemian gulden,"—I guess, a most slender sum, if Dryasdust would but interpret it. This was the beginning of Pawnings to Brandenburg; of which when will the end be? Jobst thereby came into Brandenburg on his own right for the time, not as Tutor or Guardian, which he had hitherto been. Into Brandenburg; and there was no chance of repayment to get him out again.

COUSIN JOBST HAS BRANDENBURG IN PAWN.

Jobst tried at first to do some governing; but finding all very anarchic, grew unhopeful; took to making matters easy for himself. Took, in fact, to turning a penny on his pawn-ticket; alienating crown domains, winking hard at robber-barons, and the like;—and after a few years, went home to Moravia, leaving Brandenburg to shift for itself, under a Statthalter (VICEREGENT, more like a hungry land-steward), whom nobody took the trouble of respecting. Robber-castles flourished; all else decayed. No highway not unsafe; many a Turpin with sixteen quarters, and styling himself EDDLE HERR (noble Gentleman), took to "living from the saddle:"— what are Hamburg pedlers made for but to be robbed?

The Towns suffered much; any trade they might have had, going to wreck in this manner. Not to speak of private feuds, which abounded *ad libitum*. Neighboring potentates, Archbishop of Magdeburg and others, struck in also at discretion, as they had gradually got accustomed to do, and snapped away (ABZWACKTEN) some convenient bit of territory, or, more legitimately, they came across to coerce, at their own hand, this or the other Edle Herr of the Turpin sort, whom there was no other way of getting at, when he carried matters quite too high. "Droves of six hundred swine,"—I have seen (by reading in those old Books) certain noble Gentlemen, "of Putlitz," I think, driving them openly, captured by the stronger hand; and have heard the short querulous squeak of the bristly creatures: "What is the use of being a pig at all, if I am to be stolen in this way, and surreptitiously made into ham?" Pigs do continue to be bred in Brandenburg; but it is under such discouragements. Agriculture, trade, well-being and well-doing of any kind, it is not encouragement they are meeting here. Probably few countries, not even Ireland, have a worse outlook, unless help come. [Pauli, i. 541–612. Michaelis, i. 283–285.] Jobst came back in 1398, after eight years' absence; but no help came with Jobst. The NEUMARK part of Brandenburg, which was Brother Johann's portion, had fallen home to Sigismund, Brother Johann having died: but Sigismund, far from redeeming old pawn-tickets with the Newmark, pawned the Newmark too,—the second Pawning of Brandenburg. Pawned the Newmark to the Teutsch Ritters "for 63,000 Hungarian gold gulden" (I think, about 30,000 pounds): and gave no part of it to Jobst; had not nearly enough for himself and his Hungarian occasions.

Seeing which, and hearing such squeak of pigs surreptitiously driven, with little but discordant sights and sounds everywhere, Jobst became disgusted with the matter; and resolved to wash his hands of it, at least to have his money out of it again. Having sold what of the Domains he could to persons of quality, at an uncommonly

easy rate, and so pocketed what ready cash there was among them, he made over his pawn-ticket, or properly he himself repawned Brandenburg to the Saxon Potentate, a speculative moneyed man, Markgraf of Meissen, "Wilhelm the Rich" so called. Pawned it to Wilhelm the Rich,—sum not named; and went home to Moravia, there to wait events. This is the third Brandenburg pawning: let us hope there may be a fourth and last.

BRANDENBURG IN THE HANDS OF THE PAWNBROKERS; RUPERT OF THE PFALZ IS KAISER.

And so we have now reached that point in Brandenburg History when, if some help do not come, Brandenburg will not long be a country, but will either get dissipated in pieces and stuck to the edge of others where some government is, or else go waste again and fall to the bisons and wild bears.

Who now is Kurfurst of Brandenburg, might be a question. "I UNquestionably!" Sigismund would answer, with astonishment. "Soft, your Hungarian Majesty," thinks Jobst: "till my cash is paid, may it not probably be another?" This question has its interest: the Electors just now (A.D. 1400) are about deposing Wenzel; must choose some better Kaiser. If they wanted another scion of the House of Luxemburg; a mature old gentleman of sixty; full of plans, plausibilities, pretensions,—Jobst is their man. Jobst and Sigismund were of one mind as to Wenzel's going; at least Sigismund voted clearly so, and Jobst said nothing counter: but the Kurfursts did not think of Jobst for successor. After some stumbling, they fixed upon Rupert KUR-PFALZ (Elector Palatine, RUPRECHT VON DER PFALZ) as Kaiser.

Rupert of the Pfalz proved a highly respectable Kaiser; lasted for ten years (1400–1410), with honor to himself and the Reich. A strong heart, strong head, but short of means. He chastised petty mutiny with vigor; could not bring down the Milanese Visconti, who had perched themselves so high on money paid to Wenzel; could not heal the schism of the Church (Double or Triple Pope, Rome–Avignon affair), or awaken the Reich to a sense of its old dignity and present loose condition. In the late loose times, as Antiquaries remark, [Kohler, p. 334; who quotes Schilter.] most Members of the Empire, Petty Princes even and Imperial Towns, had been struggling to set up for themselves; and were now concerned chiefly to become Sovereign in their own Territories. And Schilter informs us, it was about this period that most of them attained such rather unblest consummation; Rupert of himself not able to help it, with all his willingness. The People called him "Rupert KLEMM (Rupert SMITH'S–VICE)" from his resolute ways; which nickname—given him not in hatred, but partly in satirical good-will—is itself a kind of history. From Historians of the REICH he deserves honorable regretful mention.

He had for Empress a Sister of Burggraf Friedrich's; which high lady, unknown to us otherwise, except by her Tomb at Heidelberg, we remember for her Brother's sake. Kaiser Rupert—great-grandson of that Kur-Pfalz who was Kaiser Ludwig's elder brother—is the culminating point of the Electors Palatine; the Highest that Heidelberg produced. Ancestor of those famed Protestant "Palatines;" of all the Palatines or PFLAZES that reign in these late centuries. Ancestor of the present Bavarian Majesty; Kaiser Ludwig's race having died out. Ancestor of the unfortunate WINTERKONIG, Friedrich King of Bohemia, who is too well known in English History;—ancestor also of Charles XII. of Sweden, a highly creditable fact of the kind to him. Fact indisputable: A cadet of Pfalz-Zweibruck (DEUX-PONTS, as the French call it), direct from Rupert, went to serve in Sweden in his soldier business; distinguished himself in soldiering;—had a Sister of the great Gustav Adolf to wife; and from her a renowned Son, Karl Gustav (Christina's Cousin), who succeeded as King; who again had a Grandson made in his own likeness, only still more of iron in his composition.—Enough now of Rupert SMITH'S–VICE; who died in 1410, and left the Reich again vacant.

Rupert's funeral is hardly done, when, over in Preussen, far off in the Memel region, place called Tannenberg, where there is still "a churchyard to be seen," if little more, the Teutsch Ritters had, unexpectedly, a terrible Defeat: consummation of their Polish Miscellaneous quarrels of long standing; and the end of their high courses in this world. A ruined Teutsch Ritterdom, as good as ruined, ever henceforth. Kaiser Rupert died 18th May; and on the 15th July, within two months, was fought that dreadful "Battle of Tannenberg,"—Poland and Polish King, with miscellany of savage Tartars and revolted Prussians, VERSUS Teutsch Ritterdom; all in a very high mood of mutual rage; the very elements, "wild thunder, tempest and rain-deluges," playing chorus to them on the occasion. [Voigt, vii. 82. Busching, *Erdbeschreibung* (Hamburg, 1770), ii. 1038.] Ritterdom fought lion-like, but with insufficient strategic and other wisdom; and was driven nearly distracted to see its pride tripped into the ditch by such a set. Vacant Reich could not in the least attend to it; nor can we farther at present.

SIGISMUND, WITH A STRUGGLE, BECOMES KAISER.

Jobst and Sigismund were competitors for the Kaisership; Wenzel, too, striking in with claims for

reinstatement: the House of Luxemburg divided against itself. Wenzel, finding reinstatement not to be thought of, threw his weight, such as it was, into the scale of Cousin Jobst; remembering angrily how Brother Sigismund voted in the Deposition case, ten years ago. The contest was vehement, and like to be lengthy. Jobst, though he had made over his pawn-ticket, claimed to be Elector of Brandenburg; and voted for Himself. The like, with still more emphasis, did Sigismund, or Burggraf Friedrich acting for him: "Sigismund, sure, is Kur- Brandenburg though under pawn!" argued Friedrich,—and, I almost guess, though that is not said, produced from his own purse, at some stage of the business, the actual money for Jobst, to close his Brandenburg pretension.

Both were elected (majority contested in this manner); and old Jobst, then above seventy, was like to have given much trouble: but happily in three months he died; ["Jodocus BARBATUS," 21st July, 1411.] and Sigismund became indisputable. Jobst was the son of Maultasche's Nullity; him too, in an involuntary sort, she was the cause of. In his day Jobst made much noise in the world, but did little or no good in it. "He was thought a great man," says one satirical old Chronicler; "and there was nothing great about him but the beard."

"The cause of Sigismund's success with the Electors," says Kohler, "or of his having any party among them, was the faithful and unwearied diligence which had been used for him by the above-named Burggraf Friedrich VI. of Nurnberg, who took extreme pains to forward Sigismund to the Empire; pleading that Sigismund and Wenzel would be sure to agree well henceforth, and that Sigismund, having already such extensive territories (Hungary, Brandenburg and so forth) by inheritance, would not be so exact about the REICHS-Tolls and other Imperial Incomes. This same Friedrich also, when the Election fell out doubtful, was Sigismund's best support in Germany, nay almost his right-hand, through whom he did whatever was done." [Kohler, p. 337.]

Sigismund is Kaiser, then, in spite of Wenzel. King of Hungary, after unheard-of troubles and adventures, ending some years ago in a kind of peace and conquest, he has long been King of Bohemia, too, he at last became; having survived Wenzel, who was childless. Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and so much else: is not Sigismund now a great man? Truly the loom he weaves upon, in this world, is very large. But the weaver was of headlong, high-pacing, flimsy nature; and both warp and woof were gone dreadfully entangled!—

This is the Kaiser Sigismund who held the Council of Constance; and "blushed visibly," when Huss, about to die, alluded to the Letter of Safe-conduct granted him, which was issuing in such fashion. [15th June, 1415.] Sigismund blushed; but could not conveniently mend the matter,—so many matters pressing on him just now. As they perpetually did, and had done. An always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain and empty Kaiser. Specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts;—always short of money for one thing. He roamed about, and talked eloquently;— aiming high, and generally missing:—how he went to conquer Hungary, and had to float down the Donau instead, with an attendant or two, in a most private manner, and take refuge with the Grand Turk: this we have seen, and this is a general emblem of him. Hungary and even the Reich have at length become his; but have brought small triumph in any kind; and instead of ready money, debt on debt. His Majesty has no money, and his Majesty's occasions need it more and more.

He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance, by way of healing the Church, which is sick of Three simultaneous Popes and of much else. He finds the problem difficult; finds he will have to run into Spain, to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it cannot): all which requires money, money. At opening of the Council, he "officiated as deacon;" actually did some kind of litanying "with a surplice over him," [25th December, 1414 (Kohler, p. 340).] though Kaiser and King of the Romans. But this passage of his opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: "Right Reverend Fathers, *date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*," exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian Schism well dealt with,—which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking, "*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius (Schisma is neuter, your Majesty)*,"—Sigismund loftily replies, "*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam* (I am King of the Romans, and above Grammar)!" [Wolfgang Mentzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen*, i. 477.] For which reason I call him in my Note-books Sigismund SUPER GRAMMATICAM, to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers.

BRANDENBURG IS PAWNED FOR THE LAST TIME.

How Jobst's pawn-ticket was settled I never clearly heard; but can guess it was by Burggraf Friedrich's advancing the money, in the pinch above indicated, or paying it afterwards to Jobst's heirs whoever they were. Thus much is certain: Burggraf Friedrich, these three years and more (ever since 8th July, 1411) holds Sigismund's Deed of acknowledgment "for 100,000 gulden lent at various times:" and has likewise got the

Electorate of Brandenburg in pledge for that sum; and does himself administer the said Electorate till he be paid. This is the important news; but this is not all.

The new journey into Spain requires new moneys; this Council itself, with such a pomp as suited Sigismund, has cost him endless moneys. Brandenburg, torn to ruins in the way we saw, is a sorrowful matter; and, except the title of it, as a feather in one's cap, is worth nothing to Sigismund. And he is still short of money; and will forever be. Why could not he give up Brandenburg altogether; since, instead of paying, he is still making new loans from Burggraf Friedrich; and the hope of ever paying were mere lunacy! Sigismund revolves these sad thoughts too, amid his world-wide diplomacies, and efforts to heal the Church. "Pledged for 100,000 gulden," sadly ruminates Sigismund; "and 50,000 more borrowed since, by little and little; and more ever needed, especially for this grand Spanish journey!" these were Sigismund's sad thoughts:—"Advance me, in a round sum, 250,000 gulden more," said he to Burggraf Friedrich, "250,000 more, for my manifold occasions in this time;—that will be 400,000 in whole; [Rentsch, pp. 75, 357.]—and take the Electorate of Brandenburg to yourself, Land, Titles, Sovereign Electorship and all, and make me rid of it!" That was the settlement adopted, in Sigismund's apartment at Constance, on the 30th of April, 1415; signed, sealed and ratified,—and the money paid. A very notable event in World-History; virtually oompleted on the day we mention.

The ceremony of Investiture did not take place till two years afterwards, when the Spanish journey had proved fruitless, when much else of fruitless had come and gone, and Kaiser and Council were probably—more at leisure for such a thing. Done at length it was by Kaiser Sigismund in utmost gala, with the Grandees of the Empire assisting, and august members of the Council and world in general looking on; in the big Square or Market-place of Constance, 17th April, 1417;—is to be found described in Rentsch, from Nauclerus and the old Newsmongers of the time. Very grand indeed: much processioning on horseback, under powerful trumpet-peals and flourishes; much stately kneeling, stately rising, stepping backwards (done well, ZIERLICH, on the Kurfurst's part); liberal expenditure of cloth and pomp; in short, "above 100,000 people looking on from roofs and windows," [Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, ii. 14. Rentsch, pp. 76–78.] and Kaiser Sigismund in all his glory. Sigismund was on a high Platform in the Market-place, with stairs to it and from it; the illustrious Kaiser,—red as a flamingo, "with scarlet mantle and crown of gold,"—a treat to the eyes of simple mankind.

What sum of modern money, in real purchasing power, this "400,000 Hungarian Gold Gulden" is, I have inquired in the likely quarters without result; and it is probable no man exactly knows. The latest existing representative of the ancient Gold Gulden is the Ducat, worth generally about a Half-sovereign in English. Taking the sum at that latest rate, it amounts to 200,000 pounds; and the reader can use that as a note of memory for the sale-price of Brandenburg with all its lands and honors,—multiplying it perhaps by four or six to bring out its effective amount in current coin. Dog-cheap, it must be owned, for size and capability; but in the most waste condition, full of mutiny, injustice, anarchy and highway robbery; a purchase that might have proved dear enough to another man than Burggraf Friedrich.

But so, at any rate, moribund Brandenburg has got its Hohenzollern Kurfurst; and started on a new career it little dreamt of;—and we can now, right willingly, quit Sigismund and the Reichs-History; leave Kaiser Sigismund to sink or swim at his own will henceforth. His grand feat, in life, the wonder of his generation, was this same Council of Constance; which proved entirely a failure; one of the largest WIND-EGGS ever dropped with noise and travail in this world. Two hundred thousand human creatures, reckoned and reckoning themselves the elixir of the Intellect and Dignity of Europe; two hundred thousand, nay some, counting the lower menials and numerous unfortunate females, say four hundred thousand,—were got congregated into that little Swiss Town; and there as an Ecumenic Council, or solemnly distilled elixir of what pious Intellect and Valor could be scraped together in the world, they labored with all their select might for four years' space. That was the Council of Constance. And except this transfer of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, resulting from said Council in the quite reverse and involuntary way, one sees not what good result it had.

They did indeed burn Huss; but that could not be called a beneficial incident; that seemed to Sigismund and the Council a most small and insignificant one. And it kindled Bohemia, and kindled rhinoceros Zisca, into never-imagined flame of vengeance; brought mere disaster, disgrace, and defeat on defeat to Sigismund, and kept his hands full for the rest of his life, however small he had thought it. As for the sublime four years' deliberations and debates of this Sanhedrim of the Universe,—eloquent debates, conducted, we may say, under such extent of WIG as was never seen before or since,—they have fallen wholly to the domain of Dryasdust; and amount, for

mankind at this time, to zero PLUS the Burning of Huss. On the whole, Burggraf Friedrich's Electorship, and the first Hohenzollern to Brandenburg, is the one good result.

Adieu, then, to Sigismund. Let us leave him at this his culminating point, in the Market-place of Constance; red as a flamingo; doing one act of importance, though unconsciously and against his will.—I subjoin here, for refreshment of the reader's memory, a Synopsis, or bare arithmetical List, of those Intercalary Non-Hapsburg Kaisers, which, now that its original small duty is done, may as well be printed as burnt:—

THE SEVEN INTERCALARY OR NON-HAPSBURG KAISERS.

Rudolf of Hapsburg died A.D. 1291, after a reign of eighteen vigorous years, very useful to the Empire after its Anarchic INTERREGNUM. He was succeeded, not by any of his own sons or kindred, but by

1. Adolf of Nassau, 1291–1298. A stalwart but necessitous Herr; much concerned in the French projects of our Edward Longshanks: *miles stipendiarius Eduardi*, as the Opposition party scornfully termed him. Slain in battle by the Anti-Kaiser, Albrecht or Albert eldest son of Rudolf, who thereupon became Kaiser.

Albert I. (of Hapsburg, he), 1298–1308. Parricided, in that latter year, at the Ford of the Reuss.

2(a). Henry VII. of Luxemburg, 1308–1313; poisoned (1313) in sacramental wine. The first of the Luxemburgers; who are marked here, in their order, by the addition of an alphabetic letter.

3. Ludwig der Baier, 1314–1347 (Duke of OBER-BAIERN, Upper Bavaria; progenitor of the subsequent Kurfürsts of Baiern, who are COUSINS of the Pfalz Family).

4(b). Karl IV., 1347–1378, Son of Johann of Bohemia (Johann ICH-DIEN), and Grandson of Henry VII. Nicknamed the PFAFFEN-KAISER (Parsons'-Kaiser). Karlsbad; the Golden Bull; Castle of Tangermunde.

5(c). Wenzel (or Wenceslaus), 1378–1400, Karl's eldest Son. Elected 1378, still very young; deposed in 1400, Kaiser Rupert succeeding. Continued King of Bohemia till his death (by Zisca AT SECOND-HAND) nineteen years after. Had been Kaiser for twenty-two years.

6. Rupert of the Pfalz, 1400–1410; called Rupert KLEMM (Pincers, Smith's_vice); Brother-in-law to Burggraf Friedrich VI. (afterwards Kurfürst Friedrich I.), who marched with him to Italy and often else-whither, Burggraf Johann the elder Brother-in-law being then oftenest in Hungary with Sigismund, Karl IV.'s second Son.

7(d). Sigismund, 1410–1437, Wenzel's younger Brother; the fourth and last of the Luxemburgers, seventh and last of the Intercalary Kaisers. Sold Brandenburg, after thrice or oftener pawning it. Sigismund SUPER-GRAMMATICAM.

Super-Grammaticam died 9th December, 1437; left only a Daughter, wedded to the then Albert Duke of Austria; which Albert, on the strength of this, came to the Kingship of Bohemia and of Hungary, as his Wife's inheritance, and to the Empire by election. Died thereupon in few months: "three crowns, Bohemia, Hungary, the Reich, in that one year, 1438," say the old Historians; "and then next year he quitted them all, for a fourth and more lasting crown, as is hoped." Kaiser Albert II., 1438–1439: After whom all are Hapsburgers,—excepting, if that is an exception, the unlucky Karl VII. alone (1742–1745), who descends from Ludwig the Baier.

ENDS VOLUME II

BOOK III. THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG. 1412–1718

CHAPTER I. KURFURST FRIEDRICH I.

Burggraf Friedrich, on his first coming to Brandenburg, found but a cool reception as Statthalter. [*Johannistage* (24 June) "1412," he first set foot in Brandenburg, with due escort, in due state; only Statthalter (Viceregent) as yet: Pauli, i. 594, ii. 58; Stenzel, *Geschichte des Preussischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1830, 1851), i. 167–169.] He came as the representative of law and rule; and there had been many helping themselves by a ruleless life, of late. Industry was at a low ebb, violence was rife; plunder, disorder everywhere; too much the habit for baronial gentlemen to "live by the saddle," as they termed it, that is by highway robbery in modern phrase.

The Towns, harried and plundered to skin and bone, were glad to see a Statthalter, and did homage to him with all their heart. But the Baronage or Squirearchy of the country were of another mind. These, in the late anarchies, had set up for a kind of kings in their own right: they had their feuds; made war, made peace, levied tolls, transit-dues; lived much at their own discretion in these solitary countries;—rushing out from their stone towers ("walls fourteen feet thick"), to seize any herd of "six hundred swine," any convoy of Lubeck or Hamburg merchant-goods, that had not contented them in passing. What were pedlers and mechanic fellows made for, if not to be plundered when needful? Arbitrary rule, on the part of these Noble Robber-Lords! And then much of the Crown-Domains had gone to the chief of them,—pawned (and the pawn-ticket lost, so to speak), or sold for what trifle of ready money was to be had, in Jobst and Company's time. To these gentlemen, a Statthalter coming to inquire into matters was no welcome phenomenon. Your EDLE HERR (Noble Lord) of Putlitz, Noble Lords of Quitzow, Rochow, Maltitz and others, supreme in their grassy solitudes this long while, and accustomed to nothing greater than themselves in Brandenburg, how should they obey a Statthalter?

Such was more or less the universal humor in the Squirearchy of Brandenburg; not of good omen to Burggraf Friedrich. But the chief seat of contumacy seemed to be among the Quitzows, Putlitzes, above spoken of; big Squires in the district they call the Priegnitz, in the Country of the sluggish Havel River, northwest from Berlin a fifty or forty miles. These refused homage, very many of them; said they were "incorporated with Bohmen;" said this and that;—much disinclined to homage; and would not do it. Stiff surly fellows, much deficient in discernment of what is above them and what is not:—a thick-skinned set; bodies clad in buff leather; minds also cased in ill habits of long continuance.

Friedrich was very patient with them; hoped to prevail by gentle methods. He "invited them to dinner;" "had them often at dinner for a year or more:" but could make no progress in that way. "Who is this we have got for a Governor?" said the noble lords privately to each other: "A NURNBERGER TAND (Nurnberg Plaything,—wooden image, such as they make at Nurnberg)," said they, grinning, in a thick-skinned way: "If it rained Burggraves all the year round, none of them would come to luck in this Country;"—and continued their feuds, toll-levyings, plunderings and other contumacies. Seeing matters come to this pass after waiting above a year, Burggraf Friedrich gathered his Frankish men-at-arms; quietly made league with the neighboring Potentates, Thuringen and others; got some munitions, some artillery together—especially one huge gun, the biggest ever seen, "a twenty-four pounder" no less; to which the peasants, dragging her with difficulty through the clayey roads, gave the name of FAULE GRETE (Lazy, or Heavy Peg); a remarkable piece of ordnance. Lazy Peg he had got from the Landgraf of Thuringen, on loan merely; but he turned her to excellent account of his own. I have often inquired after Lazy Peg's fate in subsequent times; but could never learn anything distinct:—the German Dryasdust is a dull dog, and seldom carries anything human in those big wallets of his!—

Equipped in this way, Burggraf Friedrich (he was not yet Kurfurst, only coming to be) marches for the Havel Country (early days of 1414); [Michaelis, i. 287; Stenzel, i. 168 (where, contrary to wont, is an insignificant error or two). Pauli (ii. 58) is, as usual, lost in water.] makes his appearance before Quitzow's strong-house of Friesack, walls fourteen feet thick: "You Dietrich von Quitzow, are you prepared to live as a peaceable subject henceforth: to do homage to the Laws and me?"—"Never!" answered Quitzow, and pulled up his drawbridge. Whereupon Heavy Peg opened upon him, Heavy Peg and other guns; and, in some eight-and-forty hours, shook Quitzow's impregnable Friesack about his ears. This was in the month of February, 1414, day not given: Friesack was the name of the impregnable Castle (still discoverable in our time); and it ought to be memorable and venerable to

every Prussian man. Burggraf Friedrich VI., not yet quite become Kurfurst Friedrich I., but in a year's space to become so, he in person was the beneficent operator; Heavy Peg, and steady Human Insight, these were clearly the chief implements.

Quitow being settled,—for the country is in military occupation of Friedrich and his allies, and except in some stone castle a man has no chance,—straightway Putlitz or another mutineer, with his drawbridge up, was battered to pieces, and his drawbridge brought slamming down. After this manner, in an incredibly short period, mutiny was quenched; and it became apparent to Noble Lords, and to all men, that here at length was a man come who would have the Laws obeyed again, and could and would keep mutiny down.

Friedrich showed no cruelty; far the contrary. Your mutiny once ended, and a little repented of, he is ready to be your gracious Prince again: Fair—play and the social wine—cup, or inexorable war and Lazy Peg, it is at your discretion which. Brandenburg submitted; hardly ever rebelled more. Brandenburg, under the wise Kurfurst it has got, begins in a small degree to be cosmic again, or of the domain of the gods; ceases to be chaotic and a mere cockpit of the devils. There is no doubt but this Friedrich also, like his ancestor Friedrich III., the First Hereditary Burggraf, was an excellent citizen of his country: a man conspicuously important in all German business in his time. A man setting up for no particular magnanimity, ability or heroism, but unconsciously exhibiting a good deal; which by degrees gained universal recognition. He did not shine much as Reichs—Generalissimo, under Kaiser Sigismund, in his expeditions against Zisca; on the contrary, he presided over huge defeat and rout, once and again, in that capacity; and indeed had represented in vain that, with such a species of militia, victory was impossible. He represented and again represented, to no purpose; whereupon he declined the office farther; in which others fared no better. [Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch* vii. 109–158, ? Zisca.]

The offer to be Kaiser was made him in his old days; but he wisely declined that too. It was in Brandenburg, by what he silently founded there, that he did his chief benefit to Germany and mankind. He understood the noble art of governing men; had in him the justice, clearness, valor and patience needed for that. A man of sterling probity, for one thing. Which indeed is the first requisite in said art:—if you will have your laws obeyed without mutiny, see well that they be pieces of God Almighty's Law: otherwise all the artillery in the world will not keep down mutiny.

Friedrich "travelled much over Brandenburg;" looking into everything with his own eyes;—making, I can well fancy, innumerable crooked things straight. Reducing more and more that famishing dog—kennel of a Brandenburg into a fruitful arable field. His portraits represent a square headed, mild—looking solid gentleman, with a certain twinkle of mirth in the serious eyes of him. Except in those Hussite wars for Kaiser Sigismund and the Reich, in which no man could prosper, he may be defined as constantly prosperous. To Brandenburg he was, very literally, the blessing of blessings; redemption out of death into life. In the ruins of that old Friesack Castle, battered down by Heavy Peg, Antiquarian Science (if it had any eyes) might look for the tap—root of the Prussian Nation, and the beginning of all that Brandenburg has since grown to under the sun.

Friedrich, in one capacity or another, presided over Brandenburg near thirty years. He came thither first of all in 1412; was not completely Kurfurst in his own right till 1415; nor publicly installed, "with 100,000 looking on from the roofs and windows," in Constance yonder, till 1417,—age then some forty—five. His Brandenburg residence, when he happened to have time for residing or sitting still, was Tangermunde, the Castle built by Kaiser Karl IV. He died there, 21st September, 1440; laden tolerably with years, and still better with memories of hard work done. Rentsch guesses by good inference he was born about 1372. As I count, he is seventh in descent from that Conrad, Burggraf Conrad I., Cadet of Hohenzollern, who came down from the Rauhe Alp, seeking service with Kaiser Redbeard, above two centuries ago: Conrad's generation and six others had vanished successively from the world—theatre in that ever—mysterious manner, and left the stage clear, when Burggraf Friedrich the Sixth came to be First Elector. Let three centuries, let twelve generations farther come and pass, and there will be another still more notable Friedrich,—our little Fritz, destined to be Third King of Prussia, officially named Friedrich II., and popularly Frederick the Great. This First Elector is his lineal ancestor, twelve times removed. [Rentsch, pp. 349–372; Hubner, t. 176.]

Chapter II. MATINEES DU ROI DE PRUSSE.

Eleven successive Kurfürsts followed Friedrich in Brandenburg. Of whom and their births, deaths, wars, marriages, negotiations and continual multitudinous stream of smaller or greater adventures, much has been written, of a dreary confused nature; next to nothing of which ought to be repeated here. Some list of their Names, with what rememberable human feature or event (if any) still speaks to us in them, we must try to give. Their Names, well dated, with any actions, incidents, or phases of life, which may in this way get to adhere to them in the reader's memory, the reader can insert, each at its right place, in the grand Tide of European Events, or in such Picture as the reader may have of that. Thereby with diligence he may produce for himself some faint twilight notion of the Flight of Time in remote Brandenburg,— convince himself that remote Brandenburg was present all along, alive after its sort, and assisting, dumbly or otherwise, in the great World—Drama as that went on.

We have to say in general, the history of Brandenburg under the Hohenzollerns has very little in it to excite a vulgar curiosity, though perhaps a great deal to interest an intelligent one. Had it found treatment duly intelligent;—which, however, how could it, lucky beyond its neighbors, hope to do! Commonplace Dryasdust, and voluminous Stupidity, not worse here than elsewhere, play their Part.

It is the history of a State, or Social Vitality, growing from small to great; steadily growing henceforth under guidance: and the contrast between guidance and no—guidance, or mis— guidance, in such matters, is again impressively illustrated there. This we see well to be the fact; and the details of this would be of moment, were they given us: but they are not;—how could voluminous Dryasdust give them? Then, on the other hand, the Phenomenon is, for a long while, on so small a scale, wholly without importance in European politics and affairs, the commonplace Historian, writing of it on a large scale, becomes unreadable and intolerable. Witness grandiloquent Pauli our fatal friend, with his Eight watery Quartos; which gods and men, unless driven by necessity, have learned to avoid! [Dr. Carl Friedrich Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats—Geschichte*, often enough cited here.] *The Phenomenon of Brandenburg is small, remote; and the essential particulars, too delicate for the eye of Dryasdust, are mostly wanting, drowned deep in details of the unessential. So that we are well content, my readers and I, to keep remote from it on this occasion.*

On one other point I must give the reader warning. A rock of offence on which if he heedlessly strike, I reckon he will split; at least no help of mine can benefit him till he be got off again. Alas, offences must come; and must stand, like rocks of offence, to the shipwreck of many! Modern Dryasdust, interpreting the mysterious ways of Divine Providence in this Universe, or what he calls writing History, has done uncountable havoc upon the best interests of mankind. Hapless godless dullard that he is; driven and driving on courses that lead only downward, for him as for us! But one could forgive him all things, compared with this doctrine of devils which he has contrived to get established, pretty generally, among his unfortunate fellow—creatures for the time!—I must insert the following quotation, readers guess from what author:—

"In an impudent Pamphlet, forged by I know not whom, and published in 1766, under the title of Matinees du Roi de Prusse, purporting to be 'Morning Conversations' of Frederick the Great with his Nephew the Heir—Apparent, every line of which betrays itself as false and spurious to a reader who has made any direct or effectual study of Frederick or his manners or affairs, —it is set forth, in the way of exordium to these pretended royal confessions, that 'notre maison,' our Family of Hohenzollern, ever since the first origin of it among the Swabian mountains, or its first descent therefrom into the Castle and Imperial Wardenship of Nurnberg, some six hundred years ago or more, has consistently travelled one road, and this a very notable one. 'We, as I myself the royal Frederick still do, have all along proceeded,' namely, 'in the way of adroit Machiavelism, as skilful gamblers in this world's business, ardent gatherers of this world's goods; and in brief as devout worshippers of Beelzebub, the grand regulator and rewarder of mortals here below. Which creed we, the Hohenzollerns, have found, and I still find, to be the true one; learn it you, my prudent Nephew, and let all men learn it. By holding steadily to that, and working late and early in such spirit, we are come to what you now see;—and shall advance still farther, if it please Beelzebub, who is generally kind to those that serve him well.' Such is the doctrine of this impudent Pamphlet; 'original Manuscripts' of which are still purchased by simple persons, —who have then nobly offered them to me, thrice over, gratis or nearly so, as a priceless curiosity. A new printed edition of which,

probably the fifth, has appeared within few years. Simple persons, consider it a curious and interesting Document; rather ambiguous in origin perhaps, but probably authentic in substance, and throwing unexpected light on the character of Frederick whom men call the Great. In which new light they are willing a meritorious Editor should share.

"Who wrote that Pamphlet I know not, and am in no condition to guess. A certain snappish vivacity (very unlike the style of Frederick whom it personates); a wearisome grimacing, gesticulating malice and smartness, approaching or reaching the sad dignity of what is called 'wit' in modern times; in general the rottenness of matter, and the epigrammatic unquiet graciousness of manner in this thing, and its elaborately INhuman turn both of expression and of thought, are visible characteristics of it. Thought, we said, --if thought it can be called: thought all hamstrung, shrivelled by inveterate rheumatism, on the part of the poor ill-thriven thinker; nay tied (so to speak, for he is of epigrammatic turn withal), as by cross ropes, right shoulder to left foot; and forced to advance, hobbling and jerking along, in that sad guise: not in the way of walk, but of saltation and dance; and this towards a false not a true aim, rather no-whither than some-whither: --Here were features leading one to think of an illustrious Prince de Ligne as perhaps concerned in the affair. The Bibliographical Dictionaries, producing no evidence, name quite another person, or series of persons, [A certain "N. de Bonneville" (afterwards a Revolutionary spiritual-mountebank, for some time) is now the favorite Name; --proves, on investigation, to be an impossible one. Barbier (Dictionnaire des Anonymes), in a helpless doubting manner, gives still others.] highly unmemorable otherwise. Whereupon you proceed to said other person's acknowledged WORKS (as they are called); and find there a style bearing no resemblance whatever; and are left in a dubious state, if it were of any moment. In the absence of proof, I am unwilling to charge his Highness de Ligne with such an action; and indeed am little careful to be acquainted with the individual who did it, who could and would do it. A Prince of Coxcombs I can discern him to have been; capable of shining in the eyes of insincere foolish persons, and of doing detriment to them, not benefit; a man without reverence for truth or human excellence; not knowing in fact what is true from what is false, what is excellent from what is sham-excellent and at the top of the mode; an apparently polite and knowing man, but intrinsically an impudent, dark and merely modish-insolent man; --who, if he fell in with Rhadamanthus on his travels, would not escape a horse-whipping, Him we will willingly leave to that beneficial chance, which indeed seems a certain one sooner or later; and address ourselves to consider the theory itself, and the facts it pretends to be grounded on.

"As to the theory, I must needs say, nothing can be falser, more heretical or more damnable. My own poor opinion, and deep conviction on that subject is well known, this long while. And, in fact, the summary of all I have believed, and have been trying as I could to teach mankind to believe again, is even that same opinion and conviction, applied to all provinces of things. Alas, in this his sad theory about the world, our poor impudent Pamphleteer is by no means singular at present; nay rather he has in a manner the whole practical part of mankind on his side just now; the more is the pity for us all! --

"It is very certain, if Beelzebub made this world, our Pamphleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow him, are right. But if God made the world; and only leads Beelzebub, as some ugly muzzled bear is led, a longer or shorter temporary DANCE in this divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hot Lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last, --then our Pamphleteer, and the huge portion of mankind that follow him, are wrong.

"More I will not say; being indeed quite tired of SPEAKING on that subject. Not a subject which it concerns me to speak of; much as it concerns me, and all men, to know the truth of it, and silently in every hour and moment to do said truth. As indeed the sacred voice of their own soul, if they listen, will conclusively admonish all men; and truly if IT do not, there will be little use in my logic to them. For my own share, I want no trade with men who need to be convinced of that fact. If I am in their premises, and discover such a thing of them, I will quit their premises; if they are in mine, I will, as old Samuel advised, count my spoons. Ingenious gentlemen who believe that Beelzebub made this world, are not a class of gentlemen I can get profit from. Let them keep at a distance, lest mischief fall out between us. They are of the set deserving to be called --and this not in the way of profane swearing, but of solemn wrath and pity, I say of virtuous anger and inexorable reprobation --the damned set. For, in very deed, they are doomed and damned, by Nature's oldest Act of Parliament, they, and whatsoever thing they do or say or think; unless they can escape from that devil-element. Which I still hope they may! --

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"But with regard to the facts themselves, 'DE NOTRE MAISON,' I take leave to say, they too are without basis of truth. They are not so false as the theory, because nothing can in falsity quite equal that. 'NOTRE MAISON,' this Pamphleteer may learn, if he please to make study and inquiry before speaking, did not rise by worship of Beelzebub at all in this world; but by a quite opposite line of conduct. It rose, in fact, by the course which all, except fools, stockjobber stags, cheating gamblers, forging Pamphleteers and other temporary creatures of the damned sort, have found from of old to be the one way of permanently rising: by steady service, namely, of the Opposite of Beelzebub. By conforming to the Laws of this Universe; instead of trying by pettifogging to evade and profitably contradict them. The Hohenzollerns too have a History still articulate to the human mind, if you search sufficiently; and this is what, even with some emphasis, it will teach us concerning their adventures, and achievements of success in the field of life. Resist the Devil, good reader, and he will flee from you!"--So ends our indignant friend.

How the Hohenzollerns got their big Territories, and came to what they are in the world, will be seen. Probably they were not, any of them, paragons of virtue. They did not walk in altogether speckless Sunday pumps, or much clear-starched into consciousness of the moral sublime; but in rugged practical boots, and by such roads as there were. Concerning their moralities, and conformities to the Laws of the Road and of the Universe, there will much remain to be argued by pamphleteers and others. Men will have their opinion, Men of more wisdom and of less; Apes by the Dead-Sea also will have theirs. But what man that believed in such a Universe as that of this Dead-Sea Pamphleteer could consent to live in it at all? Who that believed in such a Universe, and did not design to live like a Papin's-Digester, or PORCUS EPICURI, in an extremely ugly manner in it, could avoid one of two things: Going rapidly into Bedlam, or else blowing his brains out? "It will not do for me at any rate, this infinite Dog-house; not for me, ye Dryasdusts, and omnipotent Dog-monsters and Mud-gods, whoever you are. One honorable thing I can do: take leave of you and your Dog-establishment. Enough!"--

Chapter III. KURFURST FRIEDRICH II.

The First Friedrich's successor was a younger son, Friedrich II.; who lasted till 1471, above thirty years; and proved likewise a notable manager and governor. Very capable to assert himself, and his just rights, in this world. He was but Twenty-seven at his accession; but the Berlin Burghers, attempting to take some liberties with him, found he was old enough. He got the name IRONTEETH. Friedrich FERRATIS DENTIBUS, from his decisive ways then and afterwards. He had his share of brabbling with intricate litigant neighbors; quarrels now and then not to be settled without strokes. His worst war was with Pommern,—just claims disputed there, and much confused bickering, sieging and harassing in consequence: of which quarrel we must speak anon. It was he who first built the conspicuous Schloss or Palace at Berlin, having got the ground for it (same ground still covered by the actual fine Edifice, which is a second edition of Friedrich's) from the repentant Burghers; and took up his chief residence there. [1442–1431 (Nicolari, i. 81).]

But his principal achievement in Brandenburg History is his recovery of the Province called the Neumark to that Electorate. In the thriftless Sigismund times, the Neumark had been pledged, had been sold; Teutsch Ritterdom, to whose dominions it lay contiguous, had purchased it with money down. The Teutsch Ritters were fallen moneyless enough since then; they offered to pledge the Neumark to Friedrich, who accepted, and advanced the sum: after a while the Teutsch Ritters, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell Neumark. [Michaelis, i. 301.] Into which Transaction, with its dates and circumstances, let us cast one glance, for our behoof afterwards. The Teutsch Ritters were an opulent domineering Body in Sigismund's early time; but they are now come well down in Friedrich II.'s! And are coming ever lower. Sinking steadily, or with desperate attempts to rise, which only increase the speed downwards, ever since that fatal Tannenberg Business, 15th July, 1410. Here is the sad progress of their descent to the bottom; divided into three stages or periods:—

"PERIOD FIRST is of Thirty years: 1410–1440. A peace with Poland soon followed that Defeat of Tannenberg; humiliating peace, with mulct in money, and slightly in territory, attached to it. Which again was soon followed by war, and ever again; each new peace more humiliating than its foregoer. Teutsch Order is steadily sinking,—into debt, among other things; driven to severe finance-measures (ultimately even to 'debase its coin'), which produce irritation enough. Poland is gradually edging itself into the territories and the interior troubles of Preussen; prefatory to greater operations that lie ahead there.

"SECOND PERIOD, of Fourteen years. So it had gone on, from bad to worse, till 1440; when the general population, through its Heads, the Landed Gentry and the Towns, wearied out with fiscal and other oppressions from its domineering Ritterdom brought now to such a pinch, began everywhere to stir themselves into vocal complaint. Complaint emphatic enough: 'Where will you find a man that has not suffered injury in his rights, perhaps in his person? Our friends they have invited as guests, and under show of hospitality have murdered them. Men, for the sake of their beautiful wives, have been thrown into the river like dogs,'—and enough of the like sort. [Voigt, vii. 747; quoting evidently, not an express manifesto, but one manufactured by the old Chroniclers.] No want of complaint, nor of complainants: Town of Thorn, Town of Dantzic, Kulm, all manner of Towns and Baronages, proceeded now to form a BUND, or general Covenant for complaining; to repugn, in hotter and hotter form, against a domineering Ritterdom with back so broken; in fine, to colleague with Poland,—what was most ominous of all. Baronage, Burgherage, they were German mostly by blood, and by culture were wholly German; but preferred Poland to a Teutsch Ritterdom of that nature. Nothing but brabblings, scufflings, objurgations; a great outbreak ripening itself. Teutsch Ritterdom has to hire soldiers; no money to pay them. It was in these sad years that the Teutsch Ritterdom, fallen moneyless, offered to pledge the Neumark to our Kurfurst; 1444, that operation was consummated. [Pauli, ii. 187,—does not name the sum.] All this goes on, in hotter and hotter form, for ten years longer.

"PERIOD THIRD begins, early in 1454, with an important special catastrophe; and ends, in the Thirteenth year after, with a still more important universal one of the same nature. Prussian BUND, or Anti-Oppression Covenant of the Towns and Landed Gentry, rising in temperature for fourteen years at this rate, reached at last the igniting point, and burst into fire. February 4th, 1454, the Town of Thorn, darling first-child of Teutsch Ritterdom,—child 223 years old at this time, ["Founded 1231, as a wooden Burg, just across the river, on the

Heathen side, mainly round the stem of an immense old Oak that grew handy there,—Seven Barges always on the river (Weichsel), to fly to our own side if quite overwhelmed" *Oak and Seven Barges* is still the Town's— Arms of Thorn. See Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen*, xxii. 107; quoting Dusburg (a Priest of the Order) and his old *Chronica Terrae Prusciae*, written in 1326.] and grown very big, and now very angry,—suddenly took its old parent by the throat, so to speak, and hurled him out to the dogs; to the extraneous Polacks first of all. Town of Thorn, namely, sent that day its 'Letter of Renunciation' to the Hochmeister over at Marienburg; seized in a day or two more the Hochmeister's Official Envoys, Dignitaries of the Order; led them through the streets, amid universal storm of execrations, hootings and unclean projectiles, straight, to jail; and besieged the Hochmeister's Burg (BASTILLE of Thorn, with a few Ritters in it), all the artillery and all the throats and hearts of the place raging deliriously upon it. So that the poor Bitters, who had no chance in resisting, were in few days obliged to surrender; [8th February, 1454, says Voigt (viii. 361); 16th, says Kohler (*Munzbelustigungen*, xxii. 110).] had to come out in bare jerkin; and Thorn ignominiously dismissed them into space forevermore,—with actual 'kicks,' I have read in some Books, though others veil that sad feature. Thorn threw out its old parent in this manner; swore fealty to the King of Poland; and invited other Towns and Knightages to follow the example. To which all were willing, wherever able.

"War hereupon, which blazed up over Preussen at large,—Prussian Covenant and King of Poland VERSUS Teutsch Ritterdom,—and lasted into the thirteenth year, before it could go out again; out by lack of fuel mainly. One of the fellest wars on record, especially for burning and ruining; above '300,000 fighting—men' are calculated to have perished in it; and of towns, villages, farmsteads, a cipher which makes the fancy, as it were, black and ashy altogether. Ritterdom showed no lack of fighting energy; but that could not save it, in the pass things were got to. Enormous lack of wisdom, of reality and human veracity, there had long been; and the hour was now come. Finance went out, to the last coin. Large mercenary armies all along; and in the end not the color of money to pay them with; mercenaries became desperate; 'besieged the Hochmeister and his Ritters in Marienburg;'—finally sold the Country they held; formally made it over to the King of Poland, to get their pay out of it. Hochmeister had to see such things, and say little. Peace, or extinction for want of fuel, came in the year 1466. Poland got to itself the whole of that fine German Country, henceforth called 'WEST Preussen' to distinguish it, which goes from the left bank of the Weichsel to the borders of Brandenburg and Neumark;—would have got Neumark too, had not Kurfurst Friedrich been there to save it. The Teutsch Order had to go across the Weichsel, ignominiously driven; to content itself with 'EAST Preussen,' the Konigsberg—Memel country, and even to do homage to Poland for that. Which latter was the bitterest clause of all: but it could not be helped, more than the others. In this manner did its revolted children fling out Teutsch Ritterdom ignominiously to the dogs, to the Polacks, first of all,—Thorn, the eldest child, leading off or setting the example."

And so the Teutsch Ritters are sunk beyond retrieval; and West Preussen, called subsequently "Royal Preussen," NOT having homage to pay as the "Ducal" or East Preussen had, is German no longer, but Polish, Sclavic; not prospering by the change. [What Thorn had sunk to, out of its palmy state, see in Nanke's *Wanderungen durch Preussen* (Hamburg & Altona, 1800), ii. 177–200:—a pleasant little Rook, treating mainly of Natural History; but drawing you, by its innocent simplicity and geniality, to read with thanks whatever is in it.] And all that fine German country, reduced to rebel against its unwise parent, was cut away by the Polish sword, and remained with Poland, which did not prove very wise either; till—till, in the Year 1773, it was cut back by the German sword! All readers have heard of the Partition of Poland: but of the Partition of Preussen, 307 years before, all have not heard.

It was in the second year of that final tribulation, marked above as Period Third, that the Teutsch Ritters, famishing for money, completed the Neumark transaction with Kurfurst Friedrich; Neumark, already pawned to him ten years before, they in 1455, for a small farther sum, agreed to sell; and he, long carefully steering towards such an issue, and dexterously keeping out of the main broil, failed not to buy. Friedrich could thenceforth, on his own score, protect the Neumark; keep up an invisible but impenetrable wall between it and the neighboring anarchic conflagrations of thirteen years; and the Neumark has ever since remained with Brandenburg, its original owner.

As to Friedrich's Pomeranian quarrel, this is the figure of it. Here is a scene from Rentsch, which falls out in Friedrich's time; and which brought much battling and broiling to him and his. Symbolical withal of much that befell in Brandenburg, from first to last. Under the Hohenzollerns as before, Brandenburg grew by aggregation,

by assimilation; and we see here how difficult the process often was.

Pommern (POMERANIA), long Wendish, but peaceably so since the time of Albert the Bear, and growing ever more German, had, in good part, according to Friedrich's notion, if there were force in human Treaties and Imperial Laws, fallen fairly to Brandenburg,— that is to say, the half of it, Stettin—Pommern had fairly fallen,—in the year 1464, when Duke Otto of Stettin, the last Wendish Duke, died without heirs. In that case by many bargains, some with bloody crowns, it had been settled, If the Wendish Dukes died out, the country was to fall to Brandenburg;—and here they were dead. "At Duke Otto's burial, accordingly, in the High Church of Stettin, when the coffin was lowered into its place, the Stettin Burgermeister, Albrecht Glinde, took sword and helmet, and threw the same into the grave, in token that the Line was extinct. But Franz von Eichsted," apparently another Burgher instructed for the nonce, "jumped into the grave, and picked them out again; alleging, No, the Dukes of WOLGAST—Pommern were of kin; these tokens we must send to his Grace at Wolgast, with offer of our homage, said Franz von Eichsted." [Rentsch, p. 110 (whose printer has put his date awry); Stenzel (i. 233) calls the man "LORENZ Eikstetten, a resolute Gentleman."]—And sent they were, and accepted by his Grace. And perhaps half—a—score of bargains, with bloody crowns to some of them; and yet other chances, and centuries, with the extinction of new Lines,—had to supervene, before even Stettin—Pommern, and that in no complete state, could be got. [1648, by Treaty of Westphalia.] As to Pommern at large, Pommern not denied to be due, after such extinction and re—extinction of native Ducal Lines, did not fall home for centuries more; and what struggles and inextricable armed— litigations there were for it, readers of Brandenburg—History too wearisomely know. The process of assimilation not the least of an easy one!—

This Friedrich was second son: his Father's outlook for him had, at first, been towards a Polish Princess and the crown of Poland, which was not then so elective as afterwards: and with such view his early breeding had been chiefly in Poland; Johann, the eldest son and heir—apparent, helping his Father at home in the mean while. But these Polish outlooks went to nothing, the young Princess having died; so that Friedrich came home; possessed merely of the Polish language, and of what talents the gods had given him, which were considerable. And now, in the mean while, Johann, who at one time promised well in practical life, had taken to Alchemy; and was busy with crucibles and speculations, to a degree that seemed questionable. Father Friedrich, therefore, had to interfere, and deal with this "Johann the Alchemist" (JOHANNES ALCHEMISTA, so the Books still name him); who loyally renounced the Electorship, at his Father's bidding, in favor of Friedrich; accepted Baireuth (better half of the Culmbach Territory) for apanage; and there peacefully distilled and sublimated at discretion; the government there being an easier task, and fitter for a soft speculative Herr. A third Brother, Albert by name, got Anspach, on the Father's decease; very capable to do any fighting there might be occasion for, in Culmbach.

As to the Burggrafship, it was now done, all but the Title. The First Friedrich, once he was got to be Elector, wisely parted with it. The First Friedrich found his Electorship had dreadfully real duties for him, and that this of the Burggrafship had fallen mostly obsolete; so he sold it to the Nurnbergers for a round sum: only the Principalities and Territories are retained in that quarter. About which too, and their feudal duties, boundaries and tolls, with a jealous litigious Nurnberg for neighbor, there at length came quarrelling enough. But Albert the third Brother, over at Anspach, took charge of all that; and nothing of it fell in Johann's way.

The good Alchemist died,—performed his last sublimation, poor man,—six or seven years before his Brother Friedrich; age then sixty—three. [14th November, 1464.] Friedrich, with his Iron Teeth and faculties, only held out till fifty—eight,—10th February, 1471. The manner of his end was peculiar. In that War with Pommern, he sat besieging a Pomeranian town, Uckermunde the name of it: when at dinner one day, a cannon—ball plunged down upon the table, [Michaelis, i. 303.] with such a crash as we can fancy;— which greatly confused the nerves of Friedrich; much injured his hearing, and even his memory thenceforth. In a few months afterwards he resigned, in favor of his Successor; retired to Plassenburg, and there died in about a year more.

Chapter IV. KURFURST ALBERT ACHILLES, AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

Neither Friedrich nor Johann left other than daughters: so that the united Heritage, Brandenburg and Culmbach both, came now to the third Brother, Albert; who has been in Culmbach these many years already. A tall, fiery, tough old gentleman, of formidable talent for fighting, who was called the "ACHILLES OF GERMANY" in his day; being then a very blazing far-seen character, dim as he has now grown. [Born 1414; Kurfurst, 1471–1486.] This Albert Achilles was the Third Elector; Ancestor he of all the Brandenburg and Culmbach Hohenzollern Princes that have since figured in the world. After him there is no break or shift in the succession, down to the little Friedrich now born;—Friedrich the old Grandfather, First KING, was the Twelfth KURFURST.

We have to say, they followed generally in their Ancestors' steps, and had success of the like kind, more or less; Hohenzollerns all of them, by character and behavior as well as by descent. No lack of quiet energy, of thrift, sound sense. There was likewise solid fair-play in general, no founding of yourself on ground that will not carry;—and there was instant, gentle but inexorable, crushing of mutiny, if it showed itself; which, after the Second Elector, or at most the Third, it had altogether ceased to do. Young Friedrich II., upon whom those Berlin Burgers had tried to close their gates, till he should sign some "Capitulation" to their mind, got from them, and not quite in ill-humor, that name IRONTEETH:—"Not the least a Nose-of-wax, this one! No use trying here, then!"—which, with the humor attached to it, is itself symbolical of Friedrich and these Hohenzollern Sovereigns. Albert, his Brother, had plenty of fighting in his time: but it was in the Nurnberg and other distant regions; no fighting, or hardly any, needed in Brandenburg henceforth.

With Nurnberg, and the Ex-Burggrafship there, now when a new generation began to tug at the loose clauses of that Bargain with Friedrich I., and all Free-Towns were going high upon their privileges, Albert had at one time much trouble, and at length actual furious War;—other Free-Towns countenancing and assisting Nurnberg in the affair; numerous petty Princes, feudal Lords of the vicinity, doing the like by Albert. Twenty years ago, all this; and it did not last, so furious was it. "Eight victories," they count on Albert's part,—furious successful skirmishes, call them;—in one of which, I remember, Albert plunged in alone, his Ritters being rather shy; and laid about him hugely, hanging by a standard he had taken, till his life was nearly beaten out. [1449 (Rentsch, p. 399).] Eight victories; and also one defeat, wherein Albert got captured, and had to ransom himself. The captor was one Kunz of Kauffungen, the Nurnberg hired General at the time: a man known to some readers for his Stealing of the Saxon Princes (PRINZENRAUB, they call it); a feat which cost Kunz his head. [Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (London, 1869), vi. ? PRINZENRAUB.] Albert, however, prevailed in the end, as he was apt to do; and got his Nurnbergers fixed to clauses satisfactory to him.

In his early days he had fought against Poles, Bohemians and others, as Imperial general. He was much concerned, all along, in those abstruse armed-litigations of the Austrian House with its dependencies; and diligently helped the Kaiser,—Friedrich III., rather a weakish, but an eager and greedy Kaiser,—through most of them. That inextricable Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish DONNYBROOK (so we may call it) which Austria had on hand, one of Sigismund's bequests to Austria; distressingly tumultuous Donnybrook, which goes from 1440 to 1471, fighting in a fierce confused manner;— the Anti-Turk Hunniades, the Anti-Austrian Corvinus, the royal Majesties George Podiebrad, Ladislaus POSTHUMUS, Ludwig OHNE HAUT (Ludwig NO-SKIN), and other Ludwigs, Ladislauses and Vladislauses, striking and getting struck at such a rate:—Albert was generally what we may call chief-constable in all that; giving a knock here and then one there, in the Kaiser's name. [Hormayr, ii. 138, 140 (? HUNYADY CORVIN); Rentsch, pp. 389–422; Michaelis, i. 304–313.] Almost from boyhood, he had learned soldiering, which he had never afterwards leisure to forget. Great store of fighting he had,—say half a century of it, off and on, during the seventy and odd years he lasted in this world. With the Donnybrook we spoke of; with the Nurnbergers; with the Dukes of Bavaria (endless bickerings with these Dukes, Ludwig BEARDY, Ludwig SUPERBUS, Ludwig GIBBOSUS or Hunchback, against them and about them, on his own and the Kaiser's score); also with the French, already clutching at Lorraine; also with Charles the Rash of Burgundy;—lastly with the Bishop of Bamberg, who got him excommunicated and would not bury the dead.

Kurfurst Albert's Letter on this last emergency, to his Viceregent in Culmbach, is a famed Piece still extant

(date 1481); [Rentsch, p. 409.] and his plan in such emergency, is a simple and likely one: "Carry the dead bodies to the Parson's house; let him see whether he will not bury them by and by!—One must fence off the Devil by the Holy Cross," says Albert,—appeal to Heaven with what honest mother-wit Heaven has vouchsafed one, means Albert. "These fellows" (the Priests), continues he, "would fain have the temporal sword as well as the spiritual. Had God wished there should be only one sword, he could have contrived that as well as the two. He surely did not want for intellect (*Er war gar ein weiser Mann*),"—want of intellect it clearly was not!—In short, they had to bury the dead, and do reason; and Albert hustled himself well clear of this broil, as he had done of many.

Battle enough, poor man, with steel and other weapons:—and we see he did it with sharp insight, good forecast; now and then in a wildly leonine or AQUILINE manner. A tall hook-nosed man, of lean, sharp, rather taciturn aspect; nose and look are very aquiline; and there is a cloudy sorrow in those old eyes, which seems capable of sudden effulgence to a dangerous extent. He was a considerable, diplomatist too: very great with the Kaiser, Old Friedrich III. (Max's father, Charles V.'s Great-Grandfather); [How admirable Albert is, not to say "almost divine," to the Kaiser's then Secretary, oily-mouthed AENEAS SYLVIVS, afterwards Pope, Rentsch can testify (pp. 401, 586); quoting AENEAS's eulogies and gossipries (*Historia Rerum Frederici Imperatoris*, I conclude, though no book is named). Oily diligent AENEAS, in his own young years and in Albert's prime, had of course seen much of this "miracle" of Arms and Art,—"miracle" and "almost divine," so to speak.] and managed many things for him. Managed to get the thrice-lovely Heiress of the Netherlands and Burgundy, Daughter of that Charles the Rash, with her Seventeen Provinces, for Max, [1477]—who was thought thereupon by everybody to be the luckiest man alive; though the issue contradicted it before long.

Kurfurst Albert died in 1486, March 11, aged seventy-two. It was some months after Bosworth Fight, where our Crooked Richard got his quietus here in England and brought the Wars of the Roses to their finale:—a little chubby Boy, the son of poor parents at Eisleben in Saxony, Martin Luther the name of him, was looking into this abtruse Universe, with those strange eyes of his, in what rough woollen or linsey-woolsey short-clothes we do not know. [Born 10th November, 1483]

Albert's funeral was very grand; the Kaiser himself, and all the Magnates of the Diet and Reich attending him from Frankfurt to his last resting-place, many miles of road. For he died at the Diet, in Frankfurt-on-Mayn; having fallen ill there while busy,—perhaps too busy for that age, in the harsh spring weather,—electing Prince Maximilian ("lucky Max," who will be Kaiser too before long, and is already deep in ILL-luck, tragical and other to be King of the Romans. The old Kaiser had "looked in on him at Onolzbach" (Anspach), and brought him along; such a man could not be wanting on such an occasion. A man who "perhaps did more for the German Empire than for the Electorate of Brandenburg," hint some. The Kaiser himself, Friedrich III., was now getting old; anxious to see Max secure, and to set his house in order. A somewhat anxious, creaky, close-fisted, ineffectual old Kaiser; [See Kohler (*Munzbelustigungen*, vi. 393–401; ii. 89–96, for a vivid account of him.)] distinguished by his luck in getting Max so provided for, and bringing the Seventeen Provinces of the Netherlands to his House. He is the first of the Hapsburg Kaisers who had what has since been called the "Austrian lip"—protrusive under-jaw, with heavy lip disinclined to shut. He got it from his Mother, and bequeathed it in a marked manner; his posterity to this day bearing traces of it. Mother's name was Cimburgis, a Polish Princess, "Duke of Masovia's daughter;" a lady who had something of the MAULTASCHE in her, in character as well as mouth.—In old Albert, the poor old Kaiser has lost his right hand; and no doubt mused sadly as he rides in the funeral procession.

Albert is buried at Heilsbronn in Frankenland, among his Ancestors,—burial in Brandenburg not yet common for these new Kurfursts:—his skull, in an after-time, used to be shown there, laid on the lid of the tomb; skull marvellous for strength, and for "having no visible sutures," says Rentsch. Pious Brandenburg Officiality at length put an end to that profanation, and restored the skull to its place,—marvellous enough, with what had once dwelt in it, whether it had sutures or not.

JOHANN THE CICERO IS FOURTH KURFURST, AND LEAVES TWO NOTABLE SONS.

Albert's eldest Son, the Fourth Kurfurst, was Johannes Cicero (1486–1499): Johannes was his natural name, to which the epithet "Cicero of Germany (CICERO GERMANIAE)" was added by an admiring public. He had commonly administered the Electorate during his Father's absences; and done it with credit to himself. He was an active man, nowise deficient as a Governor; creditably severe on highway robbers, for one thing,—destroys you "fifteen baronial robber-towers" at a stroke; was also concerned in the Hungarian-Bohemian DONNYBROOK,

and did that also well. But nothing struck a discerning public like the talent he had for speaking. Spoke "four hours at a stretch in Kaiser Max's Diets, in elegantly flowing Latin;" with a fair share of meaning, too;—and had bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him that were astonishing to hear. A tall, square-headed man, of erect, cheerfully composed aspect, head flung rather back if anything: his bursts of parliamentary eloquence, once glorious as the day, procured him the name "Johannes CICERO;" and that is what remains of them: for they are sunk now, irretrievable he and they, into the belly of eternal Night; the final resting-place, I do perceive, of much Ciceronian ware in this world. Apparently he had, like some of his Descendants, what would now be called "distinguished literary talents,"—insignificant to mankind and us. I find he was likewise called DER GROSSE, "John the GREAT;" but on investigation it proves to be mere "John the BIG," a name coming from his tall stature and ultimate fatness of body.

For the rest, he left his family well off, connected with high Potentates all around; and had increased his store, to a fair degree, in his time. Besides his eldest Son who followed as Elector, by name Joachim I., a burly gentleman of whom much is written in Books, he left a second Son, Archbishop of Magdeburg, who in time became Archbishop of Mainz and Cardinal of Holy Church, [Ulrich van Hutten's grand "Panegyric" upon this Albert on his first Entrance into Mainz (9th October, 1514),—"entrance with a retinue of 2,000 horse, mainly furnished by the Brandenburg and Culmbach kindred," say the old Books,—is in *Ulrichi ab Hutten Equitis Germani Opera* (Munch's edition; Berlin, 1821), i. 276–310.]—and by accident got to be forever memorable in Church-History, as we shall see anon. Archbishop of Mainz means withal KUR-MAINZ, Elector of Mainz; who is Chief of the Seven Electors, and as it were their President or "Speaker." Albert was the name of this one; his elder Brother, the then Kur-Brandenburg, was called Joachim. Cardinal Albert Kur-Mainz, like his brother Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, figures much, and blazes widely abroad, in the busy reign of Karl V., and the inextricable Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian business it had.

But the notable point in this Albert of Mainz was that of Leo X. and the Indulgences. [Pauli, v. 496–499; Rentsch, p. 869.] Pope Leo had permitted Albert to retain his Archbishopric of Magdeburg and other dignities along with that of Mainz; which was an unusual favor. But the Pope expected to be paid for it,—to have 30,000 ducats (15,000 pounds), almost a King's ransom at that time, for the "Pallium" to Mainz; PALLIUM, or little Bit of woollen Cloth, on sale by the Pope, without which Mainz could not be held. Albert, with all his dignities, was dreadfully short of money at the time. Chapter of Mainz could or would do little or nothing, having been drained lately; Magdeburg, Halberstadt, the like. Albert tried various shifts; tried a little stroke of trade in relics,—gathered in the Mainz district "some hundreds of fractional sacred bones, and three whole bodies," which he sent to Halle for pious purchase;—but nothing came of this branch. The 15,000 pounds remained unpaid; and Pope Leo, building St. Peter's, "furnishing a sister's toilet," and doing worse things, was in extreme need of it. What is to be done? "I could borrow the money from the Fuggers of Augsburg," said the Archbishop hesitatingly; "but then—?"—"I could help you to repay it." said his Holiness: "Could repay the half of it,—if only we had (but they always make such clamor about these things) an Indulgence published in Germany!"—"Well; it must be!" answered Albert at last, agreeing to take the clamor on himself, and to do the feat; being at his wits'-end for money. He draws out his Full-Power, which, as first Spiritual Kurfurst, he has the privilege to do; nominates (1516) one Tetzl for Chief Salesman, a Priest whose hardness of face, and shiftiness of head and hand, were known to him; and—here is one Hohenzollern that has a place in History! Poor man, it was by accident, and from extreme tightness for money. He was by no means a violent Churchman; he had himself inclinations towards Luther, even of a practical sort, as the thing went on. But there was no help for it.

Cardinal Albert, Kur-Mainz, shows himself a copious dexterous public speaker at the Diets and elsewhere in those times; a man intent on avoiding violent methods;—uncomfortably fat in his later years, to judge by the Portraits. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Mainz (the younger now officially even greater than the elder), these names are perpetually turning up in the German Histories of that Reformation-Period; absent on no great occasion; and they at length, from amid the meaningless bead-roll of Names, wearisomely met with in such Books, emerge into Persons for us as above.

Chapter V. OF THE BAIREUTH-ANSPACH BRANCH.

Albert Achilles the Third Elector had, before his accession, been Margraf of Anspach, and since his Brother the Alchemist's death, Margraf of Baireuth too, or of the whole Principality,—"Margraf of Culmbach" we will call it, for brevity's sake, though the bewildering old Books have not steadily any name for it. [A certain subaltern of this express title, "Margraf of Culmbach" (a Cadet, with some temporary appanage there, who was once in the service of him they call the Winter-King, and may again be transiently heard of by us here), is the altogether Mysterious Personage who prints himself "MARQUIS DE LULENBACH" in Bromley's *Collection of Royal Letters* (London, 1787), pp. 52, of the most curious Books on the Thirty-Years War; "edited" with a composed stupidity, and cheerful infinitude of ignorance, which still farther distinguish it. The BROMLEY Originals well worth a real editing, turn out, on inquiry, to have been "sold as Autographs, and dispersed beyond recovery, about fifty years ago."] After his accession, Albert Achilles naturally held both Electorate and Principality during the rest of his life. Which was an extremely rare predicament for the two Countries, the big and the little.

No other Elector held them both, for nearly a hundred years; nor then, except as it were for a moment. The two countries, Electorate and Principality, Hohenzollern both, and constituting what the Hohenzollerns had in this world, continued intimately connected; with affinity and clientship carefully kept, up, and the lesser standing always under the express protection and as it were COUSINSHIP of the greater. But they had their separate Princes, Lines of Princes; and they only twice, in the time of these Twelve Electors, came even temporarily under the same head. And as to ultimate union, Brandenburg-Baireuth and Brandenburg-Anspach were not incorporated with Brandenburg-Proper, and its new fortunes, till almost our own day, namely in 1791; nor then either to continue; having fallen to Bavaria, in the grand Congress of Vienna, within the next five-and-twenty years. All which, with the complexities and perplexities resulting from it here, we must, in some brief way, endeavor to elucidate for the reader.

TWO LINES IN CULMBACH OR BAIREUTH-ANSPACH: THE GERA BOND OF 1598.

Culmbach the Elector left, at his death, to his Second Son,—properly to two sons, but one of them soon died, and the other became sole possessor;—Friedrich by name; who, as founder of the Elder Line of Brandenburg-Culmbach Princes, must not be forgotten by us. Founder of the First or Elder Line, for there are two Lines; this of Friedrich's having gone out in about a hundred years; and the Anspach-Baireuth territories having fallen home again to Brandenburg;—where, however, they continued only during the then Kurfurst's life.;ohann George (1525-1598), Seventh Kurfurst, was he to whom Brandenburg-Culmbach fell home,—nay, strictly speaking, it was but the sure prospect of it that fell home, the thing itself did not quite fall in his time, though the disposal of it did, ["Disposal," 1598; thing itself, 1603, in his Son's time.]—to be conjoined again with Brandenburg-Proper. Conjoined for the short potential remainder of his own life; and then to be disposed of as an apanage again;—which latter operation, as Johann George had three-and-twenty children, could be no difficult one.

Johann George, accordingly (Year 1598), split the Territory in two; Brandenburg-Baireuth was for his second son, Brandenburg-Anspach for his third: hereby again were two new progenitors of Culmbach Princes introduced, and a New Line, Second or "Younger Line" they call it (Line mostly split in two, as heretofore); which—after complex adventures in its split condition, Baireuth under one head, Anspach under another—continues active down to our little Fritz's time and farther. As will become but too apparent to us in the course of this History!—

From of old these Territories had been frequently divided: each has its own little capital, Town of Anspach, Town of Baireuth, [Populations about the same; 16,000 to 17,000 in our time.] suitable for such arrangement. Frequently divided; though always under the closest cousinship, and ready for reuniting, if possible. Generally under the Elder Line too, under Friedrich's posterity, which was rather numerous and often in need of apanages, they had been in separate hands. But the understood practice was not to divide farther; Baireuth by itself, Anspach by itself (or still luckier if one hand could get hold of both),—and especially Brandenburg by itself, uncut by any apanage: this, I observe, was the received practice. But Johann George, wise Kurfurst as he was, wished now to make it surer; and did so by a famed Deed, called the Gera Bond (GERAISCHE VERTRAG), dated 1598,

[Michaelis, i. 345.] the last year of Johann George's life.

Hereby, in a Family Conclave held at that Gera, a little town in Thuringen, it was settled and indissolubly fixed, That their Electorate, unlike all others in Germany, shall continue indivisible; Law of Primogeniture, here if nowhere else, is to be in full force; and only the Culmbach Territory (if otherwise unoccupied) can be split off for younger sons. Culmbach can be split off; and this again withal can be split, if need be, into two (Baireuth and Anspach); but not in any case farther. Which Household-Law was strictly obeyed henceforth. Date of it 1598; principal author, Johann George, Seventh Elector. This "Gera Bond" the reader can note for himself as an excellent piece of Hohenzollern thrift, and important in the Brandenburg annals. On the whole, Brandenburg keeps continually growing under these Twelve Hohenzollerns, we perceive; slower or faster, just as the Burggrafdom had done, and by similar methods. A lucky outlay of money (as in the case of Friedrich Ironteeth in the Neumark) brings them one Province, lucky inheritance another:—good management is always there, which is the mother of good luck.

And so there goes on again, from Johann George downwards, a new stream of Culmbach Princes, called the Younger or New Line,— properly two contemporary Lines, of Baireuthers and Anspachers;— always in close affinity to Brandenburg, and with ultimate reversion to Brandenburg, should both Lines fail; but with mutual inheritance if only one. They had intricate fortunes, service in foreign armies, much wandering about, sometimes considerable scarcity of cash: but, for a hundred and fifty years to come, neither Line by any means failed,—rather the contrary, in fact.

Of this latter or New Culmbach Line, or split Line, especially of the Baireuth part of it, our little Wilhelmina, little Fritz's Sister, who became Margravine there, has given all the world notice. From the Anspach part of it (at that time in sore scarcity of cash) came Queen Caroline, famed in our George the Second's time. [See a Synoptic Diagram of these Genealogies, infra, p. 388a.] From it too came an unmomentous Margraf, who married a little Sister of Wilhelmina's and Fritz's; of whom we shall hear. There is lastly a still more unmomentous Margraf, only son of said Unmomentous and his said Spouse; who again combined the two Territories, Baireuth having failed of heirs; and who, himself without heirs, and with a frail Lady Craven as Margravine,—died at Hammersmith, close by us, in 1806; and so ended the troublesome affair. He had already, in 1791, sold off to Prussia all temporary claims of his; and let Prussia have the Heritage at once without waiting farther. Prussia, as we noticed, did not keep it long; and it is now part of the Bavarian Dominion;—for the sake of editors and readers, long may it so continue!

Of this Younger Line, intrinsically rather insignificant to mankind, we shall have enough to write in time and place; we must at present direct our attention to the Elder Line.

THE ELDER LINE OF CULMBACH: FRIEDRICH AND HIS THREE NOTABLE SONS THERE.

Kurfurst Albert Achilles's second son, Friedrich (1460–1536), [Rentsch, pp. 593–602.] the founder of the Elder Culmbach Line, ruled his country well for certain years, and was "a man famed for strength of body and mind;" but claims little notice from us, except for the sons he had. A quiet, commendable, honorable man,— with a certain pathetic dignity, visible even in the eclipsed state he sank into. Poor old gentleman, after grand enough feats in war and peace, he fell melancholy, fell imbecile, blind, soon after middle life; and continued so for twenty years, till he died. During which dark state, say the old Books, it was a pleasure to see with what attention his Sons treated him, and how reverently the eldest always led him out to dinner. [Ib. p. 612.] They live and dine at that high Castle of Plassenburg, where old Friedrich can behold the Red or White Mayn no more. Alas, alas, Plassenburg is now a Correction-House, where male and female scoundrels do beating of hemp; and pious Friedrich, like eloquent Johann, has become a forgotten object. He was of the German Reichs-Array, who marched to the Netherlands to deliver Max from durance; Max, the King of the Romans, whom, for all his luck, the mutinous Flemings had put under lock-and-key at one time. [1482 (Pauli, ii. 389): his beautiful young Wife, "thrown from her horse," had perished in a thrice-tragic way, short while before; and the Seventeen Provinces were unruly under the guardianship of Max.] That is his one feat memorable to me at present.

He was Johann Cicero's HALF-brother, child by a second wife. Like his Uncle Kurfurst Friedrich II., he had married a Polish Princess; the sharp Achilles having perhaps an eye to crowns in that direction, during that Hungarian-Bohemian-Polish Donnybrook. But if so, there again came nothing of a crown with it; though it was not without its good results for Friedrich's children by and by.

He had eight Sons that reached manhood; five or six of whom came to something considerable in the world,

and Three are memorable down to this day. One of his daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz in Silesia; which is among the first links I notice of a connection that grew strong with that sovereign Duchy, and is worth remarking by my readers here. Of the Three notable Sons it is necessary that we say something. Casimir, George, Albert are the names of these Three.

Casimir, the eldest, [1481–1527.] whose share of heritage is Baireuth, was originally intended for the Church; but inclining rather to secular and military things, or his prospects of promotion altering, he early quitted that; and took vigorously to the career of arms and business. A truculent-looking Herr, with thoughtful eyes, and hanging under-lip:—HAT of enviable softness; loose disk of felt flung carelessly on, almost like a nightcap artificially extended, so admirably soft;—and the look of the man Casimir, between his cataract of black beard and this semi-nightcap, is carelessly truculent. He had much fighting with the Nurnbergers and others; laid it right terribly on, in the way of strokes, when needful. He was especially truculent upon the Revolt of Peasants in their BAUERNKRIEG (1525). Them in their wildest rage he fronted; he, that others might rally to him: "Unhappy mortals, will you shake the world to pieces, then, because you have much to complain of?" and hanged the ringleaders of them literally by the dozen, when quelled and captured. A severe, rather truculent Herr. His brother George, who had Anspach for heritage, and a right to half those prisoners, admonished and forgave his half; and pleaded hard with Casimir for mercy to the others, in a fine Letter still extant; [In Rentsch, p. 627.] which produced no effect on Casimir. For the dog's sake, and for all sakes, "let not the dog learn to eat LEATHER;" (of which his indispensable leashes and muzzles are made)! That was a proverb often heard on the occasion, in Luther's mouth among the rest.

Casimir died in 1527, age then towards fifty. For the last dozen years or so, when the Father's malady became hopeless, he had governed Culmbach, both parts of it; the Anspach part, which belonged to his next brother George, going naturally, in almost all things, along with Baireuth; and George, who was commonly absent, not interfering, except on important occasions. Casimir left one little Boy, age then only six, name Albert; to whom George, henceforth practical sovereign of Culmbach, as his Brother had been, was appointed Guardian. This youth, very full of fire, wildfire too much of it, exploded dreadfully on Germany by and by (Albert ALCIBIADES the name they gave him); nay, towards the end of his nonage, he had been rather sputtery upon his Uncle, the excellent Guardian who had charge of him.

FRIEDRICH'S SECOND SON, MARGRAF GEORGE OF ANSPACH.

Uncle George of Anspach, Casimir's next Brother, had always been of a peaceabler disposition than Casimir; not indeed without heat of temper, and sufficient vivacity of every kind. As a youth, he had aided Kaiser Max in two of his petty wars; but was always rather given "to reading Latin," to Learning, and ingenious pursuits. His Polish Mother, who, we perceive, had given "Casimir" his name, proved much more important to George. At an early age he went to his Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia: for— Alas, after all, we shall have to cast a glance into that unbeautiful Hungarian–Bohemian scramble, comparable to an "Irish Donnybrook," where Albert Achilles long walked as Chief–Constable. It behooves us, after all, to point out some of the tallest heads in it; and whitherward, bludgeon in hand, they seem to be swaying and struggling.—Courage, patient reader!

George, then, at an early age went to his Uncle Vladislaus, King of Hungary and Bohemia: for George's Mother, as we know, was of royal kin; daughter of the Polish King, Casimir IV. (late mauler of the Teutsch Ritters); which circumstance had results for George and us. Daughter of Casimir IV. the Lady was; and therefore of the Jagellon blood by her father, which amounts to little; but by her mother she was Granddaughter of that Kaiser Albert II. who "got Three Crowns in one year, and died the next;" whose posterity have ever since,—up to the lips in trouble with their confused competitive accompaniments, Hunniades, Corvinus, George Podiebrad and others, not to speak of dragon Turks coiling ever closer round you on the frontier,—been Kings of Hungary and Bohemia; TWO of the crowns (the HERITABLE two) which were got by Kaiser Albert in that memorable year. He got them, as the reader may remember, by having the daughter of Kaiser Sigismund to wife,—Sigismund SUPER–GRAMMATICAM, whom we left standing, red as a flamingo, in the market–place of Constance a hundred years ago. Thus Time rolls on in its many-colored manner, edacious and feracious.

It is in this way that George's Uncle, Vladislaus, Albert's daughter's son, is now King of Hungary and Bohemia: the last King Vladislaus they had; and the last King but one, of any kind, as we shall see anon. Vladislaus was heir of Poland too, could he have managed to get it; but he gave up that to his brother, to various younger brothers in succession; having his hands full with the Hungarian and Bohemian difficulty. He was very

fond of Nephew George; well recognizing the ingenuous, wise and loyal nature of the young man. He appointed George tutor of his poor son Ludwig; whom he left at the early age of ten, in an evil world, and evil position there. "Born without Skin," they say, that is, born in the seventh month;—called Ludwig OHNE HAUT (Ludwig NO–Skin), on that account. Born certainly, I can perceive, rather thin of skin; and he would have needed one of a rhinoceros thickness!

George did his function honestly, and with success: Ludwig grew up a gallant, airy, brisk young King, in spite of difficulties, constitutional and other; got a Sister of the great Kaiser Karl V. to wife;—determined (A.D. 1526) to have a stroke at the Turk dragon; which, was coiling round his frontier, and spitting fire at an intolerable rate. Ludwig, a fine young man of twenty, marched away with much Hungarian chivalry, right for the Turk (Summer 1526); George meanwhile going busily to Bohemia, and there with all his strength levying troops for reinforcement. Ludwig fought and fenced, for some time, with the Turk outskirts; came at last to a furious general battle with the Turk (29th August, 1526), at a place called Mohacz, far east in the flats of the Lower Donau; and was there tragically beaten and ended. Seeing the Battle gone, and his chivalry all in flight, Ludwig too had to fly; galloping for life, he came upon bog which proved bottomless, as good as bottomless; and Ludwig, horse and man, vanished in it straightway from this world. Hapless young man, like a flash of lightning suddenly going down there—and the Hungarian Sovereignty along with him. For Hungary is part of Austria ever since; having, with Bohemia, fallen to Karl V.'s Brother Ferdinand, as now the nearest convenient heir of Albert with his Three Crowns. Up to the lips in difficulties to this day!—

George meanwhile, with finely appointed reinforcements, was in full march to join Ludwig; but the sad news of Mohacz met him: he withdrew, as soon as might be, to his own territory, and quitted Hungarian politics. This, I think, was George's third and last trial of war. He by no means delighted in that art, or had cultivated it like Casimir and some of his brothers.—

George by this time had considerable property; part of it important to the readers of this History. Anspach we already know; but the Duchy of Jagerndorf,—that and its pleasant valleys, fine hunting–grounds and larch–clad heights, among the Giant Mountains of Silesia,—that is to us the memorable territory. George got it in this manner:—

Some ten or fifteen years ago, the late King Vladislaus, our Uncle of blessed memory, loving George, and not having royal moneys at command, permitted him to redeem with his own cash certain Hungarian Domains, pledged at a ruinously cheap rate, but unredeemable by Vladislaus. George did so; years ago, guess ten or fifteen. George did not like the Hungarian Domains, with their Turk and other inconveniences; he proposed to exchange them with King Vladislaus for the Bohemian–Silesian Duchy of Jagerndorf; which had just then, by failure of heirs, lapsed to the King. This also Vladislaus, the beneficent cashless Uncle, liking George more and more, permitted to be done. And done it was; I see not in what year; only that the ultimate investiture (done, this part of the affair, by Ludwig OHNE HAUT, and duly sanctioned by the Kaiser) dates 1524, two years before the fatal Mohacz business.

From the time of this purchase, and especially till Brother Casimir's death, which happened in 1527, George resided oftener at Jagerndorf than at Anspach. Anspach, by the side of Baireuth, needed no management; and in Jagerndorf much probably required the hand of a good Governor to put it straight again. The Castle of Jagerndorf, which towers up there in a rather grand manner to this day, George built: "the old Castle of the Schellenbergs" (extinct predecessor Line) now gone to ruins, "stands on a Hill with larches on it, some miles off." Margraf George was much esteemed as Duke of Jagerndorf. What his actions in that region were, I know not; but it seems he was so well thought of in Silesia, two smaller neighboring Potentates, the Duke of Oppeln and the Duke of Ratibor, who had no heirs of their body, bequeathed, with the Kaiser's assent, these towns and territories to George: [Rentsch, pp. 623, 127–131. Kaiser is Ferdinand, Karl V.'s Brother,—as yet only KING of Bohemia and Hungary, but supreme in regard to such points. His assent is dated "17th June, 1531" in Rentsch.]—in mere love to their subjects (Rentsch intimates), that poor men might be governed by a wise good Duke, in the time coming. The Kaiser would have got the Duchies otherwise.

Nay the Kaiser, in spite of his preliminary assent, proved extortionate to George in this matter; and exacted heavy sums for the actual possession of Oppeln and Ratibor. George, going so zealously ahead in Protestant affairs, grew less and less a favorite with Kaisers. But so, at any rate, on peaceable unquestionable grounds, grounds valid as Imperial Law and ready money, George is at last Lord of these two little Countries, in the plain

of South-Silesia, as of Jagerndorf among the Mountains hard by. George has and holds the Duchy of Jagerndorf, with these appendages (Jagerndorf since 1524, Ratibor and Oppeln since some years later); and lives constantly, or at the due intervals, in his own strong Mountain-Castle of Jagerndorf there,—we have no doubt, to the marked benefit of good men in those parts. Hereby has Jagerndorf joined itself to the Brandenburg Territories: and the reader can note the circumstance, for it will prove memorable one day.

In the business of the Reformation, Margraf George was very noble. A simple-hearted, truth-loving, modestly valiant man; rising unconsciously, in that great element, into the heroic figure. "George the Pious (DER FROMME)," "George the Confessor (BEKENNER)," were the names he got from his countrymen. Once this business had become practical, George interfered a little more in the Culmbach Government; his brother Casimir, who likewise had Reformation tendencies, rather hanging back in comparison to George.

In 1525 the Town-populations, in the Culmbach region, big Nurnberg in the van, had gone quite ahead in the new Doctrine; and were becoming irrepressibly impatient to clear out the old mendacities, and have the Gospel preached freely to them. This was a questionable step; feasible perhaps for a great Elector of Saxony;—but for a Margraf of Anspach? George had come home from Jagerndorf, some three hundred miles away, to look into it for himself; found it, what with darkness all round, what with precipices menacing on both hands, and zealous, inconsiderate Town-populations threatening to take the bit between their teeth, a frightfully intricate thing. George mounted his horse, one day this year, day not dated farther, and "with only six attendants" privately rode off, another two hundred miles, a good three days' ride, to Wittenberg; and alighted at Dr. Martinus Luther's door. [Rentsch, p. 625.] A notable passage; worth thinking of. But such visits of high Princes, to that poor house of the Doctor's, were not then uncommon. Luther cleared the doubts of George; George returned with a resolution taken; "Ahead then, ye poor Voigtland Gospel populations! I must lead you, we must on!"—And perils enough there proved to be, and precipices on each hand: BAUERNKRIEG, that is to say Peasants'-War, Anabaptistry and Red-Republic, on the one hand; REICHS-ACHT, Ban of Empire, on the other. But George, eagerly, solemnly attentive, with ever new light rising on him, dealt with the perils as they came; and went steadily on, in a simple, highly manful and courageous manner.

He did not live to see the actual Wars that followed on Luther's preaching:—he was of the same age with Luther, born few months later, and died two years before Luther; [4th March, 1484,—27th Dec., 1543, George; 10th November, 1483—18th February, 1546, Luther.]—but in all the intermediate principal transactions George is conspicuously present; "George of Brandenburg," as the Books call him, or simply "Margraf George."

At the Diet of Augsburg (1530), and the signing of the Augsburg Confession there, he was sure to be. He rode thither with his Anspach Knightage about him, "four hundred cavaliers,"—Seckendorfs, Huttens, Flanses and other known kindreds, recognizable among the lists; [Rentsch, p. 633.]—and spoke there, notbursts of parliamentary eloquence, but things that had meaning in them. One speech of his, not in the Diet, but in the Kaiser's Lodging (15th June, 1530; no doubt, in Anton Fugger's house, where the Kaiser "lodged for year and day" this time but WITHOUT the "fires of cinnamon" they talk of on other occasions [See Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (iii. 259 n.). The House is at present an Inn, "*Gasthaus zu den drei Mohren*;" where tourists lodge, and are still shown the room which the Kaiser occupied on such visits.]), is still very celebrated. It was the evening of the Kaiser Karl Fifth's arrival at the Diet; which was then already, some time since, assembled there. And great had been the Kaiser's reception that morning; the flower of Germany, all the Princes of the Empire, Protestant and Papal alike, riding out to meet him, in the open country, at the Bridge of the Lech. With high-flown speeches and benignities, on both sides;—only that the Kaiser willed all men, Protestant and other, should in the mean while do the Popish litanys, waxlight processionings and idolatrous stage-performances with him on the morrow, which was CORPUS-CHRISTI Day; and the Protestants could not nor would. Imperial hints there had already been, from Innsbruck; benign hopes, of the nature of commands, That loyal Protestant Princes would in the interim avoid open discrepancies, —perhaps be so loyal as keep their chaplains, peculiar divine-services, private in the interim? These were hints;—and now this of the CORPUS-CHRISTI, a still more pregnant hint! Loyal Protestants refused it, therefore; flatly declined, though bidden and again bidden. They attended in a body, old Johann of Saxony, young Philip of Hessen, and the rest; Margraf George, as spokesman, with eloquent simplicity stating their reasons,—to somewhat this effect:—

Invinciblest all-gracious Kaiser, loyal are we to your high Majesty, ready to do your bidding by night and by day. But it is your bidding under God, not against God. Ask us not, O gracious Kaiser! I cannot, and we cannot;

and we must not, and dare not. And "before I would deny my God and his Evangel," these are George's own words, "I would rather kneel down here before your Majesty, and have my head struck off,"—hitting his hind-head, or neck, with the edge of his hand, by way of accompaniment; a strange radiance in the eyes of him, voice risen into musical alt: "*Ehe Ich wolte meinen Gott und sein Evangelium verlaugnen, ehe wolte Ich hier vor Eurer Majestat niderknien, und mir den Kopf abhauen lassen.*"—"Nit Kop ab, lover Forst, nit Kop ab!" answered Charles in his Flemish-German; "Not head off, dear Furst, not head off!" said the Kaiser, a faint smile enlightening those weighty gray eyes of his, and imperceptibly animating the thick Austrian under-lip. [Rentsch, p. 637. Marheineke, *Geschichte der Deutschen Reformation* (Berlin, 1831), ii. 487.]

Speaker and company attended again on the morrow; Margraf George still more eloquent. Whose Speech flew over Germany, like fire over dry flax; and still exists,—both Speeches now oftenest rolled into one by inaccurate editors. [As by Rentsch, ubi supra.] And the CORPUS-CHRISTI idolatries were forborne the Margraf and his company this time;—the Kaiser himself, however, walking, nearly roasted in the sun, in heavy purple-velvet cloak, with a big wax-candle, very superfluous, guttering and blubbering in the right hand of him, along the streets of Augsburg. Kur-Brandenburg, Kur-Mainz, high cousins of George, were at this Diet of Augsburg; Kur-Brandenburg (Elector Joachim I., Cicero's son, of whom we have spoken, and shall speak again) being often very loud on the conservative side; and eloquent Kur-Mainz going on the conciliatory tack. Kur-Brandenburg, in his zeal, had ridden on to Innspruck, to meet the Kaiser there, and have a preliminary word with him. Both these high Cousins spoke, and bestirred themselves, a good deal, at this Diet. They had met the Kaiser on the plains of the Lech, this morning; and, no doubt, gloomed unutterable things on George and his Speech. George could not help it.

Till his death in 1543, George is to be found always in the front line of this high Movement, in the line where Kur-Sachsen, John the Steadfast (DER BESTANDIGE), and young Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen were, and where danger and difficulty were. Readers of this enlightened gold-nugget generation can form to themselves no conception of the spirit that then possessed the nobler kingly mind. "The command of God endures through Eternity, *Verbum Dei Manet In AEternum*," was the Epigraph and Life-motto which John the Steadfast had adopted for himself; "V. D. M. I. AE.," these initials he had engraved on all the furnitures of his existence, on his standards, pictures, plate, on the very sleeves of his lackeys,—and I can perceive, on his own deep heart first of all. V. D. M. I. E.:—or might it not be read withal, as Philip of Hessen sometimes said (Philip, still a young fellow, capable of sport in his magnanimous scorn), "*Verbum Diaboli Manet In Episcopis*, The Devil's Word sticks fast in the Bishops"?

We must now take leave of Margraf George and his fine procedures in that crisis of World-History. He had got Jugerndorf, which became important for his Family and others: but what was that to the Promethean conquests (such we may call them) which he had the honor to assist in making for his Family, and for his Country, and for all men;—very unconscious he of "bringing fire from Heaven," good modest simple man! So far as I can gather, there lived, in that day, few truer specimens of the Honest Man. A rugged, rough-hewn, rather blunt-nosed physiognomy: cheek-bones high, cheeks somewhat bagged and wrinkly; eyes with a due shade of anxiety and sadness in them; affectionate simplicity, faithfulness, intelligence, veracity looking out of every feature of him. Wears plentiful white beard short-cut, plentiful gold-chains, ruffs, ermines;—a hat not to be approved of, in comparison with brother Casimir's; miserable inverted-colander of a hat; hanging at an angle of forty-five degrees; with band of pearls round the top not the bottom of it; insecure upon the fine head of George, and by no means to its embellishment.

One of his Daughters he married to the Duke of Liegnitz, a new link in that connection. He left one Boy, George Friedrich; who came under ALCIBIADES, his Cousin of Baireuth's tutelage; and suffered much by that connection, or indeed chiefly by his own conspicuously Protestant turn, to punish which, the Alcibiades connection was taken as a pretext. In riper years, George Friedrich got his calamities brought well under; and lived to do good work, Protestant and other, in the world. To which we may perhaps allude again. The Line of Margraf George the Pious ends in this George Friedrich, who had no children; the Line of Margraf George, and the Elder Culmbach Line altogether (1603), Albert Alcibiades, Casimir's one son, having likewise died without posterity.

"Of the younger Brothers," says my Authority, "some four were in the Church; two of whom rose to be Prelates;—here are the four:—"

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

"1. One, Wilhelm by name, was Bishop of Riga, in the remote Prussian outskirts, and became Protestant;—among the first great Prelates who took that heretical course; being favored by circumstances to cast out the 'V. D. (*Verbum Diaboli*),' as Philip read it. He is a wise-looking man, with magnificent beard, with something of contemptuous patience in the meditative eyes of him. He had great troubles with his Riga people,—as indeed was a perennial case between their Bishop and them, of whatever creed he might be.

"2. The other Prelate held fast by the Papal Orthodoxy: he had got upon the ladder of promotion towards Magdeburg; hoping to follow his Cousin KUR—MAINZ, the eloquent conciliatory Cardinal, in that part of his pluralities. As he did,—little to his comfort, poor man; having suffered a good deal in the sieges and religious troubles of his Magdeburgers; who ended by ordering him away, having openly declared themselves Protestant, at length. He had to go; and occupy himself complaining, soliciting Aulic—Councils and the like, for therest of his life.

"3. The PROBST of Wurzburg (PROVOST, kind of Head—Canon there); orthodox Papal he too; and often gave his Brother George trouble.

"4. A still more orthodox specimen, the youngest member of the family, who is likewise in orders: Gumbrecht ('Gumbertus, a Canonicus of' Something or other, say the Books); who went early to Rome, and became one of his Holiness Leo Tenth's Chamberlains; —stood the 'Sack of Rome' (Constable de Bourbon's), and was captured there and ransomed;—but died still young (1528). These three were Catholics, he of Wurzburg a rather virulent one."

Catholic also was JOHANNES, a fifth Brother, who followed the soldiering and diplomatic professions, oftenest in Spain; did Government—messages to Diets, and the like, for Karl V.; a high man and well seen of his Kaiser;—he had wedded the young Widow of old King Ferdinand in Spain; which proved, seemingly, a troublous scene for poor Johannes. What we know is, he was appointed Commandant of Valencia; and died there, still little turned of thirty,—by poison it is supposed,—and left his young Widow to marry a third time.

These are the Five minor Brothers, four of them Catholic, sons of old blind Friedrich of Plassenburg; who are not, for their own sake, memorable, but are mentionable for the sake of the three major Brothers. So many orthodox Catholics, while Brother George and others went into the heresies at such a rate! A family much split by religion:—and blind old Friedrich, dim of intellect, knew nothing of it; and the excellent Polish Mother said and thought, we know not what. A divided Time!—

Johannes of Valencia, and these Chief Priests, were all men of mark; conspicuous to the able editors of their day: but the only Brother now generally known to mankind is Albert, Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritterdom; by whom Preussen came into the Family. Of him we must now speak a little.

Chapter VI. HOCHMEISTER ALBERT, THIRD NOTABLE SON OF FRIEDRICH.

Albert was born in 1490; George's junior by six years, Casimir's by nine. He too had been meant for the Church; but soon quitted that, other prospects and tendencies opening. He had always loved the ingenuous arts; but the activities too had charms for him. He early shone in his exercises spiritual and bodily; grew tall above his fellows, expert in arts, especially in arms;—rode with his Father to Kaiser Max's Court; was presented by him, as the light of his eyes, to Kaiser Max; who thought him a very likely young fellow; and bore him in mind, when the Mastership of the Teutsch Ritterdom fell vacant. [Rentsch, pp. 840–863.]

The Teutsch Ritterdom, ever since it got its back broken in that Battle of Tannenberg in 1410, and was driven out of West–Preussen with such ignominious kicks, has been lying bedrid, eating its remaining revenues, or sprawling about in helpless efforts to rise again, which require no notice from us. Hopeless of ever recovering West–Preussen, it had quietly paid its homage to Poland for the Eastern part of that Country; quietly for some couple of generations. But, in the third or fourth generation after Tannenberg, there began to rise murmurs,—in the Holy Roman Empire first of all. "Preussen is a piece of the Reich," said hot, inconsiderate people; "Preussen could not be alienated without consent of the Reich!" To which discourses the afflicted Ritters listened only too gladly; their dull eyes kindling into new false hopes at sound of them. The point was, To choose as Hochmeister some man of German influence, of power and connection in the Country, who might help them to their so-called right. With this view, they chose one and then another of such sort;—and did not find it very hopeful, as we shall see.

Albert was chosen Grand–Master of Preussen, in February, 1511; age then twenty–one. Made his entry into Konigsberg, November next year; in grand cavalcade, "dreadful storm of rain and wind at the time,"—poor Albert all in black, and full of sorrow, for the loss of his Mother, the good Polish Princess, who had died since he left home. Twenty months of preparation he had held since his Election, before doing anything: for indeed the case was intricate. He, like his predecessor in office, had undertaken to refuse that Homage to Poland; the Reich generally, and Kaiser Max himself, in a loose way of talk, encouraging him: "A piece of the Reich," said they all; "Teutsch Ritters had no power to give it away in that manner." Which is a thing more easily said, than made good in the way of doing.

Albert's predecessor, chosen on this principle, was a Saxon Prince, Friedrich of Meissen; cadet of Saxony; potently enough connected, he too; who, in like manner, had undertaken to refuse the Homage. And zealously did refuse it, though to his cost, poor man. From the Reich, for all its big talking, he got no manner of assistance; had to stave off a Polish War as he could, by fair–speaking, by diplomacies and contrivances; and died at middle age, worn down by the sorrows of that sad position.

An idea prevails, in ill–informed circles, that our new Grand–Master Albert was no better than a kind of cheat; that he took this Grand–Mastership of Preussen; and then, in gayety of heart, surreptitiously pocketed Preussen for his own behoof. Which is an idle idea; inconsistent with the least inquiry, or real knowledge how the matter stood. [Voigt, ix. 740–749; Pauli, iv. 404–407.] By no means in gayety of heart, did Albert pocket Preussen; nor till after as tough a struggle to do other with it as could have been expected of any man.

One thing not suspected by the Teutsch Ritters, and least of all by their young Hochmeister, was, That the Teutsch Ritters had well deserved that terrible down–come at Tannenberg, that ignominious dismissal out of West–Preussen with kicks. Their insolence, luxury, degeneracy had gone to great lengths. Nor did that humiliation mend them at all; the reverse rather. It was deeply hidden from the young Hochmeister as from them, That probably they were now at length got to the end of their capability: and ready to be withdrawn from the scene, as soon as any good way offered!—Of course, they were reluctant enough to fulfil their bargain to Poland; very loath they to do Homage now for Preussen, and own themselves sunk to the second degree. For the Ritters had still their old haughtiness of humor, their deepseated pride of place, gone now into the unhappy CONSCIOUS state. That is usually the last thing that deserts a sinking House: pride of place, gone to the conscious state;—as if, in a reverse manner, the House felt that it deserved to sink.

For the rest, Albert's position among them was what Friedrich of Sachsen's had been; worse, not better; and

the main ultimate difference was, he did not die of it, like Friedrich of Sachsen; but found an outlet, not open in Friedrich's time, and lived. To the Ritters, and vague Public which called itself the Reich, Albert had promised he would refuse the Homage to Poland; on which Ritters and Reich had clapt their hands: and that was pretty much all the assistance he got of them. The Reich, as a formal body, had never asserted its right to Preussen, nor indeed spoken definitely on the subject: it was only the vague Public that had spoken, in the name of the Reich. From the Reich, or from any individual of it, Kaiser or Prince, when actually applied to, Albert could get simply nothing. From what, Ritters were in Preussen, he might perhaps expect promptitude to fight, if it came to that; which was not much as things stood. But, from the great body of the Ritters, scattered over Germany, with their rich territories (BALLEYS, bailliwicks), safe resources, and comfortable "Teutschmeister" over them, he got flat refusal: [The titles HOCHMEISTER and TEUTSCHMEISTER are defined, in many Books and in all manner of Dictionaries, as meaning the same thing. But that is not quite the case. They were at first synonymous, so far as I can see; and after Albert's time, they again became so; but at the date where we now are, and for a long while back, they represent different entities, and indeed oftenest, since the Prussian DECLINE began, antagonistic ones. Teutschmeister, Sub-president over the GERMAN affairs and possessions of the Order, resides at Mergentheim in that Country: Hochmeister is Chief President of the whole, but resident at Marienburg in Preussen, and feels there acutely where the shoe pinches,—much too acutely, thinks the Teutschmeister in his soft list-slippers, at Mergentheim in the safe Wurzburg region.] "We will not be concerned in the adventure at all; we wish you well through it!" Never was a spirited young fellow placed in more impossible position. His Brother Casimir (George was then in Hungary), his Cousin Joachim Kur-Brandenburg, Friedrich Duke of Liegnitz, a Silesian connection of the Family, ["Duke Friedrich II.:" comes by mothers from Kurfurst Friedrich I.; marries Margraf George's Daughter even now, 1519 (Hubner, tt. 179, 100, 101).] consulted, advised, negotiated to all lengths, Albert's own effort was incessant. "Agree with King Sigismund," said they; "Uncle Sigismund, your good Mother's Brother; a King softly inclined to us all!"—"How agree?" answered Albert: "He insists on the Homage, which I have promised not to give!" Casimir went and came, to Konigsberg, to Berlin; went once himself to Cracow, to the King, on this errand: but it was a case of "Yes AND No;" not to be solved by Casimir.

As to King Sigismund, he was patient with it to a degree; made the friendliest paternal professions;—testifying withal, That the claim was undeniable; and could by him, Sigismund, never be foregone with the least shadow of honor, and of course never would: "My dear Nephew can consider whether his dissolute, vain-minded, half-heretical Ritterdom, nay whether this Prussian fraction of it, is in a condition to take Poland by the beard in an unjust quarrel; or can hope to do Tannenberg over again in the reverse way, by Beelzehub's help?"—

For seven years, Albert held out in this intermediate state, neither peace nor war; moving Heaven and Earth to raise supplies, that he might be able to defy Poland, and begin war. The Reich answers, "We have really nothing for you." Teutschmeister answers again and again, "I tell you we have nothing!" In the end, Sigismund grew impatient; made (December, 1519) some movements of a hostile nature. Albert did not yield; eager only to procrastinate till he were ready. By superhuman efforts, of borrowing, bargaining, soliciting, and galloping to and fro, Albert did, about the end of next year, get up some appearance of an Army: "14,000 German mercenaries horse and foot," so many in theory; who, to the extent of 8,000 in actual result, came marching towards him (October, 1520); to serve "for eight months." With these he will besiege Dantzic, besiege Thorn; will plunge, suddenly, like a fiery javelin, into the heart of Poland, and make Poland surrender its claim. Whereupon King Sigismund bestirred himself in earnest; came out with vast clouds of Polish chivalry; overset Albert's 8,000;—who took to eating the country, instead of fighting for it; being indeed in want of all things. One of the gladdest days Albert had yet seen, was when he got the 8,000 sent home again.

What then is to be done? "Armistice for four years," Sigismund was still kind enough to consent to that: "Truce for four years: try everywhere, my poor Nephew; after that, your mind will perhaps become pliant." Albert tried the Reich again: "Four years, 0 Princes, and then I must do it, or be eaten!" Reich, busy with Lutheran-Papal, Turk-Christian quarrels, merely shrugged its shoulders upon Albert. Teutschmeister did the like; everybody the like. In Heaven or Earth, then, is there no hope for me? thought Albert. And his stock of ready money—we will not speak of that!

Meanwhile Dr. Osiander of Anspach had come to him; and the pious young man was getting utterly shaken in his religion. Monkish vows, Pope, Holy Church itself, what is one to think, Herr Doctor? Albert, religious to an

eminent degree, was getting deep into Protestantism. In his many journeyings, to Nurnberg, to Brandenburg, and up and down, he had been at Wittenberg too: he saw Luther in person more than once there; corresponded with Luther; in fine believed in the truth of Luther. The Culmbach Brothers were both, at least George ardently was, inclined to Protestantism, as we have seen; but Albert was foremost of the three in this course. Osiander and flights of zealous Culmbach Preachers made many converts in Preussen. In these circumstances the Four Years came to a close.

Albert, we may believe, is greatly at a loss; and deep deliberations, Culmbach, Berlin, Liegnitz, Poland all called in, are held:—a case beyond measure intricate. You have given your word; word must be kept,—and cannot, without plain hurt, or ruin even, to those that took it of you. Withdraw, therefore; fling it up!—Fling it up? A valuable article to fling up; fling it up is the last resource. Nay, in fact, to whom will you fling it up? The Prussian Ritters themselves are getting greatly divided on the point; and at last on all manner of points, Protestantism ever more spreading among them. As for the German Brethren, they and their comfortable Teutschmeister, who refused to partake in the dangerous adventure at all; are they entitled to have much to say in the settlement of it now?—

Among others, or as chief oracle of all, Luther was consulted. "What would you have me do towards reforming the Teutsch Order?" inquired Albert of his oracle. Luther's answer was, as may be guessed, emphatic. "Luther," says one reporter, "has in his Writings declared the Order to be 'a thing serviceable neither to God nor man,' and the constitution of it 'a monstrous, frightful, hermaphroditish, neither secular nor spiritual constitution.'" [C. J. Weber, *Das Ritterwesen (Stuttgart, 1837)*, iii. 208.] *We do not know what Luther's answer to Albert was;—but can infer the purport of it: That such a Teutsch Ritterdom was not, at any rate, a thing long for this world; that white cloaks with black crosses on them would not, of themselves, profit any Ritterdom; that solemn vows and high supramundane professions, followed by such practice as was notorious, are an afflicting, not to say a damnable, spectacle on God's Earth;—that a young Herr had better marry; better have done with the wretched Babylonian Nightmare of Papistry altogether; better shake oneself awake, in God's name, and see if there are not still monitions in the eternal sky as to what it is wise to do, and wise not to do!— This I imagine to have been, in modern language, the purport of Dr. Luther's advice to Hochmeister Albrecht on the present interesting occasion.*

It is certain, Albert, before long, took this course; Uncle Sigismund and the resident Officials of the Ritterdom having made agreement to it as the one practicable course. The manner as follows: 1. Instead of Elected Hochmeister, let us be Hereditary Duke of Preussen, and pay homage for it to Uncle Sigismund in that character. 2. Such of the resident Officials of the Ritterdom as are prepared to go along with us, we will in like manner constitute permanent Feudal Proprietors of what they now possess as Life—rent, and they shall be Sub—vassals under us as Hereditary Duke. 3. In all which Uncle Sigismund and the Republic of Poland engage to maintain us against the world.

That is, in sum, the Transaction entered into, by King Sigismund I. of Poland, on the one part, and Hochmeister Albert and his Ritter Officials, such as went along with him, (which of course none could do that were not Protestant), on the other part: done at Cracow, 8th April, 1525. [Rentsch, p. 850.—Here, certified by Rentsch, Voigt and others, is a worn—out patch of Paper, which is perhaps worth printing:— 1490, May 17, Albert is born. 1511, February 14, Hochmeister. 1519, December, King Sigismund's first hostile movements. 1520, October, German Mercenaries arrive. 1520, November, try Siege of Dantzic. 1520, November 17, give it up. 1521, April 10, Truce for Four Years. 1523, June, Albert consults Luther. 1524, November, sees Luther. 1525, April 8, Peace of Cracow, and Albert to be Duke of Prussia.] Whereby Teutsch Ritterdom, the Prussian part of it, vanished from the world; dissolving itself, and its "hermaphrodite constitution," like a kind of Male Nunnery, as so many female ones had done in those years. A Transaction giving rise to endless criticism, then and afterwards. Transaction plainly not reconcilable with the letter of the law; and liable to have logic chopped upon it to any amount, and to all lengths of time. The Teutschmeister and his German Brethren shrieked murder; the whole world, then, and for long afterwards, had much to say and argue.

To us, now that the logic—chaff is all laid long since, the question is substantial, not formal. If the Teutsch Ritterdom was actually at this time DEAD, actually stumbling about as a mere galvanized Lie beginning to be putrid,—then, sure enough, it behooved that somebody should bury it, to avoid pestilential effects in the neighborhood. Somebody or other;—first flaying the skin off, as was natural, and taking that for his trouble. All

turns, in substance, on this latter question! If, again, the Ritterdom was not dead--?

And truly it struggled as hard as Partridge the Almanac-maker to rebut that fatal accusation; complained (*Teutschmeister* and German-Papist part of it) loudly at the Diets; got Albert and his consorts put to the Ban (*GEACHTET*), fiercely menaced by the Kaiser Karl V. But nothing came of all that; nothing but noise. Albert maintained his point; Kaiser Karl always found his hands full otherwise, and had nothing but stamped parchments and menaces to fire off at Albert. *Teutsch Ritterdom*, the Popish part of it, did enjoy its valuable bailliwicks, and very considerable rents in various quarters of Germany and Europe, having lost only *Preussen*; and walked about, for three centuries more, with money in its pocket, and a solemn white gown with black cross on its back,--the most opulent Social Club in existence, and an excellent place for bestowing younger sons of sixteen quarters. But it was, and continued through so many centuries, in every essential respect, a solemn Hypocrisy; a functionless merely eating Phantasm, of the nature of goblin, hungry ghost or ghoul (of which kind there are many);--till Napoleon finally ordered it to vanish; its time, even as Phantasm, being come.

Albert, I can conjecture, had his own difficulties as Regent in *Preussen*. [1525-1568.] Protestant Theology, to make matters worse for him, had split itself furiously into *DOXIES*; and there was an *OSIANDERISM* (*Osiander* being the Duke's chaplain), much flamed upon by the more orthodox *ISM*. "Foreigners," too, German-Anspach and other, were ill seen by the native gentlemen; yet sometimes got encouragement. One *Funccius*, a shining Nurnberg immigrant there, son-in-law of *Osiander*, who from Theology got into Politics, had at last (1564) to be beheaded,--old Duke Albert himself "bitterly weeping" about him; for it was none of Albert's doing. Probably his new allodial Ritter gentlemen were not the most submissive, when made hereditary? We can only hope the Duke was a Hohenzollern, and not quite unequal to his task in this respect. A man with high bald brow; magnificent spade-beard; air much-pondering, almost gaunt,--gaunt kind of eyes especially, and a slight cast in them, which adds to his severity of aspect. He kept his possession well, every inch of it; and left all safe at his decease in 1568. His age was then near eighty. It was the tenth year of our Elizabeth as Queen; invincible Armada not yet built; but Alba very busy, cutting off high heads in Brabant; and stirring up the Dutch to such fury as was needful for exploding Spain and him.

This Duke Albert was a profoundly religious man, as all thoughtful men then were. Much given to Theology, to Doctors of Divinity; being eager to know God's Laws in this Universe, and wholesomely certain of damnation if he should not follow them. Fond of the profane Sciences too, especially of Astronomy: *Erasmus Reinhold* and his *Tabulae Prutenicae* were once very celebrated; *Erasmus Reinhold* proclaims gratefully how these his elaborate Tables (done according to the latest discoveries, 1551 and onwards) were executed upon Duke Albert's high bounty; for which reason they are dedicated to Duke Albert, and called "*PRUTENICAE*," meaning *PRUSSIAN*. [Rentsch, p. 855.] The University of *Konigsberg* was already founded several years before, in 1544.

Albert had not failed to marry, as Luther counselled: by his first Wife he had only daughters; by his second, one son, Albert Friedrich, who, without opposition or difficulty, succeeded his Father. Thus was *Preussen* acquired to the Hohenzollern Family; for, before long, the Electoral branch managed to get *MITBELEHNUNG* (Co-infertment), that is to say, Eventual Succession; and *Preussen* became a Family Heritage, as *Anspach* and *Baireuth* were.

Chapter VII. ALBERT ALCIBIADES.

One word must be spent on poor Albert, Casimir's son, [1522–1557] already mentioned. This poor Albert, whom they call ALCIBIADES, made a great noise in that epoch; being what some define as the "Failure of a Fritz;" who has really features of him we are to call "Friedrich the Great," but who burnt away his splendid qualities as a mere temporary shine for the able editors, and never came to anything.

A high and gallant young fellow, left fatherless in childhood; perhaps he came too early into power:—he came, at any rate, in very volcanic times, when Germany was all in convulsion; the Old Religion and the New having at length broken out into open battle, with huge results to be hoped and feared; and the largest game going on, in sight of an adventurous youth. How Albert staked in it; how he played to immense heights of sudden gain, and finally to utter bankruptcy, I cannot explain here: some German delineator of human destinies, "Artist" worth the name, if there were any, might find in him a fine subject.

He was ward of his Uncle George; and the probable fact is, no guardian could have been more faithful. Nevertheless, on approaching the years of majority, of majority but not discretion, he saw good to quarrel with his Uncle; claimed this and that, which was not granted: quarrel lasting for years. Nay matters ran so high at last, it was like to come to war between them, had not George been wiser. The young fellow actually sent a cartel to his Uncle; challenged him to mortal combat,—at which George only wagged his old beard, we suppose, and said nothing. Neighbors interposed, the Diet itself interposed; and the matter was got quenched again. Leaving Albert, let us hope, a repentant young man. We said he was full of fire, too much of it wildfire.

His profession was Arms; he shone much in war; went slashing and fighting through those Schmalkaldic broils, and others of his time; a distinguished captain; cutting his way towards something high, he saw not well what. He had great comradeship with Moritz of Saxony in the wars: two sworn brothers they, and comrades in arms:—it is the same dexterous Moritz, who, himself a Protestant, managed to get his too Protestant Cousin's Electorate of Saxony into his hand, by luck of the game; the Moritz, too, from whom Albert by and by got his last defeat, giving Moritz his death in return. That was the finale of their comradeship. All things end, and nothing ceases changing till it end.

He was by position originally on the Kaiser's side; had attained great eminence, and done high feats of arms and generalship in his service. But being a Protestant by creed, he changed after that Schmalkaldic downfall (rout of Muhlberg, 24th April, 1547), which brought Moritz an Electorate, and nearly cost Moritz's too Protestant Cousin his life as well as lands. [Account of it in De Wette, *Lebensgeschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), pp. 32–35.] The victorious Kaiser growing now very high in his ways, there arose complaints against him from all sides, very loud from the Protestant side; and Moritz and Albert took to arms, with loud manifestos and the other phenomena.

This was early in 1552, five years after Muhlberg Rout or Battle. The there victorious Kaiser was now suddenly almost ruined; chased like a partridge into the Innsbruck Mountains,—could have been caught, only Moritz would not; "had no cage to hold so big a bird," he said. So the Treaty of Passau was made, and the Kaiser came much down from his lofty ways. Famed TREATY OF PASSAU (22d August, 1552), which was the finale of these broils, and hushed them up for a Fourscore years to come. That was a memorable year in German Reformation History.

Albert, meanwhile, had been busy in the interior of the country; blazing aloft in Frankenland, his native quarter, with a success that astonished all men. For seven months he was virtually King of Germany; ransomed Bamberg, ransomed Wurzburg, Nurnberg (places he had a grudge at); ransomed all manner of towns and places,—especially rich Bishops and their towns, with VERBUM DIABOLI sticking in them,—at enormous sums. King of the world for a brief season;—must have had some strange thoughts to himself, had they been recorded for us. A pious man, too; not in the least like "Alcibiades," except in the sudden changes of fortune he underwent. His Motto, or old rhymed Prayer, which he would repeat on getting into the saddle for military work,—a rough rhyme of his own composing,—is still preserved. Let us give it, with an English fac-simile, or roughest mechanical pencil-tracing,—by way of glimpse into the heart of a vanished Time and its Man—at-arms: [Rentsch, p. 644.] *Das Walt der Herr Jesus Christ, Mit dem Vater, der uber uns ist: Wer starker ist als dieser*

Mann, Der komm und thu' ein Leid mir an.

Guide it the Lord Jesus Christ, [Read "Chris" or "Chriz," for the

rhyme's sake.] And the Father, who over us is: He that is stronger than that Man, [Sic.] Let him do me a hurt when he can.

He was at the Siege of Metz (end of that same 1552), and a principal figure there. Readers have heard of the Siege of Metz: How Henry II. of France fished up those "Three Bishoprics" (Metz, Toul, Verdun, constituent part of Lorraine, a covetable fraction of Teutschland) from the troubled sea of German things, by aid of Moritz now KUR-SACHSEN, and of Albert; and would not throw them in again, according to bargain, when Peace, the PEACE OF PASSAU came. How Kaiser Karl determined to have them back before the year ended, cost what it might; and Henry II. to keep them, cost what it might. How Guise defended, with all the Chivalry of France; and Kaiser Karl besieged, [19th October, 1552, and onwards.] with an Army of 100,000 men, under Duke Alba for chief captain. Siege protracted into midwinter; and the "sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg," which is eighty miles off, "in the winter nights." [Kohler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 453;— and more especially *Munzbelustigungen* (Nurnberg, 1729–1750), ix. 121–129. The Year of this Volume, and of the Number in question, is 1737; the MUNZE or Medal "recreated upon" in of Henri II.]

It had depended upon Albert, who hung in the distance with an army of his own, whether the Siege could even begin; but he joined the Kaiser, being reconciled again; and the trenches opened. By the valor of Guise and his Chivalry,—still more perhaps by the iron frosts and by the sleety rains of Winter, and the hungers and the hardships of a hundred thousand men, digging vainly at the ice-bound earth, or trampling it when sleety into seas of mud, and themselves sinking in it, of dysentery, famine, toil and despair, as they cannonaded day and night,—Metz could not be taken. "Impossible!" said the Generals with one voice, after trying it for a couple of months. "Try it one other ten days," said the Kaiser with a gloomy fixity; "let us all die, or else do it!" They tried, with double desperation, another ten days; cannon booming through the winter midnight far and wide, four score miles round: "Cannot be done, your Majesty! Cannot,—the winter and the mud, and Guise and the walls; man's strength cannot do it in this season. We must march away!" Karl listened in silence; but the tears were seen to run down his proud face, now not so young as it once was: "Let us march, then!" he said, in a low voice, after some pause.

Alcibiades covered the retreat to Diedenhof (THONVILLE) they now call it): outmanoeuvred the French, retreated with success; he had already captured a grand Due d'Aumale, a Prince of the Guises,— valuable ransom to be looked for there. It was thought he should have made his bargain better with the Kaiser, before starting; but he had neglected that. Albert's course was downward thenceforth; Kaiser Karl's too. The French keep these "Three Bishoprics (TROIS EVECHES)," and Teutschland laments the loss of them, to this hour. Kaiser Karl, as some write, never smiled again;—abdicated, not long after; retired into the Monastery of St. Just, and there soon died. That is the siege of Metz, where Alcibiades was helpful. His own bargain with the Kaiser should have been better made beforehand.

Dissatisfied with any bargain he could now get; dissatisfied with the Treaty of Passau, with such a finale and hushing-up of the Religious Controversy, and in general with himself and with the world, Albert again drew sword; went loose at a high rate upon his Bamberg–Wurzburg enemies, and, having raised supplies there, upon Moritz and those Passau–Treatiers. He was beaten at last by Moritz, "Sunday, 9th July, 1553," at a place called Sievershausen in the Hanover Country, where Moritz himself perished in the action.—Albert fled thereupon to France. No hope in France. No luck in other small and desperate stakings of his: the game is done. Albert returns to a Sister he had, to her Husband's Court in Baden; a broken, bare and bankrupt man;—soon dies there, childless, leaving the shadow of a name. [Here, chiefly from Kohler (*Munzbelustigungen*, iii. 414–416), is the chronology of Albert's operations:— Seizure of Nurnberg 11th May to 22d June, 1552; Innsbruck (with Treaty of Passau) follows. Then Siege of Metz, October to December, 1552; Bamberg, Wurzburg and Nurnberg ransomed again, April, 1553; Battle of Sievershausen, 9th July, 1553. Wurzburg explode against him; Ban of the Empire, 4th May, 1554. To France thereupon; returns, hoping to negotiate, end of 1556; dies at Pforzheim, at his Sister's, 8th January, 1557.—See Pauli, iii. 120–138. See also Dr. Kapp, *Erinnerungen an diejenigen Markgrafen* (a reprint from the *Archiv fur Geschichte und Alterthumskunde in Ober-Franken*, Year 1841).]

His death brought huge troubles upon Baireuth and the Family Possessions. So many neighbors, Bamberg, Wurzburg and the rest, were eager for retaliation; a new Kaiser greedy for confiscating. Plassenburg Castle was

besieged, bombarded, taken by famine and burnt; much was burnt and torn to waste. Nay, had it not been for help from Berlin, the Family had gone to utter ruin in those parts. For this Alcibiades had, in his turn, been Guardian to Uncle George's Son, the George Friedrich we once spoke of, still a minor, but well known afterwards; and it was attempted, by an eager Kaiser Ferdinand, to involve this poor youth in his Cousin's illegalities, as if Ward and Guardian had been one person. Baireuth which had been Alcibiades's, Anspach which was the young man's own, nay Jagerndorf with its Appendages, were at one time all in the clutches of the hawk,—had not help from Berlin been there. But in the end, the Law had to be allowed its course; George Friedrich got his own Territories back (all but some surreptitious nibblings in the Jagerndorf quarter, to be noticed elsewhere), and also got Baireuth, his poor Cousin's Inheritance; —sole heir, he now, in Culmbath, the Line of Casimir being out.

One owns to a kind of love for poor Albert Alcibiades. In certain sordid times, even a "Failure of a Fritz" is better than some Successes that are going. A man of some real nobleness, this Albert; though not with wisdom enough, not with good fortune enough. Could he have continued to "rule the situation" (as our French friends phrase it); to march the fanatical Papistries, and Kaiser Karl, clear out of it, home to Spain and San Justo a little earlier; to wave the coming Jesuitries away, as with a flaming sword; to forbid beforehand the doleful Thirty—Years War, and the still dolefuler spiritual atrophy (the flaccid Pedantry, ever rummaging and rearranging among learned marine—stores, which thinks itself Wisdom and Insight; the vague maunderings, flutings; indolent, impotent daydreaming and tobacco—smoking, of poor Modern Germany) which has followed therefrom,—ACH GOTT, he might have been a "SUCCESS of a Fritz" three times over! He might have been a German Cromwell; beckoning his People to fly, eagle—like, straight towards the Sun; instead of screwing about it in that sad, uncertain, and far too spiral manner!—But it lay not in him; not in his capabilities or opportunities, after all: and we but waste time in such speculations.

Chapter VIII. HISTORICAL MEANING OF THE REFORMATION.

The Culmbach Brothers, we observe, play a more important part in that era than their seniors and chiefs of Brandenburg. These Culmbachers, Margraf George and Albert of Preussen at the head of them, march valiantly forward in the Reformation business; while KUR-BRANDENBURG, Joachim I., their senior Cousin, is talking loud at Diets, galloping to Innsbruck and the like, zealous on the Conservative side; and Cardinal Albert, KUR-MAINZ, his eloquent brother, is eager to make matters smooth and avoid violent methods.

The Reformation was the great Event of that Sixteenth Century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim, in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the Event then transacting itself, was the thing that Germany and Europe either did or refused to do, the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg History, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all, with the History of the Reformation. That has proved to be the Law of Nature in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation;—and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow, that it could do no other. And ever onwards through the times even of our little Fritz and farther, if we will understand the word "Reformation," Brandenburg so feels; being, at this day, to an honorable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moonshine. Which has been of uncountable advantage to Brandenburg: —how could it fail? This was what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven. To which same "voice," at that time, all that did not give ear,—what has become of them since; have they not signally had the penalties to pay!

"Penalties:" quarrel not with the old phraseology, good reader; attend rather to the thing it means. The word was heard of old, with a right solemn meaning attached to it, from theological pulpits and such places; and may still be heard there with a half-meaning, or with no meaning, though it has rather become obsolete to modern ears. But the THING should not have fallen obsolete; the thing is a grand and solemn truth, expressive of a silent Law of Heaven, which continues forever valid. The most untheological of men may still assert the thing; and invite all men to notice it, as a silent monition and prophecy in this Universe; to take it, with more of awe than they are wont, as a correct reading of the Will of the Eternal in respect of such matters; and, in their modern sphere, to bear the same well in mind. For it is perfectly certain, and may be seen with eyes in any quarter of Europe at this day.

Protestant or not Protestant? The question meant everywhere: "Is there anything of nobleness in you, O Nation, or is there nothing? Are there, in this Nation, enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's Truth VERSUS the Devil's Falsehood, at the peril of life and more? Men who prefer death, and all else, to living under Falsehood,—who, once for all, will not live under Falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say, in pious clearness, with their whole soul: 'Come on, then! Life under Falsehood is not good for me; and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then!'"

Once risen into this divine white-heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, the Nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of DROSS and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that high temperature, in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans,—making England habitable even under the Charles-Second terms for a couple of centuries more. Nations are benefited, I believe, for ages, by being thrown once into divine white-heat in this manner. And no Nation that has not had such divine paroxysms at any time is apt to come to much.

That was now, in this epoch, the English of "adopting Protestantism;" and we need not wonder at the results which it has had, and which the want of it has had. For the want of it is literally the want of loyalty to the Maker of this Universe. He who wants that, what else has he, or can he have? If you do not, you Man or you Nation, love

the Truth enough, but try to make a Chapman-bargain with Truth, instead of giving yourself wholly soul and body and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you; and only Logic, "Wit" (for example, "London Wit"), Sophistry, Virtu, the AEsthetic Arts, and perhaps (for a short while) Bookkeeping by Double Entry, will abide with you. You will follow falsity, and think it truth, you unfortunate man or nation. You will right surely, you for one, stumble to the Devil; and are every day and hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.

Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland,—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants; but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser-element presiding over it, obstinately, for two centuries, kept saying, "No; we, with our dull obstinate Cimborgis under-lip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of Habituality and indolence of Intellect, we prefer steady Darkness to uncertain new Light!"—and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more; poor Spain, going about, at this time, making its "PRONUNCIAMIENTOS;" all the factious attorneys in its little towns assembling to PRONOUNCE virtually this, "The Old IS a lie, then;— good Heavens, after we so long tried hard, harder than any nation, to think it a truth!—and if it be not Rights of Man, Red Republic and Progress of the Species, we know not what now to believe or to do; and are as a people stumbling on steep places, in the darkness of midnight!"—They refused Truth when she came; and now Truth knows nothing of them. All stars, and heavenly lights, have become veiled to such men; they must now follow terrestrial IGNES FATUI, and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them.

Italy too had its Protestants; but Italy killed them; managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with Practical Lies of all kinds; and, shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into Dilettantism and the Fine Arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of Fact and Performance, did Music, Painting, and the like:—till even that has become impossible for them; and no noble Nation, sunk from virtue to VIRTU, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer Dilettantism in this world for his outfit, shall have it; but all the gods will depart from him; and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can if he like make himself a soprano, and sing for hire;—and probably that is the real goal for him.

But the sharpest-cut example is France; to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity, in those Protestant times; and, with its ardor of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hair's-breadth of becoming actually Protestant. But France saw good to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St. Bartholomew, 1572. The celestial Apparitor of Heaven's Chancery, so we may speak, the Genius of Fact and Veracity, had left his Writ of Summons; Writ was read;—and replied to in this manner. The Genius of Fact and Veracity accordingly withdrew;—was staved off, got kept away, for two hundred years. But the writ of Summons had been served; Heaven's Messenger could not stay away forever. No; he returned duly; with accounts run up, on compound interest, to the actual hour, in 1792;—and then, at last, there had to be a "Protestantism;" and we know of what kind that was!—

Nations did not so understand it, nor did Brandenburg more than the others; but the question of questions for them at that time, decisive of their history for half a thousand years to come, was, Will you obey the heavenly voice, or will you not?

Chapter IX. KURFURST JOACHIM I.

Brandenburg, in the matter of the Reformation, was at first—with Albert of Mainz, Tetzels friend, on the one side, and Pious George of Anspach, "NIT KOP AB," on the other—certainly a divided house. But, after the first act, it conspicuously ceased to be divided; nay Kur-Brandenburg and Kur-Mainz themselves had known tendencies to the Reformation, and were well aware that the Church could not stand as it was. Nor did the cause want partisans in Berlin, in Brandenburg,—hardly to be repressed from breaking into flame, while Kurfurst Joachim was so prudent and conservative. Of this loud Kurfurst Joachim I., here and there mentioned already, let us now say a more express word. [1484, 1499, 1535: birth, accession, death of Joachim.]

Joachim I., Big John's son, hesitated hither and thither for some time, trying if it would not do to follow the Kaiser Karl V.'s lead; and at length, crossed in his temper perhaps by the speed his friends were going at, declared formally against any farther Reformation; and in his own family and country was strict upon the point. He is a man, as I judge, by no means without a temper of his own; very loud occasionally in the Diets and elsewhere;—reminds me a little of a certain King Friedrich Wilhelm, whom my readers shall know by and by. A big, surly, rather bottle-nosed man, with thick lips, abstruse wearied eyes, and no eyebrows to speak of: not a beautiful man, when you cross him overmuch.

OF JOACHIM'S WIFE AND BROTHER-IN-LAW.

His wife was a Danish Princess, Sister of poor Christian II., King of that Country: dissolute Christian, who took up with a huckster-woman's daughter,— "mother sold gingerbread," it would appear, "at Bergen in Norway," where Christian was Viceroy; Christian made acceptable love to the daughter, "DIVIKE (Dovekin, COLUMBINA)," as he called her. Nay he made the gingerbread mother a kind of prime-minister, said the angry public, justly scandalized at this of the "Dovekin." He was married, meanwhile, to Karl V.'s own Sister; but continued that other connection. [Here are the dates of this poor Christian, in a lump. Born, 1481; King, 1513 (Dovekin before); married, 1515; turned off, 1523; invades, taken prisoner, 1532; dies, 1559. Cousin, and then Cousin's Son, succeeded.] He had rash notions, now for the Reformation, now against it, when he got to be King; a very rash, unwise, explosive man. He made a "Stockholm BLUTBAD" still famed in History (kind of open, ordered or permitted, Massacre of eighty or a hundred of his chief enemies there), "Bloodbath," so they name it; in Stockholm, where indeed he was lawful King, and not without unlawful enemies, had a bloodbath been the way to deal with them. Gustavus Vasa was a young fellow there, who dexterously escaped this Bloodbath, and afterwards came to something.

In Denmark and Sweden, rash Christian made ever more enemies; at length he was forced to run, and they chose another King or successive pair of Kings. Christian fled to Kaiser Karl at Brussels; complained to Kaiser Karl, his Brother-in-law,—whose Sister he had not used well. Kaiser Karl listened to his complaints, with hanging under-lip, with heavy, deep, undecipherable eyes; evidently no help from Karl.

Christian, after that, wandered about with inexecutable speculations, and projects to recover his crown or crowns; sheltering often with Kurfurst Joachim, who took a great deal of trouble about him, first and last; or with the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich the Wise, or after him, with Johann the Steadfast ("V. D. M. I. AE." whom we saw at Augsburg), who were his Mother's Brothers, and beneficent men. He was in Saxony, on such terms, coming and going, when a certain other Flight thither took place, soon to be spoken of, which is the cause of our mentioning him here.—In the end (A.D. 1532) he did get some force together, and made sail to Norway; but could do no execution whatever there;—on the contrary, was frozen in on the coast during winter; seized, carried to Copenhagen, and packed into the "Castle of Sonderburg," a grim sea-lodging on the shore of Schleswig,—prisoner for the rest of his life, which lasted long enough. Six-and-twenty years of prison; the first seventeen years of it strict and hard, almost of the dungeon sort; the remainder, on his fairly abdicating, was in another Castle, that of Callundborg in the Island of Zealand, "with fine apartments and conveniences," and even "a good bouse of liquor now and then," at discretion of the old soul. That was the end of headlong Christian II.; he lasted in this manner to the age of seventy-eight. [Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen*, xi. 47, 48; Holberg, *Danemarckische Staats-und Reichs-Historie* (Copenhagen, 1731, NOT the big Book by Holberg), p. 241; Buddaus, *Allgemeines Historisches Lexicon* (Leipzig, 1709),? Christianus II.]

His Sister Elizabeth at Brandenburg is perhaps, in regard to natural character, recognizably of the same kin as Christian; but her behavior is far different from his. She too is zealous for the Reformation; but she has a right to be so, and her notions that way are steady; and she has hitherto, though in a difficult position, done honor to her creed. Surly Joachim is difficult to deal with; is very positive now that he has declared himself: "In my house at least shall be nothing farther of that unblessed stuff." Poor Lady, I see domestic difficulties very thick upon her; nothing but division, the very children ranging themselves in parties. She can pray to Heaven; she must do her wisest.

She partook once, by some secret opportunity, of the "communion under both kinds;" one of her Daughters noticed and knew; told Father of it. Father knits up his thick lips; rolls his abstruse dissatisfied eyes, in an ominous manner: the poor Lady, probably possessed of an excitable imagination too, trembles for herself. "It is thought, His DURCHLAUCHT will wall you up for life, my Serene Lady; dark prison for life, which probably may not be long!" These surmises were of no credibility: but there and then the poor Lady, in a shiver of terror, decides that she must run; goes off actually, one night ("Monday after the LAETARE," which we find is 24th March) in the year 1528, [Pauli (ii. 584); who cites Seckendorf, and this fraction of a Letter of Luther's, to one "LINCKUS" or Lincke, written on the Friday following (28th March, 1528):— "The Electress [MARGRAVINE he calls her] has fled from Berlin, by help of her Brother the King of Denmark [poor Christian II.] to our Prince [Johann the Steadfast], because her Elector had determined to wall her up, as is reported, on account of the Eucharist under both species. Pray for our Prince; *the pious man and affectionate soul gets a great deal of trouble with his kindred.*" Or thus in the Original:— "*Marchionissa aufugit a Berlin, auxilio fratris, Regis Daniae, ad nostrum Principem, quod Marchio statuerat eam immurare (ut dicitur) propter Eucharistiam utriusque speciei. Ora pro nostro Principe; der fromme Mann und herzliche Mensch ist doch ja wohl geplaget*" (Seckendorf, *Historia Lutheranismi*, ii. 62, No. 8, p. 122).] in a mean vehicle under cloud of darkness, with only one maid and groom,— driving for life. That is very certain: she too is on flight towards Saxony, to shelter with her uncle Kurfurst Johann,—unless for reasons of state he scruple? On the dark road her vehicle broke down; a spoke given way,— "Not a bit of rope to splice it," said the improvident groom. "Take my lace-veil here," said the poor Princess; and in this guise she got to Torgau (I could guess, her poor Brother's lodging),—and thence, in short time, to the fine Schloss of Lichtenberg hard by; Uncle Johann, to whom she had zealously left an option of refusal, having as zealously permitted and invited her to continue there. Which she did for many years.

Nor did she get the least molestation from Husband Joachim;—who I conjecture had intended, though a man of a certain temper, and strict in his own house, something short of walling up for life:— poor Joachim withal! "However, since you are gone, Madam, go!" Nor did he concern himself with Christian II. farther, but let him lie in prison at his leisure. As for the Lady, he even let his children visit her at Lichtenberg; Crypto-Protestants all; and, among them, the repentant Daughter who had peached upon her.

Poor Joachim, he makes a pious speech on his death-bed, solemnly warning his Son against these new-fangled heresies; the Son being already possessed of them in his heart. [Speech given in Rentsch, pp. 484–439.] What could Father do more? Both Father and Son, I suppose, were weeping. This was in 1535, this last scene; things looking now more ominous than ever. Of Kurfurst Joachim I will remember nothing farther, except that once, twenty-three years before, he "held a Tourney in Neu-Ruppin," year 1612; Tourney on the most magnificent scale, and in New-Ruppin, [Pauli, ii. 466.] a place we shall know by and by.

As to the Lady, she lived eighteen years in that fine Schloss of Lichtenberg; saw her children as we said; and, silently or otherwise, rejoiced in the creed they were getting. She saw Luther's self sometimes; "had him several times to dinner;" he would call at her Mansion, when his journeys lay that way. She corresponded with him diligently; nay once, for a three months, she herself went across and lodged with Dr. Luther and his Kate; as a royal Lady might with a heroic Sage,—though the Sage's income was only Twenty-four pounds sterling annually. There is no doubt about that visit of three months; one thinks of it, as of something human, something homely, ingenuous and pretty. Nothing in surly Joachim's history is half so memorable to me, or indeed memorable at all in the stage we are now come to.

The Lady survived Joachim twenty years; of these she spent eleven still at Lichtenberg, in no over-haste to return. However, her Son, the new Elector, declaring for Protestantism, she at length yielded to his invitations: came back (1546), and ended her days at Berlin in a peaceable and venerable manner. Luckless Brother Christian is lying under lock-and-key all this while; smuggling out messages, and so on; like a voice from the land of

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Dreams or of Nightmares, painful, impracticable, coming now and then.

Chapter X. KURFURST JOACHIM II.

Joachim II., Sixth Elector, no doubt after painful study, and intricate silent consideration ever since his twelfth year when Luther was first heard of over the world, came gradually, and before his Father's death had already come, to the conclusion of adopting the Confession of Augsburg, as the true Interpretation of this Universe, so far as we had yet got; and did so, publicly, in the year 1539. [Rentsch, p. 452.] To the great joy of Berlin and the Brandenburg populations generally, who had been of a Protestaut humor, hardly restrainable by Law, for some years past. By this decision Joachim held fast, with a stout, weighty grasp; nothing spasmodic in his way of handling the matter, and yet a heartiness which is agreeable to see. He could not join in the Schmalkaldic War; seeing, it is probable, small chance for such a War, of many chiefs and little counsel; nor was he willing yet to part from the Kaiser Karl V., who was otherwise very good to him.

He had fought personally for this Kaiser, twice over, against the Turks; first as Brandenburg Captain, learning his art; and afterwards as Kaiser's Generalissimo, in 1542. He did no good upon the Turks, on that latter occasion; as indeed what good was to be done, in such a quagmire of futilities as Joachim's element there was? "Too sumptuous in his dinners, too much wine withal!" hint some calumniously. [Paulus Jovius, See Pauli, iii. 70–73.] "Hector of Germany!" say others. He tried some small prefatory Siege or scalade of Pesth; could not do it; and came his ways home again, as the best course. Pedant Chroniclers give him the name HECTOR, "Joachim Hector,"—to match that of CICERO and that of ACHILLES. A man of solid structure, this our Hector, in body and mind: extensive cheeks, very large heavy-laden face; capable of terrible bursts of anger, as his kind generally were.

The Schmalkaldic War went to water, as the Germans phrase it: Kur-Sachsen,—that is, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, Son of Johann "V. D. M. I. AE.," and Nephew of Friedrich the Wise,—had his sorrowfully valid reasons for the War; large force too, plenty of zealous copartners, Philip of Hessen and others; but no generalship, or not enough, for such a business. Big Army, as is apt enough to happen, fell short of food; Kaiser Karl hung on the outskirts, waiting confidently till it came to famine. Johann Friedrich would attempt nothing decisive while provender lasted;— and having in the end, strangely enough, and somewhat deaf to advice, divided his big Army into three separate parts;—Johann Friedrich was himself, with one of those parts, surprised at Muhlberg, on a Sunday when at church (24th April, 1547); and was there beaten to sudden ruin, and even taken captive, like to have his head cut off, by the triumphant angry Kaiser. Philip of Hessen, somewhat wiser, was home to Marburg, safe with HIS part, in the interim.—Elector Joachim II. of Brandenburg had good reason to rejoice in his own cautious reluctances on this occasion. However, he did now come valiantly up, hearing what severities were in the wind.

He pleaded earnestly, passionately, he and Cousin or already "Elector" Moritz, [Pauli, iii. 102.]—who was just getting Johann Friedrich's Electorship fished away from him out of these troubles, [Kurfurst, 4th June, 1547.]—for Johann Friedrich of Saxony's life, first of all. For Johann's life FIRST; this is a thing not to be dispensed with, your Majesty, on any terms whatever; a *sine qua non*, [end italic] *this life to Protestant Germany at large. To which the Kaiser indicated, "He would see; not immediate death at any rate; we will see." A life that could not and must not be taken in this manner: this was the FIRST point. Then, SECONDLY, that Philip of Hessen, now home again at Marburg, —not a bad or disloyal man, though headlong, and with two wives, —might not be forfeited; but that peace and pardon might be granted him, on his entire submission. To which second point the Kaiser answered, "Yes, then, on his submission." These were the two points. These pleadings went on at Halle, where the Kaiser now lies, in triumphantly victorious humor, in the early days of June, Year 1547. Johann Friedrich of Saxony had been, by some Imperial Court-Council or other, — Spanish merely, I suppose, —doomed to die. Sentence was signified to him while he sat at chess: "Can wait till we end the game," thought Johann; — "PERGAMUS," said he to his comrade, "Let us go on, then!" Sentence not to be executed till one see.*

With Philip of Hessen things had a more conclusive aspect. Philip had accepted the terms procured for him; which had been laboriously negotiated, brought to paper, and now wanted only the sign-manual to them: "Ohne einigen Gefangniss (without any imprisonment)," one of the chief clauses. And so Philip now came over to Halle;

was met and welcomed by his two friends, Joachim and Moritz, at Naumburg, a stage before Halle;—clear now to make his submission, and beg pardon of the Kaiser, according to bargain. On the morrow, 19th June, 1547, the Papers were got signed. And next day, 20th June, Philip did, according to bargain, openly beg pardon of the Kaiser, in his Majesty's Hall of Audience (Town House of Halle, I suppose); "knelt at the Kaiser's feet publicly on both knees, while his Kanzler read the submission and entreaty, as agreed upon;" and, alas, then the Kaiser said nothing at all to him! Kaiser looked haughtily, with impenetrable eyes and shelf-lip, over the head of him; gave him no hand to kiss; and left poor Philip kneeling there. An awkward position indeed;—which any German Painter that there were, might make a Picture of, I have sometimes thought. Picture of some real meaning, more or less,—if for symbolic. Towers of Babel, medieval mythologies, and extensive smearings of that kind, he could find leisure!—Philip having knelt a reasonable time, and finding there was no help for it, rose in the dread silence (some say, with too sturdy an expression of countenance); and retired from the affair, having at least done his part of it.

The next practical thing was now supper, or as we of this age should call it, dinner. Uncommonly select and high supper: host the Duke of Alba; where Joachim, Elector Moritz, and another high Official, the Bishop of Arras, were to welcome poor Philip after his troubles. How the grand supper went, I do not hear: possibly a little constrained; the Kaiser's strange silence sitting on all men's thoughts; not to be spoken of in the present company. At length the guests rose to go away. Philip's lodging is with Moritz (who is his son-in-law, as learned readers know): "You Philip, your lodging is mine; my lodging is yours,—I should say! Cannot we ride together?"—"Philip is not permitted to go," said Imperial Officiality; "Philip is to continue here, and we fear go to prison."—"Prison?" cried they all: "OHNE EINIGEN GEFANGNISS (without ANY imprisonment)!"—"As we read the words, it is 'OHNE EWIGEN GEFANGNISS (without ETERNAL imprisonment),' " answer the others. And so, according to popular tradition, which has little or no credibility, though printed in many Books, their false Secretary had actually modified it.

"No intention of imprisoning his DURCHLAUCHT of Hessen FOREVER; not forever!" answered they. And Kurfurst Joachim, in astonished indignation, after some remonstrating and arguing, louder and louder, which profited nothing, blazed out into a very whirlwind of rage; drew his sword, it is whispered with a shudder,—drew his sword, or was for drawing it, upon the Duke of Alba; and would have done, God knows what, had not friends flung themselves between, and got the Duke away, or him away. {Pauli, iii. 103.} Other accounts bear, that it was upon the Bishop of Arras he drew his sword; which is a somewhat different matter. Perhaps he drew it on both; or on men and things in general;—for his indignation knew no bounds. The heavy solid man; yet with a human heart in him after all, and a Hohenzollern abhorrence of chicanery, capable of rising to the transcendent pitch! His wars against the Turks, and his other Hectorships, I will forget; but this, of a face so extensive kindled all into divine fire for poor Philip's sake, shall be memorable to me.

Philip got out by and by, though with difficulty; the Kaiser proving very stiff in the matter; and only yielding to obstinate pressures, and the force of time and events. Philip got away; and then how Johann Friedrich of Sachsen, after being led about for five years, in the Kaiser's train, a condemned man, liable to be executed any day, did likewise at last get away, with his head safe and Electorate gone: these are known Historical events, which we glanced at already, on another score.

For, by and by, the Kaiser found tougher solicitation than this of Joachim's. The Kaiser, by his high carriage in this and other such matters, had at length kindled a new War round him; and he then soon found himself reduced to extremities again; chased to the Tyrol Mountains, and obliged to comply with many things. New War, of quite other emphasis and management than the Schmalkaldic one; managed by Elector Moritz and our poor friend Albert Alcibiades as principals. A Kaiser chased into the mountains, capable of being seized by a little spurring;—"Capture him?" said Albert. "I have no cage big enough for such a bird!" answered Moritz; and the Kaiser was let run. How he ran then towards Treaty of Passau (1552), towards Siege of Metz and other sad conclusions, "Abdication" the finale of them: these also are known phases in the Reformation History, as hinted at above.

Here at Halle, in the year 1547, the great Kaiser, with Protestantism manacled at his feet, and many things going prosperous, was at his culminating point. He published his INTERIM (1548, What you troublesome Protestants are to do, in the mean time, while the Council of Trent is sitting, and till it and I decide for you); and in short, drove and reined—in the Reich with a high hand and a sharp whip, for the time being. Troublesome

Protestants mostly rejected the Interim; Moritz and Alcibiades, with France in the rear of them, took to arms in that way; took to ransoming fat Bishoprics ("Verbum Diaboli Manet," we know where!);—took to chasing Kaisers into the mountains;—and times came soon round again. In all these latter broils Kurfurst Joachim II., deeply interested, as we may fancy, strove to keep quiet; and to prevail, by weight of influence and wise counsel, rather than by fighting with his Kaiser.

One sad little anecdote I recollect of Joachim: an Accident, which happened in those Passau–Interim days, a year or two after that drawing of the sword on Alba. Kurfurst Joachim unfortunately once fell through a staircase, in that time; being, as I guess, a heavy man. It was in the Castle of Grimnitz, one of his many Castles, a spacious enough old Hunting–seat, the repairs of which had not been well attended to. The good Herr, weighty of foot, was leading down his Electress to dinner one day in this Schloss of Grimnitz; broad stair climbs round a grand Hall, hung with stag–trophies, groups of weapons, and the like hall–furniture. An unlucky timber yielded; yawning chasm in the staircase; Joachim and his good Princess sank by gravitation; Joachim to the floor with little hurt; his poor Princess (horrible to think of), being next the wall, came upon the stag–horns and boar–spears down below! [Pauli, iii. 112.] The poor Lady's hurt was indescribable: she walked lame all the rest of her clays; and Joachim, I hope (hope, but not with confidence), [Ib. iii. 194.] loved her all the better for it. This unfortunate old Schloss of Grimnitz, some thirty miles northward of Berlin, was—by the Eighth Kurfurst, Joachim Friedrich, Grandson of this one, with great renown to himself and to it—converted into an Endowed High School: the famed Joachimsthal Gymnasium, still famed, though now under some change of circumstances, and removed to Berlin itself. [Nicolai, p. 725.]

Joachim's first Wife, from whom descend the following Kurfursts, was a daughter of that Duke George of Saxony, Luther's celebrated friend, "If it rained Duke–Georges nine days running."

JOACHIM GETS CO–INFESTMENT IN PREUSSEN.

This second Wife, she of the accident at Grimnitz, was Hedwig, King Sigismund of Poland's daughter; which connection, it is thought, helped Joachim well in getting what they call the MITBELEHNUNG of Preussen (for it was he that achieved this point) from King Sigismund.

MITBELEHNUNG (Co–infestment) in Preussen;—whereby is solemnly acknowledged the right of Joachim and his Posterity to the reversion of Preussen, should the Culmbach Line of Duke Albert happen to fail. It was a thing Joachim long strove for; till at length his Father–in–law did, some twenty years hence, concede it him. [Date, Lublin, 19th July, 1568: Pauli, iii. 177–179, 193; Rentsch, p. 457; Stenzel, i. 341, 342.] Should Albert's Line fail, then, the other Culmbachers get Preussen; should the Culmbachers all fail, the Berlin Brandenburgers get it. The Culmbachers are at this time rather scarce of heirs: poor Alcibiades died childless, as we know, and Casimir's Line is extinct; Duke Albert himself has left only one Son, who now succeeds in Preussen; still young, and not of the best omens. Margraf George the Pious, he left only George Friedrich; an excellent man, who is now prosperous in the world, and wedded long since, but has no children. So that, between Joachim's Line and Preussen there are only two intermediate heirs;—and it was a thing eminently worth looking after. Nor has it wanted that. And so Kurfurst Joachim, almost at the end of his course, has now made sure of it.

JOACHIM MAKES "HERITAGE–BROTHERHOOD" WITH THE DUKE OF LIEGNITZ.

Another feat of like nature Joachim II. had long ago achieved; which likewise in the long–run proved important in his Family, and in the History of the world: an "ERBVERBRUDERUNG," so they term it, with the Duke of Liegnitz,—date 1537. ERBVERBRUDERUNG ("Heritage–brotherhood," meaning Covenant to succeed reciprocally on Failure of Heirs to either) had in all times been a common paction among German Princes well affected to each other. Friedrich II., the then Duke of Liegnitz, we have transiently seen, was related to the Family; he had been extremely helpful in bringing his young friend Albert of Preussen's affairs to a good issue,—whose Niece, withal, he had wedded:—in fact, he was a close friend of this our Joachim's; and there had long been a growing connection between the two Houses, by intermarriages and good offices.

The Dukes of Liegnitz were Sovereign–Princes, come of the old Piasts of Poland; and had perfect right to enter into this transaction of an ERBVERBRUDERUNG with whom they liked. True, they had, above two hundred years before, in the days of King Johann ICH–DIEN (A.D. 1329), voluntarily constituted themselves Vassals of the Crown of Bohemia: [Pauli, iii. 22.] but the right to dispose of their Lands as they pleased had, all along, been carefully acknowledged, and saved entire. And, so late as 1521, just sixteen years ago, the Bohemian King Vladislaus the Last, our good Margraf George's friend, had expressly, in a Deed still extant, confirmed to them,

with all the emphasis and amplitude that Law–Phraseology could bring to bear upon it, the right to dispose of said Lands in any manner of way: "by written testament, or by verbal on their death–bed, they can, as they see wisest, give away, sell, pawn, dispose of, and exchange (vergeben, verkaufen, versetzen, verschaffen, verwechseln) these said lands," to all lengths, and with all manner of freedom. Which privilege had likewise been confirmed, twice over (1522, 1524), by Ludwig the next King, Ludwig OHNE–HAUT, who perished in the bogs of Mohacz, and ended the native Line of Bohemian–Hungarian Kings. Nay, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, Karl V.'s Brother, afterwards Kaiser, who absorbed that Bohemian Crown among the others, had himself, by implication, sanctioned or admitted the privilege, in 1529, only eight years ago. [Stenzel, i. 323.] The right to make the ERBVERBRUDERUNG could not seem doubtful to anybody.

And made accordingly it was: signed, sealed, drawn out on the proper parchments, 18th October, 1537; to the following clear effect: "That if Duke Friedrich's Line should die out, all his Liegnitz countries, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, should fall to the Hohenzollern Brandenburgers: and that, if the Line of Hohenzollern Brandenburg should first fail, then all and singular the Bohemian Fiefs of Brandenburg (as Crossen, Zulichau and seven others there enumerated) should fall to the House of Liegnitz." [Stenzel, i. 320.] It seemed a clear Paction, questionable by no mortal. Double–marriage between the two Houses (eldest Son, on each side, to suitable Princess on the other) was to follow: and did follow, after some delays, 17th February, 1545. So that the matter seemed now complete: secure on all points, and a matter of quiet satisfaction to both the Houses and to their friends.

But Ferdinand, King of the Romans, King of Bohemia and Hungary, and coming to be Emperor one day, was not of that sentiment. Ferdinand had once implicitly recognized the privilege, but Ferdinand, now when he saw the privilege turned to use, and such a territory as Liegnitz exposed to the possibility of falling into inconvenient hands, explicitly took other thoughts: and gradually determined to prohibit this ERBVERBRUDERUNG. The States of Bohemia, accordingly, in 1544 (it is not doubtful, by Ferdinand's suggestion), were moved to make inquiries as to this Heritage– Fraternity of Liegnitz. [Ib. i. 322.] On which hint King Ferdinand straightway informed the Duke of Liegnitz that the act was not justifiable, and must be revoked. The Duke of Liegnitz, grieved to the heart, had no means of resisting. Ferdinand, King of the Romans, backed by Kaiser Karl, with the States of Bohemia barking at his wink, were too strong for poor Duke Friedrich of Liegnitz. Great corresponding between Berlin, Liegnitz, Prag ensued on this matter: but the end was a summons to Duke Friedrich, –summons from King Ferdinand in March, 1546, "To appear in the Imperial Hall (KAISERHOF) at Breslau," and to submit that Deed of EBVERBRUDERUNG to the examination of the States there. The States, already up to the affair, soon finished their examination of it (8th May, 1546). The deed was annihilated: and Friedrich was ordered, furthermore, to produce proofs within six months that his subjects too were absolved of all oaths or the like regarding it, and that in fact the Transaction was entirely abolished and reduced to zero. Friedrich complied, had to comply: very much chagrined, he returned home: and died next year, –it is supposed, of heartbreak from this business. He had yielded outwardly: but to force only. In a Codicil appended to his last Will, some months afterwards (which Will, written years ago, had treated the ERBVERBRUDERUNG as a Fact settled), he indicates, as with his last breath, that he considered the thing still valid, though overruled by the hand of power. Let the reader mark this matter; for it will assuredly become memorable, one day.

The hand of power, namely, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, had applied in like manner to Joachim of Brandenburg to surrender his portion of the Deed, and annihilate on his side too this ERBVERBRUDERUNG. But Joachim refused steadily, and all his successors steadily, to give up this Bit of Written Parchment: kept the same, among their precious documents, against some day that might come (and I suppose it lies in the Archives of Berlin even now): silently, or in words, asserting that the Deed of Heritage–Brotherhood was good, and that though some hands might have the power, no hand could have the right to abolish it on those terms.

How King Ferdinand permitted himself such a procedure? Ferdinand, says one of his latest apologists in this matter, "considered the privileges granted by his Predecessors, in respect to rights of Sovereignty, as fallen extinct on their death." [Stenzel, i. 323.] Which –if Reality and Fact would but likewise be so kind as "consider" it so –was no doubt convenient for Ferdinand!

Joachim was not so great with Ferdinand as he had been with Charles the Imperial Brother. Joachim and Ferdinand had many debates of this kind, some of them rather stiff. Jagerndorf, for instance, and the Baireuth–Anspach confiscations, in George Friedrich's minority. Ferdinand, now Kaiser, had snatched

Jagerndorf from poor young George Friedrich, son of excellent Margraf George whom we knew: "Part of the spoils of Albert Alcibiades," thought Ferdinand, "and a good windfall,"—though young George Friedrich had merely been the Ward of Cousin Alcibiades, and totally without concern in those political explosions. "Excellent windfall," thought Ferdinand: and held his grip. But Joachim, in his weighty steady way, intervened: Joachim, emphatic in the Diets and elsewhere, made Ferdinand quit grip, and produce Jagerndorf again. Jagerndorf and the rest had all to be restored: and, except some filchings in the Jagerndorf Appendages (Ratibor and Oppeln, "restored" only in semblance, and at length juggled away altogether), [Rentsch, pp. 129, 130.] everything came to its right owner again. Nor would Joachim rest till Alcibiades's Territories too were all punctually given back, to this same George Friedrich: to whom, by law and justice, they belonged, In these points Joachim prevailed against a strong-handed Kaiser, apt to "consider one's rights fallen extinct" now and then. In this of Liegnitz all he could do was to keep the Deed, in steady protest silent or vocal.

But enough now of Joachim Hector, Sixth Kurfurst, and of his workings and his strugglings. He walked through this world, treading as softly as might be, yet with a strong weighty step: rending the jungle steadily asunder; well seeing whither he was bound. Rather an expensive Herr: built a good deal, completion of the Schloss at Berlin one example: [Nicolai, p. 82.] and was not otherwise afraid of outlay, in the Reich's Politics, or in what seemed needful: If there is a harvest ahead, even a distant one, it is poor thrift to be stingy of your seed—corn!

Joachim was always a conspicuous Public Man, a busy Politician in the Reich: stanch to his kindred, and by no means blind to himself or his own interests. Stanch also, we must grant, and ever active, though generally in a cautious, weighty, never in a rash swift way, to the great Cause of Protestantism, and to all good causes. He was himself a solemnly devout man; deep awe—stricken reverence dwelling in his view of this Universe. Most serious, though with a jocose dialect commonly, having a cheerful wit in speaking to men. Luther's Books he called his SEELENSCHATZ (Soul's—treasure): Luther and the Bible were his chief reading. Fond of profane learning too, and of the useful or ornamental Arts; given to music, and "would himself sing aloud" when he had a melodious leisure—hour. Excellent old gentleman: he died, rather suddenly, but with much nobleness, 3d January, 1571; age sixty—six. Old Rentsch's account of this event is still worth reading: [Rentsch, p. 458.] Joachim's death—scene has a mild pious beauty which does not depend on creed.

He had a Brother too, not a little occupied with Politics, and always on the good side: a wise pious man, whose fame was in all the churches: "Johann of Custrin," called also "Johann THE WISE," who busied himself zealously in Protestant matters, second only in piety and zeal to his Cousin, Margraf George the Pious; and was not so held back by official considerations as his Brother the Elector now and then. Johann of Custrin is a very famous man in the old Books: Johann was the first that fortified Custrin: built himself an illustrious Schloss, and "roofed it with copper," in Custrin (which is a place we shall be well acquainted with by and by); and lived there, with the Neumark for apanage, a true man's life;—mostly with a good deal of business, warlike and other, on his hands; with good Books, good Deeds, and occasionally good Men, coming to enliven it,—according to the terms then given.

Chapter XI. SEVENTH KURFURST, JOHANN GEORGE.

Kaiser Karl, we said, was very good to Joachim; who always strove, sometimes with a stretch upon his very conscience, to keep well with the Kaiser. The Kaiser took Joachim's young Prince along with him to those Schmalkaldic Wars (not the comfortable side for Joachim's conscience, but the safe side for an anxious Father); Kaiser made a Knight of this young Prince, on one occasion of distinction; he wrote often to Papa about him, what a promising young hero he was,—seems really to have liked the young man. It was Johann George, Elector afterwards, Seventh Elector.—This little incident is known to me on evidence. [Rentsch, p. 465.] A small thing that certainly befell, at the siege of Wittenberg (A.D. 1547), during those Philip-of-Hessen Negotiations, three hundred and odd years ago.

The Schmalkaldic War having come all to nothing, the Saxon Elector sitting captive with sword overhead in the way we saw, Saxon Wittenberg was besieged, and the Kaiser was in great hurry to get it. Kaiser in person, and young Johann George for sole attendant, rode round the place one day, to take a view of the works, and judge how soon, or whether ever, it could be compelled to give in. Gunners noticed them from the battlements; gunners Saxon-Protestant most likely, and in just gloom at the perils and indignities now lying on their pious Kurfurst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous. "Lo, you! Kaiser's self riding yonder, and one of his silk JUNKERS. Suppose we gave the Kaiser's self a shot, then?" said the gunner, or thought: "It might help a better man from his life-perils, if such shot did—!" In fact the gun flashed off, with due outburst, and almost with due effect. The ball struck the ground among the very horses' feet of the two riders; so that they were thrown, or nearly so, and covered from sight with a cloud of earth and sand;—and the gunners thought, for some instants, an unjust, obstinate Kaiser's life was gone; and a pious Elector's saved. But it proved not so. Kaiser Karl and Johann George both emerged, in a minute or two, little the worse;—Kaiser Karl perhaps blushing somewhat, and flurried this time, I think, in the impenetrable eyes; and his Cimburgis lip closed for the moment;—and galloped out of shot-range. "I never forget this little incident," exclaims Smelfungus: "It is one of the few times I can get, after all my reading about that surprising Karl V., I do not say the least understanding or practical conception of him and his character and his affairs, but the least ocular view or imagination of him, as a fact among facts!" Which is unlucky for Smelfungus.—Johann George, still more emphatically, never to the end of HIS life forgot this incident. And indeed it must be owned, had the shot taken effect as intended, the whole course of human things would have been surprisingly altered;—and for one thing, neither FREDERICH THE GREAT, nor the present HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH, had ever risen above ground, or troubled an enlightened public or me!

Of Johann George, this Seventh Elector, [1525; 1571–1598.] who proved a good Governor, and carried on the Family Affairs in the old style of slow steady success, I will remember nothing more, except that he had the surprising number of Three-and-Twenty children; one of them posthumous, though he died at the age of seventy-three.—

He is Founder of the New Culmbach line: two sons of these twenty-three children he settled, one in Baireuth, the other in Anspach; from whom come all the subsequent Heads of that Principality, till the last of them died in Hammersmith in 1806, as above said. [Rentsch, p. 475 (CHRISTIAN to Baireuth; JOACHIM ERNST to Anspach);—see Genealogical Diagram, inra, p. 309a.] He was a prudent, thrifty Herr; no mistresses, no luxuries allowed; at the sight of a new-fashioned coat, he would fly out on an unhappy youth, and pack him from his presence. Very strict in point of justice: a peasant once appealing to him, in one of his inspection-journeys through the country, "Grant me justice, DURCHLAUCHT, against So-and-so; I am your highness's born subject!"—"Thou shouldst have it, man, wert thou a born Turk!" answered Johann George.—There is something anxious, grave and, as it were, surprised in the look of this good Herr. He made the GERA BOND above spoken of;—founded the Younger Culmbach Line, with that important Law of Primogeniture strictly superadded. A conspicuous thrift, veracity, modest solidity, looks through the conduct of this Herr;—a determined Protestant he too, as indeed all the following were and are. [Rentsch, pp. 470, 471.]

Of Joachim Friedrich, his eldest Son, who at one time was Archbishop of Magdeburg,—called home from the wars to fill that valuable Heirloom, which had suddenly fallen vacant by an Uncle's death, and keep it warm;—and who afterwards, in due course, carried on a LOBLICHE REGIERUNG of the old style and

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physiognomy, as Eighth Kurfurst, from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year (1598–1608): [Born, 1547; Magdeburg, 1566–1598 (when his Third Son got it,—very unlucky in the Thirty–Years War afterwards).] of him we already noticed the fine "JOACHIMS–thal Gymnasium," or Foundation for learned purposes, in the old Schloss of Grimnitz, where his serene Grandmother got lamed; and will notice nothing farther, in this place, except his very great anxiety to profit by the Prussian MITBELEHNUNG,—that Co–infertment in Preussen, achieved by his Grandfather Joachim II., which was now about coming to its full maturity. Joachim Friedrich had already married his eldest Prince to the daughter of Albert Friedrich, Second Duke of Preussen, who it was by this time evident would be the last Duke there of his Line. Joachim Friedrich, having himself fallen a widower, did next year, though now counting fifty–six— But it will be better if we explain first, a little, how matters now stood with Preussen.

Chapter XII. OF ALBERT FRIEDRICH, THE SECOND DUKE OF PREUSSEN.

Duke Albert died in 1568, laden with years, and in his latter time greatly broken down by other troubles. His Prussian RATHS (Councillors) were disobedient, his Osianders and Lutheran– Calvinist Theologians were all in fire and flame against each other: the poor old man, with the best dispositions, but without power to realize them, had much to do and to suffer. Pious, just and honorable, intending the best; but losing his memory, and incapable of business, as he now complained. In his sixtieth year he had married a second time, a young Brunswick Princess, with whose foolish Brother, Eric, he had much trouble; and who at last herself took so ill with the insolence and violence of these intrusive Councillors and Theologians, that the household–life she led beside her old Husband and them became intolerable to her; and she withdrew to another residence,—a little Hunting–seat at Neuhausen, half a dozen miles from Königsberg;—and there, or at Labiau still farther off, lived mostly, in a separate condition, for the rest of her life. Separate for life:—nevertheless they happened to die on the same day; 20th March, 1568, they were simultaneously delivered from their troubles in this world. [Hubner, t. 181; Stenzel, i. 342.]

Albert left one Son; the second child of this last Wife: his one child by the former Wife, a daughter now of good years, was married to the Duke of Mecklenburg. Son's name was Albert Friedrich; age, at his Father's death, fifteen. A promising young Prince, but of sensitive abstruse temper;—held under heavy tutelage by his Rathes and Theologians; and spurting up against them, in explosive rebellion, from time to time. He now (1568) was to be sovereign Duke of Preussen, and the one representative of the Culmbach Line in that fine Territory; Margraf George Friedrich of Anspach, the only other Culmbacher, being childless, though wedded.

We need not doubt, the Brandenburg House—old Kurfurst Joachim II. still alive, and thrifty Johann George the Heir–Apparent—kept a watchful eye on those emergencies. But it was difficult to interfere directly; the native Prussian Rathes were very jealous, and Poland itself was a ticklish Sovereignty to deal with. Albert Friedrich being still a Minor, the Polish King, Sigismund, proposed to undertake the guardianship of him, as became a superior lord to a subject vassal on such an occasion. But the Prussian Rathes assured his Majesty, "Their young Prince was of such a lively intellect, he was perfectly fit to conduct the affairs of the Government," especially with such a Body of expert Councillors to help him, "and might be at once declared of age." Which was accordingly the course followed; Poland caring little for it; Brandenburg digesting the arrangement as it could. And thus it continued for some years, even under new difficulties that arose; the official Clique of Rathes being the real Government of the Country; and poor young Albert Friedrich bursting out occasionally into tears against them, occasionally into futile humors of a fiery nature. Osiander–Theology, and the battle of the 'DOXIES, ran very high; nor was Prussian Officiality a beautiful thing.

These Prussian Rathes, and the Prussian RITTERSCHAFT generally (Knightage, Land–Aristocracy), which had its STANDE (States: or meetings of Parliament after a sort), were all along of a mutinous, contumacious humor. The idea had got into their minds, That they were by birth what the ancient Ritters by election had been; entitled, fit or not fit, to share the Government promotions among them: "The Duke is hereditary in his office; why not we? All Offices, are they not, by nature, ours to share among us?" The Duke's notion, again, was to have the work of his Offices effectually done; small matter by whom: the Ritters looked less to that side of the question;—regarded any "Foreigner" (German– Anspacher, or other Non–Prussian), whatever his merit, as an intruder, usurper, or kind of thief, when seen in office. Their contentions, contumacies and pretensions were accordingly manifold. They had dreams of an "Aristocratic Republic, with the Sovereign reduced to zero," like what their Polish neighbors grew to. They had various dreams; and individuals among them broke out, from time to time, into high acts of insolence and mutiny. It took a hundred and fifty years of Brandenbufg horse–breaking, sometimes with sharp manipulation and a potent curb–bit, to dispossess them of that notion, and make them go steadily in harness. Which also, however, was at last got done by the Hohenzollerns.

OF DUKE ALBERT FRIEDRICH'S MARRIAGE: WHO HIS WIFE WAS, AND WHAT HER POSSIBLE DOWRY.

In a year or two, there came to be question of the marrying of young Duke Albert Friedrich. After due consultation, the Princess fixed upon was Maria Eleonora, eldest Daughter of the then Duke of Cleve: to him a

proper Embassy was sent with that object; and came back with Yes for answer. Duke of Cleve, at that time, was Wilhelm, called "the Rich" in History—Books; a Sovereign of some extent in those lower Rhine countries. Whom I can connect with the English reader's memory in no readier way than by the fact, That he was younger brother, one year younger, of a certain "Anne of Cleves;"—a large fat Lady, who was rather scurvily used in this country; being called, by Henry VIII. and us, a "great Flanders mare," unsuitable for espousal with a King of delicate feelings! This Anne of Cleves, who took matters quietly and lived on her pension, when rejected by King Henry, was Aunt of the young Lady now in question for Preussen. She was still alive here in England, pleasantly quiet, "at Burley on the Hill," till Maria Eleonora was seven years old;—who possibly enough still reads in her memory some fading vestige of new black frocks or trimmings, and brief court—mourning, on the death of poor Aunt Anne over seas.— Another Aunt is more honorably distinguished; Sibylla, Wife of our noble Saxon Elector, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost his Electorate and almost his Life for religion's sake, as we have seen; by whom, in his perils and distresses, Sibylla stood always, like a very true and noble Wife.

Duke Wilhelm himself was a man of considerable mark in his day. His Duchy of Cleve included not only Cleve—Proper, but Julich (JULIERS), Berg, which latter pair of Duchies were a better thing than Cleve—Proper:—Julich, Berg and various other small Principalities, which, gradually agglomerating by marriage, heritage and the chance of events in successive centuries, had at length come all into Wilhelm's hands; so that he got the name of Wilhelm the Rich among his contemporaries. He seems to have been of a headlong, blustery, uncertain disposition; much tossed about in the controversies of his day. At one time he was a Protestant declared; not without reasons of various kinds. The Duchy of Geldern (what we call GUELDERS) had fallen to him, by express bequest of the last Owner, whose Line was out; and Wilhelm took possession. But the Kaiser Karl V. quite refused to let him keep possession. Whereupon Wilhelm had joined with the French (it was in the Moritz—Alcibiades time); had declared war, and taken other high measures: but it came to nothing, or to less. The end was, Wilhelm had to "come upon his knees" before the Kaiser, and beg forgiveness; quite renouncing Geldern, which accordingly has gone its own different road ever since. Wilhelm was zealously Protestant in those days; as his people are, and as he still is, at the period we treat of. But he went into Papistry, not long after; and made other sudden turns and misventures: to all appearance, rather an abrupt, blustery, uncertain Herr. It is to him that Albert Friedrich, the young Duke of Preussen, guided by his Council, now (Year 1572) sends an Embassy, demanding his eldest Daughter, Maria Eleonora, to wife.

Duke Wilhelm answered Yea; "sent a Counter—Embassy," with whatever else was necessary; and in due time the young Bride, with her Father, set out towards Preussen, such being the arrangement, there to complete the matter. They had got as far as "Berlin, warmly welcomed by the Kurfurst Johann George; when, from Konigsberg, a sad message reached them: namely, that the young Duke had suddenly been seized with an invincible depression and overclouding of mind, not quite to be characterized by the name of madness, but still less by that of perfect sanity. His eagerness to see his Bride was the same as formerly; but his spiritual health was in the questionable state described. The young Lady paused for a little, in such mood as we may fancy. She had already lost two offers, Bridegrooms snatched away by death, says Pauli; [Pauli, iv. 512.] and thought it might be ominous to refuse the third. So she decided to go on; dashed aside her father's doubts; sent her unhealthy Bridegroom "a flower—garland as love—token," who duly responded; and Father Wilhelm and she proceeded, as if nothing were wrong. The spiritual state of the Prince, she found, had not been exaggerated to her. His humors and ways were strange, questionable; other than one could have wished. Such as he was, however, she wedded him on the appointed terms;—hoping probably for a recovery, which never came.

The case of Albert's malady is to this day dim; and strange tales are current as to the origin of it, which the curious in Physiology may consult; they are not fit for reporting here. [Ib. iv. 476.] It seems to have consisted in an overclouding, rather than a total ruin of the mind. Incurable depression there was; gloomy torpor alternating with fits of vehement activity or suffering; great discontinuity at all times:—evident unfitness for business. It was long hoped he might recover. And Doctors in Divinity and in Medicine undertook him: Theologians, Exorcists, Physicians, Quacks; but no cure came of it, nothing but mutual condemnations, violences and even execrations, from the said Doctors and their respective Official patrons, lay and clerical. Must have been such a sceue for a young Wife as has seldom occurred, in romance or reality! Children continued to be born; daughter after daughter; but no son that lived.

MARGRAF GEORGE FRIEDRICH COMES TO PREUSSEN TO ADMINISTER.

After five years' space, in 1578, [Pauli, iv. 476, 481, 482.] cure being now hopeless, and the very Council admitting that the Duke was incapable of business,—George Friedrich of Anspach—Baireuth came into the country to take charge of him; having already, he and the other Brandenburgers, negotiated the matter with the King of Poland, in whose power it mostly lay.

George Friedrich was by no means welcome to the Prussian Council, nor to the Wife, nor to the Landed Aristocracy;—other than welcome, for reasons we can guess. But he proved, in the judgment of all fair witnesses, an excellent Governor; and, for six—and— twenty years, administered the country with great and lasting advantage to it. His Portraits represent to us a large ponderous figure of a man, very fat in his latter years; with an air of honest sense, dignity, composed solidity;—very fit for the task now on hand.

He resolutely, though in mild form, smoothed down the flaming fires of his Clergy; commanding now this controversy and then that other controversy ("*de concreto et de inconcreto*," or whatever they were) to fall strictly silent; to carry themselves on by thought and meditation merely, and without words. He tamed the mutinous Aristocracy, the mutinous Burgermeisters, Town—Council of Konigsberg, whatever mutiny there was. He drained bogs, says old Rentsch; he felled woods, made roads, established inns. Prussia was well governed till George's death; which happened in the year 1603. [Rentsch, pp. 666—688.] Anspach, in the mean while, Anspach, Baireuth and Jagerndorf, which were latterly all his, he had governed by deputy; no need of visiting those quiet countries, except for purposes of kindly recreation, or for a swift general supervision, now and then. By all accounts, an excellent, steadfast, wise and just man, this fat George Friedrich; worthy of the Father that produced him ("*Nit Kop ab, lover Forst, nit Kop ab!*"),— and that is saying much.

By his death without children much territory fell home to the Elder House; to be disposed of as was settled in the GERA BOND five years before. Anspach and Baireuth went to two Brothers of the now Elector, Kurfurst Joachim Friedrich, sons of Johann George of blessed memory: founders, they, of the "New Line," of whom we know. Jagerndorf the Elector himself got; and he, not long after, settled it on one of his own sons, a new Johann George, who at that time was fallen rather landless and out of a career: "Johann George of Jagerndorf," so called thenceforth: whose history will concern us by and by. Preussen was to be incorporated with the Electorate,—were possession of it once had. But that is a ticklish point; still ticklish in spite of rights, and liable to perverse accidents that may arise.

Joachim Friedrich, as we intimated once, was not wanting to himself on this occasion. But the affair was full of intricacies; a very wasps'—nest of angry humors; and required to be handled with delicacy, though with force and decision. Joachim Friedrich's eldest Son, Johann Sigismund, Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, had already, in 1594, married one of Albert Friedrich the hypochondriac Duke of Preussen's daughters; and there was a promising family of children; no lack of children. Nevertheless prudent Joachim Friedrich himself, now a widower, age towards sixty, did farther, in the present emergency, marry another of these Princesses, a younger Sister of his Son's Wife,—seven months after George Friedrich's death,—to make assurance doubly sure, A man not to be balked, if he can help it. By virtue of excellent management,—Duchess, Prussian STANDE (States), and Polish Crown, needing all to be oontented,—Joachim Friedrich, with gentle strong pressure, did furthermore squeeze his way into the actual Guardianship of Preussen and the imbecile Duke, which was his by right. This latter feat he achieved in the course of another year (11th March, 1605); [Stenzel, i. 358.] and thereby fairly got hold of Preussen; which he grasped, "knuckles—white," as we may say; and which his descendants have never quitted since.

Good management was very necessary. The thing was difficult;—and also was of more importance than we yet altogether see. Not Preussen only, but a still better country, the Duchy of Cleve, Cleve—Julich, Duke Wilhelm's Heritage down in the Rhineland,— Heritage turning out now to be of right his eldest Daughter's here, and likely now to drop soon,—is involved in the thing. This first crisis, of getting into the Prussian Administratorship, fallen vacant, our vigilant Kurfurst Joachim Friedrich has successfully managed; and he holds his grip, knuckles—white. Before long, a second crisis comes; where also he will have to grasp decisively in,—he, or those that stand for him, and whose knuckles can still hold, But that may go to a new Chapter.

Chapter XIII. NINTH KURFURST, JOHANN SIGISMUND.

In the summer of 1608 (23d May, 1608) Johann Sigismund's (and his Father's) Mother-in-law, the poor Wife of the poor imbecile Duke of Preussen, died. [Maria Eleonora, Duke Wilhelm of Cleve's eldest Daughter: 1550, 1573, 1608 (Hubner, t. 286).] Upon which Johann Sigismund, Heir-Apparent of Brandenburg and its expectancies, was instantly despatched from Berlin, to gather up the threads cut loose by that event, and see that the matter took no damage. On the road thither news reached him that his own Father, old Joachim Friedrich, was dead (18th July, 1608); that he himself was now Kurfurst; [1572, 1608-1619.] and that numerous threads were loose at both ends of his affairs.

The "young man"—not now so young, being full thirty-five and of fair experience—was in difficulty, under these overwhelming tidings; and puzzled, for a little, whether to advance or to return. He decided to advance, and settle Prussian matters, where the peril and the risk were; Brandenburg business he could do by rescripts.

His difficulties in Preussen, and at the Polish Court, were in fact immense. But after a space of eight or nine months, he did, by excellent management, not sparing money judiciously laid out on individuals, arrive at some adjustment, better or worse, and got Preussen in hand; [29th April, 1609. Stenzel, i. 370.] legal Administrator of the imbecile Duke, as his Father had been. After which he had to run for Brandenburg, without loss of time: great matters being there in the wind. Nothing wrong in Brandenburg, indeed; but the great Cleve Heritage is dropping, has dropped; over in Cleve, an immense expectancy is now come to the point of deciding itself.

HOW THE CLEVE HERITAGE DROPPED, AND MANY SPRANG TO PICK IT UP.

Wilhelm of Cleve, the explosive Duke, whom we saw at Berlin and Konigsberg at the wedding of this poor Lady now deceased, had in the marriage-contract, as he did in all subsequent contracts and deeds of like nature, announced a Settlement of his Estates, which was now become of the highest moment for Johann Sigismund. The Country at that time called Duchy of Cleve, consisted, as we said above, not only of Cleve-Propre, but of two other still better Duchies, Julich and Berg; then of the GRAFSCHAFT (County) of Ravensburg, County of Mark, Lordship of—In fact it was a multifarious agglomerate of many little countries, gathered by marriage, heritage and luck, in the course of centuries, and now united in the hand of this Duke Wilhelm. It amounted perhaps to two Yorkshires in extent. [See Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 642-734.] A naturally opulent Country, of fertile meadows, shipping capabilities, metalliferous hills; and, at this time, in consequence of the Dutch-Spanish War, and the multitude of Protestant refugees, it was getting filled with ingenious industries; and rising to be, what it still is, the busiest quarter of Germany. A Country lowing with kine; the hum of the flax-spindle heard in its cottages, in those old days,—"much of the linen called Hollands is made in Julich, and only bleached, stamped and sold, by the Dutch," says Busching. A Country, in our days, which is shrouded at short intervals with the due canopy of coal-smoke, and loud with sounds of the anvil and the loom.

This Duchy of Cleve, all this fine agglomerate of Duchies, Duke Wilhelm settled, were to be inherited in a piece, by his eldest (or indeed, as it soon proved, his only) Son and the heirs of that Son, if there were any. Failing heirs of that only Son, then the entire Duchy of Cleve was to go to Maria Eleonora as eldest Daughter, now marrying to Friedrich Albert, Duke of Prussia, and to their heirs lawfully begotten: heirs female, if there happened to be no male. The other Sisters, of whom there were three, were none of them to have the least pretence to inherit Cleve or any part of it. On the contrary, they were, in such event, of the eldest Daughter or her heirs coming to inherit Cleve, to have each of them a sum of ready money paid ["200,000 GOLDGULDEN," about 100,000 pounds; Pauli, vi. 542; iii. 504.] by the said inheritrix of Cleve or her heirs; and on receiving that, were to consider their claims entirely fulfilled, and to cease thinking of Cleve for the future.

This Settlement, by express privilege of Kaiser Karl V., nay of Kaiser Maximilian before him, and the Laws of the Reich, Duke Wilhelm doubted not he was entitled to make; and this Settlement he made; his Lawyers writing down the terms, in their wearisome way, perhaps six times over; and struggling by all methods to guard against the least misunderstanding. Cleve with all its appurtenances, Julich, Berg and the rest, goes to the eldest Sister and her heirs, male or female: If she have no heirs, male or female, then, but not till then, the next Sister

steps into her shoes in that matter: but if she have, then, we repeat for the sixth and last time, no Sister or Sister's Representative has the least word to say to it, but takes her 100,000 pounds, and ceases thinking of Cleve.

The other three Sisters were all gradually married;—one of them to Pfalz–Neuburg, an eminent Prince, in the Bavarian region called the OBER–PFALZ (Upper Palatinate), who, or at least whose eldest Son, is much worth mentioning and remembering by us here;—and, in all these marriage–contracts, Wilhelm and his Lawyers expressed themselves to the like effect, and in the like elaborate sixfold manner: so that Wilhelm and they thought there could nowhere in the world be any doubt about it.

Shortly after signing the last of these marriage–contracts, or perhaps it was in the course of signing them, Duke Wilhelm had a stroke of palsy. He had, before that, gone into Papistry again, poor man. The truth is, he had repeated strokes; and being an abrupt, explosive Herr, he at last quite yielded to palsy; and sank slowly out of the world, in a cloud of semi–insanity, which lasted almost twenty years. [Died 25th January, 1592, age 76.] Duke Wilhelm did leave a Son, Johann Wilhelm, who succeeded him as Duke. But this Son also proved explosive; went half and at length wholly insane. Jesuit Priests, and their intrigues to bring back a Protestant country to the bosom of the Church, wrapped the poor man, all his days, as in a burning Nessus'–Shirt; and he did little but mischief in the world. He married, had no children; he accused his innocent Wife, the Jesuits and he, of infidelity. Got her judged, not properly sentenced; and then strangled her, he and they, in her bed:—"Jacobea of Baden (1597);" a thrice–tragic history. Then he married again; Jesuits being extremely anxious for an Orthodox heir: but again there came no heir; there came only new blazings of the Nessus'–Shirt. In fine, the poor man died (Spring, 1609), and made the world rid of him. Died 25th March, 1609; that is the precise date;—about a month before our new Elector, Johann Sigismund, got his affairs winded up at the Polish Court, and came galloping home in such haste. There was pressing need of him in the Cleve regions.

For the painful exactitude of Duke Wilhelm and his Lawyers has profited little; and there are claimants on claimants rising for that valuable Cleve Country. As indeed Johann Sigismund had anticipated, and been warned from all quarters, to expect. For months past, he has had his faculties bent, with lynx–eyed attention, on that scene of things; doubly and trebly impatient to get Preussen soldered up, ever since this other matter came to the bursting–point. What could be done by the utmost vigilance of his Deputies, he had done. It was the 25th of March when the mad Duke died: on the 4th of April, Johann Sigismund's Deputy, attended by a Notary to record the act, "fixed up the Brandenburg Arms on the Government–House of Cleve;" [Pauli, vi. 566.] on the 5th, they did the same at Dusseldorf; on the following days, at Julich and the other Towns. But already on the 5th, they had hardly got done at Dusseldorf, when there appeared—young Wolfgang Wilhelm, Heir– Apparent of that eminent Pfalz–Neuburg, he in person, to put up the Pfalz–Neuburg Arms! Pfalz–Neuburg, who married the Second Daughter, he is actually claiming, then;—the whole, or part? Both are sensible that possession is nine points in law.

Pfalz–Neuburg's claim was for the whole Duchy. "All my serene Mother's!" cried the young Heir of Pfalz–Neuburg: "Properly all mine!" cried he. "Is not she NEAREST of kin? Second Daughter, true; but the Daughter; not Daughter OF a Daughter, as you are (as your Serene Electress is), O DURCHLAUCHT of Brandenburg:— consider, besides, you are female, I am male!" That was Pfalz– Neuburg's logic: none of the best, I think, in forensic genealogy. His tenth point was perhaps rather weak; but he had possession, co–possession, and the nine points good. The other Two Sisters, by their Sons or Husbands, claimed likewise; but not the whole: "Divide it," said they: "that surely is the real meaning of Karl V.'s Deed of Privilege to make such a Testament. Divide it among the Four Daughters or their representatives, and let us all have shares!"

Nor were these four claimants by any means all. The Saxon Princes next claimed; two sets of Saxon Princes. First the minor set, Gotha–Weimar and the rest, the Ernestine Line so called; representatives of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate for religion's sake at Muhlberg in the past century, and from MAJOR became MINOR in Saxon Genealogy. "Magnanimous Johann Friedrich," said they, "had to wife an Aunt of the now deceased Duke of Cleve; Wife Sibylla (sister of the Flanders Mare), of famous memory, our lineal Ancestress. In favor of whom HER Father, the then reigning Duke of Cleve, made a marriage– contract of precisely similar import to this your Prussian one: he, and barred all his descendants, if contracts are to be valid." This is the claim of the Ernestine Line of Saxon Princes; not like to go for much, in their present disintegrated condition.

But the Albertine Line, the present Elector of Saxony, also claims: "Here is a Deed," said he, "executed by

Kaiser Friedrich III. in the year 1483, [Pauli, ubi supra; Hubner, t. 286.] generations before your Kaiser Karl; Deed solemnly granting to Albert, junior of Sachsen, and to his heirs, the reversion of those same Duchies, should the Male Line happen to fail, as it was then likely to do. How could Kaiser Max revoke his Father's deed, or Kaiser Karl his Great-grandfather's? Little Albert, the Albert of the PRINZENRAUB, he who grew big, and fought lion-like for his Kaiser in the Netherlands and Western Countries; he and his have clearly the heirship of Cleve by right; and we, now grown Electors, and Seniors of Saxony, demand it of a grateful House of Hapsburg,—and will study to make ourselves convenient in return."—

"Nay, if that is your rule, that old Laws and Deeds are to come in bar of new, we," cry a multitude of persons,—French Dukes of Nevers, and all manner of remote, exotic figures among them,— "we are the real heirs! Ravensburg, Mark, Berg, Ravenstein, this patch and the other of that large Duchy of yours, were they not from primeval time expressly limited to heirs—male? Heirs—male; and we now are the nearest heirs—male of said patches and portions; and will prove it!"—In short, there never was such a Lawsuit,—so fat an affair for the attorney species, if that had been the way of managing it,—as this of Cleve was likely to prove.

THE KAISER'S THOUGHTS ABOUT IT, AND THE WORLD'S.

What greatly complicated the affair, too, was the interest the Kaiser took in it. The Kaiser could not well brook a powerful Protestant in that country; still less could his Cousin the Spaniard. Spaniards, worn to the ground, coercing that world-famous Dutch Revolt, and astonished to find that they could not coerce it at all, had resolved at this time to take breath before trying farther. Spaniards and Dutch, after Fifty years of such fighting as we know, have made a Twelve-years' Truce (1609): but the battled Spaniard, panting, pale in his futile rage and sweat, has not given up the matter; he is only taking breath, and will try it again. Now Cleve is his road into Holland, in such adventure; no success possible if Cleve be not in good hands. Brandenburg is Protestant, powerful; Brandenburg will not do for a neighbor there.

Nor will Pfalz-Neuburg. A Protestant of Protestants, this Palatine Neuburg too,—junior branch, possible heir in time coming, of KUR-PFALZ (Elector Palatine) himself, in the Rhine Countries; of Kur-Pfalz, who is acknowledged Chief Protestant: official "President" of the "Evangelical Union" they have lately made among them in these menacing times;—Pfalz-Neuburg too, this young Wolfgang Wilhelm, if he do not break off kind, might be very awkward to the Kaiser in Cleve-Julich. Nay Saxony itself; for they are all Protestants:—unless perhaps Saxony might become pliant, and try to make itself useful to a munificent Imperial House?

Evidently what would best suit the Kaiser and Spaniards, were this, That no strong Power whatever got footing in Cleve, to grow stronger by the possession of such a country:—BETTER than best it would suit, if he, the Kaiser, could himself get it smuggled into his hands, and there hold it fast! Which privately was the course resolved upon at headquarters.—In this way the "Succession Controversy of the Cleve Duchies" is coming to be a very high matter; mixing itself, up with the grand Protestant-Papal Controversy, the general armed-lawsuit of mankind in that generation. Kaiser, Spaniard, Dutch, English, French Henri IV. and all mortals, are getting concerned in the decision of it.

Chapter XIV. SYMPTOMS OF A GREAT WAR COMING.

Meanwhile Brandenburg and Neuburg both hold grip of Cleve in that manner, with a mutually menacing inquiring expression of countenance; each grasps it (so to speak) convulsively with the one hand, and has with the other hand his sword by the hilt, ready to fly out. But to understand this Brandenburg–Neuburg phenomenon and the then significance of the Cleve–Julich Controversy, we must take the following bits of Chronology along with us. For the German Empire, with Protestant complaints, and Papist usurpations and severities, was at this time all a continent of sour thick smoke, already breaking out into dull–red flashes here and there,— symptoms of the universal conflagration of a Thirty–Years War, which followed. SYMPTON FIRST is that of Donauworth, and dates above a year back.

FIRST SYMPTOM; DONAUWORTH, 1608.

Donauworth, a Protestant Imperial Free–town, in the Bavarian regions, had been, for some fault on the part of the populace against a flaring Mass–procession which had no business to be there, put under Ban of the Empire; had been seized accordingly (December, 1607), and much cuffed, and shaken about, by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, as executor of the said Ban; [Michaelis, ii. 216; Buddaei LEXICON, i. 853.]—who, what was still worse, would by no means give up the Town when he had done with it; Town being handy to him, and the man being stout and violently Papist. Hence the "Evangelical Union" which we saw,—which has not taken Donauworth yet. Nor ever will! Donauworth never was retaken; but is Bavarian at this hour, A Town namable in History ever since. Not to say withal, that it is where Marlborough, did "the Lines of Schellenberg" long after: Schellenberg ("Jingle– Hill," so to render it) looks down across the Danube or Donau River, upon Donauworth,—its "Lines," and other histories, now much abolished, and quiet under grass.

But now all Protestantism sounding everywhere, in angry mournful tone, "Donauwarth! Give up Donauworth!"—and an "Evangelical Union," with moneys, with theoretic contingents of force, being on foot for that and the like objects;—we can fancy what a scramble this of Cleve–Julich was like to be; and especially what effect this duelling attitude of Brandenburg and Neuburg had on the Protestant mind. Protestant neighbors, Landgraf Moritz of Hessen–Cassel at their head, intervene in tremulous haste, in the Cleve–Julich affair: "Peace, O friends! Some bargain; peaceable joint–possession; any temporary bargain, till we see! Can two Protestants fall to slashing one another, in such an aspect of the Reich and its Jesuitries?"—And they did agree (Dortmund, 10th May, 1609) the first of their innumerable "agreements," to some temporary joint–possession;—the thrice–thankful Country doing homage to both, "with oath to the one that SHALL be found genuine." And they did endeavor to govern jointly, and to keep the peace on those terms, though it was not easy.

For the Kaiser had already said (or his Aulic Council and Spanish Cousin, poor Kaiser Rodolf caring too little about these things, [Rodolf II. (Kepler's too insolvent "Patron"), 1576–1612; then Matthias, Rodolf's Brother, 1612–1619, rather tolerant to Protestants;—then Ferdinand II. his Uncle's Son, 1619–1637, much the reverse of tolerant, by whom mainly came the Thirty–Years War,—were the Kaisers of this Period.

Ferdinand III., Son of II: (1637–1657), who finished out the Thirty–Years War, partly by fighting of his own in young days (Battle of Nordlingen his grandest feat), was Father of

Kaiser Leopold (1658–1705),—whose Two Sons were

Kaiser Joseph (1705–1711) and Kaiser Karl VI. (1711–1740), Maria Theresa's Father.] had already said), Cleve must absolutely not go into wrong hands. For which what safe method is there, but that the Kaiser himself become proprietor? A Letter is yet extant, from the Aulic Council to their Vice–Chancellor, who had been sent to negotiate this matter with the parties; Letter to the effect, That such result was the only good one; that it must be achieved; "that he must devise all manner of quirks (*alle Spitzfindigkeiten auffordern sollte*)," and achieve it. [Pauli, iii. 5055.] This curious Letter of a sublime Aulic Council, or Imperial HOF–RATH, to its VICE–KANZLER, still exists.

And accordingly quirks did not prove undevisable on behalf of the Kaiser. "Since you cannot agree," said the Kaiser, "and there are so many of you who claim (we having privately stirred up several of you to the feat), there will be nothing for it, but the Kaiser must put the Country under sequestration, and take possession of it with his own troops, till a decision be arrived at,—which probably will not be soon!"

SECOND SYMPTOM; SEIZURE OF JULICH BY THE KAISER, AND SIEGE AND RECAPTURE OF IT BY THE PROTESTANT PARTIES, 1610. WHEREUPON WHEREUPON "CATHOLIC LEAGUE," TO BALANCEE "EVANGELICAL UNION."

And the Kaiser forthwith did as he had said; sent Archduke Leopold with troops, who forcibly took the Castle of Julich; commanding all other castles and places to surrender and sequester themselves, in like fashion; threatening Brandenburg and Neuburg, in a dreadful manner, with REICHS-ACHT (Ban of the Empire), if they presumed to show contumacy. Upon which Brandenburg and Neuburg, ranking themselves together, showed decided contumacy; "tore down the Kaiser's Proclamation," [Ib. iii. 524. Emperor's Proclamation, in Dusseldorf, 23d July, 1609,—taken down solemnly, 1st August, 1609,] having good help at their back.

And accordingly, "on the 4th of September, 1610," after a two-months' siege, they, or the Dutch, French, and Evangelical Union Troops bombarding along with them, and "many English volunteers" to help, retook Julich, and packed Leopold away again. [Ib. iii. 527.] The Dutch and the French were especially anxious about this Cleve business,—poor Henri IV. was just putting those French troops in motion towards Julich, when Ravaillac, the distracted Devil's-Jesuit, did his stroke upon him; so that another than Henri had to lead in that expedition. The actual Captain at the Siege was Prince Christian of Anhalt, by repute the first soldier of Germany at that period: he had a horse shot under him, the business being very hot and furious;—he had still worse fortune in the course of years. There were "many English volunteers" at this Siege; English nation hugely interested in it, though their King would not act except diplomatically. It was the talk of all the then world,—the evening song and the morning prayer of Protestants especially,—till it was got ended in this manner. It deserves to rank as SYMPTON SECOND in this business; far bigger flare of dull red in the universal smoke-continent, than that of Donauworth had been. Are there no memorials left of those "English volunteers," then? [In Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (vi. ? "Two Hundred and Fifty Years ago: a Fragment about Duels") is one small scene belonging to them.] Alas, they might get edited as Bromley's *Royal Letters* are;—and had better lie quiet!

"Evangelical Union," formed some two years before, with what cause we saw, has Kur-Pfalz [Winter-King's Father; died 9th September, 1610, few days after this recapture of Julich.] at the head of it: but its troops or operations were never of a very forcible character. Kur-Brandenburg now joined it formally, as did many more; Kur-Sachsen, anxious to make himself convenient in other quarters, never would. Add to these phenomena, the now decisive appearance of a "Catholic LIGA" (League of Catholic Princes), which, by way of counterpoise to the "Union," had been got up by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria several months ago; and which now, under the same guidance, in these bad circumstances, took a great expansion of figure. Duke Maximilian, "DONAUWORTH Max," finding the Evangelical Union go so very high, and his own Kaiser like to be good for little in such business (poor hypochondriac Kaiser Rodolf II., more taken up with turning-looms and blow-pipes than with matters political, who accordingly is swept out of Julich in such summary way),—Donauworth Max has seen this a necessary institution in the present aspect.—Both "Union" and "League" rapidly waxed under the sound of the Julich cannon, as was natural.

Kur-Sachsen, for standing so well aloof from the Union, got from the thankful Kaiser written Titles for these Duchies of Cleve and Julich; Imperial parchments and infestments of due extent; but never any Territory in those parts. He never offered fight for his pretensions; and Brandenburg and Neuburg—Neuburg especially—always answered him, "No!" with sword half-drawn. So Kur-Sachsen faded out again, and took only parchments by the adventure. Practically there was no private Competitor of moment to Brandenburg, except this Wolfgang Wilhelm of Pfalz-Neuburg; he alone having clutched hold.—But we hasten to SYMPTOM THIRD, which particularly concerns us, and will be intelligible now at last.

SYMPTOM THIRD: A DINNER-SCENE AT DUSSELDORF, 1613: SPANIARDS AND DUTCH SHOULDER ARMS IN CLEVE.

Brandenburg and Neuburg stood together against third parties; but their joint-government was apt to fall in two, when left to itself, and the pressure of danger withdrawn. "They governed by the RATHS and STANDE of the Country;" old methods and old official men: each of the two had his own Vice-Regent (STATTHALTER) present on the ground, who jointly presided as they could. Jarrings were unavoidable; but how mend it? Settle the litigated Territory itself, and end their big lawsuit, they could not; often as they tried it, with the whole world encouraging and urging them. [Old Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton in his old days, remembers how he went Ambassador on this errand,—as on many others equally bootless;—and writes himself "Legatus," not only

"thrice to Venice, twice to" but also "once to Holland in the Juliers matter (*semel in Juliacensi negotio*):" see *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (London, 1672), Preface. It was "in 1614," say the Biographies vaguely. His Despatches, are they in the Paper-Office still? His good old Book deserves new editing, his good old genially pious life a proper elucidation, by some faithful man.] The meetings they had, and the treaties and temporary bargains they made, and kept, and could not keep, in these and in the following years and generations, pass our power of recording.

In 1613 the Brandenburg STATTHALTER was Ernst, the Elector's younger Brother, Wolfgang Wilhelm in person, for his Father, or rather for himself as heir of his Mother, represented Pfalz-Neuburg. Ernst of Brandenburg had adopted Calvinism as his creed; a thing hateful and horrible to the Lutheran mind (of which sort was Wolfgang Wilhelm), to a degree now altogether inconceivable. Discord arose in consequence between the STATTHALTERS, as to official appointments, sacred and secular: "You are for promoting Calvinists!"—"And you, I see, are for promoting Lutherans!"—Johann Sigismund himself had to intervene: Wolfgang Wilhelm and he had their meetings, friendly colloquies:—the final colloquy of which is still memorable; and issues in SYMPTOM THIRD.

We said, a strong flame of choler burnt in all these Hohenzollerns, though they held it well down. Johann Sigismund, an excellent man of business, knew how essential a mild tone is: nevertheless he found, as this colloquy went on, that human patience might at length get too much. The scene, after some examination, is conceivable in this wise: Place Dusseldorf, Elector's apartment in the Schloss there; time late in the Year 1613, Day not discoverable by me. The two sat at dinner, after much colloquy all morning: Johann Sigismund, a middle-aged, big-headed, stern-faced, honest-looking man; hair cropped, I observe; and eyelids slightly contracted, as if for sharper vision into matters: Wolfgang Wilhelm, of features fallen dim to me; an airy gentleman, well out of his teens, but, I doubt, not of wisdom sufficient; evidently very high and stiff in his ways.

His proposal, by way of final settlement, and end to all these brabbles, was this, and he insisted on it: "Give me your eldest Princess to wife; let her dowry be your whole claim on Cleve-Julich; I will marry her on that condition, and we shall be friends!" Here evidently is a gentleman that does not want for conceit in himself:—consider too, in Johann Sigismund's opinion, he had no right to a square inch of these Territories, though for peace' sake a joint share had been allowed him for the time! "On that condition, jackanapes?" thought Johann Sigismund: "My girl is not a monster; nor at a loss for husbands fully better than you, I should hope!" This he thought, and could not help thinking; but endeavored to say nothing of it. The young jackanapes went on, insisting. Nature at last prevailed; Johann Sigismund lifted his hand (princely etiquettes melting all into smoke on the sudden), and gave the young jackanapes a slap over the face. Veritable slap; which opened in a dreadful manner the eyes of young Pfalz-Neuburg to his real situation; and sent him off high-flaming, vowing never-imagined vengeance. A remarkable slap; well testified to,—though the old Histories, struck blank with terror, reverence and astonishment, can for most part only symbol it in dumb-show; [Pufendorf (*Rer. Brandenb.* lib. iv. ? 16, p. 213), and many others, are in this case. Tobias Pfanner (*Historia Pacis Westphalicae*, lib. i. ? 9, p. 26) is explicit: "*Neque, ut infida regnandi societas est, Brandenburgio et Neoburgio diu conveniebat; eorumque jurgia, cum matrimonii faedere pacari posse propinqui ipsorum credidissent, acrius ezarsere; inter epulas, quibus futurum generum Septemvir* (the "Sevensman," or Elector, "One of The Seven") *excipiebat, hujus enim filia Wolfgango sperabatur, ob nescio quos sermones eo inter utrumque altercalione provecta, ut Elector irae impotestior, nulla dignitatis, hospitii, cognationis, affinitatisve verecundia cohibitus, intenderit Neoburgio manus, et contra tendentis os verberaverit. Ita, quae apud concordem vincula caritatis, incitamenta irarum apud infensos erant.*" (Cited in Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen*, xxi. 341; who refers also to Levassor, *Histoire de Louis XII.*)—Pauli (iii. 542) bedomes quite vaporous.] a slap that had important consequences in this world.

For now Wolfgang Wilhelm, flaming off in never-imagined vengeance, posted straight to Munchen, to Max of Bavaria there; declared himself convinced, or nearly so, of the Roman-Catholic Religion; wooed, and in a few weeks (10th November, 1613) wedded Max's younger Sister; and soon after, at Dusseldorf, pompously professed such his blessed change of Belief,—with immense flourish of trumpeting, and jubilant pamphleteering, from Holy Church. [Kohler, *ubi supra.*] His poor old Father, the devoutest of Protestants, wailed aloud his "Ichabod! the glory is departed!"—holding "weekly fast and humiliation" ever after,—and died in few months of a broken heart. The Catholic League has now a new Member on those terms.

And on the other hand, Johann Sigismund, nearly with the like haste (25th December, 1613), declared himself

convinced of Calvinism, his younger Brother's creed; [Pauli, iii. 546.]—which continues ever since the Brandenburg Court—creed, that of the People being mostly Lutheran. Men said, it was to please the Dutch, to please the Julichers, most of whom are Calvinist. Apologetic Pauli is elaborate, but inconclusive. It was very ill taken at Berlin, where even popular riot arose on the matter. In Prussia too it had its drawbacks. [Ib. iii. 544; Michaelis, i. 349.]

And now, all being full of mutation, rearrangement and infinite rumor, there marched next year (1614), on slight pretext, resting on great suspicions, Spanish troops into the Julich—Cleve country, and, countenanced by Neuburg, began seizing garrisons there. Whereupon Dutch troops likewise marched, countenanced by Brandenburg, and occupied other fortresses and garrisons: and so, in every strong—place, these were either Papist—Spaniards or Calvinist—Dutch; who stood there, fronting one another, and could not by treatying be got out again;—like clouds positively electric VERSUS clouds negatively. As indeed was getting to be the case of Germany in general; case fatally visible in every Province, Principality and Parish there: till a thunder—storm, and succession of thunder—storms, of Thirty Years' continuance, broke out. Of which these huge rumors and mutations, and menacings of war, springing out of that final colloquy and slap in the face, are to be taken as the THIRD premonitory Symptom. Spaniards and Dutch stand electrically fronting one another in Cleve for seven years, till their Truce is out, before they clash together; Germany does not wait so long by a couple of years.

SYMPTOM FOURTH, AND CATASTROPHE UPON THE HEELS OF IT.

Five years more (1618), and there will have come a FOURTH Symptom, biggest of all, rapidly consummating the process;—Symptom still famed, of the following external figure: Three Official Gentlemen descending from a window in the Castle of Prag: hurled out by impatient Bohemian Protestantism, a depth of seventy feet,—happily only into dung, and without loss of life. From which follows a "King of Bohemia" elected there, King not unknown to us;—"thunder—clouds" all in one huge clash, and the "continent of sour smoke" blazing all into a continent of thunderous fire: THIRTY—YEARS WAR, as they now call it! Such a conflagration as poor Germany never saw before or since.

These were the FOUR preliminary SYMPTOMS of that dismal business. "As to the primary CAUSES of it," says one of my Authorities, "these lie deep, deep almost as those of Original Sin. But the proximate causes seem to me to have been these two: FIRST, That the Jesuit—Priests and Principalities had vowed and resolved to have, by God's help and by the Devil's (this was the peculiarity of it), Europe made Orthodox again: and then SECONDLY, The fact that a Max of Bavaria existed at that time, whose fiery character, cunning but rash head, and fanatically Papist heart disposed him to attempt that enterprise, him with such resources and capacities, under their bad guidance."

Johann Sigismund did many swift decisive strokes of business in his time, businesses of extensive and important nature; but this of the slap to Neuburg has stuck best in the idle memory of mankind. Dusseldorf, Year 1613: it was precisely in the time when that same Friedrich, not yet by any means "King of Bohemia," but already Kur—Pfalz (Cousin of this Neuburg, and head man of the Protestants), was over here in England, on a fine errand;—namely, had married the fair Elizabeth (14th February, 1613), James the First's Princess; "Goody Palsgrave," as her Mother floutingly called her, not liking the connection. What kind of a "King of Bohemia" this Friedrich made, five or six years after, and what sea of troubles he and his entered into, we know; the "WINTER—KONIG" (Winter—King, fallen in times of FROST, or built of mere frost, a SNOW—king altogether soluble again) is the name he gets in German Histories. But here is another hook to hang Chronology upon.

This brief Bohemian Kingship had not yet exploded on the Weissenberg of Prag, [Battle there, Sunday 8th November, 1620.] when old Sir Henry Wotton being sent as Ambassador "to LIE abroad" (as he wittily called it, to his cost) in that Business, saw, in the City of Lintz in the picturesque green country by the shores of the Donau there, an ingenious person, who is now recognizable as one of the remarkablest of mankind, Mr. John Kepler, namely: Kepler as Wotton writes him; addressing the great Lord Bacon (unhappily without strict date of any kind) on that among other subjects. Mr. John's now ever—memorable watching of those *Motions of the Star Mars*, [*De Motibus Stellae Martis*; Prag, 1609.] with "calculations repeated seventy times," and also with Discovery of the Planetary Laws of this Universe, some, ten years ago, appears to be unknown to Wotton and Bacon; but there is something else of Mr. John's devising [It seems, Baptista Porta (of Naples, dead some years before) must have given him the essential hint,—of whom, or whose hint, Mr. John does not happen to inform his Excellency at

present.] which deserves attention from an Instaurator of Philosophy:—

"He hath a little black Tent (of what stuff is not much importing)," says the Ambassador, "which he can suddenly set up where he will in a Field; and it is convertible (like a windmill) to all quarters at pleasure; capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark,—save at one hole, about an inch and a half in the diameter, to which he applies a long perspective Trunk, with the convex glass fitted to the said hole, and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected Tent: through which the visible radiations of all the Objects without are intromitted, falling upon a Paper, which is accommodated to receive them; and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance; turning his little Tent round by degrees, till he hath designed the whole Aspect of the Field." [*Reliqui Wottonianae*, (London 1672), p. 300.]—In fact he hath a CAMERA OBSCURA, and is exhibiting the same for the delectation of Imperial gentlemen lounging that way. Mr. John invents such toys, writes almanacs, practises medicine, for good reasons; his encouragement from the Holy Roman Empire and mankind being only a pension of 18 pounds a year, and that hardly ever paid. An ingenious person, truly, if there ever was one among Adam's Posterity. Just turned of fifty and ill off for cash. This glimpse of him, in his little black tent with perspective glasses, while the Thirty—Years War blazes out, is welcome as a date.

WHAT BECAME OF THE CLEVE—JULICH HERITAGE, AND OF THE PREUSSEN ONE.

In the Cleve Duchies joint government had now become more difficult than ever: but it had to be persisted in,—under mutual offences, suspicions and outbreaks hardly repressed;—no final Bargain of Settlement proving by any method possible. Treaties enough, and conferences and pleadings, manifestoings:—Could not some painful German collector of Statistics try to give us the approximate quantity of impracticable treaties, futile conferences, manifestoes correspondences; in brief, some authentical cipher (say in round millions) of idle Words spoken by official human creatures and approximately (in square miles) the extent of Law Stationery and other Paper written, first and last, about this Controversy of the Cleve Duchies? In that form it might have a momentary interest.

When the Winter—King's explosion took place, [Crowned at Prag, 4th November N.S. 1619; beaten to ruin there, and obliged to gallop (almost before dinner done), Sunday, 8th November, 1620.] and his own unfortunate Pfalz (Palatinate) became the theatre of war (Tilly, Spinola, VERSUS Pfaltzers, English, Dutch), involving all the neighboring regions, Cleve—Julich did not escape its fate. The Spaniards and the Dutch, who had long sat in gloomy armed—truce, occupying with obstinate precaution the main Fortresses of these Julich—Cleve countries, did now straightway, their Twelve—Years' truce being out (1621), [Pauli, vi. 578—580.] fall to fighting and besieging one another there; the huge War, which proved of Thirty Years, being now all ablaze. What the country suffered in the interim may be imagined.

In 1624, in pity to all parties, some attempt at practical Division of the Territory was again made: Neuburg to have Berg and Julich, Brandenburg to have Cleve, Mark, Ravensburg and the minor appurtenances: and Treaty to that effect was got signed (11th May, 1624). But it was not well kept, nor could be; and the statistic cipher of new treaties, manifestoes, conferences, and approximate written area of Law—Paper goes on increasing.

It was not till forty—two years after, in 1666, as will be more minutely noticeable by and by, that an effective partition could be practically brought about. Nor in this state was the Lawsuit by any means ended,—as we shall wearisomely see, in times long following that. In fact there never was, in the German Chanceries or out of them, such a Lawsuit, Armed or Wiggled, as this of the Cleve Duchies first and last. And the sentence was not practically given, till the Congress of Vienna (1815) in our own day gave it; and the thing Johann Sigismund had claimed legally in 1609 was actually handed over to Johann Sigismund's Descendant in the seventh generation, after two hundred and six years. Handed over to him then,—and a liberal rate of interest allowed. These litigated Duchies are now the Prussian Province Julich—Berg—Cleve, and the nucleus of Prussia's possessions in the Rhine country.

A year before Johann Sigismund's death, Albert Friedrich, the poor eclipsed Duke of Prussia, died (8th August, 1618): upon which our swift Kurfurst, not without need of his dexterities there too, got peaceable possession of Prussia;—nor has his Family lost hold of that, up to the present time. Next year (23d December, 1619), he himself closed a swift busy life (labor enough in it for him perhaps, though only an age of forty—nine); and sank to his long rest, his works following him,—unalterable thenceforth, not unfruitful some of them.

Chapter XV. TENTH KURFURST, GEORGE WILHELM.

By far the unluckiest of these Electors, whether the most unworthy of them or not, was George Wilhelm, Tenth Elector, who now succeeded Johann Sigismund his Father. The Father's eyes had closed when this great flame was breaking out; and the Son's days were all spent amid the hot ashes and fierce blazings of it.

The position of Brandenburg during this sad Thirty-Years War was passive rather than active; distinguished only in the former way, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious. Never since the Hohenzollerns came to that Country had Brandenburg such a time. Difficult to have mended it; impossible to have quite avoided it;—and Kurfurst George Wilhelm was not a man so superior to all his neighbors, that he could clearly see his way in such an element. The perfect or ideal course was clear: To have frankly drawn sword for his Religion and his Rights, so soon as the battle fairly opened; and to have fought for these same, till he got either them or died. Alas, that is easily said and written; but it is, for a George Wilhelm especially, difficult to do! His capability in all kinds was limited; his connections, with this side and that, were very intricate. Gustavus and the Winter-King were his Brothers-in-law; Gustavus wedded to his Sister, he to Winter-King's. His relations to Poland, feudal superior of Preussen, were delicate; and Gustavus was in deadly quarrel with Poland. And then Gustavus's sudden laying-hold of Pommern, which had just escaped from Wallenstein and the Kaiser? It must be granted, poor George Wilhelm's case demanded circumspectness.

One can forgive him for declining the Bohemian-King speculation, though his Uncle of Jagerndorf and his Cousins of Liegnitz were so hearty and forward in it. Pardonable in him to decline the Bohemian speculation;—though surely it is very sad that he found himself so short of "butter and firewood" when the poor Ex-King, and his young Wife, then in a specially interesting state, came to take shelter with him! [Solttl (*Geschichte des Dreissigjahrigen Krieges*, —a trivial modern Book) gives a notable memorial from the Brandenburg RATHS, concerning these their difficulties of housekeeping. Their real object, we perceive, was to get rid of a Guest so dangerous as the Ex-King, under Ban of the Empire, had now become.] But when Gustavus landed, and flung out upon the winds such a banner as that of his,—truly it was required of a Protestant Governor of men to be able to read said banner in a certain degree. A Governor, not too IMPERFECT, would have recognized this Gustavus, what his purposes and likelihoods were; the feeling would have been, checked by due circumspectness: "Up, my men, let us follow this man; let us live and die in the Cause this man goes for! Live otherwise with honor, or die otherwise with honor, we cannot, in the pass things have come to!"—And thus, at the very worst, Brandenburg would have had only one class of enemies to ravage it; and might have escaped with, arithmetically speaking, HALF the harrying it got in that long Business.

But Protestant Germany—sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well—was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an exceptional case. No Prince stood up as beseemed: or only one, and he not a great one; Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen, who, and his brave Widow after him, seemed always to know what hour it was. Wilhelm of Hessen all along;—and a few wild hands, Christian of Brunswick, Christian of Anhalt, Johann George of Jagerndorf, who stormed out tumultuously at first, but were soon blown away by the Tilly-Wallenstein TRADE-WINDS and regulated armaments:—the rest sat still, and tried all they could to keep out of harm's way. The "Evangelical Union" did a great deal of manifestoing, pathetic, indignant and other; held solemn Meetings at Heilbronn, old Sir Henry Wotton going as Ambassador to them; but never got any redress. Had the Evangelical Union shut up its inkhorns sooner; girt on its fighting-tools when the time came, and done some little execution with them then, instead of none at all,— we may fancy the Evangelical Union would have better discharged its function. It might have saved immense wretchedness to Germany. But its course went not that way.

In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as Kaiser over him, and Father Lammerlein at his right hand and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas there dwelt and reigned a certain King in Sweden; there farmed, and walked musing by the shores of the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, a certain man;—there was a Gustav Adolf over seas, an Oliver Cromwell over seas; and "a company of poor men" were found capable of taking Lucifer by the beard,—who accordingly, with his Lammerleins, Hyacinths, Habernfeldts and others, was forced to withdraw, after a tough

struggle!—

Chapter XVI. THIRTY-YEARS WAR.

The enormous Thirty-Years War, most intricate of modern Occurrences in the domain of Dryasdust, divides itself, after some unravelling, into Three principal Acts or Epochs; in all of which, one after the other, our Kurfurst had an interest mounting progressively, but continuing to be a passive interest.

Act FIRST goes from 1620 to 1624; and might be entitled "The Bohemian King Made and Demolished." Personally the Bohemian King was soon demolished. His Kingship may be said to have gone off by explosion; by one Fight, namely, done on the Weissenberg near Prag (Sunday, 8th November, 1620), while he sat at dinner in the City, the boom of the cannon coming in with interest upon his high guests and him. He had to run, in hot haste, that night, leaving many of his important papers,—and becomes a Winter-King. Winter-King's account was soon settled. But the extirpating of his Adherents, and capturing of his Hereditary Lands, Palatinate and Upper-Palatinate, took three years more. Hard fighting for the Palatinate; Tilly and Company against the "Evangelical-Union Troops, and the English under Sir Horace Vere." Evangelical-Union Troops, though marching about there, under an Uncle of our Kurfurst (Margraf Joachim Ernst, that lucky Anspach Uncle, founder of "the Line"), who professed some skill in soldiering, were a mere Picture of an Army; would only "observe," and would not fight at all. So that the whole fighting fell to Sir Horace and his poor handful of English; of whose grim posture "in Frankendale" [Frankenthal, a little Town in the Palatinate, N.W. from Mannheim a short way.] and other Strongholds, for months long, there is talk enough in the old English History-Books.

Then there were certain stern War-Captains, who rallied from the Weissenberg Defeat:—Christian of Brunswick, the chief of them, titular Bishop of Halberstadt, a high-flown, fiery young fellow, of terrible fighting gifts; he flamed up considerably, with "the Queen of Bohemia's glove stuck in his Hat:" "Bright Lady, it shall stick there, till I get you your own again, or die!" [1621–1623, age not yet twenty-five; died (by poison), 1626, having again become supremely important just then. "*Gottes Freund, der Pfaffen Feind* (God's Friend, Priests' Foe);" "*Alles fur Ruhm und Ehr* (*All for Glory and Her*," —the bright Elizabeth, become Ex-Queen), were mottoes of his.— Buddaus IN VOCE (i. 649); Michaelis, i. 110.] Christian of Brunswick, George of Jagerndorf (our Kurfurst's Uncle), Count Mansfeldt and others, made stormy fight once and again, hanging upon this central "Frankendale" Business, till they and it became hopeless. For the Kaiser and his Jesuits were not in doubt; a Kaiser very proud, unscrupulous; now clearly superior in force, —and all along of great superiority in fraud.

Christian of Brunswick, Johann George and Mansfeldt were got rid of: Christian by poison; Johann George and Mansfeldt by other methods,—chiefly by playing upon poor King James of England, and leading him by the long nose he was found to have. The Palatinate became the Kaiser's for the time being; Upper Palatinate (OBER-PFALZ) Duke Max of Bavaria, lying contiguous to it, had easily taken. "Incorporate the Ober-Pfalz with your Bavaria," said the Kaiser, "you, illustrious, thrice-serviceable Max! And let Lammerlein and Hyacinth, with their Gospel of Ignatius, loose upon it. Nay, as a still richer reward, be yours the forfeited KUR (Electorship) of this mad Kur-Pfalz, or Winter-King. I will hold his Rhine-Lands, his UNTER-PFALZ: his Electorship and OBER-PFALZ, I say, are yours, Duke, henceforth KURFURST Maximilian!" [Kohler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 520.] Which was a hard saying in the ears of Brandenburg, Saxony and the other Five, and of the Reich in general; but they had all to comply, after wincing. For the Kaiser proceeded with a high hand. He had put the Ex-King under Ban of the Empire (never asking "the Empire" about it); put his Three principal Adherents, Johann George of Jagerndorf one of them, Prince Christian of Anhalt (once captain at the Siege of Juliers) another, likewise under Ban of the Empire; [22d Jan. 1621 (ibid. p. 518).] and in short had flung about, and was flinging, his thunder-bolts in a very Olympian manner. Under all which, what could Brandenburg and the others do; but whimper some trembling protest, "Clear against Law!"—and sit obedient? The Evangelical Union did not now any more than formerly draw out its fighting-tools. In fact, the Evangelical Union now fairly dissolved itself; melted into a deliquium of terror under these thunder-bolts that were flying, and was no more heard of in the world.—

SECOND ACT, OR EPOCH, 1624–1629. A SECOND UNCLE PUT TO THE BAN, AND POMMERN SNATCHED AWAY.

Except in the "NETHER-SAXON CIRCLE" (distant Northwest region, with its Hanover, Mecklenburg, with

its rich Hamburgs, Lubecks, Magdeburgs, all Protestant, and abutting on the Protestant North), trembling Germany lay ridden over as the Kaiser willed. Foreign League got up by France, King James, Christian IV. of Denmark (James's Brother-in-law, with whom he had such "drinking" in Somerset House, long ago, on Christian's visit hither [Old Histories of James I. (Wilson, went to water, or worse. Only the "Nether-Saxon Circle" showed some life; was levying an army; and had appointed Christian of Brunswick its Captain, till he was got poisoned;—upon which the drinking King of Denmark took the command.

Act SECOND goes from 1624 to 1627 or even 1629; and contains drunken Christian's Exploits. Which were unfortunate, almost to the ruin of Denmark itself, as well as of the Nether-Saxon Circle;—till in the latter of these years he slightly rallied, and got a supportable Peace granted him (Peace of Lubeck, 1629); after which he sits quiet, contemplative, with an evil eye upon Sweden now and then. The beatings he got, in quite regular succession, from Tilly and Consorts, are not worth mentioning: the only thing one now remembers of him is his alarming accident on the ramparts of Hameln, just at the opening of these Campaigns. At Hameln, which was to be a strong post, drunken Christian rode out once, on a summer afternoon (1624), to see that the ramparts were all right, or getting all right;—and tumbled, horse and self (self in liquor, it is thought), in an ominous alarming manner. Taken up for dead;—nay some of the vague Histories seem to think he was really dead:—but he lived to be often beaten after that, and had many moist years more.

Our Kurfurst had another Uncle put to the Ban in this Second Act, —Christian Wilhelm Archbishop of Magdeburg, "for assisting the Danish King;" nor was Ban all the ruin that fell on this poor Archbishop. What could an unfortunate Kurfurst do, but tremble and obey? There was still a worse smart got by our poor Kurfurst out of Act Second; the glaring injustice done him in Pommern.

Does the reader remember that scene in the High Church of Stettin a hundred and fifty years ago? How the Burgermeister threw sword and helmet into the grave of the last Duke of Pommern—Stettin there; and a forward Citizen picked them out again in favor of a Collateral Branch? Never since, any more than then, could Brandenburg get Pommern according to claim. Collateral Branch, in spite of Friedrich Iron-teeth, in spite even of Albert Achilles and some fighting of his; contrived, by pleading at the Diets and stirring up noise, to maintain its pretensions: and Treaties without end ensued, as usual; Treaties refreshed and new-signed by every Successor of Albert, to a wearisome degree. The sum of which always was: "Pommern does actual homage to Brandenburg; vassal of Brandenburg;—and falls home to it, if the now Extant Line go extinct." Nay there is an ERBVERBRUDERUNG (Heritage-Fraternity) over and above, established this long time, and wearisomely renewed at every new Accession. Hundreds of Treaties, oppressive to think of:—and now the last Duke, old Bogislaus, is here, without hope of children; and the fruit of all that haggling, actual Pommern to wit, will at last fall home? Alas, no; far otherwise.

For the Kaiser having so triumphantly swept off the Winter-King, and Christian IV. in the rear of him, and got Germany ready for converting to Orthodoxy,—wished now to have some hold of the Seaboard, thereby to punish Denmark; nay thereby, as is hoped, to extend the blessings of Orthodoxy into England, Sweden, Holland, and the other Heretic States, in due time. For our plans go far! This is the Kaiser's fixed wish, rising to the rank of hope now and then: all Europe shall become Papist again by the help of God and the Devil. So the Kaiser, on hardly any pretext, seized Mecklenburg from the Proprietors,——"Traitors, how durst you join Danish Christian?"—and made Wallenstein Duke of it. Duke of Mecklenburg, "Admiral of the EAST SEA (Baltic);" and set to "building ships of war in Rostock,"—his plans going far. [Kohler, *Reichs-Historie*, pp, 524, 525.] This done, he seized Pommern, which also is a fine Sea-country,—stirring up Max of Bavaria to make some idle pretence to Pommern, that so the Kaiser might seize it "in sequestration till decided on." Under which hard treatment, George Wilhelm had to sit sad and silent,—though the Stralsunders would not. Hence the world-famous Siege of Stralsund (1628); fierce Wallenstein declaring, "I will have the Town, if it hung by a chain from Heaven;" but finding he could not get it; owing to the Swedish succor, to the stubborn temper prevalent among the Townsfolk, and also greatly to the rains and peat-bogs.

A second Uncle of George Wilhelm's, that unlucky Archbishop of Magdeburg above mentioned, the Kaiser, once more by his own arbitrary will, put under Ban of the Empire, in this Second Act: "Traitor, how durst you join with the Danes?" The result of which was Tilly's Sack of Magdeburg (10–12th May, 1631), a transaction never forgettable by mankind.—As for Pommern, Gustav Adolf, on his intervening in these matters, landed there: Pommern was now seized by Gustav Adolf, as a landing-place and place-of-arms, indispensable for Sweden in

the present emergency; and was so held thenceforth. Pommern will not fall to George Wilhelm at this time.

THIRD ACT, AND WHAT THE KURFURST SUFFERED IN IT.

And now we are at Act THIRD:--Landing of Gustav Adolf "in the Isle of Usedom, 24th June, 1630," and onward for Eighteen Years till the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648;--on which, as probably better known to the reader, we will not here go into details. In this Third Act too, George Wilhelm followed his old scheme, peace at any price;--as shy of Gustav as he had been of other Champions of the Cause; and except complaining, petitioning and manifestoing, studiously did nothing.

Poor man, it was his fate to stand in the range of these huge collisions,--Bridge of Dessau, Siege of Stralsund, Sack of Magdeburg, Battle of Leipzig,--where the Titans were bowling rocks at one another; and he hoped, by dexterous skipping, to escape share of the game. To keep well with his Kaiser,--and such a Kaiser to Germany and to him,--this, for George Wilhelm, was always the first commandment. If the Kaiser confiscate your Uncles, against law; seize your Pommern; rob you on the public highways,--George Wilhelm, even in such case, is full of dubitations. Nay his Prime-Minister, one Schwartzenberg, a Catholic, an Austrian Official at one time,--Progenitor of the Austrian Schwartzenegrs that now are,--was secretly in the Kaiser's interest, and is even thought to have been in the Kaiser's pay, all along.

Gustav, at his first landing, had seized Pommern, and swept it clear of Austrians, for himself and for his own wants; not too regardful of George Wilhelm's claims on it. He cleared out Frankfurt-on-Oder, Custrin and other Brandenburg Towns, in a similar manner,--by cannon and storm, when needful;--drove the Imperialists and Tilly forth of these countries. Advancing, next year, to save Magdeburg, now shrieking under Tilly's bombardment, Gustav insisted on having, if not some bond of union from his Brother-in-law of Brandenburg, at least the temporary cession of two Places of War for himself, Spandau and Custrin, indispensable in any farther operation. Which cession Kurfurst George Wilhelm, though giving all his prayers to the Good Cause, could by no means grant. Gustav had to insist, with more and more emphasis; advancing at last, with military menace, upon Berlin itself. He was met by George Wilhelm and his Council, "in the woods of Copenick," short way to the east of that City: there George Wilhelm and his Council wandered about, sending messages, hopelessly consulting; saying among each other, "*Que faire; ils ont des canons*, what can one do; they have got cannon?" [*OEuvres de Frederic le Grand* (Berlin, 1846-1856 et seqq.: *Memoires de Brandebourg*), i. 38. For the rest, Friedrich's Account of the Transaction is very loose and scanty: see Pauli (iv. 568) and his minute details.] For many hours so; round the inflexible Gustav,-- who was there like a fixed milestone, and to all questions and comers had only one answer!-- "*Que faire; ils ont des canons?*" This was the 3d May, 1631. This probably is about the nadir-point of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollern History. The little Friedrich, who became Frederick the Great, in writing of it, has a certain grim banter in his tone; and looks rather with mockery on the perplexities of his poor Ancestor, so fatally ignorant of the time of day it had now become.

On the whole, George Wilhelm did what is to be called nothing, in the Thirty-Years War; his function was only that of suffering. He followed always the bad lead of Johann George, Elector of Saxony; a man of no strength, devoutness or adequate human worth; who proved, on these negative grounds, and without flagrancy of positive badness, an unspeakable curse to Germany. Not till the Kaiser fulminated forth his Restitution-Edict, and showed he was in earnest about it (1629-1631), "Restore to our Holy Church what you have taken from her since the Peace of Passau!"--could this Johann George prevail upon himself to join Sweden, or even to do other than hate it for reasons he saw. Seized by the throat in this manner, and ordered to DELIVER, Kur-Sachsen did, and Brandenburg along with him, make Treaty with the Swede. [8th February, 1631 (Kohler, *Reichs-Historie*, pp. 526-531.) in consequence of which they two, some months after, by way of co-operating with Gustav on his great march Vienna-ward, sent an invading force into Bohemia, Brandenburg contributing some poor 3,000 to it; who took Prag, and some other open Towns; but "did almost nothing there," say the Histories, "except dine and drink." It is clear enough they were instantly scattered home [October, 1633 (Stenzel, i. 503).] at the first glimpse of Wallenstein dawning on the horizon again in those parts.

Gustav having vanished (Field of Lutzen, 6th November, 1632 [Pauli, iv. 576.]), Oxenstiern, with his high attitude, and "Presidency" of the "Union of Heilbronn," was rather an offence to Kur-Sachsen, who used to be foremost man on such occasions. Kur-Sachsen broke away again; made his Peace of Prag, [1635, 20th May (Stenzel, i. 513).] whom Brandenburg again followed; Brandenburg and gradually all the others, except the noble Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel alone. Miserable Peace; bit of Chaos clouted up, and done over with Official

varnish;—which proved to be the signal for continuing the War beyond visible limits, and rendering peace impossible.

After this, George Wilhelm retires from the scene; lives in Custrin mainly; mere miserable days, which shall be invisible to us. He died in 1640; and, except producing an active brave Son very unlike himself, did nothing considerable in the world. "*Que faire; ils ont des canons!*"

Among the innumerable sanguinary tusslings of this War are counted Three great Battles, Leipzig, Lutzen, Nordlingen. Under one great Captain, Swedish Gustav, and the two or three other considerable Captains, who appeared in it, high passages of furious valor, of fine strategy and tactic, are on record. But on the whole, the grand weapon in it, and towards the latter times the exclusive one, was Hunger. The opposing Armies tried to starve one another; at lowest, tried each not to starve. Each trying to eat the country, or at any rate to leave nothing eatable in it: what that will mean for the country, we may consider. As the Armies too frequently, and the Kaiser's Armies habitually, lived without commissariat, often enough without pay, all horrors of war and of being a seat of war, that have been since heard of, are poor to those then practised. The detail of which is still horrible to read. Germany, in all eatable quarters of it, had to undergo the process;—tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked, and brayed as in a mortar under the iron mace of war. [Curious incidental details of the state it was reduced to, in the Rhine and Danube Countries, turn up in the Earl of Arundel and Surrey's TRAVELS ("Arundel of the Marbles") as *Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor Ferdinando II. in 1636* (a small Volume, or Pamphlet, London, 1637).] Brandenburg saw its towns sieged and sacked, its country populations driven to despair, by the one party and the other. Three times,—first in the Wallenstein Mecklenburg period, while fire and sword were the weapons, and again, twice over, in the ultimate stages of the struggle, when starvation had become the method—Brandenburg fell to be the principal theatre of conflict, where all forms of the dismal were at their height. In 1638, three years after that precious "Peace of Prag," the Swedes (Banier VERSUS Gallas) starving out the Imperialists in those Northwestern parts, the ravages of the starving Gallas and his Imperialists excelled all precedent; and the "famine about Tangermunde had risen so high that men ate human flesh, nay human creatures ate their own children." [1638: Pauli, iv. 604.] "*Que faire; ils ont des canons!*"

Chapter XVII. DUCHY OF JAGERNDORF.

This unfortunate George Wilhelm failed in getting Pommern when due; Pommern, firmly held by the Swedes, was far from him. But that was not the only loss of territory he had. Jagerndorf,— we have heard of Johann George of Jagerndorf, Uncle of this George Wilhelm, how old Joachim Friedrich put him into Jagerndorf, long since, when it fell home to the Electoral House. Jagerndorf is now lost; Johann George is under REICHS-ACHT (Ban of Empire), ever since the Winter-King's explosion, and the thunder-bolts that followed; and wanders landless;—nay he is long since dead, and

has six feet of earth for a territory, far away in Transylvania, or the RIESEN-GEBIRGE (Giant Mountains) somewhere. Concerning whom a word now.

DUKE OF JAGERNDORF, ELECTOR'S UNCLE, IS PUT UNDER BAN.

Johann George, a frank-hearted valiant man, concerning whom only good actions, and no bad one, are on record, had notable troubles in the world; bad troubles to begin with, and worse to end in. He was second Son of Kurfurst Joachim Friedrich, who had meant him for the Church. [1577–1624: Rentsch, p. 486.] The young fellow was Coadjutor of Strasburg, almost from the time of getting into short-clothes. He was then, still very young, elected Bishop there (1592); Bishop of Strasburg,—but only by the Protestant part of the Canons; the Catholic part, unable to submit longer, and thinking it a good time for revolt against a Protestant population and obstinately heterodox majority, elected another Bishop,—one "Karl of the House of Lorraine;" and there came to be dispute, and came even to be fighting needed. Fighting; which prudent Papa would not enter into, except faintly at second-hand, through the Anspach Cousins, or others that were in the humor. Troublesome times for the young man; which lasted a dozen years or more. At last a Bargain was made (1604); Protestant and Catholic Canons splitting the difference in some way; and the House of Lorraine paying Johann George a great deal of money to go home again. [*OEuvres completes de Voltaire*, 97 vols. (Paris, 1825–1832), xxxiii. 284.—Kohler (*Reichs-Historie*, p. 487) gives the authentic particulars.] Poor Johann George came out of it in that way; not second-best, think several.

He was then (1606) put into Jagerndorf, which had just fallen vacant; our excellent fat friend, George Friedrich of Anspach, Administrator of Preussen, having lately died, and left it vacant, as we saw. George Friedrich's death yielded fine apanages, three of them in all: FIRST Anspach, SECOND, Baireuth, and this THIRD of Jagerndorf for a still younger Brother. There was still a fourth younger Brother, Uncle of George Wilhelm; Archbishop of Magdeburg this one; who also, as we have seen, got into REICHS-ACHT, into deep trouble in the Thirty-Years War. He was in Tilly's thrice-murderous Storm of Magdeburg (10th May, 1631); was captured, tumbled about by the wild soldiery, and nearly killed there. Poor man, with his mitre and rochets left in such a state! In the end he even became CATHOLIC,—from conviction, as was evident, and bewilderment of mind;—and lived in Austria on a pension; occasionally publishing polemical pamphlets. [1587; 1628; 1665 (Rentsch, pp. 905–910).]—

As to Johann George, he much repaired and beautified the Castle of Jagerndorf, says Rentsch: but he unfortunately went ahead into the Winter-King's adventure; which, in that sad battle of the Weissenberg, made total shipwreck of itself, drawing Johann George and much else along with it. Johann George was straightway tyrannously put to the Ban, forfeited of life and lands: [22d January, 1621 (Kohler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 518: and rectify Hubner, t. 178).] Johann George disowned the said Ban; stood out fiercely for self and Winter-King; and did good fighting in the Silesian strongholds and mountain-passes: but was forced to seek temporary shelter in SIEBENBURGEN (Transylvania); and died far away, in a year or two (1624), while returning to try it again. Sleeps, I think, in the "Jablunka Pass;" the dumb Giant-Mountains (RIESEN-GEBIRGE) shrouding up his sad shipwreck and him.

Jagerndorf was thus seized by Ferdinand II. of the House of Hapsburg; and though it was contrary to all law that the Kaiser should keep it,—poor Johann George having left Sons very innocent of treason, and Brothers, and an Electoral. Nephew, very innocent,—to whom, by old compacts and new, the Heritage in defect of him was to fall,—neither Kaiser Ferdinand II. nor Kaiser Ferdinand III. nor any Kaiser would let go the hold; but kept Jagerndorf fast clenched, deaf to all pleadings, and monitions of gods or men. Till at length, in the fourth

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generation afterwards, one "Friedrich the Second," not unknown to us,— a sharp little man, little in stature, but large in faculty and renown, who is now called "Frederick the Great,"—clutched hold of the Imperial fist (so to speak), seizing his opportunity in 1740; and so wrenched and twisted said close fist, that not only Jagerndorf dropped out of it, but the whole of Silesia along with Jagerndorf, there being other claims withal. And the account was at last settled, with compound interest,—as in fact such accounts are sure to be, one way or other. And so we leave Johann George among the dumb Giant–Mountains again.

Chapter XVIII. FRIEDRICH WILHELM, THE GREAT KURFURST, ELEVENTH OF THE SERIES.

Brandenburg had again sunk very low under the Tenth Elector, in the unutterable troubles of the times. But it was gloriously raised up again by his Son Friedrich Wilhelm, who succeeded in 1640. This is he whom they call the "Great Elector (GROSSE KURFURST);" of whom there is much writing and celebrating in Prussian Books. As for the epithet, it is not uncommon among petty German populations, and many times does not mean too much: thus Max of Bavaria, with his Jesuit Lambkins and Hyacinths, is, by Bavarians, called "Maximilian the Great." Friedrich Wilhelm, both by his intrinsic qualities and the success he met with, deserves it better than most. His success, if we look where he started and where he ended, was beyond that of any other man in his day. He found Brandenburg annihilated, and he left Brandenburg sound and flourishing; a great country, or already on the way towards greatness. Undoubtedly a most rapid, clear-eyed, active man. There was a stroke in him swift as lightning, well-aimed mostly, and of a respectable weight, withal; which shattered asunder a whole world of impediments for him, by assiduous repetition of it for fifty years. [1620; 1640; 1688.]

There hardly ever came to sovereign power a young man of twenty under more distressing, hopeless-looking circumstances. Political significance Brandenburg had none; a mere Protestant appendage dragged about by a Papist Kaiser. His Father's Prime-Minister, as we have seen, was in the interest of his enemies; not Brandenburg's servant, but Austria's. The very Commandants of his Fortresses, Commandant of Spandau more especially, refused to obey Friedrich Wilhelm, on his accession; "were bound to obey the Kaiser in the first place." He had to proceed softly as well as swiftly; with the most delicate hand to get him of Spandau by the collar, and put him under lock-and-key, him as a warning to others.

For twenty years past, Brandenburg had been scoured by hostile armies, which, especially the Kaiser's part of which, committed outrages new in human history. In a year or two hence, Brandenburg became again the theatre of business; Austrian Gallas advancing thither again (1644), with intent "to shut up Torstenson and his Swedes in Jutland," where they had been chastising old Christian IV., now meddlesome again, for the last time, and never a good neighbor to Sweden. Gallas could by no means do what he intended: on the contrary, he had to run from Torstenson, what feet could do; was hunted, he and his MERODE-BRUDER (beautiful inventors of the "Marauding" Art), "till they pretty much all died (CREPERTIN)," says Kohler. [*Reichs-Historie*, p. 556; Pauli, v. 24.] No great loss to society, the death of these Artists: but we can fancy what their life, and especially what the process of their dying, may have cost poor Brandenburg again!—

Friedrich Wilhelm's aim, in this as in other emergencies, was sun-clear to himself, but for most part dim to everybody else. He had to walk very warily, Sweden on one hand of him, suspicious Kaiser on the other; he had to wear semblances, to be ready with evasive words; and advance noiselessly by many circuits. More delicate operation could not be imagined. But advance he did: advance and arrive. With extraordinary talent, diligence and felicity the young man wound himself out of this first fatal position: got those foreign Armies pushed out of his Country, and kept them out. His first concern had been to find some vestige of revenue, to put that upon a clear footing; and by loans or otherwise to scrape a little ready money together. On the strength of which a small body of soldiers could be collected about him, and drilled into real ability to fight and obey. This as a basis: on this followed all manner of things: freedom from Swedish—Austrian invasions, as the first thing.

He was himself, as appeared by and by, a fighter of the first quality, when it came to that: but never was willing to fight if he could help it. Preferred rather to shift, manoeuvre and negotiate; which he did in a most vigilant, adroit and masterly manner. But by degrees he had grown to have, and could maintain it, an Army of 24,000 men: among the best troops then in being. With or without his will, he was in all the great Wars of his time,—the time of Louis XIV., who kindled Europe four times over, thrice in our Kurfurst's day. The Kurfurst's Dominions, a long straggling country, reaching from Memel to Wesel, could hardly keep out of the way of any war that might rise. He made himself available, never against the good cause of Protestantism and German Freedom, yet always in the place and way where his own best advantage was to be had. Louis XIV. had often much need of him: still oftener, and more pressingly, had Kaiser Leopold, the little Gentleman "in scarlet stockings, with a red feather in his hat," whom Mr. Savage used to see majestically walking about, with Austrian

lip that said nothing at all. [*A Compleat History of Germany*, by Mr. Savage (8vo, London, 1702), p. 553. Who this Mr. Savage was, we have no trace. Prefixed to the volume is the Portrait of a solid Gentleman of forty: gloomily polite, with ample wig and cravat,—in all likelihood some studious subaltern Diplomatist in the Succession War. His little Book is very lean and barren: but faithfully compiled,—and might have some illumination in it, where utter darkness is so prevalent. Most likely, Addison picked his story of the *Siege of Weinsberg* ("Women carrying out their Husbands on their back,"—one of his best SPECTATORS) out of this poor Book.] His 24,000 excellent fighting—men, thrown in at the right time, were often a thing that could turn the balance in great questions. They required to be allowed for at a high rate,—which he well knew how to adjust himself for exacting and securing always.

WHAT BECAME OF POMMERN AT THE PEACE; FINAL GLANCE INTO CLEVE—JULICH.

When the Peace of Westphalia (1648) concluded that Thirty—Years Conflagration, and swept the ashes of it into order again, Friedrich Wilhelm's right to Pommern was admitted by everybody: and well insisted on by himself: but right had to yield to reason of state, and he could not get it. The Swedes insisted on their expenses: the Swedes held Pommern, had all along held it,—in pawn, they said, for their expenses. Nothing for it but to give the Swedes the better half of Pommern. FORE—Pommern (so they call it, "Swedish Pomerania" thenceforth), which lies next the Sea: this, with some Towns and cuttings over and above, was Sweden's share: Friedrich Wilhelm had to put up with HINDER—Pommern, docked furthermore of the Town of Stettin, and of other valuable cuttings, in favor of Sweden. Much to Friedrich Wilhelm's grief and just anger, could he have helped it.

They gave him Three secularized Bishoprics, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Minden, with other small remnants, for compensation; and he had to be content with these for the present. But he never gave up the idea of Pommern: much of the effort of his life was spent upon recovering Fore—Pommern: thrice—eager upon that, whenever lawful opportunity offered. To no purpose then: he never could recover Swedish Pommern; only his late descendants, and that by slowish degrees, could recover it all. Readers remember that Burgermeister of Stettin, with the helmet and sword flung into the grave and picked out again:—and can judge whether Brandenburg got its good luck quite by lying in bed!—

Once, and once only, he had a voluntary purpose towards War, and it remained a purpose only. Soon after the Peace of Westphalia, old Pfalz—Neuburg, the same who got the slap on the face, went into tyrannous proceedings against the Protestant part of his subjects in Julich—Cleve: who called to Friedrich Wilhelm for help. Friedrich Wilhelm, a zealous Protestant, made remonstrances, retaliations: ere long the thought struck him, "Suppose, backed by the Dutch, we threw out this fantastic old gentleman, his Papistries, and pretended claims and self, clear out of it?" This was Friedrich Wilhelm's thought; and he suddenly marched troops into the Territory, with that view. But Europe was in alarm, the Dutch grew faint: Friedrich Wilhelm saw it would not do. He had a conference with old Pfalz—Neuburg: "Young gentleman, we remember how your Grandfather made free with us and our august countenance! Nevertheless we—" In fine, the "statistic of Treaties" was increased by One: and there the matter rested till calmer times.

In 1666, as already said, an effective Partition of these litigated Territories was accomplished: Prussia to have the Duchy of Cleve—Proper, the Counties of Mark and Ravensburg, with other Patches and Pertinents: Neuburg, what was the better share, to have Julich Duchy and Berg Duchy. Furthermore, if either of the Lines failed, in no sort was a collateral to be admitted: but Brandenburg was to inherit Neuburg, or Neuburg Brandenburg, as the case might be. [Pauli, v. 120—129.] A clear Bargain this at last: and in the times that had come, it proved executable so far. But if the reader fancies the Lawsuit was at last out in this way, he will be a simple reader! In the days of our little Fritz, the Line of Pfalz—Neuburg was evidently ending: but that Brandenburg and not a collateral should succeed it, there lay the quarrel,— open still, as if it had never been shut: and we shall hear enough about it!—

THE GREAT KURFURST'S WARS: WHAT HE ACHIEVED IN WAR AND PEACE.

Friedrich Wilhelm's first actual appearance in War, Polish— Swedish War (1655—1660), was involuntary in the highest degree: forced upon him for the sake of his Preussen, which bade fair to be lost or ruined, without blame of his or its. Nevertheless, here too he made his benefit of the affair. The big King of Sweden had a standing quarrel with his big Cousin of Poland, which broke out into hot War; little Preussen lay between them, and was like to be crushed in the collision. Swedish King was Karl Gustav, Christina's Cousin, Charles Twelfth's Grandfather; a great and mighty man, lion of the North in his time: Polish King was one John Casimir; chivalrous

enough, and with clouds of forward Polish chivalry about him, glittering with barbaric gold. Frederick III., Danish King for the time being, he also was much involved in the thing. Fain would Friedrich Wilhelm have kept out of it, but he could not. Karl Gustav as good as forced him to join: he joined; fought along with Karl Gustav an illustrious Battle; "Battle of Warsaw," three days long (28–30th July, 1656), on the skirts of Warsaw,—crowds "looking from the upper windows" there; Polish chivalry, broken at last, going like chaff upon the winds, and John Casimir nearly ruined.

Shortly after which, Friedrich Wilhelm, who had shone much in the Battle, changed sides. An inconsistent, treacherous man? Perhaps not, O reader; perhaps a man advancing "in circuits," the only way he has; spirally, face now to east, now to west, with his own reasonable private aim sun-clear to him all the while?

John Casimir agreed to give up the "Homage of Preussen" for this service; a grand prize for Friedrich Wilhelm. [Treaty of Labiau, 10th November, 1656 (Pauli, v. 73–75); 20th November (Stenzel, iv. 128,—who always uses NEW STYLE).] What the Teutsch Ritters strove for in vain, and lost their existence in striving for, the shifty Kurfurst has now got: Ducal Prussia, which is also called East Prussia, is now a free sovereignty,—and will become as "Royal" as the other Polish part. Or perhaps even more so, in the course of time!—Karl Gustav, in a high frame of mind, informs the Kurfurst, that he has him on his books, and will pay the debt one day!

A dangerous debtor in such matters, this Karl Gustav. In these same months, busy with the Danish part of the Controversy, he was doing a feat of war, which set all Europe in astonishment. In January, 1658, Karl Gustav marches his Army, horse, foot and artillery, to the extent of twenty thousand, across the Baltic ice, and takes an Island without shipping,—Island of Funen, across the Little Belt; three miles of ice; and a part of the sea open, which has to be crossed on planks. Nay, forward from Funen, when once there, he achieves ten whole miles more of ice; and takes Zealand itself, [Holberg's *Danemarkische Reichs-Historie*, pp. 406–409.]—to the wonder of all mankind. An imperious, stern-browed, swift-striking man; who had dreamed of a new Goth Empire: The mean Hypocrites and Fribbles of the South to be coerced again by noble Norse valor, and taught a new lesson. Has been known to lay his hand on his sword while apprising an Ambassador (Dutch High-Mightiness) what his royal intentions were: "Not the sale or purchase of groceries, observe you, Sir! My aims go higher!"—Charles Twelfth's Grandfather, and somewhat the same type of man.

But Karl Gustav died, short while after; [13th February, 1660, age 38.] left his big wide-raging Northern Controversy to collapse in what way it could. Sweden and the fighting-parties made their "Peace of Oliva" (Abbey of Oliva, near Dantzig, 1st May, 1660); and this of Preussen was ratified, in all form, among the other points. No homage more; nothing now above Ducal Prussia but the Heavens; and great times coming for it. This was one of the successfulest strokes of business ever done by Friedrich Wilhelm; who had been forced, by sheer compulsion, to embark in that big game.—"Royal Prussia," the Western or POLISH Prussia: this too, as all Newspapers know, has, in our times, gone the same road as the other. Which probably, after all, it may have had, in Nature, some tendency to do? Cut away, for reasons, by the Polish sword, in that Battle of Tannenberg, long since; and then, also for reasons, cut back again! That is the fact;—not unexampled in human History.

Old Johann Casimir, not long after that Peace of Oliva, getting tired of his unruly Polish chivalry and their ways, abdicated;—retired to Paris; and "lived much with Ninon de l'Enclos and her circle," for the rest of his life. He used to complain of his Polish chivalry, that there was no solidity in them; nothing but outside glitter, with tumult and anarchic noise; fatal want of one essential talent, the talent of Obeying; and has been heard to prophesy that a glorious Republic, persisting in such courses, would arrive at results which would surprise it.

Onward from this time, Friedrich Wilhelm figures in the world; public men watching his procedure; Kings anxious to secure him,—Dutch printers sticking up his Portraits for a hero-worshipping Public. Fighting hero, had the Public known it, was not his essential character, though he had to fight a great deal. He was essentially an Industrial man; great in organizing, regulating, in constraining chaotic heaps to become cosmic for him. He drains bogs, settles colonies in the waste-places of his Dominions, cuts canals; unweariedly encourages trade and work. The FRIEDRICH-WILHELM'S CANAL, which still carries tonnage from the Oder to the Spree, [Executed, 1662–1668; fifteen English miles long (Busching, *ERDBESCHREIBUNG*, vi, 2193).] is a monument of his zeal in this way; creditable, with the means he had. To the poor French Protestants, in the Edict-of-Nantes Affair, he was like an express Benefit of Heaven: one Helper appointed, to whom the help itself was profitable. He munificently welcomed them to Brandenburg; showed really a noble piety and human pity, as well as judgment; nor did Brandenburg and he want their reward. Some 20,000 nimble French souls, evidently of the best

French quality, found a home there;—made "waste sands about Berlin into potherb gardens;" and in the spiritual Brandenburg, too, did something of horticulture, which is still noticeable. [Erman (weak Biographer of Queen Sophie—Charlotte, already cited), *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire den Refugies Francais dans les Etats du Roi de Prusse* (Berlin, 1782—1794), 8 tt. 8vo.]

Certainly this Elector was one of the shiftiest of men. Not an unjust man either. A pious, God-fearing man rather, stanch to his Protestantism and his Bible; not unjust by any means,—nor, on the other hand, by any means thick-skinned in his interpretations of justice: Fair-play to myself always; or occasionally even the Height of Fair-play! On the whole, by constant energy, vigilance, adroit activity, by an ever-ready insight and audacity to seize the passing fact by its right handle, he fought his way well in the world; left Brandenburg a flourishing and greatly increased Country, and his own name famous enough.

A thick-set stalwart figure; with brisk eyes, and high strong irregularly Roman nose. Good bronze Statue of him, by Schluter, once a famed man, still rides on the LANGE-BRUCKE (Long-Bridge) at Berlin; and his Portrait, in huge frizzled Louis-Quatorze wig, is frequently met with in German Galleries. Collectors of Dutch Prints, too, know him: here a gallant, eagle-featured little gentleman, brisk in the smiles of youth, with plumes, with truncheon, caprioling on his war-charger, view of tents in the distance;—there a sedate, ponderous, wrinkly old man, eyes slightly puckered (eyes BUSIER than mouth); a face well-ploughed by Time, and not found unfruitful; one of the largest, most laborious, potent faces (in an ocean of circumambient periwig) to be met with in that Century. [Both Prints are Dutch; the Younger, my copy of the Younger, has lost the Engraver's Name (Kurfurst's age is twenty-seven); the Elder is by MASSON, 1633, when Friedrich Wilhelm was sixty-three.] There are many Histories about him, too; but they are not comfortable to read. [G. D. Geyler, *Leben und Thaten Friedrich Wihelms des Grossen* (Frankfort and Leipzig, 1703), folio. Franz Horn, *Das Leben Friedrich Wihelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814). Pauli, *Staats-Geschichte*, Band v. (Halle, 1764). Pufendorf, *De rebus gestis Friderici Wihelmi Magni Electoris Brandenburgensis Commentaria* (Lips. et Berol. 1733, fol.)] He also has wanted a sacred Poet; and found only a bewildering Dryasdust.

His Two grand Feats that dwell in the Prussian memory are perhaps none of his greatest, but were of a kind to strike the imagination. They both relate to what was the central problem of his life,—the recovery of Pommern from the Swedes. Exploit First is the famed "Battle of FEHRBELLIN (Ferry of BelleEN)," fought on the 18th June, 1675. Fehrbellin is an inconsiderable Town still standing in those peaty regions, some five-and-thirty miles northwest of Berlin; and had for ages plied its poor Ferry over the oily-looking, brown, sluggish stream called Rhin, or Rhein in those parts, without the least notice from mankind, till this fell out. It is a place of pilgrimage to patriotic Prussians, ever since Friedrich Wilhelm's exploit there. The matter went thus:—

Friedrich Wilhelm was fighting, far south in Alsace, on Kaiser Leopold's side, in the Louis-Fourteenth War; that second one, which ended in the treaty of Nimwegen. Doing his best there,—when the Swedes, egged on by Louis XIV., made war upon him; crossed the Pomeranian marches, troop after troop, and invaded his Brandenburg Territory with a force which at length amounted to some 16,000 men. No help for the moment: Friedrich Wilhelm could not be spared from his post. The Swedes, who had at first professed well, gradually went into plunder, roving, harrying, at their own will; and a melancholy time they made of it for Friedrich Wilhelm and his People. Lucky if temporary harm were all the ill they were likely to do; lucky if—! He stood steady, however; in his solid manner, finishing the thing in hand first, since that was feasible. He then even retired into winter-quarters, to rest his men; and seemed to have left the Swedish 16,000 autocrats of the situation; who accordingly went storming about at a great rate.

Not so, however; very far indeed from so. Having rested his men for certain months, Friedrich Wilhelm silently in the first days of June (1675) gets them under march again; marches, his Cavalry and he as first instalment, with best speed from Schweinfurt, [Stenzel, ii. 347.] which is on the river Main, to Magdeburg; a distance of two hundred miles. At Magdeburg, where he rests three days, waiting for the first handful of foot and a field-piece or two, he learns that the Swedes are in three parties wide asunder; the middle party of them within forty miles of him. Probably stronger, even this middle one, than his small body (of "six thousand Horse, twelve hundred Foot and three guns");—stronger, but capable perhaps of being surprised, of being cut in pieces, before the others can come up? Rathenau is the nearest skirt of this middle party: thither goes the Kurfurst, softly, swiftly, in the June night (16—17th June, 1675); gets into Rathenau, by brisk stratagem; tumbles out the Swedish Horse-regiment there, drives it back towards Fehrbellin.

He himself follows hard;—swift riding enough, in the summer night, through those damp Havel lands, in the old Hohenzollern fashion: and indeed old Freisack Castle, as it chances,—Freisack, scene of Dietrich von Quitzow and LAZY PEG long since,—is close by! Follows hard, we say: strikes in upon this midmost party (nearly twice his number, but Infantry for the most part); and after fierce fight, done with good talent on both sides, cuts it into utter ruin, as proposed. Thereby he has left the Swedish Army as a mere head and tail WITHOUT body; has entirely demolished the Swedish Army. [Stenzel, ii. 350–357.] Same feat intrinsically as that done by Cromwell, on Hamilton and the Scots, in 1648. It was, so to speak, the last visit Sweden paid to Brandenburg, or the last of any consequence; and ended the domination of the Swedes in those quarters. A thing justly to be forever remembered by Brandenburg;—on a smallish modern scale, the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon, of Brandenburg. [See Pauli, v. 161–169; Stenzel, ii. 335, 340–347, 354; Kausler, *Atlas des plus memorables Batailles, Combats et Sieges*, or *Atlas der merkwürdigsten Schlachten, Treffen und Belagerungen* (German and French, Carlsruhe and Freiburg, 1831), p. 417, Blatt 62.]

Exploit Second was four years later; in some sort a corollary to this; and a winding-up of the Swedish business. The Swedes, in farther prosecution of their Louis-Fourteenth speculation, had invaded Preussen this time, and were doing sad havoc there. It was in the dead of winter, Christmas, 1678, more than four hundred miles off; and the Swedes, to say nothing of their other havoc, were in a case to take Königsberg, and ruin Prussia altogether, if not prevented. Friedrich Wilhelm starts from Berlin, with the opening Year, on his long march; the Horse-troops first, Foot to follow at their swiftest; he himself (his Wife, his ever-true "Louisa," accompanying, as her wont was) travels, towards the end, at the rate of "sixty miles a day." He gets in still in time, finds Königsberg unscathed. Nay it is even said, the Swedes are extensively falling sick; having, after a long famine, found infinite "pigs, near Insterburg," in those remote regions, and indulged in the fresh pork overmuch.

I will not describe the subsequent manoeuvres, which would interest nobody: enough if I say that on the 16th of January, 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (Village near Elbing) on the shore of the FRISCHE HAF, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the CURISCHE HAF, where the Swedes are,—in a minimum of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about a hundred miles; road, which skirts the two HAFS [Pauli, v. 215–222; Stenzel, ii. 392–397.] (wide shallow WASHES, as we should name them), is of rough quality, and naturally circuitous. It is ringing frost to-day, and for days back:—Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some four thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along; awakening the ice-bound silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its Winter cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine-hillocks,—desolate-looking, stern as Greenland or more so, says Busching, who travelled there in winter-time, [Busching's *Beitrag* (Halle, 1789), vi. 160.]—hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the four thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it, in that manner. All day they rush along,—out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-colored clouds of evening again,—with huge loud-grinding rumble;—and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the New-Year, 1679;—little short of Karl Gustav's feat, which we heard of, in the other or Danish end of the Baltic, twenty years ago, when he took Islands without ships.

This Second Exploit—suggested or not by that prior one of Karl Gustav on the ice—is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here, on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous rapid retreat Northward; which they executed, in hunger and cold; fighting continually, like Northern bears, under the grim sky; Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts,—holding by their tail, like an angry bear-ward with steel whip in his hand. A thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experiences. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, a hundred and thirty-four years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen has gone utterly to ruin.

And this, then, is the end of Sweden, and its bad neighborhood on these shores, where it has tyrannously sat on our skirts so long? Swedish Pommern the Elector already had: last year, coming towards it ever since the Exploit of Fehrbellin, he had invaded Swedish Pommern; had besieged and taken Stettin, nay Stralsund too, where Wallenstein had failed;—cleared Pommern altogether of its Swedish guests. Who had tried next in Preussen, with what luck we see. Of Swedish Pommern the Elector might now say: "Surely it is mine; again mine, as it long was; well won a second time, since the first would not do!" But no:—Louis XIV. proved a gentleman to

his Swedes. Louis, now that the Peace of Nimwegen had come, and only the Elector of Brandenburg was still in harness, said steadily, though anxious enough to keep well with the Elector: "They are my allies, these Swedes; it was on my bidding they invaded you: can I leave them in such a pass? It must not be!" So Pommern had to be given back. A miss which was infinitely grievous to Friedrich Wilhelm. The most victorious Elector cannot hit always, were his right never so good.

Another miss which he had to put up with, in spite of his rights, and his good services, was that of the Silesian Duchies. The Heritage-Fraternity with Liegnitz had at length, in 1675, come to fruit. The last Duke of Liegnitz was dead: Duchies of Liegnitz, of Brieg, Wohlau, are Brandenburg's, if there were right done! But Kaiser Leopold in the scarlet stockings will not hear of Heritage-Fraternity. "Nonsense!" answers Kaiser Leopold: "A thing suppressed at once, ages ago; by Imperial power: flat ZERO of a thing at this time;—and you, I again bid you, return me your Papers upon it!" This latter act of duty Friedrich Wilhelm would not do; but continued insisting. [Pauli, v. 321.] "Jagerndorf at least, O Kaiser of the world," said he; "Jagerndorf, there is no color for your keeping that!" To which the Kaiser again answers, "Nonsense!"—and even falls upon astonishing schemes about it, as we shall see;—but gives nothing. Ducal Preussen is sovereign, Cleve is at Peace, Hinter-Pommern ours;—this Elector has conquered much: but the Silesian Heritages and Vor-Pommern, and some other things, he will have to do without. Louis XIV., it is thought, once offered to get him made King; [Ib. vii. 215.] but that he declined for the present.

His married and domestic life is very fine and human; especially with that Oranien-Nassau Princess, who was his first Wife (1646–1667); Princess Louisa of Nassau-Orange; Aunt to our own Dutch William, King William III., in time coming. An excellent wise Princess; from whom came the Orange Heritages, which afterwards proved difficult to settle:—Orange was at last exchanged for the small Principality of Neufchatel in Switzerland, which is Prussia's ever since. "Oranienburg (ORANGE-BURG)," a Royal Country-house, still standing, some twenty miles northwards from Berlin, was this Louisa's place: she had trimmed it up into a little jewel, of the Dutch type,—potherb gardens, training-schools for young girls, and the like;—a favorite abode of hers, when she was at liberty for recreation. But her life was busy and earnest: she was helpmate, not in name only, to an ever-busy man. They were married young; a marriage of love withal. Young Friedrich Wilhelm's courtship, wedding in Holland; the honest trustful walk and conversation of the two Sovereign Spouses, their journeyings together, their mutual hopes, fears and manifold vicissitudes; till Death, with stern beauty, shut it in:—all is human, true and wholesome in it; interesting to look upon, and rare among sovereign persons.

Not but that he had his troubles with his womankind. Even with this his first Wife, whom he loved truly, and who truly loved him, there were scenes; the Lady having a judgment of her own about everything that passed, and the Man being choleric withal. Sometimes, I have heard, "he would dash his hat at her feet," saying symbolically, "Govern you, then, Madam! Not the Kurfurst-Hat; a Coif is my wear, it seems!" [Forster, *Friedrich Wilhelm I. Konig von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834), i. 177.] Yet her judgment was good; and he liked to have it on the weightiest things, though her powers of silence might halt now and then. He has been known, on occasion, to run from his Privy-Council to her apartment, while a complex matter was debating, to ask her opinion, hers too, before it was decided. Excellent Louisa; Princess full of beautiful piety, good-sense and affection; a touch of the Nassau-Heroic in her. At the moment of her death, it is said, when speech had fled, he felt, from her hand which lay in his, three slight, slight pressures: "Farewell!" thrice mutely spoken in that manner,—not easy to forget in this world. [Wegfuhrer, *Leben der Kurfurstin Luise* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 175.]

His second Wife, Dorothea,—who planted the Lindens in Berlin, and did other husbandries, of whom we have heard, fell far short of Louisa in many things; but not in tendency to advise, to remonstrate, and plaintively reflect on the finished and unalterable. Dreadfully thrifty lady, moreover; did much in dairy produce, farming of town-rates, provision-taxes: not to speak again of that Tavern she was thought to have in Berlin, and to draw custom to in an oblique manner! What scenes she had with Friedrich her stepson, we have seen. "Ah, I have not my Louisa now; to whom now shall I run for advice or help!" would the poor Kurfurst at times exclaim.

He had some trouble, considerable trouble now and then, with mutinous spirits in Preussen; men standing on antique Prussian franchises and parchments; refusing to see that the same were now antiquated, incompatible, not to say impossible, as the new Sovereign alleged; and carrying themselves very stiffly at times. But the Hohenzollerns had been used to such things; a Hohenzollern like this one would evidently take his measures, soft but strong, and ever stronger to the needful pitch, with mutinous spirits. One Burgermeister of Konigsberg, after

much stroking on the back, was at length seized in open Hall, by Electoral writ,—soldiers having first gently barricaded the principal streets, and brought cannon to bear upon them. This Burgermeister, seized in such brief way, lay prisoner for life; refusing to ask his liberty, though it was thought he might have had it on asking. [Horn, *Das Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814), p. 68.]

Another gentleman, a Baron von Kalkstein, of old Teutsch-Bitter kin, of very high ways, in the Provincial Estates (STANDE) and elsewhere, got into lofty almost solitary opposition, and at length into mutiny proper, against the new "Non-Polish SOVEREIGN," and flatly refused to do homage at his accession in that new capacity. [Supra, pp. 383, et seqq.] Refused, Kalkstein did, for his share; fled to Warsaw; and very fiercely, in a loud manner, carried on his mutinies in the Diets and Court-Conclaves there; his plea being, or plea for the time, "Poland is our liege lord [which it was not always], and we cannot be transferred to you, except by our consent asked and given," which too had been a little neglected on the former occasion of transfer. So that the Great Elector knew not what to do with Kalkstein; and at length (as the case was pressing) had him kidnapped by his Ambassador at Warsaw; had him "rolled into a carpet" there, and carried swiftly in the Ambassador's coach, in the form of luggage, over the frontier, into his native Province, there to be judged, and, in the end (since nothing else would serve him), to have the sentence executed, and his head cut off. For the case was pressing! [Horn, pp. 80–82.]—These things, especially this of Kalkstein, with a boisterous Polish Diet and parliamentary eloquence in the rear of him, gave rise to criticism; and required management on the part of the Great Elector.

Of all his Ancestors, our little Fritz, when he grew big, admired this one. A man made like himself in many points. He seems really to have loved and honored this one. In the year 1750 there had been a new Cathedral got finished at Berlin; the ancestral bones had to be shifted over from the vaults of the old one,—the burying-place ever since Joachim II., that Joachim who drew his sword on Alba. "King Friedrich, with some attendants, witnessed the operation, January, 1750. When the Great Kurfurst's coffin came, he made them open it; gazed in silence on the features for some time, which were perfectly recognizable; laid his hand on the hand long dead, and said, '*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses* (This one did a great work)!" [See Preuss, i. 270.]

He died 29th April, 1688;—looking with intense interest upon Dutch William's preparations to produce a Glorious Revolution in this Island; being always of an ardent Protestant feeling, and a sincerely religious man. Friedrich, Crown-Prince, age then thirty-one, and already married a second time, was of course left Chief Heir;—who, as we see, has not declined the Kingship, when a chance for it offered. There were four Half-brothers of Friedrich, too, who got apanages, appointments. They had at one time confidently looked for much more, their Mother being busy; but were obliged to be content, and conform to the GERA BOND and fundamental Laws of the Country. They are entitled Margraves; two of whom left children, Margraves of Brandenburg-Schwedt, HEERMEISTERS (Head of the Malta-Knighthood) at Sonnenburg, Statthalters in Magdeburg, or I know not what; whose names turn up confusedly in the Prussian Books; and, except as temporary genealogical puzzles, are not of much moment to the Foreign reader. Happily there is nothing else in the way of Princes of the Blood, in our little Friedrich's time; and happily what concern he had with these, or how he was related to them, will not be abstruse to us, if occasion rise.

Chapter XIX. KING FRIEDRICH I. AGAIN.

We said the Great Elector never could work his Silesian Duchies out of Kaiser Leopold's grip: to all his urgencies the little Kaiser in red stockings answered only in evasions, refusals; and would quit nothing. We noticed also what quarrels the young Electoral Prince, Friedrich, afterwards King, had got into with his Stepmother; suddenly feeling poisoned after dinner, running to his Aunt at Cassel, coming back on treaty, and the like. These are two facts which the reader knows: and out of these two grew a third, which it is fit he should know.

In his last years, the Great Elector, worn out with labor, and harassed with such domestic troubles over and above, had evidently fallen much under his Wife's management; cutting out large apanages (clear against the GERA BOND) for her children;—longing probably for quiet in his family at any price. As to the poor young Prince, negotiated back from Cassel, he lived remote, and had fallen into open disfavor,—with a very ill effect upon his funds, for one thing. His father kept him somewhat tight on the money—side, it is alleged; and he had rather a turn for spending money handsomely. He was also in some alarm about the proposed apanages to his Half—brothers, the Margraves above mentioned, of which there were rumors going.

HOW AUSTRIA SETTLED THE SILESIAN CLAIMS.

Now in these circumstances the Austrian Court, who at this time (1685) greatly needed the Elector's help against Turks and others, and found him very urgent about these Silesian Duchies of his, fell upon what I must call a very extraordinary shift for getting rid of the Silesian question. "Serene Highness," said they, by their Ambassador at Berlin, "to end these troublesome talks, and to liquidate all claims, admissible and inadmissible, about Silesia, the Imperial Majesty will give you an actual bit of Territory, valuable, though not so large as you expected!" The Elector listens with both ears: What Territory, then? The "Circle of Schwiebus," hanging on the northwestern edge of Silesia, contiguous to the Elector's own Dominions in these Frankfurt—on—Oder regions: this the generous Imperial Majesty proposes to give in fee—simple to Friedrich Wilhelm, and so to end the matter. Truly a most small patch of Territory in comparison; not bigger than an English Rutlandshire, to say nothing of soil and climate! But then again it was an actual patch of territory; not a mere parchment shadow of one: this last was a tempting point to the old harassed Elector. Such friendly offer they made him, I think, in 1685, at the time they were getting 8,000 of his troops to march against the Turks for them; a very needful service at the moment. "By the bye, do not march through Silesia, you!— Or march faster!" said the cautious Austrians on this occasion: "Other roads will answer better than Silesia!" said they. [Pauli, v. 327, 332.] Baron Freytag, their Ambassador at Berlin, had negotiated the affair so far: "Circle of Schwiebus," said Freytag, "and let us have done with these thorny talks!"

But Baron Freytag had been busy, in the mean while, with the young Prince; secretly offering Sympathy, counsel, help; of all which the poor Prince stood in need enough. "We will help you in that dangerous matter of the Apanages," said Freytag; "Help you in all things,"—I suppose he would say,——"necessary pocket—money is not a thing your Highness need want!" And thus Baron Freytag, what is very curious, had managed to bargain beforehand with the young Prince, That directly on coming to power, he would give up Schwiebus again, SHOULD the offer of Schwiebus be accepted by Papa. To which effect Baron Freytag held a signed Bond, duly executed by the young man, before Papa had concluded at all. Which is very curious indeed!—

Poor old Papa, worn out with troubles, accepted Schwiebus in liquidation of all claims (8th April, 1686), and a few days after set his men on march against the Turks:—and, exactly two months beforehand, on the 8th of February last, the Prince had signed HIS secret engagement, That Schwiebus should be a mere phantasm to Papa; that he, the Prince, would restore it on his accession. Both these singular Parcements, signed, sealed and done in the due legal form, lay simultaneously in Freytag's hand; and probably enough they exist yet, in some dusty corner, among the solemn sheepskins of the world. This is literally the plan hit upon by an Imperial Court, to assist a young Prince in his pecuniary and other difflculties, and get rid of Silesian claims. Plan actually not unlike that of swindling money—lenders to a young gentleman in difficulties, and of manageable turn, who has got into their hands.

The Great Elector died two years after; Schwiebus then in his hand. The new Elector, once instructed as to the

nature of the affair, refused to give up Schwiebus; [19th September, 1689 Pauli, vii. 74].] declared the transaction a swindle:—and in fact, for seven years more, retained possession of Schwiebus. But the Austrian Court insisted, with emphasis, at length with threats (no insuperable pressure from Louis, or the Turks, at this time); the poor cheated Elector had, at last, to give up Schwiebus, in terms of his promise. [31st December, 1694.] He took act that it had been a surreptitious transaction, palmed upon him while ignorant, and while without the least authority or power to make such a promise; that he was not bound by it, nor would be, except on compulsion thus far: and as to binding Brandenburg by it, how could he, at that period of his history, bind Brandenburg? Brandenburg was not then his to bind, any more than China was.

His Raths had advised Friedrich against giving up Schwiebus in that manner. But his answer is on record: "I must, I will and shall keep my own word. But my rights on Silesia, which I could not, and do not in these unjust circumstances, compromise, I leave intact for my posterity to prosecute. If God and the course of events order it no otherwise than now, we must be content. But if God shall one day send the opportunity, those that come after me will know what they have to do in such case." [Pauli, vii. 150.] And so Schwiebus was given up, the Austrians paying back what Brandenburg had laid out in improving it, "250,000 GULDEN (25,000 pounds);"—and the Hand of Power had in this way, finally as it hoped, settled an old troublesome account of Brandenburg's. Settled the Silesian—Duchies Claim, by the temporary Phantasm of a Gift of Schwiebus. That is literally the Liegnitz—Jagerndorf case; and the reader is to note it and remember it. For it will turn up again in History. The Hand of Power is very strong: but a stronger may perhaps get hold of its knuckles one day, at an advantageous time, and do a feat upon it.

The "eventual succession to East Friesland," which had been promised by the Reich, some ten years ago, to the Great Elector, "for what he had done against the Turks, and what he had suffered from those Swedish Invasions, in the Common Cause:" this shadow of Succession, the Kaiser now said, should not be haggled with any more; but be actually realized, and the Imperial sanction to it now given,—effect to follow IF the Friesland Line died out. Let this be some consolation for the loss of Schwiebus and your Silesian Duchies. Here in Friesland is the ghost of a coming possession; there in Schwiebus was the ghost of a going one: phantasms you shall not want for; but the Hand of Power parts not with its realities, however come by.

HIS REAL CHARACTER.

Poor Friedrich led a conspicuous life as Elector and King; but no public feat he did now concerns us like this private one of Schwiebus. Historically important, this, and requiring to be remembered, while so much else demands mere oblivion from us. He was a spirited man; did soldierings, fine Siege of Bonn (July—October, 1689), sieges and campaignings, in person,—valiant in action, royal especially in patience there,—during that Third War of Louis—Fourteenth's, the Treaty—of—Ryswick one. All through the Fourth, or Spanish Succession—War, his Prussian Ten—Thousand, led by fit generals, showed eminently what stuff they were made of. Witness Leopold of Anhalt—Dessau (still a YOUNG Dessauer) on the field of Blenheim;—Leopold had the right wing there, and saved Prince Eugene who was otherwise blown to pieces, while Marlborough stormed and conquered on the left. Witness the same Dessauer on the field of Hochstadt the year before, [Varnhagen von Ense, *Biographische Denkmale* (Berlin, 1845), ii, 155.] how he managed the retreat there. Or see him at the Bridge of Cassano (1705); in the Lines of Turin (1706); [*Des weltberuhnden Furstens Leopoldi von Anhalt—Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Leipzig, 1742, anonymous, by one MICHAEL RANFFT), pp. 53, 61.] wherever hot service was on hand. At Malplaquet, in those murderous inexpugnable French Lines, bloodiest of obstinate Fights (upwards of thirty thousand left on the ground), the Prussians brag that it was they who picked their way through a certain peat—bog, reckoned impassable; and got fairly in upon the French wing,—to the huge comfort of Marlborough, and little Eugene his brisk comrade on that occasion. Marlborough knew well the worth of these Prussian troops, and also how to stroke his Majesty into continuing them in the field.

He was an expensive King, surrounded by cabals, by Wartenbergs male and female, by whirlpools of intrigues, which, now that the game is over, become very forgettable. But one finds he was a strictly honorable man; with a certain height and generosity of mind, capable of other nobleness than the upholstery kind. He had what we may call a hard life of it; did and suffered a good deal in his day and generation, not at all in a dishonest or unmanful manner. In fact, he is quite recognizably a Hohenzollern,—with his back half broken. Readers recollect that sad accident: how the Nurse, in one of those headlong journeys which his Father and Mother were always making, let the poor child fall or jerk backward; and spoiled him much, and indeed was thought to have

killed him, by that piece of inattention. He was not yet Hereditary Prince, he was only second son: but the elder died; and he became Elector, King; and had to go with his spine distorted,—distortion not glaringly conspicuous, though undeniable;—and to act the Hohenzollern SO. Nay who knows but it was this very jerk, and the half-ruin of his nervous system,—this doubled wish to be beautiful, and this crooked back capable of being hid or decorated into straightness,—that first set the poor man on thinking of expensive ornamentalities, and Kingships in particular? History will forgive the Nurse in that case.

Perhaps History has dwelt too much on the blind side of this expensive King. Toland, on entering his country, was struck rather with the signs of good administration everywhere. No sooner have you crossed the Prussian Border, out of Westphalia, says Toland, than smooth highways, well-tilled fields, and a general air of industry and regularity, are evident: solid milestones, brass-bound, and with brass inscription, tell the traveller where he is; who finds due guidance of finger-posts, too, and the blessing of habitable inns. The people seem all to be busy, diligently occupied; villages reasonably swept and whitewashed;— never was a better set of Parish Churches; whether new-built or old, they are all in brand-new repair. The contrast with Westphalia is immediate and great; but indeed that was a sad country, to anybody but a patient Toland, who knows the causes of phenomena. No inns there, except of the naturally savage sort. "A man is very happy if he finds clean straw to sleep on, without expecting sheets or coverings; let him readily dispense with plates, forks and napkins, if he can get anything to eat. . . . He must be content to have the cows, swine and poultry for his fellow-lodgers, and to go in at the same passage that the smoke comes out at, for there's no other vent for it but the door; which makes foreigners commonly say that the people of Westphalia enter their houses by the chimney." And observe withal: "This is the reason why their beef and hams are so finely prepared and ripened; for the fireplace being backwards, the smoke must spread over all the house before it gets to the door; which makes everything within of a russet or sable color, not excepting the hands and faces of the meaner sort." [*An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover*, by Mr. Toland (cited already), p. 4.] If Prussia yield to Westphalia in ham, in all else she is strikingly superior.

He founded Universities, this poor King; University of Halle; Royal Academy of Berlin, Leibnitz presiding: he fought for Protestantism;—did what he could for the cause of Cosmos VERSUS Chaos, after his fashion. The magnificences of his Charlottenburgs, Oranienburgs and numerous Country-houses make Toland almost poetic. An affable kindly man withal, though quick of temper; his word sacred to him. A man of many troubles, and acquainted with "the infinitely little (L'INFINIMENT PETIT)," as his Queen termed it.

Chapter XX. DEATH OF KING FRIEDRICH I.

Old King Friedrich I. had not much more to do in the world, after witnessing the christening of his Grandson of like name. His leading forth or sending forth of troops, his multiplex negotiations, solemn ceremonials, sad changes of ministry, sometimes transacted "with tears," are mostly ended; the ever-whirling dust-vortex of intrigues, of which he has been the centre for a five-and-twenty years, is settling down finally towards everlasting rest. No more will Marlborough come and dexterously talk him over,—proud to "serve as cupbearer," on occasion, to so high a King—for new bodies of men to help in the next campaign: we have ceased to be a King worthy of such a cupbearer, and Marlborough's campaigns too are all ended.

Much is ended. They are doing the sorrowful Treaty of Utrecht; Louis XIV. himself is ending; mournfully shrunk into the corner, with his Missal and his Maintenon; looking back with just horror on Europe four times set ablaze for the sake of one poor mortal in big periwig, to no purpose. Lucky if perhaps Missal-work, orthodox litanies, and even Protestant Dragonnades, can have virtue to wipe out such a score against a man! Unhappy Louis: the sun-bright gold has become dim as copper; we rose in storms, and we are setting in watery clouds. The Kaiser himself (Karl VI., Leopold's Son, Joseph I.'s younger Brother) will have to conform to this Treaty of Utrecht: what other possibility for him?

The English, always a wonderful Nation, fought and subsidied from side to side of Europe for this Spanish-Succession business; fought ten years, such fighting as they never did before or since, under "John Duke of Marlborough," who, as is well known, "beat the French thorough and thorough." French entirely beaten at last, not without heroic difficulty and as noble talent as was ever shown in diplomacy and war, are ready to do your will in all things; in this of giving up Spain, among others:—whereupon the English turn round, with a sudden new thought, "No, we will not have our WILL done; it shall be the other way, the way it WAS,—now that we bethink ourselves, after all this fighting for our will!" And make Peace on those terms, as if no war had been; and accuse the great Marlborough of many things, of theft for one. A wonderful People; and in their Continental Politics (which indeed consist chiefly of Subsidies) thrice wonderful. So the Treaty of Utrecht is transacting itself; which that of Rastadt, on the part of Kaiser and Empire, unable to get on without Subsidies, will have to follow: and after such quantities of powder burnt, and courageous lives wasted, general AS-YOU-WERE is the result arrived at.

Old Friedrich's Ambassadors are present at Utrecht, jangling and pleading among the rest; at Berlin too the despatch of business goes lumbering on; but what thing, in the shape of business, at Utrecht or at Berlin, is of much importance to the old man? Seems as if Europe itself were waxing dim, and sinking to stupid sleep,—as we, in our poor royal person, full surely are. A Crown has been achieved, and diamond buttons worth 1,500 pounds apiece; but what is a Crown, and what are buttons, after all?—I suppose the tattle and SINGERIES of little Wilhelmina, whom he would spend whole days with; this and occasional visits to a young Fritzchen's cradle, who is thriving moderately, and will speak and do aperies one day,—are his main solacements in the days that are passing. Much of this Friedrich's life has gone off like the smoke of fire-works, has faded sorrowfully, and proved phantasmal. Here is an old Autograph Note, written by him at the side of that Cradle, and touching on a slight event there; which, as it connects two venerable Correspondents and their Seventeenth Century with a grand Phenomenon of the Eighteenth, we will insert here. The old King addresses his older Mother-in-law, famed Electress Sophie of Hanover, in these terms (spelling corrected):—

"CHARLOTTENBURG, den 30 August, 1712.

"Ew. Churf. Durchlaucht werden sich zweifelsohne mit uns erfreuen, dass der kleine Printz (PRINZ) Fritz nunmero (NUNMEHR) 6 Zehne (ZAHNE) hat und ohne die geringste incommoditet (–TAT). Daraus kann man auch die PREDESTINATION sehen, dass alle seine Bruder haben daran sterben müssen, dieser aber bekommt sie ohne Muhe wie seine Schwester. Gott erhalte ihn uns noch lange zum trohst (TROST), in dessen Schutz ich dieselbe erbe und lebenslang verbleibe,

"Ew. Churf. Durchl. gehorsamster Diener und treuer Sohn,

"FRIEDRICH R."

[Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse (Historische Skizze*, Berlin, 1838), p. 380.

Of which this is the literal English:--

"Your Electoral Serenity will doubtless rejoice with us that the little Prince Fritz has now got his sixth tooth without the least INCOMMEDIATE. And therein we may trace a pre-destination, inasmuch as his Brothers died of teething [*Not of cannon-sound and weight of head-gear, then, your Majesty thinks? That were a painful thought?*]; and this one, as his Sister [WILHELMINA] did, gets them [THE TEETH] without trouble. God preserve him long for a comfort to us:--to whose protection I commit DIESELBE [*Your Electoral Highness, in the third person*], and remain lifelong,

"Your Electoral Highness's most obedient Servant and true Son,

"FRIEDRICH REX."

One of Friedrich Rex's worst adventures was his latest; commenced some five or six years ago (1708), and now not far from terminating. He was a Widower, of weakly constitution, towards fifty: his beautiful ingenious "Serena," with all her Theologies, pinch-of-snuff Coronations and other earthly troubles, was dead; and the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny, given over to Friedrich Wilhelm the Prince Royal, was thought to be in good hands. Majesty Friedrich with the weak back had retired, in 1708, to Karlsbad, to rest from his cares; to take the salutary waters, and recruit his weak nerves a little. Here, in the course of confidential promenadings, it was hinted, it was represented to him by some pickthank of a courtier, That the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny did not seem to prosper in the present good hands; that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, had already borne two royal infants which had speedily died: that in fact it was to be gathered from the medical men, if not from their words, then from their looks and cautious innuendoes, that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, would never produce a Prince or even Princess that would live; which task, therefore, did now again seem to devolve upon his Majesty, if his Majesty had not insuperable objections? Majesty had no insuperable objections; old Majesty listened to the flattering tale; and, sure enough, he smarted for it in a signal manner.

By due industry, a Princess was fixed upon for Bride, Princess Sophie Louisa of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, age now twenty-four: she was got as Wife, and came home to Berlin in all pomp;--but good came not with her to anybody there. Not only did she bring the poor old man no children, which was a fault to be overlooked, considering Sophie Dorothee's success; but she brought a querulous, weak and self-sufficient female humor; found his religion heterodox,--he being Calvinist, and perhaps even lax-Calvinist, she Lutheran as the Prussian Nation is, and strict to the bone:--heterodox wholly, to the length of no salvation possible; and times rose on the Berlin Court such as had never been seen before! "No salvation possible, says my Dearest? Hah! And an innocent Court-Mask or Dancing Soiree is criminal in the sight of God and of the Queen? And we are children of wrath wholly, and a frivolous generation; and the Queen will see us all--!"

The end was, his Majesty, through sad solitary days and nights, repented bitterly that he had wedded such a She-Dominic; grew quite estranged from her; the poor She-Dominic giving him due return in her way,--namely, living altogether in her own apartments, upon orthodoxy, jealousy and other bad nourishment. Till at length she went quite mad; and, except the due medical and other attendants, nobody saw her, or spoke of her, at Berlin. Was this a cheering issue of such an adventure to the poor old expensive Gentleman? He endeavored to digest in silence the bitter morsel he had cooked for himself; but reflected often, as an old King might, What dirt have I eaten!

In this way stands that matter in the Schloss of Berlin, when little Friedrich, who will one day be called the Great, is born. Habits of the expensive King, hours of rising, modes of dressing, and so forth, are to be found in Pollnitz; [Pollnitz, *Memoiren zur Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte der Vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (Berlin, 1791). A vague, inexact, but not quite uninteresting or uninteresting Book: Printed also in FRENCH, which was the Original, same place and time.] but we charitably omit them all. Even from foolish Pollnitz a good eye will gather, what was above intimated, that this feeble-backed, heavy-laden old King was of humane and just disposition; had dignity in his demeanor; had reticence, patience; and, though hot-tempered like all the Hohenzollerns, that he bore himself like a perfect gentleman for one thing; and tottered along his high-lying lonesome road not in an unmanful manner at all. Had not his nerves been damaged by that fall in infancy, who knows but we might have had something else to read of him than that he was regardless of

expense in this world!

His last scene, of date February, 1713, is the tragical ultimatum of that fine Karlsbad adventure of the Second marriage,—Third marriage, in fact, though the First, anterior to "Serena," is apt to be forgotten, having lasted short while, and produced only a Daughter, not memorable except by accident. This Third marriage, which had brought so many sorrows to him, proved at length the death of the old man. For he sat one morning, in the chill February days of the Year 1713, in his Apartment, as usual; weak of nerves, but thinking no special evil; when, suddenly with huge jingle, the glass door of his room went to sherds; and there rushed in—bleeding and dishevelled, the fatal "White Lady" (WEISSE FRAU), who is understood to walk that Schloss at Berlin, and announce Death to the Boyal inhabitants. Majesty had fainted, or was fainting. "Weisse Frau? Oh no, your Majesty!"—not that; but indeed something almost worse.—Mad Queen, in her Apartments, had been seized, that day, when half or quarter dressed; with unusual orthodoxy or unusual jealousy. Watching her opportunity, she had whisked into the corridor, in extreme deshabelle; and gone, like the wild roe, towards Majesty's Suite of Rooms; through Majesty's glass door, like a catapult; and emerged as we saw,—in petticoat and shift, with hair streaming, eyes glittering, arms cut, and the other sad trimmings. O Heaven, who could laugh? There are tears due to Kings and to all men. It was deep misery; deep enough "SIN and misery," as Calvin well says, on the one side and the other! The poor old King was carried to bed; and never rose again, but died in a few days. The date of the WEISSE FRAU'S death, one might have hoped, was not distant either; but she lasted, in her sad state, for above twenty years coming.

Old King Friedrich's death—day was 25th February, 1713; the unconscious little Grandson being then in his Fourteenth month. To whom, after this long, voyage round the world, we now gladly return.

* By way of reinforcement to any recollection the reader may have of these Twelve Hohenzollern Kurfursts, I will append a continuous list of them, with here and there an indication.

THE TWELVE HOHENZOLLERN ELECTORS.

1. FRIEDRICH I. (as Burggraf, was Friedrich VI.): born, it is inferred, 1372 (Rentsch, p. 350); accession, 18th April, 1417; died 21st September, 1440. Had come to Brandenburg, 1412, as Statthalter. The Quitzows and HEAVY PEG.
2. FRIEDRICH II.: 19th November, 1413; 21st September, 1440; 10th February, 1472. Friedrich IRONTEETH; tames the Berlin Burghers. Spoke Polish, was to have been Polish King. Cannon—shot upon his dinner—table shatters his nerves so, that he abdicates, and soon dies. JOHANNES ALCHYMISTA his elder Brother; ALBERT ACHILLES his younger.
3. ALBERT (Achilles): 24th November, 1414; 10th February, 1471; 11th March, 1486. Third son of Friedrich I.; is lineal Progenitor of all the rest.

Eldest Son, JOHANN CICERO, follows as Kurfurst; a Younger Son, FRIEDRICH (by a different Mother), got Culmbach, and produced the Elder Line there. (See Genealogical Diagram.)

4. JOHANN (Cicero): 2d August, 1455; 11th March, 1486; 9th January, 1499. Big John. Friedrich of Culmbach's elder (Half—) Brother.
5. JOACHIM I.: 21st February, 1484; 9th January, 1499; 11th July, 1535. Loud in the Reformation times; finally declares peremptorily for the Conservative side. Wife (Sister of Christian II. of Denmark) runs away.

Younger Brother Albert Kur—Mainz, whom Hutten celebrated; born 1490; Archbishop of Magdeburg and Halberstadt 1513, of Maim 1514; died 1545: set Tetzels, and the Indulgence, on foot.

6. JOACHIM II. (Hector): 9th January, 1505; 11th July, 1535; 3d January, 1571. Sword drawn on Alba once. ERBVERBRUDERUNG with Liegnitz. Staircase at Grimnitz. A weighty industrious Kurfurst.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Declared himself Protestant, 1539. First Wife (mother of his Successor) was Daughter to Duke George of Saxony, Luther's "If it rained Duke Georges."—Johann of Custrin was a younger Brother of his: died ten days after Joachim; left no Son.

7. JOHANN GEORGE: 11th September, 1525; 3d January, 1571; 8th January, 1598. Cannon-shot, at Siege of Wittenberg, upon Kaiser Karl and him. Gera Bond.

Married a Silesian Duke of Liegnitz's Daughter (result of the ERBVERBRUDERUNG there,—Antea, p. 231). Had twenty-three children. It was to him that Baireuth and Anspach fell home: he settled them on his second and his third sons, Christian and Joachim Ernst; founders of the New Line of Baireuth and Anspach. (See Genealogical Diagram.)

8. JOACHIM FRIEDRICH: 27th January, 1546; 8th January, 1598; 18th July, 1608. Archbishop of Magdeburg first of all,—to keep the place filled. Joachimsthal School at old Castle of Grimnitz. Very vigilant for Preussen; which was near falling due.

Two of his Younger Sons, Johann George (1577–1624) to whom he gave JAGERNDORF, and that Archbishop of Magdeburg, who was present in Tilly's storm, got both wrecked in the Thirty-Years War;—not without results, in the Jagerndorf case.

9. JOHANN SIGISMUND: 8th November, 1572; 18th July, 1608; 23d December, 1619. Preussen: Cleve; Slap on the face to Neuburg.
10. GEORGE WILHELM: 3d November, 1595; 22d November, 1619; 21st November, 1640. The unfortunate of the Thirty-Years War.

"Que faire; ils ont des canons!"
11. FRIEDRICH WILHELM: 6th February, 1620; 21st November, 1640; 29th April, 1688. The Great Elector.
12. FRIEDRICH III.: 1st July, 1657; 29th April, 1688; 25th February, 1713. First King (18th January, 1701).

GENEALOGICAL DIAGRAM: THE TWO CULMBACH LINES.

3d KURFURST (1471–1486) ALBERT ACHILLES.

ELDER CULMBACH LINE.

FRIEDRICH, second son of Kurfurst Albert Achilles, younger Brother of Johannes Cicero, got CULMBACH: Anspach first, then Baireuth on the death of a younger Brother. Born 1460; got Anspach 1486; Baireuth 1495; followed Max in his VENETIAN CAMPAIGN, 1508; fell IMBECILE 1515; died 1536. Had a Polish Wife; from whom came interests in Hungary as well as Poland to his children. Friedrich had Three notable Sons,

1. CASIMIR, who got BAIREUTH (1515): born 1481; died 1527. Very truculent in the Peasants' War.

ALBERT ALEIBIADDES: a man of great mark in his day (1522–1557); never married. Two Sisters, with one of whom he took shelter at last; no Brother.

2. GEORGE THE PIOUS, who got ANSPACH (1515): born 1484; died 1543; got Jagerndorf, by purchase, from his Mother's Hungarian connection, 1524. Protestant declared, 1528; and makes honorable figure in the Histories thenceforth. The George of Kaiser Karl's *"Nit-Kop-ab."* One Son,

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

GEORGE FRIEDRICH; born 1539; went to administer Preussen when Cousin became incompetent; died 1603. Heir to his Father in ANSPACH and JAGERNDORF; also to his Cousin Alcibiades in BAIREUTH. Had been left a minor (boy of 4, as the reader sees); Alcibiades his Guardian for a little while: from which came great difficulties, and unjust ruin would have come, had not Kurfurst Joachim I. been helpful and vigorous in his behalf. George Friedrich got at length most of his Territories into hand: Anspach and Baireuth unimpaired, Jagerndorf too, except that Ratibor and Oppeln were much eaten into by the Imperial chicaneries in that quarter. Died 1603, without children;—upon which his Territories all reverted to the main Brandenburg line, namely, to Johann George Seventh Kurfurst, or his representatives, according to the GERA BOND; and the "Elder Culmbach Line" had ended in this manner.

3. ALBERT; born 1490; Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritters, 1511; declares himself Protestant, and Duke of Prussia, 1525; died 1568.

One Son, ALBERT FRIEDRICH: born 1553; follows as Duke 1568, declared MELANCHOLIC 1573; died 1618. His Cousin George Friedrich administered for him till 1603; after which Joachim Friedrich; and then, lastly, Joachim Friedrich's Son, Johann Sigismund the Ninth Kurfurst. Had married the Heiress of Cleve (whence came a celebrated Cleve Controversy in after-times). No son; a good many daughters; eldest of whom was married to Kurfurst Johann Sigismund; from her came the controverted Cleve Property.

7th KURFURST (1571–1598),
JOHANN GEORGE.

YOUNGER CULMBACH LINE.

Kurfurst Johann George settled Baireuth and Anspach on Two of his Younger Sons, who are Founders of the "Younger Culmbach Line" (SPLIT Line or Pair of LINES). Jagerndorf the new Kurfurst, Joachim Friedrich, kept; settled it on one of his younger sons. Here are the two new Founders in Baireuth and Anspach, and some indication of their "Lines," so far as important to us at present:

BAIREUTH.

(1.) CHRISTIAN, second son of Kurfurst Johann George: born 1581; got Baireuth 1603; died 1655. A distinguished Governor in his sphere. Had two sons; the elder died before him, but left a son, Christian Ernst; who (2.) succeeded, and (3.) whose son, George Wilhelm: 1644, 1655, 1712; 1678, 1712, 1726 (are BIRTH, ACCESSION, END of these two); the latter of whom had no son that lived.

Upon which the posterity of Christian's second son succeeded. Second son of Christian notable to us in two little ways: FIRST, That HE, George Albert, Margraf of CULMBach, is the inscrutable "Marquis de LULENbach" of *Bromley's Letters* (antea p. 184, let the Commentators take comfort!); SECOND and better, That from him came our little Wilhelmina's Husband,—as will be afterwards explained. It was his grandson (4.) that succeeded in Baireuth, George Friedrich Karl (1688, 1726, 1735); Father of Wilhelmina's Husband. After whom (5.) his Son Friedrich (1711, 1735, 1763), Wilhelmina's Husband; who leaving (1763) nothing hut a daughter, Baireuth fell to Anspach, 1769, after an old Uncle (6.), childless, had also died. SIX Baireuth Margraves of this Line; FIVE generations; and then to Anspach, in 1769.

ANSPACH.

(1.) JOACHIM ERNST, third son of Kurfurst Johann George: born 1583; got Anspach 1603; died 1625. Had military tendencies, experiences; did not thrive as Captain of the EVANGELICAL UNION (1619–1620) when WINTER–KING came up and THIRTY–YEARS WAR along with him. Left two sons; elder of whom, (2.) Friedrich, nominally Sovereign, age still only eighteen, fell in the Battle of Nordlingen (worst battle of the Thirty–Years War, 1634); and the younger of whom, (3.) Albert, succeeded (1620, 1634, 1667), and his son, (4.) Johann Friedrich (1654, 1667, 1686); and (5, 6, 7.) no fewer than three grandsons,—children mostly, though entitled "sovereign"—in a PARALLEL way (Christian Albert, 1675, 1686, 1692; George Friedrich, 1678, 1692, 1703; Wilhelm Friedrich, 1685, 1703, 1723). Two little points notable here also, and no third:

FIRST, That one of the grand–DAUGHTERS, full–sister of the last of these three parallel figures, half–sister of the two former, was—Queen Caroline, George II.'s wife, who has still some fame with us.

SECOND, That the youngest of said three grandsons, Queen Caroline's full–brother, left a son then minor, who became major, (8.) and wedded a Sister of our dear little Wilhelmina's, of whom we shall hear (Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, 1712, 1723, 1757); unmomentous Margraf otherwise. His and her one son it was, (9.) Christian Friedrich Karl Alexander (1736, 1757, 1806), who inherited Baireuth, inherited Actress Clairon, Lady Craven, and at Hammersmith (House once Bubb Doddington's, if that has any charm) ended the affair.

NINE Anspach Margraves; in FIVE generations: end, 1806.

END OF BOOK III

BOOK IV. FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP, FIRST STAGE. 1713–1728.

CHAPTER I. CHILDHOOD: DOUBLE EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT.

Of Friedrich's childhood, there is not, after all our reading, much that it would interest the English public to hear tell of. Perhaps not much of knowable that deserves anywhere to be known. Books on it, expressly handling it, and Books on Friedrich Wilhelm's Court and History, of which it is always a main element, are not wanting: but they are mainly of the sad sort which, with pain and difficulty, teach us nothing, Books done by pedants and tenebrific persons, under the name of men; dwelling not on things, but, at endless length, on the outer husks of things: of unparalleled confusion, too;—not so much as an Index granted you; to the poor half-peck of cinders, hidden in these wagon-loads of ashes, no sieve allowed! Books tending really to fill the mind with mere dust-whirlwinds,—if the mind did not straightway blow them out again; which it does. Of these let us say nothing. Seldom had so curious a Phenomenon worse treatment from the Dryasdust, species.

Among these Books, touching on Friedrich's childhood, and treating of his Father's Court, there is hardly above one that we can characterize as fairly human: the Book written by his little Sister Wilhelmina, when she grew to size and knowledge of good and evil; [*Memoires de Frederique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith* (Brunswick, Paris et Londres, 1812), 2 vols. 8vo.]—and this, of what flighty uncertain nature it is, the world partly knows. A human Book, however, not a pedant one: there is a most shrill female soul busy with intense earnestness here; looking, and teaching us to look. We find it a VERACIOUS Book, done with heart, and from eyesight and insight; of a veracity deeper than the superficial sort. It is full of mistakes, indeed; and exaggerates dreadfully, in its shrill female way; but is above intending to deceive: deduct the due subtrahend, —say perhaps twenty-five per cent, or in extreme cases as high as seventy-five,—you will get some human image of credible actualities from Wilhelmina. Practically she is our one resource on this matter. Of the strange King Friedrich Wilhelm and his strange Court, with such an Heir-Apparent growing up in it, there is no real light to be had, except what Wilhelmina gives,—or kindles dark Books of others into giving. For that, too, on long study, is the result of her, here and there. With so flickery a wax-taper held over Friedrich's childhood,—and the other dirty tallow-dips all going out in intolerable odor,—judge if our success can be very triumphant!

We perceive the little creature has got much from Nature; not the big arena only, but fine inward gifts, for he is well-born in more senses than one;—and that in the breeding of him there are two elements noticeable, widely diverse: the French and the German. This is perhaps the chief peculiarity; best worth laying hold of, with the due comprehension, if our means allow.

FIRST EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT, THE FRENCH ONE.

His nurses, governesses, simultaneous and successive, mostly of French breed, are duly set down in the Prussian Books, and held in mind as a point of duty by Prussian men; but, in foreign parts, cannot be considered otherwise than as a group, and merely with generic features. He had a Frau von Kamecke for Head Governess,—the lady whom Wilhelmina, in her famed *Memoires*, always writes KAMKEN; and of whom, except the floating gossip found in that Book, there is nothing to be remembered. Under her, as practical superintendent, SOUS-GOUVERNANTE and quasi-mother, was the Dame de Roucoules, a more important person for us here. Dame de Roucoules, once de Montbail, the same respectable Edict-of-Nantes French lady who, five-and-twenty years ago, had taken similar charge of Friedrich Wilhelm; a fact that speaks well for the character of her performance in that office. She had done her first edition of a Prussian Prince in a satisfactory manner; and not without difficult accidents and singularities, as we have heard: the like of which were spared her in this her second edition (so we may call it); a second and, in all manner of ways, an improved one. The young Fritz swallowed no shoe-buckles; did not leap out of window, hanging on by the hands; nor achieve anything of turbulent, or otherwise memorable, in his infantine history; the course of which was in general smooth, and runs, happily for it, below the ken of rumor. The Boy, it is said, and is easily credible, was of extraordinary vivacity; quick in apprehending all things, and gracefully relating himself to them. One of the prettiest, vividest little boys; with eyes, with mind and ways, of uncommon brilliancy;—only he takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish; and appears to find other things in the world fully as notable as loud drums, and stiff men drawn up in rows. Moreover, he is apt to be a little unhealthy now and then, and requires care from his nurses, over whom the judicious Roucoules has to be very vigilant.

Of this respectable Madame de Roucoulles I have read, at least seven times, what the Prussian Books say of her by way of Biography; but it is always given in their dull tombstone style; it has moreover next to no importance; and I,—alas, I do not yet too well remember it! She was from Normandy; of gentle blood, never very rich; Protestant, in the Edict-of-Nantes time; and had to fly her country, a young widow, with daughter and mother-in-law hanging on her; the whole of them almost penniless. However, she was kindly received at the Court of Berlin, as usual in that sad case; and got some practical help towards living in her new country. Queen Sophie Charlotte had liked her society; and finding her of prudent intelligent turn, and with the style of manners suitable, had given her Friedrich Wilhelm to take charge of. She was at that time Madame de Montbail; widow, as we said: she afterwards wedded Roucoulles, a refugee gentleman of her own Nation, who had gone into the Prussian Army, as was common for the like of him: She had again become a widow, Madame de Roucoulles this time, with her daughter Montbail still about her, when, by the grateful good sense of Friedrich Wilhelm, she was again intrusted as we see;—and so had the honor of governing Frederick the Great for the first seven years of his life. Respectable lady, she oversaw his nurses, pap-boats,—"beer-soup and bread," he himself tells us once, was his main diet in boyhood,—beer-soups, dress-frocks, first attempts at walking; and then also his little bits of intellectualities, moralities; his incipencies of speech, demeanor, and spiritual development; and did her function very honestly, there is no doubt.

Wilhelmina mentions her, at a subsequent period; and we have a glimpse of this same Roucoulles, gliding about among the royal young-folk, "with only one tooth left" (figuratively speaking), and somewhat given to tattle, in Princess Wilhelmina's opinion. Grown very old now, poor lady; and the dreadfulest bore, when she gets upon Hanover and her experiences, and Queen Sophie Charlotte's, in that stupendously magnificent court under Gentleman Ernst. Shun that topic, if you love your peace of mind! [*Memoires* (above cited).]—She did certainly superintend the Boy Fritzkin for his first seven years; that is a glory that cannot be taken from her. And her pupil, too, we agreeably perceive, was always grateful for her services in that capacity. Once a week, if he were in Berlin, during his youthful time, he was sure to appear at the Roucoulles Soiree, and say and look various pleasant things to his "CHER MAMAN (dear Mamma)," as he used to call her, and to the respectable small parts she had. Not to speak of other more substantial services, which also were not wanting.

Roucoulles and the other female souls, mainly French, among whom the incipient Fritz now was, appear to have done their part as well as could be looked for. Respectable Edict-of-Nantes French ladies, with high head-gear, wide hoops; a clear, correct, but somewhat barren and meagre species, tight-laced and high-frizzled in mind and body. It is not a very fertile element for a young soul: not very much of silent piety in it; and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion. An element founding on what they call "enlightened Protestantism," "freedom of thought," and the like, which is apt to become loquacious, and too conscious of itself; terming, on the whole, rather to contempt of the false, than to deep or very effective recognition of the true.

But it is, in some important senses, a clear and pure element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semi-falsities, or volunteer hypocrisies, taught the poor Boy; honor, clearness, truth of word at least; a decorous dignified bearing; various thin good things, are honestly inculcated and exemplified; nor is any bad, ungraceful or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognized for such. It might have been a worse element; and we must be thankful for it. Friedrich, through life, carries deep traces of this French-Protestant incipency: a very big wide-branching royal tree, in the end; but as small and flexible a seedling once as any one of us.

The good old Dame de Roucoulles just lived to witness his accession; on which grand juncture and afterwards, as he had done before, he continued to express, in graceful and useful ways, his gratitude and honest affection to her and hers. Tea services, presents in cut-glass and other kinds, with Letters that were still more precious to the old Lady, had come always at due intervals; and one of his earliest kingly gifts was that of some suitable small pension for Montbail, the elderly daughter of this poor old Roucoulles, [Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse, eine Lebensgeschichte* (5 vols. Berlin, 1832–1834), v. (Urkundenbuch, p. 4). *OEuvres de Frederic* (same Preuss's Edition, Berlin, 1846–1850, xvi. 184, 191.— The Herr Doctor J. D. E. Preuss, "Historiographer of Brandenburg," devoted wholly to the study of Friedrich for five-and-twenty years past, and for above a dozen years busily engaged in editing the *OEuvres de Frederic*, —has, besides that *Lebensgeschichte* just cited, three or four smaller Books, of indistinctly different titles, on the same subject. A meritoriously exact man; acquainted with the outer details of Friedrich's Biography (had he any way of arranging, organizing or setting them forth) as few men ever were or will be. We shall mean always this *Lebensgeschichte* here, when no other title is given: and

OEuvres de Frederic shall signify HIS Edition, unless the contrary be stated.] who was just singing her DIMITTAES as it were, still in a blithe and pious manner. For she saw now (in 1740) her little nursling grown to be a brilliant man and King; King gone out to the Wars, too, with all Europe inquiring and wondering what the issue would be. As for her, she closed her poor old eyes, at this stage of the business; piously, in foreign parts, far from her native Normandy; and did not see farther what the issue was. Good old Dame, I have, as was observed, read some seven times over what they call biographical accounts of her; but have seven times (by Heaven's favor, I do partly believe) mostly forgotten them again; and would not, without cause, inflict on any reader the like sorrow. To remember one worthy thing, how many thousand unworthy things must a man be able to forget!

From this Edict-of-Mantes environment, which taught our young Fritz his first lessons of human behavior,—a polite sharp little Boy, we do hope and understand,—he learned also to clothe his bits of notions, emotions, and garrulous utterabilities, in the French dialect. Learned to speak, and likewise, what is more important; to THINK, in French; which was otherwise quite domesticated in the Palace, and became his second mother-tongue. Not a bad dialect; yet also none of the best. Very lean and shallow, if very clear and convenient; leaving much in poor Fritz unuttered, unthought, unpractised, which might otherwise have come into activity in the course of his life. He learned to read very soon, I presume; but he did not, now or afterwards, ever learn to spell. He spells indeed dreadfully ILL, at his first appearance on the writing stage, as we shall see by and by; and he continued, to the last, one of the bad spellers of his day. A circumstance which I never can fully account for, and will leave to the reader's study.

From all manner of sources,—from inferior valetaille, Prussian Officials, Royal Majesty itself when not in gala,—he learned, not less rootedly, the corrupt Prussian dialect of German; and used the same, all his days, among his soldiers, native officials, common subjects and wherever it was most convenient; speaking it, and writing and misspelling it, with great freedom, though always with a certain aversion and undisguised contempt, which has since brought him blame in some quarters. It is true, the Prussian form of German is but rude; and probably Friedrich, except sometimes in Luther's Bible, never read any German Book. What, if we will think of it, could he know of his first mother-tongue! German, to this day, is a frightful dialect for the stupid, the pedant and dullard sort! Only in the hands of the gifted does it become supremely good. It had not yet been the language of any Goethe, any Lessing; though it stood on the eve of becoming such. It had already been the language of Luther, of Ulrich Hutten, Friedrich Barbarossa, Charlemagne and others. And several extremely important things had been said in it, and some pleasant ones even sung in it, from an old date, in a very appropriate manner,—had Crown-Prince Friedrich known all that. But he could not reasonably be expected to know:—and the wiser Germans now forgive him for not knowing, and are even thankful that he did not.

Chapter II. THE GERMAN ELEMENT.

So that, as we said, there are two elements for young Fritz, and highly diverse ones, from both of which he is to draw nourishment, and assimilate what he can. Besides that Edict-of-Nantes French element, and in continual contact and contrast with it, which prevails chiefly in the Female Quarters of the Palace,—there is the native German element for young Fritz, of which the centre is Papa, now come to be King, and powerfully manifesting himself as such. An abrupt peremptory young King; and German to the bone. Along with whom, companions to him in his social hours, and fellow-workers in his business, are a set of very rugged German sons of Nature; differing much from the French sons of Art. Baron Grumkow, Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau (not yet called the "OLD Dessauer," being under forty yet), General Glasenap, Colonel Derschau, General Flans; these, and the other nameless Generals and Officials, are a curious counterpart to the Camases, the Hautcharmoyes and Forcades, with their nimble tongues and rapiers; still more to the Beausobres, Achards, full of ecclesiastical logic, made of Bayle and Calvin kneaded together; and to the high-frizzled ladies rustling in stiff silk, with the shadow of Versailles and of the Dragonnades alike present to them.

Born Hyperboreans these others; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp; native products of the rigorous North. Of whom, after all our reading, we know little.—O Heaven, they have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude stalwart mould, and leading their rough life there, of whom we know absolutely nothing! Dumb all those preceding busy generations; and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim semi-articulate Prussian men; gone all to pipe-clay and mustache for us. Strange blond-complexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honorable women, in hoops, brocades, and unintelligible head-gear and hair-towers,—ACH GOTT, they too are gone; and their musical talk, in the French or German language, that also is gone; and the hollow Eternities have swallowed it, as their wont is, in a very surprising manner!—

Grumkow, a cunning, greedy-hearted, long-headed fellow, of the old Pomeranian Nobility by birth, has a kind of superficial polish put upon his Hyperboreanisms; he has been in foreign countries, doing legations, diplomacies, for which, at least for the vulpine parts of which, he has a turn. He writes and speaks articulate grammatical French; but neither in that, nor in native Pommerish Platt-Deutsch, does he show us much, except the depths of his own greed, of his own astucities and stealthy audacities. Of which we shall hear more than enough by and by.

OF THE DESSAUER, NOT YET "OLD."

As to the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, rugged man, whose very face is the color of gunpowder, he also knows French, and can even write in it, if he like,—having duly had a Tutor of that nation, and strange adventures with him on the grand tour and elsewhere;—but does not much practise writing, when it can be helped. His children, I have heard, he expressly did not teach to read or write, seeing no benefit in that effeminate art, but left them to pick it up as they could. His Princess, all rightly ennobled now, —whom he would not but marry, though sent on the grand tour to avoid it,—was the daughter of one Fos an Apothecary at Dessau; and is still a beautiful and prudent kind of woman, who seems to suit him well enough, no worse than if she had been born a Princess. Much talk has been of her, in princely and other circles; nor is his marriage the only strange thing Leopold has done. He is a man to keep the world's tongue wagging, not too musically always; though himself of very unvocal nature. Perhaps the biggest mass of inarticulate human vitality, certainly one of the biggest, then going about in the world. A man of vast dumb faculty; dumb, but fertile, deep; no end of ingenuities in the rough head of him:—as much mother-wit, there, I often guess, as could be found in whole talking parliaments, spouting themselves away in vocables and eloquent wind!

A man of dreadful impetuosity withal. Set upon his will as the one law of Nature; storming forward with incontrollable violence: a very whirlwind of a man. He was left a minor; his Mother guardian. Nothing could prevent him from marrying this Fos the Apothecary's Daughter; no tears nor contrivances of his Mother, whom he much loved, and who took skilful measures. Fourteen months of travel in Italy; grand tour, with eligible French Tutor,—whom he once drew sword upon, getting some rebuke from him one night in Venice, and would have killed, had not the man been nimble, at once dexterous and sublime:—it availed not. The first thing he did, on re-entering Dessau, with his Tutor, was to call at Apothecary Fos's, and see the charming Mamsell; to go and see

his Mother, was the second thing. Not even his grand passion for war could eradicate Fos: he went to Dutch William's wars; the wise mother still counselling, who was own aunt to Dutch William, and liked the scheme. He besieged Namur; fought and besieged up and down,—with insatiable appetite for fighting and sieging; with great honor, too, and ambitions awakening in him;—campaign after campaign: but along with the flamy-thunderly ideal bride, figuratively called Bellona, there was always a soft real one, Mamsell Fos of Dessau, to whom he continued constant. The Government of his Dominions he left cheerfully to his Mother, even when he came of age: "I am for learning War, as the one right trade; do with all things as you please, Mamma,—only not with Mamsell, not with her!"—

Readers may figure this scene too, and shudder over it. Some rather handsome male Cousin of Mamsell, Medical Graduate or whatever he was, had appeared in Dessau:—"Seems, to admire Mamsell much; of course, in a Platonic way," said rumor:—"He? Admire?" thinks Leopold;—thinks a good deal of it, not in the philosophic mood. As he was one day passing Fos's, Mamsell and the Medical Graduate are visible, standing together at the window inside. Pleasantly looking out upon Nature,—of course quite casually, say some Histories with a sneer. In fact, it seems possible this Medical Graduate may have been set to act shoeing-horn; but he had better not. Leopold storms into the House, "Draw, scandalous canaille, and defend yourself!"—And in this, or some such way, a confident tradition says, he killed the poor Medical Graduate there and then. One tries always to hope not: but Varnhagen is positive, though the other Histories say nothing of it. God knows. The man was a Prince; no Reichshofrath, Speyer-Wetzlar KAMMER, or other Supreme Court, would much trouble itself, except with formal shakings of the wig, about such a peccadillo. In fine, it was better for Leopold to marry the Miss Fos; which he actually did (1698, in his twenty-second year), "with the left-hand,"—and then with the right and both hands; having got her properly ennobled before long, by his splendid military services. She made, as we have hinted, an excellent Wife to him, for the fifty or sixty ensuing years.

This is a strange rugged specimen, this inarticulate Leopold; already getting mythic, as we can perceive, to the polished vocal ages; which mix all manner of fables with the considerable history he has. Readers will see him turn up again in notable forms. A man hitherto unknown except in his own country; and yet of very considerable significance to all European countries whatsoever; the fruit of his activities, without his name attached, being now manifest in all of them. He invented the iron ramrod; he invented the equal step; in fact, he is the inventor of modern military tactics. Even so, if we knew it: the Soldierly of every civilized country still receives from this man, on parade-fields and battle-fields, its word of command; out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable Drill-sergeants, in various languages, daily repeat and enforce. Such a man is worth some transient glance from his fellow-creatures,—especially with a little Fritz trotting at his foot, and drawing inferences from him.

Dessau, we should have said for the English reader's behoof, was and still is a little independent Principality; about the size of Huntingdonshire, but with woods instead of bogs;—revenue of it, at this day, is 60,000 pounds, was perhaps not 20, or even 10,000 in Leopold's first time. It lies some fourscore miles southwest of Berlin, attainable by post-horses in a day. Leopold, as his Father had done, stood by Prussia as if wholly native to it. Leopold's Mother was Sister of that fine Louisa, the Great Elector's first Wife; his Sister is wedded to the Margraf of Schwedt, Friedrich Wilhelm's half-uncle. Lying in such neighborhood, and being in such affinity to the Prussian House, the Dessauers may be said to have, in late times, their headquarters at Berlin. Leopold and Leopold's sons, as his father before him had done, without neglecting their Dessau and Principality, hold by the Prussian Army as their main employment. Not neglecting Dessau either; but going thither in winter, or on call otherwise; Leopold least of all neglecting it, who neglects nothing that can be useful to him.

He is General Field-Marshal of the Prussian Armies, the foremost man in war-matters with this new King; and well worthy to be so. He is inventing, or brooding in the way to invent, a variety of things,—"iron ramrods," for one; a very great improvement on the fragile ineffective wooden implement, say all the Books, but give no date to it; that is the first thing; and there will be others, likewise undated, but posterior, requiring mention by and by. Inventing many things;—and always well practising what is already invented, and known for certain. In a word, he is drilling to perfection, with assiduous rigor, the Prussian Infantry to be the wonder of the world. He has fought with them, too, in a conclusive manner; and is at all times ready for fighting.

He was in Malplaquet with them, if only as volunteer on that occasion. He commanded them in Blenheim itself; stood, in the right or Eugene wing of that famed Battle of Blenheim, fiercely at bay, when the Austrian

Cavalry had all fled;—fiercely volleying, charging, dexterously wheeling and manoeuvring; sticking to his ground with a mastiff-like tenacity,—till Marlborough, and victory from the left, relieved him and others. He was at the Bridge of Cassano; where Eugene and Vendome came to hand-grips;— where Mirabeau's Grandfather, COL-D'ARGENT, got his six-and-thirty wounds, and was "killed" as he used to term it. [Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, v. ? Mirabeau.] "The hottest fire I ever saw," said Eugene, who had not seen Malplaquet at that time. While Col-d'Argent sank collapsed upon the Bridge, and the horse charged over him, and again charged, and beat and were beaten three several times,—Anhalt-Dessau, impatient of such fiddling hither and thither, swashed into the stream itself with his Prussian Foot: swashed through it, waist-deep or breast-deep; and might have settled the matter, had not his cartridges got wetted. Old King Friedrich rebuked him angrily for his impetuosity in this matter, and the sad loss of men.

Then again he was at the Storming of the Lines of Turin,—Eugene's feat of 1706, and a most volcanic business;—was the first man that got-over the entrenchment there. Foremost man; face all black with the smoke of gunpowder, only channelled here and there with rivulets of sweat;—not a lovely phenomenon to the French in the interior! Who still fought like madmen, but were at length driven into heaps, and obliged to run. A while before they ran, Anhalt-Dessau, noticing some Captain posted with his company in a likely situation, stepped aside to him for a moment, and asked, "Am I wounded, think you.?—No? Then have you anything to drink?" and deliberately "drank a glass of aqua-vitae," the judicious Captain carrying a pocket-pistol of that sort, in case of accident; and likewise "eat, with great appetite, a bit of bread from one of the soldiers' haversacks; saying, He believed the heat of the job was done, and that there was no fear now!"— *Des weltberumkten Leopoldi*, (Anonymous, by Ranfft, cited above), pp. 42-45, 52, 65.]

A man that has been in many wars; in whose rough head, are schemes hatching. Any religion he has is of Protestant nature; but he has not much,—on the doctrinal side, very little. Luther's Hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, he calls "God Almighty's grenadier-march." On joining battle, he audibly utters, with bared head, some growl of rugged prayer, far from orthodox at times, but muoh in earnest: that lifting of his hat for prayer, is his last signal on such occasions. He is very cunning as required, withal; not disdaining the serpentine method when no other will do. With Friedrich Wilhelm, who is his second-cousin (Mother's grand-nephew, if the reader can count that), he is from of old on the best footing, and contrives to be his Mentor in many things besides War. Till his quarrel with Grumkow, of which we shall hear, he took the lead in political advising, too; and had schemes, or was thought to have, of which Queen Sophie was in much terror.

A tall, strong-boned, hairy man; with cloudy brows, vigilant swift eyes; has "a bluish tint of skin," says Wilhelmina, "as if the gunpowder still stuck to him." He wears long mustaches; triangular hat, plume and other equipments, are of thrifty practical size. Can be polite enough in speech; but hides much of his meaning, which indeed is mostly inarticulate, and not always joyful to the by-stander. He plays rough pranks, too, on occasion; and has a big horse-laugh in him, where there is a fop to be roasted, or the like. We will leave him for the present, in hope of other meetings.

Remarkable men, many of those old Prussian soldiers: of whom one wishes, to no purpose, that there had more knowledge been attainable. But the Books are silent; no painter, no genial seeing-man to paint with his pen, was there. Grim hirsute Hyperborean figures, they pass mostly mute before us: burly, surly; in mustaches, in dim uncertain garniture, of which the buff-belts and the steel, are alone conspicuous. Growling in guttural Teutsoh what little articulate meaning they had: spending, of the inarticulate, a proportion in games, of chance, probably too in drinking beer; yet having an immense overplus which they do not so spend, but endeavor to utter in such working as there may be. So have the Hyperboreans lived from of old. From the times of Tacitus and Pytheas, not to speak of Odin and Japhet, what hosts of them have marched across Existence, in that manner;—and where is the memory that would, even if it could, speak of them all!—

We will hope the mind of our little Fritz has powers of assimilation. Bayle-Calvin logics, and shadows of Versailles, on this hand, and gunpowder Leopolds and inarticulate Hyperboreans on that: here is a wide diversity of nutriment, all rather tough in quality, provided for the young soul. Innumerable unconscious inferences he must have drawn in his little head! Prince Leopold's face, with the whiskers and blue skin, I find he was wont, at after periods, to do in caricature, under the figure of a Cat's;— horror and admiration not the sole feelings raised in him by the Field-Marshal.—For bodily nourishment he had "beer-soup;" a decided Spartan tone prevailing, wherever possible, in the breeding and treatment of him.

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And we need not doubt, by far the most important element of his education was the unconscious Apprenticeship he continually served to such a Spartan as King Friedrich Wilhelm. Of whose works and ways he could not help taking note, angry or other, every day and hour; nor in the end, if he were intelligent, help understanding them, and learning from them. A harsh Master and almost half-mad, as it many times seemed to the poor Apprentice; yet a true and solid one, whose real wisdom was worth that of all the others, as he came at length to recognize.

Chapter III. FRIEDRICH WILHELM IS KING.

With the death of old King Friedrich, there occurred at once vast changes in the Court of Berlin; a total and universal change in the mode of living and doing business there. Friedrich Wilhelm, out of filial piety, wore at his father's funeral the grand French peruke and other sublimities of French costume; but it was for the last time: that sad duty once done, he flung the whole aside, not without impatience, and on no occasion wore such costume again. He was not a friend to French fashions, nor had ever been; far the contrary. In his boyhood, say the Biographers, there was once a grand embroidered cloth-of-gold, or otherwise supremely magnificent, little Dressing-gown given him; but he would at no rate put it on, or be concerned with it; on the contrary, stuffed it indignantly "into the fire;" and demanded wholesome useful duffel instead.

He began his reform literally at the earliest moment. Being summoned into the apartment where his poor Father was in the last struggle, he could scarcely get across for KAMMERJUNKER, KAMMERHERRN, Goldsticks, Silversticks, and the other solemn histrionic functionaries, all crowding there to do their sad mimicry on the occasion: not a lovely accompaniment in Friedrich Wilhelm's eyes. His poor Father's death-struggle once done, and all reduced to everlasting rest there, Friedrich Wilhelm looked in silence over the Unutterable, for a Short space, disregardful of the Goldsticks and their eager new homaging; walked swiftly away from it to his own room, shut the door with a slam; and there, shaking the tears from his eyes, commenced by a notable duty,—the duty nearest hand, and therefore first to be done, as it seemed to him. It was about one in the afternoon, 25th February, 1713; his Father dead half an hour before: "Tears at a Father's death—bed, must they be dashed with rage by such a set of greedy Histrios?" thought Friedrich Wilhelm. He summoned these his Court-people, that is to say, summoned their OBER-HOFMARSCHALL and representative; and through him signified to them, That, till the Funeral was over, their service would continue; and that on the morrow after the Funeral, they were, every soul of them, discharged; and from the highest Goldstick down to the lowest Page-in-waiting, the King's House should be swept entirely clean of them;—said House intending to start afresh upon a quite new footing. [Forster, i. 174; Pollnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 4.] Which spread such a consternation among the courtier people, say the Histories, as was never seen before.

The thing was done, however; and nobody durst whisper discontent with it; this rugged young King, with his plangent metallic voice, with his steady-beaming eyes, seeming dreadfully in earnest about it, and a person that might prove dangerous if you crossed him. He reduced his Household accordingly, at once, to the lowest footing of the indispensable; and discharged a whole regiment of superfluous official persons, court-flunkies, inferior, superior and supreme, in the most ruthless manner. He does not intend keeping any OBER-HOFMARSCHALL, or the like idle person, henceforth; thinks a minimum of the Goldsticks ought to suffice every man.

Eight Lackeys, in the ante-chambers and elsewhere, these, with each a JAGERBURSCH (what we should call an UNDER-KEEPER) to assist when not hunting, will suffice: Lackeys at "eight THALERS monthly," which is six shillings a week. Three active Pages, sometimes two, instead of perhaps three dozen idle that there used to be. In King Friedrich's time, there were wont to be a thousand saddle-horses at corn and hay: but how many of them were in actual use? Very many of them were mere imaginary quadrupeds; their price and keep pocketed by some knavish STALLMEISTER, Equerry or Head-groom. Friedrich Wilhelm keeps only thirty Horses; but these are very actual, not imaginary at all; their corn not running into any knave's pocket; but lying actually in the mangers here; getting ground for you into actual four-footed speed, when, on turf or highway, you require such a thing. About, thirty for the saddle,—with a few carriage-teams, are what Friedrich Wilhelm can employ in any reasonable measure: and more he will not have about him.

In the like ruthless humor he goes over his Pension-list; strikes three fourths of that away, reduces the remaining fourth to the very bone. In like humor, he goes over every department of his Administrative, Household and other Expenses: shears everything down, here by the hundred thalers, there by the ten, willing even to save HALF A THALER. He goes over all this three several times;—his Papers, the three successive Lists he used on that occasion, have been printed. [Rodenbeck, *Beitrag zur Bereicherung der Lebembeschreibungen Friedrich Wilhelms I. und Friedrichs des Grossen* (Berlin, 1836), pp. 99–127.] He has satisfied himself, in about two months, what, the effective minimum is; and leaves it so. Reduced to below the fifth of what it was; 55,000

THALERS, instead of 276,000. [Stenzel, iii. 237.]

By degrees he went over, went into and through, every department of Prussian Business, in that fashion; steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done; needless work, and ineffectual or imaginary workers, to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this Earth; worth purchasing almost at any price! The money saved is something, nothing if you will; but the amount of mendacity expunged, has any one computed that? Mendacity not of tongue; but the far feller sort, of hand, and of heart, and of head; short summary of all Devil's-worship whatsoever. Which spreads silently along, once you let it in, with full purse or with empty; some fools even praising it: the quiet DRY-ROT of Nations! To expunge such is greatly the duty of every man, especially of every King. Unconsciously, not thinking of Devil's-worship, or spiritual dry-rot, but of money chiefly, and led by Nature and the ways she has with us, it was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian Business, great and little, public and even private. Year after year, he brings it to perfection; pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia, at last, all a Prussia made after his own image; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous and Spartan country any modern King ever tied over; and himself (if he thought of that) a King indeed. He that models Nations according to his own image, he is a King, though his sceptre were a walking-stick; and, properly no other is.

Friedrich Wilhelm was wondered at, and laughed at, by innumerable mortals for his ways of doing; which indeed were very strange. Not that he figured much in what is called Public History, or desired to do so; for, though a vigilant ruler, he did not deal in protocolling and campaigning,—he let a minimum of that suffice him. But in court soirees, where elegant empty talk goes on, and of all materials for it scandal is found incomparably the most interesting. I suppose there turned up no name oftener than that of his Prussian Majesty; and during these twenty-seven years of his Reign, his wild pranks and explosions gave food for continual talk in such quarter.

For he was like no other King that then existed, or had ever been discovered. Wilder Son of Nature seldom came into the artificial world; into a royal throne there, probably never. A wild man, wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks,—and with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. He would have been strange anywhere; but among the dapper Royal gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a King?—Clap him in Bedlam, and bring out the ballot-boxes instead? The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumors,—still more now from *Wilhelmina's Book*; which paints the outside savagery of the royal man, in a most striking manner; and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by *Wilhelmina* or the rumors.

Nevertheless it appears there were a few observant eyes even of contemporaries, who discerned in him a surprising talent for "National Economics" at least. One Leipzig Professor, Saxon, not Prussian by nation or interest, recognizes in Friedrich Wilhelm "DEN GROSSEN WIRTH (the great Manager, Husbandry-man, or Landlord) of the epoch;" and lectures on his admirable "works, arrangements and institutions" in that kind. [Rodenbeck's *Beitrag* (p. 14),—Year, or Name of Lecturer, not mentioned.] Nay the dapper Royal gentlemen saw, with envy, the indubitable growth of this mad savage Brother; and ascribed it to "his avarice," to his mean ways, which were in such contrast to their sublime ones. That he understood National Economics has now become very certain. His grim semi-articulate Papers and Rescripts, on these subjects, are still almost worth reading, by a lover of genuine human talent in the dumb form. For spelling, grammar, penmanship and composition, they resemble nothing else extant; are as if done by the paw of a bear: indeed the utterance generally sounds more like the growling of a bear than anything that could be handily spelt or parsed. But there is a decisive human sense in the heart of it; and there is such a dire hatred of empty bladders, unrealities and hypocritical forms and pretences, what he calls "wind and humbug (WIND UND BLAUER DUNST)," as is very strange indeed. Strange among all mankind; doubly and trebly strange among the unfortunate species called Kings in our time. To whom,—for sad reasons that could be given,—"wind and blue vapor (BLAUER DUNST)," artistically managed by the rules of Acoustics and Optics, seem to be all we have left us!—

It must be owned that this man is inflexibly, and with a fierce slow inexorable determination, set upon having realities round him. There is a divine idea of fact put into him; the genus sham was never hatefuler to any man. Let it keep out of his way, well beyond the swing of that rattan of his, or it may get something to remember! A just man, too; would not wrong any man, nor play false in word or deed to any man. What is Justice but another

form of the REALITY we love; a truth acted out? Of all the humbugs or "painted vapors" known, Injustice is the least capable of profiting men or kings! A just man, I say; and a valiant and veracious: but rugged as a wild bear; entirely inarticulate, as if dumb. No bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him, nor the least tendency that way. His talent for Stump–Oratory may be reckoned the minimum conceivable, or practically noted a ZERO. A man who would not have risen in modern Political Circles; man unchoosable at hustings or in caucus; man forever invisible, and very unadmirable if seen, to the Able Editor and those that hang by him. In fact, a kind of savage man, as we say; but highly interesting, if you can read dumb human worth; and of inexpressible profit to the Prussian Nation.

For the first ten years of his reign, he had a heavy, continual struggle, getting his finance and other branches of administration extricated from their strangling imbroglios of coiled nonsense, and put upon a rational footing. His labor in these years, the first of little Fritz's life, must have been great; the pushing and pulling strong and continual. The good plan itself, this comes not of its own accord; it is the fruit of "genius" (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all): given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end! And then the execution, the realizing, amid the contradiction, silent or expressed, of men and things? Explosive violence was by no means Friedrich Wilhelm's method; the amount of slow stubborn broad–shouldered strength, in all kinds, expended by the man, strikes us as very great. The amount of patience even, though patience is not reckoned his forte.

That of the RITTER–DIENST (Knights'–Service), for example, which is but one small item of his business, the commuting of the old feudal duty of his Landholders to do Service in Wartime, into a fixed money payment: nothing could be fairer, more clearly advantageous to both parties; and most of his "Knights" gladly accepted the proposal: yet a certain factious set of them, the Magdeburg set, stirred up by some seven or eight of their number, "hardly above seven or eight really against me," saw good to stand out; remonstrated, recalcitrated; complained in the Diet (Kaiser too happy to hear of it, that he might have a hook on Friedrich Wilhelm); and for long years that paltry matter was a provocation to him. [1717–1725. Forster, ii. 162–165, iv. 31–34; Stenzel, iii. 316–319; Samuel Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch– Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775), i. 197.] But if your plan is just, and a bit of Nature's plan, persist in it like a law of Nature. This secret too was known to Friedrich Wilhelm. In the space of ten years, by actual human strength loyally spent, he had managed many things; saw all things in a course towards management. All things, as it were, fairly on the road; the multiplex team pulling one way, in rational human harness, not in imbroglios of coiled thrums made by the Nightmares.

How he introduced a new mode of farming his Domain Lands, which are a main branch of his revenue, and shall be farmed on regular lease henceforth, and not wasted in speculation and indolent mismanagement as heretofore; [Forster, ii. 206, 216.] new modes of levying his taxes and revenues of every kind: [Ib. ii. 190, 195.] How he at last concentrated, and harmonized into one easy–going effective GENERAL DIRECTORY, [Completedd 19th January, 1723 (Ib. ii. 172).] the multifarious conflicting Boards, that were jolting and jangling in a dark use–and–wont manner, and leaving their work half done, when he first came into power: [Dohm, *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hanover, 1814–1819), iv. 88.] How he insisted on having daylight introduced to the very bottom of every business, fair–and–square observed as the rule of it, and the shortest road adopted for doing it: How he drained bogs, planted colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms of Prussian wool, in a LAGERHAUS of his own: How he dealt with the Jew Gompert about farming his Tobacco;—how, from many a crooked case and character he, by slow or short methods, brought out something straight; would take no denial of what was his, nor make any demand of what was not; and did prove really a terror to evildoers of various kinds, especially to prevaricators, defalcators, imaginary workers, and slippery unjust persons: How he urged diligence on all mortals, would not have the very Apple–women sit "without knitting" at their stalls; and brandished his stick, or struck it fiercely down, over the incorrigibly idle:—All this, as well as his ludicrous explosions and unreasonable violences, is on record concerning Friedrich Wilhelm, though it is to the latter chiefly that the world has directed its unwise attention, in judging of him. He was a very arbitrary King. Yes, but then a good deal of his ARBITRIUM, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well; and did exceedingly behoove to be done, if the Earth would prosper. Which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him! He was prompt with his rattan, in urgent cases; had his gallows also, prompt enough, where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall!

Yearly he made his country richer; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and

sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity,—the grand fountains from which money, and all real values and valors spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them and as the source of them, larger: and in all states of his revenue, he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it; and yearly saved masses of coin, and "reposited them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss,"—where they proved very useful, one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful, beyond even his expectations. As a Nation's HUSBAND he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband, once in the half-thousand years. The Nation, as foolish wives and Nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being thwarted very often; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing; and after long times the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

Strange as it sounds in the Republic of Letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius;—genius fated and promoted to work in National Husbandry, not in writing Verses or three-volume Novels. A silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he cannot bear to see halt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order; fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world-rocks under it, and looking free towards all the winds and all the stars. He goes about suppressing platitudes, ripping off futilities, turning deceptions inside out. The realm of Disorder, which is Unveracity, Unreality, what we call Chaos, has no fiercer enemy. Honest soul, and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow often; no tongue-learning at all; little capable to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowings, or worse. He must DO a thing, leave it undemonstrated; once done, it will itself tell what kind of thing it is, by and by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it; and must expect contradictions next to unendurable,—the plurality of blockheads being so extreme!

I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Friedrich Wilhelm in that epoch: and Johnson too, with all his tongue-learning, had not logic enough. In fact, it depends on how much conviction you have. Blessed be Heaven, there is here and there a man born who loves truth as truth should be loved, with all his heart and all his soul; and hates untruth with a corresponding perfect hatred. Such men, in polite circles, which understand that certainly truth is better than untruth, but that you must be polite to both, are liable to get to the end of their logic. Even Johnson had a bellow in him; though Johnson could at any time withdraw into silence, HIS kingdom lying all under his own hat. How much more Friedrich Wilhelm, who had no logic whatever; and whose kingdom lay without him, far and wide, a thing he could not withdraw from. The rugged Orson, he needed to be right. From utmost Memel down to Wesel again, ranked in a straggling manner round the half-circumference of Europe, all manner of things and persons were depending on him, and on his being right, not wrong, in his notion.

A man of clear discernment, very good natural eyesight; and irrefragably confident in what his eyes told him, in what his belief was;—yet of huge simplicity withal. Capable of being coaxed about, and led by the nose, to a strange degree, if there were an artist dexterous enough, daring enough! His own natural judgment was good, and, though apt to be hasty and headlong, was always likely to come right in the end; but internally, we may perceive, his modesty, self-distrust, anxiety and other unexpected qualities, must have been great. And then his explosiveness, impatience, excitability; his conscious dumb ignorance of all things beyond his own small horizon of personal survey! An Orson capable enough of being coaxed and tickled, by some first-rate conjurer;—first-rate; a second-rate might have failed, and got torn to pieces for his pains. But Seckendorf and Grumkow, what a dance they led him on some matters,—as we shall see, and as poor Fritz and others will see!

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam Regiment, his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men; this also seems to me one of the whims of genius,—an exaggerated notion to have his "stanza" polished to the last punctilio of perfection; and might be paralleled in the history of Poets. Stranger "man of genius," or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw!

Friedrich Wilhelm, in his Crown-Prince days, and now still more when he was himself in the sovereign place, had seen all along, with natural arithmetical intellect, That his strength in this world, as at present situated, would very much depend upon the amount of potential-battle that lay in him,—on the quantity and quality of Soldiers he could maintain, and have ready for the field at any time. A most indisputable truth, and a heartfelt one in the

present instance. To augment the quantity, to improve the quality, in this thrice-essential particular: here lay the keystone and crowning summit of all Friedrich Wilhelm's endeavors; to which he devoted himself, as only the best Spartan could have done. Of which there will be other opportunities to speak in detail. For it was a thing world-notable; world-laughable, as was then thought; the extremely serious fruit of which did at length also become notable enough.

In the Malplaquet time, once on some occasion, it is said, two English Officers, not well informed upon the matter, and provoking enough in their contemptuous ignorance, were reasoning with one another in Friedrich Wilhelm's hearing, as to the warlike powers of the Prussian State, and Whether the King of Prussia could on his own strength maintain a standing army of 15,000? Without subsidies, do you think, so many as 15,000? Friedrich Wilhelm, incensed at the thing and at the tone, is reported to have said with heat: "Yes, 30,000!" [Forster, i. 138.] whereat the military men slightly wagged their heads, letting the matter drop for the present. But he makes it good by degrees; twofold or threefold;— and will have an army of from seventy to a hundred thousand before he dies, ["72,000 field-troops, 30,000 garrison-troops" (*Gestandnisse eines Oester reichischen Veterans*, Breslau, 1788, i. 64).] the best-drilled of fighting men; and what adds much to the wonder, a full Treasury withal. This is the Brandenburg Spartan King; acquainted with National Economics. Alone of existing Kings he lays by money annually; and is laying by many other and far more precious things, for Prussia and the little Boy he has here.

Friedrich Wilhelm's passion for drilling, recruiting and perfecting his army attracted much notice: laughing satirical notice; in the hundred months of common rumor, which he regarded little; and notice iracund and minatory, when it led him into collision with the independent portions of mankind, now and then. This latter sort was not pleasant, and sometimes looked rather serious; but this too he contrived always to digest in some tolerable manner. He continued drilling and recruiting,—we may say not his Army only, but his Nation in all departments of it,— as no man before or since ever did: increasing, by every devisable method, the amount of potential-battle that lay in him and it.

In a military, and also in a much deeper sense, he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. From the first appearance of Burggraf Friedrich, with good words and with HEAVY PEG, in the wreck of anarchic Brandenburg, and downwards ever since, this has steadily enough gone on. And not a little good drilling these populations have had, first and last; just orders given them (wise and just, which to a respectable degree were Heaven's orders as well): and certainly Heavy Peg, for instance,—Heavy Peg, bringing Quitzow's strong House about his ears,—was a respectable drummer's cat to enforce the same. This has been going on these three hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fibre and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called "Tyrants," and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations; lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn. Their very ballot-boxes and suffrages, what they call their "Liberty," if these mean "Liberty," and are such a road to Heaven, Anglo-Saxon high-road thither,—could never have been possible for them on such terms. How could they? Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure (as of men not perpendicular), and consequent battle often supervening, could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons; their pot-bellied equanimity itself continuing liable to perpetual interruptions, as in the Heptarchy time. An enlightened Public does not reflect on these things at present; but will again, by and by. Looking with human eyes over the England that now is, and over the America and the Australia, from pole to pole; and then listening to the Constitutional litanies of

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Dryasaust, and his lamentations on the old Norman and Plantagenet Kings, and his recognition of departed merit and causes of effects,—the mind of man is struck dumb!

Chapter IV. HIS MAJESTY'S WAYS.

Friedrich Wilhelm's History is one of ECONOMICS; which study, so soon as there are Kings again in this world, will be precious to them. In that happy state of matters, Friedrich Wilhelm's History will well reward study; and teach by example, in a very simple and direct manner. In what is called the Political, Diplomatic, "Honor-to-be" department, there is not, nor can ever be, much to be said of him; this Economist King having always kept himself well at home, and looked steadily to his own affairs. So that for the present he has, as a King, next to nothing of what is called History; and it is only as a fellow-man, of singular faculty, and in a most peculiar and conspicuous situation, that he can be interesting to mankind. To us he has, as Father and daily teacher and master of young Fritz, a continual interest; and we must note the master's ways, and the main phenomena of the workshop as they successively turned up, for the sake of the notable Apprentice serving there.

He was not tall of stature, this arbitrary King: a florid-complexioned stout-built man; of serious, sincere, authoritative face; his attitudes and equipments very Spartan in type. Man of short firm stature; stands (in Pesne's best Portraits of him) at his ease, and yet like a tower. Most solid; "plumb and rather more;" eyes steadfastly awake; cheeks slightly compressed, too, which fling the mouth rather forward; as if asking silently, "Anything astir, then? All right here?" Face, figure and bearing, all in him is expressive of robust insight, and direct determination; of healthy energy, practicality, unquestioned authority,—a certain air of royalty reduced to its simplest form. The face in Pictures by Pesne and others, is not beautiful or agreeable; healthy, genuine, authoritative, is the best you can say of it. Yet it may have been, what it is described as being, originally handsome. High enough arched brow, rather copious cheeks and jaws; nose smallish, inclining to be stumpy; large gray eyes, bright with steady fire and life, often enough gloomy and severe, but capable of jolly laughter too. Eyes "naturally with a kind of laugh in them," says Pollnitz;—which laugh can blaze out into fearful thunderous rage, if you give him provocation. Especially if you lie to him; for that he hates above all things. Look him straight in the face: he fancies he can see in your eyes, if there is an internal mendacity in you: wherefore you must look at him in speaking; such is his standing order.

His hair is flaxen, falling into the ash-gray or darker; fine copious flowing hair, while he wore it natural. But it soon got tied into clubs, in the military style; and at length it was altogether cropped away, and replaced by brown, and at last by white, round wigs. Which latter also, though bad wigs, became him not amiss, under his cocked-hat and cockade, says Pollnitz. [Pollnitz, *Memoiren* (Berlin, 1791), ii. 568.] The voice, I guess, even when not loud, was of clangorous and penetrating, quasi-metallic nature; and I learn expressly once, that it had a nasal quality in it. [Busching, *Beitrage*, i. 568.] His Majesty spoke through the nose; snuffled his speech in an earnest ominously plangent manner. In angry moments, which were frequent, it must have been—unpleasant to listen to. For the rest, a handsome man of his inches; conspicuously well-built in limbs and body, and delicately finished off to the very extremities. His feet and legs, says Pollnitz, were very fine. The hands, if he would have taken care of them, were beautifully white; fingers long and thin; a hand at once nimble to grasp, delicate to feel, and strong to clutch and hold: what may be called a beautiful hand, because it is the usefulest.

Nothing could exceed his Majesty's simplicity of habitudes. But one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and of environment. He washed like a very Mussulman, five times a day; loved cleanliness in all things, to a superstitious extent; which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture; in his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair; but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be prosecuted to destruction. [Forster, i. 208.] Wife and womankind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas: he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs;—sits, and also thinks and acts, after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was. He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats; country messes, good roast and boiled; despising the French Cook, as an entity without meaning for him. His favorite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed; what could the French Cook do for such a man? He ate with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence: his object not quality but quantity. He drank too, but did not get drunk: at the Doctor's order he could abstain; and had in later years abstained. Pollnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and

hunting, and otherwise worse discolored by his manner of feeding and digesting: alas, at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells,—a very considerable diameter indeed! [Ib. i. 163.]

For some years after his accession he still appeared occasionally in "burgher dress," or unmilitary clothes; "brown English coat, yellow waistcoat" and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year; and ceased altogether (say Chronologists) about the year 1719: after which he appeared always simply as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards (his own Lifeguard Regiment) in simple Prussian uniform: close military coat; blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches; white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins, well out of the mud; walked always with a thick bamboo in his hand; Steady, not slow of step; with his triangular hat, cream-white round wig (in his older days), and face tending to purple,—the eyes looking out mere investigation, sharp swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion:—it was so he walked abroad in this earth; and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it.

For, in fact, he was dangerous; and would ask in an alarming manner, "Who are you?" Any fantastic, much more any suspicious-looking person, might fare the worse. An idle loungee at the street-corner he has been known to hit over the crown; and peremptorily despatch: "Home, Sirrah, and take to some work!" That the Apple-women be encouraged to knit, while waiting for custom;—encouraged and quietly constrained, and at length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrainable,—there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth; very curious to read. [In Rodenbeck, *Beitrage*, p. 15.]

Dandiacal figures, nay people looking like Frenchmen, idle flaunting women even,—better for them to be going. "Who are you?" and if you lied or prevaricated ("*Er blicke mich gerade an*, Look me in the face, then!"), or even stumbled, hesitated, and gave suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you. A soft answer is less effectual than a prompt clear one, to turn away wrath. "A *Candidatus Theologiae*, your Majesty," answered a handfast threadbare youth one day, when questioned in this manner.—"Where from?" "Berlin, your Majesty."—"Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two."—"Two? which then?" "Your Majesty and myself!"—Majesty burst into a laugh: the *Candidatus* was got examined by the Consistoriums, and Authorities proper in that matter, and put into a chaplaincy.

This King did not love the French, or their fashions, at all. We said he dismissed the big Peruke,—put it on for the last time at his Father's funeral, so far did filial piety go; and then packed it aside, dismissing it, nay banishing and proscribing it, never to appear more. The Peruke, and, as it were, all that the Peruke symbolized. For this was a King come into the world with quite other aims than that of wearing big perukes, and, regardless of expense, playing burst-frog to the ox of Versailles, which latter is itself perhaps a rather useless animal. Of Friedrich Wilhelm's taxes upon wigs; of the old "Wig-inspectors," and the feats they did, plucking off men's periwigs on the street, to see if the government-stamp were there, and to discourage wiggery, at least all but the simple scratch or useful Welsh-wig, among mankind: of these, and of other similar things, I could speak; but do not. This little incident, which occurred once in the review-ground on the outskirts of Berlin, will suffice to mark his temper in that respect. It was in the spring of 1719; our little Fritz then six years old, who of course heard much temporary confused commentary, direct and oblique, triumphant male laughter, and perhaps rebellious female sighs, on occasion of such a feat.

Count Rothenburg, Prussian by birth, [Buchholz, *Neueste Preuwssisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, i. 28.] an accomplished and able person in the diplomatic and other lines of business, but much used to Paris and its ways, had appeared lately in Berlin, as French envoy,—and, not unnaturally, in high French costume; cocked-hat, peruke, laced coat, and the other trimmings. He, and a group of dashing followers and adherents, were accustomed to go about in that guise; very capable of proving infectious to mankind. What is to be done with them? thinks the anxious Father of his People. They were to appear at the ensuing grand Review, as Friedrich Wilhelm understood. Whereupon Friedrich Wilhelm took his measures in private. Dressed up, namely, his Scavenger-Executioner people (what they call *PROFOSSEN* in Prussian regiments) in an enormous exaggeration of that costume; cocked-hats about an ell in diameter, wigs reaching to the houghs, with other fittings to match: these, when Count Rothenburg and his company appeared upon the ground, Friedrich Wilhelm summoned out, with some trumpet-peal or burst of field-music; and they solemnly crossed Count Rothenburg's field of vision; the strangest set of, Phantasms he had seen lately. Awakening salutary reflections in him. [Forster, i. 165; Faasmann, *Leben und Thaten des allerdurchlauchtigsten gc. Konigs von Preussen Frederici Wilhelmi*

(Hamburg und Breslau, 1735), pp. 223, 319.] Fancy that scene in History; Friedrich Wilhelm for comic-symbolic Dramaturgist. Gods and men (or at least Houyhnhnm horses) might have saluted it; with a Homeric laugh,—so huge and vacant is it, with a suspicion of real humor too:—but the men were not permitted, on parade, more than a silent grin, or general irrepressible rustling murmur; and only the gods laughed inextinguishably, if so disposed. The Scavenger-Executioners went back to their place; and Count Rothenburg took a plain German costume, so long as he continued in those parts.

Friedrich Wilhelm has a dumb rough wit and mockery, of that kind, on many occasions; not without geniality in its Brobdignag exaggeration and simplicity. Like a wild bear of the woods taking his sport; with some sense of humor in the rough skin of him. Very capable of seeing through sumptuous costumes; and respectful of realities alone. Not in French sumptuousness, but in native German thrift, does this King see his salvation; so as Nature constructed him: and the world which has long lost its Spartans, will see again an original North-German Spartan; and shriek a good deal over him; Nature keeping her own counsel the while, and as it were, laughing in her sleeve at the shrieks of the flunky world. For Nature, when she makes a Spartan, means a good deal by it; and does not expect instant applauses, but only gradual and lasting.

"For my own part," exclaims a certain Editor once, "I perceive well there was never yet any great Empire founded, Roman, English, down to Prussian or Dutch, nor in fact any great mass of work got achieved under the Sun, but it was founded even upon this humble-looking quality of Thrift, and became achievable in virtue of the same. Which will seem a strange doctrine, in these days of gold-nuggets, railway-fortunes, and miraculous, sumptuosities regardless of expense. Earnest readers are invited to consider it, nevertheless. Though new; it is very old; and a sad meaning lies in it to us of these times! That you have squandered in idle fooleries, building where there was no basis, your Hundred Thousand Sterling, your Eight Hundred Million Sterling, is to me a comparatively small matter. You may still again become rich, if you have at last become wise. But if you have wasted your capacity of strenuous, devoutly valiant labor, of patience, perseverance, self-denial, faith in the causes of effects; alas, if your once just judgment of what is worth something and what is worth nothing, has been wasted, and your silent steadfast reliance on the general veracities, of yourself and of things, is no longer there,—then indeed you have had a loss! You are, in fact, an entirely bankrupt individual; as you will find by and by. Yes; and though you had California in fee-simple; and could buy all the upholsteries, groceries, funded-properties, temporary (very temporary) landed properties of the world, at one swoop, it would avail you nothing. Henceforth for you no harvests in the Seedfield of this Universe, which reserves its salutary bounties, and noble heaven-sent gifts, for quite other than you; and I would not give a pin's value for all YOU will ever reap there. Mere imaginary harvests, sacks of nuggets and the like; empty as the east-wind;— with all the Demons laughing at you! Do you consider that Nature too is a swollen flunky, hungry for veils; and can be taken in with your sublime airs of sumptuousness, and the large balance you actually have in Lombard Street? Go to the—General Cesspool, with your nuggets and your ducats!"

The flunky world, much stripped of its plush and fat perquisites, accuses Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly of avarice and the cognate vices. But it is not so; intrinsically, in the main, his procedure is to be defined as honorable thrift,—verging towards avarice here and there; as poor human virtues usually lean to one side or the other! He can be magnificent enough too, and grudges no expense, when the occasion seems worthy. If the occasion is inevitable, and yet not quite worthy, I have known him have recourse to strange shifts. The Czar Peter, for example, used to be rather often in the Prussian Dominions, oftenest on business of his own: such a man is to be royally defrayed while with us; yet one would wish it done cheap. Posthorses, "two hundred and eighty-seven at every station," he has from the Community; but the rest of his expenses, from Memel all the way to Wesel? Friedrich Wilhelm's marginal response to his FINANZ-DIRECTORIUM, requiring orders once on that subject, runs in the following strange tenor: "Yes, all the way (except Berlin, which I take upon myself); and observe, you contrive to do it for 6,000 thalers (900 pounds),"—which is uncommonly cheap, about 1 pound per mile;— won't allow you one other penny (*nit einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but you are (*sollen Sie*)," this is the remarkable point, "to give out in the world that it costs me from Thirty to Forty Thousand!" [1717: Forster, i. 213.] So that here is the Majesty of Prussia, who beyond all men abhors lies, giving orders to tell one? Alas, yes; a kind of lie, or fib (white fib, or even GRAY), the pinch of Thrift compelling! But what a window into the artless inner-man of his Majesty, even that GRAY fib;—not done by oneself, but ordered to be done by the servant, as if that were cheaper!

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"Verging upon avarice," sure enough: but, unless we are unjust and unkind, he can by no means be described as a MISER King. He collects what is his; gives you accurately what is yours. For wages paid he will see work done; he will ascertain more and more that the work done be work needful for him; and strike it off, if not. A Spartan man, as we said,—though probably he knew as little of the Spartans as the Spartans did of him. But Nature is still capable of such products: if in Hellas long ages since, why not in Brandenburg now?

Chapter V. FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S ONE WAR.

One of Fritz's earliest strong impressions from the outer world chanced to be of War,—so it chanced, though he had shown too little taste that way, and could not, as yet, understand such phenomena;—and there must have been much semi-articulate questioning and dialoguing with Dame de Roucoules, on his part, about the matter now going on.

In the year 1715, little Fritz's third year, came grand doings, not of drill only, but of actual war and fighting: the "Stralsund Expedition," Friedrich Wilhelm's one feat in that kind. Huge rumor of which fills naturally the maternal heart, the Berlin Palace drawing-rooms; and occupies, with new vivid interests, all imaginations young and old. For the actual battledrums are now beating, the big cannon-wains are creaking under way; and military men take farewell, and march, tramp, tramp; Majesty in grenadier-guard uniform at their head: horse, foot and artillery; northward to Stralsund on the Baltic shore, where a terrible human Lion has taken up his lair lately. Charles XII. of Sweden, namely; he has broken out of Turkish Bender or Demotica, and ended his obstinate torpor, at last; has ridden fourteen or sixteen days, he and a groom or two, through desolate steppes and mountain wildernesses, through crowded dangerous cities;—"came by Vienna and by Cassel, then through Pommern;" leaving his "royal train of two thousand persons" to follow at its leisure. He, for his part, has ridden without pause, forward, ever forward, in darkest incognito, the indefatigable man;—and finally, on Old-Hallowmas Eve (22d–11th November, 1714), far in the night, a Horseman, with two others still following him, travel-splashed, and "white with snow," drew bridle at the gate of Stralsund; and, to the surprise of the Swedish sentinel there, demanded instant admission to the Governor. The Governor, at first a little surly of humor, saw gradually how it was; sprang out of bed, and embraced the knees of the snowy man; Stralsund in general sprang out of bed, and illuminated itself, that same Hallow-Eve:—and in brief, Charles XII., after five years of eclipse, has reappeared upon the stage of things; and menaces the world, in his old fashion, from that City. From which it becomes urgent to many parties, and at last to Friedrich Wilhelm himself, that he be dislodged.

The root of this Stralsund story belongs to the former reign, as did the grand apparition of Charles XII. on the theatre of European History, and the terror and astonishment he created there. He is now thirty-three years old; and only the winding up, both of him and of the Stralsund story, falls within our present field. Fifteen years ago, it was like the bursting of a cataract of bomb-shells in a dull ball-room, the sudden appearance of this young fighting Swede among the luxurious Kings and Kinglets of the North, all lounging about and languidly minuetting in that manner, regardless of expense! Friedrich IV. of Denmark rejoicing over red wine; August the Strong gradually producing his "three hundred and fifty-four bastards;" [*Memoires de Bareith* (Wilhelmina's Book, Londres, 1812), i. 111.] these and other neighbors had confidently stepped in, on various pretexts; thinking to help themselves from the young man's properties, who was still a minor; when the young minor suddenly developed himself as a major and maximus, and turned out to be such a Fire-King among them!

In consequence of which there had been no end of Northern troubles; and all through the Louis-Fourteenth or Marlborough grand "Succession War," a special "Northern War" had burnt or smouldered on its own score; Swedes VERSUS Saxons, Russians and Danes, bickering in weary intricate contest, and keeping those Northern regions in smoke if not on fire. Charles XII., for the last five years (ever since Pultawa, and the summer of 1709), had lain obstinately dormant in Turkey; urging the Turks to destroy Czar Peter. Which they absolutely could not, though they now and then tried; and Viziers not a few lost their heads in consequence. Charles lay sullenly dormant; Danes meanwhile operating upon his Holstein interests and adjoining territories; Saxons, Russians, battering continually at Swedish Pommern, continually marching thither, and then marching home again, without success,—always through the Brandenburg Territory, as they needs must. Which latter circumstance Friedrich Wilhelm, while yet only Crown-Prince, had seen with natural displeasure, could that have helped it. But Charles XII. would not yield a whit; sent orders preemptorily, from his bed at Bender or Demotica, that there must be no surrender. Neither could the sluggish enemy compel surrender.

So that, at length, it had grown a feeble wearisome welter of inextricable strifes, with worn-out combatants, exhausted of all but their animosity; and seemed as if it would never end. Inveterate ineffective war; ruinous to all good interests in those parts. What miseries had Holstein from it, which last to our own day! Mecklenburg also it

involved in sore troubles, which lasted long enough, as we shall see. But Brandenburg, above all, may be impatient; Brandenburg, which has no business with it except that of unlucky neighborhood. One of Friedrich Wilhelm's very first operations, as King, was to end this ugly state of matters, which he had witnessed with impatience, as Prince, for a long while.

He had hailed even the Treaty of Utrecht with welcome, in hopes it might at least end these Northern brabbles. This the Treaty of Utrecht tried to do, but could not: however, it gave him back his Prussian Fighting Men; which he has already increased by six regiments, raised, we may perceive, on the ruins of his late court-flunkies and dismissed goldsticks;—with these Friedrich Wilhelm will try to end it himself. These he at once ordered to form a Camp on his frontier, close to that theatre of contest; and signified now with emphasis, in the beginning of 1713, that he decidedly wished there were peace in those Pommern regions. Negotiations in consequence; [10th June, 1713: Buchholz, i. 21.] very wide negotiations, Louis XIV. and the Kaiser lending hand, to pacify these fighting Northern Kings and their Czar: at length the Holstein Government, representing their sworn ally, Charles XII., on the occasion, made an offer which seemed promising. They proposed that, Stettin and its dependencies, the strong frontier Town, and, as it were, key of Swedish Pommern, should be evacuated by the Swedes, and be garrisoned by neutral troops, Prussians and Holsteiners in equal number; which neutral troops shall prohibit any hostile attack of Pommern from without, Sweden engaging not to make any attack through Pommern from within. That will be as good as peace in Pommern, till we get a general Swedish Peace. With which Friedrich Wilhelm gladly complies. [22d June, 1713: Buchholz, i. 21.]

Unhappily, however, the Swedish Commandant in Stettin would not give up the place, on any representative or secondary authority; not without an express order in his King's own hand. Which, as his King was far away, in abstruse Turkish circumstances and localities, could not be had at the moment; and involved new difficulties and uncertainties, new delay which might itself be fatal. The end was, the Russians and Saxons had to cannonade the man out by regular siege: they then gave up the Town to Prussia and Holstein; but required first to be paid their expenses incurred in sieging it,—400,000 thalers, as they computed and demonstrated, or some where about 60,000 pounds of our money.

Friedrich Wilhelm paid the money (Holstein not having a groschen); took possession of the Town, and dependent towns and forts; intending well to keep them till repaid. This was in October, 1713; and ever since, there has been actual tranquillity in those parts: the embers of the Northern War may still burn or smoulder elsewhere, but here they are quite extinct. At first, it was a joint possession of Stettin, Holsteiners and Prussians in equal number; and if Friedrich Wilhelm had been sure of his money, so it would have continued. But the Holsteiners had paid nothing; Charles XII's sanction never could be expressly got, and the Holsteiners were mere dependents of his. Better to increase our Prussian force, by degrees; and, in some good way, with a minimum of violence, get the Holsteiners squeezed out of Stettin: Friedrich Wilhelm has so ordered and contrived. The Prussian force having now gradually increased to double in this important garrison, the Holsteiners are quietly disarmed, one night, and ordered to depart, under penalties;—which was done. Holding such a pawn-ticket as Stettin, buttoned in our own pocket, we count now on being paid our 60,000 pounds before parting with it.

Matters turned out as Friedrich Wilhelm had dreaded they might. Here is Charles XII. come back; inflexible as cold Swedish iron; will not hear of any Treaty dealing with his properties in that manner: Is he a bankrupt, then, that you will sell his towns by auction? Charles does not, at heart, believe that Friedrich Wilhelm ever really paid the 60,000 pounds Charles demands, for his own part, to have, his own Swedish Town of Stettin restored to him; and has not the least intention, or indeed ability, to pay money. Vain to answer: "Stettin, for the present, is not a Swedish Town; it is a Prussian Pawn-ticket!"—There was much negotiation, correspondence; Louis XIV. and the Kaiser stepping in again to produce settlement. To no purpose. Louis, gallant old Bankrupt, tried hard to take Charles's part with effect. But he had, himself, no money now; could only try finessing by ambassadors, try a little menacing by them; neither of which profited. Friedrich Wilhelm, wanting only peace on his borders, after fifteen years of extraneous uproar there, has paid 60,000 pounds in hard cash to have it: repay him that sum, with promise of peace on his borders, he will then quit Stettin; till then not. Big words from a French Ambassador in big wig, will not suffice: "Bullying goes for nothing (*Bange machen gilt nicht*),"—the thing covenanted for will need to be done! Poor Louis the Great, whom we now call "BANKRUPT-Great," died while these affairs were pending; while Charles, his ally, was arguing and battling against all the world, with only a grandiloquent Ambassador to help him from Louis. "*J'ai trop aime la guerre,*" said Louis at his death, addressing a new small

Louis (five years old), his great-grandson and successor: "I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, *ne m'imitiez pas en cela.*" [1st September, 1715.] Which counsel also, as we shall see, was considerably lost in air.

Friedrich Wilhelm had a true personal regard for Charles XII., a man made in many respects after his own heart; and would fain have persuaded him into softer behavior. But it was to no purpose. Charles would not listen to reasons of policy; or believe that his estate was bankrupt, or that his towns could be put in pawn. Danes, Saxons, Russians, even George I. of England (George—having just bought, of the Danish King, who had got hold of it, a great Hanover bargain, Bremen and Verden, on cheap terms, from the quasi-bankrupt estate of poor Charles),—have to combine against him, and see to put him down. Among whom Prussia, at length actually attacked by Charles in the Stettin regions, has reluctantly to take the lead in that repressive movement. On the 28th of April, 1715, Friedrich Wilhelm declares war against Charles; is already on march, with a great force, towards Stettin, to coerce and repress said Charles. No help for it, so sore as it goes against us: "Why will the very King whom I most respect compel me to be his enemy?" said Friedrich Wilhelm. [*OEuvres de Frederic (Histoire de Brandebourg)*, i. 132; Buchholz, i. 28.]

One of Friedrich Wilhelm's originalities is his farewell Order and Instruction, to his three chief Ministers, on this occasion. Ilgen, Dohna, Prinzen, tacit dusky figures, whom we meet in Prussian Books, and never gain the least idea of, except as of grim, rather cunning, most reserved antiquarian gentlemen,—a kind of human iron-safes, solemnly filled (under triple and quadruple patent-locks) with what, alas, has now all grown waste—paper, dust and cobweb, to us:—these three reserved cunning Gentlemen are to keep a thrice-watchful eye on all subordinate boards and persons, and see well that nobody nod or do amiss. Brief weekly report to his Majesty will be expected; staffettes, should cases of hot haste occur: any questions of yours are "to be put on a sheet of paper folded down, to which I can write marginalia:" if nothing particular is passing, "NIT SCHREIBEN, you don't write." Pay out no money, except what falls due by the Books; none;—if an extraordinary case for payment arise, consult my Wife, and she must sign her order for it. Generally in matters of any moment, consult my Wife; but her only, "except her and the Privy Councillors, no mortal is to poke into my affairs:" I say no mortal, "SONST KEIN MENSCH."

"My Wife shall be told of all things," he says elsewhere, "and counsel asked of her." The rugged Paterfamilias, but the human one! "And as I am a man," continues he, "and may be shot dead, I command you and all to take care of Fritz (FUR FRITZ ZU SORGEN), as God shall reward you. And I give you all, Wife to begin with, my curse (MEINEN PLUCH), that God may punish you in Time and Eternity, if you do not, after my death,"—do what, O Heavens?—bury me in the vault of the Schlosskirche," Palace-Church at Berlin! "And you shall make no grand to-do (KEIN FESTIN) on the occasion. On your body and life, no festivals and ceremonials, except that the regiments one after the other fire a volley over me." Is not this an ursine man-of-genius, in some sort, as we once defined him? He adds suddenly, and concludes: "I am assured you will manage everything with all the exactness in the world; for which I shall ever zealously, as long as I live, be your friend." [26th April, 1715: Cosmars und Klaproths *Staatsrath*, s. 223 (in Stenzel, iii. 269). Russians, Saxons affected to intend joining Friedrich Wilhelm in his Pommern Expedition; and of the latter there did, under a so-called Field-Marshal von Wackerbarth, of high plumes and titles, some four thousand—of whom only Colonel von Seckendorf, commanding one of the horse-regiments, is remarkable to us—come and serve. The rest, and all the Russians, he was as well pleased to have at a distance. Some sixteen thousand Danes joined him, too, with the King of Denmark at their head; very furious, all, against the Swedish-iron Hero; but they were remarked to do almost no real service, except at sea a little against the Swedish ships. George I. also had a fleet in the Baltic; but only "to protect English commerce." On the whole, the Siege of Stralsund, to which the Campaign pretty soon reduced itself, was done mainly by Friedrich Wilhelm. He stayed two months in Stettin, getting all his preliminaries completed; his good Queen, Wife "Feekin," was with him for some time, I know not whether now or afterwards. In the end of June, he issued from Stettin; took the interjacent outpost places; and then opened ground before Stralsund, where, in a few days more, the Danes joined him. It was now the middle of July: a combined Army of well-nigh forty thousand against Charles; who, to man his works, musters about the fourth part of that number. [Pauli, viii. 85–101; Buchholz, i. 31–39; Forster, ii. 34–39; Stenzel, iii. 272–218.]

Stralsund, with its outer lines and inner, with its marshes, ditches, ramparts and abundant cannon to them, and leaning, one side of it, on the deep sea, which Swedish ships command as yet, is very strong. Wallenstein, we know, once tried it with furious assault, with bombardment, sap and storm; swore he would have it, "though it

hung by a chain from Heaven;" but could not get it, after all his volcanic raging; and was driven away, partly by the Swedes and armed Townsfolk, chiefly by the marsh-fevers and continuous rains. Stralsund has been taken, since that, by Prussian sieging; as old men, from the Great Elector's time, still remember. [10th–15th October, 1678 (Pauli, v. 203, 205).] To Louis Fourteenth's menacing Ambassador, Friedrich Wilhelm seems to intimate that indeed big bullying words will not take it, but that Prussian guns and men, on a just ground, still may.

The details of this Siege of Stralsund are all on record, and had once a certain fame in the world; but, except as a distant echo, must not concern us here. It lasted till midwinter, under continual fierce counter-movements and desperate sallies from the Swedish Lion, standing at bay there against all the world. But Friedrich Wilhelm was vigilance itself; and he had his Anhalt–Dessaus with him, his Borcks, Buddenbrocks, Finkensteins, veteran men and captains, who had learned their art under Marlborough and Eugene. The Lion King's fierce sallies, and desperate valor, could not avail. Point after point was lost for him. Koppen, a Prussian Lieutenant–Colonel, native to the place, who has bathed in those waters in his youth, remembers that, by wading to the chin, you could get round the extremity of Charles's main outer line. Koppen states his project, gets it approved of;— wades accordingly, with a select party, under cloud of night (4th of November, eve of Gunpowder–day, a most cold–hot job); other ranked Prussian battalions awaiting intently outside, with shouldered firelock, invisible in the dark; what will become of him. Koppen wades successfully; seizes the first battery of said line,—masters said line with its batteries, the outside battalions and he. Irrepressibly, with horrible uproar from without and from within; the flying Swedes scarcely getting up the Town drawbridge, as he chased them. That important line is lost to Charles.

Next they took the Isle of Rugen from him, which shuts up the harbor. Leopold of Anhalt–Dessau, our rugged friend, in Danish boats, which were but ill navigated, contrives, about a week after that Koppen feat, to effect a landing—on Rugen at nightfall; beats off the weak Swedish party;—entrenches, palisades himself to the teeth, and lies down under arms. That latter was a wise precaution. For, about four in the morning, Charles comes in person, with eight pieces of cannon and four thousand horse and foot: Charles is struck with amazement at the palisade and ditch ("MEIN GOTT, who would have expected this!" he was heard murmuring); dashes, like a fire–flood, against ditch and palisade; tears at the pales himself, which prove impregnable to his cannon and him. He storms and rages forward, again and again, now here, now there; but is met everywhere by steady deadly musketry; and has to retire, fruitless, about daybreak, himself wounded, and leaving his eight cannons, and four hundred slain.

Poor Charles, there had been no sleep for him that night, and little for very many nights: "on getting to horse, on the shore at Stralsund, he fainted repeatedly; fell out of one faint into another; but such was his rage, he always recovered himself, and got on horseback again." [Buchholz, i. 36.] Poor Charles: a bit of right royal Swedish–German stuff, after his kind; and tragically ill bested now at last! This is his exit he is now making,—still in a consistent manner. It is fifteen years now since he waded ashore at Copenhagen, and first heard the bullets whistle round him. Since which time, what a course has he run; crashing athwart all manner of ranked armies, diplomatic combinations, right onward, like a cannon–ball; tearing off many solemn wigs in those Northern parts, and scattering them upon the winds,—even as he did his own full–bottom wig, impatiently, on that first day at Copenhagen, tiding it unfurtherable for actual business in battle. [Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen*, xiv. 213.]

In about a month hence, the last important hornwork is forced; Charles, himself seen fiercely fighting on the place, is swept back from his last hornwork; and the general storm, now altogether irresistible, is evidently at hand. On entreaty from his followers, entreaty often renewed, with tears even (it is said) and on bended knees, Charles at last consents to go. He left no orders for surrender; would not name the word; "left only ambiguous vague orders." But on the 19th December, 1715, he does actually depart; gets on board a little boat, towards a Swedish frigate, which is lying above a mile out; the whole road to which, between Rugen and the mainland, is now solid ice, and has to be cut as he proceeds. This slow operation, which lasted all day, was visible, and its meaning well known, in the besiegers' lines. The King of Denmark saw it; and brought a battery to bear upon it; his thought had always been, that Charles should be captured or killed in Stralsund, and not allowed to get away. Friedrich Wilhelm was of quite another mind, and had even used secret influences to that effect; eager that Charles should escape. It is said, he remonstrated very passionately with the Danish King and this battery of his; nay, some add, since remonstrances did not avail, and the battery still threatened to fire, Friedrich Wilhelm drew up a Prussian regiment or two at the muzzles of it, and said, You shall shoot us first, then. [Buchholz, p. 138.] Which is a pleasant myth at least; and symbolical of what the reality was.

Charles reached his frigate about nightfall, but made little way from the place, owing to defect of wind. They say, he even heard the chamade beating in Stralsund next day, and that a Danish frigate had nearly taken him; both which statements are perhaps also a little mythical. Certain only that he vanished at this point into Scandinavia; and general Europe never saw him more. Vanished into a cloud of untenable schemes, guided by Alberoni, Baron Gortz and others; wild schemes, financial, diplomatic, warlike, nothing not chimerical in them but his own unquenchable real energy;—and found his death (by assassination, as appears) in the trenches of Frederickshall, among the Norway Hills, one winter night, three years hence. Assassination instigated by the Swedish Official Persons, it is thought. The bullet passed through both his temples; he had clapt his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and was found leant against the parapet, in that attitude, —gone upon a long march now. So vanished Charles Twelfth; the distressed Official Persons and Nobility exploding upon him in that rather damnable way,—anxious to slip their muzzles at any cost whatever. A man of antique character; true as a child, simple, even bashful, and of a strength and valor rarely exampled among men. Open-hearted Antique populations would have much worshipped such an Appearance;—Voltaire, too, for the artificial Moderns, has made a myth of him, of another type; one of those impossible cast-iron gentlemen, heroically mad, such as they show in the Playhouses, pleasant but not profitable, to an undiscerning Public. [See Adlerfeld (*Military History of Charles XII*. London, 1740, 3 vols., "from the Swedish," through the French) and Kohler (*Munzbelustigungen*, ubi supra), for some authentic traits of his life and him.] The last of the Swedish Kings died in this way; and the unmuzzled Official Persons have not made much of kinging it in his stead. Charles died; and, as we may say, took the life of Sweden along with him; for it has never shone among the Nations since, or been much worth mentioning, except for its misfortunes, spasmodic impotences and unwisdoms.

Stralsund instantly beat the chamade, as we heard; and all was surrender and subjection in those regions. Surrender; not yet pacification, not while Charles lived; nor for half a century after his death, could Mecklenburg, Holstein-Gottorp, and other his confederates, escape a sad coil of calamities bequeathed by him to them. Friedrich Wilhelm returned to Berlin, victorious from his first, which was also his last Prussian War, in January, 1716; and was doubtless a happy man, NOT "to be buried in the Schlosskirche (under penalty of God's curse)," but to find his little Fritz and Feekin, and all the world, merry to see him, and all things put square again, abroad as at home. He forbade the "triumphal entry" which Berlin was preparing for him; entered privately; and ordered a thanksgiving sermon in all the churches next Sunday.

THE DEVIL IN HARNESS: CREUTZ THE FINANCE-MINISTER.

In the King's absence nothing particular had occurred,—except indeed the walking of a dreadful Spectre, three nights over, in the corridors of the Palace at Berlin; past the doors where our little Prince and Wilhelmina slept: bringing with it not airs from Heaven, we may fear, but blasts from the Other place! The stalwart sentries shook in their paces, and became "half-dead" from terror. "A horrible noise, one night," says Wilhelmina, "when all were buried in sleep: all the world started up, thinking it was fire; but they were much surprised to find that it was a Spectre." Evident Spectre, seen to pass this way, "and glide along that gallery, as if towards the apartments of the Queen's Ladies." Captain of the Guard could find nothing in that gallery, or anywhere, and withdrew again:—but lo, it returns the way it went! Stalwart sentries were found melted into actual deliquium of swooning, as the Preternatural swept by this second time. "They said, It was the Devil in person; raised by Swedish wizards to kill the Prince-Royal." [Wilhelmina, *Memoires de Bareith*, i. 18.] *Poor Prince-Royal; sleeping sound, we hope; little more than three years old at this time, and knowing nothing of it!—All Berlin talked of the affair. People dreaded it might be a "Spectre" of Swedish tendencies; aiming to burn the Palace, spirit off the Royal Children, and do one knew not what?*

Not that at all, by any means! The Captain of the Guard, reinforcing himself to defiance even of the Preternatural, does, on the third or fourth apparition, clutch the Spectre; finds him to be—a prowling Scullion of the Palace, employed here he will not say how; who is straightway locked in prison, and so exorcised at least. Exorcism is perfect; but Berlin is left guessing as to the rest,—secret of it discoverable only by the Queen's Majesty and some few most interior parties. To the following effect.

Spectre-Scullion, it turns out, had been employed by Grumkow, as spy upon one of the Queen's Maids of Honor,—suspected by him to be a No-maid of Dishonor, and of ill intentions too,—who lodges in that part of the Palace: of whom Herr Grumkow wishes intensely to know, "Has she an intrigue with Creutz the new Finance-Minister, or has she not?" "Has, beyond doubt!" the Spectre-Scullion hopes he has discovered, before

exorcism. Upon which Grumkow, essentially illuminated as to the required particular, manages to get the Spectre–Scullion loose again, not quite hanged; glozing the matter off to his Majesty on his return: for the rest, ruins entirely the Creutz speculation; and has the No–maid called of Honor—–with whom Creutz thought to have seduced the young King also, and made the young King amenable—–dismissed from Court in a peremptory irrefragable manner. This is the secret of the Spectre–Scullion, fully revealed by Wilhelmina many years after.

This one short glance into the Satan's Invisible–World of the Berlin Palace, we could not but afford the reader, when an actual Goblin of it happened to be walking in our neighborhood. Such an Invisible–World of Satan exists in most human Houses, and in all human Palaces;—–with its imps, familiar demons, spies, go–betweens, and industrious bad–angels, continually mounting and descending by THEIR Jacob's–Ladder, or Palace Backstairs: operated upon by Conjurers of the Grumkow–Creutz or other sorts. Tyrannous Mamsell Leti, [Leti, Governess to Wilhelmina, but soon dismissed for insolent cruelty and other bad conduct, was daughter of that Gregorio Leti ("Protestant Italian Refugee," "Historiographer of Amsterdam," who once had a pension in this country; and who wrote History–Books, a Life of Cromwell one of them, so regardless of the difference between true and false.] treacherous Mamsell Ramen, valet–surgeon Eversmann, and plenty more: readers of Wilhelmina's Book are too well acquainted with them. Nor are expert Conjurers wanting; capable to work strange feats with so plastic an element as Friedrich Wilhelm's mind. Let this one short glimpse of such Subterranean World be sufficient indication to the reader's fancy.

*Creutz was not dismissed, as some people had expected he might be. Creutz continues Finance–Minister; makes a great figure in the fashionable Berlin world in these coming years, and is much talked of in the old Books,—–though, as he works mostly underground, and merely does budgets and finance–matters with extreme talent and success, we shall hope to hear almost nothing more of him. Majesty, while Crown–Prince, when he first got his regiment from Papa, had found this Creutz "Auditor" in it; a poor but handsome fellow, with perhaps seven shillings a week to live upon; but with such a talent for arranging, for reckoning and recording, in brief for controlling finance, as more and more charmed the royal mind. [Mauvillon ("Elder Mauvillon," ANONYMOUS), *Histoire de Frederic Guillaume I., par M. de M—–(Amsterdam et Leipzig, 1741), i. 47. A vague flimsy compilation;—–gives abundant "State–Papers" (to such as want them), and echoes of old Newspaper rumor. Very copious on Creutz.]**

One of Majesty's first acts was to appoint him Finance–Minister; [4th May, 1713: Preuss, i. 349. n.] and there he continued steady, not to be overset by little flaws of wind like this of the Spectre–Scullion's raising. It is certain he did, himself, become rich; and helped well to make his Majesty so. We are to fancy him his Majesty's bottle–holder in that battle with the Finance Nightmares and Imbroglios, when so much had to be subjugated, and drilled into step, in that department. Evidently a long–headed cunning fellow, much of the Grumkow type;—–standing very low in Wilhelmina's judgment; and ill–seen, when not avoidable altogether, by the Queen's Majesty. "The man was a poor Country Bailiff's (AMTMANN'S, kind of Tax–manager's) son: from Auditor of a regiment," Papa's own regiment, "he had risen to be Director of Finance, and a Minister of State. His soul was as low as his birth; it was an assemblage of all the vices," [Wilhelmina, i. 16.] says Wilhelmina, in the language of exaggeration.—–Let him stand by his budgets; keep well out of Wilhelmina's and the Queen's way;—–and very especially beware of coming on Grumkow's field again.

Chapter VI. THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

This Siege of Stralsund, the last military scene of Charles XII., and the FIRST ever practically heard of by our little Fritz, who is now getting into his fourth year, and must have thought a great deal about it in his little head,—Papa and even Mamma being absent on it, and such a marching and rumoring going on all round him,—proved to be otherwise of some importance to little Fritz.

Most of his Tutors were picked up by the careful Papa in this Stralsund business. Duhan de Jandun, a young French gentleman, family-tutor to General Count Dohna (a cousin of our Minister Dohna's), but fonder of fighting than of teaching grammar; whom Friedrich Wilhelm found doing soldier's work in the trenches, and liked the ways of; he, as the foundation-stone of tutorage, is to be first mentioned. And then Count Fink von Finkenstein, a distinguished veteran, high in command (of whose qualities as Head-Tutor, or occasional travelling guardian Friedrich Wilhelm had experience in his own young days [*Biographisches Lexikon aaler Helden und Militairpersonen, welche sich in Preussischen Diensten berumht gemacht haben* (4 vols. Berlin, 1788), i. 418, ? Finkenatein.—A praiseworthy, modest, highly correct Book, of its kind; which we shall, in future, call *Militair-Lexikon*, when referring to it.]); and Lieutenant-Colonel Kalkstein, a prisoner-of-war from the Swedish side, whom Friedrich Wilhelm, judging well of him, adopts into his own service with this view: these three come all from Stralsund Siege; and were of vital moment to our little Fritz in the subsequent time. Colonel Seckendorf, again, who had a command in the four thousand Saxons here, and refreshed into intimacy a transient old acquaintance with Friedrich Wilhelm,— is not he too of terrible importance to Fritz and him? As we shall see in time!—

For the rest, here is another little incident. We said it had been a disappointment to Papa that his little Fritz showed almost no appetite for soldiering, but found other sights more interesting to him than the drill-ground. Sympathize, then, with the earnest Papa, as he returns home one afternoon,—date not given, but to all appearance of that year 1715, when there was such war-rumoring, and marching towards Stralsund;—and found the little Fritz, with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about, and assiduously beating a little drum.

The paternal heart ran over with glad fondness, invoking Heaven to confirm the omen. Mother was told of it; the phenomenon was talked of,—beautifullest, hopefulest of little drummers. Painter Pesne, a French Immigrant, or Importee, of the last reign, a man of great skill with his brush, whom History yet thanks on several occasions, was sent for; or he heard of the incident, and volunteered his services. A Portrait of little Fritz drumming, with Wilhelmina looking on; to which, probably for the sake of color and pictorial effect, a Blackamoor, aside with parasol in hand, grinning approbation, has been added,—was sketched, and dexterously worked out in oil, by Painter Pesne. Picture approved by mankind there and then. And it still hangs on the wall, in a perfect state, in Charlottenburg Palace; where the judicious tourist may see it without difficulty, and institute reflections on it.

A really graceful little Picture; and certainly, to Prussian men, not without weight of meaning. Nor perhaps to Picture-Collectors and Cognoscenti generally, of whatever country,—if they could forget, for a moment, the correggiosity of Correggio, and the learned babble of the Sale-room and varnishing Auctioneer; and think, "Why it is, probably, that Pictures exist in this world, and to what end the divine art of Painting was bestowed, by the earnest gods, upon poor mankind?" I could advise it, once, for a little! Flaying of Saint Bartholomew, Rape of Europa, Rape of the Sabines, Piping and Amours of goat-footed Pan, Romulus suckled by the Wolf: all this, and much else of fabulous, distant, unimportant, not to say impossible, ugly and unworthy, shall pass without undue severity of criticism, in a Household of such opulence as ours, where much goes to waste, and where things are not on an earnest footing for this long while past! As Created Objects, or as Phantasms of such, pictorially done, all this shall have much worth, or shall have little. But I say, Here withal is one not phantasmal; of indisputable certainty, home-grown, just commencing business, who carried it far!

Fritz is still, if not in "long-clothes," at least in longish and flowing clothes, of the petticoat sort, which look as of dark-blue velvet, very simple, pretty and appropriate; in a cap of the same; has a short raven's feather in the cap; and looks up, with a face and eyes full of beautiful vivacity and child's enthusiasm, one of the beautifullest little figures, while the little drum responds to his bits of drumsticks. Sister Wilhelmina, taller by some three years, looks on in pretty marching attitude, and with a graver smile. Blackamoor, and accompaniments elegant

enough; and finally the figure of a grenadier, on guard, seen far off through an opening,—make up the background.

We have engravings of this Picture; which are of clumsy poor quality, and misrepresent it much: an excellent Copy in oil, what might be called almost a fac-simile and the perfection of a Copy, is now (1854) in Lord Ashburton's Collection here in England. In the Berlin Galleries,—which are made up, like other Galleries, of goat-footed Pan, Europa's Bull, Romulus's She-Wolf, and the correggiosity of Correggio; and contain, for instance, no Portrait of Frederick the Great; no Likenesses at all, or next to none at all, of the noble series of Human Realities, or of any part of them, who have sprung not from the idle brains of dreaming Dilettanti, but from the Head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic Earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal there:—in those expensive Halls of "High Art" at Berlin, there were, to my experience, few Pictures more agreeable than this of Pesne's. Welcome, like one tiny islet of Reality amid the shoreless sea of Phantasms, to the reflective mind, seriously loving and seeking what is worthy and memorable, seriously hating and avoiding what is the reverse, and intent not to play the dilettante in this world.

The same Pesne, an excellent Artist, has painted Friedrich as Prince-Royal: a beautiful young man with MOIST-looking enthusiastic eyes of extraordinary brilliancy, smooth oval face; considerably resembling his Mother. After which period, authentic Pictures of Friedrich are sought for to little purpose. For it seems he never sat to any Painter, in his reigning days; and the Prussian Chodowiecki, [Pronounce KODOV-YETSKI;—and endeavor to make some acquaintance with this "Prussian Hogarth," who has real worth and originality.] Saxon Graff, English Cunningham had to pick up his physiognomy from the distance, intermittently, as they could. Nor is Rauch's grand equestrian Sculpture a thing to be believed, or perhaps pretending much to be so. The commonly received Portrait of Friedrich, which all German limners can draw at once,—the cocked-hat, big eyes and alert air, reminding you of some uncommonly brisk Invalid Drill-sergeant or Greenwich Pensioner, as much as of a Royai Hero,—is nothing but a general extract and average of all the faces of Friedrich, such as has been tacitly agreed upon; and is definable as a received pictorial-myth, by no means as a fact, or credible resemblance of life.

But enough now of Pictures. This of the Little Drummer, the painting and the thing painted which remain to us, may be taken as Friedrich's first appearance on the stage of the world; and welcomed accordingly. It is one of the very few visualities or definite certainties we can lay hold of, in those young years of his, and bring conclusively home to our imagination, out of the

waste Prussian dust-clouds of uninstrucive garrulity which pretend to record them for us. Whether it came into existence as a shadowy emanation from the Stralsund Expedition, can only be matter of conjecture. To judge by size, these figures must have been painted about the year 1715; Fritz some three or four years old, his sister Wilhelmina seven.

It remains only to be intimated, that Friedrich Wilhelm, for his part, had got all he claimed from this Expedition: namely, Stettin with the dependent Towns, and quietness in Pommern. Stettin was, from of old, the capital of his own part of Pommern; thrown in along with the other parts of Pommern, and given to Sweden (from sheer necessity, it was avowed), at the Peace of Westphalia, sixty years ago or more:—and now, by good chance, it has come back. Wait another hundred years, and perhaps Swedish Pommern altogether will come back! But from all this Friedrich Wilhelm is still far. Stettin and quiet are all he dreams of demanding there.

Stralsund he did not reckon his; left it with the Danes, to hold in pawn till some general Treaty. Nor was there farther outbreak of war in those regions; though actual Treaty of Peace did not come till 1720, and make matters sure. It was the new Queen of Sweden, Ulrique Eleonora (Charles's younger Sister, wedded to the young Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel),—much aided by an English Envoy,—who made this Peace with Friedrich Wilhelm. A young English Envoy, called Lord Carteret, was very helpful in this matter; one of his first feats in the diplomatic world. For which Peace, [Stockholm, 21st January, 1720: in Mauvillon (i. 380-417) the Document itself at large.] Friedrich Wilhelm was so thankful, good pacific armed-man, that happening to have a Daughter born to him just about that time, he gave the little creature her Swedish Majesty's name; a new "Ulrique," who grew to proper stature, and became notable in Sweden, herself, by and by. [Louisa Ulrique, born 24th July, 1720; Queen of Sweden in time coming.]

Chapter VII. TRANSIT OF CZAR PETER.

In the Autumn of 1717, Peter the Great, coming home from his celebrated French journey, paid Friedrich Wilhelm a visit; and passed four days at Berlin. Of which let us give one glimpse, if we can with brevity.

Friedrich Wilhelm and the Czar, like in several points, though so dissimilar in others, had always a certain regard for one another; and at this time, they had been brought into closer intercourse by their common peril from Charles XII., ever since that Stralsund business. The peril was real, especially with a Gortz and Alberoni putting hand to it; and the alarm, the rumor, and uncertainty were great in those years. The wounded Lion driven indignant into his lair, with Plotting Artists now operating upon the rage of the noble animal: who knows what spring he will next take? George I. had a fleet cruising in the Baltic Sounds, and again a fleet;— paying, in that oblique way, for Bremen and Verden; which were got, otherwise, such a bargain to his Hanover. Czar Peter had marched an Army into Denmark; united Russians and Danes count fifty thousand there; for a conjunct invasion, and probable destruction, of Sweden: but that came to nothing; Charles looking across upon it too dangerously, "visible in clear weather over from the Danish side." [1716: Fassmann, p. 171.] So Peter's troops have gone home again; Denmark too glad to get them away. Perhaps they would have stayed in Denmark altogether; much liking the green pastures and convenient situation,—had not Admiral Norris with his cannon been there! Perhaps? And the Pretender is coming again, they say? And who knows what is coming?—How Gortz, in about a year hence was laid hold of, and let go, and then ultimately tried and beheaded (once his lion Master was disposed of); [19th March, 1719: see Kohler (*Munzbelustigungen*, vi. 233–240, xvii. 297–304) for many curious details of Gortz and his end.] how, Ambassador Cellamare, and the Spanish part of the Plot, having been discovered in Paris, Cardinal Alberoni at Madrid was discovered, and the whole mystery laid bare; all that mad business, of bringing the Pretender into England, throwing out George I., throwing out the Regent d'Orleans, and much more,—is now sunk silent enough, not worthy of reawakening; but it was then a most loud matter; filling the European Courts, and especially that of Berlin, with rumors and apprehensions. No wonder Friedrich Wilhelm was grateful for that Swedish Peace of his, and named his little daughter "Ulrique" in honor of it. Tumultuous cloud—world of Lapland Witchcraft had ceased hereby, and daylight had begun: old women (or old Cardinals) riding through the sky, on broomsticks, to meet Satan, where now are they? The fact still dimly perceptible is, Europe, thanks to that pair of Black—Artists, Gortz and Alberoni, not to mention Law the Finance—Wizard and his French incantations, had been kept generally, for these three or four years past, in the state of a Haunted House; riotous Goblins, of unknown dire intent, walking now in this apartment of it, now in that; no rest anywhere for the perturbed inhabitants.

As to Friedrich Wilhelm, his plan in 1717, as all along, in this bewitched state of matters, was: To fortify his Frontier Towns; Memel, Wesel, to the right and left, especially to fortify Stettin, his new acquisition;—and to put his Army, and his Treasury (or Army—CHEST), more and more in order. In that way we shall better meet whatever goblins there may be, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Count Lottum, hero of the Prussians at Malplaquet, is doing his scientific uttermost in Stettin and those Frontier Towns. For the rest, his Majesty, invited by the Czar and France, has been found willing to make paction with them, as he is with all pacific neighbors. In fact, the Czar and he had their private Conference, at Havelberg, last year,—Havelberg, some sixty miles from Berlin, on the road towards Denmark, as Peter was passing that way;—ample Conference of. five days; [23d–28th November, 1716: Fassmann, p. 172.]—privately agreeing there, about many points conducive to tranquillity. And it was on that same errand, though ostensibly to look after Art and the higher forms of Civilization so called, that Peter had been to France on this celebrated occasion of 1717. We know he saw much Art withal; saw Marly, Trianon and the grandeurs and politenesses;—saw, among other things, "a Medal of himself fall accidentally at his feet;" polite Medal "just getting struck in the Mint, with a rising sun on it; and the motto, VIRE ACQUIRIT EUNDO." [Voltaire, *OEuvres Completes (Histoire du Czar Pierre)*, xxxi. 336.—Kohler in *Munzbelustigungen*, xvii. 386–392 (*this very MEDAL the subject*), gives authentic account, day by day, of the Czar's visit there.] Ostensibly it was to see *CETTE BELLE FRANCE*; but privately withal the Czar wished to make his bargain, with the Regent d'Orleans, as to these goblins walking in the Northern and Southern parts, and what was to be done with them. And the result has been, the Czar, Friedrich Wilhelm and the said Regent have just concluded an Agreement; [4th

August, 1717; Buchholz, i. 43.] undertaking in general, that the goblins shall be well watched; that they Three will stand by one another in watching them. And now the Czar will visit Berlin in passing homewards again. That is the position of affairs, when he pays this visit. Peter had been in Berlin more than once before; but almost always in a succinct rapid condition; never with his "Court" about him till now. This is his last, and by far his greatest, appearance in Berlin.

Such a transit, of the Barbaric semi-fabulous Sovereignities, could not but be wonderful to everybody there. It evidently struck Wilhelmina's fancy, now in her ninth year, very much. What her little Brother did in it, or thought of it, I nowhere find hinted; conclude only that it would remain in his head too, visible occasionally to the end of his life. Wilhelmina's Narrative, very loose, dateless or misdated, plainly wrong in various particulars, has still its value for us: human eyes, even a child's, are worth something, in comparison to human want-of-eyes, which is too frequent in History-books and elsewhere!—Czar Peter is now forty-five, his Czarina Catherine about thirty-one. It was in 1698 that he first passed this way, going towards Saardam and practical Ship-building: within which twenty years what a spell of work done! Victory of Pultawa is eight years behind him; [27th June, 1709.] victories in many kinds are behind him: by this time he is to be reckoned a triumphant Czar; and is certainly the strangest mixture of heroic virtue and brutish Samoeidic savagery the world at any time had.

It was Sunday, 19th September, 1717, when the Czar arrived in Berlin. Being already sated with scenic parades, he had begged to be spared all ceremony; begged to be lodged in Monbijou, the Queen's little Garden-Palace with river and trees round it, where he hoped to be quietest. Monbijou has been set apart accordingly; the Queen, not in the benignant humor, sweeping all her crystals and brittle things away; knowing the manners of the Muscovites. Nor in the way of ceremony was there much: King and Queen drove out to meet him; rampart-guns gave three big salvos, as the Czarish Majesty stepped forth. "I am glad to see you, my Brother Friedrich," said Peter, in German, his only intelligible language; shaking hands with the Brother Majesty, in a cordial human manner. The Queen he, still more cordially, "would have kissed;" but this she evaded, in some graceful effective way. As to the Czarina,—who, for OBSTETRIC and other reasons, of no moment to us, had stayed in Wesel all the time he was in France,—she followed him now at two days' distance; not along with him, as Wilhelmina has it. Wilhelmina says, she kissed the Queen's hand, and again and again kissed it; begged to present her Ladies,—"about four hundred so-called Ladies, who were of her Suite."—Surely not so many as four hundred, you too witty Princess? "Mere German serving-maids for the most part," says the witty Princess; "Ladies when there is occasion, then acting aa chambermaids, cooks, washerwomen, when that is over."

Queen Sophie was averse to salute these creatures; but the Czarina Catherine making reprisals upon our Margravines, and the King looking painfully earnest in it, she prevailed upon herself. Was there ever seen such a travelling tagraggery of a Sovereign Court before? "Several of these creatures [PRESQUE TOUTES, says the exaggerative Princess] had, in their arms, a baby in rich dress; and if you asked, 'Is that yours, then?' they answered, making salaams in Russian style, 'The Czar did me the honor (m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant)!'"—

Which statement, if we deduct the due 25 per cent, is probably not mythic, after all. A day or two ago, the Czar had been at Magdeburg, on his way hither, intent upon inspecting matters there; and the Official Gentlemen,—President Cocceji (afterwards a very celebrated man) at the head of them,—waited on the Czar, to do what was needful. On entering, with the proper Address or complimentary Harangue, they found his Czarish Majesty "standing between two Russian Ladies," clearly Ladies of the above sort; for they stood close by him, one of his arms was round the neck of each, and his hands amused themselves by taking liberties in that posture, all the time Cocceji spoke. Nay, even this was as nothing among the Magdeburg phenomena. Next day, for instance, there appeared in the audience-chamber a certain Serene high-pacing Duke of Mecklenburg, with his Duchess;—thrice-unfortunate Duke, of whom we shall too often hear again; who, after some adventures, under Charles XII. first of all, and then under the enemies of Charles, had, about a year ago, after divorcing his first Wife, married a Niece of Peter's:—Duke and Duchess arrive now, by order or gracious invitation of their Sovereign Uncle, to accompany him in those parts; and are announced to an eager Czar, giving audience to his select Magdeburg public. At sight of which most desirable Duchess and Brother's Daughter, how Peter started up, satyr-like, clasping her in his arms, and snatching her into an inner room, with the door left ajar, and there—It is too Samoeidic for human speech! and would excel belief, were not the testimony so strong. [Pollnitz (Memoiren, ii. 95) gives Friedrich Wilhelm as voucher, "who used to relate it as from eye-and-ear witnesses."]

A Duke of Mecklenburg, it would appear, who may count himself the NON-PLUS-ULTRA of husbands in that epoch;—as among Sovereign Rulers, too, in a small or great way, he seeks his fellow for ill-luck!

Duke and Duchess accompanied the Czar to Berlin, where Wilhelmina mentions them, as presentees; part of those "four hundred" anomalies. They took the Czar home with them to Mecklenburg: where indeed some Russian Regiments of his, left here on their return from Denmark, had been very useful in coercing the rebellious Ritterschaft (KNIGHTAGE, or Landed-Gentry) of this Duke, —till at length the general outcry, and voice of the Reich itself, had ordered the said Regiments to get on march again, and take themselves away. [The LAST of them, "July, 1717; " two months ago. (Michaelis, ii. 418.)] For all is rebellion, passive rebellion, in Mecklenburg; taxes being so indispensable; and the Knights so disinclined; and this Duke a Sovereign, —such as we may construe from his quarrelling with almost everybody, and his NOT quarrelling with an Uncle Peter of that kind. [One poor hint, on his behalf, let us not omit: "WIFE quitted him in 1719, and lived at Moscow afterwards!" (General Mannstein, Memoirs of Russia, London, 1770, p. 27 n.)] His troubles as Sovereign Duke, his flights to Dantzic, oustings, returns, law-pleadings and foolish confusions, lasted all his life, thirty years to come; and were bequeathed as a sorrowful legacy to Posterity and the neighboring Countries. Voltaire says, the Czar wished to buy his Duchy from him. [Ubi supra, xxxi. 414.] And truly, for this wretched Duke, it would have been good to sell it at any price: but there were other words than his to such a bargain, had it ever been seriously meditated. By this extraordinary Duchess he becomes Father (real or putative) of a certain Princess, whom we may hear of; and through her again is Grandfather of an unfortunate Russian Prince, much bruited about, as "the murdered Iwan," in subsequent times. With such a Duke and Duchess let our acquaintance be the MINIMUM of what necessity compels.

Wilhelmina goes by hearsay hitherto; and, it is to be hoped, had heard nothing of these Magdeburg-Mecklenburg phenomena; but after the Czarina's arrival, the little creature saw with her own eyes:—

"Next day," that is, Wednesday, 22d "the Czar and his Spouse came to return the Queen's visit; and I saw the Court myself." Palace Grand-Apartments; Queen advancing a due length, even to the outer guard-room; giving the Czarina her right hand, and leading her into her audience-chamber in that distinguished manner: King and Czar followed close;—and here it was that Wilhelmina's personal experiences began. "The Czar at once recognized me, having seen me before, five years ago [March, 1713]. He caught me in his arms; fell to kissing me, like to flay the skin off my face. I boxed his ears, sprawled, and struggled with all my strength; saying I would not allow such familiarities, and that he was dishonoring me. He laughed greatly at this idea; made peace, and talked a long time with me. I had got my lesson: I spoke of his fleet and his conquests;—which charmed him so much, that he said more than once to the Czarina, 'If he could have a child like me, he would willingly give one of his Provinces in exchange.' The Czarina also caressed me a good deal. The Queen [Mamma] and she placed themselves under the dais, each in an arm-chair" of proper dignity; "I was at the Queen's side, and the Princesses of the Blood," Margravines above spoken of, "were opposite to her,"— all in a standing posture, as is proper.

"The Czarina was a little stumpy body, very brown, and had neither air nor grace: you needed only look at her, to guess her low extraction." It is no secret, she had been a kitchen-wench in her Lithuanian native country; afterwards a female of the kind called unfortunate, under several figures: however, she saved the Czar once, by her ready-wit and courage, from a devouring Turkish Difficulty, and he made her fortunate and a Czarina, to sit under the dais as now. "With her huddle of clothes, she looked for all the world like a German Play-actress; her dress, you would have said, had been bought at a second-hand shop; all was out of fashion, all was loaded with silver and greasy dirt. The front of her bodice she had ornamented with jewels in a very singular pattern: A double-eagle in embroidery, and the plumes of it set with poor little diamonds, of the smallest possible carat, and very ill mounted. All along the facing of her gown were Orders and little things of metal; a dozen Orders, and as many Portraits of saints, of relics and the like; so that when she walked, it was with a jingling, as if you heard a mule with bells to its harness."—Poor little Czarina; shifty nutbrown fellow-creature, strangely chased about from the bottom to the top of this world; it is evident she does not succeed at Queen Sophie Dorothee's Court!—

"The Czar, on the other hand, was very tall, and might be called handsome," continues Wilhelmina: "his countenance was beautiful, but had something of savage in it which put you in fear." Partly a kind of Milton's-Devil physiognomy? The Portraits give it rather so. Archangel not quite ruined, yet in sadly ruinous

condition; its heroism so bemired,--with a turn for strong drink, too, at times! A physiognomy to make one reflect." His dress was of sailor fashion, coat, altogether plain."

"The Czarina, who spoke German very ill herself, and did not understand well what the Queen said, beckoned to her Fool to come near,"--a poor female creature, who had once been a Princess Galitzin, but having got into mischief, had been excused to the Czar by her high relations as mad, and saved from death or Siberia, into her present strange harbor of refuge. With her the Czarina talked in unknown Russ, evidently "laughing much and loud," till Supper was announced.

"At table," continues *Wilhelmina*, "the Czar placed himself beside the Queen. It is understood this Prince was attempted with poison in his youth, and that something of it had settled on his nerves ever after. One thing is certain, there took him very often a sort of convulsion, like Tic or St.-Vitus, which it was beyond his power to control. That happened at table now. He got into contortions, gesticulations; and as the knife was in his hand, and went dancing about within arm's-length of the Queen, it frightened her, and she motioned several times to rise. The Czar begged her not to mind, for he would do her no ill; at the same time he took her by the hand, which he grasped with such violence that the Queen was forced to shriek out. This set him heartily laughing; saying she had not bones of so hard a texture as his Catherine's. Supper done, a grand Ball had been got ready; but the Czar escaped at once, and walked home by himself to *Monbijou*, leaving the others to dance."

Wilhelmina's story of the Cabinet of Antiques; of the Indecent little Statue there, and of the orders Catherine got to kiss it, with a "KOPF AB (Head off, if you won't)!" from the bantering Czar, whom she had to obey,--is not incredible, after what we have seen. It seems, he begged this bit of Antique Indecency from *Friedrich Wilhelm*; who, we may fancy, would give him such an article with especial readiness. That same day, fourth of the Visit, Thursday, 23d of the month, the august Party went its ways again; *Friedrich Wilhelm* convoying "as far as Potsdam;" Czar and Suite taking that route towards *Mecklenburg*, where he still intends some little pause before proceeding homeward. *Friedrich Wilhelm* took farewell; and never saw the Czar again.

It was on this Journey, best part of which is now done, that the famous Order bore, "Do it for six thousand thalers; won't allow you one other penny (*nit einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but give out to the world that it costs me thirty or forty thousand!" Nay, it is on record that the sum proved abundant, and even superabundant, near half of it being left as overplus. [*Forster*, i. 215.] The hospitalities of Berlin, *Friedrich Wilhelm* took upon himself, and he has done them as we see. You shall defray his Czarish Majesty, to the last Prussian milestone; punctually, properly, though with thrift!

Peter's, VIATICUM, the Antique Indecency, *Friedrich Wilhelm* did not grudge to part with; glad to purchase the Czar's good-will by coin of that kind. Last year, at *Havelberg*, he had given the Czar an entire Cabinet of Amber Articles, belonging to his late Father. Amber Cabinet, in the lump; and likewise such a Yacht, for shape, splendor and outfit, as probably *Holland* never launched before;--Yacht also belonging to his late Father, and without value to *Friedrich Wilhelm*. The old King had got it built in *Holland*, regardless of expense,--15,000 pounds, they say, perhaps as good as 50,000 pounds now; --and it lay at *Potsdam*: good for what? *Friedrich Wilhelm* sent it down the *Havel*, down the *Elbe*, silk sailors and all, towards *Hamburg* and *Petersburg*, with a great deal of pleasure. For the Czar, and peace and good-will with the Czar, was of essential value to him. Neither, at any rate, is the Czar a man to take gifts without return. Tall fellows for soldiers: that is always one prime object with *Friedrich Wilhelm*; for already these *Potsdam* Guards of his are getting ever more gigantic. Not less an object, though less an ideal or POETIC one (as we once defined), was this other, to find buyers for the Manufactures, new and old, which he was so bent on encouraging. "It is astonishing, what quantities of cloth, of hardware, salt, and all kinds of manufactured articles the Russians buy from us," say the old Books;--"see how our 'Russian Company' flourishes!" In both these objects, not to speak of peace and good-will in general, the Czar is our man.

Thus, this very Autumn, there arrive, astonished and astonishing, no fewer than a hundred and fifty human figures (one half MORE than were promised), probably from seven to eight feet high; the tallest the Czar could riddle out from his Dominions: what a windfall to the *Potsdam* Guard and its Colonel-King! And all succeeding Autumns the like, so long as *Friedrich Wilhelm* lived; every Autumn, out of *Russia* a hundred of the tallest mortals living. Invaluable,--to a "man of genius" mounted on his hobby! One's "stanza" can be polished at this rate.

In return for these Russian sons of Anak, *Friedrich Wilhelm* grudged not to send German smiths, millwrights, drill-sergeants, cannoneers, engineers; having plenty of them. By whom, as *Peter* well calculated, the inert

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opaque Russian mass might be kindled into luminosity and vitality; and drilled to know the Art of War, for one thing. Which followed accordingly. And it is observable, ever since, that the Russian Art of War has a tincture of GERMAN in it (solid German, as contradistinguished from unsolid Revolutionary–French); and hints to us of Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer, to this hour.—EXEANT now the Barbaric semi–fabulous Sovereignties, till wanted again.

Chapter VIII. THE CROWN-PRINCE IS PUT TO HIS SCHOOLING.

In his seventh year, young Friedrich was taken out of the hands of the women; and had Tutors and Sub-Tutors of masculine gender, who had been nominated for him some time ago, actually set to work upon their function. These we have already heard of; they came from Stralsund Siege, all the principal hands.

Duhan de Jandun, the young French gentleman who had escaped from grammar-lessons to the trenches, he is the practical teacher. Lieutenant-General Graf Fink von Finkenstein and Lieutenant-Colonel von Kalkstein, they are Head Tutor (OBERHOFMEISTER) and Sub-Tutor; military men both, who had been in many wars besides Stralsund. By these three he was assiduously educated, subordinate schoolmasters working under them when needful, in such branches as the paternal judgment would admit; the paternal object and theirs being to infuse useful knowledge, reject useless, and wind up the whole into a military finish. These appointments, made at different precise dates, took effect, all of them, in the year 1719.

Duhan, independently of his experience in the trenches, appears to have been an accomplished, ingenious and conscientious man; who did credit to Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment; and to whom Friedrich professed himself much indebted in after life. Their progress in some of the technical branches, as we shall perceive, was indisputably unsatisfactory. But the mind of the Boy seems to have been opened by this Duhan, to a lively, and in some sort genial, perception of things round him;—of the strange confusedly opulent Universe he had got into; and of the noble and supreme function which Intelligence holds there; supreme in Art as in Nature, beyond all other functions whatsoever. Duhan was now turned of thirty: a cheerful amiable Frenchman; poor, though of good birth and acquirements; originally from Champagne. Friedrich loved him very much; always considered him his spiritual father; and to the end of Duhan's life, twenty years hence, was eager to do him any good in his power. Anxious always to repair, for poor Duhan, the great sorrows he came to on his account, as we shall see.

Of Graf Fink von Finkenstein, who has had military experiences of all kinds and all degrees, from marching as prisoner into France, "wounded and without his hat," to fighting at Malplaquet, at Blenheim, even at Steenkirk, as well as Stralsund; who is now in his sixtieth year, and seems to have been a gentleman of rather high solemn manners, and indeed of undeniable perfections,—of this supreme Count Fink we learn almost nothing farther in the Books, except that his little Pupil did not dislike him either. The little Pupil took not unkindly to Fink; welcoming any benignant human ray, across these lofty gravities of the OBERHOFMEISTER; went often to his house in Berlin; and made acquaintance with two young Finks about his own age, whom he found there, and who became important to him, especially the younger of them, in the course of the future. [Zedlitz-Neukirch, *Preussisches Adels-Lexikon* (Leipzig, 1836), ii. 168. *Militair-Lexicon*, i. 420.] This Pupil, it may be said, is creditably known for his attachment to his Teachers and others; an attached and attaching little Boy. Of Kalkstein, a rational, experienced and earnest kind of man, though as yet but young, it is certain also that the little Fritz loved him; and furthermore that the Great Friedrich was grateful to him, and had a high esteem of his integrity and sense. "My master, Kalkstein," used to be his designation of him, when the name chanced to be mentioned in after times. They continued together, with various passages of mutual history, for forty years afterwards, till Kalkstein's death. Kalkstein is at present twenty-eight, the youngest of the three Tutors; then, and ever after, an altogether downright correct soldier and man. He is of Preussen, or Prussia Proper, this Kalkstein;—of the same kindred as that mutinous Kalkstein, whom we once heard of, who was "rolled in a carpet," and kidnapped out of Warsaw, in the Great Elector's time. Not a direct descendant of that beheaded Kalkstein's but, as it were, his NEPHEW so many times removed. Preussen is now far enough from mutiny; subdued, with all its Kalksteins, into a respectful silence, not lightly using the right even of petition, or submissive remonstrance, which it may still have. Nor, except on the score of parliamentary eloquence and newspaper copyright, does it appear that Preussen has suffered by the change.

How these Fink-Kalkstein functionaries proceeded in the great task they had got,—very great task, had they known what Pupil had fallen to them,—is not directly recorded for us, with any sequence or distinctness. We infer only that everything went by inflexible routine; not asking at all, WHAT pupil?—nor much, Whether it would suit any pupil? Duhan, with the tendencies we have seen in him, who is willing to soften the inflexible when possible, and to "guide Nature" by a rather loose rein, was probably a genial element in the otherwise strict

affair. Fritz had one unspeakable advantage, rare among princes and even among peasants in these ruined ages: that of NOT being taught, or in general not, by the kind called "Hypocrites, and even Sincere-Hypocrites,"—fatalest species of the class HYPOCRITE. We perceive he was lessoned, all along, not by enchanted Phantasms of that dangerous sort, breathing mendacity of mind, unconsciously, out of every look; but by real Men, who believed from the heart outwards, and were daily doing what they taught. To which unspeakable advantage we add a second, likewise considerable; That his masters, though rigorous, were not unlovable to him;—that his affections, at least, were kept alive; that whatever of seed (or of chaff and hail, as was likelier) fell on his mind, had SUNSHINE to help in dealing with it. These are two advantages still achievable, though with difficulty, in our epoch, by an earnest father in behalf of his poor little son. And these are, at present, nearly all; with these well achieved, the earnest father and his son ought to be thankful. Alas, in matter of education, there are no high-roads at present; or there are such only as do NOT lead to the goal. Fritz, like the rest of us, had to struggle his way, Nature and Didactic Art differing very much from one another; and to do battle, incessant partial battle, with his schoolmasters for any education he had.

A very rough Document, giving Friedrich Wilhelm's regulations on this subject, from his own hand, has come down to us. Most dull, embroiled, heavy Document; intricate, gnarled, and, in fine, rough and stiff as natural bull-headedness helped by Prussian pipe-clay can make it;—contains some excellent hints, too; and will show us something of Fritzchen and of Friedrich Wilhelm both at once. That is to say, always, if it can be read! If by aid of abridging, elucidating and arranging, we can get the reader engaged to peruse it patiently;—which seems doubtful. The points insisted on, in a ponderous but straggling confused manner, by his didactic Majesty, are chiefly these:—

1. Must impress my Son with a proper love and fear of God, as the foundation and sole pillar of our temporal and eternal welfare. No false religions, or sects of Atheist, Arian (ArRian), Socinian, or whatever name the poisonous things have, which can so easily corrupt a young mind, are to be even named in his hearing: on the other hand, a proper abhorrence (ABSCHEU) of Papistry, and insight into its baselessness and nonsensicality (UNGRUND UND ABSURDITAT), is to be communicated to him:—"—Papistry, which is false enough, like the others, but impossible to be ignored like them; mention that, and give him due abhorrence for it. For we are Protestant to the bone in this country; and cannot stand ABSURDITAT, least of all hypocritically religious ditto! But the grand thing will be, "To impress on him the true religion, which consists essentially in this, That Christ died for all men," and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent, —"which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (SOVERAINE MACHT), or one freed from human penalties, in the right way."

2. "He is to learn no Latin;" observe that, however it may surprise you. What has a living German man and King, of the eighteenth Christian SOECULUM, to do with dead old Heathen Latins, Romans, and the lingo THEY spoke their fraction of sense and nonsense in? Frightful, how the young years of the European Generations have been wasted, for ten centuries back; and the Thinkers of the world have become mere walking Sacks of Marine-stores, "GELEHRTEN, Learned," as they call themselves; and gone LOST to the world, in that manner, as a set of confiscated Pedants;—babbling about said Heathens, and THEIR extinct lingo and fraction of sense and nonsense, for the thousand years last past! Heathen Latins, Romans;—who perhaps were no great things of Heathen, after all, if well seen into? I have heard judges say, they were INferior, in real worth and grist, to German home-growths we have had, if the confiscated Pedants could have discerned it! At any rate, they are dead, buried deep, these two thousand years; well out of our way;—and nonsense enough of our own left, to keep sweeping into corners. Silence about their lingo and them, to this new Crown-Prince! "Let the Prince learn French and German," so as to write and speak, "with brevity and propriety," in these two languages, which may be useful to him in life. That will suffice for languages,—provided he have anything effectually rational to say in them. For the rest,

3. "Let him learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Artillery,— Economy to the very bottom." And, in short, useful knowledge generally; useless ditto not at all. "History in particular;— Ancient History only slightly (NUR UBERHIN);—but the History of the last hundred and fifty Years to the exactest pitch. The JUS NATURALE and JUS GENTIUM," by way of hand-lamp to History, "he must be completely master of; as also of Geography, whatever is remarkable in each Country. And in Histories, most especially the History of the house of Brandenburg; where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign. And along

with Prussian History, chiefly that of the Countries which have been connected with it, as England, Brunswick, Hessen and the others. And in reading of wise History—books there must be considerations made (*sollen beym Lesen kluger Historiarum Betrachtungen gemacht werden*) upon the causes of the events."—Surely, O King!

4. "With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification,"—mark you!—"the Formation of a Camp, and the other War—Sciences; that the Prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession." This is whither it must all tend. You, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, "have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son [EINZUPRAGEN, stamp into him] a true love for the Soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory (DIE EINZIGE GLORIA) therein." [Preuss, i. 11–14 (of date 13th August, 1718).] Which is an extreme statement of the case; showing how much we have it at heart.

These are the chief Friedrich—Wilhelm traits; the rest of the document corresponds in general to what the late Majesty had written for Friedrich Wilhelm himself on the like occasion. [Stenzel, iii. 572.] Ruthless contempt of Useless Knowledge; and passionate insight into the distinction between Useful and Useless, especially into the worth of Soldiering as a royal accomplishment, are the chief peculiarities here. In which latter point too Friedrich Wilhelm, himself the most pacific of men, unless you pulled the whiskers of him, or broke into his goods and chattels, knew very well what he was meaning,—much better than we of the "Peace Society" and "Philanthropic Movement" could imagine at first sight! It is a thing he, for his part, is very decided upon.

Already, a year before this time, [1st September, 1717: Preuss, i. 13.] there had been instituted, for express behoof of little Fritz, a miniature Soldier Company, above a hundred strong; which grew afterwards to be near three hundred, and indeed rose to be a permanent Institution by degrees; called *Kompagnie der Kronprinzlichen Kadetten* (Company of Crown—Prince Cadets). A hundred and ten boys about his own age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three Military Schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him; where, if he was by no means commander all at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. Czar Peter, it is likely, took a glance of this tiny regiment just getting into rank and file there; which would remind the Czar of his own young days. An experienced Lieutenant—Colonel was appointed to command in chief. A certain handy and correct young fellow, Rentzel by name, about seventeen, who already knew his fugling to a hair's—breadth, was Drill—master; and exercised them all, Fritz especially, with due strictness; till, in the course of time and of attainments, Fritz could himself take the head charge. Which he did duly, in a year or two: a little soldier thenceforth; properly strict, though of small dimensions; in tight blue bit of coat and cocked—hat:— miniature image of Papa (it is fondly hoped and expected), resembling him as a sixpence does a half—crown. In 1721 the assiduous Papa set up a "little arsenal" for him, "in the Orange Hall of the Palace:" there let him, with perhaps a chosen comrade or two, mount batteries, fire exceedingly small brass ordnance,— his Engineer—Teacher, one Major von Senning, limping about (on cork leg), and superintending if needful.

Rentzel, it is known, proved an excellent Drill—sergeant;—had good talents every way, and was a man of probity and sense. He played beautifully on the flute too, and had a cheerful conversible turn; which naturally recommended him still farther to Fritz; and awoke or encouraged, among other faculties, the musical faculty in the little Boy. Rentzel continued about him, or in sight of him, through life; advancing gradually, not too fast, according to real merit and service (Colonel in 1759); and never did discredit to the choice Friedrich Wilhelm had made of him. Of Senning, too, Engineer—Major von Senning, who gave Fritz his lessons in Mathematics, Fortification and the kindred branches, the like, or better, can be said. He was of graver years; had lost a leg in the Marlborough Campaigns, poor gentleman; but had abundant sense, native worth and cheery rational talk, in him: so that he too could never be parted with by Friedrich, but was kept on hand to the last, a permanent and variously serviceable acquisition.

Thus, at least, is the military education of our Crown—Prince cared for. And we are to fancy the little fellow, from his tenth year or earlier, going about in miniature soldier figure, for most part; in strict Spartan—Brandenburg costume, of body as of mind. Costume little flattering to his own private taste for finery; yet by no means unwholesome to him, as he came afterwards to know, In October, 1723, it is on record, when George I. came to visit his Son—in—law and Daughter at Berlin, his Britannic Majesty, looking out from his new quarters on the morrow, saw Fritzchen "drilling his Cadet Company;" a very pretty little phenomenon. Drilling with clear voice,

military sharpness, and the precision of clock-work on the Esplanade (LUSTGARTEN) there;—and doubtless the Britannic Majesty gave some grunt of acquiescence, perhaps even a smile, rare on that square heavy-laden countenance of his. That is the record: [Forster, i. 215.] and truly it forms for us by far the liveliest little picture we have got, from those dull old years of European History. Years already sunk, or sinking, into lonesome unpeopled Dusk for all men; and fast verging towards vacant Oblivion and eternal Night;—which (if some few articles were once saved out of them) is their just and inevitable portion from afflicted human nature.

Of riding-masters, fencing-masters, swimming-masters; much less of dancing-masters, music-masters (celebrated Graun, "on the organ," with Psalm-tunes), we cannot speak; but the reader may be satisfied they were all there, good of their kind, and pushing on at a fair rate. Nor is there lack anywhere of paternal supervision to our young Apprentice, From an early age, Papa took the Crown-Prince with him on his annual Reviews. From utmost Memel on the Russian border, down to Wesel on the French, all Prussia, in every nook of it, garrison, marching-regiment, board of management, is rigorously reviewed by Majesty once a year. There travels little military Fritz, beside the military Majesty, amid the generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan manner; and learns to look into everything like a Rhadamanthine Argus, and how the eye of the master, more than all other appliances, fattens the cattle.

On his hunts, too, Papa took him. For Papa was a famous hunter, when at Wusterhausen in the season:—hot Beagle-chase, hot Stag-hunt, your chief game deer; huge "Force-Hunt" (PARFORCE-JAGD, the woods all beaten, and your wild beasts driven into straits and caudine-forks for you); Boar-hunting (SAUHETZE, "sow-baiting," as the Germans call it), Partridge-shooting, Fox- and Wolf-hunting;— on all grand expeditions of such sort, little Fritz shall ride with Papa and party. Rough furious riding; now on swift steed, now at places on WURSTWAGEN,—WURSTWAGEN, "Sausage-Car" so called, most Spartan of vehicles, a mere STUFFED POLE or "sausage" with wheels to it, on which you sit astride, a dozen or so of you, and career;—regardless of the summer heat and sandy dust, of the winter's frost-storms and muddy rain. All this the little Crown-Prince is bound to do;—but likes it less and less, some of us are sorry to observe! In fact he could not take to hunting at all, or find the least of permanent satisfaction in shooting partridges and baiting sows,—"with such an expenditure of industry and such damage to the seedfields," he would sometimes allege in extenuation. In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a little Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades, while the sows were getting baited. Or he would converse with Mamma and her Ladies, if her Majesty chanced to be there, in a day for open driving. Which things by no means increased his favor with Papa, a sworn hater of "effeminate practices."

He was "nourished on beer-soup," as we said before. Frugality, activity, exactitude were lessons daily and hourly brought home to him, in everything he did and saw. His very sleep was stingily meted out to him: "Too much sleep stupefies a fellow!" Friedrich Wilhelm was wont to say;—so that the very doctors had to interfere, in this matter, for little Fritz. Frugal enough, hardy enough; urged in every way to look with indifference on hardship, and take a Spartan view of life.

Money-allowance completely his own, he does not seem to have had till he was seventeen. Exiguous pocket-money, counted in GROSCHEN (English PENCE, or hardly more), only his Kalkstein and Finkenstein could grant as they saw good;—about eighteenpence in the month, to start with, as would appear. The other small incidental moneys, necessary for his use, were likewise all laid out under sanction of his Tutors, and accurately entered in Day-books by them, audited by Friedrich Wilhelm; of which some specimens remain, and one whole month, September, 1719 (the Boy's eighth year), has been published. Very singular to contemplate, in these days of gold-nuggets and irrational man-mountains fattened by mankind at such a price! The monthly amount appears to have been some 3 pounds 10 shillings:—and has gone, all but the eighteenpence of sovereign pocket-money, for small furnishings and very minute necessary luxuries;—as thus:—

"To putting his Highness's shoes on the last;" for stretching them to the little feet,—and only one "last," as we perceive. "To twelve yards of Hairtape,"—HAARBAND, for our little queue, which becomes visible here. "For drink-money to the Postilions." "For the Housemaids at Wusterhausen," Don't I pay them myself? objects the auditing Papa, at that latter kind of items: No more of that. "For mending the flute, four GROSCHEN [or pence];" "Two Boxes of Colors, sixteen ditto;" "For a live snipe, twopence;" "For grinding the hanger [little swordkin];" "To a Boy whom the dog bit;" and chiefly of all, "To the KLINGBEUTEL,"— Collection-plate, or bag, at Church,—which comes upon us once, nay twice, and even thrice a week, eighteenpence each time, and eats deep

into our straitened means. [Preuss, i. 17.]

On such terms can a little Fritz be nourished into a Friedrich the Great; while irrational man—mountains, of the beaverish or beaverish—vulpine sort, take such a price to fatten them into monstrosity! The Art—manufacture of your Friedrich can come very cheap, it would appear, if once Nature have done her part in regard to him, and there be mere honest will on the part of the by—standers. Thus Samuel Johnson, too, cost next to nothing in the way of board and entertainment in this world. And a Robert Burns, remarkable modern Thor, a Peasant—god of these sunk ages, with a touch of melodious RUNES in him (since all else lay under ban for the poor fellow), was raised on frugal oatmeal, at an expense of perhaps half a crown a week. Nuggets and ducats are divine; but they are not the most divine. I often wish the Devil had the lion's share of them,—at once, and not circuitously as now. It would be an unspeakable advantage to the bewildered sons of Adam, in this epoch!

But with regard to our little Crown—Prince's intellectual culture, there is another Document, specially from Papa's hand, which, if we can redact, adjust and abridge it, as in the former case, may be worth the reader's notice, and elucidate some things for him. It is of date, Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721; little Fritz now in his tenth year, and out there, with his Duhans and Finkensteins, while Papa is rustivating for a few weeks. The essential title is, or might be:—

To Head—Governor van Finkenstein, Sub—Governor von Kalkstein, Preceptor Jacques Egide Duhan de Jandun, and others whom it may concern: Regulations for schooling, at Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721; [Preuss, i. 19.]—in greatly abridged form.

SUNDAY. "On Sunday he is to rise at 7; and as soon as he has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it [that there be no deception or short measure palmed upon us], in these words: 'Lord God, blessed Father, I thank thee from my heart that thou hast so graciously preserved me through this night. Fit me for what thy holy will is; and grant that I do nothing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can divide me from thee. For the Lord Jesus my Redeemer's sake. Amen.' After which the Lord's Prayer. Then rapidly and vigorously (GESCHWINDE UND HURTIG) wash himself clean, dress and powder and comb himself [we forget to say, that while they are combing and queuing him, he breakfasts, with brevity, on tea]: Prayer, with washing, breakfast and the rest, to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes [that is, at a quarter past 7].

"This finished, all his Domestic and Duhan shall come in, and do family worship (*das grosse Gebet zu halten*): Prayer on their knees, Duhan withal to read a Chapter of the Bible, and sing some proper Psalm or Hymn [as practised in well—regulated families]:—It will then be a quarter to 8. All the Domestic then withdraw again; and Duhan now reads with my Son the Gospel of the Sunday; expounds it a little, adducing the main points of Christianity;—questioning from Noltenius's Catechism [which Fritz knows by heart]:—it will then be 9 o'clock.

"At 9 he brings my Son down to me; who goes to Church, and dines, along with me [dinner at the stroke of Noon]: the rest of the day is then his own [Fritz's and Duhan's]. At half—past 9 in the evening, he shall come and bid me goodnight. Shall then directly go to his room; very rapidly (SEHR GESCHWIND) get off his clothes, wash his hands [get into some tiny dressing—gown or CASSAQUIN, no doubt]; and so soon as that is done, Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, and sings a hymn; all the Servants being again there. Instantly after which, my Son shall get into bed; shall be in bed at half—past 10;"—and fall asleep how soon, your Majesty? This is very strict work.

MONDAY. "On Monday, as on all weekdays, he is to be called at 6; and so soon as called he is to rise; you are to stand to him (ANHALTEN) that he do not loiter or turn in bed, but briskly and at once get up; and say his prayers, the same as on Sunday morning. This done, he shall as rapidly as possible get on his shoes and spatterdashes; also wash his face and hands, but not with soap. Farther shall put on his CASSAQUIN [short dressing—gown], have his hair combed out and queued, but not powdered. While getting combed and queued, he shall at the same time take breakfast of tea, so that both jobs go on at once; and all this shall be ended before half—past 6." Then enter Duhan and the Domestic, with worship, Bible, Hymn, all as on Sunday; this is done by 7, and the Servants go again.

"From 7 till 9 Duhan takes him on History; at 9 comes Noltenius [a sublime Clerical Gentleman from Berlin] with the Christian Religion, till a quarter to 11. Then Fritz rapidly (GESCHWIND) washes his face with water, hands with soap—and—water; clean shirt; powders, and puts on his coat;—about 11 comes to the King. Stays with the King till 2,"—perhaps promenading a little; dining always at Noon; after which Majesty is apt to be

slumberous, and light amusements are over.

"Directly at 2, he goes back to his room. Duhan is there, ready; takes him upon the Maps and Geography, from 2 to 3,—giving account [gradually!] of all the European Kingdoms; their strength and weakness; size, riches and poverty of their towns. From 3 to 4, Duhan treats of Morality (*soll die Moral tractiren*). From 4 to 5, Duhan shall write German Letters with him, and see that he gets a good STYLUM [which he never in the least did]. About 5, Fritz shall wash his hands, and go to the King;—ride out; divert himself, in the air and not in his room; and do what he likes, if it is not against God."

There, then, is a Sunday, and there is one Weekday; which latter may serve for all the other five:—though they are strictly specified in the royal monograph, and every hour of them marked out: How, and at what points of time, besides this of HISTORY, of MORALITY, and WRITING IN GERMAN, of Maps and GEOGRAPHY with the strength and weakness of Kingdoms, you are to take up ARITHMETIC more than once; WRITING OF FRENCH LETTERS, so as to acquire a good STYLUM: in what nook you may intercalate "a little getting by heart of something, in order to strengthen the memory;" how instead of Noltenius, Panzendorf (another sublime Reverend Gentleman from Berlin, who comes out express) gives the clerical drill on Tuesday morning;—with which two onslaughts, of an hour-and-half each, the Clerical Gentlemen seem to withdraw for the week, and we hear no more of them till Monday and Tuesday come round again.

On Wednesday we are happy to observe a liberal slice of holiday come in. At half-past 9, having done his HISTORY, and "got something by heart to strengthen the memory [very little, it is to be feared], Fritz shall rapidly dress himself, and come to the King. And the rest of the day belongs to little Fritz (*gehört vor Fritzchen*)." On Saturday, too, there is some fair chance of half-holiday:—

"SATURDAY, forenoon till half-past 10, come History, Writing and CIPHERING; especially repetition of what was done through the week, and in MORALITY as well [adds the rapid Majesty], to see whether he has profited. And General Graf von Finkenstein, with Colonel von Kalkstein, shall be present during this. If Fritz has profited, the afternoon shall be his own. If he has not profited, he shall, from 2 to 6, repeat and learn rightly what he has forgotten on the past days." And so the laboring week winds itself up. Here, however, is one general rule which cannot be too much impressed upon YOU, with which we conclude:—

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig end italic*>)." "*Not so dirty," that is my last word; and here is my sign-manual,*

"*FRIEDRICH WILHELM.*" [Preuss, i. 21.]

Chapter IX. WUSTERHAUSEN.

Wusterhausen, where for the present these operations go on, lies about twenty English miles southeast of Berlin, as you go towards Schlesien (Silesia);—on the old Silesian road, in a flat moory country made of peat and sand;—and is not distinguished for its beauty at all among royal Hunting—lodges. The Gohrde at Hanover, for example, what a splendor there in comparison! But it serves Friedrich Wilhelm's simple purposes: there is game abundant in the scraggy woodlands, otter—pools, fish—pools, and miry thickets, of that old "Schenkenland" (belonged all once to the "SCHENKEN Family," till old King Friedrich bought it for his Prince); retinue sufficient find nooks for lodgment in the poor old Schloss so called; and Noltenius and Panzendorf drive out each once a week, in some light vehicle, to drill Fritz in his religious exercises.

One Zollner, a Tourist to Silesia, confesses himself rather pleased to find even Wusterhausen in such a country of sandy bent—grass, lean cattle, and flat desolate languor.

"Getting to the top of the ridge" (most insignificant "ridge," made by hand; Wilhelmina satirically says), Tourist Zollner can discern with pleasure "a considerable Brook,"—visible, not audible, smooth Stream, or chain of meres and lakelets, flowing languidly northward towards Kopenik. Inaudible big Brook or Stream; which, we perceive, drains a slightly hollowed Tract; too shallow to be called valley,—of several miles in width, of several yards in depth;—Tract with wood here and there on it, and signs of grass and culture, welcome after what you have passed. On the foreground close to you is the Hamlet of Konigs—Wusterhausen, with tolerable Lime—tree Avenue leading to it, and the air of something sylvan from your Hill—top. Konigs—Wusterhausen was once WENDISH—Westerhausen, and not far off is DEUTSCH—Wusterhausen, famed, I suppose, by faction—fights in the Vandalic times: both of them are now KING'S—Wusterhausen (since the King came thither), to distinguish them from other Wusterhausens that there are.

Descending, advancing through your Lime—tree Avenue, you come upon the backs of office—houses, out—houses, stables or the like,—on your left hand I have guessed,—extending along the Highway. And in the middle of these you come at last to a kind of Gate or vaulted passage (ART VON THOR, says Zollner), where, if you have liberty, you face to the left, and enter. Here, once through into the free light again, you are in a Court: four—square space, not without prospect; right side and left side are lodgings for his Majesty's gentlemen; behind you, well in their view, are stables and kitchens: in the centre of the place is a Fountain "with hewn steps and iron railings;" where his simple Majesty has been known to sit and smoke, on summer evenings. The fourth side of your square, again, is a palisade; beyond which, over bridge and moat and intervening apparatus, you perceive, on its trim terraces, the respectable old Schloss itself. A rectangular mass, not of vast proportions, with tower in the centre of it (tower for screw—stair, the general roadway of the House); and looking though weather—beaten yet weather—tight, and as dignified as it can. This is Wusterhausen; Friedrich Wilhelm's Hunting—seat from of old.

A dreadfully crowded place, says Wilhelmina, where you are stuffed into garrets, and have not room to turn. The terraces are of some magnitude, trimmed all round with a row of little clipped trees, one big lime—tree at each corner;—under one of these big lime—trees, aided by an awning: it is his Majesty's delight to spread his frugal but substantial dinner, four—and—twenty covers, at the stroke of 12, and so dine SUB DIO. If rain come on, says Wilhelmina, you are wet to mid—leg, the ground being hollow in that place,—and indeed in all weathers your situation every way, to a vehement young Princess's idea, is rather of the horrible sort. After dinner, his Majesty sleeps, stretched perhaps on some wooden settle or garden—chair, for about an hour; regardless of the flaming heat, under his awning or not; and we poor Princesses have to wait, praying all the Saints that they would resuscitate him soon. This is about 2 p.m.; happier Fritz is gone to his lessons, in the interim.

These four Terraces, this rectangular Schloss with the four big lindens at the corners, are surrounded by a Moat; black abominable ditch, Wilhelmina calls it; of the hue of Tartarean Styx, and of a far worse smell, in fact enough to choke one, in hot days after dinner, thinks the vehement Princess. Three Bridges cross this Moat or ditch, from the middle of three several Terraces or sides of the Schloss; and on the fourth it is impassable. Bridge first, coming from the palisade and Office—house Court, has not only human sentries walking at it; but two white Eagles perch near it, and two black ditto, symbols of the heraldic Prussian Eagle, screeching about in their littery way; item two black Bears, ugly as Sin, which are vicious wretches withal, and many times do passengers a

mischievous. As perhaps we shall see, on some occasion. This is Bridge first, leading to the Court and to the outer Highway; a King's gentleman, going to bed at night, has always to pass these Bears. Bridge second leads us southward to a common Mill which is near by; its clacking audible upon the common Stream of the region, and not unpleasant to his Majesty, among its meadows fringed with alders, in a country of mere and moor. Bridge third, directly opposite to Bridge first and its Bears, leads you to the Garden; whither Mamma, playing tocadille all day with her women, will not, or will not often enough, let us poor girls go. [Zollner, *Briefe über Schlesien* (Berlin, 1792), i. 2, 3; *Wilhelmina*, i. 364, 365.]

Such is Wusterhausen, as delineated by a vehement Princess, some years hence,—who becomes at last intelligible, by study and the aid of our Silesian Tourist. It is not distinguished among Country Palaces: but the figure of Friedrich Wilhelm asleep there after dinner, regardless of the flaming sun (should he sleep too long and the shadow of his Linden quit him),—this is a sight which no other Palace in the world can match; this will long render Wusterhausen memorable to me. His Majesty, early always as the swallows, hunts, I should suppose, in the morning; dines and sleeps, we may perceive, till towards three, or later. His Official business he will not neglect, nor shirk the hours due to it; towards sunset there may be a walk or ride with Fritz, or Feekin and the womankind: and always, in the evening, his Majesty holds TABAGIE, TABAKS-COLLEGIUM (Smoking College, kind of Tobacco-Parliament, as we might name it), an Institution punctually attended to by his Majesty, of which we shall by and by speak more. At Wusterhausen his Majesty holds his Smoking Session mostly in the open air, oftenest "on the steps of the Great Fountain" (how arranged, as to seating and canvas-screening, I cannot say);—smokes there, with his Grumkows, Derschaus, Anhalt-Dessaus, and select Friends, in various slow talk; till Night kindle her mild starlights, shake down her dark curtains over all Countries, and admonish weary mortals that it is now bedtime.

Not much of the Picturesque in this autumnal life of our little Boy. But he has employments in abundance; and these make the permitted open air, under any terms, a delight. He can rove about with Duhan among the gorse and heath, and their wild summer tenantry winged and wingless. In the woodlands are wild swine, in the meres are fishes, otters; the drowsy Hamlets, scattered round, awaken in an interested manner at the sound of our pony-hoofs and dogs. Mittenwalde, where are shops, is within riding distance; we could even stretch to Kopenik, and visit in the big Schloss there, if Duhan were willing, and the cattle fresh. From some church-steeple or sand-knoll, it is to be hoped, some blue streak of the Lausitz Hills may be visible: the Sun and the Moon and the Heavenly Hosts, these full certainly are visible; and on an Earth which everywhere produces miracles of all kinds, from the daisy or heather-bell up to the man, one place is nearly equal to another for a brisk little Boy.

Fine Palaces, if Wusterhausen be a sorry one, are not wanting to our young Friend: whatsoever it is in the power of architecture and upholstery to do for him, may be considered withal as done. Wusterhausen is but a Hunting-lodge for some few Autumn weeks: the Berlin Palace and the Potsdam, grand buildings both, few Palaces in the world surpass them; and there, in one or the other of these, is our usual residence.—Little Fritz, besides his young Finkensteins and others of the like, has Cousins, children of his Grandfather's Half-brothers, who are comrades of his. For the Great Elector, as we saw, was twice wedded, and had a second set of sons and daughters: two of the sons had children; certain of these are about the Crown-Prince's own age, "Cousins" of his (strictly speaking, Half-cousins of HIS FATHER'S), who are much about him in his young days,—and more or less afterwards, according to the worth they proved to have. Margraves and Margravines of Schwedt,—there are five or six of such young Cousins. Not to mention the eldest, Friedrich Wilhelm by name, who is now come to manhood (born 1700);—who wished much in after years to have had Wilhelmina to wife; but had to put up with a younger Princess of the House, and ought to have been thankful. This one has a younger Brother, Heinrich, slightly Fritz's senior, and much his comrade at one time; of whom we shall transiently hear again. Of these two the Old Dessauer is Uncle: if both his Majesty and the Crown-Prince should die, one of these would be king. A circumstance which Wilhelmina and the Queen have laid well to heart, and build many wild suspicions upon, in these years! As that the Old Dessauer, with his gunpowder face, has a plot one day to assassinate his Majesty,—plot evident as sunlight to Wilhelmina and Mamma, which providentially came to nothing;—and other spectral notions of theirs. [Wilhelmina, i. 35, 41.] The Father of these two Margraves (elder of the two Half-brothers that have children) died in the time of Old King Friedrich, eight or nine years ago. Their Mother, the scheming old Margravine, whom I always fancy to dress in high colors, is still living,— as Wilhelmina well knows!

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Then, by another, the younger of those old Half-brothers, there is a Karl, a second Friedrich Wilhelm, Cousin Margraves: plenty of Cousins;—and two young Margravines among them, [Michaelis, i. 425.] the youngest about Fritz's own age. [NOTE OF THE COUSIN MARGRAVES.—Great Elector, by his Second Wife, had five Sons, two of whom left Children;—as follows (so far as they concern us,— he others omitted):—

1. Son PHILIP'S Children (Mother the Old Dessauer's Sister) are: Friedrich Wilhelm (1700), who wished much, but in vain, to marry Wilhelmina. Heinrich Friedrich (1709), a comrade of Fritz's in youth; sometimes getting into scrapes;—misbehaved, some way, at the Battle of Molwitz (first of Friedrich's Battles), 1741, and was inexorably CUT by the new King, and continued under a cloud thenceforth.—This PHILIP ("Philip Wilhelm") died 1711, his forty-third year; Widow long survived him.

2. Son ALBERT'S Children (Mother a Courland Princess) are: Karl (1705); lived near Custrin; became a famed captain, in the Silesian Wars, under his Cousin. Friedrich (1701); fell at Molwitz, 1741. Friedrich Wilhelm (a Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm "No. 2,"—NAMESAKE of his now Majesty, it is like); born 1714; killed at Prag, by a cannon-shot (at King Friedrich's hand, reconnoitring the place), 1744.—This ALBERT ("Albert Friedrich") died suddenly 1731, age fifty-nine.] No want of Cousins; the Crown-Prince seeing much of them all; and learning pleasantly their various qualities, which were good in most, in some not so good, and did not turn out supreme in any case. But, for the rest, Sister Wilhelmina is his grand confederate and companion; true in sport and in earnest, in joy and in sorrow. Their truthful love to one another, now and till death, is probably the brightest element their life yielded to either of them.

What might be the date of Fritz's first appearance in the Roucouilles "Soiree held on Wednesdays," in the Finkenstein or any other Soiree, as an independent figure, I do not know. But at the proper time, he does appear there, and with distinction not extrinsic alone;—talks delightfully in such places; can discuss, even with French Divines, in a charmingly ingenious manner. Another of his elderly consorts I must mention: Colonel Camas, a highly cultivated Frenchman (French altogether by parentage and breeding, though born on Prussian land), who was Tutor, at one time, to some of those young Margraves. He has lost an arm,—left it in those Italian Campaigns, under Anhalt-Dessau and Eugene;— but by the aid of a cork substitute, dexterously managed, almost hides the want. A gallant soldier, fit for the diplomacies too; a man of fine high ways. [*Militair-Lexicon*, i. 308.] And then his Wife—In fact, the Camas House, we perceive, had from an early time been one of the Crown-Prince's haunts. Madam Camas is a German Lady; but for genial elegance, for wit and wisdom and goodness, could not readily be paralleled in France or elsewhere. Of both these Camases there will be honorable and important mention by and by; especially of the Lady, whom he continues to call "Mamma" for fifty years to come, and corresponds with in a very beautiful and human fashion.

Under these auspices, in such environment, dimly visible to us, at Wusterhausen and elsewhere, is the remarkable little Crown-Prince of his century growing up,—prosperously as yet.

Chapter X. THE HEIDELBERG PROTESTANTS.

Friedrich Wilhelm holds Tabagie nightly; but at Wusterhausen or wherever he may be, there is no lack of intricate Official Labor, which, even in the Tabagie, Friedrich Wilhelm does not forget. At the time he was concocting those Instructions for his little Prince's Schoolmasters, and smoking meditative under the stars, with Magdeburg "RITTER-DIENST" and much else of his own to think of,—there is an extraneous Political Intricacy, making noise enough in the world, much in his thoughts withal, and no doubt occasionally murmured of amid the tobacco-clouds. The Business of the Heidelberg Protestants; which is just coming to a height in those Autumn months of 1719.

Indeed this Year 1719 was a particularly noisy one for him. This is the year of the "nephritic colic," which befell at Brandenburg on some journey of his Majesty's; with alarm of immediate death; Queen Sophie sent for by express; testament made in her favor; and intrigues, very black ones, Wilhelmina thinks, following thereupon. [*Memoires de Bareith*, i. 26–29.] And the "Affair of Clement," on which the old Books are so profuse, falls likewise, the crisis of it falls, in 1719. Of Clement the "Hungarian Nobleman," who was a mere Hungarian Swindler, and Forger of Royal Letters; sowing mere discords, black suspicions, between Friedrich Wilhelm and the neighboring Courts, Imperial and Saxon: "Your Majesty to be snapt up, some day, by hired ruffians, and spirited away, for behoof of those treacherous Courts:" so that Friedrich Wilhelm fell into a gloom of melancholy, and for long weeks "never slept but with a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow:"—of this Clement, an adroit Phenomenon of the kind, and intensely agitating to Friedrich Wilhelm;—whom Friedrich Wilhelm had at last to lay hold of, try, this very year, and ultimately hang, [Had arrived in Berlin, "end of 1717;" stayed about a year, often privately in the King's company, poisoning the royal mind; withdrew to the Hague, suspecting Berlin might soon grow dangerous;—is wiled out of that Territory into the Prussian, and arrested, by one of Friedrich Wilhelm's Colonels, "end of 1718;" lies in Spandau, getting tried, for seventeen months; hanged, with two Accomplices, 18th April, 1720. (See, in succession, Stenzel, iii. 298, 302; Fassmann, p. 321; Forster, ii. 272, and iii. 320–324.)] amid the rumor and wonder of mankind:—of him, noisy as he was, and still filling many pages of the old Books, a hint shall suffice, and we will say nothing farther. But this of the Heidelberg Protestants, though also rather an extinct business, has still some claims on us. This, in justice to the "inarticulate man of genius," and for other reasons, we must endeavor to resuscitate a little.

OF KUR-PFALZ KARL PHILIP: HOW HE GOT A WIFE LONG SINCE, AND DID FEATS IN THE WORLD.

There reigns, in these years, at Heidelberg, as Elector Palatine, a kind-tempered but abrupt and somewhat unreasonable old gentleman, now verging towards sixty, Karl Philip by name; who has come athwart the Berlin Court and its affairs more than once; and will again do so, in a singularly disturbing way. From before Friedrich Wilhelm's birth, all through Friedrich Wilhelm's life and farther, this Karl Philip is a stone-of-stumbling there. His first feat in life was that of running off with a Prussian Princess from Berlin; the rumor of which was still at its height when Friedrich Wilhelm, a fortnight after, came into the world,—the gossips still talking of it, we may fancy, when Friedrich Wilhelm was first swaddled. An unheard-of thing; the manner of which was this.

Readers have perhaps forgotten, that old King Friedrich I. once had a Brother; elder Brother, who died, to the Father's great sorrow, and made way for Friedrich as Crown-Prince. This Brother had been married a short time; he left a Widow without children; a beautiful Lithuanian Princess, born Radzivil, and of great possessions in her own country: she, in her crapes and close-cap, remained an ornament to the new Berlin Court for some time;—not too long. The mourning-year once out, a new marriage came on foot for the brilliant widow; the Bridegroom, a James Sobieski, eldest Prince of the famous John, King Sobieski; Prince with fair outlooks towards Polish Sovereignty, and handy for those Lithuanian Possessions of hers: altogether an eligible match.

This marriage was on foot, not quite completed; when Karl Philip, Cadet of the Pfalz, came to Berlin;—a rather idle young man, once in the clerical way; now gone into the military, with secular outlooks, his elder Brother, Heir-Apparent of the Pfalz, "having no children:"—came to Berlin, in the course of visiting, and roving about. The beautiful Widow-Princess seemed very charming to Karl Philip; he wooed hard; threw the Princess into great perplexity. She had given her Yes to James Sobieski; inevitable wedding-day was coming on with

James; and here was Karl Philip wooing so:—in brief, the result was, she galloped off with Karl Philip, on the eve of said wedding-day; married Karl Philip (24th July, 1688); and left Prince James standing there, too much like Lot's Wife, in the astonished Court of Berlin. [Michaelis, ii. 93.] Judge if the Berlin. public talked,—unintelligible to Friedrich Wilhelm, then safe in swaddling-clothes.

King Sobieski, the Father, famed Deliverer of Vienna, was in high dudgeon. But Karl Philip apologized, to all lengths; made his peace at last, giving a Sister of his own to be Wife to the injured James. This was Karl Philip's first outbreak in life; and it was not his only one. A man not ill-disposed, all grant; but evidently of headlong turn, with a tendency to leap fences in this world. He has since been soldiering about, in a loose way, governing Innsbruck, fighting the Turks. But, lately, his elder Brother died childless (year 1716); and left him Kurfurst of the Pfalz. His fair Radzivil is dead long ago; she, and a successor, or it may be two. Except one Daughter, whom the fair Radzivil left him, he has no children; and in these times, I think, lives with a third Wife, of the LEFT-HAND kind.

His scarcity of progeny is not so indifferent to my readers as they might suppose. This new KUR-PFALZ (Elector-Palatine) Karl Philip is by genealogy—who, thinks the reader? Pfalz-NEUBURG by line; own Grandson of that Wolfgang Wilhelm, who got the slap on the face long since, on account of the Cleve-Julich matter! So it has come round. The Line of Simmern died out, Winter-King's Grandson the last of that; and then, as right was, the Line of Neuburg took the top place, and became Kur-Pfalz. The first of these was this Karl Philip's Father, son of the Beslapped; an old man when he succeeded. Karl Philip is the third Kur-Pfalz of the Neuburg Line; his childless elder Brother (he who collected the Pictures at Dusseldorf, once notable there) was second of the Neuburgs. They now, we say, are Electors-Palatine, Head of the House;—and, we need not add, along with their Electorate and Neuburg Country, possess the Cleve-Julich Moiety of Heritage, about which there was such worrying in time past. Nay the last Kur-Pfalz resided there, and collected the "Dusseldorf Gallery," as we have just said; though Karl Philip prefers Heidelberg hitherto.

To Friedrich Wilhelm the scarcity of progeny is a thrice-interesting fact. For if this actual Neuburg should leave no male heir, as is now humanly probable,—the Line of Neuburg too is out; and then great things ought to follow for our Prussian House. Then, by the last Bargain, made in 1666, with all solemnity, between the Great Elector, our Grandfather of famous memory, and your serene Father the then Pfalz-Neuburg, subsequently Kur-Pfalz, likewise of famous memory, son of the Beslapped,—the whole Heritage falls to Prussia, no other Pfalz Branch having thenceforth the least claim to it. Bargain was express; signed, sealed, sanctioned, drawn out on the due extent of sheepskin, which can still be read. Bargain clear enough: but will this Karl Philip incline to keep it?

That may one day be the interesting question. But that is not the question of controversy at present: not that, but another; for Karl Philip, it would seem, is to be a frequent stone-of-stumbling to the Prussian House. The present question is of a Protestant-Papist matter; into which Friedrich Wilhelm has been drawn by his public spirit alone.

KARL PHILIP AND HIS HEIDELBERG PROTESTANTS.

The Pfalz population was, from of old, Protestant-Calvinist; the Electors-Palatine used to be distinguished for their forwardness in that matter. So it still is with the Pfalz population; but with the Electors, now that the House of Simmern is out, and that of Neuburg in, it is not so. The Neuburgs, ever since that slap, on the face, have continued Popish; a sore fact for this Protestant population, when it got them for Sovereigns. Karl Philip's Father, an old soldier at Vienna, and the elder Brother, a collector of Pictures at Dusseldorf, did not outwardly much molest the creed of their subjects. Protestants, and the remnant of Catholics (remnant naturally rather expanding now that the Court shone on it), were allowed to live in peace, according to the Treaty of Westphalia, or nearly so; dividing the churches and church-revenues equitably between them, as directed there. But now that Karl Philip is come in, there is no mistaking his procedures. He has come home to Heidelberg with a retinue of Jesuits about him; to whom the poor old gentleman, looking before and after on this troublous world, finds it salutary to give ear.

His nibblings at Protestant rights, his contrivances to slide Catholics into churches which were not theirs, and the like foul-play in that matter, had been sorrowful to see, for some time past. The Elector of Mainz, Chief-Priest of Germany, is busy in the same bad direction; he and others. Indeed, ever since the Peace of Ryswick, where Louis XIV. surreptitiously introduced a certain "Clause," which could never be got rid of again,

["CLAUSE OF THE FOURTH ARTICLE" is the technical name of it. FOURTH ARTICLE stipulates that King Louis XIV. shall punctually restore all manner of towns and places, in the Palatinate (much BURNT, somewhat BE-JESUITED too, in late Wars, by the said King, during his occupancy): CLAUSE OF FOURTH ARTICLE (added to it, by a quirk, "at midnight," say the Books) contains merely these words, "*Religione tamen Catholica Romana, in locis sic restitutis, in statu quo nunc est remanente*: Roman-Catholic religion to continue as it now is [as WE have made it to be] in such towns and places."—Which CLAUSE gave rise to very great but ineffectual lamenting and debating. (Scholl, *Traites de Paix* (Par. 1817), i. 433–438; Buchholz; Spittler, *Geschichte Wurtembergs*; nibbling aggressions of this kind have gone on more and more. Always too sluggishly resisted by the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM, in the Diets or otherwise, the "United Protestant Sovereigns" not being an active "Body" there. And now more sluggishly than ever;—said CORPUS having August Elector of Saxony, Catholic (Sham-Catholic) King of Poland, for its Official Head; "August the Physically Strong," a man highly unconcerned for matters Evangelical! So that the nibblings go on worse and worse. An offence to all Protestant Rulers who had any conscience; at length an unbearable one to Friedrich Wilhelm, who, alone of them all, decided to intervene effectually, and say, at whatever risk there might be, We will not stand it!

Karl Philip, after some nibblings, took up the Heidelberg Catechism (which candidly calls the Mass "idolatrous"), and ordered said Catechism, an Authorized Book, to cease in his dominions. Hessen-Cassel, a Protestant neighbor, pleaded, remonstrated, Friedrich Wilhelm glooming in the rear; but to no purpose. Our old gentleman, his Priests being very diligent upon him, decided next to get possession of the HEILIGE-GEIST KIRCHE (Church of the Holy Ghost, principal Place of Worship at Heidelberg), and make it his principal Cathedral Church there. By Treaty of Westphalia, or peaceably otherwise, the Catholics are already in possession of the Choir: but the whole Church would be so much better. "Was it not Catholic once?" thought Karl Philip to himself: "built by our noble Ancestor Kaiser Rupert of the Pfalz, Rupert KLEMM ["Pincers," so named for his firmness of mind]:— why should these Heretics have it? I will build them another!" These thoughts, in 1719, the third year of Karl Philip's rule, had broken out into open action (29th August, 4th September the consummation of it) [Mauvillon, i. 340–345.] and precisely in the time when Friedrich Wilhelm was penning that first Didactic Morsel which we read, grave clouds from the Palatinate were beginning to overshadow the royal mind more or less.

For the poor Heidelberg Consistorium, as they could not undertake to give up their Church on request of his Serenity,——"How dare we, or can we?" answered they,—had been driven out by compulsion and stratagem. Partly strategic was the plan adopted, to avoid violence; smith's picklocks being employed, and also mason's crowbars: but the end was, On the 31st of August, 1719, Consistorium and Congregation found themselves fairly in the street, and the HEILIGE-GEIST KIRCHE clean gone from them. Screen of the Choir is torn down; one big Catholic edifice now; getting decorated into a Court Church, where Serene Highness may feel his mind comfortable.

The poor Heidelbergers, thus thrown into the street, made applications, lamentations; but with small prospect of help: to whom apply with any sure prospect? Remonstrances from Hessen-Cassel have proved unavailing with his bigoted Serene Highness. CORPUS EVANGELICORUM, so presided over as at present, what can be had of such a Corpus? Long-winded lucubrations at the utmost; real action, in such a matter; none. Or will the Kaiser, his Jesuits advising him, interfere to do us justice? Kur-Mainz and the rest;—it is everywhere one story. Everywhere unhappy Protestantism getting bad usage, and ever worse; and no Corpus Evangelicorum, or appointed Watchdog, doing other than hang its ears, and look sorry for itself and us!—

The Heidelbergers, however, had applied to Friedrich Wilhelm among others. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long looked on these Anti-Protestant phenomena with increasing anger, found now that this of the Heidelberg Catechism and HEILIGE-GEIST KIRCHE was enough to make one's patience run over. Your unruly Catholic bull, plunging about, and goring men in that mad absurd manner, it will behoove that somebody take him by the horns, or by the tail, and teach him manners. Teach him, not by vocal precepts, it is likely, which would avail nothing on such a brute, but by practical cudgelling and scourging to the due pitch. Pacific Friedrich Wilhelm perceived that he himself would have to do that disagreeable feat:—the growl of him, on coming to such resolution, must have been consolatory to these poor Heidelbergers, when they applied!—His plan is very simple, as the plans of genius are; but a plan leading direct to the end desired, and probably the only one that would have done so, in the circumstances. Cudgel in hand, he takes the Catholic bull,—shall we say, by the

horns?—more properly perhaps by the tail; and teaches him manners.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S METHOD;—PROVES REMEDIAL IN HEIDELBERG.

Friedrich Wilhelm's first step, of course, was to remonstrate pacifically with his Serene Highness on the Heidelberg—Church affair: from this he probably expected nothing; nor did he get anything. Getting nothing from this, and the countenance of external Protestant Powers, especially of George I. and the Dutch, being promised him in ulterior measures, he directed his Administrative Officials in Magdeburg, in Minden, in Hamersleben, where are Catholic Foundations of importance, to assemble the Catholic Canons, Abbots, chief Priests and all whom it might concern in these three Places, and to signify to them as follows:—

"From us, your Protestant Sovereign, you yourselves and all men will witness, you have hitherto had the best of usage, fair—play, according to the Laws of the REICH, and even—more. With the Protestants at Heidelberg, on the part of the Catholic Powers, it is different. It must cease to be different; it must become the same. And to make it do so, you are the implement I have. Sorry for it, but there is no other handy. From this day your Churches also are closed, your Public Worship ceases, and furthermore your Revenues cease; and all makes dead halt, and falls torpid in respect of you. From this day; and so continues, till the day (may it be soon!) when the Heidelberg Church of the Holy Ghost is opened again, and right done in that question. Be it yours to speed such day: it is you that can and will, you who know those high Catholic regions, inaccessible to your Protestant Sovereign. Till then you are as dead men; temporarily fallen dead for a purpose. And herewith God have you in his keeping!" [Mauvillon, i. 347, 349.]

That was Friedrich Wilhelm's plan; the simplest, but probably the one effectual plan. Infallible this plan, if you dare stand upon it; which Friedrich Wilhelm does. He has a formidable Army, ready for fight; a Treasury or Army—chest in good order. George I. seconds, according to bargain; shuts the Catholic Church at Zelle in his Luneburg Country, in like fashion; Dutch, too, and Swiss will endorse the matter, should it grow too serious. All which, involving some diplomacy and correspondence, is managed with the due promptitude, moreover. [Church of Zelle shut up, 4th November; Minden, 28th November; Monastery of Hamersleben, 3d December, (Putter, *Historische Entwicklung der heutigen Staatsverfassung des Deutschen Reichs*, Göttingen, 1788, ii. 384, 390).] And so certain doors are locked; and Friedrich Wilhelm's word, unalterable as gravitation, has gone forth. In this manner is the mad Catholic bull taken by the TAIL: keep fast hold, and apply your cudgel duly in that attitude, he will not gore you any more!

The Magdeburg—Hamersleben people shrieked piteously; not to Friedrich Wilhelm, whom they knew to be deaf on that side of his head, but to the Kaiser, to the Pope, to the Serenity of Heidelberg. Serene Highness of Heidelberg was much huffed; Kaiser dreadfully so, and wrote heavy menacing rebukes. To which Friedrich Wilhelm listened with a minimum of reply; keeping firm hold of the tail, in such bellowing of the animal. The end was, Serene Highness had to comply; within three months, Kaiser, Serene Highness and the other parties interested, found that there would be nothing for it but to compose themselves, and do what was just. April 16th, 1720, the Protestants are reinstated in their HEILIGE—GEIST KIRCHE; Heidelberg Catechism goes its free course again, May 16th; and one Baron Reck [Michaelis, ii. 95; Putter, ii. 384, 390; Buchholz, pp. 61—63.] is appointed Commissioner, from the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM, to Heidelberg; who continues rigorously inspecting Church matters there for a considerable time, much to the grief of Highness and Jesuits, till he can report that all is as it should be on that head. Karl Philip felt so disgusted with these results, he removed his Court, that same year, to Mannheim; quitted Heidelberg; to the discouragement and visible decay of the place; and, in spite of humble petitions and remonstrances, never would return; neither he nor those that followed him would shift from Mannheim again, to this day.

PRUSSIAN MAJESTY HAS DISPLEASED THE KAISER AND THE KING OF POLAND.

Friedrich Wilhelm's praises from the Protestant public were great, on this occasion. Nor can we, who lie much farther from it in every sense, refuse him some grin of approval. Act, and manner of doing the act, are creditably of a piece with Friedrich Wilhelm; physiognomic of the rugged veracious man. It is one of several such acts done by him: for it was a duty apt to recur in Germany, in his day. This duty Friedrich Wilhelm, a solid Protestant after his sort, and convinced of the "nothingness and nonsensicality (UNGRUND UND ABSURDITAT) of Papistry," was always honorably prompt to do. There is an honest bacon—and—greens conscience in the man; almost the one conscience you can find in any royal man of that day. Promptly, without tremulous counting of costs, he always starts up, solid as oak, on the occurrence of such a thing, and says, "That is unjust; contrary to the Treaty of

Westphalia; you will have to put down that!"—And if words avail not, his plan is always the same: Clap a similar thumbscrew, pressure equitably calculated, on the Catholics of Prussia; these can complain to their Popes and Jesuit Dignitaries: these are under thumbscrew till the Protestant pressure be removed. Which always did rectify the matter in a little time. One other of these instances, that of the Salzburg Protestants, the last such instance, as this of Heidelberg was the first, will by and by claim notice from us.

It is very observable, how Friedrich Wilhelm, hating quarrels, was ever ready to turn out for quarrel on such an occasion; though otherwise conspicuously a King who stayed well at home, looking after his own affairs; meddling with no neighbor that would be at peace with him. This properly is Friedrich Wilhelm's "sphere of political activity" among his contemporaries; this small quasi-domestic sphere, of forbidding injury to Protestants. A most small sphere, but then a genuine one: nor did he seek even this, had it not forced itself upon him. And truly we might ask, What has become of the other more considerable "spheres" in that epoch? The supremest loud-trumpeting "political activities" which then filled the world and its newspapers, what has the upshot of them universally been? Zero, and oblivion; no other. While this poor Friedrich-Wilhelm sphere is perhaps still a countable quantity. Wise is he who stays well at home, and does the duty he finds lying there!—

Great favor from the Protestant public: but, on the other hand, his Majesty had given offence in high places. What help for it? The thing was a point of conscience with him; natural to the surly Royal Overseer, going his rounds in the world, stick in hand! However, the Kaiser was altogether gloomy of brow at such disobedience. A Kaiser unfriendly to Friedrich Wilhelm: witness that of the RITTER-DIENST (our unreasonable Magdeburg Ritters, countenanced by him, on such terms, in such style too), and other offensive instances that could be given. Perhaps the Kaiser will not always continue gloomy of brow; perhaps the thoughts of the Imperial breast may alter, on our behalf or his own, one day?—

Nor could King August the Physically Strong be glad to see his "Director" function virtually superseded, in this triumphant way. A year or two ago, Friedrich Wilhelm had, with the due cautions and politic reserves, inquired of the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM, "If they thought the present Directorship (that of August the Physically Strong) a good one?" and "Whether he, Friedrich Wilhelm, ought not perhaps himself to be Director?"—To which, though the answer was clear as noonday, this poor Corpus had only mumbled some "QUIETA NON MOVERE," or other wise-foolish saw; and helplessly shrugged its shoulders. [1717–1719, when August's KURPRINZ, Heir-Apparent, likewise declared himself Papist, to the horror and astonishment of poor Saxony, and wedded the late Kaiser Joseph's Daughter:—not to Father August's horror; who was steering towards "popularity in Poland," "hereditary Polish Crown," with the young man. (Buchholz, i. 53–56.)] But King August himself,—though a jovial social kind of animal, quite otherwise occupied in the world; busy producing his three hundred and fifty-four Bastards there, and not careful of Church matters at all,—had expressed his indignant surprise. And now, it would seem nevertheless, though the title remains where it was, the function has fallen to another, who actually does it: a thing to provoke comparisons in the public.

Clement, the Hungarian forger, vender of false state-secrets, is well hanged; went to the gallows (18th April, 1720) with much circumstance, just two days before that Heidelberg Church was got reopened. But the suspicions sown by Clement cannot quite be abolished by the hanging of him: Forger indisputably; but who knows whether he had not something of fact for his? What with Clement, what with this Heidelberg business, the Court of Berlin has fallen wrong with Dresden, with Vienna itself, and important clouds have risen.

There is an absurd Flame of War, blown out by Admiral Byng; and a new Man of Genius announces himself to the dim Populations.

The poor Kaiser himself is otherwise in trouble of his own, at this time. The Spaniards and he have fallen out, in spite of Utrecht Treaty and Rastadt ditto; the Spaniards have taken Sicily from him; and precisely in those days while Karl Philip took to shutting up the HEILIGE-GEIST Church at Heidelberg, there was, loud enough in all the Newspapers, silent as it now is, a "Siege of Messina" going on; Imperial and Piedmontese troops doing duty by land, Admiral Byng still more effectively by sea, for the purpose of getting Sicily back. Which was achieved by and by, though at an extremely languid pace. [Byng's Sea-fight, 10th August, 1718 (Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, iii. 468); whereupon the Spaniards, who had hardly yet completed their capture of Messina, are besieged in it;— 29th October, 1719, Messina retaken (this is the "Siege of Messina"): February, 1720, Peace is clapt up (the chief article, that Alberoni shall be packed away), and a "Congress of Cambrai" is to meet, and settle everything.] One of the most tedious Sieges; one of the paltriest languid Wars (of extreme virulence and extreme

feebleness, neither party having any cash left), and for an object which could not be excelled in insignificance. Object highly interesting to Kaiser Karl VI. and Elizabeth Farnese Termagant Queen of Spain. These two were red, or even were pale, with interest in it; and to the rest of Adam's Posterity it was not intrinsically worth an ounce of gunpowder, many tons of that and of better commodities as they had to spend upon it. True, the Spanish Navy got well lamed in the business; Spanish Fleet blown mostly to destruction,— "Roads of Messina, 10th August, 1718," by the dexterous Byng (a creditable handy figure both in Peace and War) and his considerable Sea-fight there:—if that was an object to Spain or mankind, that was accomplished. But the "War," except that many men were killed in it, and much vain babble was uttered upon it, ranks otherwise with that of Don Quixote, for conquest of the enchanted Helmet of Mambrino, which when looked into proved to be a Barber's Basin.

Congress of Cambrai, and other high Gatherings and convulsive Doings, which all proved futile, and look almost like Lapland witchcraft now to us, will have to follow this futility of a War. It is the first of a long series of enchanted adventures, on which Kaiser Karl,—duelling with that Spanish Virago, Satan's Invisible World in the rear of her,—has now embarked, to the woe of mankind, for the rest of his life. The first of those terrifico-ludicrous paroxysms of crisis into which he throws the European Universe; he with his Enchanted Barber's-Basin enterprises;—as perhaps was fit enough, in an epoch presided over by the Nightmares. Congress of Cambrai is to follow; and much else equally spectral. About all which there will be enough to say anon! For it was a fearful operation, though a ludicrous one, this of the poor Kaiser; and it tormented not the big Nations only, and threw an absurd Europe into paroxysm after paroxysm; but it whirled up, in its wide-weeping skirts, our little Fritz and his Sister, and almost dashed the lives out of them, as we shall see! Which last is perhaps the one claim it now has to a cursory mention from mankind.

Byng's Sea-fight, done with due dexterity of manoeuvring, and then with due emphasis of broadsiding, decisive of that absurd War, and almost the one creditable action in it, dates itself 10th August, 1718. And about three months later, on the mimic stage at Paris there came out a piece, OEDIPE the title of it, [18th November, 1718.] by one Francois Arouet, a young gentleman about twenty-two; and had such a run as seldom was;—apprising the French Populations that, to all appearance, a new man of genius had appeared among them (not intimating what work he would do); and greatly angering old M. Arouet of the Chamber of Accouuts; who thereby found his Son as good as cast into the whirlpools, and a solid Law-career thenceforth impossible for the young fool.— The name of that "M. Arouet junior" changes itself, some years hence, into M. DE VOLTAIRE; under which latter designation he will conspicuously reappear in this Narrative.

And now we will go to our little Crown-Prince again;—ignorant, he, of all this that is mounting up in the distance, and that it will envelop him one day.

Chapter XI. ON THE CROWN-PRINCE'S PROGRESS IN HIS SCHOOLING.

Wilhelmina says, [*Memoires*, i. 22.] her Brother was "slow" in learning: we may presume, she means idle, volatile, not always prompt in fixing his attention to what did not interest him. Moreover, he was often weakly in health, as she herself adds; so that exertion was not recommendable for him. Herr von Loen (a witty Prussian Official, and famed man-of-letters once, though forgotten now) testifies expressly that the Boy was of bright parts, and that he made rapid progress. "The Crown-Prince manifests in this tender age [his seventh year] an uncommon capacity; nay we may say, something quite extraordinary (*etwas ganz Ausserordentliches*). He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who [under Roucoules] has had charge of his learning hitherto, cannot speak of him without enthusiasm. '*C'est un esprit ange'lique* (a little angel),' she is wont to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put before him, with the greatest facility." [Van Loen, *Kleine Schriften*, ii. 27 (as cited in Rodenbeck, No. iv. 479).]

For the rest, that Friedrich Wilhelm's intentions and Rhadamanthine regulations, in regard to him, were fulfilled in every point, we will by no means affirm. Rules of such exceeding preciseness, if grounded here and there only on the SIC-VOLO, how could they be always kept, except on the surface and to the eye merely? The good Duhan, diligent to open his pupil's mind, and give Nature fair-play, had practically found it inexpedient to tie him too rigorously to the arbitrary formal departments where no natural curiosity, but only order from without, urges the ingenious pupil. What maximum strictness in school-drill there can have been, we may infer from one thing, were there no other: the ingenious Pupil's mode of SPELLING. Fritz learned to write a fine, free-flowing, rapid and legible business-hand; "Arithmetic" too, "Geography," and many other Useful Knowledges that had some geniality of character, or attractiveness in practice, were among his acquisitions; much, very much he learned in the course of his life; but to SPELL, much more to punctuate, and subdue the higher mysteries of Grammar to himself, was always an unachievable perfection. He did improve somewhat in after life; but here is the length to which he had carried that necessary art in the course of nine years' exertion, under Duhan and the subsidiary preceptors; it is in the following words and alphabetic letters that he gratefully bids Duhan farewell,—who surely cannot have been a very strict drill-sergeant in the arbitrary branches of schooling!

"Mon cher Duhan Je Vous promais (PROMETS) que quand j'aurez (J'AURAI) mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerai (DONNERAI) enuelement (ANNUELLEMENT) 2400 ecu (ECUS) par an, et je vous aimerai (AIMERAI) toujours encor (TOUJOURS ENCORE) un peu plus q'asteure (QU'A CETTE HEURE) s'il me l'est (M'EST) possible (POSSIBLE)."

"MY DEAR DUHAN,—I promise to you, that when I shall have my money in my own hands, I will give you annually 2400 crowns [say 350 pounds] EVERY YEAR; and that I will love you always even a little more than at present, if that be possible.

"FRIDERIC P.R. [Prince-Royal]."

"POTSDAM, le 20 de juin, 1727." [Preuss, i. 22.]

The Document has otherwise its beauty; but such is the spelling of it. In fact his Grammar, as he would himself now and then regretfully discern, in riper years, with some transient attempt or resolution to remedy or help it, seems to have come mainly by nature; so likewise his "STYLUS" both in French and German,—a very fair style, too, in the former dialect:—but as to his spelling, let him try as he liked, he never came within sight of perfection.

The things ordered with such rigorous minuteness, if but arbitrary things, were apt to be neglected; the things forbidden, especially in the like case, were apt to become doubly tempting. It appears, the prohibition of Latin gave rise to various attempts, on the part of Friedrich, to attain that desirable Language. Secret lessons, not from Duhan, but no doubt with Duhan's connivance, were from time to time undertaken with this view: once, it is recorded, the vigilant Friedrich Wilhelm, going his rounds, came upon Fritz and one of his Preceptors (not Duhan but a subaltern) actually engaged in this illicit employment. Friedrich himself was wont to relate this anecdote in after life. [Busching, *Beitrag zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 33. Preuss, i. 24.] They had Latin books, dictionaries, grammars on the table, all the contraband apparatus; busy with it there, like a pair of

coiners taken in the fact. Among other Books was a copy of the Golden Bull of Kaiser Karl IV.,— *Aurea Bulla*, from the little golden BULLETS or pellets hung to it,—by which sublime Document, as perhaps we hinted long ago, certain so-called Fundamental Constitutions, or at least formalities and solemn practices, method of election, rule of precedence, and the like, of the Holy Roman Empire, had at last been settled on a sure footing, by that busy little Kaiser, some three hundred and fifty years before; a Document venerable almost next to the Bible in Friedrich Wilhelm's loyal eyes, "What is this; what are you venturing upon here?" exclaims Paternal Vigilance, in an astonished dangerous tone. "*Thro Majestat, ich explicire dem Prinzen Auream Bullam*," exclaimed the trembling pedagogue: "Your Majesty, I am explaining AUREA BULLA [Golden Bull] to the Prince!"—"Dog, I will Golden-Bull you!" said his Majesty, flourishing his rattan, "*Ich will dich, Schurke, be-auream-bullam!*" which sent the terrified wretch off at the top of his speed, and ended the Latin for that time. [Forster, i. 356.]

Friedrich's Latin could never come to much, under these impediments. But he retained some smatterings of it in mature life; and was rather fond of producing his classical scraps,— often in an altogether mouldy, and indeed hitherto inexplicable condition. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," "*Beati possedentes*," "*Compille intrare*," "*BeatUS pauperes spiritus*;" the meaning of these can be guessed: but "*Tot verbas tot spondera*," for example,—what can any commentator make of that? "*Festina lente*," "*Dominus vobiscum*," "*Flectamus genua*," "*Quod bene notandum*;" these phrases too, and some three or four others of the like, have been riddled from his Writings by diligent men: [Preuss (i. 24) furnishes the whole stock of them.] "*O tempora, O mores!* You see, I don't forget my Latin," writes he once.

The worst fruit of these contraband operations was, that they involved the Boy in clandestine practices, secret disobediences, apt to be found out from time to time, and tended to alienate his Father from him. Of which sad mutual humor we already find traces in that early Wusterhausen Document: "Not to be so dirty," says the reproving Father. And the Boy does not take to hunting at all, likes verses, story-books, flute-playing better; seems to be of effeminate tendencies, an EFFEMINIRTER KERL; affects French modes, combs out his hair like a cockatoo, the foolish French fop, instead of conforming to the Army-regulation, which prescribes close-cropping and a club!

This latter grievance Friedrich Wilhelm decided, at last, to abate, and have done with; this, for one. It is an authentic fact, though not dated,—dating perhaps from about Fritz's fifteenth year. "Fritz is a QUERPFEIFER UND POET," not a Soldier! would his indignant Father growl; looking at those foreign effeminate ways of his. QUERPFEIFE, that is simply "German-flute," "CROSS-PIPE" (or FIFE of any kind, for we English have thriftily made two useful words out of the Deutsch root); "Cross-pipe," being held across the mouth horizontally. Worthless employment, if you are not born to be of the regimental band! thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Fritz is celebrated, too, for his fine foot; a dapper little fellow, altogether pretty in the eyes of simple female courtiers, with his blond locks combed out at the temples, with his bright eyes, sharp wit, and sparkling capricious ways. The cockatoo locks, these at least we will abate! decides the Paternal mind.

And so, unexpectedly, Friedrich Wilhelm has commanded these bright locks, as contrary to military fashion, of which Fritz has now unworthily the honor of being a specimen, to be ruthlessly shorn away. Inexorable: the HOF-CHIRURGUS (Court-Surgeon, of the nature of Barber-Surgeon), with scissors and comb, is here; ruthless Father standing by. Crop him, my jolly Barber; close down to the accurate standard; soaped club, instead of flowing locks; we suffer no exceptions in this military department: I stand here till it is done. Poor Fritz, they say, had tears in his eyes; but what help in tears? The judicious Chirurgus, however, proved merciful. The judicious Chirurgus struck in as if nothing loath, snack, snack; and made a great show of clipping. Friedrich Wilhelm took a newspaper till the job were done; the judicious Barber, still making a great show of work, combed back rather than cut off these Apollo locks; did Fritz accurately into soaped club, to the cursory eye; but left him capable of shaking out his chevelure again on occasion,—to the lasting gratitude of Fritz. [Preuss, i. 16.]

THE NOLTENIUS-AND-PANZENDORF DRILL-EXERCISE.

On the whole, as we said, a youth needs good assimilating power, if he is to grow in this world! Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy "teaching Friedrich religion." Rather a strange operation this too, if we were to look into it. We will not look too closely. Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him. May we not say that, in matter of religion too, Friedrich was but ill-bested? Enlightened Edict-of-Nantes Protestantism, a cross between Bayle and Calvin:

that was but indifferent babe's milk to the little creature. Nor could Noltenius's Catechism, and ponderous drill—exercise in orthodox theology, much inspire a clear soul with pieties, and tendencies to soar Heavenward.

Alas, it is a dreary litter indeed, mere wagon—load on wagon—load of shot—rubbish, that is heaped round this new human plant, by Noltenius and Company, among others. A wonder only that they did not extinguish all Sense of the Highest in the poor young soul, and leave only a Sense of the Dreariest and Stupidest. But a healthy human soul can stand a great deal. The healthy soul shakes off, in an unexpectedly victorious manner, immense masses of dry rubbish that have been shot upon it by its assiduous pedagogues and professors. What would become of any of us otherwise! Duhan, opening the young soul, by such modest gift as Duhan had, to recognize black from white a little, in this embroiled high Universe, is probably an exception in some small measure. But, Duhan excepted, it may be said to have been in spite of most of his teachers, and their diligent endeavors, that Friedrich did acquire some human piety; kept the sense of truth alive in his mind; knew, in whatever words he phrased it, the divine eternal nature of Duty; and managed, in the muddiest element and most eclipsed Age ever known, to steer by the heavenly loadstars and (so we must candidly term it) to FOLLOW God's Law; in some measure, with or without Noltenius for company. Noltenius's CATECHISM, or ghostly Drill—manual for Fritz, at least the Catechism he had plied Wilhelmina with, which no doubt was the same, is still extant. [Preuss, i. 15;—specimens of it in Rodenbeck.] A very abstruse Piece; orthodox Lutheran—Calvinist, all proved from Scripture; giving what account it can of this unfathomable Universe, to the young mind. To modern Prussians it by no means shines as the indubitablest Theory of the Universe. Indignant modern Prussians produce excerpts from it, of an abstruse nature; and endeavor to deduce therefrom some of Friedrich's aberrations in matters of religion, which became notorious enough by and by. Alas, I fear, it would not have been easy, even for the modern Prussian, to produce a perfect Catechism for the use of Friedrich; this Universe still continues a little abstruse!

And there is another deeper thing to be remarked: the notion of "teaching" religion, in the way of drill—exercise; which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Noltenius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle Heavenward, cannot be "taught" by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No; alas, no. Only by far other methods,—chiefly by silent continual Example, silently waiting for the favorable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named "the grace of God,"—can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole Libraries of orthodox Theology is, sometimes, the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who HAD in them "Devoutness, pious Nobleness"! In whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observing, came at length to recognize it; to read it, in this irrefragable manner: a seed planted thenceforth in the centre of his holiest affections forevermore!

Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute; but I know not that Noltenius carried much seed of living piety about with him; much affection from, or for, young Fritz he could not well carry. On the whole, it is a bad outlook on the religious side; and except in Apprenticeship to the rugged and as yet repulsive Honesties of Friedrich Wilhelm, I see no good element in it. Bayle—Calvin, with Noltenius and Catechisms of repute: there is no "religion" to be had for a little Fritz out of all that. Endless Doubt will be provided for him out of all that, probably disbelief of all that;—and, on the whole, if any form at all, a very scraggy form of moral existence; from which the Highest shall be hopelessly absent; and in which anything High, anything not Low and Lying, will have double merit.

It is indeed amazing what quantities and kinds of extinct ideas apply for belief, sometimes in a menacing manner, to the poor mind of man, and poor mind of child, in these days. They come bullying in upon him, in masses, as if they were quite living ideas; ideas of a dreadfully indispensable nature, the evident counterpart, and salutary interpretation, of Facts round him, which, it is promised the poor young creature, he SHALL recognize to correspond with them, one day. At which "correspondence," when the Facts are once well recognized, he has at last to ask himself with amazement, "Did I ever recognize it, then?" Whereby come results incalculable; not good results any of them;—some of them unspeakably bad! The ease of Crown—Prince Friedrich in Berlin is not singular; all cities and places can still show the like. And when it will end, is not yet clear. But that it ever should have begun, will one day be the astonishment. As if the divinest function of a human being were not even that of believing; of discriminating, with his God—given intellect, what is from what is not; and as if the point were, to render that either an impossible function, or else what we must sorrowfully call a revolutionary, rebellious and mutinous one. O Noltenius, O Panzendorf, do for pity's sake take away your Catechetical ware; and say either

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nothing to the poor young Boy, or some small thing he will find to be BEYOND doubt when he can judge of it! Fever, pestilence, are bad for the body; but Doubt, impious mutiny, doubly impious hypocrisy, are these nothing for the mind? Who would go about inculcating Doubt, unless he were far astray indeed, and much at a loss for employment!

But the sorest fact in Friedrich's schooling, the forest, for the present, though it ultimately proved perhaps the most beneficent one, being well dealt with by the young soul, and nobly subdued to his higher uses, remains still to be set forth. Which will be a long business, first and last!

Chapter XII. CROWN-PRINCE FALLS INTO DISFAVOR WITH PAPA.

Those vivacities of young Fritz, his taste for music, finery, those furtive excursions into the domain of Latin and forbidden things, were distasteful and incomprehensible to Friedrich Wilhelm: Where can such things end? They begin in disobedience and intolerable perversity; they will be the ruin of Prussia and of Fritz!—Here, in fact, has a great sorrow risen. We perceive the first small cracks of incurable divisions in the royal household; the breaking out of fountains of bitterness, which by and by spread wide enough. A young sprightly, capricious and vivacious Boy, inclined to self-will, had it been permitted; developing himself into foreign tastes, into French airs and ways; very ill seen by the heavy-footed practical Germanic Majesty.

The beginnings of this sad discrepancy are traceable from Friedrich's sixth or seventh year: "Not so dirty, Boy!" And there could be no lack of growth in the mutual ill-humor, while the Boy himself continued growing; enlarging in bulk and in activity of his own. Plenty of new children come, to divide our regard withal, and more are coming; five new Princesses, wise little Ulrique the youngest of them (named of Sweden and the happy Swedish Treaty), whom we love much for her grave staid ways. Nay, next after Ulrique comes even a new Prince; August Wilhelm, ten years younger than Friedrich; and is growing up much more according to the paternal heart. Pretty children, all of them, more or less; and towardly, and comfortable to a Father;—and the worst of them a paragon of beauty, in comparison to perverse, clandestine, disobedient Fritz, with his French fopperies, flutings, and cockatoo fashions of hair!—

And so the silent divulsion, silent on Fritz's part, exploding loud enough now and then on his Father's part, goes steadily on, splitting ever wider; new offences ever superadding themselves. Till, at last, the rugged Father has grown to hate the son; and longs, with sorrowful indignation, that it were possible to make August Wilhelm Crown-Prince in his stead. This Fritz ought to fashion himself according to his Father's pattern, a well-meant honest pattern; and he does not! Alas, your Majesty, it cannot be. It is the new generation come; which cannot live quite as the old one did. A perennial controversy in human life; coeval with the genealogies of men. This little Boy should have been the excellent paternal Majesty's exact counterpart; resembling him at all points, "as a little sixpence does a big half-crown:" but we perceive he cannot. This is a new coin, with a stamp of its own. A surprising FRIEDRICH D'OR this; and may prove a good piece yet; but will never be the half-crown your Majesty requires!—

Conceive a rugged thick-sided Squire Western, of supreme degree,— or this Squire Western is a hot Hohenzollern, and wears a crown royal;—conceive such a burly NE-PLUS-ULTRA of a Squire, with his broad-based rectitudes and surly irrefragabilities; the honest German instincts of the man, convictions certain as the Fates, but capable of no utterance, or next to none, in words; and that he produces a Son who takes into Voltairism, piping, fiddling and belles-lettres, with apparently a total contempt for Grumkow and the giant-regiment! Sulphurous rage, in gusts or in lasting tempests, rising from a fund of just implacability, is inevitable. Such as we shall see.

The Mother, as mothers will, secretly favors Fritz; anxious to screen him in the day of high-wind. Withal she has plans of her own in regard to Fritz, and the others; being a lady of many plans. That of the "Double-Marriage," for example; of marrying her Prince and Princess to a Princess and Prince of the English-Hanoverian House; it was a pleasant eligible plan, consented to by Papa and the other parties; but when it came to be perfected by treaty, amid the rubs of external and internal politics, what new amazing discrepancies rose upon her poor children and her! Fearfully aggravating the quarrel of Father and Son, almost to the fatal point. Of that "Double-Marriage," whirled up in a universe of intriguing diplomacies, in the "skirts of the Kaiser's huge Spectre-Hunt," as we have called it, there will be sad things to say by and by.

Plans her Majesty has; and silently a will of her own. She loves all her children, especially Fritz, and would so love that they loved her.—For the rest, all along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech; [*Memoires de Bareith*, i. 168.] they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words, "RAGOTIN (Stumpy)," whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant "Stumpy," and no better; being indeed short of stature, and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations!—

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Such incurable discrepancies have risen in the Berlin Palace: fountains of bitterness flowing ever wider, till they made life all bitter for Son and for Father; necessitating the proud Son to hypocrisies towards his terrible Father, which were very foreign to the proud youth, had there been any other resource. But there was none, now or afterwards. Even when the young man, driven to reflection and insight by intolerable miseries, had begun to recognize the worth of his surly Rhadamanthine Father, and the intrinsic wisdom of much that he had meant with him, the Father hardly ever could, or could only by fits, completely recognize the Son's worth. Rugged suspicious Papa requires always to be humored, cajoled, even when our feeling towards him is genuine and loyal. Friedrich, to the last, we can perceive, has to assume masquerade in addressing him, in writing to him,—and in spite of real love, must have felt it a relief when such a thing was over. That is, all along, a sad element of Friedrich's education! Out of which there might have come incalculable damage to the young man, had his natural assimilative powers, to extract benefit from all things, been less considerable. As it was, he gained self-help from it; gained reticence, the power to keep his own counsel; and did not let the hypocrisy take hold of him, or be other than a hateful compulsory masquerade. At an uncommonly early age, he stands before us accomplished in endurance, for one thing; a very bright young Stoic of his sort; silently prepared for the injustices of men and things. And as for the masquerade, let us hope it was essentially foreign even to the skin of the man! The reader will judge as he goes on. "*Je n'ai jamais trompe personne durant ma vie*, I have never deceived anybody during my life; still less will I deceive posterity," [*Memoires depuis la Paix de Huberrtsbourg*, 1763–1774 (Avant-Propos), OEUVRES, vii. 8.] writes Friedrich when his head was now grown very gray.

Chapter XIII. RESULTS OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S SCHOOLING.

Neither as to intellectual culture, in Duhan's special sphere, and with all Duhan's good-will, was the opportunity extremely golden. It cannot be said that Friedrich, who spells in the way we saw, "ASTEURE" for "A CETTE HEURE," has made shining acquisitions on the literary side. However, in the long-run it becomes clear, his intellect, roving on devious courses, or plodding along the prescribed tram-roads, had been wide awake; and busy all the while, bringing in abundant pabulum of an irregular nature.

He did learn "Arithmetic," "Geography," and the other useful knowledges that were indispensable to him. He knows History extensively; though rather the Roman, French, and general European as the French have taught it him, than that of "Hessen, Brunswick, England," or even the "Electoral and Royal House of Brandenburg," which Papa had recommended. He read History, where he could find it readable, to the end of his life; and had early begun reading it,—immensely eager to learn, in his little head, what strange things had been, and were, in this strange Planet he was come into.

We notice with pleasure a lively taste for facts in the little Boy; which continued to be the taste of the Man, in an eminent degree. Fictions he also knows; an eager extensive reader of what is called Poetry, Literature, and himself a performer in that province by and by: but it is observable how much of Realism there always is in his Literature; how close, here as elsewhere, he always hangs on the practical truth of things; how Fiction itself is either an expository illustrative garment of Fact, or else is of no value to him. Romantic readers of his Literature are much disappointed in consequence, and pronounce it bad Literature;—and sure enough, in several senses, it is not to be called good! Bad Literature, they say; shallow, barren, most unsatisfactory to a reader of romantic appetites. Which is a correct verdict, as to the romantic appetites and it. But to the man himself, this quality of mind is of immense moment and advantage; and forms truly the basis of all he was good for in life. Once for all, he has no pleasure in dreams, in parti-colored clouds and nothingnesses. All his curiosities gravitate towards what exists, what has being and reality round him. That is the significant thing to him; that he would right gladly know, being already related to that, as friend or as enemy; and feeling an unconscious indissoluble kinship, who shall say of what importance, towards all that. For he too is a little Fact, big as can be to himself; and in the whole Universe there exists nothing as fact but is a fellow-creature of his.

That our little Fritz tends that way, ought to give Noltenius, Finkenstein and other interested parties, the very highest satisfaction. It is an excellent symptom of his intellect, this of gravitating irresistibly towards realities. Better symptom of its quality (whatever QUANTITY there be of it), human intellect cannot show for itself. However it may go with Literature, and satisfaction to readers of romantic appetites, this young soul promises to become a successful Worker one day, and to DO something under the Sun. For work is of an extremely unfictitious nature; and no man can roof his house with clouds and moonshine, so as to turn the rain from him.

It is also to be noted that his style of French, though he spelt it so ill, and never had the least mastery of punctuation, has real merit. Rapidity, easy vivacity, perfect clearness, here and there a certain quaint expressiveness: on the whole, he had learned the Art of Speech, from those old French Governesses, in those old and new French Books of his. We can also say of his Literature, of what he hastily wrote in mature life, that it has much more worth, even as Literature, than the common romantic appetite assigns to it. A vein of distinct sense, and good interior articulation, is never wanting in that thin-flowing utterance. The true is well riddled out from amid the false; the important and essential are alone given us, the unimportant and superfluous honestly thrown away. A lean wiry veracity (an immense advantage in any Literature, good or bad!) is everywhere beneficently observable; the QUALITY of the intellect always extremely good, whatever its quantity may be.

It is true, his spelling—"ASTEURE" for "A CETTE HEURE"—is very bad. And as for punctuation, he never could understand the mystery of it; he merely scatters a few commas and dashes, as if they were shaken out of a pepper-box upon his page, and so leaves it. These are deficiencies lying very bare to criticism; and I confess I never could completely understand them in such a man. He that would have ordered arrest for the smallest speck of mud on a man's buff-belt, indignant that any pipe-clayed portion of a man should not be perfectly pipeclayed: how could he tolerate false spelling, and commas shaken as out of a pepper-box over his page? It is probable he cared little about Literature, after all; cared, at least, only about the essentials of it; had practically no ambition for

himself, or none considerable, in that kind;—and so might reckon exact obedience and punctuality, in a soldier, more important than good spelling to an amateur literary man: He never minded snuff upon his own chin, not even upon his waistcoat and breeches: A merely superficial thing, not worth bothering about, in the press of real business!—

That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper, in spite of every drawback, is known to all men. He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay many "Men-of-Letters" have made a reputation for themselves with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of. Already at the time when action came to be demanded of him, he was what we must call a well-informed and cultivated man; which character he never ceased to merit more and more; and as for the action, and the actions,— we shall see whether he was fit for these or not.

One point of supreme importance in his education was all along made sure of, by the mere presence and presidence of Friedrich Wilhelm in the business: That there was an inflexible law of discipline everywhere active in it; that there was a Spartan rigor, frugality, veracity inculcated upon him. "Economy he is to study to the bottom;" and not only so, but, in another sense of the word, he is to practise economy; and does, or else suffers for not doing it. Economic of his time, first of all: generally every other noble economy will follow out of that, if a man once understand and practise that. Here was a truly valuable foundation laid; and as for the rest, Nature, in spite of shot-rubbish, had to do what she could in the rest.

But Nature had been very kind to this new child of hers. And among, the confused hurtful elements of his Schooling, there was always, as we say, this eminently salutary and most potent one, of its being, in the gross, APPRENTICESHIP TO FRIEDRICH WILHELM the Rhadamanthine Spartan King, who hates from his heart all empty Nonsense, and Unveracity most of all. Which one element, well aided by docility, by openness and loyalty of mind, on the Pupil's part, proved at length sufficient to conquer the others; as it were to burn up all the others, and reduce their sour dark smoke, abounding everywhere, into flame and illumination mostly. This radiant swift-paced Son owed much to the surly, irascible, sure-footed Father that bred him. Friedrich did at length see into Friedrich Wilhelm, across the abstruse, thunderous, sulphurous embodiments and accompaniments of the man;—and proved himself, in all manner of important respects, the filial sequel of Friedrich Wilhelm. These remarks of a certain Editor are perhaps worth adding:—

"Friedrich Wilhelm, King of Prussia, did not set up for a Pestalozzi; and the plan of Education for his Son is open to manifold objections. Nevertheless, as Schoolmasters go, I much prefer him to most others we have at present. The wild man had discerned, with his rugged natural intelligence (not wasted away in the idle element of speaking and of being spoken to, but kept wholesomely silent for most part), That human education is not, and cannot be, a thing of VOCABLES. That it is a thing of earnest facts; of capabilities developed, of habits established, of dispositions well dealt with, of tendencies confirmed and tendencies repressed:—a laborious separating of the character into two FIRMAMENTS; shutting down the subterranean, well down and deep; an earth and waters, and what lies under them; then your everlasting azure sky, and immeasurable depths of aether, hanging serene overhead. To make of the human soul a Cosmos, so far as possible, that was Friedrich Wilhelm's dumb notion: not to leave the human soul a mere Chaos;—how much less a Singing or eloquently Spouting Chaos, which is ten times worse than a Chaos left MUTE, confessedly chaotic and not cosmic! To develop the man into DOING something; and withal into doing it as the Universe and the Eternal Laws require,—which is but another name for really doing and not merely seeming to do it:—that was Friedrich Wilhelm's dumb notion: and it was, I can assure you, very far from being a foolish one, though there was no Latin in it, and much of Prussian pipe-clay!"

But the Congress of Cambrai is met, and much else is met and parted: and the Kaiser's Spectre-Hunt, especially his Duel with the She-Dragon of Spain, is in full course; and it is time we were saying something of the Double-Marriage in a directly narrative way.

END OF BOOK IV,

**BOOK V. DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT, AND WHAT ELEMENT IT FELL
INTO. 1723-1726.**

Chapter I. DOUBLE-MARRIAGE IS DECIDED ON.

We saw George I. at Berlin in October, 1723, looking out upon his little Grandson drilling the Cadets there; but we did not mention what important errand had brought his Majesty thither.

Visits between Hanover and Berlin had been frequent for a long time back; the young Queen of Prussia, sometimes with her husband, sometimes without, running often over to see her Father; who, even after his accession to the English crown, was generally for some months every year to be met with in those favorite regions of his. He himself did not much visit, being of taciturn splenetic nature: but this once he had agreed to return a visit they had lately made him,—where a certain weighty Business had been agreed upon, withal; which his Britannic Majesty was to consummate formally, by treaty, when the meeting in Berlin took effect. His Britannic Majesty, accordingly, is come; the business in hand is no other than that thrice-famous "Double-Marriage" of Prussia with England; which once had such a sound in the ear of Rumor, and still bulks so big in the archives of the Eighteenth Century; which worked such woe to all parties concerned in it; and is, in fact, a first-rate nuisance in the History of that poor Century, as written hitherto. Nuisance demanding urgently to be abated;—were that well possible at present. Which, alas, it is not, to any great degree; there being an important young Friedrich inextricably wrapt up in it, to whom it was of such vital or almost fatal importance! Without a Friedrich, the affair could be reduced to something like its real size, and recorded in a few pages; or might even, with advantage, be forgotten altogether, and become zero. More gigantic instance of much ado about nothing has seldom occurred in human annals;—had not there been a Friedrich in the heart of it.

Crown-Prince Friedrich is still very young for marriage-speculations on his score: but Mamma has thought good to take matters in time. And so we shall, in the next ensuing parts of this poor History, have to hear almost as much about Marriage as in the foolishdest Three-volume Novel, and almost to still less purpose. For indeed, in that particular, Friedrich's young Life may be called a ROMANCE FLUNG HELLS-OVER-HEAD;—Marriage being the one event there, round which all events turn,—but turn in the inverse or reverse way (as if the Devil were in them); not only towards no happy goal for him or Mamma, or us, but at last towards hardly any goal at all for anybody! So mad did the affair grow;—and is so madly recorded in those inextricable, dateless, chaotic Books. We have now come to regions of Narrative, which seem to consist of murky Nothingness put on boil; not land, or water, or air, or fire, but a tumultuously whirling commixture of all the four;—of immense extent too. Which must be got crossed, in some human manner. Courage, patience, good reader!

QUEEN SOPHIE DOROTHEE HAS TAKEN TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Already, for a dozen years, this matter has been treated of. Queen Sophie Dorothee, ever since the birth of her Wilhelmina, has had the notion of it; and, on her first visit afterwards to Hanover, proposed it to "Princess Caroline,"—Queen Caroline of England who was to be, and who in due course was;—an excellent accomplished Brandenburg-Anspach Lady, familiar from of old in the Prussian Court: "You, Caroline, Cousin dear, have a little Prince, Fritz, or let us call him FRED, since he is to be English; little Fred, who will one day, if all go right, be King of England. He is two years older than my little Wilhelmina: why should not they wed, and the two chief Protestant Houses, and Nations, thereby be united?" Princess Caroline was very willing; so was Electress Sophie, the Great-Grandmother of both the parties; so were the Georges, Father and Grandfather of Fred: little Fred himself was highly charmed, when told of it; even little Wilhelmina, with her dolls, looked pleasantly demure on the occasion. So it remained settled in fact, though not in form; and little Fred (a florid milk-faced foolish kind of Boy, I guess) made presents to his little Prussian Cousin, wrote bits of love-letters to her; and all along afterwards fancied himself, and at length ardently enough became, her little lover and intended,—always rather a little fellow:—to which sentiments Wilhelmina signifies that she responded with the due maidenly indifference, but not in an offensive manner.

After our Prussian Fritz's birth, the matter took a still closer form: "You, dear Princess Caroline, you have now two little Princesses again, either of whom might suit my little Fritzchen; let us take Amelia, the second of them, who is nearest his age?" "Agreed!" answered Princess Caroline again. "Agreed!" answered all the parties interested: and so it was settled, that the Marriage of Prussia to England should be a Double one, Fred of Hanover and England to Wilhelmina, Fritz of Prussia to Amelia; and children and parents lived thenceforth in the constant

understanding that such, in due course of years, was to be the case, though nothing yet was formally concluded by treaty upon it. [Pollnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 193.]

Queen Sophie Dorothee of Prussia was always eager enough for treaty, and conclusion to her scheme. True to it, she, as needle to the pole in all weathers; sometimes in the wildest weather, poor lady. Nor did the Hanover Serene Highnesses, at any time, draw back or falter: but having very soon got wafted across to England, into new more complex conditions, and wider anxieties in that new country, they were not so impressively eager as Queen Sophie, on this interesting point. Electress Sophie, judicious Great-Grandmother, was not now there: Electress Sophie had died about a month before Queen Anne; and never saw the English Canaan, much as she had longed for it. George I., her son, a taciturn, rather splenetic elderly Gentleman, very foreign in England, and oftenest rather sulky there and elsewhere, was not in a humor to be forward in that particular business.

George I. had got into quarrel with his Prince of Wales, Fred's Father,—him who is one day to be George II., always a rather foolish little Prince, though his Wife Caroline was Wisdom's self in a manner:—George I. had other much more urgent cares than that of marrying his disobedient foolish little Prince of Wales's offspring; and he always pleaded difficulties, Acts of Parliament that would be needed, and the like, whenever Sophie Dorothee came to visit him at Hanover, and urge this matter. The taciturn, inarticulately thoughtful, rather sulky old Gentleman, he had weighty burdens lying on him; felt fretted and galled, in many ways; and had found life, Electoral and even Royal, a deceptive sumptuosity, little better than a more or less extensive "feast of SHELLS," next to no real meat or drink left in it to the hungry heart of man. Wife sitting half-frantic in the Castle of Ahlden, waxing more and more into a gray-haired Megaera (with whom Sophie Dorothee under seven seals of secrecy corresponds a little, and even the Prince of Wales is suspected of wishing to correspond); a foolish disobedient Prince of Wales; Jacobite Pretender people with their Mar Rebellions, with their Alberoni combinations; an English Parliament jangling and debating unmelodiously, whose very language is a mystery to us, nothing but Walpole in dog-latin to help us through it: truly it is not a Heaven-on-Earth altogether, much as Mother Sophie and her foolish favorite, our disobedient Prince of Wales, might long for it! And the Hanover Tail, the Robethons, Bernstorfs, Fabrices, even the Blackamoor Porters,—they are not beautiful either, to a taciturn Majesty of some sense, if he cared about their doings or them. Voracious, plunderous, all of them; like hounds, long hungry, got into a rich house which has no master, or a mere imaginary one. "MENTERIS IMPUDENTISSIME," said Walpole in his dog-latin once, in our Royal presence, to one of these official plunderous gentlemen, "You tell an impudent lie!"—at which we only laughed. [Horace Walpole, *Reminiscences of George I. and George II.* (London, 1786.)]

His Britannic Majesty by no means wanted sense, had not his situation been incurably absurd. In his young time he had served creditably enough against the Turks; twice commanded the REICHS-Army in the Marlborough Wars, and did at least testify his indignation at the inefficient state of it. His Foreign Politics, so called, were not madder than those of others. Bremen and Verden he had bought a bargain; and it was natural to protect them by such resources as he had, English or other. Then there was the World-Spectre of the Pretender, stretching huge over Creation, like the Brocken-Spectre in hazy weather;—against whom how protect yourself, except by cannonading for the Kaiser at Messina; by rushing into every brabble that rose, and hiring the parties with money to fight it out well? It was the established method in that matter; method not of George's inventing, nor did it cease with George. As to Domestic Politics, except it were to keep quiet, and eat what the gods had provided, one does not find that he had any.—The sage Leibnitz would very fain have followed him to England; but, for reasons indifferently good, could never be allowed. If the truth must be told, the sage Leibnitz had a wisdom which now looks dreadfully like that of a wiseacre! In Mathematics even,—he did invent the Differential Calculus, but it is certain also he never could believe in Newton's System of the Universe, nor would read the PRINCIPIA at all. For the rest, he was in quarrel about Newton with the Royal Society here; ill seen, it is probable, by this sage and the other. To the Hanover Official Gentlemen devouring their English dead-horse, it did not appear that his presence could be useful in these parts. [Guhrauer, *Gottfried Freiherr von Leibnitz, eine Biographie* (Breslau, 1842); Ker of Kersland, *Memoirs of Secret Transactions* (London, 1727).

Nor are the Hanover womankind his Majesty has about him, quasi-wives or not, of a soul-entrancing character; far indeed from that. Two in chief there are, a fat and a lean: the lean, called "Maypole" by the English populace, is "Duchess of Kendal," with excellent pension, in the English Peerage; Schulenburg the former German name of her; decidedly a quasi-wife (influential, against her will, in that sad Konigsmark Tragedy, at

Hanover long since), who is fallen thin and old. "Maypole,"—or bare Hop—pole, with the leaves all stript; lean, long, hard;—though she once had her summer verdures too; and still, as an old quasi—wife, or were it only as an old article of furniture, has her worth to the royal mind, Schulenburgs, kindred of hers, are high in the military line; some of whom we may meet.

Then besides this lean one, there is a fat; of whom Walpole (Horace, who had seen her in boyhood) gives description. Big staring black eyes, with rim of circular eyebrow, like a coach—wheel round its nave, very black the eyebrows also; vast red face; cheeks running into neck, neck blending indistinguishably with stomach,—a mere cataract of fluid tallow, skinned over and curiously dizened, according to Walpole's portraiture. This charming creature, Kielmannsegge by German name, was called "Countess of Darlington" in this country—with excellent pension, as was natural. They all had pensions: even Queen Sophie Dorothee, I have noticed in our State—Paper Office, has her small pension, "800 pounds a year on the Irish Establishment:" Irish Establishment will never miss such a pittance for our poor Child, and it may be useful over yonder!—This Kielmannsegge, Countess of Darlington was, and is, believed by the gossiping English to have been a second simultaneous Mistress of his Majesty's; but seems, after all, to have been his Half—Sister and nothing more. Half—Sister (due to Gentleman Ernst and a Countess Platen of bad Hanover fame); grown dreadfully fat; but not without shrewdness, perhaps affection; and worth something in this dull foreign country, mere cataract of animal oils as she has become. These Two are the amount of his Britannic Majesty's resources in that matter; resources surely not extensive, after all!—

His Britannic Majesty's day, in St. James's, is not of an interesting sort to him; and every evening he comes precisely at a certain hour to drink beer, seasoned with a little tobacco, and the company of these two women. Drinks diligently in a sipping way, says Horace; and smokes, with such dull speech as there may be,—not till he is drunk, but only perceptibly drunkish; raised into a kind of cloudy narcotic Olympus, and opaquely superior to the ills of life; in which state he walks uncomplainingly to bed. Government, when it can by any art be avoided, he rarely meddles with; shows a rugged sagacity, where he does and must meddle: consigns it to Walpole in dog—latin,—laughs at his "MENTIRIS." This is the First George; first triumph of the Constitutional Principle, which has since gone to such sublime heights among us, —heights which we at last begin to suspect might be depths, leading down, all men now ask: Whitherwards? A much—admired invention in its time, that of letting go the rudder, or setting a wooden figure expensively dressed to take charge of it, and discerning that the ship would sail of itself so much more easily! Which it will, if a peculiarly good sea-boat, in certain kinds of sea,—for a time. Till the Sinbad "Magnetic Mountains" begin to be felt pulling, or the circles of Charybdis get you in their sweep; and then what an invention it was!—This, we say, is the new Sovereign Man, whom the English People, being in some perplexity about the Pope and other points, have called in from Hanover, to walk before them in the ways of heroism, and by command and by example guide Heavenwards their affairs and them. And they hope that he will do it? Or perhaps that their affairs will go thither of their own accord? Always a singular People!—

Poor George, careless of these ulterior issues, has always trouble enough with the mere daily details, Parliamentary insolences, Jacobite plottings, South—Sea Bubbles; and wishes to hunt, when he gets over to Hanover, rather than to make Marriage—Treaties. Besides, as Wilhelmina tells us, they have filled him with lies, these Hanover Women and their emissaries: "Your Princess Wilhelmina is a monster of ill—temper, crooked in the back and what not," say they. If there is to be a Marriage, double or single, these Improper Females must first be persuaded to consent. [*Memoires de Bareith.*] Difficulties enough. And there is none to help; Friedrich Wilhelm cares little about the matter, though he has given his Yes,—Yes, since you will.

But Sophie Dorothee is diligent and urgent, by all opportunities; —and, at length, in 1723, the conjuncture is propitious. Domestic Jacobitism, in the shape of Bishop Atterbury, has got, itself well banished; Alberoni and his big schemes, years ago they are blown into outer darkness; Charles XII. is well dead, and of our Bremen and Verden no question henceforth; even the Kaiser's Spectre—Hunt, or Spanish Duel, is at rest for the present, and the Congress of Cambrai is sitting, or trying all it can to sit: at home or abroad, there is nothing, not even Wood's Irish Halfpence, as yet making noise. And on the other hand, Czar Peter is rumored (not without foundation) to be coming westward, with some huge armament; which, whether "intended for Sweden" or not, renders a Prussian alliance doubly valuable.

And so now at last, in this favorable aspect of the stars, King George, over at Herrenhausen, was by much management of his Daughter Sophie's, and after many hitches, brought to the mark. And Friedrich Wilhelm came

over too; ostensibly to bring home his Queen, but in reality to hear his Father-in-law's compliance to the Double-Marriage,—for which his Prussian Majesty is willing enough, if others are willing. Praised be Heaven, King George has agreed to everything; consents, one propitious day (Autumn 1723, day not otherwise dated),—Czar Peter's Armament, and the questionable aspects in France, perhaps quickening his volitions a little. Upon which Friedrich Wilhelm and Queen Sophie have returned home, content in that matter; and expect shortly his Britannic Majesty's counter-visit, to perfect the details, and make a Treaty of it.

His Britannic Majesty, we say, has in substance agreed to everything. And now, in the silence of Nature, the brown leaves of October still hanging to the trees in a picturesque manner, and Wood's Halfpence not yet begun to jingle in the Drapier's Letters of Dean Swift,—his Britannic Majesty is expected at Berlin. At Berlin; properly at Charlottenburg a pleasant rural or suburban Palace (built by his Britannic Majesty's late noble Sister, Sophie Charlotte, "the Republican Queen," and named after her, as was once mentioned), a mile or two Southwest of that City. There they await King George's counter-visit.

Poor Wilhelmina is in much trepidation about it; and imparts her poor little feelings, her anticipations and experiences, in readable terms:—

"There came, in those weeks, one of the Duke of Gloucester's gentlemen to Berlin,"—DUKE OF GLOUCESTER is Fred our intended, not yet Prince of Wales, and if the reader should ever hear of a DUKE OF EDINBURGH, that too is Fred,—"Duke of Gloucester's gentlemen to Berlin," says Wilhelmina: "the Queen had Soiree (APPARTEMENT); he was presented to her as well as to me. He made me a very obliging compliment on his Master's part; I blushed, and answered only by a courtesy. The Queen, who had her eye on me, was very angry I had answered the Duke's compliments in mere silence; and rated me sharply (ME LAVA LA TETE D'IMPORTANCE) for it; and ordered me, under pain of her indignation, to repair that fault to-morrow. I retired, all in tears, to my room; exasperated against the Queen and against the Duke; I swore I would never marry him, would throw myself at the feet—" And so on, as young ladies of vivacious temper, in extreme circumstances, are wont: —did speak, however, next day, to my Hanover gentleman about his Duke, a little, though in an embarrassed manner. Alas, I am yet but fourteen, gone the 3d of July last: tremulous as aspen-leaves; or say, as sheet-lightning bottled in one of the thinnest human skins; and have no experience of foolish Dukes and affairs!—

"Meanwhile," continues Wilhelmina, "the King of England's time of arrival was drawing nigh. We repaired, on the 6th of October, to Charlottenburg to receive him. The heart of me kept beating, and I was in cruel agitations. King George [my Grandfather, and Grand Uncle] arrived on the 8th, about seven in the evening;"—dusky shades already sinking over Nature everywhere, and all paths growing dim. Abundant flunkies, of course, rush out with torches or what is needful. "The King of Prussia, the Queen and all their Suite received him in the Court of the Palace, the 'Apartments' being on the ground-floor. So soon as he had saluted the King and Queen, I was presented to him. He embraced me; and turning to the Queen said to her, 'Your daughter is very big of her age!' He gave the Queen his hand, and led her into her apartment, whither everybody followed them. As soon as I came in, he took a light from the table, and surveyed me from head to foot. I stood motionless as a statue, and was much put out of countenance. All this went on without his uttering the least word. Having thus passed me in review, he addressed himself to my Brother, whom he caressed much, and amused himself with, for a good while." Pretty little Grandson this, your Majesty;—any future of history in this one, think you? "I," says Wilhelmina, "took the opportunity of slipping out;"—hopeful to get away; but could not, the Queen having noticed.

"The Queen made me a sign to follow her; and passed into a neighboring apartment, where she had the English and Germans of King George's Suite successively presented to her. After some talk with these gentlemen, she withdrew; leaving me to entertain them, and saying: 'Speak English to my Daughter; you will find she speaks it very well.' I felt much less embarrassed, once the Queen was gone; and picking up a little courage, I entered into conversation with these English. As I spoke their language like my mother-tongue, I got pretty well out of the affair, and everybody seemed charmed with me. They made my eulogy to the Queen; told her I had quite the English air, and was made to be their Sovereign one day. It was saying a great deal on their part: for these English think themselves so much above all other people, that they imagine they are paying a high compliment when they tell any one he has got English manners.

"Their King [my Grandpapa] had got Spanish manners, I should say: he was of an extreme gravity, and hardly

spoke a word to anybody. He saluted Madam Sonsfeld [my invaluable thrice-dear Governess] very coldly; and asked her 'If I was always so serious, and if my humor was of the melancholy turn?' 'Anything but that, Sire,' answered the other: 'but the respect she has for your Majesty prevents her from being as sprightly as she commonly is.' He wagged his head, and answered nothing. The reception he had given me, and this question, of which I heard, gave me such a chill, that I never had the courage to speak to him,"—was merely looked at with a candle by Grandpapa.

"We were summoned to supper at last, where this grave Sovereign still remained dumb. Perhaps he was right, perhaps he was wrong; but I think he followed the proverb, which says, Better hold your tongue than speak badly. At the end of the repast he felt indisposed. The Queen would have persuaded him to quit table; they bandied compliments a good while on the point; but at last she threw down her napkin, and rose. The King of England naturally rose too; but began to stagger; the King of Prussia ran up to help him, all the company ran bustling about him; but it was to no purpose: he sank on his knees; his peruke falling on one side, and his hat [or at least his head, Madam!] on the other. They stretched him softly on the floor; where he remained a good hour without consciousness. The pains they took with him brought back his senses, by degrees, at last. The Queen and the King [of Prussia] were in despair all this while. Many have thought this attack was a herald of the stroke of apoplexy which came by and by,"—within four years from this date, and carried off his Majesty in a very gloomy manner.

"They passionately entreated him to retire now," continues Wilhelmina; "but he would not by any means. He led out the Queen, and did the other ceremonies, according to rule; had a very bad night, as we learned underhand;" but persisted stoically nevertheless, being a crowned Majesty, and bound to it. He stoically underwent four or three other days, of festival, sight-seeing, "pleasure" so called;—among other sights, saw little Fritz drilling his Cadets at Berlin;—and on the fourth day (12th October, 1723, so thinks Wilhelmina) fairly "signed the Treaty of the Double-Marriage," English Townshend and the Prussian Ministry having settled all things. [Wilhelmina, *Memoires de Bareith*, i. 83, 87,—In Coxe (*Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, London, 1798), ii. 266, 272, 273, are some faint hints, from Townshend, of this Berlin journey.]

"Signed the Treaty," thinks Wilhelmina, "all things being settled." Which is an error on the part of Wilhelmina. Settled many or all things were by Townshend and the others: but before signing, there was Parliament to be apprised, there were formalities, expenditure of time; between the cup and the lip, such things to intervene;—and the sad fact is, the Double-Marriage Treaty never was signed at all!—However, all things being now settled ready for signing, his Britannic Majesty, next morning, set off for the GOHRDE again, to try if there were any hunting possible.

This authentic glimpse, one of the few that are attainable, of their first Constitutional King, let English readers make the most of. The act done proved dreadfully momentous to our little Friend, his Grandson; and will much concern us!

Thus, at any rate, was the Treaty of the Double-Marriage settled, to the point of signing,—thought to be as good as signed. It was at the time when Czar Peter was making armaments to burn Sweden; when Wood's Halfpence (on behalf of her Improper Grace of Kendal, the lean Quasi-Wife, "Maypole" or Hop-pole, who had run short of money, as she often did) were about beginning to jingle in Ireland; [Coxe (i. 216, 217, and SUPPLY the dates); Walpole to Townshend, 13th October, 1723 (ib. ii. 275): "*The Drapier's Letters*" are of 1724.] when Law's Bubble "System" had fallen, well flaccid, into Chaos again; when Dubois the unutterable Cardinal had at length died, and d'Orleans the unutterable Regent was unexpectedly about to do so,—in a most surprising Sodom-and-Gomorrah manner. [2d December, 1723: Barbier, *Journal Historique du Regne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1847), i. 192, 196; Lacretelle, *Histoire de France, 18me siecle*; Not to mention other dull and vile phenomena of putrid fermentation, which were transpiring, or sluttishly bubbling up, in poor benighted rotten Europe here or there;—since these are sufficient to date the Transaction for us; and what does not stick to our Fritz and his affairs it is more pleasant to us to forget than to remember, of such an epoch.

Hereby, for the present, is a great load rolled from Queen Sophie Dorothee's heart. One, and, that the highest, of her abstruse negotiations, cherished, labored in, these fourteen years, she has brought to a victorious issue,—has she not? Her poor Mother, once so radiant, now so dim and angry, shut in the Castle of Ahlden, does not approve this Double-Marriage; not she for her part;—as indeed evil to all Hanoverian interests is now chiefly her good, poor Lady; and she is growing more and more of a Megaera every day. With whom Sophie Dorothee has her own difficulties and abstruse practices; but struggles always to maintain, under seven-fold secrecy, some

thread of correspondence and pious filial ministration wherever possible; that the poor exasperated Mother, wretchedest and angriest of women, be not quite cut off from the kinship of the living, but that some soft breath of pity may cool her burning heart now and then. [In *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea* (London, 1845), ii. 385, 393, are certain fractions of this Correspondence, "edited" in an amazing manner.] A dark tragedy of Sophie's, this; the Bluebeard Chamber of her mind, into which no eye but her own must ever look.

PRINCESS AMELIA COMES INTO THE WORLD.

In reference to Queen Sophie, and chronologically if not otherwise connected with this Double–Marriage Treaty, I will mention one other thing. Her Majesty had been in fluctuating health, all summer; unaccountable symptoms turning up in her Majesty's constitution, languors, qualms, especially a tendency to swelling or increase of size, which had puzzled and alarmed her Doctors and her. Friedrich Wilhelm, on conclusion of the Marriage–Treaty, had been appointed to join his Father–in–law, Britannic George, at the Gohrde, in some three weeks' time, and have a bout of hunting. On the 8th of November, bedtime being come, he kissed his Wilhelmina and the rest, by way of good–by; intending to start very early on the morrow:—long journey (150 miles or so), to be done all in one day. In the dead of the night, Queen Sophie was seized with dreadful colics,—pangs of colic or who knows what;— Friedrich Wilhelm is summoned; rises in the highest alarm; none but the maids and he at hand to help; and the colic, or whatever it may be, gets more and more dreadful.

Colic? O poor Sophie, it is travail, and no colic; and a clever young Princess is suddenly the result! None but Friedrich Wilhelm and the maid for midwives; mother and infant, nevertheless, doing perfectly well. Friedrich Wilhelm did not go on the morrow, but next day; laughed, ever and anon in loud hahas, at the part he had been playing; and was very glad and merry. How the experienced Sophie, whose twelfth child this is, came to commit such an oversight is unaccountable; but the fact is certain, and made a merry noise in Court circles. [Pollnitz, ii. 199; Wilhelmina, i. 87, 88.]

The clever little Princess, now born in this manner, is known by name to idle readers. She was christened AMELIA; and we shall hear of her in time coming. But there was, as the Circulating Libraries still intimate, a certain loud–spoken braggart of the histrionic–heroic sort, called Baron Trenck, windy, rash, and not without mendacity, who has endeavored to associate her with his own transcendent and not undeserved ill–luck; hinting the poor Princess into a sad fame in that way. For which, it would now appear, there was no basis whatever! Most condemnable Trenck;— whom, however, Robespierre guillotined finally, and so settled that account and others.

Of Sophie Dorothee's twelve children, including this Amelia, there are now eight living, two boys, six girls; and after Amelia, two others, boys, are successively to come: ten in all, who grew to be men and women. Of whom perhaps I had better subjoin a List; now that the eldest Boy and Girl are about to get settled in life; and therewith close this Chapter.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S TEN CHILDREN.

Marriage to Sophie Dorothee, 28th November, 1706.

A little Prince, born 23d November, 1707, died in six months. Then came,

1. FREDERIKA SOPHIE WILHELMINA, ultimately Margravine of Baireuth, after strange adventures in the marriage–treaty way. Wrote her *Memoires* there, about 1744. Of whom we shall hear much. Left a Daughter, her one child; Daughter badly married, to "Karl reigning Duke of Wurtemberg" (Poet Schiller's famous Serene Highness there), from whom she had to separate, with anger enough, by and by.

After Wilhelmina in the Family series came a second Prince, who died in the eleventh month. Then, 24th January, 1712,

2. FRIEDRICH.

After whom (1713) a little Princess, who died in few months. And then,

3. FREDERIKA LOUISA, born 28th September, 1714; age now about nine. Margravine of Anspach, 30th May, 1729; Widow 1757. Her one Son, born 1736, was the LADY–CRAVEN'S Anspach. Frederika Louisa died 4th February, 1734.

4. PHILIPPINA CHARLOTTE, born 13th of March, 1716; became Duchess of Brunswick (her Husband was Eldest Brother of the "Prince Ferdinand" so famous in England in the Seven–Years War); her Son was the Duke who invaded France in 1792, and was tragically hurled to ruin in the Battle of Jena, 1806. The Mother lived till 1801; Widow since 1780.

After whom, in 1717, again a little Prince, who died within two years (our Fritz then seven,—probably the

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first time Death ever came before him, practically into his little thoughts in this world): then,

5. SOPHIE DOROTHEE MARIA, born 25th January, 1719; Margravine of Schwedt, 1734 (eldest Magraf of Schwedt, mentioned above as a comrade of the Crown-Prince). Her life not very happy; she died 1765. Left no son (Brother-in-law succeeded, last of the Schwedt MARGRAVES): her Daughter, wedded to Prince Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian Officer, Cadet of Wurtemberg and ultimately Heir there, is Ancestress of the Wurtemberg Sovereignities that now are, and also (by one of HER daughters married to Paul of Russia) of all the Czar kindred of our time. [Preuss, iv. 278; Erman, *Vie de Sophie Charlotte*, p. 2722.]

6. LOUISA ULRIQUE, born 24th July, 1720; married Adolf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent, subsequently King of Sweden, 17th July, 1744; Queen (he having acceded) 6th April, 1751; Widow 1771; died, at Stockholm, 16th July, 1782. Mother of the subsequent Kings; her Grandson the DEPOSED> [Oertel, p. 83; Hubner, tt. 91, 227.]

7. AUGUST WILHELM, born 9th August, 1722; Heir-Apparent after Friedrich (so declared by Friedrich, 30th June, 1744); Father of the Kings who have since followed. He himself died, in sad circumstances, as we shall see, 12th June, 1758.

8. ANNA AMELIA, born 9th November, 1723,—on the terms we have seen.

9. FRIEDRICH HEINRICH LUDWIG, born 18th January, 1726;—the famed Prince Henri, of whom we shall hear.

10. AUGUST FERDINAND, born 23d May, 1730: a brilliant enough little soldier under his Brother, full of spirit and talent, but liable to weak health;—was Father of the "Prince Louis Ferdinand," a tragic Failure of something considerable, who went off in Liberalism, wit, in high sentiment, expenditure and debauchery, greatly to the admiration of some persons; and at length rushed desperate upon the Frenoh, and found his quietus (10th October, 1806), four days before the Battle of Jena.

Chapter II. A KAISER HUNTING SHADOWS.

Treaty of Double–Marriage is ready for signing, once the needful Parliamentary preludings are gone through; Treaty is signed, thinks Wilhelmina,—forgetting the distance between cup and lip!— As to signing, or even to burning, and giving up the thought of signing, alas, how far are we yet from that! Imperial spectre–huntings and the politics of most European Cabinets will connect themselves with that; and send it wandering wide enough,—lost in such a jungle of intrigues, pettifoggings, treacheries, diplomacies domestic and foreign, as the course of true–love never got entangled in before.

The whole of which extensive Cabinet operations, covering square miles of paper at this moment,—having nevertheless, after ten years of effort, ended in absolute zero,—were of no worth even to the managers of them; and are of less than none to any mortal now or henceforth. So that the method of treating them becomes a problem to History. To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory, never to be mentioned in human speech again: this is the manifest prompting of Nature;—and this, were not our poor Crown–Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice–joyful course. Surely the so–called "Politics of Europe" in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise with his whole soul, forget to all eternity! "Putrid fermentation," ending, after the endurance of much mal–odor, in mere zero to you and to every one, even to the rotting bodies themselves:—is there any wise Editor that would connect himself with that? These are the fields of History which are to be, so soon as humanly possible, SUPPRESSED; which only Mephistopheles, or the bad Genius of Mankind, can contemplate with pleasure.

Let us strive to touch lightly the chief summits, here and there, of that intricate, most empty, mournful Business,—which was really once a Fact in practical Europe, not the mere nightmare of an Attorney's Dream;—and indicate, so far as indispensable, how the young Friedrich, Friedrich's Sister, Father, Mother, were tribulated, almost heart–broken and done to death, by means of it.

IMPERIAL MAJESTY ON THE TREATY OF UTRECHT.

Kaiser Karl VI., head of the Holy Romish Empire at this time, was a handsome man to look upon; whose life, full of expense, vicissitude, futile labor and adventure, did not prove of much use to the world. Describable as a laborious futility rather. He was second son of that little Leopold, the solemn little Herr in red stockings, who had such troubles, frights, and runnings to and fro with the sieging Turks, liberative Sobieskis, acquisitive Louis Fourteenths; and who at length ended in a sea of futile labor, which they call the Spanish Succession War.

This Karl, second son, had been appointed "King of Spain" in that futile business; and with much sublimity, though internally in an impoverished condition, he proceeded towards Spain, landing in England to get cash for the outfit;—arrived in Spain; and roved about there as Titular–King for some years, with the fighting Peterboroughs, Galways, Stahrembergs; but did no good there, neither he nor his Peterboroughs. At length, his Brother Joseph, Father Leopold's successor, having died, [17th April, 1711.] Karl came home from Spain to be Kaiser. At which point, Karl would have been wise to give up his Titular Kingship in Spain; for he never got, nor will get, anything but futile labor from hanging to it. He did hang to it nevertheless; and still, at this date of George's visit and long afterwards, hangs,—with notable obstinacy. To the woe of men and nations: punishment doubtless of his sins and theirs!—

Kaiser Karl shrieked mere amazement and indignation, when the English tired of fighting for him and it. When the English said to their great Marlborough: "Enough, you sorry Marlborough! You have beaten Louis XIV. to the suppleness of wash–leather, at our bidding; that is true, and that may have had its difficulties: but, after all, we prefer to have the thing precisely as it would have been without any fighting. You, therefore, what is the good of you? You are a—person whom we fling out like sweepings, now that our eyesight returns, and accuse of common stealing. Go and be—!"

Nothing ever had so disgusted and astonished Kaiser Karl as this treatment,—not of Marlborough, whom he regarded only as he would have done a pair of military boots or a holster–pistol of superior excellence, for the uses that were in him,—but of the Kaiser Karl his own sublime self, the heart and focus of Political Nature; left in this manner, now when the sordid English and Dutch declined spending blood and money for him farther. "Ungrateful, sordid, inconceivable souls," answered Karl, "was there ever, since the early Christian times, such a

martyr as you have now made of me!" So answered Karl, in diplomatic groans and shrieks, to all ends of Europe. But the sulky English and Allies, thoroughly tired of paying and bleeding, did not heed him; made their Peace of Utrecht [Peace of Utrecht, 11th April, 1713; Peace of Rastadt (following upon the Preliminaries of Baden), 6th March, 1714.] with Louis XIV., who was now beaten supple; and Karl, after a year of indignant protests and futile attempts to fight Louis on his own score, was obliged to do the like. He has lost the Spanish crown; but still holds by the shadow of it; will not quit that, if he can help it. He hunts much, digests well; is a sublime Kaiser, though internally rather poor, carrying his head high; and seems to himself, on some sides of his life, a martyred much-enduring man.

IMPERIAL MAJESTY HAS GOT HAPPILY WEDDED.

Kaiser Karl, soon after the time of going to Spain had decided that a Wife would be necessary. He applied to Caroline of Anspach, now English Princess of Wales, but at that time an orphaned Brandenburg-Anspach Princess, very Beautiful, graceful, gifted, and altogether unprovided for; living at Berlin under the guardianship of Friedrich the first King. Her young Mother had married again,—high enough match (to Kur-Sachsen, elder Brother of August the Strong, August at that time without prospects of the Electorate);—but it lasted short while: Caroline's Mother and Saxon Stepfather were both now, long since, dead. So she lived at Berlin brilliant though unportioned;—with the rough cub Friedrich Wilhelm much following her about, and passionately loyal to her, as the Beast was to Beauty; whom she did not mind except as a cub loyal to her; being five years older than he. [Forster, i. 107.] Indigent bright Caroline, a young lady of fine aquiline features and spirit, was applied for to be Queen of Spain; wooer a handsome man, who might even be Kaiser by and by. Indigent bright Caroline at once answered, No. She was never very orthodox in Protestant theology; but could not think of taking up Papistry for lucre's and ambition's sake: be that always remembered on Caroline's behalf.

The Spanish Majesty next applied at Brunswick Wolfenbuttel; no lack of Princesses there: Princessa Elizabeth, for instance; Protestant she too, but perhaps not so squeamish? Old Anton Ulrich, whom some readers know for the idle Books, long-winded Novels chiefly, which he wrote, was the Grandfather of this favored Princess; a good-natured old gentleman, of the idle ornamental species, in whose head most things, it is likely, were reduced to vocables, scribble and sentimentality; and only a steady internal gravitation towards praise and pudding was traceable as very real in him. Anton Ulrich, affronted more or less by the immense advancement of Gentleman Ernst and the Hanoverian or YOUNGER Brunswick Line, was extremely glad of the Imperial offer; and persuaded his timid Grand-daughter, ambitious too, but rather conscience-stricken, That the change from Protestant to Catholic, the essentials being so perfectly identical in both, was a mere trifle; that he himself, old as he was, would readily change along with her, so easy was it. Whereupon the young Lady made the big leap; abjured her religion; [1st May, 1707, at Bamberg.]—went to Spain as Queen (with sad injury to her complexion, but otherwise successfully more or less);—and sits now as Empress beside her Karl VI. in a grand enough, probably rather dull, but not singularly unhappy manner.

She, a Brunswick Princess, with Nephews and Nieces who may concern us, is Kaiserinn to Kaiser Karl: for aught I know of her, a kindly simple Wife, and unexceptionable Sovereign Majesty, of the sort wanted; whom let us remember, if we meet her again one day. I add only of this poor Lady, distinguished to me by a Daughter she had, that her mind still had some misgivings about the big leap she had made in the Protestant-Papist way. Finding Anton Ulrich still continue Protestant, she wrote to him out of Spain:—"Why, O honored Grandpapa, have you not done as you promised? Ah, there must be a taint of mortal sin in it, after all!" Upon which the absurdly situated old Gentleman did change his religion; and is marked as a Convert in all manner of Genealogies and Histories;—truly an old literary gentleman ducal and serene, restored to the bosom of the Church in a somewhat peculiarly ridiculous manner. {Michaelis, i. 131.}—But to return.

IMPERIAL MAJESTY AND THE TERMAGANT OF SPAIN.

Ever after the Peace of Utrecht, when England and Holland declined to bleed for him farther, especially ever since his own Peace of Rastadt made with Louis the year after Kaiser Karl had utterly lost hold of the Crown of Spain; and had not the least chance to clutch that bright substance again. But he held by the shadow of it, with a deadly Hapsburg tenacity; refused for twenty years, under all pressures, to part with the shadow: "The Spanish Hapsburg Branch is dead; whereupon do not I, of the Austrian Branch, sole representative of Kaiser Karl the Fifth, claim, by the law of Heaven, whatever he possessed in Spain, by law of ditto? Battles of Blenheim of Malplaquet, Court-intrigues of Mrs. Masham and the Duchess: these may bring Treaties of Utrecht, and what you

are pleased to call laws of Earth;—but a Hapsburg Kaiser knows higher laws, if you would do a thousand Utrechts; and by these, Spain is his!"

Poor Kaiser Karl: he had a high thought in him really though a most misguided one. Titular King of Men; but much bewildered into mere indolent fatuity, inane solemnity, high sniffing pride grounded on nothing at all; a Kaiser much sunk in the sediments of his muddy Epoch. Sure enough, he was a proud lofty solemn Kaiser, infinitely the gentleman in air and humor; Spanish gravities, ceremonials, reticences;—and could, in a better scene, have distinguished himself by better than mere statuesque immovability of posture, dignified endurance of ennui, and Hapsburg tenacity in holding the grip. It was not till 1735, after tusslings and wrenchings beyond calculation, that he would consent to quit the Shadow of the Crown of Spain; and let Europe BE at peace on that score.

The essence of what is called the European History of this Period, such History as a Period sunk dead in spirit, and alive only in stomach, can have, turns all on Kaiser Karl, and these his clutchings at shadows. Which makes a very sad, surprising History indeed; more worthy to be called Phenomena of Putrid Fermentation, than Struggles of Human Heroism to vindicate itself in this Planet, which latter alone are worthy of recording as "History" by mankind.

On the throne of Spain, beside Philip V. the melancholic new Bourbon, Louis XIV.'s Grandson, sat Elizabeth Farnese, a termagant tenacious woman, whose ambitious cupidities were not inferior in obstinacy to Kaiser Karl's, and proved not quite so shadowy as his. Elizabeth also wanted several things: renunciation of your (Kaiser Karl's) shadowy claims; nay of sundry real usurpations you and your Treaties have made on the actual possessions of Spain,— Kingdom of Sicily, for instance; Netherlands, for instance; Gibraltar, for instance. But there is one thing which, we observe, is indispensable throughout to Elizabeth Farnese: the future settlement of her dear Boy Carlos. Carlos, whom as Spanish Philip's second Wife she had given to Spain and the world, as Second or supplementary INFANT there,—a troublesome gift to Spain and others.

"This dear Boy, surely he must have his Italian Apanages, which, you have provided for him: Duchies of Parma and Piacenza, which will fall heirless soon. Security for these Italian Apanages, such as will satisfy a Mother: Let us introduce Spanish garrisons into Parma and Piacenza at once! How else can we be certain of getting those indispensable Apanages, when they fall vacant?" On this point Elizabeth Farnese was positive, maternally vehement; would take no subterfuge, denial or delay: "Let me perceive that I shall have these Duchies: that, first of all; or else not that only, but numerous other things will be demanded of you!"

Upon which point the Kaiser too, who loved his Duchies, and hoped yet to keep them by some turn of the game, never could decide to comply. Whereupon Elizabeth grew more and more termagant; listened to wild counsels; took up an Alberoni, a Ripperda, any wandering diplomatic bull-dog that offered; and let them loose upon the Kaiser and her other gainsayers. To the terror of mankind, lest universal war should supervene. She held the Kaiser well at bay, mankind well in panic; and continually there came on all Europe, for about twenty years, a terror that war was just about to break out, and the whole world to take fire. The History so called of Europe went canting from side to side; heeling at a huge rate, according to the passes and lunges these two giant figures, Imperial Majesty and the Termagant of Spain, made at one another, —for a twenty years or more, till once the duel was decided between them.

There came next to no war, after all; sputterings of war twice over,—1718, Byng at Messina, as we saw; and then, in 1727, a second sputter, as we are to see:—but the neighbors always ran with buckets, and got it quenched. No war to speak of; but such negotiating, diplomatizing, universal hope, universal fear, and infinite ado about nothing, as were seldom heard of before. For except Friedrich Wilhelm drilling his 50,000 soldiers (80,000 gradually, and gradually even twice that number), I see no Crowned Head in Europe that is not, with immeasurable apparatus, simply doing ZERO. Alas, in an age of universal infidelity to Heaven, where the Heavenly Sun has SUNK, there occur strange Spectre-huntings. Which is a fact worth laying to heart.—Duel of Twenty Years with Elizabeth Farnese, about the eventualities of Parma and Piacenza, and the Shadow of the lost Crown of Spain; this was the first grand Spectrality of Kaiser Karl's existence; but this was not the whole of them.

IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

Kaiser Karl meanwhile was rather short of heirs; which formed another of his real troubles, and involved him in much shadow-hunting. His Wife, the Serene Brunswick Empress whom we spoke of above, did at length bring him children, brought him a boy even; but the boy died within the year; and, on the whole, there remained nothing

but two Daughters; Maria Theresa the elder of them, born 1717,—the prettiest little maiden in the world;— no son to inherit Kaiser Karl. Under which circumstances Kaiser Karl produced now, in the Year 1724, a Document which he had executed privately as long ago as 1713, only his Privy Councillors and other Official witnesses knowing of it then; [19th April, 1713 (Stenzel, iii. 5222).] and solemnly publishes it to the world, as a thing all men are to take notice of. All men had notice enough of this Imperial bit of Sheepskin, before they got done with it, five—and—twenty years hence. [Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748.] A very famous Pragmatic Sanction; now published for the world's comfort!

By which Document, Kaiser Karl had formally settled, and fixed according to the power he has, in the shape of what they call a Pragmatic Sanction, or unalterable Ordinance in his Imperial House, "That, failing Heirs—male, his Daughters, his Eldest Daughter, should succeed him; failing Daughters, his Nieces; and in short, that Heirs—female ranking from their kinship to Kaiser Karl, and not to any prior Kaiser, should be as good as Heirs—male of Karl's body would have been." A Pragmatic Sanction is the high name he gives this document, or the Act it represents; "Pragmatic Sanction" being, in the Imperial Chancery and some others, the received title for Ordinances of a very irrevocable nature, which a sovereign makes, in affairs that belong wholly to himself, or what he reckons his own rights. [A rare kind of Deed, it would seem; and all the more solemn. In 1438, Charles VI. of France, conceding the Gallican Church its Liberties, does, it by "SANCTION PRAGMATIQUE;" Carlos III. of Spain (in 1759, "settling the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies on his third son") does the like, —which is the last instance of "PRAGMATIC SANCTION" in this world.]

This Pragmatic Sanction of Kaiser Karl's, executed 19th April, 1713, was promulgated, "gradually," now here now there, from 1720 to 1724, {Stenzel, pp. 522, 523.}—in which later year it became universally public; and was transmitted to all Courts and Sovereignities, as an unalterable law of Things Imperial. Thereby the good man hopes his beautiful little Theresa, now seven years old, may succeed him, all as a son would have done, in the Austrian States and Dignities; and incalculable damages, wars, and chances of war, be prevented, for his House and for all the world.

The world, incredulous of to—morrow, in its lazy way, was not sufficiently attentive to this new law of things. Some who were personally interested, as the Saxon Sovereignty, and the Bavarian, denied that it was just: reminded Kaiser—Karl that he was not the Noah or Adam of Kaisers; and that the case of Heirs—female was not quite a new idea on sheepskin. No; there are older Pragmatic Sanctions and settlements, by prior Kaisers of blessed memory; under which, if Daughters are to come in, we, descended from Imperial Daughters of older standing, shall have a word to say!— To this Kaiser Karl answers steadily, with endless argument, That every Kaiser is a Patriarch, and First Man, in such matters; and that so it has been pragmatically sanctioned by him, and that so it shall and must irrevocably be. To the other Powers, and indolent impartial Sovereigns of the world, he was lavish in embassies; in ardent representations; and spared no pains in convincing them that to—morrow would surely come, and that then it would be a blessedness to have accepted this Pragmatic Sanction, and see it lying for you as a Law of Nature to go by, and avoid incalculable controversies.

This was another vast Shadow, or confused high—piled continent of shadows, to which our poor Kaiser held with his customary tenacity. To procure adherences and assurances to this dear Pragmatic Sanction, was, even more than the shadow of the Spanish Crown, and above all after he had quitted that, the one grand business of his Life henceforth. With which he kept all Europe in perpetual travail and diplomacy; raying out ambassadors, and less ostensible agents, with bribes, and with entreaties and proposals, into every high Sovereign Court and every low; negotiating unweariedly by all methods, with all men. For it was his evening—song and his morning—prayer; the grand meaning of Life to him, till Life ended. You would have said, the first question he asks of every creature is, "Will you covenant for my Pragmatic Sanction with me? Oh, agree to it; accept that new Law of Nature: when the morrow comes, it will be salutary for you!"

Most of the Foreign Potentates idly accepted the thing,—as things of a distant contingent kind are accepted;—made Treaty on it, since the Kaiser seemed so extremely anxious. Only Bavaria, having heritable claims, never would. Saxony too (August the Strong), being in the like case, or a better, flatly refused for a long time; would not, at all,—except for a consideration. Bright little Prince Eugene, who dictated square miles of Letters and Diplomatics on the subject (Letters of a steady depth of dulness, which at last grows almost sublime), was wont to tell his Majesty: "Treatying, your Majesty? A well—trained Army and a full Treasury; that is the only Treaty that will make this Pragmatic Sanction valid!" But his Majesty never would believe. So the bright old

Eugene dictated,—or, we hope and guess, he only gave his clerks some key-word, and signed his name (in three languages, "Eugenio von Savoye") to these square miles of dull epistolary matter,—probably taking Spanish snuff when he had done. For he wears it in both waistcoat-pockets;—has (as his Portraits still tell us) given up breathing by the nose. The bright little soul, with a flash in him as of Heaven's own lightning; but now growing very old and snuffy.

Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, shadow of the Spanish Crown,—it was such shadow-huntings of the Kaiser in Vienna, it was this of the Pragmatic Sanction most of all, that thwarted our Prussian Double-Marriage, which lay so far away from it. This it was that pretty nearly broke the hearts of Friedrich, Wilhelmina, and their Mother and Father. For there never was such negotiating; not for admittance to the Kingdom of Heaven, in the pious times. And the open goings-forth of it, still more the secret minings and mole-courses of it, were into all places. Above ground and below, no Sovereign mortal could say he was safe from it, let him agree or not. Friedrich Wilhelm had cheerfully, and with all his heart, agreed to the Pragmatic Sanction; this above ground, in sight of the sun; and rashly fancied he had then done with it. Till, to his horror, he found the Imperial moles, by way of keeping assurance doubly sure, had been under the foundations of his very house for long years past, and had all but brought it down about him in the most hideous manner!—

THIRD SHADOW: IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S OSTEND COMPANY.

Another object which Kaiser Karl pursued with some diligence in these times, and which likewise proved a shadow, much disturbance as it gave mankind, was his "Ostend East-India Company." The Kaiser had seen impoverished Spain, rich England, rich Holland; he had taken up a creditable notion about commerce and its advantages. He said to himself, Why should not my Netherlands trade to the East, as well as these English and Dutch, and grow opulent like them? He instituted (OCTROYA) an "Ostend East-India Company," under due Patents and Imperial Sheepskins, of date 17th December, 1722, [Buchholz, i. 88; Pfeffel, *Abrege Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne* (Park, 1776), ii. 522.] gave it what freedom he could to trade to the East. "Impossible!" answered the Dutch, with distraction in their aspect; "Impossible, we say; contrary to Treaty of Westphalia, to Utrecht, to Barrier Treaty; and destructive to the best interests of mankind, especially to us and our trade-profits! We shall have to capture your ships, if you ever send any."

To which the Kaiser counterpleaded, earnestly, diligently, for the space of seven years,—to no effect. "We will capture your ships if you ever send any," answered the Dutch and English. What ships ever could have been sent from Ostend to the East, or what ill they could have done there, remains a mystery, owing to the monopolizing Maritime Powers.

The Kaiser's laudable zeal for commerce had to expend itself in his Adriatic Territories,—giving privileges to the Ports of Trieste and Fiume; [Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, x. 101.] making roads through the Dalmatian Hill-Countries, which are useful to this day;—but could not operate on the Netherlands in the way proposed. The Kaiser's Imperial Ostend East-India Company, which convulsed the Diplomatic mind for seven years to come, and made Europe lurch from side to side in a terrific manner, proved a mere paper Company; never sent any ships, only produced Diplomacies, and "had the honor to be." This was the third grand Shadow which the Kaiser chased, shaking all the world, poor crank world, as he strode after it; and this also ended in zero, and several tons of diplomatic correspondence, carried once by breathless estaffettes, and now silent, gravitating towards Acheron all of them, and interesting to the spiders only.

Poor good Kaiser: they say he was a humane stately gentleman, stately though shortish; fond of pardoning criminals where he could; very polite to Muratori and the Antiquaries, even to English Rymer, in opening his Archives to them,—and made roads in the Dalmatian Hill-Country, which remain to this day. I do not wonder he grew more and more saturnine, and addicted to solid taciturn field-sports. His Political "Perforce-Hunt (PARFORCE JAGD)," with so many two-footed terriers, and legationary beagles, distressing all the world by their baying and their burrowing, had proved to be of Shadows; and melted into thin air, to a very singular degree!

Chapter III. THE SEVEN CRISES OR EUROPEAN TRAVAIL–THROES.

In process of this so terrific Duel with Elizabeth Farnese, and general combat of the Shadows, which then made Europe quake, at every new lunge and pass of it, and which now makes Europe yawn to hear the least mention of it, there came two sputterings of actual War. Byng's sea–victory at Messina, 1718; Spanish "Siege of Gibraltar," 1727, are the main phenomena of these two Wars,— England, as its wont is, taking a shot in both, though it has now forgotten both. And, on the whole, there came, so far as I can count, Seven grand diplomatic Spasms or Crises,—desperate general European Treatyings hither and then thither, solemn Congresses two of them, with endless supplementary adhesions by the minor powers. Seven grand mother–treaties, not to mention the daughters, or supplementary adhesions they had; all Europe rising spasmodically seven times, and doing its very uttermost to quell this terrible incubus; all Europe changing color seven times, like a lobster boiling, for twenty years. Seven diplomatic Crises, we say, marked changings of color in the long–suffering lobster; and two so–called Wars,—before this enormous zero could be settled. Which high Treaties and Transactions, human nature, after much study of them, grudges to enumerate. Apanage for Baby Carlos, ghost of a Pragmatic Sanction; these were a pair of causes for mankind! Be no word spoken of them, except with regret and on evident compulsion.

For the reader's convenience we must note the salient points; but grudge to do it. Salient points, now mostly wrapt in Orcus, and terrestrially interesting only to the spiders,—except on an occasion of this kind, when part of them happens to stick to the history of a memorable man, To us they are mere bubblings–up of the general putrid fermentation of the then Political World; and are too unlovely to be dwelt on longer than indispensable. Triple Alliance, Quadruple Alliance, Congress of Cambrai, Congress of Soissons; Conference of Pardo, Treaty of Hanover, Treaty of Wusterhausen, what are they? Echo answers, What? Ripperda and the Queen of Spain, Kaiser Karl and his Pragmatic Sanction, are fallen dim to every mind. The Troubles of Thorn (sad enough Papist–Protestant tragedy in their time),—who now cares to know of them? It is much if we find a hearing for the poor Salzburg Emigrants when they get into Preussen itself. Afflicted human nature ought to be, at last, delivered from the palpably superfluous; and if a few things memorable are to be remembered, millions of things unmemorable must first be honestly buried and forgotten! But to our affair,—that of marking the chief bubblings–up in the above–said Universal Putrid Fermentation, so far as they concern us.

CONGRESS OF CAMBRAI.

We already saw Byng sea fighting in the Straits of Messina; that was part of Crisis Second,—sequel, in powder–and–ball, of Crisis First, which had been in paper till then. The Powers had interfered, by Triple, by Quadruple Alliance, to quench the Spanish–Austrian Duel (about Apanage for Baby Carlos, and a quantity of other Shadows): "Triple Alliance" [4th January, 1717.] was, we may say, when France, England, Holland laboriously sorted out terms of agreement between Kaiser and Termagant: "Quadruple" [18th July, 1718.] was when Kaiser, after much coaxing, acceded, as fourth party; and said gloomily, "Yes, then." Byng's Sea–fight was when Termagant said, "No, by—the Plots of Alberoni! Never will I, for my part, accede to such terms!" and attacked the poor Kaiser in his Sicilies and elsewhere. Byng's Sea–fight, in aid of a suffering Kaiser and his Sicilies, in consequence. Furthermore, the French invaded Spain, till Messina were retaken; nay the English, by land too, made a dash at Spain, "Descent on Vigo" as they call it,—in reference to which take the following stray Note:—

"That same year [1719, year after Byng's Sea–fight, Messina just about recaptured], there took effect, planned by the vigorous Colonel Stanhope, our Minister at Madrid, who took personal share in the thing, a 'Descent on Vigo,' sudden swoop–down upon Town and shipping in those Gallician, north–west regions. Which was perfectly successful,—Lord Cobham leading;—and made much noise among mankind. Filled all Gazettes at that time;—but now, again, is all fallen silent for us,—except this one thrice–insignificant point, That there was in it, 'in Handyside's Regiment,' a Lieutenant of Foot, by name STERNE, who had left, with his poor Wife at Plymouth, a very remarkable Boy called Lorry, or LAWRENCE; known since that to all mankind. When Lorry in his LIFE writes, 'my Father went on the Vigo expedition,' readers may understand this was it. Strange enough: that poor Lieutenant of Foot is now pretty much all that is left of this sublime enterprise upon Vigo, in the

memory of mankind;—hanging there, as if by a single hair, till poor TRISTRAM SHANDY be forgotten too." [*Memoirs of Laurence Sterne, written by himself for his Daughter (see Annual Register, Year 1775, pp. 50–52).*]

In short, the French and even the English invaded Spain; English Byng and others sank Spanish ships: Termagant was obliged to pack away her Alberoni, and give in. She had to accede to "Quadruple Alliance," after all; making it, so to speak, a Quintuple one; making Peace, in fact, [17th February, 1720.]— general Congress to be held at Cambrai and settle the details.

Congress of Cambrai met accordingly; in 1722,——"in the course of the year," Delegates slowly raining in,—date not fixable to a day or month. Congress was "sat," as we said,—or, alas, was only still endeavoring to get seated, and wandering about among the chairs,—when George I. came to Charlottenburg that evening, October, 1723, and surveyed Wilhelmina with a candle. More inane Congress never met in this world, nor will meet. Settlement proved so difficult; all the more, as neither of the quarrelling parties wished it. Kaiser and Termagant, fallen as if exhausted, had not the least disposition to agree; lay diplomatically gnashing their teeth at one another, ready to fight again should strength return. Difficult for third parties to settle on behalf of such a pair. Nay at length the Kaiser's Ostend Company came to light: what will third parties, Dutch and English especially, make of that?

This poor Congress—let the reader fancy it—spent two years in "arguments about precedencies," in mere beatings of the air; could not get seated at all, but wandered among the chairs, till "February, 1724." Nor did it manage to accomplish any work whatever, even then; the most inane of Human Congresses; and memorable on that account, if on no other. There, in old stagnant Cambrai, through the third year and into the fourth, were Delegates, Spanish, Austrian, English, Dutch, French, of solemn outfit, with a big tail to each,—"Lord Whitworth" whom I do not know, "Lord Polwarth" (Earl of Marchmont that will be, a friend of Pope's), were the English Principals: [Scholl, ii. 197.]—there, for about four years, were these poor fellow-creatures busied, baling out water with sieves. Seen through the Horn-Gate of Dreams, the figure of them rises almost grand on the mind.

A certain bright young Frenchman, Francois Arouet,—spoiled for a solid law-career, but whose OEDIPE we saw triumphing in the Theatres, and who will, under the new name of VOLTAIRE, become very memorable to us,—happened to be running towards Holland that way, one of his many journeys thitherward; and actually saw this Congress, then in the first year of its existence. Saw it, probably dined with it. A Letter of his still extant, not yet fallen to the spiders, as so much else has done, testifies to this fact. Let us read part of it, the less despicable part,—as a Piece supremely insignificant, yet now in a manner the one surviving Document of this extraordinary Congress; Congress's own works and history having all otherwise fallen to the spiders forever. The Letter is addressed to Cardinal Dubois;—for Dubois, "with the face like a goat," [Herzogin von Orleans, BRIEFTE.] yet lived (first year of this Congress); and Regent d'Orleans lived, intensely interested here as third party:—and a goat-faced Cardinal, once pimp and lackey, ugliest of created souls, Archbishop of this same Cambrai "by Divine permission" and favor of Beelzebub, was capable of promoting a young fellow if he chose:—

"TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL DUBOIS (from Arouet Junior).

"CAMBRAI, July, 1722.

". . . We are just arrived in your City, Monseigneur; where, I think, all the Ambassadors and all the Cooks in Europe have given one another rendezvous. It seems as if all the Ministers of Germany had assembled here for the purpose of getting their Emperor's health drunk. As to Messieurs the Ambassadors of Spain, one of them hears two masses a day, and the other manages the troop of players. The English Ministers [a LORD POLWARTH and a LORD WHITWORTH] send many couriers to Champagne, and few to London. For the rest, nobody expects your Eminence here; it is not thought you will quit the Palais-Royal to visit the sheep of your flock in these parts [no!], it would be too bad for your Eminence and for us all. . . . Think sometimes, Monseigneur, of a man who [regards your goat-faced Eminence as a beautiful ingenious creature; and such a hand in conversation as never was]. The one thing I will ask [of your goat-faced Eminence] at Paris will be, to have the goodness to talk to me." [*Oeuvres de Voltaire*, 97 vols. (Paris, 1825–1834), lxviii. 95, 96.]

Alas, alas!—The more despicable portions of this Letter we omit, as they are not history of the Congress, but of Arouet Junior on the shady side. So much will testify that this Congress did exist; that its wiggeries and it were not always, what they now are, part of a nightmare-vision in Human History.—

Elizabeth Farnese, seeing at what rate the Congress of Cambrai sped, lost all patience with it; and getting more and more exasperations there, at length employed one Ripperda, a surprising Dutch Black-Artist whom she

now had for Minister, to pull the floor from beneath it (so to speak), and send it home in that manner. Which Ripperda did. An appropriate enough catastrophe, comfortable to the reader; upon which perhaps he will not grudge to read still another word?

CONGRESS OF CAMBRAI GETS THE FLOOR PULLED FROM UNDER IT.

Termagant Elizabeth had now one Ripperda for Minister; a surprising Dutch adventurer, once secretary of some Dutch embassy at Madrid; who, discerning how the land lay, had broken loose from that subaltern career, had changed his religion, insinuated himself into Elizabeth's royal favor; and was now "Duke de Ripperda," and a diplomatic bull-dog of the first quality, full of mighty schemes and hopes; in brief, a new Alberoni to the Termagant Queen. This Ripperda had persuaded her (the third year of our inane Congress now running out, to no purpose), That he, if he were sent direct to Vienna, could reconcile the Kaiser to her Majesty, and bring them to Treaty, independently of Congresses. He was sent accordingly, in all privacy; had reported himself as laboring there, with the best outlooks, for some while past; when, still early in 1725, there occurred on the part of France,— where Regent d'Orleans was now dead, and new politics bad come in vogue,—that "sending back," of the poor little Spanish: Infanta, ["5th April, 1725, quitted Paris" (Barbier, *Journal du Regne de Louis XV.*, i. 218).] and marrying of young Louis XV. elsewhere, which drove Elizabeth and the Court of Spain, not unnaturally, into a very delirium of indignation.

Why they sent the poor little Lady home on those shocking terms? It seems there was no particular reason, except that French Louis was now about fifteen, and little Spanish Theresa was only eight; and that, under Duc de Bourbon, the new Premier, and none of the wisest, there was, express or implicit, "an ardent wish to see royal progeny secured." For which, of course, a wife of eight years would not answer. So she was returned; and even in a blundering way, it is said,—the French Ambassador at Madrid having prefaced his communication, not with light adroit preludings of speech, but with a tempest of tears and howling lamentations, as if that were the way to conciliate King Philip and his Termagant Elizabeth. Transport of indignation was the natural consequence on their part; order to every Frenchman to be across the border within, say eight—and—forty hours; rejection forever of all French mediation at Cambrai or elsewhere; question to the English, "Will you mediate for us, then?" To which the answer being merely "Hm!" with looks of delay,—order by express to Ripperda, to make straightway a bargain with the Kaiser; almost any bargain, so it were made at once. Ripperda made a bargain: Treaty of Vienna, 30th April, 1725: [Scholl, ii. 201; Coxe, *Walpole*, i. 239–250.] "Titles and Shadows each of us shall keep for his own lifetime, then they shall drop. As to realities again, to Parma and Piacenza among the rest, let these be as in the Treaty of Utrecht; arrangeable in the lump;—and indeed, of Parma and Piacenza perhaps the less we say, the better at present." This was, in substance, Ripperda's Treaty; the Third great European travail—throe, or change of color in the long—suffering lobster. Whereby, of course, the Congress of Cambrai did straightway disappear, the floor miraculously vanishing under it; and sinks—far below human eye—reach by this time—towards the Bottomless Pool, ever since. Such was the beginning, such the end of that Congress, which Arouet LE JEUNE, in 1722, saw as a contemporary Fact, drinking champagne in Ramillies wigs, and arranging comedies for itself.

FRANCE AND THE BRITANNIC MAJESTY TRIM THE SHIP AGAIN: HOW FRIEDRICH WILHELM CAME INTO IT. TREATY OF HANOVER, 1725.

The publication of this Treaty of Vienna (30th April, 1725),— miraculous disappearance of the Congress of Cambrai by withdrawal of the floor from under it, and close union of the Courts of Spain and Vienna as the outcome of its slow labors,—filled Europe, and chiefly the late mediating Powers, with amazement, anger, terror. Made Europe lurch suddenly to the other side, as we phrased it,— other gunwale now under water. Wherefore, in Heaven's name, trim your ship again, if possible, ye high mediating Powers. This the mediating Powers were laudably alert to do. Duc de Bourbon, and his young King about to marry, were of pacific tendencies; anxious for the Balance: still more was Fleury, who succeeded Duc de Bourbon. Cardinal Fleury (with his pupil Louis XV. under him, producing royal progeny and nothing worse or better as yet) began, next year, his long supremacy in France; an aged reverend gentleman, of sly, delicately cunning ways, and disliking war, as George I. did, unless when forced on him: now and henceforth, no mediating power more anxious than France to have the ship in trim.

George and Bourbon laid their heads together, deeply pondering this little less than awful state of the Terrestrial Balance; and in about six months they, in their quiet way, suddenly came out with a Fourth Crisis on the astonished populations, so as to right the ship's trim again, and more. "Treaty of Hanover," this was their

unexpected manoeuvre; done quietly at Herrenhausen, when his Majesty next went across for the Hanover hunting-season. Mere hunting:—but the diplomatists, as well as the beagles, were all in readiness there. Even Friedrich Wilhelm, ostensibly intent on hunting, was come over thither, his abstruse Ilgens, with their inkhorns, escorting him: Friedrich Wilhelm, hunting in unexpected sort, was persuaded to sign this Treaty; which makes it unusually interesting to us. An exceptional procedure on the part of Friedrich Wilhelm, who beyond all Sovereigns stays well at home, careless of affairs that are not his:—procedure betokening cordiality at Hanover; and of good omen for the Double-Marriage?

Yes, surely;—and yet something more, on Friedrich Wilhelm's part. His rights on the Cleve-Julich Countries; reversion of Julich and Berg, once Karl Philip shall decease:—perhaps these high Powers, for a consideration, will guarantee one's undoubted rights there? It is understood they gave promises of this kind, not too specific. Nay we hear farther a curious thing: "France and England, looking for immediate war with the Kaiser, advised Friedrich Wilhelm to assert his rights on Silesia." Which would have been an important procedure! Friedrich Wilhelm, it is added, had actual thoughts of it; the Kaiser, in those matters of the RITTER-DIENST, of the HEIDELBERG PROTESTANTS, and wherever a chance was, had been unfriendly, little less than insulting, to Friedrich Wilhelm: "Give me one single Hanoverian brigade, to show that you go along with me!" said his Prussian Majesty;—but the Britannic never altogether would. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, i. 153.] Certain it is, Friedrich Wilhelm signed: a man with such Fighting-Apparatus as to be important in a Hanover Treaty. "Balance of Power, they tell me, is in a dreadful way: certainly if one can help the Balance a little, why not? But Julich and Berg, one's own outlook of reversion there, that is the point to be attended to:—Balance, I believe, will somehow shift for itself!" On these principles, Friedrich Wilhelm signed, while ostensibly hunting. [Fassmann, p. 368; Forster, *Urkundenbuch*, p. 67.] Treaty of Hanover, which was to trim the ship again, or even to make it heel the other way, dates itself 3d September, 1725, and is of this purport: "We three, France, England, Prussia to stand by each other as one man, in case any of us is attacked,—will invite Holland, Denmark, Sweden and every pacific Sovereignty to join us in such convention,"— as they all gradually did, had Friedrich Wilhelm but stood firm.

For it is a state of the Balances little less than awful. Rumor goes that, by the Ripperda bargain, fatal to mankind, Don Carlos was to get the beautiful young Maria Theresa to wife: that would settle the Parma-Piacenza business and some others; that would be a compensation with a witness! Spain and Austria united, as in Karl V.'s time; or perhaps some Succession War, or worse, to fight over again!—

Fleury and George, as Duc de Bourbon and George had done, though both pacific gentlemen, brandished weapons at the Kaiser; strongly admonishing him to become less formidable, or it would be worse for him. Possible indeed, in such a shadow-hunting, shadow-hunted hour! Fleury and George stand looking with intense anxiety into a certain spectral something, which they call the Balance of Power; no end to their exorcisms in that matter. Truly, if each of the Royal Majesties and Serene Highnesses would attend to his own affairs,—doing his utmost to better his own land and people, in earthly and in heavenly respects, a little,—he would find it infinitely profitabler for himself and others. And the Balance of Power would settle, in that case, as the laws of gravity ordered: which is its one method of settling, after all diplomacy!—Fleury and George, by their manifestoing, still more by their levying of men, George I. shovelling out his English subsidies as usual, created deadly qualms in the Kaiser; who still found it unpleasant to "admit Spanish Garrisons in Parma;" but found likewise his Termagant Friend inexorably positive on that score; and knew not what would become of him, if he had to try fighting, and the Sea-Powers refused him cash to do it.

Hereby was the ship trimmed, and more; ship now lurching to the other side again. George I. goes subsidying Hessians, Danes; sounding manifestoes, beating drums, in an alarming manner: and the Kaiser, except it were in Russia, with the new Czarina Catherine I. (that brown little woman, now become Czarina [8th February, 1725. Treaty with Kaiser (6th August, 1726) went to nothing on her death, 11th May, 1727.]), finds no ally to speak of. An unlucky, spectre-hunting, spectre-hunted Kaiser; who, amid so many drums, manifestoes, menaces, is now rolling eyes that witness everywhere considerable dismay. This is the Fourth grand Crisis of Europe; crisis or travail-throe of Nature, bringing forth, and unable to do it, Baby Carlos's Apanage and the Pragmatic Sanction. Fourth conspicuous change of color to the universal lobster, getting itself boiled on those sad terms, for twenty years. For its sins, we need not doubt; for its own long-continued cowardices, sloths and greedy follies, as well as those of Kaiser Karl!—

At this Fourth change we will gladly leave the matter, for a time; much wishing it might be forever. Alas, as if

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that were possible to us! Meanwhile, let afflicted readers, looking before and after, reader to forget than to remember in such a case, accept this Note, or Summary of all the Seven together, by way of help:—

TRAVAIL—THROES OF NATURE FOR BABY CARLOS'S ITALIAN APANAGE; SEVEN IN NUMBER.

1. Triple Alliance, English, Dutch, French (4th January, 1717), saying, "Peace, then! No Alberoni—plotting; no Duel—fighting permitted!" Same Powers, next year, proposing Terms of Agreement; Kaiser gloomily accepting them; which makes it Quadruple Alliance (18th July, 1718); Termagant indignantly refusing,—with attack on the Kaiser's Sicilies.

2. First Sputter of War; Byng's Sea—fight, and the other pressures, compelling Termagant: Peace (26th January, 1720); Congress of Cambrai to settle the Apanage and other points.

3. Congress of Cambrai, a weariness to gods and men, gets the floor pulled from under it (Ripperda's feat, 30th April, 1725); so that Kaiser and Termagant stand ranked together, Apanage wrapt in mystery,—to the terror of mankind.

4. Treaty of Hanover (France, England, Prussia, 3d September, 1725) restores the Balances, and more. War imminent. Prussia privately falls off,—as we shall see.

[These first Four lie behind us, at this point; but there are Three others still ahead, which we cannot hope to escape altogether; namely:]

5. Second Sputter of War: Termagant besieges Gibraltar (4th March, 1727—6th March, 1728): Peace at that latter date;— Congress of Soissons to settle the Apanage and other points, as formerly.

6. Congress of Soissons (14th June, 1728—9th November, 1729), as formerly, cannot in the least: Termagant whispers England;— there is Treaty of Seville (9th November, 1729), France and England undertaking for the Apanage. Congress vanishes; Kaiser is left solitary, with the shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, in the night of things. Pause of an awful nature:—but Fleury does not hasten with the Apanage, as promised. Whereupon, at length,

7. Treaty of Vienna (16th March, 1731): Sea—Powers, leading Termagant by the hand, Sea—Powers and no France, unite with Kaiser again, according to the old laws of Nature;—and Baby Carlos gets his Apanage, in due course;—but does not rest content with it, Mamma nor he, very long!

Huge spectres and absurd bugaboos, stalking through the brain of dull thoughtless pusillanimous mankind, do, to a terrible extent, tumble hither and thither, and cause to lurch from side to side, their ship of state, and all that is embarked there, BREAKFAST—TABLE, among other things. Nevertheless, if they were only bugaboos, and mere Shadows caused by Imperial hand—lanterns in the general Night of the world,—ought they to be spoken of in the family, when avoidable?

Chapter IV. DOUBLE-MARRIAGE TREATY CANNOT BE SIGNED.

Hitherto the world-tides, and ebbs and flows of external Politics, had, by accident, rather forwarded, than hindered the Double-Marriage. In the rear of such a Treaty of Hanover, triumphantly righting the European Balances by help of Friedrich Wilhelm, one might have hoped this little domestic Treaty would, at last, get itself signed. Queen Sophie did hasten off to Hanover, directly after her husband had left it under those favorable aspects: but Papa again proved unmanageable; the Treaty could not be achieved.

Alas, and why not? Parents and Children, on both sides, being really desirous of it, what reason is there but it should in due time come to perfection, and, without annihilating Time and Space, make four lovers happy? No reason. Rubs doubtless had arisen since that Visit of George I., discordant procedures, chiefly about Friedrich Wilhelm's recruiting operations in the Hanover territory, as shall be noted by and by: but these the ever-wakeful enthusiasm of Queen Sophie, who had set her whole heart with a female fixity on this Double-Marriage Project, had smoothed down again: and now, Papa and Husband being so blessedly united in their World Politics, why not sign the Marriage-Treaty? Honored Majesty-Papa, why not!—"Tush, child, you do not understand. In these tremendous circumstances, the celestial Sign of the BALANCE just about canting, and the Obliquity of the Ecliptic like to alter, how can one think of little marriages? Wait till the Obliquity of the Ecliptic come steadily to its old pitch!"—

Truth is, George was in general of a slow, solemn, Spanish turn of manners; "intolerably proud, too, since he got that English dignity," says Wilhelmina: he seemed always tacitly to look down on Friedrich Wilhelm, as if the Prussian Majesty were a kind of inferior clownish King in comparison. It is certain he showed no eagerness to get the Treaty perfected. Again and again, when specially applied to by Queen Sophie, on Friedrich Wilhelm's order, he intimated only: "It was a fixed thing, but not to be hurried,—English Parliaments were concerned in it, the parties were still young," and so on;—after which brief answer he would take you to the window, and ask, "If you did not think the Herrenhausen Gardens and their Leibnitz waterworks, and clipped-beech walls were rather fine?" [Pollnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 226, 228,

In fact, the English Parliaments, from whom money was so often demanded for our fat Improper Darlingtons, lean Improper Kendals and other royal occasions, would naturally have to make a marriage-revenue for this fine Grandson of ours;—Grandson Fred, who is now a young lout of, eighteen; leading an extremely dissolute life, they say, at Hanover; and by no means the most beautiful of mortals, either he or the foolish little Father of him, to our old sad heart. They can wait, they can wait! said George always.

But undoubtedly he did intend that both Marriages should take effect: only he was slow; and the more you hurried him, perhaps the slower. He would have perfected the Treaty "next year," say the Authorities; meant to do so, if well let alone: but Townshend whispered withal, "Better not urge him." Surly George was always a man of his word; no treachery intended by him, towards Friedrich Wilhelm or any man. It is very clear, moreover, that Friedrich Wilhelm, in this Autumn 1725, was, and was like to be, of high importance to King George; a man not to be angered by dishonorable treatment, had such otherwise been likely on George's part. Nevertheless George did not sign the Treaty "next year" either,—such things having intervened;—nor the next year after that, for reasons tragically good on the latter occasion!

These delays about the Double-Marriage Treaty are not a pleasing feature of it to Friedrich Wilhelm; who is very capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, dislikes to have loose thrums flying about, or that the business of to-day should be shoved over upon to-morrow. And so Queen Sophie has her own sore difficulties; driven thus between the Barbarians (that is, her Husband), and the deep Sea (that is, her Father), to and fro. Nevertheless, since all parties to the matter wished it, Sophie and the younger parties getting even enthusiastic about it; and since the matter itself was good, agreeable so far to Prussia and England, to Protestant Germany and to Heaven and Earth,—might not Sophie confidently hope to vanquish these and other difficulties; and so bring all things to a happy close?

Had it not been for the Imperial Shadow-huntings, and this rickety condition of the celestial Balance! Alas, the outer elements interfered with Queen Sophie in a singular manner. Huge foreign world-movements, springing from Vienna and a spectre-haunted Kaiser, and spreading like an avalanche over all the Earth, snatched up this

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little Double–Marriage question; tore it along with them, reeling over precipices, one knew not whitherward, at such a rate as was seldom seen before. Scarcely in the Minerva Press is there record of such surprising, infinite and inextricable obstructions to a wedding or a double–wedding. Time and space, which cannot be annihilated to make two lovers happy, were here turned topsy–turvy, as it were, to make four lovers,—four, or at the very least three, for Wilhelmina will not admit she was ever the least in love, not she, poor soul, either with loose Fred or his English outlooks,—four young creatures, and one or more elderly persons, superlatively wretched; and even, literally enough, to do all but kill some of them.

What is noteworthy too, it proved wholly inane, this huge world–ocean of Intrigues and Imperial Necromancy; ran dry at last into absolute nothing even for the Kaiser, and might as well not have been. And Mother and Father, on the Prussian side, were driven to despair and pretty nearly to delirium by it; and our poor young Fritz got tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and in soul by it, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and in fact looked soon to have quitted said light at one stage of the business.

We are now approaching Act Second of the Double–Marriage, where Imperial Ordnance–Master Graf von Seckendorf, a Black–Artist of supreme quality, despatched from Vienna on secret errand, "crosses the Palace Esplanade at Berlin on a summer evening of the year 1726;" and evokes all the demons on our little Crown–Prince and those dear to him. We must first say something of an important step, shortly antecedent thereto, which occurred in the Crown–Prince's educational course.

Chapter V. CROWN-PRINCE GOES INTO THE POTSDAM GUARDS.

Amid such commotion of the foreign elements and the domestic, an important change occurs in the Crown-Prince's course of schooling. It is decided that, whatever be his progress in the speculative branches, it is time he should go into the Army, and practically learn soldiering. In his fourteenth year, 3d May, 1725, [Preuss, i. 26; 106; and *Buch fur Jedermann* (a minor book of his, on the same subject, Berlin, 1837), ii. 13.] not long before the Treaty of Hanover, he was formally named Captain, by Papa in War-council. Grenadier Guards, Potsdam Lifeguards, to be the regiment; and next year he is nominated Major, and, a vacancy occurring, appointed to begin actual duty. It is on the "20th of August, 1726, that he flrat leads out his battalion to the muster," on those terms. His age is not yet fifteen by four months;—a very tiny Major among those Potsdam giants; but by rank, we observe, he rides; and his horse is doubtless of the due height. And so the tiny Cadet—drillinga have ended; long Files of Giants, splendent in gold—lace and grenadier—caps, have succeeded; and earnest work instead of mimic, in that matter, has begun.

However it may have fared with his other school—lessons, here now is a school—form he is advanced to, in which there will be no resource but learning. Bad spelling might be overlooked by those that had charge of it; bad drilling is not permissible on any terms. We need not doubt the Crown-Prince did his soldier—duty faithfully, and learned in every point the conduct of an officer: penalty as of Rhadamanthus waited upon all failure there. That he liked it is by no means said; he much disliked it, and his disgusts were many. An airy young creature:—and it was in this time to give one instance, that that shearing of his locks occurred: which was spoken of above, where the Court—Chirurgus proved so merciful. To clog the winged Psyche in ever—returning parade—routine and military pipe—clay,—it seems very cruel. But it is not to be altered: in spite of one's disgusts, the dull work, to the last item of it, has daily to be done. Which proved infinitely beneficial to the Crown-Prince, after all. Hereby, to his Athenian—French elegancies, and airy promptitudes and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamantine Spartanism and Stoicism; very rare, but very indispensable, for such a superstructure. Well exemplified, through after life, in this Crown-Prince.

OF THE POTSDAM GIANTS, AS A FACT.

His regiment was the Potsdam Grenadier Guard; that unique giant—regiment, of which the world has heard so much in a vague half—mythical way. The giant—regiment was not a Myth, however, but a big—boned expensive Fact, tramping very hard upon the earth at one time, though now gone all to the ghostly state. As it was a CLASS—BOOK, so to speak, of our Friedrich's,—Class—Book (printed in huge type) for a certain branch of his schooling, the details of which are so dim, though the general outcome of it proved so unforgettable,—readers, apart from their curiosity otherwise, may as well take a glimpse of it on this occasion. Vanished now, and grown a Giant Phantom, the like of it hardly again to be in this world; and by accident, the very smallest Figure ever ranked in it makes it memorable there!—

With a wise instinct, Friedrich Wilhelm had discerned that all things in Prussia must point towards his Army; that his Army was the heart and pith; the State being the tree, every branch and leaf bound, after its sort, to be nutritive and productive for the Army's behoof. That, probably for any Nation in the long—run, and certainly for the Prussian Nation straightway, life or death depends on the Army: Friedrich Wilhelm's head, in an inarticulate manner, was full of this just notion; and all his life was spent in organizing it to a practical fact. The more of potential battle, the more of life is in us: a MAXIMUM of potential battle, therefore; and let it be the OPTIMUM in quality! How Friedrich Wilhelm cared, day and night, with all his heart and all his soul, to bring his Army to the supreme pitch, we have often heard; and the more we look into his ways, the more we are impressed with that fact. It was the central thing for him; all other things circulating towards it, deriving from it: no labor too great, and none too little, to be undergone for such an object. He watched over it like an Argus, with eyes that reached everywhere. Discipline shall be as exact as Euclid;—short of perfection we do not stop! Discipline and ever better discipline; enforcement of the rule in all points, improvement of the rule itself where possible, were the great Drill—sergeant's continual care. Daily had some loop fallen, which might have gone ravelling far enough; but daily was he there to pick it up again, and keep the web unrent and solidly progressive.

We said, it was the "poetic ideal" of Friedrich Wilhelm; who is a dumb poet in several particulars,—and

requires the privileges of genius from those that READ his dumb poem. It must be owned he rises into the fantastic here and there; and has crotchets of ultraperfection for his Army, which are not rational at all. Crotchets that grew ever madder, the farther he followed them. This Lifeguard Regiment of foot, for instance, in which the Crown-Prince now is,—Friedrich Wilhelm got it in his Father's time, no doubt a regiment then of fair qualities; and he has kept drilling it, improving it, as poets polish stanzas, unweariedly ever since:—and see now what it has grown to! A Potsdam Giant Regiment, such as the world never saw, before or since. Three Battalions of them,—two always here at Potsdam doing formal lifeguard duty, the third at Brandenburg on drill; 800 to the Battalion,—2,400 sons of Anak in all. Sublime enough, hugely perfect to the royal eye, such a mass of shining giants, in their long-drawn regularities and mathematical manoeuvrings,—like some streak of Promethean lightning, realized here at last, in the vulgar dusk of things!

Truly they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment; and the shortest man of them rises, I think, towards seven feet, some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries; a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia,—a very precious windfall: the rest have been collected, crimped, purchased out of every European country, at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to his Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches, cost him 1,200 pounds before he could be got inveigled, shipped and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence; [Forster, *Handbuch der Geschichte, Geographie und Statistik des Preussischen Reichs* (Berlin, 1820), iv. 130, 132;—not in a very lucid state.] and the Portrait of this Irish fellow-citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed; all the privates of this distinguished Regiment are, if anybody cared to look at them—Redivanoff from Moscow" seems of far better bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall, you could not, though yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried, on one occasion, and could not. Before Hohmann turned up, there had been "Jonas the Norwegian Blacksmith," also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant "Macdoll,"—who was to be married, no consent asked on EITHER side, to the tall young woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit OLD woman (all Jest-Books know the myth),—he also was an Irish Giant; his name probably M'Dowal. [Forster, *Preussens Helden im Krieg und Frieden* (Berlin, 1848), i. 531; no date to the story, no evidence what grain of truth may be in it.] This Hohmann was now FLUGELMANN ("fugleman" as we have named it, leader of the file), the Tallest of the Regiment, a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone.

Here, in reference to one other of those poor Giants, is an Anecdote from Fassmann (who is very full on this subject of the Giants; abstruse Historical Fassmann, often painfully cited by us): a most small Anecdote, but then an indisputably certain one; —which brings back to us, in a strange way, the vanished Time and its populations; as the poorest authentic wooden lucifer may do, kindling suddenly, and' peopling the void Night for moments, to the seeing eye!—

Fassmann, a very dark German literary man, in obsolete costume and garniture, how living or what doing we cannot guess, found himself at Paris, gazing about, in the year 1713; where, among other things, the Fair of St. Germain was going on. Loud, large Fair of St. Germain, "which lasts from Candlemas to the Monday before Easter;" and Fassmann one day took a walk of contemplation through the same. Much noise, gesticulation, little meaning. Show-booths, temporary theatres, merry-andrews, sleight-of-hand men; and a vast public, drinking, dancing, gambling, flirting, as its wont is. Nothing new for us there; new only that it all lies five generations from us now. Did "the Old Pretender," who was then in his expectant period, in this same village of St. Germain, see it too, as Fassmann did? And Louis XIV., he is at Versailles; drooping fast, very dull to his Maintenon. And our little Fritz in Berlin is a child in arms;—and the world is all awake as usual, while Fassmann strolls through this noisy inanity of show-booths, in the year 1713.

Strolling along, Fassmann came upon a certain booth with an enormous Picture hung aloft in front of it: "Picture of a very tall man, in HEYDUC livery, coat reaching to his ankles, in grand peruke, cap and big heron-plume, with these words, 'LE GEANT ALLEMAND (German Giant),' written underneath. Partly from curiosity, partly "for country's sake," Fassmann expended twopence; viewed the gigantic fellow-creature; admits he had never seen one so tall; though "Bentenrieder, the Imperial Diplomatist," thought by some to be the tallest of men, had come athwart him once. This giant's name was Muller; birthplace the neighborhood of Weissenfels;—"a Saxon like myself. He had a small German Wife, not half his size. He made money readily, showing himself about, in France, England, Holland;"—and Fassmann went his way, thinking no more of the

fellow.—But now, continues Fassmann:—

"Coming to Potsdam, thirteen years after, in the spring of 1726, by his Majesty's order, to"—in fact, to read the Newspapers to his Majesty, and be generally useful, chiefly in the Tobacco-College, as we shall discover,——"what was my surprise to find this same 'GEANT ALLEMAND' of St. Germain ranked among the King's Grenadiers! No doubt of the identity: I renewed acquaintance with the man; his little German Wife was dead; but he had got an English one instead, an uncommonly shifty creature. They had a neat little dwelling—house [as most of the married giants had], near the Palace: here the Wife sold beer [brandy not permissible on any terms], and lodged travellers;— I myself have lodged there on occasion. In the course of some years, the man took swelling in the legs; good for nothing as a grenadier; and was like to fall heavy on society. But no, his little Wife snatched him up, easily getting his discharge; carried him over with her to England, where he again became a show-giant, and they were doing very well, when last heard of,"— in the Country—Wakes of George II.'s early time. And that is the real Biography of one Potsdam Giant, by a literary gentleman who had lodged with him on occasion. [Fassmann, pp. 723–730.]

The pay of these sublime Footguards is greatly higher than common; they have distinguished privileges and treatment: on the other hand, their discipline is nonpareil, and discharge is never to be dreamt of, while strength lasts. Poor Kirkman, does he sometimes think of the Hill of Howth, and that he will never see it more? Kirkman, I judge, is not given to thought;—considers that he has tobacco here, and privileges and perquisites; and that Howth, and Heaven itself, is inaccessible to many a man.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S RECRUITING DIFFICULTIES.

Tall men, not for this regiment only, had become a necessary of life to Friedrich Wilhelm. Indispensable to him almost as his daily bread, To his heart there is no road so ready as that of presenting a tall man or two. Friedrich Wilhelm's regiments are now, by his exact new regulations, levied and recruited each in its own Canton, or specific district: there all males as soon as born are enrolled; liable to serve, when they have grown to years and strength. All grown men (under certain exceptions, as of a widow's eldest son, or of the like evidently ruinous cases) are liable to serve; Captain of the Regiment and AMTMANN of the Canton settle between them which grown man it shall be. Better for you not to be tall! In fact it is almost a kindness of Heaven to be gifted with some safe impediment of body, slightly crooked back or the like, if you much dislike the career of honor under Friedrich Wilhelm. A general shadow of unquiet apprehension we can well fancy hanging over those rural populations, and much unpleasant haggling now and then;—nothing but the King's justice that can be appealed to. King's justice, very great indeed, but heavily checked by the King's value for handsome soldiers.

Happily his value for industrial laborers and increase of population is likewise great. Townsfolk, skilful workmen as the theory supposes, are exempt; the more ingenious classes, generally, his Majesty exempts in this respect, to encourage them in others. For, on the whole, he is not less a Captain of Work, to his Nation, than of other things. What he did for Prussia in the way of industries, improvements, new manufactures, new methods; in settling "colonies," tearing up drowned bogs and subduing them into dry cornfields; in building, draining, digging, and encouraging or forcing others to do so, would take a long chapter. He is the enemy of Chaos, not the friend of it, wherever you meet with him.

For example, Potsdam itself. Potsdam, now a pleasant, grassy, leafy place, branching out extensively in fine stone architecture, with swept pavements; where, as in other places, the traveller finds land and water separated into two firmaments,—Friedrich Wilhelm found much of it a quagmire, land and water still weltering in one. In these very years, his cuttings, embankments, buildings, pile-drivings there, are enormous; and his perseverance needs to be invincible. For instance, looking out, one morning after heavy rain, upon some extensive anti-quagmire operations and strong pile-drivings, he finds half a furlong of his latest heavy piling clean gone. What in the world has become of it? Pooh, the swollen lake has burst it topsy-turvy; and it floats yonder, bottom uppermost, a half-furlong of distracted liquid-peat. Whereat his Majesty gave a loud laugh, says Bielfeld, [Baron de Bielfeld, *Lettres Familieres* (second edition, a Leide, 1767), i. 31.] and commenced anew. The piles now stand firm enough, like the rest of the Earth's crust, and carry strong ashlar houses and umbrageous trees for mankind; and trivial mankind can walk in clean pumps there, shuddering or sniggering at Friedrich Wilhelm, as their humor may be.

No danger of this "Canton-system" of recruitment to the more ingenious classes, who could do better than learn drill. Nor, to say truth, does the poor clayey peasant suffer from it, according to his apprehensions. Often

perhaps, could he count profit and loss, he might find himself a gainer: the career of honor turns out to be, at least, a career of practical Stoicism and Spartanism; useful to any peasant or to any prince. Cleanliness, of person and even of mind; fixed rigor of method, sobriety, frugality, these are virtues worth acquiring. Sobriety in the matter of drink is much attended to here: his Majesty permits no distillation of strong-waters in Potsdam, or within so many miles; [Fassmann, p. 728.] nor is sale of such allowed, except in the most intensely select manner. The soldier's pay is in the highest degree exiguous; not above three halfpence a day, for a common foot-soldier, in addition to what rations he has:—but it is found adequate to its purpose, too; supports the soldier in sound health, vigorously fit for his work; into which points his Majesty looks with his own eyes, and will admit no dubiety. Often, too, if not already OFTENEST (as it ultimately grew to be), the peasant-soldier gets home for many months of the year, a soldier-ploughman; and labors for his living in the old way. His Captain (it is one of the Captain's perquisites, who is generally a veteran of fifty, with a long Spartan training, before he gets so high) pockets the pay of all these furloughs, supernumerary to the real work of the regiment;—and has certain important furnishings to yield in return.

At any rate, enrolment, in time of peace, cannot fall on many: three or four recruits in the year, to replace vacancies, will carry the Canton through its crisis. For we are to note withal, the third part of every regiment can, and should by rule, consist of "foreigners,"—men not born Prussians. These are generally men levied in the Imperial Free-towns; "in the REICH" or Empire, as they term it; that is to say, or is mainly to say, in the countries of Germany that are not Austrian or Prussian. For this foreign third-part too, the recruits must be got; excuses not admissible for Captain or Colonel; nothing but recruits of the due inches will do. Captain and Colonel (supporting their enterprise on frugal adequate "perquisites," hinted of above) have to be on the outlook; vigilantly, eagerly; and must contrive to get them. Nay, we can take supernumerary recruits; and have in fact always on hand, attached to each regiment, a stock of such. Any number of recruits, that stand well on their legs, are welcome; and for a tall man there is joy in Potsdam, almost as if he were a wise man or a good man.

The consequence is, all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals: Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary; lynx-eyed, eager almost as the Jesuit hounds are; not hunting the souls of men, as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies in a merciless carnivorous manner. Better not to be too tall, in any country, at present! Irish Kirkman could not be protected by the aegis of the British Constitution itself. In general, however, the Prussian recruiter, on British ground, reports, That the people are too well off, that there is little to be done in those parts. A tall British sailor, if we pick him up strolling about Memel or the Baltic ports, is inexorably claimed by the Diplomats; no business do-able till after restoration of him; and he proves a mere loss to us. [Despatches in the State-Paper Office.] Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigor.

For example, in the town of Julich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter: one day a well-dressed positive-looking gentleman ("Baron von Hompesch," the records name him) enters the shop; wants "a stout chest, with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point,—in fact it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann: what is the cost; when can it be ready?" Cost, time, and the rest are settled. "A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size; if too short, it will be of no use to me: mind;"—"JA WOHL! GEWISS!" And the positive-looking, well-clad gentleman goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready;— we hope, an unexceptionable article? "Too short, as I dreaded!" says the positive gentleman. "Nay, your honor," says the carpenter, "I am certain it is six feet six!" and takes out his foot-rule.—"Pshaw, it was to be longer than yourself." "Well, it is."—"No it isn't!" The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest; and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him; locks it; whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place; and find—horrible to relate—the poor carpenter dead; choked by want of air in this frightful middle-passage of his. [Forster, ii. 305, 306; Pollnitz, ii. 518, 519.] Name of the Town is given, Julich as above; date not. And if the thing had been only a popular Myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the tall carpenter lay dead, and Hompesch got "imprisoned for life" by the business.

Burgermeisters of small towns have been carried off; in one case, "a rich merchant in Magdeburg," whom it cost a large sum to get free again. [Stenzel, iii. 356.] Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds, in

Foreign Countries; and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them), will persuade him to desert,—to make for the country where soldier—merit is understood, and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colors in no—time.

But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador,—tall Herr von Bentenrieder; tallest of Diplomats; whom Fassmann, till the Fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Bentenrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I., in those Congress—of—Cambray times; serenely journeying on; when, near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes some time in mending; the tall Diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the Town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some Guard—house of the place, a Prussian Officer inquires, not too reverently of a nobleman without carriage, "Who are you?" "Well," answered he smiling, "I am BOTSCHAFTER (Message—bearer) from his Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?"—"To the Guard—house with us!" Whither he is marched accordingly. "Kaiser's messenger, why not?" Being a most tall handsome man, this Kaiser's BOTSCHAFTER, striding along on foot here, the Guard—house Officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill—exercise;—and are thrown into a singular quandary, when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him "Excellenz!" [Pollnitz, ii. 207–209.]

Tall Herr von Bentenrieder accepted the prostrate apology of these Guard—house Officials. But he naturally spoke of the matter to George I.; whose patience, often fretted by complaints on that head, seems to have taken fire at this transcendent instance of Prussian insolency. In consequence of this adventure, he commenced, says Pollnitz, a system of decisive measures; of reprisals even, and of altogether peremptory, minatory procedures, to clear Hanover of this nuisance; and to make it cease, in very fact, and not in promise and profession merely. These were the first rubs Queen Sophie met with, in pushing on the Double—Marriage; and sore rubs they were, though she at last got over them. Coming on the back of that fine Charlottenburg Visit, almost within year and day, and directly in the teeth of such friendly aspects and prospects, this conduct on the part of his Britannic Majesty much grieved and angered Friedrich Wilhelm; and in fact involved him in considerable practical troubles.

For it was the signal of a similar set of loud complaints, and menacing remonstrances (with little twinges of fulfilment here and there) from all quarters of Germany; a tempest of trouble and public indignation rising everywhere, and raining in upon Friedrich Wilhelm and this unfortunate Hobby of his. No riding of one's poor Hobby in peace henceforth. Friedrich Wilhelm always answered, what was only superficially the fact, That HE knew nothing of these violences and acts of ill—neighborship; he, a just King, was sorer than any man to hear of them; and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went on again, much the same; and never did end. I am sorry a just King, led astray by his Hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact. But it seems he cannot help it: his Hobby is too strong for him; regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius, mounted on so ungovernable a Hobby; leaping the barriers, in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, influxes of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that cannot be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his Hobby: but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth; under showers of anger and ridicule;—contumelious words and procedures, as it were SAXA ET FAECES, battering round him, to a heavy extent; the rider a victim of Tragedy and Farce both at once.

QUEEN SOPHIE'S TROUBLES: GRUMKOW WITH THE OLD DESSAUER, AND GRUMKOW WITHOUT HIM.

Queen Sophie had, by delicate management, got over those first rubs, and arrived at a Treaty of Hanover, and clear ground again; far worse rubs lay ahead; but smooth travelling, towards such a goal, was not possible for this Queen. Poor Lady, her Court, as we discern from Wilhelmina and the Books, is a sad welter of intrigues, suspicions; of treacherous chambermaids, head—valets, pickthank scouts of official gentlemen and others striving to supplant one another. Satan's Invisible World very busy against Queen Sophie! Under any terms, much more under those of the Double—Marriage, her place in a kindly but suspicious Husband's favor was difficult to maintain. Restless aspirants, climbing this way or that, by ladder—steps discoverable in this abstruse element, are never wanting, and have the due eavesdropping satellites, now here, now there. Queen Sophie and her party have to walk warily, as if among precipices and pitfalls. Of all which wide welter of extinct contemptibilities, then and there so important, here and now become minus quantities, we again notice the existence, but can undertake no study or specification whatever. Two Incidents, the latter of them dating near the point where we now are, will

sufficiently instruct the reader what a welter this was, in which Queen Sophie and her bright little Son, the new Major of the Potsdam Giants, had to pass their existence.

Incident First fell out some six years ago or more,—in 1719, year of the Heidelberg Protestants, of Clement the Forger, when his Majesty "slept for weeks with a pistol under his pillow," and had other troubles. His Majesty, on one of his journeys, which were always many, was taken suddenly ill at Brandenburg, that year: so violently ill, that thinking himself about to die, he sent for his good Queen, and made a Will appointing her Regent in case of his decease. His Majesty quite recovered before long. But Grumkow and the old Dessauer, main aspirants; getting wind of this Will, and hunting out the truth of it,—what a puddling of the waters these two made in consequence; stirring up mire and dirt round the good Queen, finding she had been preferred to them! [Wilhelmina, i. 26, 29.] Nay Wilhelmina, in her wild way, believes they had, not long after, planned to "fire a Theatre" about the King, one afternoon, in Berlin City, and take his life, thereby securing for themselves such benefit in prospect as there might be! Not a doubt of it, thinks Wilhelmina: "The young Margraf, [Born 1700 (see vol. v. p. 393.) our precious Cousin, of Schwedt, is not he Sister's—son of that Old Dessauer? Grandson of the Great Elector, even as Papa is. Papa once killed (and our poor Crown—Prince also made away with),—that young Margraf, and his blue Fox—tiger of an Uncle over him, is King in Prussia! Obviously they meant to burn that Theatre, and kill Papa!" This is Wilhelmina's distracted belief; as, doubtless, it was her Mother's on the day in question: a jealous, much—suffering, transcendently exasperated Mother, as we see.

Incident Second shows us those, two rough Gentlemen fallen out of partnership, into open quarrel and even duel. "Duel at the Copenick Gate," much noised of in the dull old Prussian Books,— though always in a reserved manner; not even the DATE, as if that were dangerous, being clearly given! It came in the wake of that Hanover Treaty, as is now guessed; the two having taken opposite sides on that measure, and got provoked into ripping up old sores in general. Dessau was AGAINST King George and the Treaty, it appears; having his reasons, family—reasons of old standing: Grumkow, a bribable gentleman, was FOR,—having also perhaps his reasons. Enough, it came to altercations, objurgations between the two; which rose ever higher,—rose at length to wager—of—battle. Indignant challenge on the part of the Old Dessauer; which, however, Grumkow, not regarded as a BARESARK in the fighting way, regrets that his Christian principles do not, forsooth, allow him to accept. The King is appealed to; the King, being himself, though an orthodox Christian, yet a still more orthodox Soldier, decides That, on the whole, General Grumkow cannot but accept this challenge from the Field—marshal Prince of Dessau.

Dessau is on the field, at the Copenick Gate, accordingly,— late—autumn afternoon (I calculate) of the year 1725;—waits patiently till Grumkow make his appearance. Grumkow, with a chosen second, does at last appear; advances pensively with slow steps. Gunpowder Dessau, black as a silent thunder—cloud, draws his sword: and Grumkow—does not draw his; presents it undrawn, with unconditional submission and apology: "Slay me, if you like, old Friend, whom I have injured!" Whereat Dessau, uttering no word, uttering only some contemptuous snort, turns his back on the phenomenon; mounts his horse and rides home. [Pollnitz, ii. 212, 214.] A divided man from this Grumkow henceforth. The Prince waited on her Majesty; signified his sorrow for past estrangements; his great wish now to help her, but his total inability, being ousted by Grumkow: We are for Halle, Madam, where our Regiment is; there let us serve his Majesty, since we cannot here! [Wilhelmina, i. 90, 93.] —And in fact the Old Dessauer lives mostly there in time coming; sunk inarticulate in tactics of a truly deep nature, not stranding on politics of a shallow;— a man still memorable in the mythic traditions of that place. Better to drill men to perfection, and invent iron ramrods, against the day they shall be needed, than go jostling, on such terms, with cattle of the Grumkow kind! And thus, we perceive, Grumkow is in, and the Old Dessauer out; and there has been "a change of Ministry," change of "Majesty's—Advisers," brought about;—may the Advice going be wiser now!

What the young Crown—Prince did, said, thought, in such environment, of backstairs diplomacies, female sighs and aspirations, Grumkow duels, drillings in the Giant Regiment, is not specified for us in the smallest particular, in the extensive rubbish—books that have been written about him. Ours is, to indicate that such environment was: how a lively soul, acted on by it, did not fail to react, chameleon—like taking color from it, and contrariwise taking color against it, must be left to the reader's imagination—One thing we have gathered and will not forget, That the Old Dessauer is out, and Grumkow in, that the rugged Son of Gunpowder, drilling men henceforth at Halle, and in a dumb way meditating tactics as few ever did, has no share in the foul enchantments that now supervene at court.

Chapter VI. ORDNANCE–MASTER SECKENDORF CROSSES THE PALACE ESPLANADE.

The Kaiser's terror and embarrassment at the conclusion of the Hanover Treaty, as we saw, were extreme. War possible or likely; and nothing but the termagant caprices of Elizabeth Farnese to depend on: no cash from the Sea–Powers; only cannonshot, invasion and hostility, from their cash and them: What is to be done? To "caress the pride of Spain;" to keep alive the hopes, in that quarter, of marrying their Don Carlos, the supplementary Infant, to our eldest Archduchess; which indeed has set the Sea–Powers dreadfully on fire, but which does leave Parma and Piacenza quiet for the present, and makes the Pragmatic Sanction too an affair of Spain's own: this is one resource, though a poor one, and a dangerous. Another is, to make alliance with Russia, by well flattering the poor little brown Czarina there: but is not that a still poorer? And what third is there!—

There is a third worth both the others, could it be got done: To detach Friedrich Wilhelm from those dangerous Hanover Confederates, and bring him gently over to ourselves. He has an army of 60,000, in perfect equipment, and money to maintain them so. Against us or for us,—60,000 PLUS or 60,000 MINUS;—that will mean 120,000 fighting men; a most weighty item in any field there is like to be. If it lie in the power of human art, let us gain this wild irritated King of Prussia. Dare any henchman of ours venture to go, with honey–cakes, with pattings and cajoleries, and slip the imperial muzzle well round the snout of that rugged ursine animal? An iracund bear, of dangerous proportions, and justly irritated against us at present? Our experienced FELDZEUGMEISTER, Ordnance–Master and Diplomatist, Graf von Seckendorf, a conscientious Protestant, and the cunningest of men, able to lie to all lengths,—dare he try it? He has fought in all quarters of the world; and lied in all, where needful; and saved money in all: he will try it, and will succeed in it too! [Pollnitz, ii. 235; Stenzel, iii. 544; Forster, ii. 59, iii. 235, 239.]

The Second Act, therefore, of this foolish World–Drama of the Double–Marriage opens,—on the 11th May, 1726, towards sunset, in the TABAGIE of the Berlin Palace, as we gather from laborious comparison of windy Pollnitz with other indistinct witnesses of a dreary nature,—in the following manner:—

Prussian Majesty sits smoking at the window; nothing particular going on. A square–built shortish steel–gray Gentleman, of military cut, past fifty, is strolling over the SCHLOSSPLATZ (spacious Square in front of the Palace), conspicuous amid the sparse populations there; pensively recreating himself, in the yellow sunlight and long shadows, as after a day's hard labor or travel. "Who is that?" inquires Friedrich Wilhelm, suspending his tobacco. Grumkow answers cautiously, after survey: He thinks it must be Ordnance–Master Seckendorf; who was with him to–day; passing on rapidly towards Denmark, on business that will not wait.—"Experienced Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf, whom we stand in correspondence with, of late, and were expecting about this time? Whom we have known at the Siege of Stralsund, nay ever since the Marlborough times and the Siege of Menin, in war and peace; and have always reckoned a solid reasonable man and soldier: Why has he not come to us?"—"Your Majesty," confesses Grumkow, "his business is so pressing! Business in Denmark will not wait. Seckendorf owned he had come slightly round, in his eagerness to see our grand Review at Tempelhof the day after to–morrow: What soldier would omit the sight (so he was pleased to intimate) of soldiering carried to the non–plus–ultra? But he hoped to do it quite incognito, among the general public;—and then to be at the gallop again: not able to have the honor of paying his court at this time."—"Court? NARREN–POSSEN (Nonsense)!" answers Friedrich Wilhelm,—and opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up, with his own royal head and hand. The conversation of a man who had rational sense, and could tell him anything, were it only news af foreign parts in a rational manner, was always welcome to Friedrich Wilhelm.

And so Seckendorf, how can he help it, is installed in the Tabagie; glides into pleasant conversation there. A captivating talker; solid for religion, for the rights of Germany against intrusive French and others: such insight, orthodoxy, sense and ingenuity; pleasant to hear; and all with the due quantity of oil, though he "both snuffles and lisps;" and has privately, in case of need, a capacity of lying,—for he curiously distils you any lie, in his religious alembics, till it become tolerable to his conscience, or even palatable, as elixirs are;—capacity of double–distilled lying probably the greatest of his day.— Seckendorf assists at the grand Review, 13th May, 1726; witnesses with unfeigned admiration the non–plus–ultra of manoeuvring, and, in fact, the general management, military and

other, of this admirable King. [Pollnitz, ii. 235; Fassmann, pp. 367, 368.] Seckendorf, no question of it, will do his Denmark business swiftly, then, since your Majesty is pleased so to wish. Seckendorf, sure enough, will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner, he likes,— oh, how he likes it!

In a week or two, Seckendorf is back to Berlin; attends his Majesty on the annual Military Tour through Preussen; attends him everywhere, becoming quite a necessary of life to his Majesty; and does not go away at all. Seckendorf's business, if his Majesty knew it, will not lead him "away;" but lies here on this spot; and is now going on; the magic-apparatus, Grumkow the mainspring of it, getting all into gear! Grumkow was once clear for King George and the Hanover Treaty, having his reasons then; but now he has other reasons, and is clear against those foreign connections. "Hm, hah—Yes, my estimable, justly powerful Herr von Grumkow, here is a little Pension of 1,600 ducats (only 500 pounds as yet), which the Imperial Majesty, thinking of the service you may do Prussia and Germany and him, graciously commands me to present;— only 500 pounds by the year as yet; but there shall be no lack of money if we prosper!" [Forster, iii. 233, 232; see also iv. 172, 121, 157,

And so there are now two Black-Artists, of the first quality, busy on the unconscious Friedrich Wilhelm; and Seckendorf, for the next seven years, will stick to Friedrich Wilhelm like his shadow; and fascinate his whole existence and him, as few wizards could have done. Friedrich Wilhelm, like St. Paul in Melita, warming his innocent hands at the fire of dry branches here kindled for him,— that miracle of a venomous serpent is this that has fixed itself upon his finger? To Friedrich Wilhelm's enchanted sense it seems a bird-of-paradise, trustfully perching there; but it is of the whip-snake kind, or a worse; and will stick to him tragically, if also comically, for years to come. The world has seen the comedy of it, and has howled scornful laughter upon Friedrich Wilhelm for it: but there is a tragic side, not so well seen into, where tears are due to the poor King; and to certain others horsewhips, and almost gallows-ropes, are due!—Yes, had Seckendorf and Grumkow both been well hanged, at this stage of the affair, whereby the affair might have soon ended on fair terms, it had been welcome to mankind; welcome surely to the present Editor; for one; such a saving to him, of time wasted, of disgust endured! And indeed it is a solacement he has often longed for, in these dreary operations of his. But the Fates appointed otherwise; we have all to accept our Fate!—

Grumkow is sworn to Imperial orthodoxy, then,—probably the vulpine MIND (so to term it) went always rather that way, and only his interest the other;—Grumkow is well bribed, supplied for bribing others where needful; stands orthodox now, under peril of his very head. All things have been got distilled into the palatable state, spiritual and economic, for oneself and one's grand Trojan-Horse of a Grumkow; and the adventure proceeds apace. Seckendorf sits nightly in the TABAGIE (a kind of "Smoking Parliament," as we shall see anon); attends on all promenades and journeys: one of the wisest heads, and so pleasant in discourse, he is grown indispensable, and a necessary of life to us. Seckendorf's Biographer computes, "he must have ridden, in those seven years, continually attending his Majesty, above 5,000 German miles," [Anonymous (Seckendorf's Grand-Nephew) *Versuch einer Lebensbeschreibung des Feldmarschalls Grafen von Seckendorf* (Leipzig, 1792, 1794), i. 6.]—that is 25,000 English miles; or a trifle more than the length of the Terrestrial Equator.

In a month or two, [13th August, 1726 (Preuss, i. 37).] Seckendorf—since Majesty vouchsafes to honor us by wishing it— contrives to get nominated Kaiser's Minister at Berlin: unlimited prospects of Tabagie, and good talk, now opening on Majesty. And impartial Grumkow, in Tabagie or wherever we are, cannot but admit, now and then, that the Excellenz Herr Graf Ordnance-Master has a deal of reason in what he says about Foreign Politics, about intrusive French and other points. "Hm, Na," muses Friedrich Wilhelm to himself, "if the Kaiser had not been so lofty on us in that Heidelberg-Protestant affair, in the Ritter-Dienst business, in those damned 'recruiting' brabbles; always a very high-sniffing surly Kaiser to us!" For in fact the Kaiser has, all along, used Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly ill; and contemplates no better usage of him, except in show. Usage? thinks the Kaiser: A big Prussian piece of Cannon, whom we wish to enchant over to us! Did LAZY PEG complain of her "usage"?—So that the Excellenz and Grumkow have a heavy problem of it; were they not so diligent, and the Cannon itself well disposed. "Those BLITZ FRANZOSEN (blasted French)!" growls Friedrich Wilhelm sometimes, in the Tobacco-Parliament: [Forster, ii. 12, for he hates the French, and would fain love his Kaiser; being German to the bone, and of right loyal heart, though counted only a piece of cannon by some. For one thing, his Prussian Majesty declines signing that Treaty of Hanover a second time: now when the Dutch accede to it, after almost a year's trouble with them, the Prussian Ambassador, singular to observe, "has no orders to sign;"

leaves the English with their Hollanders and Blitz Franzosen to sign by themselves, this time. [9th August, 1726. (Boyer, *The Political State of Great Rrilain*, a monthly periodical, vol. xxxii. p. 77, which is the number for July, 1726.)] "We will wait, we will wait!" thinks his Prussian Majesty:—"Who knows?"

"But then Julich and Berg!" urges he always; "Britannic Majesty and the Blitz Franzosen were to secure me the reversion there. That was the essential point!"—For this too Excellenz has a remedy; works out gradually a remedy from headquarters, the amiable dexterous man: "Kaiser will do the like, your Majesty; Kaiser himself will secure it you!"—In brief, some three months after Seckendorf's instalment as Kaiser's Minister, not yet five months since his appearance in the Schlossplatz that May evening, —it is now Hunting—season, and we are at Wusterhausen; Majesty, his two Black—Artists and the proper satellites on both sides all there,—a new and opposite Treaty, in extreme privacy, on the 12th of October, 1726, is signed at that sequestered Hunting—Schloss: "Treaty of Wusterhausen" so called; which was once very famous and mysterious, and caused many wigs to wag. Wigs to wag, in those days especially, when knowledge of it was first had; the rather as only half knowledge could be had of it;— or can, mourns Dryasdust, who has still difficulties about some "secret articles" in the Document. [Buchholz, i. 94 n.] Courage, my friend; they are now of no importance to any creature.

The essential purport of this Treaty, [Given IN EXTENSO (without the secret articles) in Forster, iv. 159–166.] legible to all eyes, is, "That Friedrich Wilhelm silently drops the Hanover Treaty and Blitz Franzosen; and explicitly steps over to the Kaiser's side; stipulates to assist the Kaiser with so many thousand, if attacked in Germany by any Blitz Franzose or intrusive Foreigner whatever. In return for which, the Kaiser, besides assisting Prussia in the like case with a like quotomy of thousands, engages, in circuitous chancery language, To be helpful, and humanly speaking effectua1, in that grand matter of Julich and Berg;—somewhat in the following strain: "To our Imperial mind it does appear the King of Prussia has manifest right to the succession in Julich and Berg; right grounded on express ERBVERGLEICH of 1624, not to speak of Deeds subsequent: the Imperial mind, as supreme judge of such matters in the Reich, will not fail to decide this Cause soon and justly, should it come to that. But we hope it may take a still better course: for the Imperial mind will straightway set about persuading Kur—Pfalz to comply peaceably; and even undertakes to have something done, that way, before six months pass.'" [Art. v. in Forster, ubi supra.]

Humanly speaking, surely the Imperial mind will be effectual in the Julich and Berg matter. But it was very necessary to use circuitous chancery language,—inasmuch as the Imperial mind, desirous also to secure Kur—Pfalz's help in this sore crisis, had, about three months ago, [Treaty with Kur—Pfalz, 16th August, 1726 (Forster, ii. 71).] expressly engaged to Kur—Pfalz, That Julich and Berg should NOT go to Friedrich Wilhelm in terms of the old Deed, but to Kur—Pfalz's Cousins of Sulzbach, whom the old gentleman (in spite of Deeds) was obstinate to prefer! There is no doubt about that fact, about that self—devouring pair of facts. To such straits is a Kaiser driven when he gets deep into spectre—hunting.

This is the once famous, now forgotten, "Treaty of Wusterhausen, 12th October, 1726;" which proved so consolatory to the Kaiser in that dread crisis of his Spectre—Hunt; and the effects of which are very visible in this History, if nowhere else. It caught up the Prussian—English Double—Marriage; launched it into the huge tide of Imperial Spectre Politics, into the awful swaggings and swayings of the Terrestrial LIBRA in general; and nearly broke the heart of several Royal persons; of a memorable Crown—Prince, among others. Which last is now, pretty much, its sole claim to be ever mentioned again by mankind. As there was no performance, nor an intention of any, in that Julich—Berg matter, Excellenz Seckendorf had the task henceforth of keeping, by art—magic or the PRETERnatural method,—that is, by mere help of Grumkow and the Devil,—his Prussian Majesty steady to the Kaiser nevertheless. Always well divided from the English especially. Which the Excellency Seckendorf managed to do. For six or seven years coming; or, in fact, till these Spectre—chasings ended, or ran else—whither for consummation. Steady always, jealous of the English; sometimes nearly mad, but always ready as a primed cannon: so Friedrich Wilhelm was accordingly managed to be kept;— his own Household gone almost into delirium; he himself looking out, with loyally fierce survey, for any Anti—Kaiser War: "When do we go off, then?"—though none ever came. And indeed nothing came; and except those torments to young Friedrich and others, it was all Nothing. One of the strangest pieces of Black—Art ever done.

Excellenz Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm so loves, is by no means a beautiful man; far the reverse. Bodily,—and the spirit corresponds,—a stiff—backed, petrified, stony, inscrutable—looking, and most unbeautiful old Intriguer. Portraits of him, which are frequent, tell all one story. The brow puckered together, in a wide web of

wrinkles from each temple, as if it meant to hide the bad pair of eyes, which look suspicion; inquiry, apprehension, habit of double-distilled mendacity; the indeterminate projecting chin, with its thick, chapped under-lip, is shaken out, or shoved out, in mill-hopper fashion,—as if to swallow anything there may be, spoken thing or other, and grind it to profitable meal for itself. Spiritually he was an old Soldier let for hire; an old Intriguer, Liar, Fighter, what you like. What we may call a human Soul standing like a hackney-coach, this half-century past, with head, tongue, heart, conscience, at the hest of a discerning public and its shilling.

There is considerable faculty, a certain stiff-necked strength in the old fellow; in fact, nature had been rather kind to him; and certainly his Uncle and Guardian—the distinguished Seckendorf who did the HISTORIA LUTHERANISMI, a RITTER, and man of good mark, in Ernst THE PIOUS of Saxe-Gotha's time—took pains about his education. But Nature's gifts have not prospered with him: how could they, in that hackney-coach way of life? Considerable gifts, we say; shrunk into a strange bankruptcy in the development of them. A stiff-backed, close-fisted old gentleman, with mill-hopper chin,—with puckery much-inquiring eyes, which have never discovered any noble path for him in this world. He is a strictly orthodox Protestant; zealous about external points of moral conduct; yet scruples not, for the Kaiser's shilling, to lie with energy to all lengths; and fight, according to the Reichs-Hofrath code, for any god or man. He is gone mostly to avarice, in these mature years; all his various strengths turned into strength of grasping. He is now fifty-four; a man public in the world, especially since he became the Kaiser's man: but he has served various masters, in various capacities, and been in many wars;—and for the next thirty years we shall still occasionally meet him, seldom to our advantage.

He comes from Anspach originally; and has kindred Seckendorfs in office there, old Ritters in that Country. He inherited a handsome castle and estate, Meuselwitz, near Altenburg in the Thuringen region, from that Uncle, Ernst of Saxe-Gotha's man, whom we spoke of; and has otherwise gained wealth; all which he holds like a vice. Once, at Meuselwitz, they say, he and some young secretary, of a smartish turn, sat working or conversing, in a large room with only one candle to illuminate it: the secretary, snuffing the candle, snuffed it out: "Pshaw," said Seckendorf impatiently, "where did you learn to handle snuffers?" "Excellenz, in a place where there were two lights kept!" replied the Other. [*Sechendorje Leben* (already cited), i. 4.]—For the rest, he has a good old Wife at Meuselwitz, who is now old, and had never any children; who loves him much, and is much loved by him, it would appear: this is really the best fact I ever knew of him,—poor bankrupt creature; gone all to spiritual rheumatism, to strict orthodoxy, with unlimited mendacity; and avarice as the general outcome! Stiff-backed, close-fisted strength, all grown wooden or stony; yet some little well of human Sympathy does lie far in the interior: one wishes, after all (since he could not be got hanged in time for us), good days to his poor old Wife and him! He both lisps and snuffles, as was mentioned; writes cunningly acres of despatches to Prince Eugene; never swears, though a military man, except on great occasions one oath, JARNI-BLEU,—which is perhaps some flash-note version of CHAIR-DE-DIEU, like PARBLEU, 'Zounds and the rest of them, which the Devil cannot prosecute you for; whereby an economic man has the pleasure of swearing on cheap terms.

Herr Pollnitz's account of Seckendorf is unusually emphatic; babbling Pollnitz rises into a strain of pulpit eloquence, inspired by indignation, on this topic: "He affected German downrightness, to which he was a stranger; and followed, under a deceitful show of piety, all the principles of Machiavel. With the most sordid love of money he combined boorish manners. Lies [of the distilled kind chiefly] had so become a habit with him, that he had altogether lost notion of employing truth in speech. It was the soul of a usurer, inhabiting now the body of a war-captain, now transmigrating into that of a huckster. False oaths, and the abominablest basenesses, cost him nothing, so his object might be reached. He was miserly with his own, but lavish with his Master's money; daily he gave most striking proofs of both these habitudes. And this was the man whom we saw, for a space of time, at the head of the Kaiser's Armies, and at the helm of the State and of the German Empire," [Pollnitz, ii. 238.]—having done the Prussian affair so well.

This cunning old Gentleman, to date from the autumn of 1726, may be said to have taken possession of Friedrich Wilhelm; to have gone into him, Grumkow and he, as two devils would have done in the old miraculous times: and, in many senses, it was they, not the nominal proprietor, that lived Friedrich Wilhelm's life. For the next seven years, a figure went about, not doubting it was Friedrich Wilhelm; but it was in reality Seckendorf—and-Grumkow much more. These two, conjurer and his man, both invisible, have caught their royal wild Bear; got a rope round his muzzle;—and so dance him about; now terrifying, now exhilarating all the market by the pranks he plays! Grumkow, a very Machiavel after his sort, knew the nature of the royal animal as no other

did. Grumkow, purchased by his Pension of 500 pounds, is dog-cheap at the Money, as Seckendorf often urges at Vienna, Is he not? And they add a touch of extraordinary gift now and then, 40,000 florins (4,000 pounds) on one occasion: [In 1732: Forster, iii. 232.] for "Grumkow DIENET EHRLICH (serves honorably)," urges Seckendorf; and again, "If anybody deserves favor [GNADE, meaning extra pay], it is this gentleman;"--WAHRLICH! Purchased Grumkow has ample money at command, to purchase other people needed; and does purchase; so that all things and persons can be falsified and enchanted, as need is. By and by it has got so far, that Friedrich Wilhelm's Ambassador at London maintains a cipher-correspondence with Grumkow; and writes to Friedrich Wilhelm, not what is passing in city or court there, but what Grumkow wishes Friedrich Wilhelm to think is passing.

Of insinuations, by assent or contradiction, potent if you know the nature of the beast; of these we need not speak. Tabaks-Collegium has become a workshop:--human nature can fancy it! Nay human nature can still read it in the British State-Paper Office, to boundless stupendous extent;--but ought mostly to suppress it when read.

This is a very strange part of Friedrich Wilhelm's history; and has caused much wonder in the world: Wilhelmina's Book rather aggravating than assuaging that feeling, on the part of intelligent readers. A Book written long afterwards, from her recollections, from her own oblique point of view; in a beautifully shrill humor; running, not unnaturally, into confused exaggerations and distortions of all kinds. Not mendaciously written anywhere, yet erroneously everywhere. Wilhelmina had no knowledge of the magical machinery that was at work: she vaguely suspects Grumkow and Seckendorf; but does not guess, in the mad explosions of Papa, that two devils have got into Papa, and are doing the mischief. Trusting to memory alone, she misdates, mistakes, misplaces; jumbles all things topsy-turvy;--giving, on the whole, an image of affairs which is altogether oblique, dislocated, exaggerative; and which, in fine, proves unintelligible, if you try to construe it into a fact or thing DONE. Yet her Human Narrative, in that wide waste of merely Pedant Maunderings, is of great worth to us. A green tree, a leafy grove, better or worse, in the wilderness of dead bones and sand,--how welcome! Many other Books have been written on the matter; but these to my experience, only darken it more and more. Pull Wilhelmina STRAIGHT, the best you can; deduct a twenty-five or sometimes even a seventy-five per cent, from the exaggerative portions of her statement; you will find her always true, lucid, charmingly human; and by far the best authority on this part of her Brother's History. State-Papers to some extent have also been printed on the matter; and of written State-Papers, here in England and elsewhere, this Editor has, had several hundred-weights distilled for him: but except as lights hung out over Wilhelmina, nothing yet known, of published or manuscript, can be regarded as good for much.

O Heavens, had one but seven-league boots, to get across that inane country,--a bottomless whirlpool of dust and cobwebs in many places;--where, at any rate, we had so little to do! Elucidating, rectifying, painfully contrasting, comparing, let us try to work out some conceivable picture of this strange Imperial MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; and get our unfortunate Crown-Prince, and our unfortunate selves, alive through it.

Chapter VII. TOBACCO-PARLIAMENT.

In these distressing junctures, it may cheer the reader's spirits, and will tend to explain for him what is coming, if we glance a little into the Friedrich-Wilhelm TABAGIE (TABAKS-COLLEGIUM or Smoking College), more worthy to be called Tobacco-Parliament, of which there have already been incidental notices. Far too remarkable an Institution of the country to be overlooked by us here.

Friedrich Wilhelm, though an absolute Monarch, does not dream of governing without Law, still less without Justice, which he knows well to be the one basis for him and for all Kings and men. His life-effort, prosecuted in a grand, unconscious, unvarying and instinctive way, may be defined rather as the effort to find out everywhere in his affairs what was justice; to make regulations, laws in conformity with that, and to guide himself and his Prussia rigorously by these. Truly he is not of constitutional turn; cares little about the wigs and formalities of justice, pressing on so fiercely towards the essence and fact of it; he has been known to tear asunder the wigs and formalities, in a notably impatient manner, when they stood between him and the fact. But Prussia has its Laws withal, tolerably abundant, tolerably fixed and supreme: and the meanest Prussian man that could find out a definite Law, coming athwart Friedrich Wilhelm's wrath, would check Friedrich Wilhelm in mid-volley,—or hope with good ground to do it. Hope, we say; for the King is in his own and his people's eyes, to some indefinite extent, always himself the supreme ultimate Interpreter, and grand living codex, of the Laws,—always to some indefinite extent;—and there remains for a subject man nothing but the appeal to PHILIP SOBER, in some rash cases! On the whole, however, Friedrich Wilhelm is by no means a lawless Monarch; nor are his Prussians slaves by any means: they are patient, stout-hearted, subject men, with a very considerable quantity of radical fire, very well covered in; prevented from idle explosions, bound to a respectful demeanor, and especially to hold their tongues as much as possible.

Friedrich Wilhelm has not the least shadow of a Constitutional Parliament, nor even a Privy-Council, as we understand it; his Ministers being in general mere Clerks to register and execute what he had otherwise resolved upon: but he had his TABAKS-COLLEGIUM, Tobacco-College, Smoking Congress, TABAGIE, which has made so much noise in the world, and which, in a rough natural way: affords him the uses of a Parliament, on most cheap terms, and without the formidable inconveniences attached to that kind of Institution. A Parliament reduced to its simplest expression, and, instead of Parliamentary eloquence, provided with Dutch clay-pipes and tobacco: so we may define this celebrated Tabagie of Friedrich Wilhelm's.

Tabagies were not uncommon among German Sovereigns of that epoch: George I. at Hanover had his Smoking-room, and select smoking Party on an evening; and even at London, as we noticed, smoked nightly, wetting his royal throat with thin beer, in presence of his fat and of his lean Mistress, if there were no other company. Tobacco,—introduced by the Swedish soldiers in the Thirty-Years War, say some; or even by the English soldiers in the Bohemian or Palatinate beginnings of said War, say others;—tobacco, once shown them, was enthusiastically adopted by the German populations, long in want of such an article; and has done important multifarious functions in that country ever since. For truly, in Politics, Morality, and all departments of their Practical and Speculative affairs, we may trace its influences, good and bad, to this day.

Influences generally bad; pacificatory but bad, engaging you in idle cloudy dreams;—still worse, promoting composure among the palpably chaotic and discomposed; soothing all things into lazy peace; that all things may be left to themselves very much, and to the laws of gravity and decomposition. Whereby German affairs are come to be greatly overgrown with funguses in our Time; and give symptoms of dry and of wet rot, wherever handled. George I., we say, had his Tabagie; and other German Sovereigns had: but none of them turned it to a Political Institution, as Friedrich Wilhelm did. The thrifty man; finding it would serve in that capacity withal. He had taken it up as a commonplace solace and amusement: it is a reward for doing strenuously the day's heavy labors, to wind them up in this manner, in quiet society of friendly human faces, into a contemplative smoke-canopy, slowly spreading into the realm of sleep and its dreams. Friedrich Wilhelm was a man of habitudes; his evening Tabagie became a law of Nature to him, constant as the setting of the sun. Favorable circumstances, quietly noticed and laid hold of by the thrifty man, developed this simple evening arrangement of his into a sort of Smoking Parliament, small but powerful, where State-consultations, in a fitful informal way, took place; and the weightiest

affairs might, by dexterous management, cunning insinuation and manoeuvring from those that understood the art and the place, be bent this way or that, and ripened towards such issue as was desirable.

To ascertain what the true course in regard to this or the other high matter will be; what the public will think of it; and, in short, what and how the Executive—Royal shall DO therein: this, the essential function of a Parliament and Privy—Council, was here, by artless cheap methods, under the bidding of mere Nature, multifariously done; mere taciturnity and sedative smoke making the most of what natural intellect there might be. The substitution of Tobacco—smoke for Parliamentary eloquence is, by some, held to be a great improvement. Here is Smelfungus's opinion, quaintly expressed, with a smile in it, which perhaps is not all of joy:—

"Tobacco—smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say. Nay, rather every man is admonished and enjoined by the laws of honor, and even of personal ease, to stop short of that point; at all events, to hold his peace and take to his pipe again, the instant he has spoken his meaning, if he chance to have any. The results of which salutary practice, if introduced into Constitutional Parliaments, might evidently be incalculable. The essence of what little intellect and insight there is in that room: we shall or can get nothing more out of any Parliament; and sedative, gently soothing, gently clarifying tobacco—smoke (if the room were well ventilated, open atop, and the air kept good), with the obligation to a MINIMUM of speech, surely gives human intellect and insight the best chance they can have. Best chance, instead of the worst chance as at present: ah me, ah me, who will reduce fools to silence again in any measure? Who will deliver men from this hideous nightmare of Stump—Oratory, under which the grandest Nations are choking to a nameless death, bleeding (too truly) from mouth and nose and ears, in our sad days?"

This Tobacco—College is the Grumkow—and—Seckendorf chief field of action. These two gentlemen understand thoroughly the nature of the Prussian Tobacco—Parliament; have studied the conditions of it to the most intricate cranny: no English Whipper—in or eloquent Premier knows his St. Stephen's better, or how to hatch a measure in that dim hot element. By hint, by innuendo; by contemplative smoke, speech and forbearance to speak; often looking one way and rowing another,—they can touch the secret springs, and guide in a surprising manner the big dangerous Fireship (for such every State—Parliament is) towards the haven they intend for it. Most dexterous Parliament—men (Smoke—Parliament); no Walpole, no Dundas, or immortal Pitt, First or Second, is cleverer in Parliamentary practice. For their Fireship, though smaller than the British, is very dangerous withal. Look at this, for instance: Seckendorf, one evening, far contrary to his wont, which was prostrate respect in easy forms, and always judicious submission of one's own weaker judgment, towards his Majesty,—has got into some difficult defence of the Kaiser; defence very difficult, or in reality impossible. The cautious man is flustered by the intricacies of his position, by his Majesty's indignant counter—volleys, and the perilous necessity there is to do the impossible on the spur of the instant;—gets into emphasis, answers his Majesty's volcanic fire by incipient heat of his own; and, in short, seems in danger of forgetting himself, and kindling the Tobacco—Parliament into a mere conflagration. That will be an issue for us! And yet who dare interfere? Friedrich Wilhelm's words, in high clangorous metallic plangency, and the pathos of a lion raised by anger into song, fall hotter and hotter; Seckendorf's puckered brow is growing of slate—color; his shelf—lip, shutting violently, lisps and snuffles mere unconciliatory matter:—What on earth will become of us?—"Hoom! Boom!" dexterous Grumkow has drawn a Humming—top from his pocket, and suddenly sent it spinning. There it hums and caracoles, through the bottles and glasses; reckless what dangerous breakage and spilth it may occasion. Friedrich Wilhelm looked aside to it indignantly. "What is that?" inquired he, in metallic tone still high. "Pooh, a toy I bought for the little Prince August, your Majesty: am only trying it!" His Majesty understood the hint, Seckendorf still better; and a jolly touch of laughter, on both sides, brought the matter back into the safe tobacco—clouds again. [Forster, ii. 110.]

This Smoking Parliament or (TABAKS—COLLEGIUM of his Prussian Majesty was a thing much talked of in the world; but till Seckendorf and Grumkow started their grand operations there, its proceedings are not on record; nor indeed till then had its political or parliamentary function become so decidedly evident. It was originally a simple Smoking—Club; got together on hest of Nature, without ulterior intentions:—thus English PARLIAMENTA themselves are understood to have been, in the old Norman time, mere royal Christmas—Festivities, with natural colloquy or PARLEYING between King and Nobles ensuing thereupon, and what wisest consultation concerning the arduous things of the realm the circumstances gave rise to. Such parleyings or consultations,— always two in number in regard to every matter, it would seem, or even three; one

sober, one drunk, and one just after being drunk, —proving of extreme service in practice, grew to be Parliament, with its three readings, and what not.

A Smoking-room,—with wooden furniture, we can suppose,—in each of his Majesty's royal Palaces, was set apart for this evening service, and became the Tabagie of his Majesty. A Tabagie-room in the Berlin Schloss, another in the Potsdam, if the cicerone had any knowledge, could still be pointed out:—but the Tobacco-PIPES that are shown as Friedrich Wilhelm's in the KUNSTKAMMER or Museum of Berlin, pipes which no rational smoker, not compelled to it, would have used, awaken just doubt as to the cicerones; and you leave the Locality of the Tabagie a thing conjectural. In summer season, at Potsdam and in country situations, Tabagie could be held under a tent: we expressly know, his Majesty held Tabagie at Wusterhausen nightly on the Steps of the big Fountain, in the Outer Court there. Issuing from Wusterhausen Schloss, and its little clipped lindens, by the western side; passing the sentries, bridge and black ditch, with live Prussian eagles, vicious black bears, you come upon the royal Tabagie of Wusterhausen; covered by an awning, I should think; sending forth its bits of smoke-clouds, and its hum of human talk, into the wide free Desert round. Any room that was large enough, and had height of ceiling, and air-circulation and no cloth-furniture, would do: and in each Palace is one, or more than one, that has been fixed upon and fitted out for that object.

A high large Room, as the Engravings (mostly worthless) give it us: contented saturnine human figures, a dozen or so of them, sitting round a large long Table, furnished for the occasion; long Dutch pipe in the mouth of each man; supplies of knaster easily accessible; small pan of burning peat, in the Dutch fashion (sandy native charcoal, which burns slowly without smoke), is at your left hand; at your right a jug, which I find to consist of excellent thin bitter beer. Other costlier materials for drinking, if you want such, are not beyond reach. On side-tables stand wholesome cold-meats, royal rounds of beef not wanting, with bread thinly sliced and buttered: in a rustic but neat and abundant way, such innocent accommodations, narcotic or nutritious, gaseous, fluid and solid, as human nature, bent on contemplation and an evening lounge, can require. Perfect equality is to be the rule; no rising, or notice taken, when anybody enters or leaves. Let the entering man take his place and pipe, without obligatory remarks: if he cannot smoke, which is Seckendorf's case for instance, let him at least affect to do so, and not ruffle the established stream of things. And so, Puff, slowly Pff!—and any comfortable speech that is in you; or none, if you authentically have not any.

Old official gentlemen, military for most part; Grumkow, Derschau, Old Dessauer (when at hand), Seckendorf, old General Flans (rugged Platt-Deutsch specimen, capable of TOCADILLE or backgammon, capable of rough slashes of sarcasm when he opens his old beard for speech): these, and the like of these, intimate confidants of the King, men who could speak a little, or who could be socially silent otherwise,—seem to have been the staple of the Institution. Strangers of mark, who happened to be passing, were occasional guests; Ginckel the Dutch Ambassador, though foreign like Seckendorf, was well seen there; garrulous Pollnitz, who has wandered over all the world, had a standing invitation. Kings, high Princes on visit, were sure to have the honor. The Crown-Prince, now and afterwards, was often present; oftener than he liked,—in such an atmosphere, in such an element. "The little Princes were all wont to come in," doffing their bits of triangular hats, "and bid Papa good-night. One of the old Generals would sometimes put them through their exercise; and the little creatures were unwilling to go away to bed."

In such Assemblage, when business of importance, foreign or domestic, was not occupying the royal thoughts,—the Talk, we can believe, was rambling and multifarious: the day's hunting, if at Wusterhausen; the day's news, if at Berlin or Potsdam; old reminiscences, too, I can fancy, turning up, and talk, even in Seckendorf's own time, about Siege of Menin (where your Majesty first did me the honor of some notice), Siege of Stralsund, and—duly on September 11th at least—Malplaquet, with Marlborough and Eugene: what Marlborough said, looked: and especially Lottum, late Feldmarschall Lottum; [Died 1719.] and how the Prussian Infantry held firm, like a wall of rocks, when the horse were swept away,—rocks highly volcanic, and capable of rolling forward too; and "how a certain Adjutant [Derschau smokes harder, and blushes brown] snatched poor Tettau on his back, bleeding to death, amid the iron whirlwinds, and brought him out of shot-range." [*Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 78, ? Major-General von Tettau, and i. 348, ? Derschau. This was the beginning of Derschau's favor with Friedrich Wilhelm, who had witnessd this piece of faithful work.]—"Hm, na, such a Day, that, Herr Feldzeugmeister, as we shall not see again till the Last of the Days!"

Failing talk, there were Newspapers in abundance; scraggy Dutch Courants, Journals of the Rhine, FAMAS,

Frankfurt ZEITUNGS; with which his Majesty exuberantly supplied himself;—being willing to know what was passing in the high places of the world, or even what in the dark snuffy Editor's thoughts was passing. This kind of matter, as some picture of the actual hour, his Majesty liked to have read to him, even during meal-time. Some subordinate character, with clear windpipe,—all the better too, if he be a book-man, cognizant of History, Geography, and can explain everything,—usually reads the Newspaper from some high seat behind backs, while his Majesty and Household dine. The same subordinate personage may be worth his place in the Tabagie, should his function happen to prove necessary there. Even book-men, though generally pedants and mere bags of wind and folly, are good for something, more especially if rich mines of quizzability turn out to be workable in them.

OF GUNDLING, AND THE LITERARY MEN IN TOBACCO-PARLIAMENT.

Friedrich Wilhelm had, in succession or sometimes simultaneously, a number of such Nondescripts, to read his Newspapers and season his Tabagie;—last evanescent phasis of the old Court-Fool species;—who form a noticeable feature of his environment. One very famous literary gentleman of this description, who distanced every competitor, in the Tabagie and elsewhere, for serving his Majesty's occasions, was Jakob Paul Gundling; a name still laughingly remembered among the Prussian People. Gundling was a Country-Clergyman's son, of the Nurnberg quarter; had studied, carrying off the honors, in various Universities; had read, or turned over, whole cartloads of wise and foolish Books (gravitating, I fear, towards the latter kind); had gone the Grand Tour as travelling tutor, "as companion to an English gentleman." He had seen courts, perhaps camps, at lowest cities and inns; knew in a manner, practically and theoretically, all things, and had published multifarious Books of his own. [List of them, Twenty-one in number, mostly on learned Antiquarian subjects,—in Forster, ii. 255, 256.] The sublime long-eared erudition of the man was not to be contested; manifest to everybody; thrice and four times manifest to himself, in the first place.

In the course of his roamings, and grand and little tours, he had come to Berlin in old King Friedrich's time; had thrown powder in the eyes of men there, and been appointed to Professorships in the Ritter-Academy, to Chief-Heraldships,—"Historiographer Royal," and perhaps other honors and emoluments. The whole of which were cut down by the ruthless scythe of Friedrich Wilhelm, ruthlessly mowing his field clear, in the manner we saw at his Accession. Whereby learned grandiloquent Gundling, much addicted to liquor by this time, and turning the corner of forty, saw himself cast forth into the general wilderness; that is to say, walking the streets of Berlin, with no resources but what lay within himself and his own hungry skin. Much given to liquor too. How he lived, for a year or two after this,—erudite pen and braggart tongue his only resources,—were tragical to say. At length a famous Tavern-keeper, the "LEIPZIGE POLTER-HANS (Leipzig Kill-Cow, or BOISTEROUS-JACK)," as they call him, finding what a dungeon of erudite talk this Gundling was, and how gentlemen got entertained by him, gave Gundling the run of his Tavern (or, I fear, only a seat in the drinking-room); and it was here that General Grumkow found him, talking big, and disserting DE OMNI SCIBILI, to the ancient Berlin gentlemen over their cups. A very Dictionary of a man; who knows, in a manner, all things; and is by no means ignorant that he knows them: Would not this man suit his Majesty? thought Grumkow; and brought him to Majesty, to read the Newspapers and explain everything. Date is not given, or hinted at; but incidentally we find Gundling in full blast "in the year 1718;" [Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften*, i. 201 (cited in Forster, i. 260).] and conclude his instalment was a year or two before. Gundling came to his Majesty from the Tap-room of Boisterous-Jack; read the Newspapers, and explained everything: such a Dictionary-in-breeches (much given to liquor) as his Majesty had got, was never seen before. Working into the man, his Majesty, who had a great taste for such things, discovered in him such mines of college-learning, court-learning, without end; self-conceit, and depth of appetite, not less considerable: in fine, such Chaotic Blockheadism with the consciousness of being Wisdom, as was wondrous to behold,—as filled his Majesty, especially, with laughter and joyful amazement. Here are mines of native Darkness and Human Stupidity, capable of being made to phosphoresce and effervesce,—are there not, your Majesty? Omniscient Gundling was a prime resource in the Tabagie, for many years to come. Man with sublimer stores of long-eared Learning and Omniscience; man more destitute of Mother-wit, was nowhere to be met with. A man, bankrupt of Mother-wit;—who has Squandered any poor Mother-wit he had in the process of acquiring his sublime long-eared Omniscience; and has retained only depth of appetite,—appetite for liquor among other things, as the consummation and bottomless cesspool of appetites:—is not this a discovery we have made, in Boisterous-Jack's, your Majesty!

The man was an Eldorado for the peculiar quizzing humor of his Majesty; who took immense delight in working him, when occasion served. In the first years, he had to attend his Majesty on all occasions of amusement; if you invite his Majesty to dinner, Gundling too must be of the party. Daily, otherwise, Gundling was at the Tabagie; getting drunk, if nothing better. Vein after vein, rich in broad fun (very broad and Brobdignagian, such as suits there), is discovered in him: without wit himself, but much the cause of wit. None oftener shook the Tabagie with inextinguishable Hahas: daily, by stirring into him, you could wrinkle the Tabagie into grim radiance of banter and silent grins.

He wore sublime clothes: Friedrich Wilhelm, whom we saw dress up his regimental Scavenger–Executioners in French costume, for Count Rothenburg's behoof, made haste to load Gundling with Rathships, Kammerherrships, Titles such as fools covet;—gave him tolerable pensions too, poor devil, and even functions, if they were of the imaginary or big insignificant sort. Above all things, his Majesty dressed him, as the pink of fortunate ambitious courtiers. Superfine scarlet coat, gold buttonholes, black–velvet facings and embroideries without end: "straw–colored breeches; red silk stockings," with probably blue clocks to them, "and shoes with red heels:" on his learned head sat an immense cloud–periwig of white goat's–hair (the man now growing towards fifty); in the hat a red feather:—in this guise he walked the streets, the gold Key of KAMMERHERR (Chamberlain) conspicuously hanging at his coat–breast; and looked proudly down upon the world, when sober. Alas, he was often not sober; and fiends in human shape were ready enough to take advantage of his unguarded situation. No man suffered ruder tarring–and–feathering;—and his only comfort was his bane withal, that he had, under such conditions, the use of the royal cellars, and could always command good liquor there.

His illustrious scarlet coat, by tumblings in the ditch, soon got dirty to a degree; and exposed him to the biting censures of his Majesty, anxious for the respectability of his Hofraths. One day, two wicked Captains, finding him prostrate in some lone place, cut off his Kammerherr KEY; and privately gave it to his Majesty. Majesty, in Tabagie, notices Gundling's coat–breast: "Where is your Key, then, Herr Kammerherr?" "Hm, hah—unfortunately lost it, Ihro Majestat!"—"Lost it, say you?" and his Majesty looks dreadfully grave.—"Key lost?" thinks Tabagie, grave Seckendorf included: "JARNI–BLEU, that is something serious!" "As if a Soldier were to drink his musket!" thinks his Majesty: "And what are the laws, if an ignorant fellow is shot, and a learned wise one escapes?" Here is matter for a deliberative Tabagie; and to poor Gundling a bad outlook, fatal or short of fatal. He had better not even drink much; but dispense with consolation, and keep his wits about him, till this squall pass. After much deliberating, it is found that the royal clemency can be extended; and an outlet devised, under conditions. Next Tabagie, a servant enters with one of the biggest trays in the world, and upon it a "Wooden Key gilt, about an ell long;" this gigantic implement is solemnly hung round the repentant Kammerherr; this he shall wear publicly as penance, and be upon his behavior, till the royal mind can relent. Figure the poor blockhead till that happen! "On recovering his metal key, he goes to a smith, and has it fixed on with wire."

What Gundling thought to himself, amid these pranks and hoaxings, we do not know. The poor soul was not born a fool; though he had become one, by college–learning, vanity, strong–drink, and the world's perversity and his own. Under good guidance, especially if bred to strict silence, he might have been in some measure a luminous object,—not as now a phosphorescent one, shining by its mere rottenness! A sad "Calamity of Authors" indeed, when it overtakes a man!—Poor Gundling probably had lucid intervals now and then; tragic fits of discernment, in the inner–man of him. He had a Brother, also a learned man, who retained his senses; and was even a rather famed Professor at Halle; whose Portrait, looking very academic, solemn and well–to–do, turns up in old printshops; whose Books, concerning "Henry the Fowler (De Henrico Aucope)," "Kaiser Conrad I.," and other dim Historical objects, are still consultable,—though with little profit, to my experience. The name of this one was NICOLAUS HIERONYMUS; ours is JAKOB PAUL, the senior brother,—once the hope of the House, it is likely, and a fond Father's pride,—in that poor old Nurnberg Parsonage long ago!

Jakob Paul likewise continued to write Books, on Brandenburg Heraldries, Topography, Genealogies: even a "LIFE" or two of some old Brandenburg Electors are still extant from his hand; but not looked at now by any mortal. He had been, perhaps was again, Historiographer Royal; and felt bound to write such Books: several of them he printed; and we hear of others still manuscript, "in five folio volumes written fair." He held innumerable half–mock Titles and Offices; among others, was actual President of the Berlin Royal Society, or ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES, Leibnitz's pet daughter,—there Gundling actually sat in Office; and drew the salary, for one certainty. "As good he as another," thought Friedrich Wilhelm: "What is the use of these solemn fellows, in their

big perukes, with their crabbed X+Y's, and scientific Pedler's—French; doing nothing that I can see, except annually the Berlin Almanac, which they live upon? Let them live upon it, and be thankful; with Gundling for their head man."

Academy of Sciences makes its ALMANAC, and some peculium of profit by it; lectures perhaps a little "on Anatomy" (good for something, that, in his Majesty's mind); but languishes—without encouragement during the present reign. Has his Majesty no prize questions to propose, then? None, or worse. He once officially put these learned Associates upon ascertaining for him "Why Champagne foamed?" They, with a hidden vein of pleasantry, required "material to experiment upon." Friedrich Wilhelm sent them a dozen, or certain dozens; and the matter proved insoluble to this day. No King, scarcely any man, had less of reverence for the Sciences so called; for Academic culture, and the art of the Talking—Schoolmaster in general! A King obtuse to the fine Arts, especially to the vocal Arts, in a high degree. Literary fame itself he regards as mountebank fame; the art of writing big admirable folios is little better to him than that of vomiting long coils of wonderful ribbon, for the idlers of the market—place; and he bear—baits his Gundling, in this manner, as phosphorescent blockhead of the first magnitude, worthy of nothing better.

Nay, it is but lately (1723 the exact year) that he did his ever—memorable feat in regard to Wolf and his Philosophy, at Halle. Illustrious Wolf was recognized, at that time, as the second greater Leibnitz, and Head—Philosopher of Nature, who "by mathematical method" had as it were taken Nature in the fact, and illuminated everything, so that whosoever ran might read,—which all manner of people then tried to do, but, have now quite ceased trying "by the Wolf—method:"—Immortal Wolf, somewhat of a stiff, reserved humor, inwardly a little proud, and not wanting in private contempt of the contemptible, had been accused of heterodoxy by the Halle Theologians. Immortal Wolf, croakily satirical withal, had of course defended himself; and of course got into a shoreless sea of controversy with the Halle Theologians; pestering his Majesty with mere wars, and rumors of war, for a length of time, from that Halle University. [In Busching (Beitrage, i. 1–140) is rough authentic account of Wolf, and especially of all that,—with several curious LETTERS of Wolf's.] So that Majesty, unable to distinguish top or bottom in such a coil of argument; or to do justice in the case, however willing and anxious, often passionately asked: "What, in God's name, is the real truth of it?" Majesty appointed Commissions to inquire; read Reports; could for a long while make out nothing certain. At last came a decision on the sudden;—royal mind suddenly illuminated, it is a little uncertain how. Some give the credit of it to Gundling, which is unlikely; others to "Two Generals" of pious orthodox turn, acquainted with Halle;—and I have heard obscurely that it was the Old Dessauer, who also knew Halle; and was no doubt wearied to hear nothing talked of there but injured Philosopher Wolf, and injuring Theologian Lange, or VICE VERSA. Some practical military man, not given to take up with shadows, it likeliest was. "In God's name, what is the real truth of all that?" inquired his Majesty, of the practical man: "DOES Wolf teach hellish doctrines; as Lange says, or heavenly, as himself says?" "Teaches babble mainly, I should think, and scientific Pedler's French," intimated the practical man: "But they say he has one doctrine about oaths, and what he calls foundation of duty, which I did not like. Not a heavenly doctrine that. Follow out that, any of your Majesty's grenadiers might desert, and say he had done no sin against God!" [Busching, i. 8; Benekendorf, Charakterzilge aus dem Leben Konig Friedrich Wilhelm I. (Anonymous, Berlin, 1787), ii. 23.] Friedrich Wilhelm flew into a paroxysm of horror; instantly redacted brief Royal Decree [15th November (Busching says 8th), 1723.] (which is still extant among the curiosities of the Universe), ordering Wolf to quit Halle and the Prussian Dominions, bag and baggage, forevermore, within eight—and—forty hours, "BEY STRAFE DES STRANGES, under pain of the halter!"

Halter: the Head—Philosopher of Nature, found too late, will be hanged, as if he were a sheep—stealer; hanged, and no mistake! Poor Wolf gathered himself together, wife and baggage; girded up his loins; and ran with the due despatch. He is now found sheltered under Hessen—Darmstadt, at Marburg, professing something there; and all the intellect of the world is struck with astonishment, and with silent or vocal pity for the poor man.— It is but fair to say, Friedrich Wilhelm, gradually taking notice of the world's humor in regard to this, began to have his own misgivings; and determined to read some of Wolf's Books for himself. Reading in Wolf, he had sense to discern that here was a man of undeniable talent and integrity; that the Practical Military judgment, loading with the iron ramrod, had shot wide of the mark, in this matter; and, in short, that a palpable bit of foul—play had been done. This was in 1733;—ten years after the shot, when his Majesty saw, with his own eyes, how wide it had gone. He applied to Wolf earnestly, more than once, to come back to him: Halle, Frankfurt, any

Prussian University with a vacancy in it, was now wide open to Wolf. But Wolf knew better: Wolf, with bows down to the ground, answered always evadingly;—and never would come back till the New Reign began.

Friedrich Wilhelm knew little of Book-learning or Book-writing; and his notion of it is very shocking to us. But the fact is, O reader, Book-writing is of two kinds: one wise, and may be among the wisest of earthly things; the other foolish, sometimes far beyond what can be reached by human nature elsewhere. Blockheadism, Unwisdom, while silent, is reckoned bad; but Blockheadism getting vocal, able to speak persuasively,—have you considered that at all? Human Opacity falling into Phosphorescence; that is to say, becoming luminous (to itself and to many mortals) by the very excess of it, by the very bursting of it into putrid fermentation;—all other forms of Chaos are cosmic in comparison!—Our poor Friedrich Wilhelm had seen only Gundlings among the Book-writing class: had he seen wiser specimens, he might have formed, as he did in Wolf's case, another judgment. Nay in regard to Gundling himself, it is observable how, with his unutterable contempt, he seems to notice in him glimpses of the admirable (such acquirements, such dictionary-faculties, though gone distracted!),—and almost has a kind of love for the absurd dog. Gundling's pensions amount to something like 150 pounds; an immense sum in this Court. [Forster, i. 263, 284 (if you can RECONCILE the two passages).] A blockhead admirable in some sorts; and of immense resource in Tobaoco-Parliament when business is slack!—

*No end to the wild pranks, the Houyhnhnm horse-play they had with drunken Gundling. He has staggered out in a drunk state, and found, or not clearly FOUND till the morrow, young bears lying in his bed;—has found his room-door walled up; been obliged to grope about, staggering from door to door and from port to port, and land ultimately in the big Bears' den, who hugged and squeezed him inhumanly there. Once at Wusterhausen, staggering blind-drunk out of the Schloss towards his lair, the sentries at the Bridge (instigated to it by the Houyhnhnms, who look on) pretend to fasten some military blame on him: Why has he omitted or committed so-and-so? Gundling's drunk answer is unsatisfactory. "Arrest, Herr Kammerrath, is it to be that, then!" They hustle him about, among the Bears which lodge there;—at length they lay him horizontally across two ropes;—take to swinging him hither and thither, up and down, across the black Acherontic Ditch, which is frozen over, it being the dead of winter: one of the ropes, LOWER rope, breaks; Gundling comes souse upon the ice with his sitting-part; breaks a big hole in the ice, and scarcely with legs, arms and the remaining rope, can be got out undrowned. [Forster (i. 254–280); founding, I suppose, on *Leben und Thaten des Freiherrn Paul von Gundling* (Berlin, 1795); probably not one of the exactest Biographies.]*

If, with natural indignation, he shut his door, and refuse to come to the Tabagie, they knock in a panel of his door; and force him out with crackers, fire-works, rockets and malodorous projectiles. Once the poor blockhead, becoming human for a moment, went clean away; to Halle where his Brother was, or to some safer place: but the due inveiglements, sublime apologies, increase of titles, salaries, were used; and the indispensable Phosphorescent Blockhead, and President of the Academy of Pedler's-French, was got back. Drink remained always as his consolation; drink, and the deathless Volumes he was writing and printing. Sublime returns came to him;—Kaiser's Portrait set in diamonds, on one occasion, —for his Presentation-Copies in high quarters: immortal fame, is it not his clear portion; still more clearly abundance of good wine. Friedrich Wilhelm did not let him want for Titles;—raised him at last to the Peerage; drawing out the Diploma and Armorial Blazonry, in a truly Friedrich-Wilhelm manner, with his own hand. The Gundlings, in virtue of the transcendent intellect and merits of this Founder Gundling, are, and are hereby declared to be, of Baronial dignity to the last scion of them; and in "all RITTER-RENNEN (Tournaments), Battles, Fights, Camp-pitchings, Sealings, Siguetings, shall and may use the above-said Shield of Arms,"—if it can be of any advantage to them. A Prussian Majesty who gives us 150 pounds yearly, with board and lodging and the run of his cellar, and honors such as these, is not to be lightly sneezed away, though of queer humors now and then. The highest Personages, as we said, more than once made gifts to Gundling; miniatures set in diamonds; purses of a hundred ducats: even Gundling, it was thought, might throw in a word, mad or otherwise, which would bear fruit. It was said of him, he never spoke to harm anybody with his Majesty. The poor blown-up blockhead was radically not ill-natured,—at least, if you let his "phosphorescences" alone.

But the grandest explosious, in Tobacco-Parliament, were producible, when you got Two literary fools; and, as if with Leyden-jars, positive and negative, brought their vanities to bear on one another. This sometimes happened, when Tobacbo-Parliament was in luck. Friedrich Wilhelm had a variety of Merry-Andrew Rathes of the Gundling sort, though none ever came up to Gundling, or approached him, in worth as a Merry-Andrew.

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Herr Fassmann, who wrote Books, by Patronage or for the Leipzig Booksellers, and wandered about the world as a star or comet of some magnitude, is not much known to my readers:—but he is too well known to me, for certain dark Books of his which I have had to read. [*Life of Friedrich Wilhelm*, occasionally cited here; *Life of August the Strong*; A very dim Literary Figure; undeniable, indecipherable Human Fact, of those days; now fallen quite extinct and obsolete; his garniture, equipment, environment all very dark to us. Probably a too restless, imponderous creature, too much of the Gundling type; structure of him GASEOUS, not solid; Perhaps a little of the coxcomb naturally; much of the sycophant on compulsion,—being sorely jammed into corners, and without elbow-room at all, in this world. Has, for the rest, a recognizable talent for "Magazine writing,"—for Newspaper editing, had that rich mine, "California of the Spiritually Vagabond," been opened in those days. Poor extinct Fassmann, one discovers at last a vein of weak geniality in him; here and there, real human sense and eyesight, under those strange conditions; and his poor Books, rotted now to inanity, have left a small seed-pearl or two, to the earnest reader. Alas, if he WAS to become "spiritually vagabond" ("spiritually" and otherwise), might it not perhaps be wholesome to him that the California was NOT discovered?—

Fassmann was by no means such a fool as Gundling; but, he was much of a fool too. He had come to Berlin, about this time, [1726, as he himself says (supra p. 8).] in hopes of patronage from the King or somebody; might say to himself, "Surely I am a better man than Gundling, if the Berlin Court has eyesight." By the King, on some wise General's recommending it, he was, as a preliminary, introduced to the Tabagie at least. Here is the celebrated Gundling; there is the celebrated Fassmann. Positive Leyden-jar, with negative close by: in each of these two men lodges a full-charged fiery electric virtue of self-conceit; destructive each of the other;—could a conductor be discovered. Conductors are discoverable, conductors are not wanting; and many are the explosions between these mutually-destructive human varieties;—welcomed with hilarious, rather vacant, huge horse-laughter, in this Tobacco-Parliament and Synod of the Houyhnhnms.

Of which take this acme; and then end. Fassmann, a fellow not without sarcasm and sharpness, as you may still see, has one evening provoked Gundling to the transcendent pitch,—till words are weak, and only action will answer. Gundling, driven to the exploding point, suddenly seizes his Dutch smoking-pan, of peat-charcoal ashes and red-hot sand; and dashes it in the face of Fassmann; who is of course dreadfully astonished thereby, and has got his very eyebrows burnt, not to speak of other injuries. Stand to him, Fassmann! Fassmann stands to him tightly, being the better man as well as the more satirical; grasps Gundling by the collar, wrenches him about, lays him at last over his knee, sitting-part uppermost; slaps said sitting-part (poor sitting-part that had broken the ice of Wusterhausen) with the hot pan,—nay some say, strips it and slaps. Amid the inextinguishable horse-laughter (sincere but vacant) of the Houyhnhnm Olympus.

After which, his Majesty, as epilogue to such play, suggests, That feats of that nature are unseemly among gentlemen; that when gentlemen have a quarrel, there is another way of settling it. Fassmann thereupon challenges Gundling; Gundling accepts; time and place are settled, pistols the weapon. At the appointed time and place Gundling stands, accordingly, pistol in hand; but at sight of Fassmann, throws his pistol away; will not shoot any man, nor have any man shoot him. Fassmann sternly advances; shoots his pistol (powder merely) into Gundling's sublime goat's-hair wig: wig blazes into flame; Gundling falls shrieking, a dead man, to the earth; and they quench and revive him with a bucket of water. Was there ever seen such horse-play? Roaring laughter, huge, rude, and somewhat vacant, as that of the Norse gods over their ale at Yule time;—as if the face of the Sphinx were to wrinkle itself in laughter; or the fabulous Houyhnhnms themselves were there to mock in their peculiar fashion.

His Majesty at length gave Gundling a wine-cask, duly figured; "painted black with a white cross," which was to stand in his room as MEMENTO-MORI, and be his coffin. It stood for ten years; Gundling often sitting to write in it; a good screen against draughts. And the poor monster was actually buried in this cask; [Died 11th April, 1731, age 58: description of the Burial "at Bornstadt near Potsdam," in Forster, i. 276.] Fassmann pronouncing some funeral oration,—and the orthodox clergy uttering, from the distance, only a mute groan. "The Herr Baron von Gundling was a man of many dignities, of much Book-learning; a man of great memory," admits Fassmann, "but of no judgment," insinuates he,—LOOKING FOR the Judgment (EXPECTANS JUDICIUM)," says Fassmann, with a pleasant wit. Fassmann succeeded to all the emoluments and honors; but did not hold them; preferred to run away before long: and after him came one and the other, whom the reader is not to be troubled with here. Enough if the patient reader have seen, a little, into that background of Friedrich Wilhelm's

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existence; and, for the didactic part, have caught up his real views or instincts upon Spiritual Phosphorescence, or Stupidity grown Vocal, which are much sounder than most of us suspect.

These were the sports of the Tobacco-Parliament; and it was always meant primarily for sport, for recreation: but there is no doubt it had a serious function as well. "Business matters," adds Beneckendorf, who had means of knowing, [Benekendorf, *Karakterzuge*, i. 137-149; vi. 37.] "were often a subject of colloquy in the TABAKS-COLLEGIUM. Not that they were there finished off, decided upon, or meant to be so. But Friedrich Wilhelm often purposely brought up such things in conversation there, that he might learn the different opinions of his generals and chief men, without their observing it,"—and so might profit by the Collective Wisdom, in short.

Chapter VIII. SECKENDORF'S RETORT TO HER MAJESTY.

The Treaty of Wusterhausen was not yet known to Queen Sophie, to her Father George, or to any external creature: but that open flinching, and gradual withdrawal, from the Treaty of Hanover was too well known; and boded no good to her pet project. Female sighs, male obduracies, and other domestic phenomena, are to be imagined in consequence. "A grand Britannic Majesty indeed; very lofty Father to us, Madam, ever since he came to be King of England: Stalking along there, with his nose in the air; not deigning the least notice of us, except as of a thing that may be got to fight for him! And he does not sign the Double–Marriage Treaty, Madam; only talks of signing it,—as if we were a starved coach–horse, to be quickened along by a wisp of hay put upon the coach–pole close ahead of us always!"—"JARNI–BLEU!" snuffles Seckendorf with a virtuous zeal, or looks it; and things are not pleasant at the royal dinner–table.

Excellenz Seckendorf, we find at this time, "often has his Majesty to dinner:" and such dinners; fitting one's tastes in all points, —no expense regarded (which indeed is the Kaiser's, if we knew it)! And in return, Excellenz is frequently at dinner with his Majesty; where the conversation; if it turn on England, which often happens, is more and more an offence to Queen Sophie. Seckendorf studies to be polite, reserved before the Queen's Majesty at her own table; yet sometimes he lisps out, in his vile snuffling tone, half–insinuations, remarks on our Royal Kindred, which are irritating in the extreme. Queen Sophie, the politest of women, did once, says Pollnitz, on some excessive pressure of that lisping snuffling unendurability, lose her royal patience and flame out. With human frankness, and uncommonly kindled eyes, she signified to Seckendorf, That none who was not himself a kind of scoundrel could entertain such thoughts of Kings and gentlemen! Which hard saying kindled the stiff–backed rheumatic soul of Seckendorf (Excellenz had withal a temper in him, far down in the deeps); who answered: "Your Majesty, that is what no one else thinks of me. That is a name I have never permitted any one to give me with impunity." And verily, he kept his threat in that latter point, says Pollnitz. [ii. 244.]

At this stage, it is becoming, in the nature of things, unlikely that the projected Double–Marriage, or any union with England, can ever realize itself for Queen Sophie and her House. The Kaiser has decreed that it never shall. Here is the King already irritated, grown indisposed to it; here is the Kaiser's Seckendorf, with preternatural Apparatus, come to maintain him in that humor. To Queen Sophie herself, who saw only the outside of Seckendorf and his Apparatus, the matter doubtless seemed big with difficulties; but to us, who see the interior, the difficulties are plainly hopeless. Unless the Kaiser's mind change, unless many fixed things change, the Double–Marriage is impossible.

One thing only is a sorrow; and this proved an immeasurable one: That they did not, that Queen Sophie did not, in such case, frankly give it up: Double–Marriage is not a law of Nature; it is only a project at Hanover that has gone off again. There will be a life for our Crown–Prince, and Princess, without a marriage with England!—It is greatly wise to recognize the impossible, the unreasonably difficult, when it presents itself: but who of men is there, much more who of women that can always do it?

Queen Sophie Dorothee will have this Double–Marriage, and it shall be possible. Pour Lady, she was very obstinate; and her Husband was very arbitrary. A rough bear of a Husband, yet by no means an unloving one; a Husband who might have been managed. She evidently made a great mistake in deciding not to obey this man; as she had once vowed. By perfect prompt obedience she might have had a very tolerable life with the rugged Orson fallen to her lot; who was a very honest–hearted creature. She might have done a pretty stroke of female work, withal, in taming her Orson; might have led him by the muzzle far enough in a private way,—by obedience.

But by disobedience, by rebellion open or secret? Friedrich Wilhelm was a Husband; Friedrich Wilhelm was a King; and the most imperative man then breathing. Disobedience to Friedrich Wilhelm was a thing which, in the Prussian State, still more in the Berlin Schloss and vital heart of said State, the laws of Heaven and of Earth had not permitted, for any man's or any woman's sake, to be. The wide overarching sky looks down on no more inflexible Sovereign Man than him in the red–collared blue coat and white leggings, with the bamboo in his hand. A peaceable, capacious, not ill–given Sovereign Man, if you will let him have his way. But to bar his way; to tweak the nose of his sovereign royalty, and ignominiously force him into another way: that is an enterprise no man or devil, or body of men or devils, need attempt. Seckendorf and Grumkow, in Tobacco–Parliament,

understand it better. That attempt is impossible, once for all. The first step in such attempt will require to be assassination of Friedrich Wilhelm; for you may depend on it, royal Sophie, so long as he is alive, the feat cannot be done. O royal Sophie, O pretty Feekin, what a business you are making of it!

The year 1726 was throughout a troublous one to Queen Sophie. Seckendorf's advent; King George's manifestoing; alarm of imminent universal War, nay sputters of it actually beginning (Gibraltar invested by the Spaniards, ready for besieging, it is said): nor was this all. Sophie's poor Mother, worn to a tragic Megaera, locked so long in the Castle of Ahlden, has taken up wild plans of outbreak, of escape by means of secretaries, moneys in the Bank of Amsterdam, and I know not what; with all which Sophie, corresponding in double and triple mystery, has her own terrors and sorrows, trying to keep it down. And now, in the depth of the year, the poor old Mother suddenly dies. [13th November, 1726: *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I.* (i. 386),—where also some of her concluding Letters ("edited" as if by the Nightmares) can be read, but next to no sense made of them.] Burnt out in this manner, she collapses into ashes and long rest; closing so her nameless tragedy of thirty years' continuance:—what a Bluebeard-chamber in the mind of Sophie! Nay there rise quarrels about the Heritage of the Deceased, which will prove another sorrow.

BOOK VI. GOING ADRIFT UNDER THE STORM-WINDS. 1727-1730.

Chapter I. FIFTH CRISIS IN THE KAISER'S SPECTRE-HUNT.

The Crown-Prince's young Life being, by perverse chance, involved and as it were absorbed in that foolish question of his English Marriage, we have nothing for it but to continue our sad function; and go on painfully fishing out, and reducing to an authentic form, what traces of him there are, from that disastrous beggarly element,—till once he get free of it, either dead or alive. The WINDS (partly by Art-Magic) rise to the hurricane pitch, upon this Marriage Project and him; and as for the sea, or general tide of European Politics—But let the reader look with his own eyes.

In the spring of 1727, War, as anticipated, breaks out; Spaniards actually begin battering at Gibraltar; Kaiser's Ambassador at London is angrily ordered to begone. Causes of war were many: 1. Duke de Ripperda—tumbled out now, that illustrious diplomatic bulldog, at Madrid—sought asylum in the English Ambassador's house; and no respect was had to such asylum: that is one cause. 2. Then, you English, what is the meaning of these war-fleets in the West Indies; in the Mediterranean, on the very coast of Spain? We demand that you at once take them home again:—which cannot be complied with. 3. But above all things, we demand Gibraltar of you:—which can still less be complied with. Termagant Elizabeth has set her heart on Gibraltar: that, in such opportunity as this unexpected condition of the Balances now gives her, is the real cause of the War.

Cession of Gibraltar: there had been vague promises, years ago, on the Kaiser's part; nay George himself, raw to England at that date, is said to have thought the thing might perhaps be done.—"Do it at once, then!" said the Termagant Queen, and repeated, with ever more emphasis;—and there being not the least compliance, she has opened parallels before the place, and begun war and ardent firing there; [22d February, 1727 (Scholl, ii. 212). Salmon, *Chronological Historian* (London, 1747; a very incorrect dark Book, useful only in defect of better), ii. 173. Coxe, *Memoirs of Walpole*, i. 260, 261; ii. 498–515.] preceded by protocols, debates in Parliament; and the usual phenomena. It is the Fifth grand Crisis in the Kaiser's spectre-huntings; fifth change in the color of the world-lobster getting boiled in that singular manner;—Second Sputter of actual War.

Which proved futile altogether; and amounts now, in the human memory; to flat zero,—unless the following infinitesimally small fraction be countable again:—

"Sputtering of War; that is to say, Siege of Gibraltar. A siege utterly unmemorable, and without the least interest, for existing mankind with their ungrateful humor,—if it be not; once more, that the Father of TRISTRAM SHANDY was in it: still a Lieutenant of foot, poor fellow; brisk, small, hot-tempered, loving, 'liable to be cheated ten times a day if nine will not suffice you.' He was in this Siege; shipped to the Rock to make stand there; and would have done so with the boldest,—only he got into duel (hot-tempered, though of lamb-like innocence), and was run through the body; not entirely killed, but within a hair's breadth of it; and unable for service while this sputtering went on. Little Lorry is still living; gone to school in Yorkshire, after pranks enough, and misventures,—half-drowning 'in the mill-race at Annamoe in Ireland,' for one. [Laurence Sterne's *Autobiography* (cited above).] The poor Lieutenant Father died, soldiering in the West Indies; soon after this; and we shall not mention him again. But History ought to remember that he is 'Uncle Toby,' this poor Lieutenant, and take her measures!—The Siege of Gibraltar, we still see with our eyes, was in itself Nothing."

Truly it might well enough have grown to universal flame of War. But this always needs two parties; and pacific George would not be second party in it. George, guided by pacific Walpole, backed by pacific Fleury, answers the ardent firing by phlegmatic patience and protocolling; not by counter-firing, except quite at his convenience, from privateers, from war-ships here and there, and in sulky defence from Gibraltar itself. Probably the Termagant, with all the fire she has, will not do much damage upon Gibraltar? Such was George's hope. Whereby the flame of war, ardent only in certain Spanish batteries upon the point of San Roque, does not spread hitherto,—though all mortals, and Friedrich Wilhelm as much as any, can see the imminent likelihood there is. In such circumstances, what a stroke of policy to have disjoined Friedrich Wilhelm from the Hanover Alliance, and brought him over to our own! Is not Grumkow worth his pension? "Grumkow serves honorably." Let the invaluable Seckendorf persevere.

CROWN-PRINCE SEEN IN DRYASDUST'S GLASS, DARKLY.

To know the special figure of the Crown-Prince's way of life in those years, who his friends, companions

were, what his pursuits and experiences, would be agreeable to us; but beyond the outline already given, there is little definite on record. He now resides habitually at Potsdam, be the Court there or not; attending strictly to his military duties in the Giant Regiment; it is only on occasion, chiefly perhaps in "Carnival time," that he gets to Berlin, to partake in the gayeties of society. Who his associates there or at Potsdam were? Suhm, the Saxon Resident, a cultivated man of literary turn, famed as his friend in time coming, is already at his diplomatic post in Berlin, post of difficulty just now; but I know not whether they have yet any intimacy. [Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 24.] *This we do know, the Crown-Prince begins to be noted for his sprightly sense, his love of literature, his ingenuous ways; in the Court or other circles, whatsoever has intelligence attracts him, and is attracted by him. The Roucouilles Soirees,-- gone all to dim backram for us, though once so lively in their high periwigs and speculations,--fall on Wednesday. When the Finkenstein or the others fall,--no doubt his Royal Highness knows it. In the TABAKS-COLLEGIUM, there also, driven by duty, he sometimes appears; but, like Seckendorf and some others, he only affects to smoke, and his pipe is mere white clay. Nor is the social element, any more than the narcotic vapor which prevails there, attractive to the young Prince,--though he had better hide his feelings on the subject.*

Out at Potsdam, again, life goes very heavy; the winged Psyche much imprisoned in that pipe-clay element, a prey to vacancy and many tediums and longings. Daily return the giant drill-duties; and daily, to the uttermost of rigorous perfection, they must be done:--"This, then, is the sum of one's existence, this?" Patience, young "man of genius," as the Newspapers would now call you; it is indispensably beneficial nevertheless! To swallow one's disgusts, and do faithfully the ugly commanded work, taking no council with flesh and blood: know that "genius," everywhere in Nature, means this first of all; that without this, it means nothing, generally even less. And be thankful for your Potsdam grenadiers and their pipe-clay!--

Happily he has his Books about him; his flute: Duhan, too, is here, still more or less didactic in some branches; always instructive and companionable, to him. The Crown-Prince reads a great deal; very many French Books, new and old, he reads; among the new, we need not doubt, the Henriade of M. Arouet Junior (who now calls himself VOLTAIRE), which has risen like a star of the first magnitude in these years. [London, 1723, in surreptitious incomplete state, La Ligue the title; then at length, London, 1726, as Henriade, in splendid 4to,--by subscription (King, Prince and Princess of Wales at the top of it), which yielded 8,000 pounds: see Voltaire, OEuvres Completes, xiii. 408.] An incomparable piece, patronized by Royalty in England; the delight of all kindred Courts. The light dancing march of this new "Epic," and the brisk clash of cymbal music audible in it, had, as we find afterwards, greatly captivated the young man. All is not pipe-clay, then, and torpid formalism; aloft from the murk of commonplace rise glancings of a starry splendor, betokening--oh, how much!

Out of Books, rumors and experiences, young imagination is forming to itself some Picture of the World as it is, as it has been. The curtains of this strange life-theatre are mounting, mounting, --wondrously as in the case of all young souls; but with what specialties, moods or phenomena of light and shadow, to this young soul, is not in any point recorded for us. The "early Letters to Wilhelmina, which exist in great numbers," from these we had hoped elucidation: but these the learned Editor has "wholly withheld as useless," for the present. Let them be carefully preserved, on the chance of somebody's arising to whom they may have uses!--

The worst feature of these years is Friedrich Wilhelm's discontent with them. A Crown-Prince sadly out of favor with Papa. This has long been on the growing hand; and these Double-Marriage troubles, not to mention again the new-fangled French tendencies (BLITZ FRANZOSEN!), much aggravate the matter, and accelerate its rate of growth. Already the paternal countenance does not shine upon him; flames often; and thunders, to a shocking degree;--and worse days are coming.

Chapter II. DEATH OF GEORGE I.

Gibraltar still keeps sputtering; ardent ineffectual bombardment from the one side, sulky, heavy blast of response now and then from the other: but the fire does not spread; nor will, we may hope. It is true, Sweden and Denmark have joined the Treaty of Hanover, this spring; and have troops on foot, and money paid them; But George is pacific; Gibraltar is impregnable; let the Spaniards spend their powder there.

As for the Kaiser, he is dreadfully poor; inapt for battle himself. And in the end of this same May, 1727, we hear, his principal ally, Czarina Catherine, has died;—poor brown little woman, Lithuanian housemaid, Russian Autocrat, it is now all one; —dead she, and can do nothing. Probably the Kaiser will sit still? The Kaiser sits still; with eyes bent on Gibraltar, or rolling in grand Imperial inquiry and anxiety round the world; war—outlooks much dimmed for him since the end of May.

Alas, in the end of June, what far other Job's—post is this that reaches Berlin and Queen Sophie? That George I., her royal Father, has suddenly sunk dead! With the Solstice, or Summer pause of the Sun, 21st or 22d June, almost uncertain which, the Majesty of George I. did likewise pause,—in his carriage, on the road to Osnabruck,—never to move more. Whereupon, among the simple People, arose rumors of omens, preternaturalisms, for and against: How his desperate Megaera of a Wife, in the act of dying, had summoned him (as was presumable), to appear along with her at the Great Judgment—Bar within year and day; and how he has here done it. On the other hand, some would have it noted, How "the nightingales in Herrenhausen Gardens had all ceased singing for the year, that night he died,"—out of loyalty on the part of these little birds, it seemed presumable. [See Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen*, x. 88.]

What we know is, he was journeying towards Hanover again, hopeful of a little hunting at the Gorchde; and intended seeing Osnabruck and his Brother the Bishop there, as he passed. That day, 21st June, 1727, from some feelings of his own, he was in great haste for Osnabruck; hurrying along by extra—post, without real cause save hurry of mind. He had left his poor old Maypole of a Mistress on the Dutch Frontier, that morning, to follow at more leisure. He was struck by apoplexy on the road,—arm fallen powerless, early in the day, head dim and heavy; obviously an alarming case. But he refused to stop anywhere; refused any surgery but such as could be done at once. "Osnabruck! Osnabruck!" he reiterated, growing visibly worse. Two subaltern Hanover Officials, "Privy—Councillor von Hardenberg, KAMMERHERR (Chamberlain) von Fabrice, were in the carriage with him;" [Gottfried, *Historische Chronik* (Frankfurt, 1759), iii. 872. Boyer, *The Political State of Great Britain*, vol. xxxiii. pp. 545, 546.] King chiefly dozing, and at last supported in the arms of Fabrice, was heard murmuring, "C'EST FAIT DE MOI ('T is all over with me)!" And "Osnabruck! Osnabruck!" slumberously reiterated he: To Osnabruck, where my poor old Brother, Bishop as they call him, once a little Boy that trotted at my knee with blithe face, will have some human pity on me! So they rushed along all day, as at the gallop, his few attendants and he; and when the shades of night fell, and speech had now left the poor man, he still passionately gasped some gurgle of a sound like "Osnabruck;" —hanging in the arms of Fabrice, and now evidently in the article of death. What a gallop, sweeping through the slumber of the world: To Osnabruck, Osnabruck!

In the hollow of the night (some say, one in the morning), they reach Osnabruck. And the poor old Brother,—Ernst August, once youngest of six brothers, of seven children, now the one survivor, has human pity in the heart of him full surely. But George is dead; careless of it now. [Coxe (i. 266) is "indebted to his friend Nathaniel Wraxall" for these details,—the since famous Sir Nathaniel, in whose *Memoirs* (vague, but NOT mendacious, not unintelligent) they are now published more at large. See his *Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden*, (London. 1799), i. 35–40; also *Historical Memoirs* (London, 1836), iv. 516–518.] After sixty—seven years of it, he has flung his big burdens,— English crowns, Hanoverian crownlets, sulkinesses, indignations, lean women and fat, and earthly contradictions and confusions,— fairly off him; and lies there.

The man had his big burdens, big honors so called, absurd enough some of them, in this world; but he bore them with a certain gravity and discretion: a man of more probity, insight and general human faculty than he now gets credit for. His word was sacred to him. He had the courage of a Welf, or Lion—Man; quietly royal in that respect at least. His sense of equity, of what was true and honorable in men and things, remained uneffaced to a respectable degree; and surely it had resisted much. Wilder puddle of muddy infatuations from without and from

within, if we consider it well,—of irreconcilable incoherences, bottomless universal hypocrisies, solecisms bred with him and imposed on him,—few sons of Adam had hitherto lived in.

He was, in one word, the first of our Hanover Series of English Kings; that hitherto unique sort, who are really strange to look at in the History of the World. Of whom, in the English annals, there is hitherto no Picture to be had; nothing but an empty blur of discordant nonsenses, and idle, generally angry, flourishings of the pen, by way of Picture. The English Nation, having flung its old Puritan, Sword—and—Bible Faith into the cesspool,—or rather having set its old Bible—Faith, MINUS any Sword, well up in the organ—loft, with plenty of revenue, there to preach and organ at discretion, on condition always of meddling with nobody's practice farther,—thought the same (such their mistake) a mighty pretty arrangement; but found it hitch before long. They had to throw out their beautiful Nell—Gwynn Defenders of the Faith; fling them also into the cesspool; and were rather at a loss what next to do. "Where is our real King, then? Who IS to lead us Heavenward, then; to rally the noble of us to him, in some small measure, and save the rest and their affairs from running Devilward?"—The English Nation being in some difficulty as to Kings, the English Nation clutched up the readiest that came to hand; "Here is our King!" said they,—again under mistake, still under their old mistake. And, what was singular, they then avenged themselves by mocking, calumniating, by angrily speaking, writing and laughing at the poor mistaken King so clutched!—It is high time the English were candidly asking themselves, with very great seriousness indeed, WHAT it was they had done, in the sight of God and man, on that and the prior occasion? And above all, What it is they will now propose to do in the sequel of it! Dig gold—nuggets, and rally the IGnoble of us?—

George's poor lean Mistress, coming on at the usual rate of the road, was met, next morning, by the sad tidings. She sprang from her carriage into the dusty highway; tore her hair (or headdress), half—frantic; declared herself a ruined woman; and drove direct to Berlin, there to compose her old mind. She was not ill seen at Court there; had her connections in the world. Fieldmarshal Schulenburg, who once had the honor of fighting (not to his advantage) with Charles XII., and had since grown famous by his Anti—Turk performances in the Venetian service, is a Brother of this poor Maypole's; and there is a Nephew of hers, one of Friedrich Wilhelm's Field—Officers here, whom we shall meet by and by. She has been obliging to Queen Sophie on occasions; they can, and do, now weep heartily together. I believe she returned to England, being Duchess of Kendal, with heavy pensions there; and "assiduously attended divine ordinances, according to the German Protestant form, ever afterwards." Poor foolish old soul, what is this world, with all its dukeries!—

The other or fat Mistress, "Cataract of fluid Tallow," Countess of Darlington, whom I take to have been a Half—Sister rather, sat sorrowful at Isleworth; and kept for many years a Black Raven, which had come flying in upon her; which she somehow understood to be the soul, or connected with the soul, of his Majesty of happy memory. [Horace Walpole, *Reminiscences*.] Good Heavens, what fat fluid—tallowy stupor, and entirely sordid darkness, dwells among mankind; and occasionally finds itself lifted to the very top, by way of sample!—

Friedrich Wilhelm wept tenderly to Brigadier Dubourgay, the British Minister at Berlin (an old military gentleman, of diplomatic merit, who spells rather ill), when they spoke of this sad matter. My poor old Uncle; he was so good to me in boyhood, in those old days, when I blooded Cousin George's nose! Not unkind, ah, only proud and sad; and was called sulky, being of few words and heavy—laden. Ah me, your Excellenz; if the little nightingales have all fallen silent, what may not I, his Son and sephew, do?—And the rugged Majesty blubbered with great tenderness; having fountains of tears withal, hidden in the rocky heart of him, not suspected by every one. [Dubourgay's Despatches, in the State—Paper Office.]

I add only that the Fabrice, who had poor George in his arms that night, is a man worth mentioning. The same Fabrice (Fabricius, or perhaps GOLDSCHMIDT in German) who went as Envoy from the Holstein—Gottorp people to Charles XII. in his Turkish time; and stayed with his Swedish Majesty there, for a year or two, indeed till the catastrophe came. His Official LETTERS from that scene are in print, this long while, though considerably forgotten; [*Anecdotes du Sejour du Roi de Suede a Bender, ou Lettres de M. le Baron de Fabrice pour servir d'elaircissement a l'Histoire de Charles XII.* (Hambourg, 1760, 8vo).] a little Volume, worth many big ones that have been published on that subject. The same Fabrice, following Hanover afterwards, came across to London in due course; and there he did another memorable thing: made acquaintance with the Monsieur Arouet, then a young French Exile there, Arouet Junior ("LE JEUNE or L. J."), who,— by an ingenious anagram, contrived in his indignation at such banishment,—writes himself VOLTAIRE ever since; who has been publishing a HENRIADE, and doing other things. Now it was by questioning this Fabrice, and industriously picking the

memory of him clean, that M. de Voltaire wrote another book, much more of an "Epic" than Henri IV.,—a HISTORY, namely, OF CHARLES XII.; [See Voltaire, *Oeuvres Completes*, ii. 149, xxx. 7, 127. Came out in 1731 (*ib.* xxx. *Avant-Propos*, p. ii).] which seems to me the best—written of all his Books, and wants nothing but TRUTH (indeed a dreadful want) to make it a possession forever. VOLTAIRE, if you want fine writing; ADLERFELD and FABRICE, if you would see the features of the Fact: these three are still the Books upon Charles XII.

HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY FALLS INTO ONE OF HIS HYPOCHONDRIACAL FITS.

Before this event, his Majesty was in gloomy humor; and special vexations had superadded themselves. Early in the Spring, a difficult huff of quarrel, the consummation of a good many grudges long subsisting, had fallen out with his neighbor of Saxony, the Majesty of Poland, August, whom we have formerly heard of, a conspicuous Majesty in those days; called even "August the Great" by some persons in his own time; but now chiefly remembered by his splendor of upholstery, his enormous expenditure in drinking and otherwise, also by his three hundred and fifty—four Bastards (probably the maximum of any King's performance in that line), and called August DER STARKE, "August the Physically Strong." This exemplary Sovereign could not well be a man according to Friedrich Wilhelm's heart: accordingly they had their huffs and little collisions now and then: that of the Protestant Directorate and Heidelberg Protestants, for instance; indeed it was generally about Protestantism; and more lately there had been high words and correspondings about the "Protestants of Thorn" (a bad tragedy, of Jesuit intrusion and Polish ferocity, enacted there in 1724); [Account of it in Buchholz, i. 98—102.]—in which sad business Friedrich Wilhelm loyally interfered, though Britannic George of blessed memory and others were but lukewarm; and nothing could be done in it. Nothing except angry correspondence with King August; very provoking to the poor soul, who had no hand but a nominal one in the Thorn catastrophe, being driven into it by his unruly Diet alone.

In fact, August, with his glittering eyes and excellent physical constitution, was a very good—humored fellow; supremely pleasant in society; and by no means wishful to cheat you, or do you a mischief in business,—unless his necessities compelled him; which often were great. But Friedrich Wilhelm always kept a good eye on such points; and had himself suffered nothing from the gay eupeptic Son of Belial, either in their old Stralsund copartnery or otherwise. So that, except for these Protestant affairs,—and alas, one other little cause,—Friedrich Wilhelm had contentedly left the Physically Strong to his own course, doing the civilities of the road to him when they met; and nothing ill had fallen out between them. This other little cause—alas, it is the old story of recruiting; one's poor Hobby again giving offence! Special recruiting brabbles there had been; severe laws passed in Saxony about these kidnapping operations: and always in the Diets, when question rose of this matter, August had been particularly loud in his denouncings. Which was unkind, though not unexpected. But now, in the Spring of 1727, here has a worse case than any arisen.

Captain Natzmer, of I know not what Prussian Regiment, "Sachsen—Weimar Cuirassiers" [*Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 104.] or another, had dropt over into Saxony, to see what could be done in picking up a tall man or two. Tall men, one or two, Captain Natzmer did pick up, nay a tall deserter or two (Saxon soldier, inveigled to desert); but finding his operations get air, he hastily withdrew into Brandenburg territory again. Saxon Officials followed him into Brandenburg territory; snapt him back into Saxon; tried him by Saxon law there;—Saxon law, express in such case, condemns him to be hanged; and that is his doom accordingly.

"Captain Natzmer to swing on the gallows? Taken on Brandenburg territory too, and not the least notice given me?" Friedrich Wilhelm blazes into flaming whirlwind; sends an Official Gentleman, one Katsch, to his Excellenz Baron von Suhm (the Crown—Prince's cultivated friend), with this appalling message: "If Natzmer be hanged, for certain I will use reprisals; you yourself shall swing!" Whereupon Suhm, in panic, fled over the marches to his Master; who bullied him for his pusillanimous terrors; and applied to Friedrich Wilhelm, in fine frenzy of indignant astonishment, "What, in Heaven's name, such meditated outrage on the law of nations, and flat insult to the Majesty of Kings, can have meant?" Friedrich Wilhelm, the first fury being spent, sees that he is quite out of square; disavows the reprisals upon Suhm. "Message misdelivered by my Official Gentleman, that stupid Katsch; never did intend to hang Suhm; oh, no;" with much other correspondence; [In Mauvillon (ii. 189—195) more of it than any one will read.]—and is very angry at himself, and at the Natzmer affair, which has brought him into this bad pass. Into open impropriety; into danger of an utter rupture, had King August been of quarrelsome turn. But King August was not quarrelsome; and then Seckendorf and the

Tobacco—Parliament,—on the Kaiser's score, who wants Pragmatic Sanction and much else out of these two Kings, and can at no rate have them quarrel in the present juncture,—were eager to quench the fire. King August let Natzmer go; Suhm returned to his post; [Pollnitz, ii. 254.] and things hustled themselves into some uneasy posture of silence again;—uneasy to the sensitive fancy of Friedrich Wilhelm above all. This is his worst collision with his Neighbor of Saxony; and springing from one's Hobby again!—

These sorrows, the death of George I., with anxieties as to George II. and the course he might take; all this, it was thought, preyed upon his Majesty's spirits;—Wilhelmina says it was "the frequent carousals with Seckendorf," and an affair chiefly of the royal digestive—apparatus. Like enough;—or both might combine. It is certain his Majesty fell into one of his hypochondrias at this time; talked of "abdicating" and other gloomy things, and was very black indeed. So that Seckendorf and Grumkow began to be alarmed. It is several months ago he had Franke the Halle Methodist giving ghostly counsel; his Majesty ceased to have the Newspapers read at dinner; and listened to lugubrious Franke's exhortations instead. Did English readers ever hear of Franke? Let them make a momentary acquaintance with this famous German Saint. August Hermann Franke, a Lubeck man, born 1663; Professor of Theology, of Hebrew, Lecturer on the Bible; a wandering, persecuted, pious man. Founder of the "Pietists," a kind of German Methodists, who are still a famed Sect in that country; and of the WAISENHAUS, at Halle, grand Orphan—house, built by charitable beggings of Franke, which also still subsists. A reverend gentleman, very mournful of visage, now sixty—four; and for the present, at Berlin, discoursing of things eternal, in what Wilhelmina thinks a very lugubrious manner. Well; but surely in a very serious manner! The shadows of death were already round this poor Franke; and in a few weeks more, he had himself departed. [Died 8th June, 1727.] But hear Wilhelmina, what account she gives of her own and the young Grenadier—Major's behavior on these mournful occasions. Seckendorf's dinners she considers to be the cause; all spiritual, sorrows only an adjunct not worth mentioning. It is certain enough.

"His Majesty began to become valetudinary; and the hypochondria which tormented him rendered his humor very melancholy. Monsieur Franke, the famous Pietist, founder of the Orphan—house at Halle University, contributed not a little to exaggerate that latter evil. This reverend gentleman entertained the King by raising scruples of conscience about the most innocent matters. He condemned all pleasures; damnable all of them, he said, even hunting and music. You were to speak of nothing but the Word of God only; all other conversation was forbidden. It was always he that carried on the improving talk at table; where he did the office of reader, as if it had been a refectory of monks. The King treated us to a sermon every afternoon; his valet—de—chambre gave out a psalm, which we all sang; you had to listen to this sermon with as much devout attention as if it had been an apostle's. My Brother and I had all the mind in the world to laugh; we tried hard to keep from laughing; but often we burst out. Thereupon reprimand, with all the anathemas of the Church hurled out on us; which we had to take with a contrite penitent air, a thing not easy to bring your face to at the moment. In a word, this dog of a Franke [he died within few months, poor soul, CE CHIEN DE FRANKE] led us the life of a set of Monks of La Trappe.

"Such excess of bigotry awakened still more gothic thoughts in the King. He resolved to abdicate the crown in favor of my Brother. He used to talk, He would reserve for himself 10,000 crowns a year; and retire with the Queen and his Daughters to Wusterhausen. There, added he, I will pray to God; and manage the farming economy, while my wife and girls take care of the household matters. You are clever, he said to me; I will give you the inspection of the linen, which you shall mend and keep in order, taking good charge of laundry matters. Frederika [now thirteen, married to ANSPACH two years hence], who is miserly, shall have charge of all the stores of the house. Charlotte [now eleven, Duchess of BRUNSWICK by and by] shall go to market and buy our provisions; and my Wife shall take charge of the little children, [says Friedrich Wilhelm], and of the kitchen." [Little children are: 1. Sophie Dorothee, now eight, who married Margraf of Schwedt, and was unhappy; 2. Ulrique, a grave little soul of seven, Queen of Sweden afterwards; 3. August Wilhelm, age now five, became Father of a new Friedrich Wilhelm, who was King by and by, and produced the Kings that still are; 4. Amelia, now four, born in the way we saw; and 5. HENRI, still in arms, just beginning to walk. There will be a Sixth and no more (son of this Sixth, a Berlin ROUE was killed, in 1806, at the Battle of Jena, or a day or two before); but the Sixth is not yet come to hand.]

*Poor Friedrich Wilhelm; what an innocent IDYLLIUM;—which cannot be executed by a King. "He had even begun to work at an Instruction, or Farewell Advice, for my Brother;" and to point towards various steps, which alarmed Grumkow and Seckendorf to a high degree." [Wilhelmina, *Memoires de Bareith*, i. 108.]*

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"Abdication," with a Crown-Prince ready to fall into the arms of England, and a sudden finis to our Black-Art, will by no means suit Seckendorf and Grumkow! Yet here is Winter coming; solitary Wusterhausen, with the misty winds piping round it, will make matters worse: something must be contrived; and what? The two, after study, persuade Fieldmarshal Flemming over at Warsaw (August the Strong's chief man, the Flemming of Voltaire's CHARLES XII.; Prussian by birth, though this long while in Saxon service), That if he the Fieldmarshal were to pay, accidentally, as it were, a little visit to his native Brandenburg just now, it might have fine effects on those foolish Berlin-Warsaw clouds that had risen. The Fieldmarshal, well affected in such a case, manages the little visit, readily persuading the Polish Majesty; and dissipates the clouds straightway,—being well received by Friedrich Wilhelm, and seconded by the Tobacco-Parliament with all its might. Out at Wusterhausen everything is comfortably settled. Nay Madam Flemming, young, brilliant, and direct from the seat of fashion; it was she that first "built up" Wilhelmina's hair on just principles, and put some life into her appearance. [Wilhelmina, i. 117.] And now the Fieldmarshal (Tobacco-Parliament suggesting it) hints farther, "If his Prussian Majesty, in the mere greatness of his mind, were to appear suddenly in Dresden when his royal Friend was next there,—what a sunburst after clouds were that; how welcome to the Polish Majesty!"—"Hm, Na, would it, then?"—The Polish Majesty puts that out of question; specially sends invitation for the Carnival-time just coming; and Friedrich Wilhelm will, accordingly, see Dresden and him on that occasion. [Ib. i. 108, 109; Pollnitz, ii. 254; Fassman, p. 374.] In those days, Carnival means "Fashionable Season," rural nobility rallying to head-quarters for a while, and social gayeties going on; and in Protestant Countries it means nothing more.

This, in substance, was the real origin of Friedrich Wilhelm's sudden visit to Dresden, which astonished the world, in January next. It makes a great figure in the old Books. It did kindle Dresden Carnival and the Physically Strong into supreme illumination, for the time being; and proved the seal of good agreement, and even of a kind of friendliness between this heteroclite pair of Sovereigns,—if anybody now cared for those points. It is with our Crown-Prince's share in it that we are alone concerned; and that may require a Chapter to itself.

Chapter III. VISIT TO DRESDEN.

One of the most important adventures, for our young Crown-Prince, was this visit of his, along with Papa, to Dresden in the Carnival of 1728. Visit contrived by Seckendorf and Company, as we have seen, to divert the King's melancholy, and without view to the Crown-Prince at all. The Crown-Prince, now sixteen, and not in the best favor with his Father, had not been intended to accompany; was to stay at Potsdam and diligently drill: nevertheless an estafette came for him from the gallant Polish Majesty;—Wilhelmina had spoken a word to good Suhm, who wrote to his King, and the hospitable message came. Friedrich made no loitering,—to Dresden is but a hundred miles, one good day;—he arrived there on the morrow after his Father; King "on the 14th January, 1728," dates Fassmann; "Crown-Prince on the 15th," which I find was Thursday. The Crown-Prince lodged with Fieldmarshal Flemming; Friedrich Wilhelm, having come in no state, refused King August's pressings, and took up his quarters with "the General Fieldmarshal Wackerbarth, Commandant in Dresden,"—pleasant old military gentleman, who had besieged Stralsund along with him in times gone. Except Grumkow, Derschau and one or two of less importance, with the due minimum of Valetry, he had brought no retinue; the Crown-Prince had Finkenstein and Kalkstein with him, Tutor and Sub-Tutor, officially there. And he lodges with old Count Flemming and his clever fashionable Madam,—the diligent but unsuccessful Flemming, a courtier of the highest civility, though iracund, and "with a passion for making Treaties," whom we know since Charles XII.'s time.

Amongst the round of splendors now set on foot, Friedrich Wilhelm had, by accident of Nature, the spectacle of a house on fire,—rather a symbolic one in those parts,—afforded him, almost to start with. Deep in the first Saturday night, or rather about two in the morning of Sunday, Wackerbarth's grand house, kindling by negligence somewhere in the garrets, blazed up, irrepressible; and, with its endless upholsteries, with a fine library even, went all into flame: so that his Majesty, scarcely saving his CHATOULLE (box of preciosities), had to hurry out in undress;—over to Flemming's where his Son was; where they both continued thenceforth. This was the one touch of rough, amid so much of dulcet that occurred: no evil, this touch, almost rather otherwise, except to poor Wackerbarth, whose fine House lay wrecked by it.

The visit lasted till February 12th, four weeks and a day. Never was such thrice-magnificent Carnival amusements: illuminations, cannon-salvoings and fire-works; operas, comedies, redoubts, sow-baitings, fox and badger-baiting, reviewing, running at the ring;—dinners of never-imagined quality, this, as a daily item, needs no express mention.

To the young Soldier-Apprentice all this was, of course, in pleasant contrast with the Potsdam Guard-house; and Friedrich Wilhelm himself is understood to have liked at least the dinners, and the airy courteous ways, light table-wit and extreme good humor of the host. A successful visit; burns off like successful fire-works, piece after piece: and what more is to be said? Of all this nothing;—nor, if we could help it, of another little circumstance, not mentioned by the Newspapers or Fassmann, which constitutes the meaning of this Visit for us now. It is a matter difficult to handle in speech. An English Editor, chary of such topics, will let two witnesses speak, credible both, though not eye-witnesses; and leave it to the reader so. Babbling Pollnitz is the first witness; he deposes, after alluding to the sumptuous dinings and drinkings there:—

"One day the two Kings, after dinner, went in domino to the redoubt [RIDOTTO, what we now call ROUT or evening party]. August had a mind to take an opportunity, and try whether the reports of Friedrich Wilhelm's indifference to the fair sex were correct or not. To this end, he had had a young damsel (JUNGE PERSON) of extraordinary beauty introduced into some side-room; where they now entered. She was lying on a bed, in a loose gauzy undress; and though masked, showed so many charms to the eye that the imagination could not but judge very favorably of the rest. The King of Poland approached, in that gallant way of his, which had gained him such favor with women. He begged her to unmask; she at first affected reluctance, and would not. He then told her who he was; and said, He hoped she would not refuse, when two Kings begged her to show them this complaisance. She thereupon took off her mask, and showed them one of the loveliest faces in the world. August seemed quite enchanted; and said, as if it had been the first time he ever saw her, He could not comprehend how so bewitching a beauty had hitherto remained unknown to him.

"Friedrich Wilhelm could not help looking at her. He said to the King of Poland, 'She is very beautiful, it must

be owned;'—but at the same instant turned his eyes away from her; and left the room, and the ridotto altogether without delay; went home, and shut himself in his room. He then sent for Herr von Grumkow, and bitterly complained that the King of Poland wanted to tempt him. Herr von Grumkow, who was neither so chaste nor so conscientious as the King, was for making a jest of the matter; but the King took a very serious tone; and commanded him to tell the King of Poland in his name, 'That he begged him very much not to expose him again to accidents of that nature, unless he wished to have him quit Dresden at once.' Herr von Grumkow did his message. The King of Poland laughed heartily at it; went straight to Friedrich Wilhelm, and excused himself. The King of Prussia, however, kept his grim look; so that August ceased joking, and turned the dialogue on some other subject." [Pollnitz, ii. 256.]

This is Pollnitz's testimony, gathered from the whispers of the Tabagie, or rumors in the Court-circles, and may be taken as indisputable in the main. Wilhelmina, deriving from similar sources, and equally uncertain in details, paints more artistically; nor has she forgotten the sequel for her Brother, which at present is the essential circumstance:—

"One evening, when the rites of Bacchus had been well attended to, the King of Poland led the King [my Father], strolling about, by degrees, into a room very richly ornamented, all the furniture and arrangements of which were in a quite exquisite taste. The King, charmed with what he saw, paused to contemplate the beauties of it a little; when, all on a sudden, a curtain rose, and displayed to him one of the most extraordinary sights. It was a girl in the condition of our First Parents, carelessly lying on a bed. This creature was more beautiful than they paint Venus and the Graces; she presented to view a form of ivory whiter than snow, and more gracefully shaped than the Venus de' Medici at Florence. The cabinet which contained this treasure was lighted by so many wax-candles that their brilliancy dazzled you, and gave a new splendor to the beauties of the goddess.

"The Authors of this fine comedy did not doubt but the object would make an impression on the King's heart; but it was quite otherwise. No sooner had he cast his eyes on the beauty than he whirled round with indignation; and seeing my Brother behind him, he pushed him roughly out of the room, and immediately quitted it himself; very angry at the scene they had been giving him, He spoke of it, that same evening, to Grumkow, in very strong terms; and declared with emphasis that if the like frolics were tried on him again, he would at once quit Dresden.

"With my Brother it was otherwise. In spite of the King's care, he had got a full view of that Cabinet Venus; and the sight of her did not inspire in him so much horror as in his father." [Wilhelmina, i. 112.]—Very likely not!—And in fact, "he obtained her from the King of Poland, in a rather singular way (*d'une facon assez singuliere*)"—describable, in condensed terms, as follows:—

Wilhelmina says, her poor Brother had been already charmed over head and ears by a gay young baggage of a Countess Orzelska; a very high and airy Countess there; whose history is not to be touched, except upon compulsion, and as if with a pair of tongs,— thrice famous as she once was in this Saxon Court of Beelzebub. She was King August's natural daughter; a French milliner in Warsaw had produced her for him there. In due time, a male of the three hundred and fifty-four, one Rutowski, soldier by profession, whom we shall again hear of, took her for mistress; regardless of natural half-sisterhood, which perhaps he did not know of. The admiring Rutowski, being of a participative turn, introduced her, after a while, to his honored parent and hers; by whom next— Heavens, human language is unequal to the history of such things! And it is in this capacity she now shines supreme in the Saxon Court; ogling poor young Fritz, and driving him distracted;—which phenomenon the Beelzebub Parent-Lover noticed with pain and jealousy, it would appear.

"His Polish Majesty distinguished her extremely," says Pollnitz, [*Memoires*, ii.261.] "and was continually visiting her; so that the universal inference was"—to the above unspeakable effect. "She was of fine figure; had something grand in her air and carriage, and the prettiest humor in the world. She often appeared in men's clothes, which became her very well. People said she was extremely open-handed;" as indeed the Beelzebub Parent-Lover was of the like quality (when he had cash about him), and to her, at this time, he was profuse beyond limit. Truly a tempting aspect of the Devil, this expensive Orzelska: something beautiful in her, if there are no Laws in this Universe; not so beautiful, if there are! Enough to turn the head of a poor Crown-Prince, if she like, for some time. He is just sixteen gone; one of the prettiest lads and sprightliest; his homage, clearly enough, is not disagreeable to the baggage. Wherefore jealous August, the Beelzebub-Parent, takes his measures; signifies to Fritz, in direct terms, or by discreet diplomatic hints and innuendoes, That he can have the Cabinet Venus (Formera her name, of Opera-singer kind);—hoping thereby that the Orzelska will be left alone in time

coming. A "*facon assez singuliere*" for a Sovereign Majesty and Beelzebub Parent-Lover, thinks Wilhelmina.

Thus has our poor Fritz fallen into the wake of Beelzebub; and is not in a good way. Under such and no better guidance, in this illicit premature manner, he gets his introduction to the paradise of the world. The Formera, beautiful as painted Chaos; yes, her;— and why not, after a while, the Orzelska too, all the same? A wonderful Armida-Garden, sure enough. And cannot one adore the painted divine beauties there (lovely as certain apples of the Dead Sea), for some time?—The miseries all this brought into his existence,—into his relations with a Father very rigorous in principle, and with a Universe still more so,—for years to come, were neither few nor small. And that is the main outcome of the Dresden visitings for him and us.—

Great pledges pass between the two Kings; Prussian Crown-Prince decorated with the Order of the Saxon Eagle, or what supreme distinction they had: Rutowski taken over to Berlin to learn war and drill, where he did not remain long: in fact a certain liking seems to have risen between the two heteroclite individualities, which is perhaps worth remembering as a point in natural history, if not otherwise. One other small result of the visit is of pictorial nature. In the famed Dresden Gallery there is still a Picture, high up, visible if you have glasses, where the Saxon Court-Painter, on Friedrich Wilhelm's bidding it is said, soon after these auspicious occurrences, represents the two Majesties as large as life, in their respective costumes and features (short Potsdam Grenadier-Colonel and tall Saxon Darius or Sardanapalus), in the act of shaking hands; symbolically burying past grudges, and swearing eternal friendship, so to speak. [Forster, i. 226.] To this Editor the Picture did not seem good for much; but Friedrich Wilhelm's Portrait in it, none of the best, may be of use to travelling friends of his who have no other.

The visit ended on the 12th of February, as the Newspapers testify. Long before daybreak, at three in the morning, Friedrich Wilhelm, "who had smoked after dinner till nine the night before," and taken leave of everybody, was on the road; but was astonished to find King August and the Electoral Prince or Heir-Apparent (who had privately sat up for the purpose) insist on conducting him to his carriage. [Boyer, xxxv. 198.] "Great tokens of affection," known to the Newspapers, there were; and one token not yet known, a promise on King August's part that he would return this ever-memorable compliment in person at Potsdam and Berlin in a few months. Remember, then!—

As for the poor Crown-Prince, whom already his Father did not like, he now fell into circumstances more abstruse than ever in that and other respects. Bad health, a dangerous lingering fit of that, soon after his return home, was one of the first consequences. Frequent fits of bad health, for some years coming; with ominous rumors, consultations of physicians, and reports to the paternal Majesty, which produced small comfort in that quarter. The sad truth, dimly indicated, is sufficiently visible: his life for the next four or five years was "extremely dissolute." Poor young man, he has got into a disastrous course; consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, as Lieutenants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp, who lead him on ways not pleasant to his Father, nor conformable to the Laws of this Universe. Health, either of body or of mind, is not to be looked for in his present way of life. The bright young soul, with its fine strengths and gifts; wallowing like a young rhinoceros in the mud-bath:—some say, it is wholesome for a human soul; not we!

All this is too certain; rising to its height in the years we are now got to, and not ending for four or five years to come: and the reader can conceive all this, and whether its effects were good or not. Friedrich Wilhelm's old-standing disfavor is converted into open aversion and protest, many times into fits of sorrow, rage and despair, on his luckless Son's behalf;—and it appears doubtful whether this bright young human soul, comparable for the present to a rhinoceros wallowing in the mud-bath, with nothing but its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes, will ever get out again or not.

The rhinoceros soul got out; but not uninjured; alas, no; bitterly polluted, tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life. The distinguished Sauerteig, in his SPRINGWURZELN, has these words: "To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy-of-holies into a place of riot; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren! Surely a day is coming, when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life; how divine is the blush of young human cheeks; how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable if forgotten, is the duty laid, not on women only, but on every creature, in regard to these particulars? Well; if such a day never come again, then I perceive much else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come; heroic purity of heart and of eye; noble pious valor, to amend us and the age of bronze and lacquer, how can they ever come? The scandalous bronze-lacquer age, of

hungry animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course, till the Pit swallow it."—

In the case of Friedrich, it is certain such a day never fully came. The "age of bronze and lacquer," so as it then stood,—relieved truly by a backbone of real Spartan IRON (of right battle STEEL when needed): this was all the world he ever got to dream of. His ideal, compared to that of some, was but low; his existence a hard and barren, though a genuine one, and only worth much memory in the absence of better. Enough of all that.

THE PHYSICALLY STRONG PAYS HIS COUNTER—VISIT.

August the Strong paid his Return—visit in May following. Of which sublime transaction, stupendous as it then was to the Journalistic mind, we should now make no mention, except for its connection with those points,—and more especially for a foolish rumor, which now rose about Prince Fred and the Double—Marriage, on occasion of it. The magnificence of this visit and reception being so extreme,—King August, for one item, sailing to it, with sound of trumpet and hautbois, in silken flotillas gayer than Cleopatra's, down the Elbe,—there was a rush towards Berlin of what we will not call the scum, but must call the foam of mankind, rush of the idle moneyed populations from all countries; and such a crowd there, for the three weeks, as was seldom seen. Foam everywhere is stirred up, and encouraged to get under way.

Prince Frederick of Hanover and England, "Duke of Edinburgh" as they now call him, "Duke of Gloucester" no longer, it would seem, nor "Prince of Wales" as yet; he, foamy as another, had thoughts of coming; and rumor of him rose very high in Berlin,—how high we have still singular proof. Here is a myth, generated in the busy Court—Imagination of Berlin at this time; written down by Pollnitz as plain fact afterwards; and from him idly copied into COXE [Coxe's *Walpole* (London, 1798), i. 520.] and other English Books. We abridge from watery Pollnitz, taking care of any sense he has. This is what ran in certain high—frizzled heads then and there: and was dealt out in whispers to a privileged few, watery Pollnitz's informers among them, till they got a myth made of it. Frederick Duke of Edinburgh, second hope of England at this time, he is the hero.

It appears, this loose young gentleman, standing in no favor with his sovereign Father, had never yet been across to England, the royal Parent preferring rather not to have him in sight; and was living idle at Hanover; very eager to be wedded to Wilhelmina, as one grand and at present grandest resource of his existence. It is now May, 1728; and Frederick Duke of Edinburgh is twenty—one. He writes to his Aunt and intended Mother—in—law, Queen Sophie (date not ascertainable to a day, Note burnt as soon as read): "That he can endure this tantalizing suspense no longer; such endless higgling about a supreme blessedness, virtually agreed upon, may be sport to others, but is death to him. That he will come privately at once, and wed his Wilhelmina; and so make an end; the big—wigs to adjust it afterwards as they can and may." Whereupon Sophie Dorothee, gladdest of women, sends for Dubourgay the British Ambassador (Brigadier Dubourgay, the respectable old gentleman who spells ill, who is strong for the Double—Marriage always), to tell him what fine news there is, and what answer she has sent. Respectable Dubourgay stands silent, with lengthening face: "Your Majesty, how unfortunate that I of all men now hear it! I must instantly despatch a courier with the news to London!" And the respectable man, stoically deaf to her Majesty's entreaties, to all considerations but that of his evident duty, "sends the courier" (thinks Pollnitz);—nips thereby that fine Hanover speculation in the bud, sees Prince Fred at once summoned over to England, and produces several effects. Nearly the whole of which, on examining the Documents, [Dubourgay's Despatches (1728: 29 May, 1 June, 5 October), in the State—Paper Office here.] proves to be myth.

Pollnitz himself adds two circumstances, in regard to it, which are pretty impossible: as, first, that Friedrich Wilhelm had joyfully consented to this clandestine marriage, and was eagerly waiting for it; second, that George II. too had privately favored or even instigated the adventure, being at heart willing to escape the trouble of Messages to Parliament, to put his Son in the wrong, and I know not what. [Pollnitz, ii. 272—274.] The particles of fact in the affair are likewise two: First, that Queen Sophie, and from her the Courtier Public generally, expected the Hanover Royal Highness, who probably had real thoughts of seeing Berlin and his Intended, on this occasion; Dubourgay reports daily rumors of the Royal Highness being actually "seen" there in an evanescent manner; and Wilhelmina says, her Mother was so certain of him, "she took every ass or mule for the Royal Highness,"—heartily indifferent to Wilhelmina. This is the first particle of fact. The Second is, that a subaltern Official about the Royal Highness, one Lamothe of Hanover, who had appeared in Berlin about that time, was thrown into prison not long after, for what misbehavior none knew,—for encouraging dissolute Royal Highness in wild schemes, it was guessed. And so the Myth grew, and was found ready for Pollnitz and his followers. Royal Highness did come over to England; not then as the Myth bears, but nine months afterwards in December

next; and found other means of irritating his imperative, flighty, irascible and rather foolish little Father, in an ever-increasing degree. "Very coldly received at Court," it is said: ill seen by Walpole and the Powers; being too likely to become a focus of Opposition there.

The Visit, meanwhile, though there came no Duke of Edinburgh to see it, was sublime in the extreme; Polish Majesty being magnificence itself; and the frugal Friedrich Wilhelm lighting up his dim Court into insurpassable brilliancy, regardless of expense; so that even the Smoking Parliament (where August attended now and then) became luminous. The Crown-Prince, who in late months had languished in a state of miserable health, in a manner ominous to his physicians, confined mostly to his room or his bed, was now happily on foot again;—and Wilhelmina notes one circumstance which much contributed to his recovery: That the fair Orzelska had attended her natural (or unnatural) Parent, on this occasion; and seemed to be, as Wilhelmina thinks, uncommonly kind to the Crown-Prince. The Heir-Apparent of Saxony, a taciturn, inoffensive, rather opaque-looking gentleman, now turned of thirty, and gone over to Papistry long since, with views to be King of Poland by and by, which proved effectual as we shall find, was also here: Count Bruhl, too, still in a very subaltern capacity, and others whom we and the Crown-Prince shall have to know. The Heir-Apparent's Wife (actual Kaiser's Niece, late Kaiser Joseph's Daughter, a severe Austrian lady, haughtier than lovely) has stayed at home in Dresden.

But here, at first hand, is a slight view of that unique Polish Majesty, the Saxon Man of Sin; which the reader may be pleased to accept out of idle curiosity, if for no better reason. We abridge from Wilhelmina; [i. 124.] whom Fassmann, kindled to triple accuracy by this grand business, is at hand to correct where needful: [*Des glorwürdigsten Fürsten und Herrn, Herrn Friedrich Augusti des Grossen Leben und Helden-Thaten* (Of that most glorious Prince and Lord, Lord Friedrich August the Great, King of Poland, the Life and Heroic Deeds), by D. F. (David Fassmann), Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1734; 12mo, pp. 1040. A work written with upturned eyes of prostrate admiration for "DERO MAJESTAT" ('Theiro' Majesty) AUGUST THE GREAT;" exact too, but dealing merely with the CLOTHES of the matter, and such a matter: work unreadable, except on compulsion, to the stupidest mortal. The same Fassmann, who was at the Fair of St. Germain, who lodged sometimes with the Potsdam Giant, and whose ways are all fallen dark to us.] "The King of Poland arrived upon us at Berlin on the 29th of May," says Wilhelmina; had been at Potsdam, under Friedrich Wilhelm's care, for three days past: Saturday afternoon, 29th May, 1728; that is with exactitude the ever-memorable date.

He paid his respects in her Majesty's apartment, for an instant, that evening; but made his formal visit next day. Very grand indeed. Carried by two shining parti-colored creatures, heyducs so-called, through double rows of mere peerages and sublimities, in a sublime sedan (being lame of a foot, foot lately amputated of two toes, sore still open): "in a sedan covered with red velvet gallooned with gold," says the devout Fassmann, tremblingly exact, "up the grand staircase along the grand Gallery;" in which supreme region (Apartments of the late King Friedrich of gorgeous memory) her Majesty now is for the occasion. "The Queen received him at the door of her third Antechamber," says Wilhelmina; third or outmost Antechamber, end of that grand Gallery and its peerages and shining creatures: "he gave the Queen his hand, and led her in." We Princesses were there, at least the grown ones of us were. All standing, except the Queen only. "He refused to sit, and again refused;" stoically talked graciosities, disregarding the pain of his foot; and did not, till refusal threatened to become uncivil, comply with her Majesty's entreaties. "How unpolite!" smiled he to us young ones. "He had a majestic port and physiognomy; an affable polite air accompanied all his movements, all his actions." Kind of stereotyped smile on his face; nothing of the inner gloom visible on our Charles II. and similar men of sin. He looked often at Wilhelmina, and was complimentary to a degree,—for reasons undividable to Wilhelmina. For the rest, "much broken for his age;" the terrible debaucheries (LES DEBAUCHES TERRIBLES) having had their effect on him. He has fallen Widower last year. His poor Wife was a Brandenburg-Baireuth Princess; a devout kind of woman; austere witnessing the irremediable in her lot. He has got far on with his three hundred and fifty-four; is now going fifty-five;—lame of a foot, as we see, which the great Petit of Paris cannot cure, neither he nor any Surgeon, but can only alleviate by cutting off two toes. Pink of politeness, no doubt of it; but otherwise the strangest dilapidated hulk of a two-legged animal without feathers; probably, in fact, the chief Natural Solecism under the Sun at that epoch;—extremely complimentary to us Princesses, to me especially. "He quitted her Majesty's Apartment after an hour's conversation: she rose to reconduct him, but he would by no manner of means permit that,"—and so vanished, carried off doubtless by the shining creatures again. The "Electoral Prince" Heir-Apparent, next made his visit; but he was a dry subject in comparison, of whom no Princess can say much.

Prince Friedrich will know him better by and by.

Young Maurice, "Count of Saxony," famed afterwards as MARECHAL DE SAXE, he also is here with his Half-Sister Orzelska and the others, in the train of the paternal Man of Sin; and makes acquaintance with Friedrich. He is son of the female Konigsmark called Aurora ("who alone of mortals could make Charles Twelfth fly his ground"); nephew, therefore, of the male Konigsmark who was cut down long ago at Hanover, and buried in the fireplace. He resembles his Father in strength, vivacity, above all things in debauchery, and disregard of finance. They married him at the due years to some poor rich woman; but with her he has already ended; with her and with many others. Courland, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Anne Iwanowna with the big cheek:—the reader has perhaps searched out these things for himself from the dull History-Books;—or perhaps it was better for him if he never sought them? Dukedom of Courland, connected with Polish sovereignty, and now about to fall vacant, was one of Count Maurice's grand sallies in the world. Adrienne Lecouvreur, foolish French Actress, lent him all the 30,000 pounds she had gathered by holding the mirror up to Nature and otherwise, to prosecute this Courland business; which proved impossible for him. He was adventurous enough, audacious enough; fought well; but the problem was, To fall in love with the Dowager Anne Iwanowna, Cousin of Czar Peter II.; big brazen Russian woman (such a cheek the Pictures give her, in size and somewhat in expression like a Westphalia ham!), who was Widow of the last active Duke:—and this, with all his adventurous audacity, Count Maurice could not do. The big Widow discovered that he did not like Westphalia hams in that particular form; that he only pretended to like them; upon which, in just indignation, she disowned and dismissed him; and falling herself to be Czarina not long afterwards, and taking Bieren the Courlander for her beloved, she made Bieren Duke, and Courland became impossible for Count Maurice.

However, he too is a dashing young fellow; "circular black eyebrows, eyes glittering bright, partly with animal vivacity, partly with spiritual;" stands six feet in his stockings, breaks horse-shoes with his hands; full of irregular ingenuity and audacity; has been soldiering about, ever since birth almost; and understands many a thing, though the worst SPELLER ever known. With him too young Fritz is much charmed: the flower, he, of the illegitimate three hundred and fifty-four, and probably the chief achievement of the Saxon Man of Sin in this world, where he took such trouble. Friedrich and he maintained some occasional correspondence afterwards; but, to judge by Friedrich's part of it (mere polite congratulations on Fontenoy, and the like), it must have been of the last vacuity; and to us it is now absolute zero, however clearly spelt and printed. [Given altogether in *OEuvres de Frederic le Grand*, xvii. 300–309. See farther, whoever has curiosity, Preuss, *Friedrichs Lebensgeschichte*, iii. 167–169; Espagnac, *Vie du Comte de Saxe* (a good little military Book, done into German, Leipzig, 1774, 2 vols.); Cramer, *Denkwurdigkeiten der Grafın Aurora von Konigsmark* (Leipzig, 1836);

The Physically Strong, in some three weeks, after kindling such an effulgence about Berlin as was never seen before or since in Friedrich Wilhelm's reign, went his way again,—"towards Poland for the Diet," or none of us cares whither or for what. Here at Berlin he has been sublime enough. Some of the phenomena surpassed anything Wilhelmina ever saw: such floods and rows of resplendent people crowding in to dinner; and she could not but contrast the splendor of the Polish retinues and their plumages and draperies, with the strait-buttoned Prussian dignitaries, all in mere soldier uniform, succinct "blue coat, white linen gaiters," and no superfluity even in the epaulettes and red facings. At table, she says, they drank much, talked little, and bored one another a great deal (S'ENNUYOIENT BEAUCOUP).

OF PRINCESS WILHELMINA'S FOUR KINGS AND OTHER INEFFECTUALSUITORS.

Dilapidated Polish Majesty, we observed, was extremely attentive to Wilhelmina; nor could she ascertain, for long after, what the particular reason was. Long after, Wilhelmina ascertained that there had been the wonderfulest scheme concocting, or as good as concocted, in these swearings of eternal friendship: no other than that of marrying her, Wilhelmina, now a slim maiden coming nineteen, to this dilapidated Saxon Man of Sin going (or limping) fifty-five, and broken by DEBAUCHES TERRIBLES (rivers of champagne and tokay, for one item), who had fallen a Widower last year! They had schemed it all out, Wilhelmina understands: Friedrich Wilhelm to advance such and such moneys as dowry, and others furthermore as loan, for the occasions of his Polish Majesty, which are manifold; Wilhelmina to have The Lausitz (LUSATIA) for jointure, Lausitz to be Friedrich Wilhelm's pledge withal; and other intricate conditions; [Wilhelmina, i. 114.] what would Wilhelmina have thought? One shudders to contemplate;—hopes it might mostly be loose brain-web and courtier speculation, never settled towards fact.

It is certain, the dilapidated Polish Majesty having become a Widower, questions would rise, Will not he marry again? And with whom? Certain also, he wants Friedrich Wilhelm's alliance; having great schemes on the anvil, which are like to be delicate and perilous,—schemes of "partitioning Poland," no less; that is to say, cutting off the outskirts of Poland, flinging them to neighboring Sovereigns as propitiation, or price of good-will, and rendering the rest hereditary in his family. Pragmatic Sanction once acceded to, would probably propitiate the Kaiser? For which, and other reasons, Polish Majesty still keeps that card in his hand. Friedrich Wilhelm's alliance, with such an army and such a treasury, the uses of that are evident to the Polish Majesty.— By the blessing of Heaven, however, his marriage with Wilhelmina never came to anything: his Electoral Prince, Heir-Apparent, objected to the jointures and alienations, softly, steadily; and the project had to drop before Wilhelmina ever knew of it.

And this man is probably one of the "Four Kings" she was to be asked by? A Swedish Officer, with some skill in palmistry, many years ago, looked into her innocent little hand, and prophesied, "She was to be in terms of courtship, engagement or as good as engagement, with Four Kings, and to wed none of them." Wilhelmina counts them in her mature days. The FIRST will surprise everybody,—Charles XII. of Sweden;—who never can have been much of a suitor, the rather as the young Lady was then only six gone; but who, might, like enough, be talked of, by transient third-parties, in those old Stralsund times. The SECOND,—cannot WE guess who the second is? The THIRD is this August the dilapidated Strong. As to the SECOND, Wilhelmina sees already, in credulous moments, that it may be Hanover Fred, whom she will never marry either;—and does not see (nor did, at the time of writing her *Memoires*, "in 1744" say the Books) that Fred never would come to Kingship, and that the Palmistry was incomplete in that point. The FOURTH, again, is clearly young Czar Peter II.; of whom there was transient talk or project, some short time after this of the dilapidated THIRD. But that too came to nothing; the poor young lad died while only fifteen; nay he had already "fallen in love with his Aunt Elizabeth" (INFAME CATIN DU NORD in time coming), and given up the Prussian prospect. [He was the Great Peter's Grandson (Son having gone a tragical road); Czar, May, 1727—January, 1730: Anne Iwanowna (Great Peter's Niece, elder Brother's Daughter), our Courland friend with the big cheek, succeeded; till her death, October, 1740: then, after some slight shock of revolution, the Elizabeth just mentioned, who was Daughter of the Great Peter by his little brown Czarina Catherine whom we once met. See Mannstein, *Memoirs of Russia* (London, 1770), pp. 1–23, for some account of Peter II.; and the rest of the Volume for a really intelligent History of this Anne, at least of her Wars, where Mannstein himself usually had part.

All which would be nothing, or almost less, to Wilhelmina, walking fancy-free there,—were it not for Papa and Mamma, and the importunate insidious by-standers. Who do make a thing of it, first and last! Never in any romance or stage-play was young Lady, without blame, without furtherance and without hindrance of her own, so tormented about a settlement in life;—passive she, all the while, mere clay in the hands of the potter; and begging the Universe to have the extreme goodness only to leave her alone!—

Thus too, among the train of King August in this Berlin visit, a certain Soldier Official of his, Duke of Sachsen Weissenfels, Johann Adolf by name, a poor Cadet Cousin of the Saxon House,— another elderly Royal Highness of small possibility,—was particularly attentive to Wilhelmina; now and on subsequent occasions. Titular Duke of Weissenfels, Brother of the real Duke, and not even sure of the succession as yet; but living on King August's pay; not without capacity of drink and the like, some allege:—otherwise a mere betitled, betasselled elderly military gentleman, of no special qualities, evil or good;—who will often turn up again in this History; but fails always to make any impression on us except that of a Serene Highness in the abstract; unexceptionable Human Mask, of polite turn, behung with titles, and no doubt a stomach in the inside of it: he now, and afterwards, by all opportunities, diligently continued his attentions in the Wilhelmina quarter. For a good while it was never guessed what he could be driving at; till at last Queen Sophie, becoming aware of it, took him to task; with cold severity, reminded him that some things are on one's level, and some things not. To which humbly bowing, in unfeigned penitence, he retired from the audacity, back foremost: Would never even in dreams have presumed, had not his Prussian Majesty authorized; would now, since HER Prussian Majesty had that feeling, withdraw silently, and live forgotten, as an obscure Royal Highness in the abstract (though fallen Widower lately) ought to do. And so at least there was an end of that matter, one might hope,—though in effect it still abortively started up now and then, on Papa's part, in his frantic humors, for years to come.

Then there is the Margraf of Schwedt, Friedrich Wilhelm by name, chief Prince of the Blood, his Majesty's

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Cousin, and the Old Dessauer's Nephew; none of the likeliest of men, intrinsically taken: he and his Dowager Mother--the Dessauer's Sister, a high-going, tacitly obstinate old Dowager (who dresses, if I recollect, in flagrant colors)--are very troublesome to Wilhelmina. The flagrant Dame--she might have been "Queen-Mother" once forsooth, had Papa and my Brother but been made away with!-- watches her time, and is diligent by all opportunities.

Chapter IV. DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT IS NOT DEAD.

And the Double-Marriage, in such circumstances, are we to consider it as dead, then? In the soul of Queen Sophie and those she can influence, it lives flame-bright; but with all others it has fallen into a very dim state. Friedrich Wilhelm is still privately willing, perhaps in a degree wishful; but the delays, the supercilious neglects have much disgusted him; and he, in the mean while, entertains those new speculations. George II., never a lover of the Prussian Majesty's nor loved by him, has been very high and distant ever since his Accession; offensive rather than otherwise. He also is understood to be vaguely willing for the thing; willing enough, would it be so kind as accomplish itself without trouble to him. But the settlements, the applications to Parliament:—and all for this perverse Fred, who has become unlovely, and irritates our royal mind? George pushes the matter into its pigeon-holes again, when brought before him. Higher thoughts occupy the soul of little George. Congress of Soissons, Convention of the Pardo, [Or, in effect, "Treaty of Madrid," 6th March, 1728. This was the PREFACE to Soissons; Termagant at length consenting there, "at her Palace of the Pardo" (Kaiser and all the world urging her for ten months past), to accept the Peace, and leave off besieging Gibraltar to no purpose (Coxe, i. 303).] Treaty of Seville; a part to be acted on the world-theatre, with applauses, with envies, almost from the very demi-gods? Great Kaisers, overshadowing Nature with their Pragmatic Sanctions, their preternatural Diplomacies, and making the Terrestrial Balance reel hither and thither;—Kaisers to be clenched perhaps by one's dexterity of grasp, and the Balance steadied again? Prussian Double-Marriage!

One royal soul there is who never will consent to have the Double-Marriage die: Queen Sophie. She had passed her own private act-of-parliament for it; she was a very obstinate wife, to a husband equally obstinate. "JE BOULEVERSERAI L'EMPIRE," writes she once; "I will overturn the German Empire," if they drive me to it, in this matter. [Letter copied by Dubourgay (in Despatch, marked PRIVATE, to Lord Townshend, 3d-14th May, 1729); no clear address given,—probably to Dubourgay himself, CONVEYED by "a Lady" (one of the Queen's Ladies), as he dimly intimates.] What secret manoeuvring and endeavoring went on unweariedly on royal Sophie's part, we need not say; nor in what bad element, of darkness and mendacity, of eavesdropping, rumoring, backstairs intriguing, the affair now moved. She corresponds on it with Queen Caroline of England; she keeps her two children true to it, especially her Son, the more important of them.

CROWN-PRINCE FRIEDRICH WRITES CERTAIN LETTERS.

Queen Sophie did not overturn the Empire, but she did almost overturn her own and her family's existence, by these courses; which were not wise in her case. It is certain she persuaded Crown-Prince Friedrich, who was always his Mother's boy, and who perhaps needed little bidding in this instance, "to write to Queen Caroline of England;" Letters one or several: thrice-dangerous Letters; setting forth (in substance), His deathless affection to that Beauty of the world, her Majesty's divine Daughter the Princess Amelia (a very paragon of young women, to judge by her picture and one's own imagination); and likewise the firm resolution he, Friedrich Crown-Prince, has formed, and the vow he hereby makes, Either to wed that celestial creature when permitted, or else never any of the Daughters of Eve in this world. Congresses of Soissons, Smoking Parliaments, Preliminaries of the Pardo and Treaties of Seville may go how they can. If well, it shall be well: if not well, here is my vow, solemn promise and unchangeable determination, which your gracious Majesty is humbly entreated to lay up in the tablets of your royal heart, and to remember on my behalf, should bad days arise!—

It is clear such Letters were sent; at what date first beginning, we do not know;—possibly before this date? Nor would matters rise to the vowing pitch all at once. One Letter, supremely dangerous should it come to be known, Wilhelmina has copied for us, [Wilhelmina, i. 183.]—in Official style (for it is the Mother's composition this one) and without date to it:—the guessable date is about two years hence; and we will give the poor Document farther on, if there be place for it.

Such particulars are yet deeply unknown to Friedrich Wilhelm; but he surmises the general drift of things in that quarter; and how a disobedient Son, crossing his Father's will in every point, abets his Mother's disobedience, itself audacious enough, in regard to this one. It is a fearful aggravation of Friedrich Wilhelm's ill-humor with such a Son, which has long been upon the growing hand. His dislikes, we know, were otherwise neither few nor small. Mere "disLIKES" properly so called, or dissimilarities to Friedrich Wilhelm, a good many of them;

dissimilarities also to a Higher Pattern, some! But these troubles of the Double–Marriage will now hurry them, the just and the unjust of them, towards the flaming pitch. The poor youth has a bad time; and the poor Father too, whose humor we know! Surly gusts of indignation, not unfrequently cuffs and strokes; or still worse, a settled aversion, and rage of the chronic kind; studied neglect and contempt,—so as not even to help him at table, but leave him fasting while the others eat; [Dubourgay, SCAPIUS.] this the young man has to bear. The innumerable maltreatments, authentically chronicled in *Wilhelmina's* and the other Books, though in a dateless, unintelligible manner, would make a tragic sum!— Here are two Billets, copied from the Prussian State–Archives, which will show us to what height matters had gone, in this the young man's seventeenth year.

TO HIS MAJESTY (from the Crown–Prince).

"WUSTERHAUSEN, 11th September, 1728. MY DEAR PAPA,—I have not, for a long while, presumed to come to my dear Papa; partly because he forbade me; but chiefly because I had reason to expect a still worse reception than usual: and, for fear of angering my dear Papa by my present request, I have preferred making it in writing to him.

I therefore beg my dear Papa to be gracious to me; and can here say that, after long reflection, my conscience has not accused me of any the least thing with which I could reproach myself. But if I have, against my will and knowledge, done anything that has angered my dear Papa, I herewith most submissively beg forgiveness; and hope my dear Papa will lay aside that cruel hatred which I cannot but notice in all his treatment of me. I could not otherwise suit myself to it; as I always thought I had a gracious Papa, and now have to see the contrary. I take confidence, then, and hope that my dear Papa will consider all this, and again be gracious to me. And, in the mean while, I assure him that I will never, all my days, fail with my will; and, notwithstanding his disfavor to me, remain

"My dear Papa's "Most faithful and obedient Servant and Son,
"FRIEDRICH."

To which Friedrich Wilhelm, by return of messenger, writes what follows. Very implacable, we may perceive;—not calling his Petitioner "Thou," as kind Paternity might have dictated; infinitely less by the polite title "They (SIE)," which latter indeed, the distinguished title of "SIC," his Prussian Majesty, we can remark, reserves for Foreigners of the supremest quality, and domestic Princes of the Blood; naming all other Prussian subjects, and poor Fritz in this place, "He (ER)," in the style of a gentleman to his valet,—which style even a valet of these new days of ours would be unwilling to put up with. "ER, He," "His" and the other derivatives sound loftily repulsive in the German ear; and lay open impassable gulfs between the Speaker and the Spoken–to. "His obstinate"—But we must, after all, say THY and THOU for intelligibility's sake:—

"Thy obstinate perverse disposition [KOPF, head], which does not love thy Father,—for when one does everything [everything commanded] and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too [His Majesty's style is very abstruse, ill–spelt, intricate, and in this instance trips itself, and falls on its face here, a mere intricate nominative without a verb!]
—For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (EFEMINIRTEN KERL), who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot; and withal is dirty in his person; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have, a thousand times, reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (KEINE BESSERUNG IN NITS IST). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force; nothing out of love;—and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims [own KOPF],—no use to him in anything else. This is the answer.

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

[Preuss, i. 27; from Cramer, pp. 33, 34.]

DOUBLE–MARRIAGE PROJECT RE–EMERGES IN AN OFFICIAL SHAPE.

These are not favorable outlooks for the Double–Marriage. Nevertheless it comes and goes; and within three weeks later, we are touched almost with a kind of pity to see it definitely emerging in a kind of Official state once more. For the question is symbolical of important political questions. The question means withal, What is to be done in these dreadful Congress–of–Soissons complexities, and mad reelings of the Terrestrial Balance? Shall we hold by a dubious and rather losing Kaiser of this kind, in spite of his dubieties, his highly inexplicit, procedures (for which he may have reasons) about the Promise of Julich and Berg? Or shall we not clutch at England, after

all,—and perhaps bring him to terms? The Smoking Parliament had no Hansard; but, we guess its Debates (mostly done in dumb-show) were cloudy, abstruse and abundant, at this time! The Prussian Ministers, if they had any power, take different sides; old Ilgen, the oldest and ablest of them, is strong for England.

Enough, in the beginning of October, Queen Sophie, "by express desire of his Majesty," who will have explicit, Yes or No on that matter, writes to England, a Letter "PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL," of such purport,—Letter (now invisible) which Dubourgay is proud to transmit. [Despatch, 5th October, 1728, in State-Paper Office.] Dubourgay is proud; and old Ilgen, her Majesty informed me on the morrow, "wept for joy," so zealous was he on that side. Poor old gentleman,—respectable rusty old Iron Safe with seven locks, which nobody would now care to pick,—he died few weeks after, at his post as was proper; and saw no Double-Marriage, after all. But Dubourgay shakes out his feathers; the Double-Marriage being again evidently alive.

For England answers, cordially enough, if not, with all the hurry Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, "Yea, we are willing for the thing;"— and meets, with great equanimity and liberality, the new whims, difficulties and misgivings, which arose on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, at a wearisome rate, as the negotiation went on; and which are always frankly smoothed away again by the cooler party. Why did not the bargain close, then? Alas, one finds, the answer YEA had unfortunately set his Prussian Majesty on viewing, through magnifiers, what advantages there might have been in NO: this is a difficulty there is no clearing away! Probably, too, the Tobacco-Parliament was industrious. Friedrich Wilhelm, at last, tries if Half will not do; anxious, as we all too much are, "to say Yes AND No;" being in great straits, poor man:—"Your Prince of Wales to wed Wilhelmina at once; the other Match to stand over?" To which the English Government answers always briefly, "No; both the Marriages or none!"—Will the reader consent to a few compressed glances into the extinct Dubourgay Correspondence; much compressed, and here and there a rushlight stuck in it, for his behoof. Dubourgay, at Berlin, writes; my Lord Townshend, in St. James's reads, usually rather languid in answering:—

BERLIN, 9th NOVEMBER, 1728. "Prussian Majesty much pleased with English Answers" to the Yes-or-No question: "will send a Minister to our Court about the time his Britannic Majesty may think of coming over to his German Dominions. Would Finkenstein (Head Tutor), or would Knyphausen (distinguished Official here), be the agreeable man?" "Either," answer the English; "either is good."

BERLIN, SAME DATE. "Queen sent for me just now; is highly content with the state of things. 'I have now,' said her Majesty, 'the pleasure to tell you that I am free, God be blessed, of all the anguish I have labored under for some time past, which was so great that I have several times been on the point of sending for you to procure my Brother's protection for my Son, who, I thought, ran the greatest danger from the artifices of Seckendorf and'"— Poor Queen!

NOV, 16th. "Queen told me: When the Court was at Wusterhausen," two months ago, hunting partridges and wild swine, [Fassmann, p. 386.] "Seckendorf and Grumkow intrigued for a match between Wilhelmina and the Prince of Weissenfels," elderly Royal Highness in the Abstract, whom we saw already, "thereby to prevent a closer union between the Prussian and English Courts,—and Grumkow having withal the private view of ousting his antagonist the Prince of Anhalt [Old Dessauer, whom he had to meet in duel, but did not fight], as Weissenfels, once Son-in-law, would certainly be made Commander-in-Chief," [Dubourgay, in State-Paper Office (Prussian Despatches, vol. XXXV.)] to the extrusion of Anhalt from that office. Which notable piece of policy her Majesty, by a little plain speech, took her opportunity of putting an end to, as we saw. For the rest, "the Dutch Minister and also the French Secretaries here," greatly interested about the peace of Europe, and the Congress of Soissons in these weeks, "have had a communication from this Court, of the favorable disposition ours is in with respect to the Double Match,"—beneficent for the Terrestrial Balance, as they and I hope. So that things look well? Alas,—

DECEMBER 25th. "Queen sent for me yesterday: Hopes she does no wrong in complaining of her Husband to her Brother. King shows scruples about the Marriages; does not relish the expense of an establishment for the Prince; hopes, at all events, the Marriage will not take place for a year yet;—would like to know what Dowry the English Princess is to bring?"—"No Dowry with our Princess," the English answer; "nor shall you give any with yours."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1729. "Queen sent for me: King is getting intractable about the Marriages; she reasoned with him from two o'clock till eight," without the least permanent effect. "It is his covetousness," I

Dubourgay privately think!—Knyphausen, who knows the King well, privately tells me, "He will come round." "It is his avarice," thinks Knyphausen too; "nay it is also his jealousy of the Prince, who is very popular with the Army. King does everything to mortify him, uses him like a child; Crown-Prince bears it with admirable patience." This is Knyphausen's weak notion; rather a weak creaky official gentleman, I should gather, of a cryptosplenetic turn. "Queen told me some days later, His Majesty ill—used the Crown-Prince, because he did not drink hard enough; makes him hunt though ill;" is very hard upon the poor Crown-Prince,—who, for the rest, "sends loving messages to England," as usual; [Dubourgay, 16th January.] covertly meaning the Princess Amelia, as usual. "Some while ago, I must inform your Lordship, the Prince was spoken to," by Papa as would appear, "to sound his inclination as to the Princess Caroline," Princess likewise of England, and whose age, some eighteen months less than his own, might be suitabler, the Princess Amelia being half a year his elder; [Caroline born 10th June 1713; Amelia, 10th July, 1711.] "but,"—mark how true he stood,— "his Royal Highness broke out into such raptures of love and passion for the Princess Amelia, and showed so much impatience for the conclusion of that Match, as gave the King of Prussia a great deal of surprise, and the Queen as much satisfaction." Truth is, if an old Brigadier Diplomatist may be judge, "The great and good qualities of that young Prince, both of person and mind, deserve a distinct and particular account, with which I shall trouble your Lordship another day;" [Despatch, 25th December, 1728.]—which unluckily I never did; his Lordship Townshend having, it would seem, too little curiosity on the subject.

And so the matter wavers; and in spite of Dubourgay's and Queen Sophie's industry, and the Crown-Prince's willing mind, there can nothing definite be made of it at this time. Friedrich Wilhelm goes on visits, goes on huntings; leaves the matter to itself to mature a little. Thus the negotiation hangs fire; and will do so,—till dreadful waterspouts come, and perhaps quench it altogether?

HIS MAJESTY SLAUGHTERS 3,602 HEAD OF WILD SWINE.

His Majesty is off for a Hunting Visit to the Old Dessauer,— Crown-Prince with him, who hates hunting. Then, "19th January, 1729," says the reverential Fassmann, he is off for a grand hunt at Copenick; then for a grander in Pommern (Crown-Prince still with him): such a slaughter of wild swine as was seldom heard of, and as never occurred again. No fewer than "1,882 head (STUCK) of wild swine, 300 of them of uncommon magnitude," in the Stettin and other Pommern regions; "together with 1,720 STUCK in the Mark Brandenburg, once 450 in a day: in all, 3,602 STUCK." Never was his Majesty in better spirits: a very Nimrod or hunting Centaur; trampling the cobwebs of Diplomacy, and the cares of life, under his victorious hoofs. All this slaughter of swine, 3,602 STUCK by tale, was done in the season 1729. "From which," observes the adoring Fassmann, [p. 387.] "is to be inferred the importance," at least in wild swine, "of those royal Forests in Pommern and the Mark;" not to speak of his Majesty's supreme talent in hunting, as in other things.

What Friedrich Wilhelm did with such a mass of wild pork? Not an ounce of it was wasted, every ounce of it brought money in. For there exist Official Schedules, lists as for a window-tax or property-tax, drawn up by his Majesty's contrivance, in the chief Localities: every man, according to the house he keeps, is bound to take, at a just value by weight, such and such quotities of suddenly slaughtered wild swine, one or so many,—and consume them at his leisure, as ham or otherwise,—cash payable at a fixed term, and no abatement made. [Forster, Beneckendorf (if they had an Index I).] For this is a King that cannot stand waste at all; thrifty himself, and the Cause of thrift.

FALLS ILL, IN CONSEQUENCE; AND THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE CANNOT GET FORWARD.

This was one of Friedrich Wilhelm's grandest hunting-bouts, this of January, 1729; at all events, he will never have another such. By such fierce riding, and defiance of the winter elements and rules of regimen, his Majesty returned to Potsdam with ill symptoms of health;—symptoms never seen before; except transiently, three years ago, after a similar bout; when the Doctors, shaking their heads, had mentioned the word "Gout."—"NARREN-POSSEN!" Friedrich Wilhelm had answered, "Gout?"—But now, February, 1729, it is gout in very deed. His poor Majesty has to admit: "I am gouty, then! Shall have gout for companion henceforth. I am breaking up, then?" Which is a terrible message to a man. His Majesty's age is not forty-one till August coming; but he has hunted furiously.

Adoring Fassmann gives a quite touching account of Friedrich Wilhelm's performances under gout, now and generally, which were begun on this occasion. How he suffered extremely, yet never neglected his royal duties in any press of pain. Could seldom get any sleep till towards four or five in the morning, and then had to be content

with an hour or two; after which his Official Secretaries came in with their Papers, and he signed, despatched, resolved, with best judgment,—the top of the morning always devoted to business. At noon, up if possible; and dines, "in dressing-gown, with Queen and children." After dinner, commonly to bed again; and would paint in oil; sometimes do light joiner-work, chiselling and inlaying; by and by lie inactive with select friends sitting round, some of whom had the right of entry, others not, under penalties. Buddenbrock, Derschau, rough old Marlborough stagers, were generally there; these, "and two other persons,"— Grumkow and Seckendorf, whom Fassmann does not name, lest he get into trouble,— "sat, well within earshot, round the bed. And always at the head was Their Majesty the Queen, sometimes with the King's hand laid in hers, and his face turned up to her, as if he sought assuagement"—O my dim old Friend, let us dry our tears!

"Sometimes the Crown-Prince read aloud in some French Book," Title not given; Crown-Prince's voice known to me as very fine. Generally the Princess Louisa was in the room, too; Louisa, who became of Anspach shortly; not Wilhelmina, who lies in fever and relapse and small-pox, and close at death's door, almost since the beginning of these bad days. The Crown-Prince reads, we say, with a voice of melodious clearness, in French more or less instructive. "At other times there went on discourse, about public matters, foreign news, things in general; discourse of a cheerful or of a serious nature," always with some substance of sense in it,— "and not the least smut permitted, as is too much the case in certain higher circles!" says adoring Fassmann; who privately knows of "Courts" (perhaps the GLORWURDIGSTE, Glory-worthiest, August the Great's Court, for one?) "with their hired Tom-Fools," not yet an extinct species attempting to ground wit on that bad basis. Prussian Majesty could not endure any "ZOTEN:" profanity and indecency, both avaut. "He had to hold out in this way, awake till ten o'clock, for the chance of night's sleep." Earlier in the afternoon, we said, he perhaps does a little in oil-painting, having learnt something of that art in young times;—there is a poor artist in attendance, to mix the colors, and do the first sketch of the thing. Specimens of such Pictures still exist, Portraits generally; all with this epigraph, FREDERICUS WILHELMUS IN TORMENTIS PINXIT (Painted by Friedrich Wilhelm in his torments); and are worthy the attention of the curious. [Fassmann, p. 392; see Forster, Is not this a sublime patient?

Fassmann admits, "there might be spurts of Impatience now and then; but how richly did Majesty make it good again after reflection! He was also subject to whims even about people whom he otherwise esteemed. One meritorious gentleman, who shall be nameless, much thought of by the King, his Majesty's nerves could not endure, though his mind well did: 'Makes my gout worse to see him drilling in the esplanade there; let another do it!'—and vouchsafed an apologetic assurance to the meritorious gentleman afflicted in consequence."—O my dim old Friend, these surely are sublimities of the sick-bed? "So it lasted for some five weeks long," well on towards the summer of this bad year 1729. Wilhelmina says, in briefer business language, and looking only at the wrong side of the tapestry, "It was a Hell-on-Earth to us, *Les peines du Purgatoire ne pouvaient egaler celles que NOUS endurons;*" [i. 157.] and supports the statement by abundant examples, during those flamy weeks.

For, in the interim, withal, the English negotiation is as good as gone out; nay there are waterspouts brewing aloft yonder, enough to wash negotiation from the world. Of which terrible weather-phenomena we shall have to speak by and by: but must first, by way of commentary, give a glance at Soissons and the Terrestrial LIBRA, so far as necessary for human objects,—not far, by any means.

Chapter V. CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, SIXTH CRISIS IN THE SPECTRE-HUNT.

The so-called Spanish War, and dangerous futile Siege of Gibraltar, had not ended at the death of George I.; though measures had already been agreed upon, by the Kaiser and parties interested, to end it,—only the King of Spain (or King's Wife, we should say) made difficulties. Difficulties, she; and kept firing, without effect, at the Fortress for about a year more; after which, her humor or her powder being out, Spanish Majesty signed like the others. Peace again for all and sundry of us: "Preliminaries" of Peace signed at Paris, 31st May, 1727, three weeks before George's death; "Peace" itself finally at the Pardo or at Madrid, the Termagant having spent her powder, 6th March, 1728; [Scholl, ii. 212, 213.] and a "Congress" (bless the mark!) to settle on what terms in every point.

Congress, say at Aix-la-Chapelle; say at Cambrai again,—for there are difficulties about the place. Or say finally at Soissons; where Fleury wished it to be, that he might get the reins of it better in hand; and where it finally was,—and where the ghost or name of it yet is, an empty enigma in the memories of some men. Congress of Soissons did meet, 14th June, 1728; opened itself, as a Corporeal Entity in this world; sat for above a year;—and did nothing; Fleury quite declining the Pragmatic Sanction, though the anxious Kaiser was ready to make astonishing sacrifices, give up his Ostend COMPANY (Paper Shadow of a Company), or what you will of that kind,—if men would have conformed.

These Diplomatic gentlemen,—say, are they aught? They seem to understand me, by each at once his choppy finger laying on his skinny lips! Princes of the Powers of the Air, Shall we define them? It is certain the solid Earth or her facts, except being held in perpetual terror by such workings of the Shadow-world, reaped no effect from those Twenty Years of Congressing; Seckendorf himself might as well have lain in bed, as ridden those 25,000 miles, and done such quantities of double-distillations. No effect at all: only some futile gunpowder spent on Gibraltar, and splinters of shot and shells (salable as old iron) found about the rocks there; which is not much of an effect for Twenty Years of such industry.

The sublime Congress of Soissons met, as we say, at the above date (just while the Polish Majesty was closing his Berlin Visit); but found itself no abler for work than that of Cambrai had been. The Deputies from France I do not mention; nor from Spain, nor from Austria. The Deputies from England were Colonel or now properly Brigadier-General Stanhope, afterwards Lord Harrington; Horace Walpole (who is Robert's Brother, and whose Secretary is Sir Thomas Robinson, "QUOI DONE, CRUSOE?" whom we shall hear of farther); and Stephen Poyntz, a once bright gentleman, now dim and obsolete, whom the readers of Coxe's *Walpole* have some nominal acquaintance with. Here, for Chronology's sake, is a clipping from the old English newspapers to accompany them: "There is rumor that POLLY PEACHUM is gone to attend the Congress at Soissons; where, it is thought, she will make as good a figure, and do her country as much service, as several others that shall be nameless." [*Mist's Weekly Journal*, 29th June, 1728.]

Their task seemed easy to the sanguine mind. The Kaiser has agreed with Spain in the Italian-Apanage matter; with the Sea-Powers in regard to his Ostend Company, which is abolished forever: what then is to prevent a speedy progress, and glad conclusion? The Pragmatic Sanction. "Accept my Pragmatic Sanction," said the Kaiser, "let that be the preliminary of all things."—"Not the preliminary," answered Fleury; "we will see to that as we go on; not the preliminary, by any means!" There was the rub. The sly old Cardinal had his private treaties with Sardinia; views of his own in the Mediterranean, in the Rhine quarter; and answered steadily, "Not the preliminary, by any means!" The Kaiser was equally inflexible. Whereupon immensities of protocolling, arguing, and the Congress "fell into complete languor," say the Histories. [Scholl, ii. 215.] Congress ate its dinner heartily, and wrote immensely, for the space of eighteen months; but advanced no hair's-breadth any-whither; no prospect before it, but that of dinner only, for unlimited periods.

Kaiser will have his Pragmatic Sanction, or not budge from the place; stands mulelike amid the rain of cudgellings from the by-standers; can be beaten to death, but stir he will not.—Hints, glances of the eye, pass between Elizabeth Farnese and the other by-standers; suddenly, 9th November, 1729, it is found they have all made a "TREATY OF SEVILLE" with Elizabeth Farnese; France, England, Holland, Spain, have all closed,—Italian Apanages to be at once secured, Ostend to be at once suppressed, with what else behooves;—and

the Kaiser is left alone; standing upon his Pragmatic Sanction there, nobody bidding him now budge!

At which the Kaiser is naturally thrice and four times wroth and alarmed;—and Seckendorf in the TABAKS-COLLEGIUM had need to be doubly busy. As we shall find he is (though without effect), when the time comes round:—but we have not yet got to November of this Year 1729; there are still six or eight important months between us and that. Important months; and a Prussian-English "Waterspout," as we have named it, to be seen, with due wonder, in the political sky!—

Congress of Soissons, now fallen mythical to mankind, and as inane as that of Cambrai, is perhaps still memorable in one or two slight points. First, it has in it, as one of the Austrian Deputies, that Baron von Bentenrieder, tallest of living Diplomats, who was pressed at one time for a Prussian soldier; —readers recollect it? Walking through the streets of Halberstadt, to stretch his long limbs till his carriage came up, the Prussian sentries laid hold of him, "Excellent Potsdam giant, this one!" —and haled him off to their guard-house; till carriage and lackeys came; then, "Thousand humblest pardons, your Excellenz!" who forgave the fellows. Barely possible some lighter readers might wish to see, for one moment, an Excellenz that has been seized by a Press-gang? Which perhaps never happened to any other Excellenz;—the like of which, I have been told, might merit him a soiree from strong-minded women, in some remoter parts of the world. Not to say that he is the tallest of living Diplomats; another unique circumstance!—Bentenrieder soon died; and had his place at Soissons filled up by an Excellenz of the ordinary height, who had never been pressed. But nothing can rob the Congress of this fact, that it once had Bentenrieder for member; and, so far, is entitled to the pluperfect distinction in one particular.

Another point is humanly interesting in this Congress; but cannot fully be investigated for want of dates. Always, we perceive, according to the news of it that reach Berlin,—of England going right for the Kaiser or going wrong for him,—his Prussian Majesty's treatment of his children varies. If England go right for the Kaiser, well, and his Majesty is in good-humor with Queen, with Crown-Prince and Wilhelmina. If England go wrong for the Kaiser, dark clouds gather on the royal brow, in the royal heart; explode in thunder-storms; and at length crockery goes flying through the rooms, blows descend on the poor Prince's back; and her Majesty is in tears, mere Chaos come again. For as a general rule, unless the English Negotiation have some prospering fit, and produce exceptional phenomena, Friedrich Wilhelm, ever loyal in heart, stands steadfast by his Kaiser; ever ready "to strike out (LOS ZU SCHLAGEN," as he calls it) with his best strength in behalf of a cause which, good soul, he thinks is essentially German;—all the readier if at any time it seem now exclusively German, the French, Spanish, English, and other unlovely Foreign world being clean cut loose from it, or even standing ranked against it. "When will it go off, then (WANN GEHT ES LOS)?" asks Friedrich Wilhelm often; diligently drilling his sixty thousand, and snorting contempt on "Ungermanism (UNDEUTSCHHEIT)," be it on the part of friends or of enemies. Good soul, and whether he will ever get Julich and Berg out of it, is distractingly problematical, and the Tobacco-Parliament is busy with him!

Curious to see, so far as dates go, how Friedrich Wilhelm changes his tune to Wife and Children in exact correspondence to the notes given out at Soissons for a Kaiser and his Pragmatic Sanction. Poor Prussian Household, poor back, and heart, of Crown-Prince; what a concert it is in this world, Smoking Parliament for souffleur! Let the big Diplomatist Bassoon of the Universe go this way, there are caresses for a young Soldier and his behavior in the giant regiment; let the same Bassoon sound that way, bangs and knocks descend on him; the two keep time together,—so busy is the Smoking Parliament with his Majesty of Prussia. The world has seen, with horror and wonder, Friedrich Wilhelm's beating of his grown children: but the pair of MEERKATZEN, or enchanted Demon-Apes, disguised as loyal Councillors, riding along with him the length of a Terrestrial Equator, have not been so familiar to the world. Seckendorf, Grumkow: we had often heard of Devil-Diplomatists; and shuddered over horrible pictures of them in Novels; hoping it was all fancy: but here actually is a pair of them, transcending all Novels;—perhaps the highest cognizable fact to be met with in Devil-Diplomacy. And it may be a kind of comfort to readers, both to know it, and to discern gradually what the just gods make of it withal. Devil-Diplomatists do exist, at least have existed, never doubt it farther; and their astonishingly dexterous mendacities and enchanted spider-webs,— CAN these go any road but one in this Universe?

That the Congress of Cambrai was not a myth, we convinced ourselves by a letter of Voltaire's, who actually saw it dining there in the Year 1722, as he passed that way. Here, for Soissons, in like manner, are two Letters, by a less celebrated but a still known English hand; which, as utterances in presence of the fact itself, leave no doubt

on the subject. These the afflicted reader will perhaps consent to take a glance of. If the Congress of Soissons, for the sake of memorable objects concerned there, is still to be remembered, and believed in, for a little while,—the question arises, How to do it, then?

The writer of these Letters is a serious, rather long-nosed young English gentleman, not without intelligence, and of a wholesome and honest nature; who became Lord Lyttelton, FIRST of those Lords, called also "the Good Lord," father of "the Bad:" a lineal descendant of that Lyttelton UPON whom Coke sits, or seems to sit, till the end of things: author by and by of a *History of Henry the Second* and other well-meant books: a man of real worth, who attained to some note in the world. He is now upon the Grand Tour,—which ran, at that time, by Luneville and Lorraine, as would appear; at which point we shall first take him up. He writes to his Father, Sir Thomas, at Hagley among the pleasant Hills of Worcestershire,—date shortly after the assembling of that Congress to rear of him;—and we strive to add a minimum of commentary. The "piece of negligence," the "Mr. D.,"—none of mortals now knows who or what they were:—

TO SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON, BART., AT HAGLEY.

"LUNEVILLE 21st July" 1728.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs; but I assure you mine was quite accidental:"—Never mind it, my Son!

"Mr. D. tells you true that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorraine. The spirit of quadrille [obsolete game at cards] has possessed the land from morning till midnight; there is nothing else in every house in Town.

"This Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the Maids of Honor, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, show judgment at quadrille. However in summer one may pass a day without quadrille; because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors. But in winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep, like a fly, till the return of spring.

"Indeed in the morning the Duke hunts,"—mark that Duke, and two Sons he has. "But my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole Country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me, the other day, reading a Latin Author; and asked me, with an air of contempt, Whether I was designed for the Church? All this would be tolerable if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English, who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavors, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord" BLANK—Baltimore, or Heaven-knows-who,—"is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched, in his principles as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason."—Could not one contrive to get away from them; to Soissons, for example, to see business going on; and the Terrestrial Balance settling itself a little?

"My only improvement here is in the company of the Duke," who is a truly distinguished Duke to his bad Country; "and in the exercise of the Academy,"—of Horsemanship, or what? "I have been absent from the latter near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg. My duty to my dear Mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, Sir, your dutiful Son.—G. L." [*The Works of Lord George Lyttelton*, by Ayscough (London, 1776), iii. 215.]

These poor Lorrainers are in a bad way; their Country all trampled to pieces by France, in the Louis-Fourteenth and still earlier times. Indeed, ever since the futile Siege of Metz; where we saw the great Kaiser, Karl V., silently weeping because he could not recapture Metz, [Antea, vol. v. p. 211.] the French have been busy with this poor Country;—new sections of it clipt away by them; "military roads through it, ten miles broad," bargained for; its Dukes oftenest in exile, especially the Father of this present Duke: [A famed Soldier in his day; under Kaiser Leopold, "the little Kaiser in red stockings," one of whose Daughters he had to wife. He was at the Rescue of Vienna (Sobieski's), and in how many far fiercer services; his life was but a battle and a march. Here is his famed Letter to the Kaiser, when death suddenly called, Halt!

"WELS NEAR LINZ ON THE DONAU, 17th April, 1690.

"SACRED MAJESTY,—According to your Orders, I set out from Innspruck to come to Vienna; but I am stopped here by a Greater Master. I go to render account to Him of a life which I had wholly consecrated to you.

Remember that I leave a Wife with whom you are concerned [QUI ROUS TOUCHE,—who is your lawful Daughter]; Children to whom I can bequeath nothing but my sword; and Subjects who are under Oppression.

"CHARLES OF LORRAINE."

(Henault, *Abrege Chronologique*, Paris, 1775, p. 850).—Charles "V." the French uniformly call this one; Charles "IV." the Germans, who, I conclude, know better.]—and they are now waiting a good opportunity to swallow it whole, while the people are so busy with quadrille parties. The present Duke, returning from exile, found his Land in desolation, much of it "running fast to wild forest again;" and he has signaled himself by unwearied efforts in every direction to put new life into it, which have been rather successful. Lyttelton, we perceive, finds improvement in his company. The name of this brave Duke is Leopold; age now forty-nine; life and reign not far from done: a man about whom even Voltaire gets into enthusiasm. [Siccle de Louis XIV. (*OEuvres*, xxvi. 95–97); Hubner, t. 281.]

The Court and Country of Lorraine, under Duke Leopold, will prove to deserve this brief glance from Lyttelton and us. Two sons Duke Leopold has: the elder, Franz, now about twenty, is at Vienna, with the highest outlooks there: Kaiser Karl is his Father's cousin-german; and Kaiser Karl's young Daughter, high beautiful Maria Theresa,—the sublimest maiden now extant,—yes, this lucky Franz is to have her: what a prize, even without Pragmatic Sanction! With the younger son, Karl of Lorraine, Lyttelton may have made acquaintance, if he cared: a lad of sixteen; by and by an Austrian General, as his father had been; General much noised of,—whom we shall often see beaten, in this world, at the head of men.—But let us now get to Soissons itself, skipping an intermediate Letter or two:—

TO SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON, BART., AT HAGLEY.

"SOISSONS, 28th October," 1728.

"I thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations as to let me stay some time at Soissons: but as you have not fixed how long, I wait for farther orders.

"One of my chief reasons for disliking Luneville was the multitude of English there; who, most of them, were such worthless fellows that they were a dishonor to the name and Nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time. You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible; but MALGRE MOI I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themselves, not to admit any foreigner into their company: so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January.—On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse for the most part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject: but give me leave to say that, however capricious I may have been on other subjects, my sentiments in this particular are the strongest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly.

"Mr. Stanhope," our Minister, the Colonel or Brigadier-General, "is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz," Poyntz not yet a dim figure, but a brilliant, who hints about employing me, "to Paris for four days, when the Colonel himself was there, to meet him; he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole," fixed he in the Court regions; "who is obliged to keep strict guard over the Cardinal," sly old Fleury, "for fear the German Ministers should take him from us. They pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whose arms to throw himself." Never fear him!—

"Ripperda's escape to England,"—grand Diplomatic bulldog that was, who took refuge in Colonel Stanhope's at Madrid to no purpose, and kindled the sputtering at Gibraltar, is now got across to England, and will go to Morocco and farther, to no purpose,— "will very much embroil affairs; which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the Devil is not very much wanting to his own interests in this Business, it is impossible that the good work of Peace, should go on much longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party; and wish he may bring matters to a War; for they make but ill Ministers at a Congress, but would make good Soldiers in a Campaign.

"No news from Madam" BLANK "and her beloved Husband. Their unreasonable fondness for each other can never last: they will soon grow as cold to one another as the Town to *The Beggars' Opera*." And cannot warm again, you think? "Pray Heaven I may prove a false prophet; but Married Love and English Music are too domestic to continue long in favor."...

NOVEMBER 20th, SOISSONS still. "This is one of the agreeablest Towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging to strangers: we are of all their parties, and perpetually share with them in their pleasures. I

have learnt more French since I came hither, than I should have picked up in a twelvemonth in Lorraine....

"A fool with a majority on his side is the greatest tyrant in the world:"—how can I go back to loiter in Lorraine, honored Father, where fools are in such majority? "Then the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz: He has in a manner taken me into his family;" will evidently make an Apprentice of me. "The first Packet that comes from Fontainebleau, I expect to be employed. Which is no small pleasure to me: and will I hope be of service."...

DECEMBER 20th. "A sudden order to Mr. Poyntz has broken all my measures. He goes to-morrow to Paris, to stay there in the room of Messrs. Stanhope and Walpole, who are on their return for England." Congress falling into complete languor, if we knew it! But ought not I to accompany this friendly and distinguished Mr. Poyntz, "who has already given me papers to copy;"—in fact I am setting off with him, honored Father!...

"Prince Frederick's journey,"—first arrival in England of dissolute Fred from Hanover, who had NOT been to Berlin to get married last summer,— "was very secret: Mr. Poyntz did not hear of it till Friday last; at least he had no public notice of it." Why should he? "There will be fine struggling for places" in this Prince's new Household. "I hope my Brother will come in for one." [Ayscough's *Lyttelton*, iii. 200–231.]—

But here we pull the string of the curtain upon Lyttelton, and upon his Congress falling into complete languor; Congress destined, after dining for about a year more, to explode, in the Treaty of Seville, and to leave the Kaiser sitting horror-struck, solitary amid the wreck of Political Nature,—which latter, however, pieces itself together again for him and others. Beneficent Treaty of Vienna was at last achieved; Treaty and Treaties there, which brought matters to their old bearing again, —Austria united with the Sea-Powers, Pragmatic Sanction accepted by them, subsidies again to be expected from them; Baby Carlos fitted with his Apanages, in some tolerable manner; and the Problem, with which Creation had groaned for some twenty years past, finally accomplished better or worse.

Lyttelton himself will get a place in Prince Frederick's Household, and then lose it; place in Majesty's Ministry at last, but not for a long while yet. He will be one of Prince Frederick's men, of the Carterets, Chesterfields, Pitts, who "patronize literature," and are in opposition to dark Walpole; one of the "West-Wickham set;"—and will be of the Opposition party, and have his adventures in the world. Meanwhile let him go to Paris with Mr. Poyntz; and do his wisest there and elsewhere.

"Who's dat who ride astride de pony,
So long, so lean, so lank and bony?"

Oh, he be de great orator, Little-ton-y." [Caricature of 1741, on Lyttelton's getting into the Ministry, with Carteret, Chesterfield, Argyll, and the rest: see Phillimore's *Lyttelton* (London, 1845), i. 110; Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, ? Lyttelton;

For now we are round at Friedrich Wilhelm's Pomeranian Hunting again, in the New-year's time of 1729; and must look again into the magnanimous sick-room which ensued thereon; where a small piece of business is going forward. What a magnanimous patient Friedrich Wilhelm was, in Fassmann's judgment, we know: but, it will be good to show both sides of the tapestry, and let Wilhelmina also speak. The small business is only, a Treaty of Marriage for one of our Princesses: not Wilhelmina, but Louisa the next younger, who has been asked, and will consent, as appears.

Fassmann makes a very touching scene of it. King is in bed, ill of his gout after that slaughter of the 3,602 wild swine: attendants are sitting round his Majesty, in the way we know; Queen Sophie at his head, "Seckendorf and several others" round the bed. Letters arrive; Princess Frederika Louisa, a very young Lady, has also had a Letter; which, she sees by the seal, will be interesting, but which she must not herself open. She steps in with it; "beautiful as an angel, but rather foolish, and a spoilt child of fifteen," says Wilhelmina: trips softly in with it; hands it to the King. "Give it to thy Mother, let her read it," says the King. Mother reads it, with audible soft voice: Formal demand in marriage from the Serenity of Anspach, as foreseen.

"Hearken, Louisa (HORE, LUISE), it is still time," said the King: "Tell us, wouldst thou rather go to Anspach, now, or stay with me? If thou choose to stay, thou shalt want, for nothing, either, to the end of thy life. Speak!"—"At such unexpected question," says Fassmann, "there rose a fine blush over the Princess's face, who seemed to be at a loss for her answer. However, she soon collected herself; kissed his Majesty's hand, and said: 'Most gracious Papa, I will to Anspach!' To which the King: 'Very well, then; God give thee all happiness and

thousand blessings!—But, hearken, Louisa,' the King's Majesty was pleased at the same time to add, 'We will make a bargain, thou and I. You have excellent, Flour at Anspach (SCHONES MEHL); but in Hams and Smoked Sausages you don't, come up, either in quality or quantity, to us in this Country. Now I, for my part, like good pastries. So, from time to time, thou shalt send me a box of nice flour, and I will keep thee in hams and sausages. Wilt thou, Louisa?' That the Princess answered Yea," says poor Fassmann with the tear in his eye, "may readily be supposed!" Nay all that heard the thing round the royal bed there —simple humanities of that kind from so great, a King—had almost or altogether tears in their eyes. [Fassmann, pp. 393, 394.]

This surely is a very touching scene. But now listen to Wilhelmina's account of another on the same subject, between the same parties. "At table;" no date indicated, or a wrong one, but evidently after this: in fact, we find it was about the beginning of March, 1729; and had sad consequences for Wilhelmina.

"At table his Majesty told the Queen that he had Letters from Anspach; the young Margraf to be at Berlin in May for his wedding; that M. Bremer his Tutor was just coming with the ring of betrothal for Louisa. He asked my Sister, If that gave her pleasure? and How she would regulate her housekeeping when married? My Sister had got into the way of telling him whatever she thought, and home-truths sometimes, without his taking it ill. She answered with her customary frankness, That she would have a good table, which should be delicately served; and, added she, 'which shall be better than yours. And if I have children, I will not maltreat them like you, nor force them to eat what they have an aversion to.'—'What do you mean by that?' replied the King: 'what is there wanting at my table?'—'There is this wanting,' she said, 'that one cannot have enough; and the little there is consists of coarse potherbs that nobody can eat.' The King," as was not unnatural, "had begun to get angry at her first answer: this last put him quite in a fury; but all his anger fell on my Brother and me. He first threw a plate at my Brother's head, who ducked out of the way; he then let fly another at me, which I avoided in like manner. A hail-storm of abuse followed these first hostilities. He rose into a passion against the Queen; reproaching her with the bad training she gave her children; and, addressing my Brother: 'You have reason to curse your Mother,' said he, 'for it is she that causes your being an ill-governed fellow (UN MAL GOUVERNE). I had a Preceptor,' continued he, 'who was an honest man. I remember always a story he told me in my youth. There was a man, at Carthage, who had been condemned to die for many crimes he had committed. While they were leading him to execution, he desired he might speak to his Mother. They brought his Mother: he came near, as if to whisper something to her;—and bit away a piece of her ear. I treat you thus, said he, to make you an example to all parents who take no heed to bring up their children in the practice of virtue!—Make the application,' continued he, always addressing my Brother: and getting no answer from him, he again set to abusing us till he could speak no longer. We rose from table. As we had to pass near him in going out, he aimed a great blow at me with his crutch; which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me. He chased me for a while in his wheel-chair, but the people drawing it gave me time to escape into the Queen's chamber." [Wilhelmina, i. 159.]

Poor Wilhelmina, beaten upon by Papa in this manner, takes to bed in miserable feverish pain, is ordered out by Mamma to evening party, all the same; is evidently falling very ill. "Ill? I will cure you!" says Papa next day, and makes her swallow a great draught of wine. Which completes the thing: "declared small-pox," say all the Doctors now. So that Wilhelmina is absent thenceforth, as Fassmann already told us, from the magnanimous paternal sick-room; and lies balefully eclipsed, till the paternal gout and some other things have run their course. "Small-pox; what will Prince Fred think? A perfect fright, if she do live!" say the English Court-gossips in the interim. But we are now arrived at a very singular Prussian-English phenomenon; and ought to take a new Chapter.

Chapter VI. IMMINENCY OF WAR OR DUEL BETWEEN THE BRITANNIC AND PRUSSIAN MAJESTIES.

The Double–Marriage negotiation hung fire, in the end of 1728; but everybody thought, especially Queen Sophie thought, it would come to perfection; old Ilgen, almost the last thing he did, shed tears of joy about it. These fine outlooks received a sad shock in the Year now come; when secret grudges burst out into open flame; and Berlin, instead of scenic splendors for a Polish Majesty, was clangorous with note of preparation for imminent War. Probably Queen Sophie never had a more agitated Summer than this of 1729. We are now arrived at that thrice–famous Quarrel, or almost Duel, of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Britannic Brother–in–law little George II.; and must try to riddle from those distracted Paper–masses some notice of it, not wholly unintelligible to the reader. It is loudly talked of, loudly, but alas also loosely to a degree, in all manner of dull Books; and is at once thrice–famous and extremely obscure. The fact is, Nature intended it for eternal oblivion;—and that, sure enough, would have been its fate long since, had not persons who were then thought to be of no importance, but are now seen to be of some, stood connected with it more or less.

Friedrich Wilhelm, for his own part, had seen in the death of George I. an evil omen from the English quarter; and all along, in spite of transient appearances to the contrary, had said to himself, "If the First George, with his solemnities and tacit sublimities, was offensive now and then, what will the Second George be? The Second George has been an offence from the beginning!" In which notions the Smoking Parliament, vitally interested to do it, in these perilous Soissons times, big with the fate of the Empire and Universe, is assiduous to confirm his Majesty. The Smoking Parliament, at Potsdam, at Berlin, in the solitudes of Wusterhausen, has been busy; and much tobacco, much meditation and insinuation have gone up, in clouds more abstruse than ever, since the death of George I.

It is certain, George II. was a proud little fellow; very high and airy in his ways; not at all the man to Friedrich Wilhelm's heart, nor reciprocally. A man of some worth, too; "scrupulously kept his word," say the witnesses: a man always conscious to himself, "Am not I a man of honor, then?" to a punctilious degree. For the rest, courageous as a Welf; and had some sense withal,—though truly not much, and indeed, as it were, none at all in comparison to what he supposed he had!—One can fancy the aversion of the little dapper Royalty to this heavy–footed Prussian Barbarian, and the Prussian Barbarian's to him. The bloody nose in childhood was but a symbol of what passed through life. In return for his bloody nose, little George, five years the elder, had carried off Caroline of Anspach; and left Friedrich Wilhelm sorrowing, a neglected cub,—poor honest Beast tragically shorn of his Beauty. Offences could not fail; these two Cousins went on offending one another by the mere act of living simultaneously. A natural hostility, that between George II. and Friedrich Wilhelm; anterior to Caroline of Anspach, and independent of the collisions of interest that might fall out between them. Enmity as between a glancing self–satisfied fop, and a loutish thick–soled man of parts, who feels himself the better though the less successful. House–Mastiff seeing itself neglected, driven to its hutch, for a tricky Ape dressed out in ribbons, who gets favor in the drawing–room.

George, I perceive by the very State–Papers, George and his English Lords have a provoking slighting tone towards Friedrich Wilhelm; they answer his violent convictions, and thoroughgoing rapid proposals, by brief official negation, with an air of superiority,—traces of, a polite sneer perceptible, occasionally. A mere Clown of a King, thinks George; a mere gesticulating Coxcomb, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. "MEIN BRUDER DER COMODIANT, My Brother the Play–actor" (parti–colored Merry–Andrew, of a high–flying turn)! was Friedrich Wilhelm's private name for him, in after days. Which George repaid by one equal to it, "My Brother the Head–Beadle of the Holy Roman Empire,"—"ERZ–SANDSTREUER," who solemnly brings up the SANDBOX (no blotting–paper yet in use) when the Holy Roman Empire is pleased to write. "ERZ–SANDSTREUER, Arch–Sandbox–Beadle of the HEILIGE ROMISCHE REICH;" it is a lumbering nickname, but intrinsically not without felicity, and the wittiest thing I know of little George.

Special cause of quarrel they had none that was of the least significance; and, at this time, prudent friends were striving to unite them closer and closer, as the true policy for both; English Townshend himself rather wishing it, as the best Prussian Officials eagerly did; Queen Sophie passionate for it; and only a purchased

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Grumkow, a Seckendorf and the Tobacco-Parliament set against it. The Treaty of Wusterhausen was not known; but the fact of some Treaty made or making, some Imperial negotiation always going on, was too evident; and Friedrich Wilhelm's partialities to the Kaiser and his Seckendorf could be a secret nowhere.

Negotiation always going on, we say; for such indeed was the case,—the Kaiser striving always to be loose again (having excellent reasons, a secret bargain to the contrary, to wit!) in regard to that Julich—and-Berg Succession; proposing "substitutes for Julich and Berg;" and Friedrich Wilhelm refusing to accept any imaginable substitute, anything but the article itself. So that, I believe, the Treaty of Wusterhausen was never perfectly ratified, after all; but hung, for so many years, always on the point of being so. These are the uses of your purchased Grumkow, and of riding the length of a Terrestrial Equator keeping a Majesty in company. If, by a Double-Marriage with England, that intricate web of chicanery had been once fairly slit in two, and new combinations formed, on a basis not of fast—and-loose, could it have been of disadvantage to either of the Countries, or to either of their Kings?—Real and grave causes for agreement we find; real or grave causes for quarrel none anywhere. But light or imaginary causes, which became at last effectual, can be enumerated, to the length of three or four.

CAUSE FIRST: THE HANOVER JOINT-HERITAGES, WHICH ARE NOT IN A LIQUID STATE.

FIRST, the "Ahlden Heritage" was one cause of disagreement, which lasted long. The poor Mother of George II. and of Queen Sophie had left considerable properties; "three million THALERS," that is 900,000 pounds, say some; but all was rather in an unliquid state, not so much as her Will was to be had. The Will, with a 10,000 pounds or so, was in the hands of a certain Graf von Bar, one of her confidants in that sad imprisonment: "money lent him," Busching says, [*Beitrag zur Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen* (Halle, 1783-1789), i. 306, ? NUSSLER. Some distracted fractions of Business Correspondence with this Bar, in *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea*, —unintelligible as usual there.] "to set up a Wax-Bleachery at Cassel:"—and the said Count von Bar was off with it, Testamentary Paper and all; gone to the REICHSHOFRATH at Vienna, supreme Judges, in the Empire, of such matters. Who accordingly issued him a "Protection," to start with: so that when the Hanover people attempted to lay hold of the questionable wax-bleaching Count, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn,—secretly sending "a lieutenant and twelve men" for that object,—he producec his Protection Paper, and the lieutenant and twelve men had to hasten home again. [Ibid.] Count von Bar had to be tried at law,—never ask with what results;—and this itself was a long story. Then as to the other properties of the poor Duchess, question arises, Are they ALLODIA, or are they FEUDA,—that is to say, shall the Son have them, or the Daughter? In short, there was no end to questions. Friedrich Wilhelm has an Envoy at Hanover, one Kannegiesser, laboring at Hauover, the second of such he has been obliged to send; who finds plenty of employment in that matter. "My Brother the COMODIANT quietly put his Father's Will in his pocket, I have heard; and paid no regard to it (except what he was compelled to pay, by Chesterfield and others): will he do the like with his poor Mother's Will?" Patience, your Majesty: he is not a covetous man, but a self-willed and a proud,—always conscious to himself that he is the soul of honor, this poor Brother King!

Nay withal, before these testamentary bickerings are settled, here has a new Joint-Heritage fallen: on which may rise discussions. Poor Uncle Ernst of Osnabruck—to whom George I., chased by Death, went galloping for shelter that night, and who could only weep over his poor Brother dead —has not survived him many months. The youngest Brother of the lot is now gone too. Electress Sophie's Seven are now all gone. She had six sons: four became Austrian soldiers, three of whom perished in war long since; the other three, the Bishop, the King, the eldest of the Soldiers, have all died within two years (1726-1728): [Michaelis, i. 153. See Feder, *Kurfurstinn Sophie*; Hoppe, *Geschichte der Stadt Hannover*; Sophie Charlotte, "Republican Queen" of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm's Mother, whom we knew long since, was the one Daughter. Her also Uncle Ernst saw die, in his youth, as we may remember. They are all dead. And now the Heritages are to settle, at least the recent part of them. Let Kannegiesser keep his eyes open. Kannegiesser is an expert high-mannered man; but said to be subject to sharpness of temper; and not in the best favor with the Hanover people. That is Cause FIRST.

CAUSE SECOND: THE TROUBLES OF MECKLENBURG.

Then, secondly, there is the business of Mecklenburg; deplorable Business for Mecklenburg, and for everybody within wind of it,— my poor readers included. Readers remember—what reader can ever forget?—that extraordinary Duke of Mecklenburg, the "Unique of Husbands," as we had to call him, who came with his extraordinary Duchess, to wait on her Uncle Peter, the Russian (say rather SAMOEIDIC) Czar, at

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Magdeburg, a dozen years ago? We feared it was in the fates we might meet that man again; and so it turns out! The Unique of Husbands has proved also to be the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes in his Epoch; and spreads mere trouble all round him. Mecklenburg is in a bad way, this long while, especially these ten years past. "Owing to the Charles-Twelfth Wars," or whatever it was owing to, this unlucky Duke had fallen into want of more money; and impoverished Mecklenburg alleged that it was in no condition to pay more. Almost on his accession, while the tar-barrels were still blazing, years before we ever saw him, he demanded new subvention from his RITTERS (the "Squires" of the Country); subvention new in Mecklenburg, though common in other sovereign German States, and at one time in Mecklenburg too. The Ritters would not pay; the Duke would compel them: Ritters appeal to Kaiser in Reichshofrath, who proves favorable to the Ritters. Duke still declines obeying Kaiser; asserts that "he is himself in such matter the sovereign:" Kaiser fulminates what of rusty thunder he has about him; to which the Duke, flung on his back by it, still continues contumacious in mind and tongue: and so between thunder and contumacy, as between hammer and stithy, the poor Country writhes painfully ever since, and is an affliction to everybody near it.

For ten years past, the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes has been in utter controversy with his Ritters;—at law with them before the Courts of the Empire, nay occasionally trying certain of them himself, and cutting off their heads; getting Russian regiments, and then obliged to renounce Russian regiments;—in short, a very great trouble to mankind thereabouts. [Michaelis, ii. 416–435.] So that the Kaiser in Reichshofrath, about the date indicated (Year 1719), found good to send military coercion on him; and intrusted that function to the Hanover-Brunswick people, to George I. more especially; to whom, as KREIS-HAUPTMANN ("Captain of the Circle," Circle of Lower-Saxony, where the contumacy had occurred), such function naturally fell. The Hanover Sovereignty, sending 13,000 men, horse, foot and artillery into Mecklenburg, soon did their function, with only some slight flourishes of fighting on the part of the contumacious Duke,—in which his chief Captain, one Schwerin, distinguishes himself: Kurt von Schwerin, whom we shall know better by and by, for he went into the Prussian service shortly after. Colonel von Schwerin did well what was in him; but could not save a refractory Duke, against such odds. The contumacious Duke was obliged to fly his country;—deposed, or, to begin with, suspended, a Brother of his being put in as interim Duke:—and the Unique of Husbands and paragon of Mismanaging Dukes lives about Dantzig ever since, on a Pension allowed him by his interim Brother; contumacious to the last; and still stirring up strife, though now with diminished means, Uncle Peter being now dead, and Russian help much cut off.

The Hanover Sovereignities did their function soon enough: but their "expenses for it," these they have in vain demanded ever since. No money to be got from Mecklenburg; and Mecklenburg owes us "ten tons of gold,"—that is to say, 1,000,000 thalers, "tou" being the tenth part of a million in that coin. Hanover, therefore, holds possession—and has held ever since, with competent small military force—of certain Districts in Mecklenburg: Taxes of these will subsist our soldiery in the interim, and yield interest; the principal once paid, we at once give them up; principal, by these schedules, if you care to count them, is one million thalers (ten TONNEN GOLDES, as above said), or about 150,000 pounds. And so it has stood for ten years past; Mecklenburg the most anarchic of countries, owing to the kind of Ritters and kind of Duke it has. Poor souls, it is evident they have all lost their beaten road, and got among the IGNES FATUI and peat-pools: none knows the necessities and sorrows of this poor idle Duke himself! In his young years, before accession, he once tried soldiering; served one campaign with Charles XII., but was glad to "return to Hamburg" again, to the peaceable scenes of fashionable life there. [See *German Spy* (London, 1725, by Lediard, Biographer of Marlborough) for a lively picture of the then Hamburg,—resort of Northern Moneyed Idleness, as well as of better things.] Then his Russian Unique of Wives:— his probable adventures, prior and subsequent, in Uncle Peter's sphere, can these have been pleasant to him? The angry Ritters, too, their country had got much trampled to pieces in the Charles-Twelfth Wars, Stralsund Sieges: money seemed necessary to the Duke, and the Ritters were very scarce of it. Add, on both sides, pride and want of sense, with mutual anger going on CRESCENDO; and we have the sad phenomenon now visible: A Duke fled to Dantzig, anarchic Ritters none the better for his going; Duke perhaps threatening to return, and much flurrying his poor interim Brother, and stirring up the Anarchies:—in brief, Mecklenburg become a house on fire, for behoof of neighbors and self.

In these miserable brabbles Friedrich Wilhelm did not hitherto officially interfere; though not uninterested in them; being a next neighbor, and even, by known treaties, "eventual heir," should the Mecklenburg Line die out.

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But we know he was not in favor with the Kaiser, in those old years; so the military coercion had been done by other hands, and he had not shared in the management at all. He merely watched the course of things; always advised the Duke to submit to Law, and be peaceable; was sometimes rather sorry for him, too, as would appear.

Last year, however (1728),--doubtless it was one of Seckendorf's minor measures, done in Tobacco-Parliament,--Friedrich Wilhelm, now a pet of the Kaiser's, is discovered to be fairly concerned in that matter; and is conjoined with the Hanover-Brunswick Commissioners for Mecklenburg; Kaiser specially requiring that his Prussian Majesty shall "help in executing Imperial Orders" in the neighboring Anarchic Country. Which rather huffed little George,-- hitherto, since, his Father's death, the principal, or as good as sole Commissioner,--if so big a Britannic Majesty COULD be huffed by paltry slights of that kind! Friedrich Wilhelm, who has much meditated Mecklenburg, strains his intellect, sometimes to an intense degree, to find out ways of settling it: George, who has never cared to meditate it, nor been able if he had, is capable of sniffing scornfully at Friedrich Wilhelm's projects on the matter, and dismissing them as moonshine. [Dubourgay Despatches and the Answers to them (more than once).] To a wise much-meditative House-Mastiff, can that be pleasant, from an unthinking dizened creature of the Ape species? The troubles of Mecklenburg, and discrepancies thereupon, are capable of becoming a SECOND source of quarrel.

CAUSES THIRD AND FOURTH:--AND CAUSE FIFTH, WORTH ALL THE OTHERS.

Cause THIRD is the old story of recruiting; a standing cause between Prussia and all its neighbors. And the FOURTH cause is the tiniest of all: the "Meadow of Clamei." Meadow of Clamei, some square yards of boggy ground; which, after long study, one does find to exist in the obscurest manner, discoverable in the best Maps of Germany,--some twenty miles south of the Elbe river, on the boundary between Hanover-Luneburg and Prussia-Magdeburg, dubious on which side of the boundary. Lonesome unknown Patch of Meadow, lying far amid peaty wildernesses in those Salzwedel regions: unknown to all writing mortals as yet; but which threatens, in this summer of 1729, to become famous as Runnymede among the Meadows of History! And the FIFTH cause--In short, there was no real "cause" of the least magnitude; the effect was produced by the combination of many small and imaginary ones. For if there is a will to quarrel, we know there is a way. And perhaps the FIFTH namable cause, in efficiency worth all the others together, might be found in the Debates of the Smoking Parliament that season, were the Journal of its Proceedings extant! We gather symptoms, indisputable enough, of very diligent elaborations and insinuations there; and conclude that to have been the really effective cause. Clouds had risen between the two Courts; but except for the Tobacco-Parliament, there never could have thunder come from them.

Very soon after George's accession there began clouds to rise; the perfectly accomplished little George assuming a severe and high air towards his rustic Brother-in-Law. "We cannot stand these Prussian enlistments and encroachments; rectify these, in a high and severe manner!" says George to his Hanover Officials. George is not warm on his throne till there comes in, accordingly, from the Hanover Officials a Complaint to that effect, and even a List of Hanoverian subjects who are, owing to various injustices, now serving in the Prussian ranks: "Your Prussian Majesty is requested to return us these men!"

This List is dated 22d January, 1728; George only a few months old in his new authority as yet. The Prussian Majesty grumbles painfully responsive: "Will, with eagerness, do whatever is just; most surely! But is his Britannic Majesty aware? Hanover Officials are quite misinformed as to the circumstances;"--and does not return any of the men. Merely a pacific grumble, and nothing done in regard to the complaints. Then there is the Meadow of Clamei which we spoke of: "That belongs to Brandenburg, you say? Nevertheless the contiguous parts of Hanover have rights upon it. Some 'eight cart-loads of hay,' worth say almost 5 pounds or 10 pounds sterling: who is to mow that grass, I wonder?"--

Friedrich Wilhelm feels that all this is a pettifogging vexatious course of procedure; and that his little Cousin the COMODIANT is not treating him very like a gentleman. "Is he, your Majesty!" suggests the Smoking Parliament.--About the middle of March, Dubourgay hears Borck, an Official not of the Grumkow party, sulkily commenting on "the constant hostility of the Hanover Ministry to us" in all manner of points;---inquires withal, Could not Mecklenburg be somehow settled, his Prussian Majesty being somewhat anxious upon it? [Despatch, 17th March, 1729.] Anxious, yes: his poor Majesty, intensely meditative of such a matter in the night-watches, is capable of springing out of bed, with an "Eureka! I have found what will do!" and demanding writing materials. He writes or dictates in his shirt, the good anxious Majesty; despatches his Eureka by estafette on the wings of the

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wind: and your Townshend, your UNmeditative George, receives it with curt official negative, and a polite sneer. [Dubourgay, 12th–14th April, 1729; and the Answer from St. James's.]

A few weeks farther on, this is what the Newspapers report of Mecklenburg, in spite of his Prussian Majesty's desire to have some mercy shown the poor infatuated Duke: "The Elector of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick–Wolfenbützel," his Britannic Majesty and Squire in that sad business, "REFUSE to withdraw their forces out of Mecklenburg, or part with the Chest of the Revenues thereof, until an entire satisfaction be given them for the arrears of the Charges they have been at in putting the Sentence of the Aulic Council [Kaiser's REICHSHOFRATH and rusty thunder] into execution against the said Duke." [Salmon's *Chronological Historian* (London, 1748,—a Book never to be quoted without caution), ii. 216;—date (translated into new style), 10th July, 1729.]

Matters grew greatly worse when George paid his first Visit to Hanover in character of King, early in the Summer of 1729. Part of his road lies through Prussian Territory: "Shall he have free post–horses, as his late Majesty was wont?" asks the Prussian Official person. "If he write to request them, yes," answers Friedrich Wilhelm; "if he don't write, no." George does not write; pays for his post–horses;—flourishes along to Hanover, in absolute silence towards his clownish Brother–in–Law. You would say he looks over the head of him, as if there were no such clown in existence;—he has never yet so much as notified his arrival. "What is this? There exists no Prussia, then, for little George?" Friedrich Wilhelm's inarticulate, interjectionary utterances, in clangorous metallic tone, we can fancy them, now and then; and the Tobacco–Parliament is busy! British Minister Dubourgay, steady old military gentleman, who spells imperfectly, but is intent to keep down mischief, writes at last to Hanover, submissively suggesting, "Could not, as was the old wont, some notification of the King's arrival be sent hither, which would console his Prussian Majesty?" To which my Lord Townshend answers, "Has not been the custom, I am informed [WRONG informed, your Lordship]; not necessary in the circumstances." Which is a high course between neighbors and royal gentlemen and kinsfolk. The Prussian Court hereupon likewise shuts its lips; no mention of the Hanoverian Court, not even by her Majesty and to Englishmen, for several weeks past. [Dubourgay.] Some inarticulate metallic growl, in private, at dinner or in the TABAKS–COLLEGIUM: the rest is truculent silence. Nor are our poor Hanover Recruits (according to our List of Pressed Hanoverians) in the least sent back; nor the Clamei Meadows settled; "Big Meadow" or "Little one," both of which the Brandenburgers have mown in the mean time.

Hanover Pressed men not coming home,—I think, not one of them,—the Hanover Officials decide to seize such Prussian Soldiers as happen to be seizable, in Hanover Territory. The highway in that border–country runs now on this side of the march, now on that;— watch well, and you will get Prussian Soldiers from time to time! Which the Hanover people do; and seize several, common men and even officers. Here is once more a high course of proceeding. Here is coal to raise smoke enough, if well blown upon,—which, with Seckendorf and Grumkow working the bellows, we may well fancy it was! But listen to what follows, independently of bellows.

On the 28th June, 1729, hay lying now quite dry upon the Meadow of Clamei, lo, the Bailiff of Hanoverian Buhlitz, Unpicturesque Traveller will find the peat–smoky little Village of Buhlitz near by a dusty little Town called Luchow, midway from Hamburg to Magdeburg; altogether peaty, mossy country; in the Salzwedel district, where used to be Wendic populations, and a Marck or Border Fortress of Salzwedel set up against them:—Bailiff of Buhlitz, I say, sallies forth with several carts, with all the population of the Village, with a troop of horse to escort, and probably flags flying and some kind of drums beating;—publicly rakes together the hay, defiant of the Prussian Majesty and all men; loads it on his carts, and rolls home with it; leaving to the Brandenburgers nothing but stubble and the memory of having mown for Hanover to eat. This is the 28th June, 1729; King of Prussia is now at Magdeburg, reviewing his troops; within a hundred miles of these contested quag–countries: who can blame him that he flames up now into clear blaze of royal indignation? The correspondence henceforth becomes altogether lively: but in the Britannic Archives there is nothing of it,—Dubourgay having received warning from my Lord Townshend to be altogether ignorant of the matter henceforth, and let the Hanover Officials manage it. His Prussian Majesty returns home in the most tempestuous condition.

We may judge what a time Queen Sophie had of it; what scenes there were with Crown–Prince Friedrich and Wilhelmina, in her Majesty's Apartment and elsewhere! Friedrich Wilhelm is fast mounting to the red–hot pitch. The bullyings, the beatings even, of these poor Children, love–sick one of them, are lamentable to hear of, as all the world has heard:—"Disobedient unnatural whelps, biting the heels of your poor old parent mastiff in his

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extreme need, what is to be done with you?" Fritz he often enough beats, gives a slap to with his rattan; has hurled a plate at him, on occasion, when bad topics rose at table; nay at Wilhelmina too, she says: but the poor children always ducked, and nothing but a little noise and loss of crockery ensued. Fritz he deliberately detests, as a servant of the Devil, incorrigibly rebelling against the paternal will, and going on those dissolute courses: a silly French cockatoo, suspected of disbelief in Scripture; given to nothing but fiving and play-books; who will bring Prussia and himself to a bad end. "God grant he do not finish on the gallows!" sighed the sad Father once to Grumkow. The records of these things lie written far and wide, in the archives of many countries as well as in Wilhelmina's Book.

To me there was one undiplomatic reflection continually present: Heavens, could nobody have got a bit of rope, and hanged those two Diplomatic swindlers; clearly of the scoundrel genus, more than common pickpockets are? Thereby had certain young hearts, and honest old ones too, escaped being broken; and many a thing might have gone better than it did. JARNI-BLEU, Herr Feldzeugmeister, though you are an orthodox Protestant, this thousand-fold perpetual habit of distilled lying seems to me a bad one. I do not blame an old military gentleman, with a brow so puckered as yours, for having little of the milk of human kindness so called: but this of breaking, by force of lies merely, and for your own uses, the hearts of poor innocent creatures, nay of grinding them slowly in the mortar, and employing their Father's hand to do it withal; this—Herr General, forgive me, but there are moments when I feel as if the extinction of probably the intensest scoundrel of that epoch might have been a satisfactory event!—Alas, it could not be. Seckendorf is lying abroad for his Kaiser; "the only really able man we have," says Eugene sometimes. Snuffles and lisps; and travels in all, as they count, about 25,000 miles, keeping his Majesty in company. Here are some glimpses into the interior, dull but at first-hand, which are worth clipping and condensing from Dubourgay, with their dates:—

30th JULY, 1729. To the respectable old Brigadier, this day or yesterday, "her Majesty, all in tears, complained of her situation: King is nigh losing his senses on account of the differences with Hanover; goes from bed to bed in the night-time, and from chamber to chamber, 'like one whose brains are turned.' Took a fit, at two in the morning, lately, to be off to Wusterhausen:"—about a year ago Seckendorf and Grumkow had built a Lodge out there, where his Majesty, when he liked, could be snug and private with them: thither his Majesty now rushed, at two in the morning; but seemingly found little assuagement. "Since his return, he gives himself up entirely to drink:— Seckendorf," the snuffling Belial, "is busy, above ground and below; has been heard saying He alone could settle these businesses, Double-Marriage and all, would her Majesty but trust him!"—

"The King will not suffer the Prince-Royal to sit next his Majesty at table, but obliges him to go to the lower end; where things are so ordered," says the sympathetic Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince often rises without getting one bit,"—woe's me! "Insomuch that the Queen was obliged two days ago [28th July, 1729, let us date such an occurrence] to send, by one of the servants who could be trusted, a Box of cold fowls and other eatables for his Royal Highness's subsistence!" [Dubourgay, 30th July, 1729.]

In the first blaze of the outrage at Clamei, Friedrich Wilhelm's ardent mind suggested to him the method of single combat: defiance of George, by cartel, To give the satisfaction of a gentleman. There have been such instances on the part of Sovereigns; though they are rare: Karl Ludwig of the Pfalz, Winter-king's Son, for example, did, as is understood, challenge Turenne for burning the Pfalz (FIRST burning that poor country got); but nothing came of it, owing to Turenne's prudence. Friedrich Wilhelm sees well that it all comes from George's private humor: Why should human blood be shed except George's and mine? Friedrich Wilhelm is decisive for sending off the cartel; he has even settled the particulars, and sees in his glowing poetic mind how the transaction may be: say, at Hildesheim for place; Derschau shall be my second; Brigadier Sutton (if anybody now know such a man) may be his. Seconds, place and general outline he has schemed out, and fixed, so far as depends on one party; will fairly fence and fight this insolent little Royal Gentleman; give the world a spectacle (which might have been very wholesome to the world) of two Kings voiding their quarrel by duel and fair personal fence.

In England the report goes, "not without foundation," think Lord Hervey and men of sarcastic insight in the higher circles, That it was his Britannic Majesty who "sent or would have sent a challenge of single combat to his Prussian Majesty," the latter being the passive party! Report flung into an INVERSE posture, as is liable to happen; "going" now with its feet uppermost; "not without foundation," thinks Lord Hervey. "But whether it [the cartel] was carried and rejected, or whether the prayers and remonstrances of Lord Townshend prevented the gauntlet being actually thrown down, is a point which, to me [Lord Hervey] at least, has never been cleared."

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[Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of George II.* (London, 1848), i. 127.]

The Prussian Ministers, no less than Townshend would, feel well that this of Duel will never do. Astonishment, FLEBILE LULIBRIUM, tragical tehee from gods and men, will come of the Duel! But how to turn it aside? For the King is determined. His truculent veracity of mind points out this as the real way for him; reasoning, entreating are to no purpose. "The true method, I tell you! As to the world and its cackling,—let the world cackle!" At length Borck hits on a consideration: "Your Majesty has been ill lately; hand perhaps not so steady as usual? Now if it should turn out that your Majesty proved so inferior to yourself as to— Good Heavens!" This, it is said, was the point that staggered his Majesty. Tobacco—Parliament, and Borck there, pushed its advantage: the method of duel (prevalent through the early part of July, I should guess) was given up. [Bielfeld, *Lettres familiares et autres* (Second edition, 2 vols. Leide, 1767), i. 117, 118.] Why was there no Hansard in that Institution of the Country? Patience, idle reader! We shall get some scraps of the Debates on other subjects, by and by.—But hear Dubourgay again, in the absence of Morning Newspapers:—

AUGUST 9th, 1729. "Berlin looks altogether warlike. At Magdeburg they are busy making ovens to bake Ammunition—bread; Artillery is getting hauled out of the Arsenal here;" all is clangor, din of preparation. "It is said the King will fall on Mecklenburg;" can at once, if he like. "These intolerable usages from England [Seckendorf is rumored to have said], can your Majesty endure them forever? Why not marry the Prince—Royal, at once, to another Princess, and have done with them!"—or words to that effect, as reported by Court—rumor to her Majesty and Dubourgay. And there is a Princess talked of for this Match, Russian Princess, little Czar's Sister (little Czar to have Wilhelmina, Double—Marriage to be with Russia, not with England); but the little Czar soon died, little Czar's Sister went out of sight, or I know not what happened, and only brief rumor came of that.

As for the Crown—Prince, he has not fallen desperate; no; but appears to have strange schemes in him, deep under cover. "He has said to a confidant [Wilhelmina, it is probable], 'As to his ill—treatment, he well knew how to free himself of that [will fly to foreign parts, your Highness?], and would have done so long since, were it not for his Sister, upon whom the whole weight of his Father's resentment would then fall. Happen what will, therefore, he is resolved to share with her all the hardships which the King his Father may be pleased to put upon her.'" [Dubourgay, 11th August, 1729.] Means privately a flight to England, Dubourgay sees, and in a reticent diplomatic way is glad to see.

I possess near a dozen Hanoverian and Prussian Despatches upon this strange Business; but should shudder to inflict them on any innocent reader. Clear, grave Despatches, very brief and just, especially on the Prussian side: and on a matter too, which truly is not lighter than any other Despatch matter of that intrinsically vacant Epoch:—O reader, would I could bury all vacant talk and writing whatsoever, as I do these poor Despatches about the "eight cart—loads of hay"! Friedrich Wilhelm is fair—play itself; will do all thinge, that Earth or Heaven can require of him. Only, he is much in a hurry withal; and of this the Hanover Officials take advantage, perhaps unconsciously, to keep him in provocation. He lies awake at night, his heart is sore, and he has fled to drink. Towards the middle of August,— here again is a phenomenon,——"he springs out of bed in the middle of night," has again an EUREKA as to this of Clamei: "Eureka, I see now what will bring a settlement!" and sends off post—haste to Kannegiesser at Hanover. To Kannegiesser,—Herr Reichenbach, the special Envoy in this matter, being absent at the moment, gone to the Gohrde, I believe, where Britannic Majesty itself is: but Kannegiesser is there, upon the Ahlden Heritages; acquainted with the ground, a rather precise official man, who will serve for the hurry we are in. Post—haste; dove with olive—branch cannot go too quick;—Kannegiesser applying for an interview, not with the Britannic Majesty, who is at Gohrde, hunting, but with the Hanover Council, is—refused admittance. Here are Herr Kannegiesser's official Reports; which will themselves tell the rest of the story, thank Heaven:—

TO HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY (From Herr Kannegiesser).

No. 1. "DONE AT HANOVER, 15th AUGUST, 1729.

"On the 15th day of August, at ten o'clock in the morning, I received Two Orders of Council [these are THE EUREKA, never ask farther what they are]; despatched on the 13th instant at seven in the evening; whereupon I immediately went to the Council—chamber here; and informed the Herr von Hartoff, Private Secretary, who met me in a room adjoining, 'That, having something to propose to his Ministry [now sitting deliberative in the interior here; something to propose to his Ministry] on the part of the Prussian Ministers, it was necessary I should speak to them.' Herr von Hartoff, after having reported my demand, let me know, 'He had received orders from the

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Ministry to defer what I had to say to another time.'

"I replied, 'That, since I could not be allowed the honor of an audience at that time, I thought myself obliged to acquaint him I had received an Order from Berlin to apply to the Ministry of this place, in the name of the Ministers of Prussia, and make the most pressing instances for a speedy Answer to a Letter lately delivered to them by Herr Hofrath Reichenbath [my worthy Assistant here; Answer to his Letter in the first place]; and to desire that the Answer might be lodged in my hands, in order to remit it with safety.'

"Herr von Hartoff returned immediately to the Council-chamber; and after having told the Ministers what I had said, brought me the following answer, in about half-a-quarter of an hour [seven minutes by the watch]: 'That the Ministers of this Court would not fail answering the said Letter as soon as possible; and would take care to give me notice of it, and send the Answer to me.'"

That was all that the punctual Kannegiesser could get out of them. "But," continues he, "not thinking this reply sufficient, I added, 'That delays being dangerous, I would come again the next day for a more precise answer.'"

Rather a high-mannered positive man, this Kannegiesser, of the Ahlden Heritages; not without sharpness of temper, if the Hanover Officials drive it too far.

No. 2.—"AT HANOVER, 16th AUGUST, 1729.

"According to the orders received from the King my Master, and pursuant of my promise of yesterday, I went at noon this day to the Castle (SCHLOSS), for the purpose, of making appearance in the Council-chamber, where the Ministers were assembled.

"I let them know I was there, by Van Hartoff, Privy Secretary; and, in the mildest terms, desired to be admitted to speak with them. Which was refused me a second time; and the following answer delivered me by Van Hartoff: 'That since the Prussian Ministers had intrusted me with this Commission, the Ministers of this Court had directed him to draw up my yesterday's Proposals in writing, and report them to the Council.'

"Whereupon I said, 'I could not conceive any reason why I was the only person who could not be admitted to audience. That, however, as the Ministers of this Court were pleased to authorize him, Herr von Hartoff, to receive my Proposals, I was obliged to tell him,' as the first or preliminary point of my Commission, 'I had received orders to be very pressing with the said Ministers of this Court, for an Answer to a Letter from the Prussian Ministry, lately delivered by Herr Legationsrath von Reichenbach; and finding that the said Answer was not yet finished, I would stay two days for it, that I might be more secure of getting it. But that then I should come to put them in mind of it, and desire audience in order to acquit myself of the REST of my Commission.'

"The Privy Secretary drew up what I said in writing. Immediately afterwards he reported it to the Ministry, and brought me this answer: 'That the Ministers of this Court would be as good as their word of yesterday, and answer the above-mentioned Letter with all possible expedition.' After which we parted."

No. 3.—"AT HANOVER, 17th AUGUST, 1729

"At two in the afternoon, this day, Herr von Hartoff came to my house; and let me know 'He had business of consequence from the Ministry, and that he would return at five.' By my direction he was told, 'I should expect him.'

"At the time appointed he came; and told me, 'That the Ministers of the Court, understanding from him that I designed to ask audience to-morrow, did not doubt but my business would be to remind them of the Answer which I had demanded yesterday and the day before. That such applications were not customary among sovereign Princes; that they, the Ministers; 'dared not treat farther in that affair with me; that they desired me not to mention it to them again till they had received directions from his Britannic Majesty, to whom they had made their report; and that as soon as they received their instructions, the result of these should be communicated to me.'

"To this I replied, 'That I did not expect the Ministers of this Court would refuse me the audience which I designed to ask to-morrow; and that therefore I would not fail of being at the Council-chamber at eleven, next day,' according to bargain, 'to know their answer to the rest of my Proposals.'—Secretary Von Hartoff would not hear of this resolution; and assured me positively he had orders to listen to nothing more on the subject from me. After which he left me?"

No. 4.—"AT HANOVER, 18th AUGUST, 1729.

"At eleven, this day, I went to the Council-chamber, for the third time; and desired Secretary Hartoff 'To prevail with the Ministry to allow me to speak with them, and communicate what the King of Prussia had ordered me to propose.'

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"Herr von Hartoff gave them an account of my request; and brought me for answer, 'That I must wait a little, because the Ministers were not yet all assembled.'" Which I did. "But after having made me stay almost an hour, and after the President of the Council was come, Herr von Hartoff came out to me; and repeated what he had said yesterday, in very positive and absolute terms, 'That the Ministers were resolved not to see me, and had expressly forbid him taking any Paper at my hands.'

"To which I replied, 'That this was very hard usage; and the world would see how the King of Prussia would relish it. But having strict orders from his Majesty, my most gracious Master, to make a Declaration to the Ministers of Hanover in his name; and finding Herr von Hartoff would neither receive it, nor take a copy of it, I had only to tell him that I was under the necessity of leaving it in writing,—and had brought the Paper with me,'" let Herr von Hartoff observe!—"And that now, as the Council were pleased to refuse to take it, I was obliged to leave the said Declaration on a table in an adjoining room, in the presence of Herr von Hartoff and other Secretaries of the Council, whom I desired to lay it before the Ministry.'

"After this I went home; but had scarcely entered my apartment, when a messenger returned me the Declaration, still sealed as I left it, by order of the Ministers: and perceiving I was not inclined to receive it, he laid it on my table, and immediately left the house." [A Letter from an English Traveller to his Friend at London, relating to the Differences betwixt the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, with Copies of, Translated from the French (London, A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head, 1730), pp. 29–34. An excellent distinct little Pamphlet; very explanatory in this matter,—like the smallest rushlight in a dark cellar of shot-lumber.]

Whereupon Kannegiesser, without loss of a moment, returns to Berlin, 19th August; and reports progress.

Simple honest Orson of a Prussian Majesty, what a bepainted, beribboned insulting Play-actor Majesty has he fallen in with!—"Hm, so? Hm, na!" and I see the face of him, all colors of the prism, and eyes in a fine frenzy; betokening thundery weather to some people! Instantly he orders 44,000 men to get on march; [Friedrich Wilhelm's "Manifesto" is in *Mauvillon*, ii. 210–215, dated "20th August, 1729" (the day after Kannegieseer's return).] and these instantly begin to stir; small preparation needed, ever-ready being the word with them. From heavy guns, ammunition-wagons and draught-horses, down to the last buckle of a spatterdash, things are all ticketed and ready in his Majesty's country; things, and still more evidently men. Within a week, the amazed Gazetteers {Newspaper Editors we now call them} can behold the actual advent of horse, foot and artillery regiments at Magdeburg; actual rendezvous begun, and with a frightful equable velocity going on day after day. On the 15th day of September, if Fate's almanac hold steady, there will be 44,000 of them ready there. Such a mass of potential-battle as George or the Hanover Officiality are—ready to fight?

Alas, far enough from that. Forces of their own they have, after a sort; subsidized Hessians, Danes, these they can begin to stir up; but they have not a regiment ready for fighting; and have NOTHING, if all were ready, which this 44,000 cannot too probably sweep out of the world. I suppose little George must have exhibited some prismatic colors of countenance, too. This insulted Orson is swinging a tremendous club upon the little peruked ribboned high gentleman, promenading loftily in his preserves yonder! The Prussian forces march, steady, continual; Crown-Prince Friedrich's regiment of Giants is on march, expressly under charge of Friedrich himself:—the young man's thoughts are not recorded for us; only that he gets praise from his Father, so dexterous and perfect is he with the Giants and their getting into gear. Nor is there, says our Foreign Correspondent, the least truth, in your rumor that the Prussian forces, officers or men, marched with bad will; "conspicuously the reverse is the truth, as I myself can testify." [Pamphlet cited above.] And his Britannic Majesty, now making a dreadful flutter to assemble as fast as possible, is like to get quite flung into the bogs by this terrible Orson!—

What an amazement, among the Gazetteers: thunder-clouds of war mounting up over the zenith in this manner, and blotting out the sun; may produce an effect on the Congress of Soissons? Presumably: and his Imperial Majesty, left sitting desolate on his Pragmatic Sanction, gloomily watching events, may find something turn up to his advantage? Prussia and England are sufficiently in quarrel, at any rate; perhaps almost too much.—The Pope, in these circumstances, did a curious thing. The Pope, having prayed lately for rain and got it, proceeds now, in the end of September, while such war-rumors are still at their height in Rome, to pray, or even do a Public Mass, or some other so-called Pontificality, "in the Chapel of Philip Neri in the New Church," by way of still more effectual miracle. Prays, namely, That Heaven would be graciously pleased to foment, and blow up to the proper degree, this quarrel between the two chief Heretic Powers, Heaven's chief enemies, whereby Holy Religion might reap a good benefit, if it pleased Heaven. But, this time, the miracle did not go off according to

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program. ["Extract of a Letter from Rome, 24th September, 1729," in Townshend's Despatch, Whitehall, 10th October, 1729.]

For at this point, before the Pope had prayed, but while the troops and artillery were evidently all on march ("Such an artillery as I," who am Kaiser's Artillery-Master, "for my poor part, never had the happiness to see before in any country," snuffles Seckendorf in the Smoking Parliament), and now swords are, as it were, drawn, and in the air make horrid circles,—the neighbors interfere: "Heavens I put up your swords!"—and the huge world-wide tumult suddenly (I think, in the very first days of this month September) collapses, sinks into something you can put into a snuff-box.

Of course it could never come to actual battle, after all. Too high a pickle-herring tragedy that. Here is a COMODIANT not wanting to be smitten into the bogs; an honest Orson who wants nothing, nor has ever wanted, but fair-play. Fair-play; and not to be insulted on the streets, or have one's poor Hobby quite knocked from under one!—Neighbors, as we say, struck in; France, Holland, all the neighbors, at this point: "Do it by arbitration; Wolfenbittel for the one, Sachsen-Gotha for the other; Commissioners to meet at Brunswick!" And that, accordingly, was the course fixed upon; and settlement, by that method, was accomplished, without difficulty, in some six months hence. [16th April, 1730 (Forster, ii. 105).] Whether Clamei was awarded to Hanover or to Brandenburg, I never knew, or how the hay of it is cut at this moment. I only know there was no battle on the subject; though at one time there was like to be such a clash of battle as the old Markgraves never had with their old Wends; not if we put all their battlings into one.

Seckendorf's radiant brow has to pucker itself again: this fine project, of boiling the Kaiser's eggs by setting the world on fire, has not prospered after all. The gloomy old villain came to her Majesty one day, [Dubourgay, 30th July, 1729.] while things were near the hottest; and said or insinuated, He was the man that could do these businesses, and bring about the Double-Marriage itself, if her Majesty were not so harsh upon him. Whereupon her Majesty, reporting to Dubourgay, threw out the hint, "What if we (that is, you) did give him a forty or fifty thousand thalers verily, for he will do anything for money?" To which Townshend answers from the Gohrde, to the effect: "Pooh, he is a mere bag of noxious futilities; consists of gall mainly, and rusty old lies and crotchets; breathing very copperas through those old choppy lips of his: let him go to the—!" Next Spring, at the happy end of the Arbitration, which he had striven all he could to mar and to retard, he fell quite ill; took to his bed for two days,—colics, or one knows not what;—"and I can't say I am very sorry for him," writes the respectable Dubourgay. [25th April, 1730.] On the 8th day of September, 1729, Friedrich Crown-Prince re-enters Potsdam [Ib. 11th Sept. 1729.] with his two battalions of Giants; he has done so well, the King goes out from Berlin to see him march in with them; rejoicing to find something of a soldier in the young graceless, after all. "The King distributed 100,000 thalers (15,000 pounds) among his Army;" being well pleased with their behavior, and doubtless right glad to be out of such a Business. The Ahlden Heritages will now get liquidated; Mecklenburg,—our Knyphausen, with the Hanover Consorts, will settle Mecklenburg; and all shall be well again, we hope!—

The fact, on some of these points, turned out different; but it was now of less importance. As to Knyphausen's proceedings at Mecklenburg, after the happy Peace, they were not so successful as had been hoped. Need of quarrel, however, between the Majesties, there henceforth was not in Mecklenburg; and if slight rufflings and collisions did arise, it was not till after our poor Double-Marriage was at any rate quite out of the game, and they are without significance to us. But the truth is, though Knyphausen did his best, no settlement came; nor indeed could ever come. Shall we sum up that sorry matter here, and wash our hands of it?

TROUBLES OF MECKLENBURG, FOR THE LAST TIME.

Knyphausen, we say, proved futile; nor could human wit have succeeded. The exasperated Duke was contumacious, irrational; the two Majesties kept pulling different ways upon him. Matters grew from very bad to worse; and Mecklenburg continued long a running sore. Not many months after this (I think, still in 1729), the irrational Duke, having got money out of Russia, came home again from Dantzic; to notable increase of the Anarchies in Mecklenburg, though without other result for himself. The irrational Duke proved more contumacious than ever, fell into deeper trouble than ever;—at length (1733) he made Proclamation to the Peasantry to rise and fight for him; who did turn out, with their bill-hooks and bludgeons, under Captains named by him, "to the amount of 18,000 Peasants,"—with such riot as may be fancied, but without other result. So that the Hanover Commissioners decided to seize the very RESIDENZ Cities (Schwerin and Domitz) from this mad

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Duke, and make the country clear of him,—his Brother being Interim Manager always, under countenance of the Commissioners. Which transactions, especially which contemplated seizure of the Residence Cities, Friedrich Wilhelm, eventual heir, could not see with equanimity at all. But having no forces in the country, what could he do? Being "Joint-Commissioner" this long while past, though without armed interference hitherto, he privately resolves that he will have forces there; the rather as the poor Duke professes penitence, and flies to him for help. Poor soul, his Russian Unique of Wives has just died, far enough away from him this long while past: what a life they have had, these two Uniques!—

Enough, "on the 19th of October, 1733, Lieutenant-General Schwerin,"—the same who was Colonel Schwerin, the Duke's chief Captain here, at the beginning of these troubles, now Lieutenant-General and a distinguished PRUSSIAN officer,— "marches into Mecklenburg with three regiments, one of foot, two of horse:" [Buchholz, i. 122, 142; Michaelis, ii. 433, 437.] he, doubtless, will help in quelling those Peasant and other Anarchies? Privately his mission is most delicate. He is not to fight with the Hanoverians; is delicately but effectually to shove them well away from the Residence Cities, and fasten himself down in those parts. Which the Lieutenant-General dexterously does. "A night's quarter here in Parchim,"—such is the Lieutenant-General's request, polite but impressive, from the outskirts of that little Town, a Town essential to certain objects, and in fact the point he is aiming at: "night's quarter; you cannot refuse it to this Prussian Company marching under the Kaiser's Commission?" No, the Hanoverian Lieutenant of Foot dare not take upon him to refuse:—but next morning, he is himself invited to withdraw, the Prussians having orders to continue here in Parchim! And so with the other points and towns, that are essential in the enterprise on hand. A dexterous Lieutenant-General this Schwerin:—his two Horse-Colonels are likewise men to be noted; Colonel Wreech, with a charming young Wife, perhaps a too charming; Colonel Truchsess von Waldburg, known afterwards, with distinction, in London Society and widely otherwise. And thus, in the end of 1733, the Mecklenburg Residence Cities, happen what may, are secured for their poor irrational Duke. These things may slightly ruffle some tempers at Hanover; but it is now 1733, and our poor Double-Marriage is clean out of the game by that time!—

The irrational Duke could not continue in his Residence Cities, with the Brother administering over him; still proving contumacious, he needed absolutely to be driven out, to Wismar or I know not whither; went wandering about for almost twenty years to come; disturbed, and stirring up disturbance. Died 1747, still in that sad posture; Interim Brother, with Posterity, succeeding. [Michaelis, ii. 434–440.] But Hanover and Prussia interfered no farther; the brother administered on his own footing, "supported by troops hired from Hamburg. Hanover and Prussia, 400 Hanoverians, 200 Prussians, merely retained hold of their respective Hypothecs [Districts held in pawn] till the expenses should be paid,"—million of THALERS, and by those late anarchies a new heavy score run up.

Prussia and Hanover retained hold of their Hypothecs; for as to the expenses, what hope was there? Fifty years hence we find the Prussian Hypothecs occupied as at first; and "rights of enlistment exercised." Never in this world were those expenses paid;—nor could be, any part of them. The last accounts were: George III. of England, on marrying, in 1761, a Mecklenburg Princess,— "Old Queen Charlotte," then young enough,—handsomely tore up the bill; and so ended that part of a desperate debt. But of the Prussian part there was no end, nor like to be any: "down to this day [says Buchholz, in 1775], two squadrons of the Ziethen Hussars usually lie there," and rights of enlisting are exercised. I conclude, the French Revolution and its Wars wiped away this other desperate item. And now let us hope that Mecklenburg is better off than formerly,—that, at least, our hands are clear of it in time coming. I add only, with satisfaction, that this Unique of Dukes was no ancestor of Old Queen Charlotte's, but only a remote Welsh-Uncle, far enough apart;—cannot be too far.

ONE NUSSLER SETTLES THE AHLDEN HERITAGES; SENDS THE MONEY HOME IN BOXES.

Knyphausen did not settle Mecklenburg, as we perceive! Neither did Kannegiesser and the unliquidated Heritages prosper, at Hanover, quite to perfection. One Heritage, that of Uncle Osnabruck, little George flatly refused to share: FEUDUM the whole of that, not ALLODIUM any part of it, so that a Sister cannot claim. Which, I think, was confirmed by the Arbitrators at Brunswick; thereby ending that. Then as to the Ahlden ALLODIA or FEUDA,— Kannegiesser, blamably or not, never could make much of the business. A precise strict man, as we saw at the Hanover Council-room lately; whom the Hanover people did not like. So he made little of it. Nay at the end of next year (December, 1730), sending in his accounts to Berlin, he demands, in addition to the three thalers (or nine shillings) daily allowed him, almost a second nine shillings for sundries, chiefly for

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"hair-powder and shoe-blackening"! And is instantly recalled; and vanishes from History at this point. [Busching, *Beitrag*, i. 307, ? Nussler.]

Upon which Friedrich Wilhelm selects another; "sends deal boxes along with him," to bring home what cash there is. This one's name is Nussler; an expectant Prussian Official, an adroit man, whom we shall meet again doing work. He has the nine shillings a day, without hair-powder or blacking, while employed here; at Berlin no constant salary whatever,—had to "borrow 75 pounds for outfit on this business;"—does a great deal of work without wages, in hope of effective promotion by and by. Which did follow, after tedious years; Friedrich Wilhelm finding him, on such proof (other proof will not do), FIT for promoting to steady employment.

Nussler was very active at Hanover, and had his deal boxes; but hardly got them filled according to hope. However, in some eighteen months he had actually worked out, in difficult instalments, about 13,000 pounds, and dug the matter to the bottom. He came home with his last instalment, not disapproved of, to Berlin (May, 1732); six years after the poor Duchess's death, so the Ahlden ALLODIA too had their end.

Chapter VII. A MARRIAGE: NOT THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE: CROWN-PRINCE DEEP IN TROUBLE.

While the Hanover Imminency was but beginning, and horrid crisis of War or Duel—was yet in nobody's thoughts, the Anspach Wedding [30th May, 1729] had gone on at Berlin. To Friedrich Wilhelm's satisfaction; not to his Queen's, the match being but a poor one. The bride was Frederika Louisa, not the eldest of their Daughters, but the next-eldest: younger than Wilhelmina, and still hardly fifteen; the first married of the Family. Very young she: and gets a very young Margraf,—who has been, and still is a minor; under his Mother's guardianship till now: not rich, and who has not had a good chance to be wise. The Mother—an excellent magnanimous Princess, still young and beautiful, but laboring silently under some mortal disease—has done her best to manage for him these last four or five years; [Pollnitz, *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), i. 200–204. There are "MEMOIRS of Pollnitz," then "MEMOIRS AND LETTERS," besides the "MEMOIRS of Brandenburg" (posthumous, which we often cite); all by this poor man. Only the last has any Historical value, and that not much. The first two are only worth consulting, cautiously, as loose contemporary babble,—written for the Dutch Booksellers, one can perceive.] and, as I gather, is impatient to see him settled, that she may retire and die.

Friday forenoon, 19th May, 1729, the young Margraf arrived in person at Berlin,—just seventeen gone Saturday last, poor young soul, and very foolish. Sublime royal carriage met him at the Prussian frontier; and this day, what is more interesting, our "Crown-Prince rides out to meet him; mounts into the royal carriage beside him;" and the two young fools drive, in such a cavalcade of hoofs and wheels,—talking we know not what,—into Potsdam; met by his Majesty and all the honors. What illustrious gala there then was in Potsdam and the Court world, read,—with tedium, unless you are in the tailor line,—described with minute distinctness by the admiring Fassmann. [pp.396–401.] There are Generals, high Ladies, sons of Bellona and Latona; there are dinners, there are hautboys,—"two-and-thirty blackamoors," in flaming uniforms, capable of cymballing and hautboying "up the grand staircase, and round your table, and down again," in a frightfully effective manner, while you dine. Madame Kamecke is to go as Oberhofmeisterinn to Anspach; and all the lackeys destined thither are in their new liveries, blue turned up with red velvet. Which is delightful to see. Review of the Giant grenadiers cannot fail; conspicuous on parade with them our Crown-Prince as Lieutenant-Colonel: "the beauty of this Corps as well as the perfection of their EXERCITIA,"—ah yes, we know it, my dim old friend. The Marriage itself followed, at Berlin, after many exercitia, snipe-shootings, feasting, hautboying; on the 30th of the month; with torch-dance and the other customary trimmings; "Bride's garter cut in snips" for dreaming upon "by his Royal Majesty himself." The LUSTBARKEITEN, the stupendous public entertainments having ended, there is weeping and embracing (MORE HUMANO); and the happy couple, so-called happy, retire to Anspach with their destinies and effects.

A foolish young fellow, this new Brother-in-law, testifies Wilhelmina in many places. Finances in disorder; Mother's wise management, ceasing too soon, has only partially availed. King "has lent some hundreds of thousands of crowns to Anspach [says Friedrich at a later period], which there is no chance of ever being repaid. All is in disorder there, in the finance way; if the Margraf gets his hunting and his heroning, he laughs at all the rest; and his people pluck him bare at every hand." [Schulenburg's Letter (in Forster, iii. 72).] Nor do the married couple agree to perfection;—far from it: "hate one another like cat and dog (like the fire, COMME LE FEU)," says Friedrich: [Correspondence (more than once).] "his Majesty may see what comes of ill-assorted marriages!"—In fact, the union proved none of the most harmonious; subject to squalls always;—but to squalls only; no open tempest, far less any shipwreck: the marriage held together till death, the Husband's death, nearly thirty years after, divided it. There was then left one Son; the same who at length inherited Baireuth too,—inherited Lady Craven,—and died in Bubb Doddington's Mansion, as we often teach our readers.

Last year, the Third Daughter was engaged to the Heir-Apparent of Brunswick; will be married, when of age. Wilhelmina, flower of them all, still hangs on the bush, "asked," or supposed to be "asked by four Kings," but not attained by any of them; and one knows not what will be her lot. She is now risen out of the sickness she has had,—not small-pox at all, as malicious English rumor gave it in England;—and "looks prettier than ever," writes Dubourgay.

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Here is a marriage, then; first in the Family;—but not the Double–Marriage, by a long way! The late Hanover Tornado, sudden Waterspout as we called it, has quenched that Negotiation; and one knows not in what form it will resuscitate itself. The royal mind, both at Berlin and St. James's, is in a very uncertain state after such a phenomenon.

Friedrich Wilhelm's favor for the Crown–Prince, marching home so gallantly with his Potsdam Giants, did not last long. A few weeks later in the Autumn we have again ominous notices from Dubourgay. And here, otherwise obtained, is a glimpse into the interior of the Berlin Schloss; momentary perfect clearness, as by a flash of lightning, on the state of matters there; which will be illuminative to the reader.

CROWN–PRINCE'S DOMESTICITIES SEEN IN A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

This is another of those tragi–comic scenes, tragic enough in effect, between Father and Son; Son now about eighteen,—fit to be getting through Oxford, had he been an English gentleman of private station. It comes from the irrefragable Nicolai; who dates it about this time, uncertain as to month or day.

Fritz's love of music, especially of fluting, is already known to us. Now a certain Quantz was one of his principal instructors in that art, and indeed gave him the last finish of perfection in it. Quantz, famed Saxon music–master and composer, Leader of the Court–Band in Saxony, king of flute–players in his day,— (a village–farrier's son from the Gottingen region, and himself destined to shoe horses, had not imperative Nature prevailed over hindrances);—Quantz, ever from Fritz's sixteenth year, was wont to come occasionally, express from Dresden, for a week or two, and give the young man lessons on the flute. The young man's Mother, good Queen Feekin, had begged this favor for him from the Saxon Sovereignities; and pleaded hard for it at home, or at worst kept it secret there. It was one of the many good maternities, clandestine and public, which she was always ready to achieve for him where possible;—as he also knew full well in his young grateful heart, and never forgot, however old he grew! Illustrious Quantz, we say, gives Fritz lessons on the flute; and here is a scene they underwent;—they and a certain brisk young soldier fellow, Lieutenant von Katte, who was there too; of whom the reader will tragically hear more in time.

On such occasions Fritz was wont to pull off the tight Prussian coat or COATIE, and clap himself into flowing brocade of the due roominess and splendor,—bright scarlet dressing–gown, done in gold, with tags and sashes complete;—and so, in a temporary manner, feel that there was such a thing as a gentleman's suitable apparel. He would take his music–lessons, follow his clandestine studies, in that favorable dress:—thus Buffon, we hear, was wont to shave, and put on clean linen, before he sat down to write, finding it more comfortable so. Though, again, there have been others who could write in considerable disorder; not to say litter, and palpable imperfection of equipment: Samuel Johnson, for instance, did some really grand writing in a room where there was but one chair, and that one incapable of standing unless you sat on it, having only three feet. A man is to fit himself to what is round him: but surely a Crown–Prince may be indulged in a little brocade in his leisure moments!—

Fritz and Quantz sat doing music, an unlawful thing, in this pleasant, but also unlawful costume; when Lieutenant Katte, who was on watch in the outer room, rushes in, distraction in his aspect: Majesty just here! Quick, double quick! Katte snatches the music–books and flutes, snatches Quantz; hurries with him and them into some wall–press, or closet for firewood, and stands quaking there. Our poor Prince has flung aside his brocade, got on his military coatie; and would fain seem busy with important or indifferent routine matters. But, alas, he cannot undo the French hairdressing; cannot change the graceful French bag into the strict Prussian queue in a moment. The French bag betrays him; kindles the paternal vigilance,—alas, the paternal wrath, into a tornado pitch. For his vigilant suspecting Majesty searches about; finds the brocade article behind a screen; crams it, with loud indignation, into the fire; finds all the illicit French Books; confiscates them on the spot, confiscates all manner of contraband goods:—and there was mere sulphurous whirlwind in those serene spaces for about an hour! If his Majesty had looked into the wood–closet? His Majesty, by Heaven's express mercy, omitted that. Haude the Bookseller was sent for; ordered to carry off that poisonous French cabinet–library in mass; sell every Book of it, to an undiscerning public, at what price it will fetch. Which latter part of his order, Haude, in deep secrecy, ventured to disobey, being influenced thereto. Haude, in deep secrecy, kept the cabinet–library secure; and "lent" the Prince book after book from it, as his Royal Highness required them.

Friedrich, it is whispered in Tobacco–Parliament, has been known, in his irreverent impatience, to call the Grenadier uniform his "shroud (STERBEKITTEL, or death–clothes);" so imprisoning to the young mind and

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body! Paternal Majesty has heard this blasphemous rumor; hence doubtless, in part, his fury against the wider brocade garment.

It was Quantz himself that reported this explosion to authentic Nicolai, many years afterwards; confessing that he trembled, every joint of him, in the wood-closet, during that hour of hurricane; and the rather as he had on "a red dress-coat," which color, foremost of the flaring colors, he knew to be his Majesty's aversion, on a man's back. [Nicolai, *Anekdoten* (Berlin, 1790), ii. 148.] Of incomparable Quantz, and his heart-thrilling adagios, we hope to hear transiently again, under joyfule circumstances. Of Lieutenant von Katte,—a short stout young fellow, with black eyebrows, pock-marked face, and rather dissolute manners,—we shall not fail to hear.

Chapter VIII. CROWN-PRINCE GETTING BEYOND HIS DEPTH IN TROUBLE.

It is not certain that the late Imminency of Duel had much to do with such explosions. The Hanover Imminency, which we likened to a tropical waterspout, or sudden thunderous blotting-out of the sky to the astonished Gazetteers, seems rather to have passed away as waterspouts do,—leaving the earth and air, if anything, a little REFRESHED by such crisis. Leaving, that is to say, the two Majesties a little less disposed for open quarrel, or rash utterance of their ill humor in time coming. But, in the mean while, all mutual interests are in a painful state of suspended animation: in Berlin there is a privately rebellious Spouse and Household, there is a Tobacco-Parliament withal;—and the royal mind, sensitive, imaginative as a poet's, as a woman's, and liable to transports as of a Norse Baresark, is of uncertain movement. Such a load of intricacies and exaggerated anxieties hanging on it, the royal mind goes like the most confused smoke-jack, sure only to HAVE revolutions; and we know how, afar from Soissons, and at home in Tobacco-Parliament, the machine is influenced! Enough, the explosive procedures continue, and are on the increasing hand.

Majesty's hunting at Wusterhausen was hardly done, when that alarming Treaty of Seville came to light (9th November, 1729), France and England ranked by the side of Spain, disposing of Princes and Apanages at their will, and a Kaiser left sitting solitary,—which awakens the domestic whirlwinds at Berlin, among other results. "CANAILLE ANGLAISE, English Doggery!" and similar fine epithets, addressed to Wilhelmina and the Crown-Prince, fly about; not to speak of occasional crockery and other missiles. Friedrich Wilhelm has forbidden these two his presence altogether, except at dinner: Out of my sight, ye Canaille Anglaise; darken not the sunlight for me at all!

This is in the Wusterhausen time,—Hanover Imminency only two months gone. And Mamma sends for us to have private dialogues in her Apartment there, with spies out in every direction to make signal of Majesty's return from his hunt,—who, however, surprises as on one occasion, so that we have to squat for hours, and almost get suffocated. [Wilhelmina, i. 172.] Whereupon the Crown-Prince, who will be eighteen in a couple of months, and feels the indignity of such things, begs of Mamma to be excused in future. He has much to suffer from his Father again, writes Dubourgay in the end of November: "it is difficult to conceive the vile stratagems that are made use of to provoke the Father against the Son." [Dubourgay, 28th November, 1729.] Or again, take this, as perhaps marking an epoch in the business, a fortnight farther on:—

DECEMBER 10th 1729. "His Prussian Majesty cannot bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess Royal: The other day, he asked the Prince: 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?'" Kalkstein, your old Tutor, Borck, Knyphausen, Finkenstein, they are all of that vile clique! "To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane," in fact rained showers of blows upon him; "and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped worse. There is a general apprehension of something tragical taking place before long."

Truly the situation is so violent, it cannot last. And in effect a wild thought, not quite new, ripens to a resolution in the Crown-Prince under such pressures: In reference to which, as we grope and guess, here is a Billet to Mamma, which Wilhelmina has preserved. Wilhelmina omits all trace of date, as usual; but Dubourgay, in the above Excerpt, probably supplies that defect:—

FRIEDRICH TO HIS MOTHER (Potsdam, December, 1729).

"I am in the uttermost despair. What I had always apprehended has at last come on me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his Son. This morning I came into his room as usual; at the first sight of me," or at the first passage of Kalkstein—dialogue with me, "he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his rattan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness," not my superior strength, "that made him give up."

"I am driven to extremity. I have too much honor to endure such treatment; and I am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another." [Wilhelmina, i. 175.]

Is not this itself sufficiently tragical? Not the first stroke he had got, we can surmise; but the first torrent of strokes, and open beating like a slave;—which to a proud young man and Prince, at such age, is indeed

Intolerable. Wilhelmina knows too well what he means by "ending it in one way or another;" but strives to reassure Mamma as to its meaning "flight," or the like desperate resolution. "Mere violence of the moment," argues Wilhelmina; terribly aware that it is deeper-rooted than that.

Flight is not a new idea to the Crown-Prince; in a negative form we have seen it present in the minds of by-standers: "a Crown-Prince determined NOT to fly," whispered they. [Dubourgay (9th August, 1729), supra, p. 129.] Some weeks ago, Wilhelmina writes: "The King's bad treatments began again on his reappearance" at Potsdam after the Hunting; "he never saw my Brother without threatening him with his cane. My Brother told me day after day, He would endure everything from the King, only not blows; and that if it ever came to such extremity, he would be prepared to deliver himself by running off." And here, it would seem, the extremity has actually come.

Wilhelmina, pitying her poor Brother, but condemning him on many points, continues: [i. 173, 174.] "Lieutenant Keith," that wild companion of his, "had been gone some time, stationed in Wesel with his regiment." Which fact let us also keep in mind. "Keith's departure had been a great joy to me; in the hope my Brother would now lead a more regular life: but it proved quite otherwise. A second favorite, and a much more dangerous, succeeded Keith. This was a young man of the name of Katte, Captain-Lieutenant in the regiment GENS-D'ARMES. He was highly connected in the Army; his Mother had been a daughter of Feldmarschall Graf von Wartensleben,"—a highest dignitary of the last generation. Katte's Father, now a General of distinction, rose also to be Feldmarschall; Cousins too, sons of a Kammer-President von Katte at Magdeburg, rose to Army rank in time coming; but not this poor Katte,—whom let the reader note!

"General Katte his Father," continues Wilhelmina, "had sent him to the Universities, and afterwards to travel, desiring he should be a Lawyer. But as there was no favor to expect out of the Army, the young man found himself at last placed there, contrary to his expectation. He continued to apply himself to studies; he had wit, book-culture, acquaintance with the world; the good company which he continued to frequent had given him polite manners, to a degree then rare in Berlin. His physiognomy was rather disagreeable than otherwise. A pair of thick black eyebrows almost covered the eyes of him; his look had in it something ominous, presage of the fate he met with: a tawny skin, torn by small-pox, increased his ugliness. He affected the freethinker, and carried libertinism to excess; a great deal of ambition and headlong rashness accompanied this vice." A dangerous adviser here in the Berlin element, with lightnings going! "Such a favorite was not the man to bring back my Brother from his follies. This I learned at our [Mamma's and my] return to Berlin," from the Wusterhausen and the Potsdam tribulations;—and think of it, not without terror, now that the extremity seems coming or come.

Chapter IX. DOUBLE-MARRIAGE SHALL BE OR SHALL NOT BE.

For one thing, Friedrich Wilhelm, weary of all this English pother and futility, will end the Double-Marrriage speculation; Wilhelmina shall be disposed of, and so an end. Friedrich Wilhelm, once the hunting was over at Wusterhausen, ran across, southward,—to "Lubnow," Wilhelmina calls it,—to Lubben in the Nether Lausitz, [25th October, 1729 (Fassmann, p. 404).] a short day's drive; there to meet incognito the jovial Polish Majesty, on his route towards Dresden; to see a review or so; and have a little talk with the ever-cheerful Man of Sin. Grumkow and Seckendorf, of course these accompany; Majesty's shadow is not surer.

Review was held at Lubben, Weissenfels Commander-in-chief taking charge; dinner also, a dinner or two, with much talk and drink;— and there it was settled, Wilhelmina has since known, that Weissenfels, Royal Highness in the Abstract, was to be her Husband, after all. Weissenfels will do; either Weissenfels or else the Margraf of Schwedt, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; somebody shall marry the baggage out of hand, and let us have done with that. Grumkow, as we know, was very anxious for it; calculating thereby to out the ground from under the Old Dessauer, and make this Weissenfels Generalissimo of Prussia; a patriotic thought. Polish Majesty lent hand, always willing to oblige.

Friedrich Wilhelm, on his return homewards, went round by Dahme for a night:—not "Dam," O Princess, there is no such town or schloss! Round by Dahme, a little town and patch of territory, in the Saxon Countries, which was Weissenfels's Apanage;—"where plenty of Tokay" cheered the royal heart; and, in such mood, it seemed as if one's Daughter might do very well in this extremely limited position. And Weissenfels, though with dark misgivings as to Queen Sophie, was but too happy to consent: the foolish creature; a little given to liquor too! Friedrich Wilhelm, with this fine project in his head, drove home to Potsdam;—and there laid about him, on the poor Crown-Prince, in the way we have seen; terrifying Queen and Princess, who are at Berlin till Christmas and the Carnival be over. Friedrich Wilhelm means to see the Polish Majesty again before long,—probably so soon as this of Weissenfels is fairly got through the Female Parliament, where it is like there will be difficulties.

Christmas came to Berlin, and the King with it; who did the gayeties for a week or two, and spoke nothing about business to his Female Parliament. Dubourgay saw him, at Parade, on New-Year's morning; whither all manner of Foreign Dignitaries had come to pay their respects: "Well," cried the King to Dubourgay, "we shall have a War, then,"—universal deadly tug at those Italian Apanages, for and against an insulted Kaiser,— "War; and then all that is crooked will be pulled straight!" So spake Friedrich Wilhelm on the New-Year's morning; War in Italy, universal spasm of wrestle there, being now the expectation of foolish mankind: Crooked will be pulled straight, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; and perhaps certain high Majesties, deaf to the voice of Should-not, will understand that of Can-not, Excellenz!— Crooked will become straight? "Indeed if so, your Majesty, the sooner the better!" I ventured to answer. [Dubourgay, 8th January, 1730.]

New Year's day is not well in, and the ceremonial wishes over, when Friedrich Wilhelm, his mind full of serious domestic and foreign matter, withdraws to Potsdam again; and therefrom begins fulminating in a terrible manner on his womankind at Berlin, what we called his Female Parliament,—too much given to opposition courses at present. Intends to have his measures passed there, in defiance of opposition; straightway; and an end put to this inexpressible Double-Marrriage higggle-haggle. Speed to him! we will say.—Three high Crises occur, three or even four, which can now without much detail be made intelligible to the patient reader: on the back of which we look for some catastrophe and finis to the Business;—any catastrophe that will prove a finis, how welcome will it be!

WILHELMINA TO BE MARRIED OUT OF HAND. CRISIS FIRST: ENGLAND SHALL SAY YES OR SAY NO.

Still early in January, a few days after his Majesty's return to Potsdam, three high Official gentlemen, Count Fink van Finkenstein, old Tutor to the Prince, Grumkow and General Borck announce themselves one morning; "Have a pressing message from the King to her Majesty." [Wilhelmina, i. 180.] Queen is astonished; expecting anything sooner.—"This regards me, I have a dreading!" shuddered Wilhelmina to Mamma. "No matter," said the Queen, shrugging her shoulders; "one must have firmness; and that is not what I shall want;"—and her Majesty went into the Audience-chamber, leaving Wilhelmina in such tremors.

Finkenstein, a friendly man, as Borck too is, explains to her Majesty, "That they three have received each a Letter overnight,— Letter from the King, enjoining in the FIRST place 'silence under pain of death;' in the SECOND place, apprising them that he, the King, will no longer endure her Majesty's disobedience in regard to the marriage of his Daughter, but will banish Daughter and Mother 'to Oranienburg,' quasi-divorce, and outer darkness, unless there be compliance with his sovereign will; THIRDLY, that they are accordingly to go, all three, to her Majesty, to deliver the enclosed Royal Autograph [which Finkenstein presents], testifying what said sovereign will is, and on the above terms expect her Majesty's reply;"—as they have now sorrowfully done, Finkenstein and Borck with real sorrow; Grumkow with the reverse of real.

Sovereign will is to the effect: "Write to England one other time, Will you at once marry, or not at once; Yea or No? Answer can be here within a fortnight; three weeks, even in case of bad winds. If the answer be not Yea at once; then you, Madam, you at once choose Weissenfels or Schwedt, one or the other,—under what penalties you know; Oranienburg and worse!"

Here is a crisis. But her Majesty did not want firmness. "Write to England? Yes, willingly. But as to Weissenfels and Schwedt, whatever answer come from England,—Impossible!" steadily answers her Majesty. There was much discourse, suasive, argumentative; Grumkow "quoting Scripture on her Majesty, as the Devil can on occasion," says Wilhelmina. Express Scriptures, *Wives, be obedient to your husbands*, and the like texts: but her Majesty, on the Scripture side too, gave him as good as he brought. "Did not Bethuel the son of Milcah, [Genesis xxiv. 14–58.] when Abraham's servant asked his daughter in marriage for young Isaac, answer, *We will call the damsel and inquire of her mouth. And they called Rebecca, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.*" Scripture for Scripture, Herr von Grumkow! "Wives must obey their husbands; surely yes. But the husbands are to command things just and reasonable. The King's procedure is not accordant with that law. He is for doing violence to my Daughter's inclination, and rendering her unhappy for the rest of her days;—will give her a brutal debauchee," fat Weissenfels, so describable in strong language; "a younger brother, who is nothing but the King of Poland's Officer; landless, and without means to live according to his rank. Or can it be the State that will profit from such a marriage? If they have a Household, the King will have to support it.—Write to England; Yes; but whatever the answer of England, Weissenfels never! A thousand times sooner see my child in her grave than hopelessly miserable!" Here a qualm overtook her Majesty; for in fact she is in an interesting state, third month of her time: "I am not well; You should spare me, Gentlemen, in the state I am in.—I do not accuse the King," concluded she: "I know," hurling a glance at Grumkow, "to whom I owe all this;"— and withdrew to her interior privacies; reading there with Wilhelmina "the King's cruel Letter," and weeping largely, though firm to the death. [Wilhelmina, i. 179–182. Dubourgay has nothing,—probably had heard nothing, there being "silence under pain of death" for the moment.]

What to do in such a crisis? Assemble the Female Parliament, for one thing: good Madam Finkenstein (old Tutor's wife), good Mamsell Bulow, Mamsell Sonsfeld (Wilhelmina's Governess), and other faithful women:—well if we can keep away traitresses, female spies that are prowling about; especially one "Ramen," a Queen's soubrette, who gets trusted with everything, and betrays everything; upon whom Wilhelmina is often eloquent. Never was such a traitress; took Dubourgay's bribe, which the Queen had advised; and, all the same, betrays everything,—bribe included. And the Queen, so bewitched, can keep nothing from her. Female Parliament must, take precautions about the Ramen!—For the rest, Female Parliament advises two things: 1. Pressing Letter to England; that of course, written with the eloquence of despair: and then 2. That in ease of utter extremity, her Majesty "pretend to fall ill." That is Crisis First; and that is their expedient upon it.

Letter goes to England, therefore; setting forth the extremity of strait, and pinch: "Now or never, O my Sister Caroline!" Many such have gone, first and last; but this is the strongest of all. Nay the Crown-Prince too shall write to his Aunt of England: you, Wilhelmina, draw out, a fit brief Letter for him: send it to Potsdam, he will copy it there! [Wilhelmina, i. 183.] So orders the Mother: Wilhelmina does it, with a terrified heart; Crown-Prince copies without scruple: "I have already given your Majesty my word of honor never to wed any one but the Princess Amelia your Daughter; I here reiterate that Promise, in case your Majesty will consent to my Sister's Marriage,"—should that alone prove possible in the present intricacies. "We are all reduced to such a state that"—Wilhelmina gives the Letter in full; but as it is professedly of her own composition, a loose vague piece, the very date of which you have to grope out for yourself, it cannot even count among the several Letters written by the Crown-Prince, both before and after it, to the same effect, which are now probably all of them lost,

[TRACE of one, Copy of ANSWER from Queen Caroline to what seems to have been one, Answer rather of dissuasive tenor, is in State-Paper Office: *Prussian Despatches*, vol. xl,—dateless; probably some months later in 1780.] without regret to anybody; and we will not reckon it worth transcribing farther. Such Missive, such two Missives (not now found in any archive) speed to England by express; may the winds be favorable. Her Majesty waits anxious at Berlin; ready to take refuge in a bed of sickness, should bad come to worse.

DUBOURGAY STRIKES A LIGHT FOR THE ENGLISH COURT.

In England, in the mean while, they have received a curious little piece of secret information. One Reichenbach, Prussian Envoy at London—Dubourgay has long marvelled at the man and at the news he sends to Berlin. Here, of date 17th January, 1730, is a Letter on that subject from Dubourgay, official but private as yet, for "George Tilson, Esq.:"—Tilson is Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, whose name often turns up on such occasions in the DUBOURGAY, the ROBINSON and other extinct Paper—heaps of that time. Dubourgay dates doubly, by old and new style; in general we print by the new only, unless the contrary be specified.

"TO GEORGE TILSON, ESQ. (Private.)

"BERLIN, 6th Jan. 1729 (by new style, 17th Jan. 1730).

"SIR,—I believe you may remember that we have for a long time suspected that most of Reichenbach's Despatches were dictated by some people here. About two days ago a Paper fell into my hands," realized quietly for a consideration, "containing an Account of money charged to the 'Brothers Jourdan and Lautiers,' Merchants here, by their Correspondent in London, for sending Letters from," properly in, or through, "your City to Reichenbach.

"Jourdan and Lautiers's London Correspondents are Mr. Thomas Greenhill in Little Bell Alley and Mr. John Motteux in St. Mary Axe. Mr. Guerin my Agent knows them very well; having paid them several little bills on my account:"—Better ask Mr. Guerin. "I know not through the hands of which of those Merchants the above-mentioned Letters have passed; but you have ways enough to find it out, if you think it worth while. I make no manner of doubt but Grumkow and his party make use of this conveyance to (SIC) their instructions to Reichenbach. In the Account which I have seen, 'eighteen-pence' is charged for carrying each Letter to Reichenbach: the charge in general is for 'Thirty-two Letters;' and refers to a former Account." So that they must have been long at it.

"I am, with the greatest truth,

"DUBOURGAY."

Here is a trail which Tilson will have no difficulty in running down. I forget whether it was in Bell Alley or St. Mary Axe that the nest was found; but found it soon was, and the due springes were set; and game came steadily dropping in,—Letters to and Letters from,—which, when once his Britannic Majesty had, with reluctance, given warrant to open and decipher them, threw light on Prussian Affairs, and yielded fine sport and speculation in the Britannic Majesty's Apartment on an evening.

This is no other than the celebrated "Cipher Correspondence between Grumkow and Reichenbach;" Grumkow covertly instructing his slave Reichenbach what the London news shall be: Reichenbach answering him, To hear is to obey! Correspondence much noised of in the modern Prussian Books; and which was, no doubt, very wonderful to Tilson and Company;—capable of being turned to uses, they thought. The reader shall see specimens by and by; and he will find it unimportant enough, and unspeakably stupid to him. It does show Grumkow as the extreme of subtle fowlers, and how the dirty-fingered Seckendorf and he cooked their birdlime: but to us that is not new, though at St. James's it was. Perhaps uses may lie in it there? At all events, it is a pretty topic in Queen Caroline's apartment on an evening; and the little Majesty and she, with various laughters and reflections, can discern, a little, How a poor King of Prussia is befooled by his servants, and in what way a fierce Bear is led about by the nose, and dances to Grumkow's piping. Poor soul, much of his late raging and growling, perhaps it was only Grumkow's and not his! Does not hate us, he, perhaps; but only Grumkow through him? This doleful enchantment, and that the Royal Wild Bear dances only to tunes, ought to be held in mind, when we want anything with him.— Those, amid the teheeing, are reflections that cannot escape Queen Caroline and her little George, while the Prussian Express, unknown to them, is on the road.

WILHELMINA TO BE MARRIED OUT OF HAND. CRISIS SECOND: ENGLAND SHALL HAVE SAID NO.

The Prussian Express, Queen Sophie's Courier to England, made his best speed: but he depends on the winds

for even arriving there; and then he depends on the chances for an answer there; an uncertain Courier as to time: and it was not in the power of speed to keep pace with Friedrich Wilhelm's impatience. "No answer yet?" growls Friedrich Wilhelm before a fortnight is gone. "No answer?"—and January has not ended till a new Deputation of the same Three Gentlemen, Finkenstein, Borck, Grumkow, again waits on the Queen, for whom there is now this other message. "Wednesday, 25th January, 1730," so Dubourgay dates it; so likewise Wilhelmina, right for once: "a day I shall never forget," adds she.

Finkenstein and Borck, merciful persons, and always of the English party, were again profoundly sorry. Borck has a blaze of temper in him withal; we hear he apprised Grumkow, at one point of the dialogue, that he, Grumkow, was a "scoundrel," so Dubourgay calls it,—which was one undeniable truth offered there that day. But what can anything profit? The Message is: "Whatever the answer now be from England, I will have nothing to do with it. Negative, procrastinative, affirmative, to me it shall be zero. You, Madam, have to choose, for Wilhelmina, between Weissenfels and Schwedt; otherwise I myself will choose: and upon you and her will alight Oranienburg, outer darkness, and just penalties of mutiny against the Authority set over you by God and men. Weissenfels or Schwedt: choose straightway." This is the King's message by these Three.

"You can inform the King," replied her Majesty, [Wilhelmina, i. 188.] "that he will never make me consent to render my Daughter miserable; and that, so long as a breath of life (UN SOUFFLE DE VIE) remains in me, I will not permit her to take either the one or the other of those persons." Is that enough? "For you, Sir," added her Majesty, turning to Grumkow, "for you, Sir, who are the author of my misfortunes, may my curse fall upon you and your house! You have this day killed me. But I doubt not, Heaven will hear my prayer, and avenge these wrongs." [Dubourgay, 28th January, 1730; Wilhelmina, i. 188 (who suppresses the maledictory part).]—And herewith to a bed of sickness, as the one refuge left!

Her Majesty does now, in fact, take to bed at Berlin; "fallen very ill," it would appear; which gives some pause to Friedrich Wilhelm till he ascertain. "Poorly, for certain," report the Doctors, even Friedrich Wilhelm's Doctor. The humane Doctors have silently given one another the hint; for Berlin is one tempest of whispers about her Majesty's domestic sorrows, "Poorly, for interesting reasons: —perhaps be worse before she is better, your Majesty!"—"Hmph!" thinks Friedrich Wilhelm out at Potsdam. And then the treacherous Ramen reports that it is all shamming; and his Majesty, a Bear, though a loving one, is driven into wrath again; and so wavers from side to side.

It is certain the Queen held, faster or looser, by her bed of sickness, as a main refuge in these emergencies: the last shift of oppressed womankind;—sanctioned by Female Parliament, in this instance. "Has had a miscarriage!" writes Dubourgay, from Berlin gossip, at the beginning of the business. Nay at one time she became really ill, to a dangerous length; and his Majesty did not at first believe it; and then was like to break his heart, poor Bear; and pardoned Wilhelmina and even Fritz, at the Mother's request,—till symptoms mended again. [Wilhelmina, i. 207.] JARNI-BLEU, Herr Seckendorf, "Grumkow serves us honorably (DIENET EHRlich)"—does not he!—Ambiguous bed of sickness, a refuge in time of trouble, did not quite terminate till May next, when her Majesty's time came; a fine young Prince the result; [23d May, 1730, August Ferdinand; her last child.] and this mode of refuge in trouble ceased to be necessary.

WILHELMINA TO BE MARRIED OUT OF HAND. CRISIS THIRD: MAJESTY HIMSELF WILL CHOOSE, THEN.

Directly on the back of that preemptory act of disobedience by the womankind on Wednesday last, Friedrich Wilhelm came to Berlin himself. He stormfully reproached his Queen, regardless of the sick-bed; intimated the infallible certainty, That Wilhelmina nevertheless would wed without delay, and that either Weissenfels or Schwedt would be the man. And this said, he straightway walked out to put the same in execution.

Walked, namely, to the Mother Margravine of Schwedt, the lady in high colors, Old Dessauer's Sister; and proposed to her that Wilhelmina should marry her Son.—"The supreme wish of my life, your Majesty," replied she of the high colors: "But, against the Princess's own will, how can I accept such happiness? Alas, your Majesty, I never can!"—and flatly refused his Majesty on those terms: a thing Wilhelmina will ever gratefully remember of her. [Wilhelmina, i. 197.]

So that the King is now reduced to Weissenfels; and returns still more indignant to her Majesty's apartment. Weissenfels, however, it shall be; and frightful rumors go that he is written to, that he is privately coming, and that there will be no remedy. [Wilhelmina, i. 197.] Wilhelmina, formerly almost too florid, is gone to a shadow;

"her waist hardly half an ell;" worn down by these agitations. The Prince and she, if the King see either of them,—it is safer to run, or squat behind screens.

HOW FRIEDRICH PRINCE OF BAIREUTH CAME TO BE THE MAN, AFTER ALL.

In this high wind of extremity, the King now on the spot and in such temper, Borck privately advises, "That her Majesty bend a little,—pretend to give up the English connection, and propose a third party, to get rid of Weissenfels."—"What third party, then?"—"Well, there is young Brandenburg—Culmbach, for example, Heir—Apparent of Baireuth; Friedrich, a handsome enough young Prince, just coming home from the Grand Tour, we hear; will have a fine Territory when his Father dies: age is suitable; old kinship with the House, all money—quarrels settled eight or ten years ago: why not him?"—"Excellent!" said her Majesty; and does suggest him to the King, in the next Schwedt—Weissenfels onslaught. Friedrich Wilhelm grumbles an assent, "Well, then:—but I will be passive, observe; not a GROSCHEN of Dowry, for one thing!"—

And this is the first appearance of the young Margraf Friedrich, Heir—Apparent of Baireuth; who comes in as a hypothetic figure, at this late stage;—and will carry off the fair prize, as is well known. Still only doing the Grand Tour; little dreaming of the high fortune about to drop into his mouth. So many wooers, "four Kings" among them, suing in vain; him, without suing, the Fates appoint to be the man.

Not a bad young fellow at all, though no King. Wilhelmina, we shall find, takes charmingly to him, like a good female soul; regretless of the Four Kings;—finds her own safe little island there the prettiest in the world, after such perils of drowning in stormy seas.—Of his Brandenburg genealogy, degree of cousinship to Queen Caroline of England, and to the lately wedded young gentleman of Anspach Queen Caroline's Nephew, we shall say nothing farther, having already spoken of it, and even drawn an abstruse Diagram of it, [Antea, vol. v. p. 309c.] sufficient for the most genealogical reader. But in regard to that of the peremptory "Not a GROSCHEN of Dowry" from Friedrich Wilhelm (which was but a bark, after all, and proved the reverse of a bite, from his Majesty), there may a word of explanation be permissible.

The Ancestor of this Baireuth Prince Friedrich,—as readers knew once, but doubtless have forgotten again,—was a Younger Son; and for six generations so it stood: not till the Father of this Friedrich was of good age, and only within these few years, did the Elder branch die out, and the Younger, in the person of said Father, succeed to Baireuth. Friedrich's Grandfather, as all these progenitors had done, lived poorly, like Cadets, on apanages and makeshifts.

So that the Young Prince's Father, George Friedrich, present incumbent, as we may call him, of Baireuth, found himself—with a couple of Brothers he has, whom also we may transiently see by and by—in very straitened circumstances in their young years. THEIR Father, son of younger sons as we saw, was himself poor, and he had Fourteen of them as family. Now, in old King Friedrich I.'s time, it became apparent, as the then reigning Margraf of Baireuth's children all died soon after birth, that one of these necessitous Fourteen was likely to succeed in Baireuth, if they could hold out. Old King Friedrich thereupon said, "You have chances of succession; true enough,—but nobody knows what will become of that. Sell your chance to me, who am ultimate Heir of all: I will give you a round sum,—the little 'Domain of Weverlingen' in the Halberstadt Country, and say 'Half a Million Thalers;' there you can live comfortably, and support your Fourteen Children,"—"Done," said the necessitous Cousin; went to Weverlingen accordingly; and there lived the rest of his days, till 1708; leaving his necessitous Fourteen, or about Ten of them that were alive and growing up, still all minors, and necessitous enough.

The young men, George Friedrich at the top of them, kept silence in Weverlingen, and conformed to Papa; having nothing to live upon elsewhere. But they had their own thoughts; especially as their Cousin of Baireuth was more and more likely to die childless. And at length, being in the Kaiser's service as soldiers some of them, and having made what interest was feasible, they, early in Friedrich Wilhelm's reign, burst out. That is to say, appealed to the REICHSHOFRATH (Imperial Aulic Council at Vienna; chief Court of the Empire in such cases); openly protesting there, That their Papa had no power to make such a bargain, selling their birthright for immediate pottage; and that, in brief, they would not stand by it at all;—and summoned Friedrich Wilhelm to show cause why they should.

Long lawsuit, in consequence; lengthy law—pleadings, and much parchment and wiggery, in that German Triple—Elixir of Chancery;— little to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm. Friedrich Wilhelm, from the first, was fairness itself: "Pay me back the money; and let it be, in all points, as you say!" answered Friedrich Wilhelm,

from the first. Alas, the money was eaten; how could the money be paid back? The Reichshofrath dubitatively shook its wig, for years: "Bargain bad in Law; but Money clearly repayable: the Money was and is good;—what shall be done about the Money!" At length, in 1722, Friedrich Wilhelm, of himself, settled with this present Margraf, then Heir-Presumptive, How, by steady slow instalments, it could be possible, from the revenues of Baireuth, thriftily administered, to pay back that Half-Million and odd Thalers; and the now Margraf, ever since his accession in 1726, has been annually doing it. So that there is, at this time, nothing but composed kinship and friendship between the two Courts, the little and the big: only Friedrich Wilhelm, especially with his will crossed in this matter of the Baireuth Marriage, thinks to himself, "Throw more money into such a gulf? The 600,000 Thalers had better be got out first!" and says, he will give no Dowry at all, nor take any charge, not so much as give away the Bride, but be passive in the matter.

Queen Sophie, delighted to conquer Grumkow at any rate, is charmed with this notion of Baireuth; and for a moment forgets all other considerations: Should England prove slack and fail, what a resource will Baireuth be, compared with Weissenfels! And Wilhelmina entering, her Majesty breaks forth into admiration over the victory, or half-victory, just gained: What a husband for you this, my dear, in comparison! And as Wilhelmina cannot quite join in the rapture on a sudden; and cannot even consent, unless Papa too give his real countenance to the match, Mamma flies out upon the poor young Lady: [Wilhelmina, i. 201.] "Take the Grand Turk or the Great Mogul, then," said the Queen, "and follow your own caprice! I should not have brought so many sorrows on myself, had I known you better. Follow the King's bidding, then; it is your own affair. I will no longer trouble myself about your concerns;—and spare me, please, the sorrow of your odious presence, for I cannot stand it!" Wilhelmina wished to reply, but the answer was, "Silence! Go, I tell you!" "And I retired all in tears."

"All in tears." The Double-Marriage drifting furiously this long while, in such a sea as never was; and breakers now Close a-lee,— have the desperate crew fallen to staving—in the liquor-casks, and quarrelling with one another?—Evident one thing is, her Majesty cannot be considered a perfectly wise Mother! We shall see what her behavior is, when Wilhelmina actually weds this respectable young Prince. Ungrateful creature, to wish Papa's consent as well as mine! that is the maternal feeling at this moment; and Wilhelmina weeps bitterly, as one of the unluckiest of young Ladies.

Nay, her Brother himself, who is sick of this permanent hurricane, and would fain see the end of it at any price, takes Mamma's part; and Wilhelmina and he come to high words on the matter. This was the unkindest cut of all:—but, of course, this healed in a day. Poor Prince, he has his own allowance of insults, disgraces, blows; has just been found out in some plan, or suspicion of a plan; found out to be in debt at least, and been half miraculously pardoned;—and, except, in flight, he still sees no deliverance ahead. Five days ago, 22d January, 1730, there came out a Cabinet-Order (summary Act of Parliament, so to speak) against "lending money to Princes of the Blood, were it even to the Prince-Royal." A crime and misdemeanor, that shall now be; and Forfeiture of the Money is only part of the penalty, according to this Cabinet-Order. Rumor is, the Crown-Prince had purchased a vehicle and appurtenances at Leipzig, and was for running off. Certainty is, he was discovered to have borrowed 1,000 Thalers from a certain moneyed man at Berlin (money made from French scrip, in Mississippi Law's time);—which debt Friedrich Wilhelm instantly paid. "Your whole debt, then, is that? Tell me the whole!"—"My whole debt," answered the Prince; who durst not own to about 9,000 other Thalers (1,500 pounds) he has borrowed from other quarters, first and last. Friedrich Wilhelm saw perhaps some premonition of flight, or of desperate measures, in this business; and was unexpectedly mild: paid the 1,000 Thalers instantly; adding the Cabinet-Order against future contingencies. [Ranke, i. 296; Forster, The Prince was in this humor when he took Mamma's side, and redoubled Wilhelmina's grief.

DOUBLE-MARRIAGE, ON THE EDGE OF SHIPWRECK, FLIES OFF A KIND OF CARRIER-PIGEON, OR NOAH'S-DOVE, TO ENGLAND, WITH CRY FOR HELP. Faithful Mamsell Bulow consoles the Princess: "Wait, I have news that will put her Majesty in fine humor!"—And she really proved as good as her word. Her news is, Dubourgay and Knyphausen, in this extremity of pinch, have decided to send off not letters merely; but a speaking Messenger to the English Court. One Dr. Villa; some kind of "English Chaplain" here, [Wilhelmina, i. 203; Dubourgay's Despatch, 28th January, 1730.] whose chief trade is that he teaches Wilhelmina English; Rev. Dr. Villa, who honors Wilhelmina as he ought, shall be the man. Is to go instantly; will explain what the fatal pass we are reduced to is, and whether Princess Wilhelmina is the fright some represent her there or not.

Her Majesty is overjoyed to hear it: who would not be? Her Majesty "writes Letters" of the due vehemency,

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thinks Wilhelmina,—dare not write at all, says Dubourgay;—but loads Villa with presents, with advices; with her whole heart speeds him under way. "Dismissed, turned off for some fault or other—or perhaps because the Princess knows enough of English?" so the rumor goes, in Villa's Berlin circle.

"The Chaplain set out with his despatches," says Wilhelmina, who does not name him, but is rather eloquent upon his errand; "loaded with presents from the Queen. On taking leave of me he wept warm tears. He said, saluting in the English fashion,"—I hope with bended knee, and the maiden's fingers at his lips—"He would deny his Country, if it did not do its duty on this occasion." And so hastened forth on his errand. Like a Carrier-Pigeon sent in extremity;—like Noah's-Dove in the Deluge: may he revisit our perishing Ark with Olive in his bill!

END OF BOOK 6

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

**BOOK VII. FEARFUL SHIPWRECK OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT.
February–November, 1730.**

Chapter I. ENGLAND SENDS THE EXCELLENCY HOTHAM TO BERLIN.

Things, therefore, are got to a dead-lock at Berlin: rebellious Womankind peremptorily refuse Weissenfels, and take to a bed of sickness; inexpugnable there, for the moment. Baireuth is but a weak middle term; and there are disagreements on it. Answer from England, affirmative or even negative, we have yet none. Promptly affirmative, that might still avail, and be an honorable outcome. Perhaps better pause till that arrive, and declare itself?—Friedrich Wilhelm knows nothing of the Villa mission, of the urgencies that have been used in England: but, in present circumstances, he can pause for their answer.

MAJESTY AND CROWN-PRINCE WITH HIM MAKE A RUN TO DRESDEN

To outward appearance, Friedrich Wilhelm, having written that message to Baireuth, seems easier in mind; quiet with the Queen; though dangerous for exploding if Wilhelmina and the Prince come in view. Wilhelmina mostly squats; Prince, who has to be in view, gets slaps and strokes "daily (JOURNELLEMENT)," says the Princess,—or almost daily. For the rest, it is evident enough, Weissenfels, if not got passed through the Female Parliament, is thrown out on the second reading, and so is at least finished. Ought we not to make a run to Dresden, therefore, and apprise the Polish Majesty? Short run to Dresden is appointed for February 18th; [Fassmann, p. 404.] and the Prince-Royal, perhaps suspected of meditating something, and safer in his Father's company than elsewhere, is to go. Wilhelmina had taken leave of him, night of the 17th, in her Majesty's Apartment; and was in the act of undressing for bed, when,—judge of a young Princess's terror and surprise,—

"There stept into the anteroom," visible in the half-light there, a most handsome little Cavalier, dressed, not succinctly as Colonel of the Potsdam Giants, but "in magnificent French style.— I gave a shriek, not knowing who it was; and hid myself behind a screen. Madam de Sonsfeld, my Governess, not less frightened than myself, ran out" to see what audacious person, at such undue hour, it could be. "But she returned next moment, accompanying the Cavalier, who was laughing heartily, and whom I recognized for my Brother. His dress so altered him, he seemed a different person. He was in the best humor possible.

"I am come to bid you farewell once more, my dear Sister,' said he: 'and as I know the friendship you have for me, I will not keep you ignorant of my designs. I go, and do not come back. I cannot endure the usage I suffer; my patience is driven to an end. It is a favorable opportunity for flinging off that odious yoke; I will glide out of Dresden, and get across to England; where I do not doubt I shall work out your deliverance too, when I am got thither. So I beg you, calm yourself, We shall soon meet again in places where joy shall succeed our tears, and where we shall have the happiness to see ourselves in peace, and free from these persecutions.'" [Wilhelmina, i. 205.]

Wilhelmina stood stupefied, in silence for some moments;—argued long with her Brother; finally got him to renounce those wild plans, or at least postpone them; and give her his word that he would attempt nothing on the present occasion. This small Dresden Excursion of February, 1730, passed, accordingly, without accident, It was but the prelude to a much grander Visit now agreed upon between the neighboring Majesties. For there is a grand thing in the wind. Something truly sublime, of the scenic-military kind, which has not yet got a name; but shall soon have a world-wide one,—"Camp of Muhlberg," "Camp of Radewitz," or however to be named,—which his Polish Majesty will hold in those Saxon parts, in a month or two. A thing that will astonish all the world, we may hope; and where the King and Prince of Prussia are to attend as chief guests.

It was during this brief absence in February, or directly after Friedrich Wilhelm had returned, that Queen Sophie had that fit of real sickness we spoke of. Scarcely was his Majesty got home, when the Queen, rather ambiguous in her sicknesses of late, fell really and dangerously ill: so that Friedrich Wilhelm, at last recognizing it for real, came hurrying in from Potsdam; wept loud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private, "He would not survive his Feekin;" and for her sake solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz,—till the symptoms mended. [Wilhelmina, i. 306.]

HOW VILLA WAS RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

Meanwhile Dr. Villa, in England, has sped not ill. Villa's eloquence of truth; the Grumkow-Reichenbach Correspondence in St. Mary Axe: these two things produce their effect. These on the one hand; and then on the other, certain questionable aspects of Fleury, after that fine Soissons Catastrophe to the Kaiser; and certain

interior quarrels in the English Ministry, partly grounded thereon:—"On the whole, why should not we detach Friedrich Wilhelm from the Kaiser, if we could, and comply with a Royal Sister?" think they at St. James's.

Political men take some interest in the question; "Why neglect your Prince of Wales?" grumbles the Public: "It is a solid Protestant match, eligible for Prince Fred and us!"—"Why bother with the Kaiser and his German puddles?" asks Walpole: "Once detach Prussia from him, the Kaiser will perhaps sit still, and leave the world and us free of his Pragmatics and his Sanctions and Apanages."—"Quit of him? German puddles?" answers Townshend dubitatively,—who has gained favor at headquarters by going deeply into said puddles; and is not so ardent for the Prussian Match; and indeed is gradually getting into quarrel with Walpole and Queen Caroline. [Coxe, i. 332–339.] These things are all favorable to Dr. Villa.

In fact, there is one of those political tempests (dreadful to the teapot, were it not experienced in them) going on in England, at this time,—what we call a Change of Ministry;—daily crisis laboring towards fulfilment, or brewing itself ripe. Townshend and Walpole have had (how many weeks ago Coxe does not tell us) that meeting in Colonel Selwyn's, which ended in their clutching at swords, nay almost at coat-collars: [Ib. p. 335.] honorable Brothers-in-law: but the good Sister, who used to reconcile them, is now dead. Their quarrels, growing for some years past, are coming to a head. "When the firm used to be Townshend and Walpole, all was well; when it had to become Walpole and Townshend, all was not well!" said Walpole afterwards.

Things had already gone so far, that Townshend brought Chesterfield over from the Hague, last Autumn;—a Baron de Montesquieu, with the ESPRIT DE LOIS in his head, sailed with Lord Chesterfield on that occasion, and is now in England "for two years;"—but Chesterfield could not be made Secretary; industrious Duke of Newcastle stuck so close by that office, and by the skirts of Walpole. Chesterfield and Townshend VERSUS Walpole, Colonel Stanhope (Harrington) and the Pelhams: the Prussian Match is a card in that game; and Dr. Villa's eloquence of truth is not lost on Queen Caroline, who in a private way manages, as always, to rule pretty supreme in it.

There lies in the State-Paper Office, [Close by Despatch (Prussian): "London, 8th February (o.s.) 1729–1730."] without date or signature, a loose detached bit of writing, in scholastic style, but brief and to the purpose, which is evidently the Memorial of Villa; but as it teaches us nothing that we do not already know, it need not be inserted here. The man, we can perceive farther, continued useful in those Official quarters, answering questions about Prussia, helping in the St.-Mary-Axe decipherings, and in other small ways, for some time longer; after which he vanishes again from all record,—whether to teach English farther, or live on some modicum of pension granted, no man knows. Poor old Dove, let out upon the Deluge in serge gown: he did bring back a bit of olive, so to speak;—had the presage but held, as it did in Noah's case!

In a word, the English Sovereignties and Ministries have determined that an Envoy Extraordinary (one Hotham, they think of), with the due solemnity, be sent straightway to Berlin; to treat of those interesting matters, and officially put the question there. Whom Dubourgay is instructed to announce to his Prussian Majesty, with salutation from this Court. As Dubourgay does straightway, with a great deal of pleasure. [Despatches: London, 8th February; Berlin, 2d March, 1780] How welcome to his Majesty we need not say.

And indeed, after such an announcement (1st March, 1780, the day of it), they fell into cheerful dialogue; and the Brigadier had some frank conversation with his Majesty about the "Arbitration Commission" then sitting at Brunswick, and European affairs in general. Conversation which is carefully preserved for us in the Brigadier's Despatch of the morrow. It never was intrinsically of much moment; and is now fallen very obsolete, and altogether of none: but as a glance at first-hand into the dim old thoughts of Friedrich Wilhelm, the reader may take it with him:—

"The King said next, That though we made little noise, yet he knew well our design—was to kindle a fire in other parts of Lower Germany. To which I answered, That if his Majesty would give me favorable hearing, I could easily persuade him of the peaceable intentions of our Allies. 'Well,' says he, 'the Emperor will abandon the Netherlands, and who will be master of them? I see the day when you will make France so powerful, that it will be difficult to bring them to reason again.'—DUBOURGAY: 'If the Emperor abandoned the Netherlands, they would be governed by their own Magistrate, and defended by their own Militia. As to the French, we are too well persuaded of the benefit of our Allies, to—' Upon which the King of Prussia said, 'It appeared plainly we had a mind to dispose as we pleased of Kingdoms and provinces in Italy, so that probably our next thought would be to do the same in Germany.'—DUBOURGAY: 'The allotments made in favor of Don Carlos have been made with

the consent of the Emperor and the whole Empire. We could not suffer a longer interruption of our commerce with Spain, for the sake of the small difference between the Treaty of Seville and the Quadruple Alliance, in regard to the Garrison,"—to the introducing of Spanish Garrisons, at once, into Parma and Piacenza; which was the special thunder-bolt of the late Soissons Catastrophe, or Treaty of Seville.—"Well, then,' says his Prussian Majesty, 'you must allow, then, there IS an infraction of the Quadruple Alliance, and that the Emperor will make war!' 'I hope not,' said I: (but if so, a Ten-Years War, in conjunction with the Allies of Seville, never would be so bad as the interruption of our Commerce with Old and New Spain for one year.'

"The King of Prussia's notion about our DISPOSING OF PROVINCES IN GERMANY," adds Dubourgay, "is, I believe, an insinuation of Seckendorf, who, I doubt not, has made him believe we intended to do so with respect to Berg and Julich."

Very probably:—but Hotham is getting under way, hopeful to spoil that game. Prussian Majesty, we see, is not insensible to so much honor; and brightens into hopefulness and fine humor in consequence. What radiancy spread over the Queen's side of the House we need not say. The Tobacco-Parliament is like to have a hard task.—Friedrich Wilhelm privately is well inclined to have his Daughter married, with such outlooks, if it can be done. The marriage of the Crown-Prince into such a family would also be very welcome; only—only—There are considerations on that side. There are reasons; still more there are whims, feelings of the mind towards an unloved Heir-Apparent: upon these latter chiefly lie the hopes of Seckendorf and the Tobacco-Parliament.

What the Tobacco-Parliament's specific insinuations and deliberations were, in this alarming interim, no Hansard gives us a hint. Faint and timid they needed, at first, to be; such unfavorable winds having risen, blowing off at a sad rate the smoke of that abstruse Institution.—"JARNI-BLEU!" snuffles the Feldzeugmeister to himself. But "SI DEUS EST NOBISCUM," as Grumkow exclaims once to his beautiful Reichenbach, or NOSTI as he calls him in their slang or cipher language, "If God is with us, who can prevail against us?" For the Grumkow can quote Scripture; nay solaces himself with it, which is a feat beyond what the Devil is competent to.

EXCELLENCY HOTHAM ARRIVES IN BERLIN.

The Special Envoy to be sent to Berlin on this interesting occasion is a dignified Yorkshire Baronet; Sir Charles Hotham, "Colonel of the Horse-Grenadiers;" he has some post at Court, too, and is still in his best years. His Wife is Chesterfield's Sister; he is withal a kind of soldier, as we see;—a man of many sabre-tashes, at least, and acquainted with Cavalry-Drill, as well as the practices of Goldsticks: his Father was a General Officer in the Peterborough Spanish Wars. These are his eligibilities, recommending him at Berlin, and to Official men at home. Family is old enough: Hothams of Scarborough in the East Riding; old as WILHELMUS BASTARDUS; and subsists to our own day. This Sir Charles is lineal Son of the Hothams who lost their heads in the Civil War; and he is, so to speak, lineal UNCLE of the Lords Hotham that now are. For the rest, a handsome figure, prompt in French, and much the gentleman. So far has Villa sped.

Hotham got to Berlin on Sunday, 2d April, 1730. He had lingered a little, waiting to gather up some skirts of that Reichenbach-Grumkow Correspondence, and have them ready to show in the proper Quarter. For that is one of the chief arrows in his quiver. But here he is at last: and on Monday, he is introduced at Charlottenburg to the Prussian Majesty; and finds an abundant welcome to himself and his preliminaries. "Marriage into that fine high Country (MAGNIFIKE LAND) will be welcome to my Daughter, I believe, as flowers in May: to me also how can it be other than welcome!—'Farther instructions,' you say? Yes, surely; and terms honorable on both sides. Only say nothing of it, I had rather tell the girl myself." [Ranke, i. 284.] To that frank purport spoke his Majesty;—and invites the Excellency Hotham to stay dinner.

Great dinner at Charlottenburg, accordingly; Monday, 3d April, 1730: the two English Excellencies Hotham and Dubourgay, then General Borck, Knyphausen, Grumkow, Seckendorf and others;— "where," says Hotham, giving Despatch about it, "we all got immoderately drunk." Of which dinner there is sordid narrative, from Grumkow to his NOSTI (to his Reichenbach, in cant speech), still visible through St. Mary Axe, were it worth much attention from us. Passages of wit, loaded with allusion, flew round the table: "A German ducat is change for an English half-guinea," and the like sprightly things. Nay at one time, Hotham's back being turned, they openly drink,—his Majesty in a state of exhilaration, having blabbed the secret:—"To the health of Wilhelmina Princess of Wales!" Upon which the whole Palace of Charlottenburg now bursts into tripudiation; the very valets cutting capers, making somersets,—and rushing off with the news to Berlin. Observable, only, that Hotham and Dubourgay sat silent in the tripudiation; with faces diplomatically grave. Several points to be settled first; no

hallooing till we are out of the wood.

News came to Berlin Schloss, doubtless at full gallop, which would only take a quarter of an hour. This is Wilhelmina's experience of it. Afternoon of Monday, 3d of April, 1730, in the Schloss of Berlin,—towards sunset, some ornamental seam in one's hand:—

"I was sitting quiet in my Apartment, busy with work, and some one reading to me, when the Queen's Ladies rushed in, with a torrent of domestics in the rear; who all bawled out, putting one knee to the ground, 'They were come to salute the Princess of Wales.' I fairly believed these poor people had lost their wits; they would not cease overwhelming me with noise and tumult, their joy was so great they knew not what they did. When the farce had lasted some time, they at last told me"—what our readers know. What the demure Wilhelmina professes she cared next to nothing about. "I was so little moved by it, that I answered, going on with my work, 'Is that all?' Which greatly surprised them. A while afterwards my Sisters and several Ladies came also to congratulate me. I was much loved; and I felt more delighted at the proofs each gave me of that than at what occasioned them. In the evening I went to the Queen's: you may readily conceive her joy. On my first entrance, she called me 'her dear Princess of Wales;' and addressed Madam de Sonsfeld as 'Milady.' This latter took the liberty of hinting to her, that it would be better to keep quiet; that the King having yet given no notice of this business, might be provoked at such demonstration, and that the least trifle could still ruin all her hopes. The Countess Finkenstein joining her remonstrances to Sonsfeld's, the Queen, though with regret, promised to moderate herself." [Wilhelmina, i. 215.]

This is the effulgent flaming-point of the long-agitated English Match, which we have so often caught in a bitterly smoking condition. "The King indeed spoke nothing of it to us, on his return to Berlin in a day or two," says Wilhelmina; "which we thought strange." But everybody considered it certain, nothing but the details left to settle. "Hotham had daily conferences with the King." "Every post brought letters from the Prince of Wales:" of which Wilhelmina saw several,—this for one specimen, general purport of the whole: "I conjure you, my dear Hotham, get these negotiations finished! I am madly in love (AMOUREUX COMME UN FOU), and my impatience is unequalled." {Ib. i. 218.} Wilhelmina thought these sentiments "very, romantic" on the part of Prince Fred, "who had never seen me, knew me only by repute:"—and answered his romances and him with tiffs of laughter, in a prettily fleering manner.

Effulgent flame-point;—which was of very brief duration indeed, and which sank soon into bitterer smoke than ever, down almost to the choking state. There are now six weeks of Diplomatic History at the Court of Berlin, which end far otherwise than they began. Weeks well-nigh indecipherable; so distracted are they, by black-art and abstruse activities above ground and below, and so distractedly recorded for us: of which, if it be humanly possible, we must try to convey some faint notion to mankind.

Chapter II. LANGUAGE OF BIRDS: EXCELLENCY HOTHAM PROVES UNAVAILING.

Already next morning, after that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, awakening with his due headache, thought, and was heard saying, He had gone too far! Those gloomy looks of Hotham and Dubourgay, on the occasion; they are a sad memento that our joyance was premature. The English mean the Double–Marriage; and Friedrich Wilhelm is not ready, and never fairly was, for more than the Single. "Wilhelmina Princess of Wales, yes with all my heart; but Friedrich to an English Princess—Hm, na;"—and in a day more: ["Instruction to his Ministers, 5th April," cited by Ranke, i. 285 n.] plainly "No." And there it finally rests; or if rocked about, always settles there again.

And why, No?—Truly, as regarded Crown–Prince Friedrich's marriage, the question had its real difficulties; and then, still more, it had its imaginary; and the subterranean activities were busy! The witnesses, contemporaneous and other, assign three reasons, or considerations and quasi–reasons, which the Tobacco–Parliament and Friedrich Wilhelm's lively fancy could insist upon it till they became irrefragable:—

FIRST, his rooted discontent with the Crown–Prince, some even say his jealousy of the Crown–Prince's talents, render it unpleasant to think of promoting him in any way. SECOND, natural German loyalty, enlivened by the hope of Julich and Berg, attaching Friedrich Wilhelm to the Kaiser's side of things, repels him with a kind of horror from the Anti–Kaiser or French–English side. "Marry my Daughter, if you like; I shall be glad to salute her as Princess of Wales; but no union in your Treaty–of–Seville operations: in politics go you your own road, if that is it, while I go mine; no tying of us, by Double or other Marriages, to go one road." THIRD, the magnificence of those English. "Regardless of expense," insinuates the Tobacco–Parliament; "they will send their grand Princess hither, with no end of money; brought up in grandeur to look down on the like of us. She can dazzle, she can purchase: in the end, may there not be a Crown–Prince Party, capable of extinguishing your Majesty here in your own Court, and making Prussia a bit of England; all eyes being turned to such sumptuous Princess and her Crown–Prince,—Heir–Apparent, or 'Rising Sun' as we may call him!"—

These really are three weighty almost dreadful considerations to a poetic–tempered King and Smoking Parliament. Out of which there is no refuge except indeed this plain fourth one: "No hurry about Fritz's marriage; [Friedrich Wilhelm to Reichenbach (13th May), *infra.*] he is but eighteen gone; evidently too young for housekeeping. Thirty is a good time for marrying. "There is, thank God, no lack of royal lineage; I have two other Princes,"—and another just at hand, if I knew it.

To all which there is to be added that ever–recurring invincible gravitation towards the Kaiser, and also towards Julich and Berg, by means of him,—well acted on by the Tobacco–Parliament for the space of those six weeks. During which, accordingly, almost from the first day after that Hotham Dinner of April 3d, the answer of the royal mind, with superficial fluctuations, always is: "Wilhelmina at once, if you choose; likely enough we might agree about Crown–Prince Friedrich too, if once all were settled; but of the Double–Marriage, at this present time, HORE NIT, [Ranke, i. 285 n.] I will have nothing to say." And as the English answer steadily, "Both or none!"—meaning indeed to draw Prussia away from the Kaiser's leading–strings, and out of his present enchanted condition under the two Black–Artists he has about him, the Negotiation sinks again into a mere smoking, and extinct or plainly extinguishing state. The Grumkow–NOSTI Cipher Correspondence might be reckoned as another efficient cause; though, in fact, it was only a big concomitant symptom, much depended on by both parties, and much disappointing both. In the way of persuading or perverting Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment about England, this deep–laid piece of machinery does not seem to have done much, if anything; and Hotham, who with the English Court had calculated on it (on their detection of it) as the grand means of blowing Grumkow out of the field, produced a far opposite result on trying, as we shall see! That was a bit of heavy ordnance which disappointed everybody. Seized by the enemy before it could do any mischief; enemy turned it round on the inventor; fired it off on the inventor, and—it exploded through the touch–hole; singeing some people's whiskers: nothing more!—

A PEEP INTO THE NOSTI–GRUMKOW CORRESPONDENCE CAUGHT UP IN ST. MARY AXE.

Would the reader wish to look into this Nosti–Grumkow Correspondence at all? I advise him, not. Good part

of it still lies in the Paper–Office here; [Prussian Despatches, vols. xl. xli.: in a fragmentary state; so much of it as they had caught up, and tried to make use of;—far too much.] likely to be published by the Prussian Dryasdust in coming time: but a more sordid mass of eavesdroppings, kitchen–ashes and floor–sweepings, collected and interchanged by a pair of treacherous Flunkies (big bullying Flunky and little trembling cringing one, Grumkow and Reichenbach), was never got together out of a gentleman's household. To no idlest reader, armed even with barnacles, and holding mouth and nose, can the stirring–up of such a dust–bin be long tolerable. But the amazing problem was this Editor's, doomed to spell the Event into clearness if he could, and put dates, physiognomy and outline to it, by help of such Flunky–Sanscrit!— That Nosti–Grumkow Correspondence, as we now have it in the Paper–Office,—interpretable only by acres of British Despatches, by incondite dateless helpless Prussian Books ("printed Blotches of Human Stupor," as Smelfungus calls them): how gladly would one return them all to St. Mary Axe, there to lie through Eternity! It is like holding dialogue with a rookery; asking your way (perhaps in flight for life, as was partly my own case) by colloquy with successive or even simultaneous Rookeries. Reader, have you tried such a thing? An adventure, never to be spoken of again, when once DONE!

Wilhelmina pretends to give quotations [Wilhelmina, i. 233–235.] from this subterranean Grumkow–Reichenbach Correspondence; but hers are only extracts from some description or remembrance; hardly one word is close to the original, though here and there some outline or shadow of a real passage is traceable. What fractional elements, capable of gaining some vestige of meaning when laid together in their cosmic order, I could pick from the circumambient immensity not cosmic, are here for the reader's behoof. Let him skip, if, like myself, he is weary; for the substance of the story is elsewhere given. Or perhaps he has the curiosity to know the speech of birds? With abridgment, by occasional change of phrase, above all by immense omission,—here, in specimen, is something like what the Rookery says to poor Friedrich Wilhelm and us, through St. Mary Axe and the Copyists in the Foreign Office! Friedrich Wilhelm reads it (Hotham gives him reading of it) some weeks hence; we not till generations afterwards. I abridge to the utmost;—will mark in single commas what is not Abridgment but exact Translation;—with rigorous attention to dates, and my best fidelity to any meaning there may be:—

TO NOSTI (the so–called Excellenz Reichenbach) IN LONDON:

Gumkow from Berlin LOQUITUR, Reichenbach listening with both his ears (words caught up in St. Mary Axe).

BERLIN, 3d MARCH, 1730. "The time has now come when Reichenbach must play his game. Let him write that the heads of the Opposition, who play Austria as a card in Parliament, 'are in consternation, Walpole having hinted to them that he was about to make friends with the King of Prussia;' 'that by means of certain ministers at Berlin, and by other subterranean channels (AUTRES SOUTERRAINS), his Prussian Majesty had been brought to a disposition of that kind' [Knyphausen, Borck and others will be much obliged to Reichenbach for so writing!], That Reichenbach knows they intend sending a Minister to Berlin; but is certain enough, as perhaps they are, his Prussian Majesty will not let himself be lured or caught in the trap: but that the very rumor of its being possible for him to change" from Austria, "would be an infinite gain to the English Ministry,"—salvation of them, in fact, in the Parliamentary cockpit. "That they had already given out in the way of rumor, How sure they were of the Court of Berlin whenever it came to the point. That Reichenbach had tried to learn from 73 [An Indecipherable.] what the real result from Berlin was; and did not think it much, though the Walpole people," all hanging so perilously upon Prussia for their existence, 'affected a great gayety; and indeed felt what a gain it was even to have renewed the Negotiation with his Prussian Majesty.' Here is a King likely to get himself illuminated at first–hand upon English affairs; by Ministers lying abroad for him, and lying at home!—

'And so the King,' concludes Grumkow, 'will think Reichenbach is a witch (SORVIER) to be so well informed about all that, and will redouble the good opinion he has of Reichenbach. And so, if Reichenbach second my ideas, we will pack Borck and Knyphausen about their business; and will do the King faithful service,'— having, some of us, our private 500 pounds a year from Austria for doing it. 'The King perceives only too well that the Queen's sickness is but sham (MOMERIE): judge of the effect that has! I am yours entirely (TOUT A VOUS). I wait in great impatience to hear your news upon all this: for I inform you accurately how the land lies here; so that it only depends upon yourself to shine, and to pass for a miracle of just insight,'—"SORCIER," or witch at guessing mysteries, Grumkow calls it again. He continues in another Missive:—

BERLIN, 7th MARCH. (Let us give the original for a line or two): 'Queen Sophie will soon rise from her bed

of sickness, were this marriage done; *La Mere du Prince-Royal affecte toujours d'etre bien mal; mais des que l'affaire entre le Prince de Galles et la Princesse-Royale sera faite, on la verra bientôt sur pied.* "It will behoove that Reichenbach signify to the Prince-Royal's Father that all this affair has been concocted at Berlin with Borck and by 71 [An Indecipherable.] with Knyphausen and 103. [An Indecipherable.] That they never lose sight of an alliance with the English Princess and the Prince of Prussia; and flatter themselves the Prince-Royal of Prussia will accompany the Princess-Royal, Wilhelmina, "on HER marriage there." "In a word, that all turns on this latter point," marriage of the PRINCE-Royal as well; and "that Villa has given so favorable a description of this Prince, that the English Princess will have him at what price soever. Nosti can also allege the affair of 100,"—whom we at last decipher to be LORD HARRINGTON, once Colonel Stanhope, of Soissons, of the Madrid Embassy, of the descent on Vigo; a distinguished new Lord, with whom Newcastle hopes to shove out Townshend,—"Lord Harrington, and the division among the Ministers:"—great question, Shall the firm be Townshend and Walpole, or Walpole and Townshend? just going on; brewing towards decision; in which the Prussian Double-Marriage is really a kind of card, and may by Nosti be represented as a trump card.

"The whole Town of Berlin said, This Villa was dismissed by order of the King, for he taught the eldest Princess English; but I see well it was Borck, 107, [An Indecipherable.] Knyphausen and Dubourgay that despatched him, to give a true picture of the situation here. And if Nosti has written to his Majesty to the same effect as he does to his Friend [Despatch to Majesty has not yet come under Friend's eye] on the Queen of England's views about the Prince-Royal of Prussia, it will answer marvellously (CELA VIENT A MERVEILLE). I have apprised Seckendorf of all that Nosti writes to me." 'For the rest, Nosti may perfectly assure himself that the King never will abandon Reichenbach; and if the Prince-Royal,' sudden Fate interfering, 'had the reins in his hand,—in that case, Seckendorf promises to Reichenbach, on the part of the Kaiser, all or more than all he can lose by the accession of the Prince. Monsieur Reichenbach may depend upon that.' [Prussian Despatches, vol. xl. The second of these two Letters is copied, we perceive, by VILLA; who transmits it to Hotham's Secretary at Berlin, with great hopes from it. Letter "unsigned," adds Villa (POINT SIGNEE). First was transmitted by Townshend.—Following are transmitted by It is in that way they have got into the State-Paper Office,—as ENCLOSURES in the various Despatches that carried them out to Berlin to serve as Diplomatic Ammunition there.]

Slave Reichenbach at London, when this missive comes to hand, is busy copying scandal according to former instructions for behoof of his Prussian Majesty, and my Bashaw Grumkow; for example:—

TO THE HERR GRUMKOW AT BERLIN:

Excellenz Reiohenbach LOQUITUR;—snatched in St. Mary Axe.

LONDON, 10th MARCH, 1730. "... Reichenbach has told his Prussian Majesty to-day by a Courier who is to pass through Brussels [Austrian Kinsky's Courier, no doubt], what amours the Prince of Wales," dissolute Fred, "has on hand at present with actresses and opera-girls. The King of Prussia will undoubtedly be astonished. The affair merits some attention at present,"—especially from an Excellenz like me.—

[MISSIVE (body of important Grumkow Instructions just read by us) COMES TO HAND.]

LONDON, 14th MARCH, 1730. 'Reichenbach will write by the first, Ordinary [so they name Post, in those days] all that Glumkow orders. Reichenbach sees well, they mean to play the deuce here (*jouent le diable a quatre ici*): but Reichenbach will tell his Prussian Majesty what Grumkow finds fit.' Good Excellenz Reichenbach 'flatters himself the King will remain firm, and not let his enemies deceive him. If Grumkow and Seckendorf have opportunity they may tell his Prussian Majesty that the whole design of this Court is to render his Country a Province dependent on England. When once the Princess-Royal of England shall be wedded to the Prince-Royal of Prussia, the English, by that means, will form such a party at Berlin, that they will altogether tie his Prussian Majesty's hands.' A comfortable piece of news to his Prussian Majesty in Tobacco-Parliament. 'Reichenbach will assuredly be vigilant; depend on his answering Grumkow always by the first post.'

Continues;—turning his rook-bill towards Majesty now. Same date (14th March), same time, place and bird:—

TO HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY (from Excellenz Reichenbach).

'... P.S. I had closed this Letter when a person of confidence came in [the fact being, my Grumkow's Missive of instructions came in, or figuratively speaking, my Grumkow himself], and undertook to give me in a few days a thorough insight into the intrigues which are concealed under the sending of this new Minister,' Hotham, 'to

Berlin; which, and how they have been concocted, he says, it will astonish me to hear. Of all this I shall immediately inform your Majesty in a letter of my own hand; being ever eager to serve your Majesty alone.'

Hotham is now fairly gone, weeks ago; concluded to be now in Berlin,—to the horror of both rooks. Here is a croak from NOSTI:—

TO THE HERR GRUMKOW AT BERLIN.

LONDON, APRIL, 1730. "... Hotham is no such conjurer as they fancy in Berlin;—singular enough, how these English are given to undervalue the Germans; whilst we in Germany overvalue them" (*avons une idee trop vaste, they trap petite*). 'There is, for instance, Lord Chesterfield, passes here for a fair—enough kind of man (BON HOMME), and is a favorite with the King [not with Walpole or the Queen, if Nosti knew it]; but nobody thinks him such a prodigy as you all do in Germany,'—which latter bit of Germanism is an undoubted fact; curious enough to the English, and to the Germans that now read in extinct Books.

Hotham, as we said, got to Berlin on the 2d of April. From Berlin comes thereupon, at great length, sordid description by Grumkow, of that initiatory Hotham Dinner, April Third, with fearful details of the blazing favor Hotham is in. Which his Majesty (when Hotham hands it to him, in due time) will read with painful interest; as Reichenbach now does;—but which to us is all mere puddle, omissible in this place.

To which sad Strophe, there straightway follows due Anti—strophe, Reichenbach croaking responsive;—and we are to note, the rooks always speak in the third person and by ambiguous periphrasis; never once say "I" or "You," unless forced by this Editor, for brevity's sake, to do it. Reichenbach from his perch thus hoarsely chants:—

TO THE HERR GRUMKOW AT BERLIN.

LONDON, 11th APRIL. 'Reichenbach EST COUP—DE—FOUDRE,—is struck by lightning,—to hear these Berlin news;—and expresses, in the style of a whipt dog, his sorrows, uncertainties and terrors, on the occasion. "Struck with lightning. Feel myself quite ill, and not in a condition to write much today. It requires another head than mine to veer round so often (*changer si souvent de systame*). In fine, *Nosti est au bout de son latin* [is at his wit's end, poor devil]! Both Majesties have spoken openly of the favorable news from Berlin; funds rose in consequence. New Minister [Walpole come to the top of the Firm, Townshend soon to withdraw, impatient of the bottom] is all—powerful now: O TEMPORA, O MORES!" "I receive universal congratulations, and have to smile" in a ghastly manner. "The King and Queen despise me. I put myself in their way last Levee, bowing to the ground; but they did not even condescend to look." '*Notre grand petit—maitre,*' little George, the Olympian Jove of these parts, "passed on as if I had not been there." 'Chesterfield, they say, is to go, in great pomp, as Ambassador Extraordinary, and fetch the Princess over. And'—Alas, in short, Once I was hap—hap—happy, but now I'm MEEserable!

LONDON, 14th APRIL. "Slave Reichenbaoh cannot any longer write secret Letters to his Prussian Majesty according to the old strain, of your prescribing; but must stand by his vacant Official Despatches: the scene being entirely changed, he also must change his manner of writing"—poor knave. "He will have to inform his Majesty, however, by and by, though it is not safe at present,"— for example,—'That his Britannic Majesty is becoming from day to day more hated by all the world; and that the Prince of Wales is no longer liked by the Public, as at first; because he begins to give himself airs, and takes altogether the manners of his Britannic Majesty, that is to say of a puppy (PETIT—MAITRE); let my Amiable [Grumkow] be aware of that'—

Yes, let him be aware of that, to his comfort,—and still more, and all readers along with him, of what follows:—

'Reichenbach likewise with great confidence informs the Greatest Confidant he has in the world [same amiable Glumkow], that he has discovered within this day or two,' a tremendous fact, known to our readers some time ago, 'That the Prince—Royal of Prussia has given his written assurances to the Queen here, Never to many anybody in the world except the Princess Amelia of England, happen what will [Prussian Majesty will read this with a terrible interest! Much nearer to him than it is to us]. In consideration of which Promise, the Queen of England is understood,' falsely, 'to have answered that they should, at present, ask only the Princess—Royal of Prussia for their Prince of Wales,' and let the Double—Marriage BE, seemingly, as his Prussian Majesty wishes it. 'Monsieur de Reichenbaoh, did not speak of this to his Prussian Majesty; feeling it too dangerous just now.—

Lord Townshend is still at his place in the country [Rainham in Norfolk]: but it is said he will soon come to Town; having heard the great news that they had already got his Prussian Majesty by the nose. Reichenbach

forgets if he already told Grumkow that the rumor runs, Lord Chesterfield, in quality of Ambassador to Berlin, is to bring the Princess Wilhelmina over hither:—you did already, poor confused wretch; unusually bewildered, and under frightful eclipse at present.

Continues after four days:—

APRIL 18th. "... Lord Stratford [to me an unknown Lordship] and heads of Opposition would like to ascertain what Hotham's offer to the King of Prussia IS."

Truly, yes; they mean to ask in Parliament (as poor gamblers in that Cockpit are wont), 'And why did not you make the offer sooner, then? Friendship with his Prussian Majesty, last year, would have saved the whole of that large Waterspout about the Meadows of Clamei! Nay need we, a few months ago, have spent such loads of gold subsidizing those Hessians and Danes against him? The treasures of this Country go a strange road, Mr. Speaker! What is the use of our industries and riches?' Heavens, yes, what! But we continue to excerpt and interpret:—

Reichenbach "has said nothing of this to his Prussian Majesty, Reichenbach has not; too dangerous in own present down-pressed state:—though amazingly exact always in news, and attached to his Prussian Majesty as mortal seldom was. Need he fear their new Hotham, then? Does not fear Hotham, not he him, being a man so careful of truth in his news. Dare not, however, now send any intelligence about the Royal Family here; Prussian Majesty having ordered him not to write gossip like a spiteful woman: What is he to do? Instruct him, O my Amiable.

"Know for the rest, and be aware of it, O Amiable, that Queen Caroline here is of opinion, The Amiable Grumkow should be conciliated; and that Queen Sophie and Hotham are understood to have been trying it. Do not abandon me, O Amiable; nay I know you will not, you and Seckendorf, never, though I am a poor man.

"Have found out a curious story, HISTOIRE FORT CRIEUSE,—about one of Prince Fred's amourettes." Story which this Editor, in the name of the whole human species, will totally suppress, and sweep into the cesspool, to herald Reichenbach thither. Except only that this corollary by the Duchess of Kendal may be appended to the thing:—

"Duchess of Kendal [Hop-pole EMERITA, now gone to devotion, whom we know, piously turns up her eyes at such doings], thinks the Princess Wilhelmina will have a bad life of it with Fred, and that she 'will need the wisdom of Solomon to get on here.' Not a good bargain, this Prince Fred and his Sister. A dissolute fellow he, not liked by the Public" (I should hope). "Then as to Princess Amelia, she, who was always haughty, begins to give herself airs upon the Prince-Royal of Prussia; she is as ill-tempered as her Father, and still more given to backbiting (PLUS RAILLEUSE), and will greatly displease the Potsdam Majesty.'

These are cheering thoughts. "But what is to become of Nosti? Faithful to his Grumkow, to his Seckendorf—to his pair of sheep-stealers, poor dog. But if trouble rise;—oh, at least do not hang me, ye incomparable pair!"—

THE HOTHAM DESPACHES.

Slave Nosti's terrors, could he see behind the scenes, are without foundation! the tremendous Hotham Negotiation, all ablaze at that Charlottenburg Dinner, is sunk low enough into the smoking state, threatening to go out altogether. Smoke there may still be, perceptible vestiges of smoke; which indeed, for a long time, fitfully continued: but, at the time while Nosti, quaking in every joint of him, writes these terrors, Hotham perceives that his errand is vain; that properly there has as good as extinction supervened. April 3d was the flame-point; which lasted in its brightness only for a few days or hours. April is not gone, or half gone, when flaming has quite ceased, and the use of bellows, never so judicious, is becoming desperate: and long before the end of May, no red is to be seen in the affair at all, and the very bellows are laid down.

Here—are the epochs: riddled out of such a mass of extinct rubbish as human nature seldom had to deal with;—here are certain extracts in a greatly condensed state, from the authentic voluminous Hotham Despatches and Responses;—which may conveniently interrupt the Nosti Babblement at this point.

TO MY LORD TOWNSHEND AT LONDON:

Excellency Hotham LOQUITUR (in a greatly condensed form).

BERLIN, 12th APRIL, 1730. "... Of one or two noteworthy points I have to apprise your Lordship. So soon as his Majesty was sober, he found that he had gone too far at that grand dinner of Monday 3d; and was in very bad humor in consequence. Crown-Prince has written from Potsdam to his Sister, 'No doubt I am left here lest the English wind get at me (*de peur que le vent anglais ne me touchat*).' Saw King at Parade, who was a little vague;

'is giving matters his consideration.' Majesty has said to Borck and Knyphausen, 'If they want the Double-Marriage, and to detach me from the Kaiser, let them propose something about Julich and Berg.' Sits the wind in that quarter? King has said since, to one Marschall, a Private-Secretary who is in our interest: 'I hate my Son, and my Son hates me: we are best asunder;—let them make him STATTHALTER (Vice-regent) of Hanover, with his Princess!' Commission might be made out in the Princess Amelia's name; proper conditions tied, and so on:—Knyphausen suggests it could be done. Knyphausen is true to us; but he stands alone [not alone, but cannot much help]; does not even stir in the NOSTI or ST.-MARY-AXE Affair as yet."

Prince Friedrich to be STATTHALTER in Hanover with his English Princess? That would save the expense of an Establishment for him at home. That has been suggested by the Knyphausen or English party: and no doubt it looked flattering to his Prussian Majesty for moments. This may be called Epoch first, after that grand Charlottenburg Dinner.

Then as to the NOSTI Affair, in which Knyphausen "does not stir as yet,"—the fact is, it was only put into Knyphausen's hands the day before YESTERDAY, as we soon discover; and Knyphausen is not so sure about it as some are! That Hotham Despatch is of Wednesday, 12th April. And not till yesterday could Guy Dickens report performance of the other important thing. Captain Guy Dickens, a brisk handy military man, Secretary to Dubourgay this good while past, "Has duly received from Headquarters the successive NOSTI-GRUMKOW documents, caught up in St. Mary Axe; has now delivered them to Knyphausen, to be laid before his Prussian Majesty in a good hour; and would fain (Tuesday, April 11th) hope some result from this step." Not for almost a month does Hotham himself say anything of it to the Prussian Majesty, good hour for Knyphausen not having come. But now, in regard to that Hanover Statthaltership, hear Townshend,—condensed, but not nearly so much so, my Lord being a succinct man who sticks always creditably to the point:—

TO THE EXCELLENCY HOTHAM AT BERLIN (from Lord Townshend).

LONDON, 27th APRIL. "Yes, you shall have the Hanover Vice-regency. We will set up the Crown-Prince Friedrich in Hanover as desired; but will give the Commission to our own Princess, that being more convenient for several reasons: Crown-Prince, furthermore, must promise to come over to England when we require him; ITEM may repay us our expenses hereafter, As to Marriage-Portions, we will give none with our Princess, nor ask any with theirs. Both marriages or none." Ann so enough.

Alas, nothing came of this; Prussian Majesty, in spite of thrift, perceiving that, for several reasons, it would not do. Meanwhile Grumkow, we learn from a secret source, [NOSTI, supra (18th April), p. 185; infra, p. 101.] has been considerably courted by Botham and her Prussian Majesty; Queen Caroline having signified from England, That they ought to gain that knave,—what price did he charge for himself? But this also proves quite unavailing; never came to PRICING. And so,—hear Hotham once more:—

TO LORD TOWNSHEND AT LONDON (from Excellency Hotham).

BERLIN, 18th APRIL. "... Grumkow is a thorn in my side: one would like to do him some service in return." 'Cannot you stop an ORIGINAL Letter of his' (we have only deciphered Copies as yet) to that Reichenbach or NOSTI, 'strong enough to break his back?— They will try. Hotham continues in next Despatch:—

BERLIN, 22d APRIL. "Dined with the King again; Crown-Prince was present: dreadfully dejected,—'at which one cannot help being moved; there is something so engaging in the Prince, and everybody says so much good of him.'" Hear Hotham! Who again, three days after, says of our Fritz: 'If I am not much mistaken, this young Prince will one day make a very considerable figure.' "Wish we could manage the Marriage; but this Grumkow, this"—Cannot they contrive to send an ORIGINAL strong enough?

Alas, from the same secret source we learn, within a week, that Grumkow's back is very strong; the Tobacco-Parliament in full blast again, and Seckendorf's Couriers galloping to Vienna with the best news. Nay his Majesty looks expressly "sour upon Hotham," or does not look at all; will not even speak when he sees him;—for a reason we shall hear. [NOSTI, infra (29th April), p. 191.] can it, be thought that any liberality in use of the bellows or other fire-implements will now avail with his Majesty?

SECOND AND LAST PEEP INTO THE NOSTI-GRUMKOW CORRESPONDENCE CAUGHT UP IN ST. MARY AXE.

But at this point let our Two Rooks recommence a little: Nosti, on the 18th, we left quaking in every joint of him;—and good news was almost at the door, had afflicted Nosti known it. Grumkow's strain (suppressed by us

here), all this while, is in general, almost ever since the blaze of that Hotham Dinner went off into repentant headache: 'Pshaw, don't fear!' Nay after a fortnight or so, it is again: 'Steady! we are all right?' Tobacco-Parliament and the Royal Imagination making such progress. This is still but the third week since that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg:--

TO THE EXCELLENZ REICHENBACH AT LONDON (from Grumkow).

BERLIN, 22d APRIL. 'King wants to get rid of the Princess' Wilhelmina, 'who is grown lean, ugly, with pimples on her face (*qui est devenue maigre, laide, couperosee*,' [This is one of the sentences Wilhelmina has got hold of (Wilhelmina, i. 234).]--dog: will nobody horsewhip that lie out of him!)--'judge what a treat that will be to a Prince of Wales, who has his amourettes!' All is right, Nosti, is it not?

BERLIN, 25th APRIL. "King declared to Seckendorf yesterday again, He might write to the Kaiser, That while he lived, nothing should ever part his Majesty from the Kaiser and his Cause; that the French dare not attack Luxembourg, as is threatened; and if they do--! Upon which Seckendorf despatched a Courier to Vienna.

"As to Hotham, he explains himself upon nothing,"--stalks about with his nose in the air, as if there were nothing farther to be explained. "I spoke yesterday of the Single Match, Wilhelmina and Prince of Wales; King answered, even of the Single Match, Devil fly away with it!"--or a still coarser phrase.

'Meanwhile the Queen, though at the end of her eighth month, is cheery as a fish in water; [Wilhelmina has this too, in a disfigured state (i. 233).] and always forms grand project of totally ruining Seckendorf, by Knyphausen's and other help.' "Hotham yesterday, glancing at Nosti no doubt, said to the SIEUR DE POTSDAM [cant phrase for the King], 'That great Princes were very unlucky to have ministers that durst not show themselves in good society; for the result was, they sent nothing but false news and rumors picked up in coffee-houses.'"

"Coffee-houses?" answers Reichenbach, by and by: "Reichenbach is in English society of the first distinction, and receives visits from Lords and Dukes. This all the world knows"--to be nothing like the case, as Townshend too has occasionally mentioned.

At any rate, continues Grumkow, "the Queen's Husband said, aside, to Nosti's Friend, 'I see he is glancing at Reichenbach; but he won't make much of that (cynically speaking, *ne fera que de l'eau claire*).' Hotham is by no means a man of brilliant mind, and his manners are rough: but Ginkel," the Dutchman, "is cleverer (PLUS SOUPLE), and much better liked by Nosti's Master."

ANTISTROPHE soon follows; London Raven is himself again; --Nosti LOQUITUR:--

LONDON, 25th APRIL. "... King has written to me, I AM to report to him any talk there may be in the Court here about his Majesty! My Amiable and his Seckendorf, need they ask if Nosti will, and in a way to give them pleasure?" ...

STROPHE (allegro by the Berlin Raven or Rook, who has not yet heard the above);--Grumkow LOQUITUR:--

BERLIN, 29th APRIL. "... Wrong not to write entertaining news of the English Court as heretofore. King likes it.

"What you say of the Prince-Royal of Prussia's writing to the Queen of England, is very curious; and you did well to say nothing of it to the Father; the thing being of extreme delicacy, and the proof difficult. But it seems likely. And I insinuated something of it to his Majesty, the day before yesterday [27th April, 1730, therefore? One momentary glance of Hansard into the Tobacco-Parliament], as of a thing I had learned from a spy" (such my pretence, O Nosti)--spy "who is the intimate friend of Knyphausen and plays traitor: you may fancy that it struck terribly." Yes! "And his Majesty has looked sour upon Hotham ever since; and passed above an hour in colloquy with Seckendorf and me, in sight both of English Hotham and Dutch Ginkel without speaking to them.

"It was true enough what Nosti heard of the Queen's fair speeches, and Hotham's, to the Friend of Nosti. But it is all ended: the Queen's, weeks ago, being in vain: Hotham too, after some civilities, seems now indifferent. 'ENFIN ['Afin' he always writes it, copying the indistinct gurgle of his own horse-dialect]--AFIN FILOUTERIE TOUT PURE' (whole of it thimblorig, on their part).

"Admirable story, that of Prince Fred's amourette [sent to the cesspool by us, herald of Reichenbach thither]: let his Majesty know it, by all means. What the Duchess of Kendal [lean tall female in expensive brocades, with gilt prayer-books, visible in the body to Nosti at that time], what the Duchess of Kendal says to you is perfectly just; and as the Princess Wilhelmina is very ill-looking [LAIDE,--how dare you say so, dog?], I believe she will have a bad life of it, the Prince of Wales being accustomed to daintier meats. Yes truly, she will, as the Duchess

says, 'need to be wiser than Solomon' to conciliate the humors down there (LA BAS) with the genius of his Prussian Majesty and Queen.—'As for your Princess Amelia, depend upon it, while the Commandant of Potsdam lives, she will never get hold of the Prince—Royal, though he is so furiously taken with the Britannic Majesties.'

[Continues; in answer to a Nosti "Caw! Caw!" which we omit.]

BERLIN, 2d MAY.—"Wish you had not told the King so positively that the English say, it shall be Double Match or none. Hotham said to the Swedish Ambassador: 'Reichenbach, walking in the dark, would give himself a fine knock on the nose (*aurait un furieux pied de nez*), when,' or IF, 'the thing was done quite otherwise.' Have a caution what you write."

Pooh, pooh! Hotham must have said "if," not "when;" Swede is quite astray!—And indeed we will here leave off, and shut down this magazine of rubbish; right glad to wash ourselves wholly from it (in three waters) forevermore. Possibly enough the Prussian Dryasdust will, one day, print it IN EXTENSO, and with that lucidity of comment and arrangement which is peculiar to him; exasperated readers will then see whether I have used them ILL or not, according to the opportunity there was!—Here, at any rate, my reader shall be free of it. Indeed he may perceive, the negotiation was by this time come to a safe point, the Nosti—Grumkows triumphant, and the interest of the matter mainly out. Farther transient anxieties this amiable couple had,— traceable in that last short croak from Grumkow,—lest the English might consent to that of the "Single—Marriage in the mean time" (which the English never did, or meant to do). For example, this other screech of Nosti, which shall be his final last—screech:—

LONDON, 12th MAY.—"Lord Townshend alarmingly hinted to me: Better have done with your Grumkow—and—Seckendorf speculations: the ill—intentioned are perfectly sure to be found out at the end of the account; and their tools will get ruined along with them. Nosti endeavored to talk big in reply: but he shakes in his shoes nevertheless; and with a heart full of distraction exclaims now, Save yourselves, save me!—If Hotham speak of the Single—Marriage only, it is certain the Prince—Royal must mean to run away," and so make it a Double one in time.

Yes, indeed! But these were transient terrors. The day is our own, my Grumkow; yes, our own, my Nosti:—and so our Colloquy of Rookeries shall be suppressible henceforth.

HIS MAJESTY GETS SIGHT OF THE ST.—MARY—AXE DOCUMENTS; BUT NOTHING FOLLOWS FROM IT.

We have only to add what Hotham reports (Berlin, May 6th), That he "has had an interview with his Majesty, and spoken of the St.—Mary—Axe affair; Knyphausen having found a moment to lay it before his Majesty." So that the above Excerpts from St. Mary Axe (all but the last two),—the above, and many more suppressed by us,—are in his Majesty's hands: and he is busy studying them; will, it is likely, produce them in an amazed Tobacco—Parliament one of these evenings!—

What the emotions of the royal breast were during the perusal of this extraordinary dialogue of birds, which has come to him through St. Mary Axe—? Manifold probably: manifold, questionable; but not tragical, or not immediately so. Certainly it is definable as the paltriest babble; no treason visible in it, nor constructive treason; but it painfully indicates, were his Majesty candid, That his Majesty is subject to spies in his own House; nay that certain parties do seem to fancy they have got his Majesty by the nose, and are piping tunes with an eye to his dancing, thereto. This is a painful thought, which, I believe, does much agitate his Majesty now and afterwards.—A painful thought or suspicion, rising sometimes (in that temperament of his) to the pitch of the horrible. I believe it occasionally, ever henceforth, keeps haunting the highly poetic temperament of his Majesty, nor ever quits him again at all; stalking always, now and then, through the vacant chambers of his mind, in what we may call the night—season (or time of solitude and hypochondriacal reflection),—though in busy times again (in daylight, so to speak) he impatiently casts it from him. Poor Majesty!

But figure Grumkow, figure the Tobacco—Parliament when Majesty laid these Papers on the Table! A HANSARD of that night would be worth reading. There is thunderous note of interrogation on his Majesty's face;—what a glimmer in the hard puckery eyes of Feldzeugmeister Seckendorf, "JARNI—BLEU!" No doubt, an excessively astonished Parliament. Nothing but brass of face will now serve the principal Honorable Gentleman there; but in that happily he is not wanting.

Of course Grumkow denies the Letters point—blank: Mere forgeries, these, of the English Court, plotting to ruin your Majesty's faithful servant, and bring in other servants they will like better! May have written to

Reichenbach, nay indeed has, this or that trifling thing: but those Copyists in St. Mary Axe, "deciphering,"—garbling, manufacturing, till they make a romance of it,—alas, your Majesty? Nay, at any rate, what are the Letters? Grumkow can plead that they are the foolishlest insignificant rubbish of Court-gossip, not tending any bad road, if they have a tendency. That they are adapted to the nature of the beast, and of the situation,—this he will carefully abstain from remarking.

We have no HANSARD of this Session; all is conjecture and tobacco-smoke. What we know is, not the least effect, except an internal trouble, was produced on the royal mind by the St.—Mary—Axe Discovery. Some Question there might well be, inarticulately as yet, of Grumkow's fidelity, at least of his discretion; seeds of suspicion as to Grumkow, which may sprout up by and by; resolution to keep one's eye on Grumkow. But the first practical fruit of the matter is, fierce jealousy that the English and their clique do really wish to interfere in our ministerial appointments; so that, for the present, Grumkow is firmer in his place than ever. And privately, we need not doubt, the matter continues painful to his Majesty.

One thing is certain, precisely a week after, his Majesty,—much fluctuating in mind evidently, for the Document "has been changed three or four times within forty-eight hours,"—presents his final answer to Hotham. Which runs to this effect ("outrageous," as Hotham defines it):—

"1. For Hanover and your great liberality on that score, much obliged; but upon reconsideration think it will not do. 2. Marriage FIRST, Prince of Wales to Wilhelmina,—Consent with pleasure. 3. Marriage SECOND, Crown-Prince Friedrich with your Amelia,—for that also we are extremely wishful, and trust it will one day take effect: but first these Seville-Treaty matters, and differences between the Kaiser and allied English and French will require to be pulled straight; that done, we will treat about the terms of Marriage SECOND. One indispensable will be,—That the English guarantee our Succession in Julich and Berg." [Hotham's Despatch, 18th May, 1730.]

"Outrageous" indeed!—Crown-Prince sends, along with this, a loving message by Hotham, of earnestly deprecating tenor, to the Britannic Majesty; "begs his Britannic Majesty not to reject the King's Proposals, whatever they may be,—this for poor Sister Wilhelmina's sake. 'For though he, the Crown-Prince, was determined to lose his life sooner than marry anybody but the Princess Amelia, yet if this Negotiation were broken off, his Father would go to extremities to force him and his poor Sister into other engagements.'"—Which, alas, what can it avail with the Britannic Majesty, in regard to such outrageous Propositions from the Prussian?

Britannic Majesty's Ministry, as always, answers by return of Courier:—"MAY 22d. Both Marriagea, or none: Seville has no concern with both, more than with one: DITTO Julich and Berg,—of which latter indeed we know nothing,—nor (ASIDE TO HOTHAM) mean to know." [Despatch, Whitehall, 11th May (22d by N.S.). Whereby Hotham perceives that it is as good to throw away the bellows, and oonsider the matter extinct. Hotham makes ready for an Excursion into Saxony, to a thing called CAMP OF RADEWITZ, or ENCAMPMENT OF RADEWITZ; a Military Spectacle of never-imagined magnificence, to be given by August the Strong there, whither all the world is crowding;—and considers any Business he had at Berlin to be as good as done.

Evidently Friedrich Wilhelm has not been much wrought upon by the St.—Mary—Axe Documents! One week they have been revolving in the royal mind; part of a week in the Smoking Parliament (we know not what day they were laid on the table there, but it must have been a grand occurrence within those walls!)—and this already (May 13th) is the result arrived at: Propositions, changed three or four times within forty-eight hours, and definable at last as "outrageous;" which induce Hotham to lay down the bellows, and prepare to go his ways. Our St.—Mary—Axe discovery seems to have no effect at all!—

One other public result there is from it, and as yet one only: Reichenbach, "from certain causes thereto moving Us (*aus gewissen Uns dazu bewegenden Grunden*)," gets a formal Letter of Recall. Ostensible Letter, dated Berlin, 13th May, and signed Friedrich Wilhelm; which the English may read for their comfort. Only that along with this, of the same date and signature, intended for Reichenbach's comfort, the same Leather Bag brings a Private Letter (which Dickens or another has contrived to get sight of and copy), apprising Reichenbach, That, unostensibly, his proceedings are approved of; that he is to continue at his post till further orders, all the same, "and keep watch on these Marriages, about which there is such debating in the world (*wovon in der Welt so viel debattirt wird*); things being still in the same state as half a year ago. That is to say, I am ready for my Daughter's Marriage with the Prince of Wales: but for my Son, he is too young yet; *und hat es damit keine Eile, weil ich Gottlob noch zwei Sohne hab* (nor is there any haste, as I have, thank God, two other sons,"—and a third ooming,

if I knew it):—"besides one indispensable condition will be, that the English guarantee Julich and Berg," which perhaps they are not in the least hurry for, either!—

What does the English Court think of that? Dated "Berlin, 13th May:" it is the same day when his Majesty's matured Proposals, "changed thrice or oftener within the forty-eight hours," were handed to Hotham for transmission to his Court. An interesting Leather Bag, this Ordinary from Berlin. Reichenbach, we observe, will get his share of it some ten days after that alarming rebuke from Townshend; and it will relieve the poor wretch from his worst terrors: "Go on with your eavesdroppings as before, you alarmed wretch!"—There does one Degenfeld by and by, a man of better quality (and on special haste, as we shall see) come and supersede poor Nosti, and send him home:—there they give Nosti some exiguous Pension, with hint to disappear forevermore. Which he does; leaving only these St.—Mary—Axe Documents for his Lifemark in the History of Mankind.

What the English Answer to his Majesty's Proposals of Berlin, May 13th, was, we have already seen;—dated "London, 22d May," probably few hours after the Courier arrived. Hotham, well anticipating what it would be, had already, as we phrased it, "laid down the bellows;" left the Negotiation, as essentially extinct;—and was preparing for the "Camp at Radewitz," Britannic Majesty being anxious to hear what Friedrich Wilhelm and August the Strong have on hand there.

"The King of Prussia's unsteadiness and want of resolution," writes Hotham (Berlin, 20th May), "will hinder him from being either very useful to his friends, or very formidable to his enemies." And from the same place, just about quitting it for Radewitz, he writes again, exactly a week after ("Berlin, 27th May"), to enclose Copy of a remarkable Letter; remarkable to us also;—but which, he knows and we, cannot influence the English Answer now close at hand. Here is the copied Letter; copied in Guy Dickens's hand; from which we translate,—and also will give the original French in this instance, for behoof of the curious:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE CHEVALIER HOTHAM.

[POTSDAM, End of May, 1730.]

"MONSIEUR,—Je crois que c'est de la dernière importance que je vous écrive; et je suis assez triste d'avoir des chases a vous dire que je devois cacher a toute la terre: mais il faut franchir ce mauvais pas la; et vous comptant de mes amis, je me résouds plus facilement a vous le dire. C'est que je suis traité d'une manière inouïe du Roi, et que je sais qu'a présent ils se trament de terribles choses contre moi, touchant certaines Lettres que j'ai écrites l'hiver passé, dont je crois que vous serez informé. Enfin pour vous parler franchement, la vraie raison que le Roi a de ne vouloir point donner les mains a ce Mariage est, qu'il me veut toujours tenir sur un bas pied, et me faire enrager toute sa vie, quand l'envie lui en prend; ainsi il ne l'accordera jamais. Si l'on consent de votre côté que cette Princesse soit aussi traitée ainsi, vous pouvez comprendre aisément que je serai fort triste de rendre malheureuse une personne que j'estime, et de rester toujours dans le même état ou je suis. Pour moi donc je crois qu'il vaudroit mieux finir le Mariage de ma Soeur ainsi auparavant, et ne point demander au Roi seulement des assurances sur mon sujet, d'autant plus que sa parole n'y fait rien: suffit que je réitere les promesses que j'ai déjà fait au Roi mon Oncle, de ne prendre jamais d'autre épouse que sa seconde fille la Princess Amélie. Je suis une personne de parole, qui pourra faire réussir ce que j'avance, pourvu que l'on se fie a moi. Je vous le promets, et a présent vous pouvez en avertir votre Cour; et je saurai tenir ma promesse. Je suis toujours tout a vous,

FREDERIC."

[State—Paper Office: Prussian Despatches, vol. xli. (enclosed in Sir Charles Hotham's Despatch, Berlin, 27th—16th May, 1730).]

"Monsieur,—I believe it is of the last importance that I should write to you; and I am very sad to have things to say which I ought to conceal from all the earth. But one must take that bad leap; and reckoning you among my friends, I the more easily resolve to open myself to you.

"The case is this: I am treated in an unheard-of manner by the King; and I know there are terrible things in preparation against me, touching certain letters which I wrote last winter, of which I believe you are informed. In a word, to speak frankly to you, the real secret reason why the King will not consent to this Marriage is, That he wishes to keep me on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving me mad, whenever the whim takes him, throughout his life; thus he never will give his consent. If it were possible that you on your side could consent that your Princess too should be exposed to such treatment, you may well comprehend that I should be very sad to bring misery on a Person whom I esteem, and to remain always in the same state as now.

"For my own part, therefore, I believe it would be better to conclude my Sister's Marriage in the first place,

and not, even to ask from the King any assurances in regard to mine; the rather as his word has nothing to do with it: it is enough that I here reiterate the promises which I have already made to the King my Uncle, Never to take another wife than his second Daughter the Princess Amelia. I am a person of my word; and shall be able to bring about what I set forth, provided there is trust put in me. I promise it you; and now you may give your Court notice of it; and I shall manage to keep my promise. I remain yours always."

The Crown-Prince, for Wilhelmina's sake and everybody's, is extremely anxious they should agree to the Single Marriage in the interim: but the English Court—perhaps for no deep reason, perhaps chiefly because little George had the whim of standing grandly immovable upon his first offer—never would hear of that. Which was an angry thought to the Crown-Prince in after times, as we sometimes notice.

Here, to the like effect, is another Fragment from his Royal Highness, copied in the Dickens hand, and enclosed in the same Despatch from Hotham;—giving us a glance into the inner workshop of his Royal Highness, and his hidden assiduities and endeavors at that time:—

"... Vous pouvez croire que je ferai tout ce que je peux pour faire reussir mon plan; mais l'on n'en remarquera rien em dehors; —que l'on m'en laisse agir en suite, je ferai bien moi seul reussir le reste. Je finis la par vous assurer encore, Monsieur, que je suis tout a vous.

"FREDERIC PRINCE R."

"... You may believe I will exert all my resources to succeed in my plan; but there will be no outward sign visible:—leave me to act in this way, I will myself successfully bring it through. I end by again assuring you, Monsieur, that I am yours always."

—Which again produces no effect; the English Answer being steadily, "Both Marriages, or none."

And this, then, is what the Hotham mission is come to? Good Dubourgay is home, recalled about a month ago, "for the sake of his health," [Townshend's polite Despatch to him, Whitehall, 21st April, 1730.]—good old gentleman, never to be heard of in Diplomatic History more. Dubourgay went in the first days of May; and the month is not out, when Hotham is off to the Camp of Radewitz; leaving his Negotiation, as it were, extinct. To the visible regret of the Berlin public generally; to the grievous disappointment of Queen Sophie, of the Crown-Prince and some others,—not to speak of Wilhelmina's feelings, which are unknown to us.

Regretful Berlin, Wilhelmina and Mamma among the others, had, by accident, in these dejected circumstances, a strange Sign from the Heavens provided them, one night,—if we may be permitted to notice it here. Monday, 29th May;—and poor Queen Sophie, we observe withal, is in the hands of the MONTHLY NURSE since Tuesday last! ["Prince Ferdinand (her last child, Father of him whose fate lay at Jenz seventy-six years afterwards), born 23d May, 1730."]

ST. PETER'S CHURCH IN BERLIN HAS AN ACCIDENT.

Monday 29th May, 1730, Friedrich Wilhelm and the Crown-Prince and Party were at Potsdam, so far on their way towards Radewitz. All is peaceable at Potsdam that night: but it was a night of wild phenomena at Berlin; or rather of one wild phenomenon, the "Burning of the SANCT-PETERS KIRCHE," which held the whole City awake and in terror for its life. Dim Fassmann becomes unusually luminous on this affair (probably an eye-witness to it, poor old soul); and enables us to fish up one old Night of Berlin City and its vanished populations into clear view again, if we like.

For two years back Berlin had been diligently building a non-plus-ultra of Steeples to that fine Church of St. Peter's. Highest Steeple of them all; one of the Steeples of the World, in a manner;—and Berlin was now near ending it. Tower, or shaft, has been complete some time, interior fittings going on; and is just about to get its ultimate apex, a "Crown-Royal" set on it by way of finis. For his Majesty, the great AEdile, was much concerned in the thing; and had given materials, multifarious helps: Three incomparable Bells, especially, were his gift; melodious old Bells, of distinguished tone, "bigger than the Great Bell of Erfurt," than Tom of Lincoln,—or, as brief popular rumor has it, the biggest Bells in the World, at least of such a TONE. These Bells are hung, silent but ready in their upper chamber of the Tower, and the gigantic Crown or apex is to go on; then will the basket-work of scaffolding be peeled away, and the Steeple stretch, high and grand, into the air, for ages it is hoped.

Far otherwise. On Monday evening, between eight and nine, there gathered thunder over Berlin; wild tumult of the elements: thunder-bolt "thrice in swift succession" struck the unfinished Steeple; in the "hood" of which men thereupon noticed a light, as of a star, or sparkle of the sun; and straight-way, in spite of the rain-torrents,

there burst out blazes of flame. Blazes unquenchable; grand yet perilous to behold. The fire-drums beat, the alarm-bells clanged, and ceased not; all Berlin struggling there, all night, in vain. Such volumes of smoke: "the heavens were black as if you had hung them with mortcloth:" such roaring cataracts of flame, "you could have picked up a copper doit at the distance of 800 yards."—"Hiss-s-s!" what hissing far aloft is that? That is the incomparable big Bells melting. There they vanish, their fine tones never to be tried more, and ooze through the red-hot ruin, "Hush-sh-sht!" the last sound heard from them. And the stem for holding that immense Crown-royal,—it is a bar and bars of iron, "weighing sixteen hundred-weight;" down it comes thundering, crashing through the belly of St. Peter's, the fall of it like an earthquake all round. And still the fire-drums beat, and from all surviving Steeples of Berlin goes the clangor of alarm; "none but the very young children can have slept that night," says our vigilant old friend.

Wind was awake, too; kindling the neighboring streets;— storming towards the Powder-Magazine; where labor innumerable Artillerymen, "busy with hides from the tan-pits, with stable-dung, and other material;" speed to them, we will say! Forty dwelling-houses went; but not the Powder-Magazine; not Berlin utterly (so to speak) by the Powder-Magazine. On the morrow St. Peter's and neighborhood lay black, but still inwardly burning; not for three days more could the ruins be completely quenched.

That was the news for Friedrich Wilhelm, before sunrise, on the point of his departure for Muhlberg and King August's scenic exhibitions. "HM;—but we must go, all the same! We will rebuild it!" said he.—And truly he did so. And the polite King August, sorry to hear of the Peterskirche, "gave him excellent sandstone from the quarries of Pirna," says Fassmann: "great blocks came boating down the Elbe" from that notable Saxon Switzerland Country, notable to readers here in time coming; and are to be found, as ashlar, in the modern St. Peter's at Berlin; a fact which the reader, till Pirna be better known to him, may remember if he likes. [Fassmann, pp. 406–409.]

And now let us to Radewitz without delay.

Chapter III. CAMP OF RADEWITZ.

The Camp of Muhlberg, called more properly the Camp of Radewitz, towards which Friedrich Wilhelm, with English Hotham and many dignitaries are now gone, was one of the sublimest scenic military exhibitions in the history of the world; leaving all manner of imitation tournaments, modern "tin-tournaments," out of sight; and perhaps equalling the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or Barbarossa's Mainz Tournament in ancient times. It lasted for a month, regardless of expense,—June month of the year 1730;—and from far and wide the idle of mankind ran, by the thousand, to see it. Shall the thing be abolished utterly,—as perhaps were proper, had not our Crown-Prince been there, with eyes very open to it, and yet with thoughts very shut;—or shall some flying trace of the big Zero be given? Riddling or screening certain cart-loads of heavy old German printed rubbish, [Chiefly the terrible compilation called *Helden-Staats und Lebens-Geschichte des, Friedrichs des Andern* (History Heroical, Political and Biographical of Friedrich the Second), Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1759-1760, vol. i. first HALF, pp. 171-210. There are ten thick and thin half-volumes, and perhaps more. One of the most hideous imbroglgios ever published under the name of Book,—without vestige of Index, and on paper that has no margin and cannot stand ink,—yet with many curious articles stuffed blindly into the awful belly of it, like jewels into a rag-sack, or into TEN rag-sacks all in one; with far more authenticity than you could expect in such case. Let us call it, for brevity, *Helden-Geschichte*, in future references.] to omit the Hotham Despatches, we obtained the following shovelful of authentic particulars, perhaps not quite insupportable to existing mankind.

The exact size of the Camp of Radewitz I nowhere find measured; but to judge on the map, [At p. 214.] it must have covered, with its appendages, some ten or twelve square miles of ground. All on the Elbe, right bank of the Elbe; Town of Muhlberg, chief Town of the District, lying some ten miles northwest; then, not much beyond it, Torgau; and then famed Wittenberg, all on the northwest, farther down the River: and on the other side, Meissen with its Potteries not far to the southeast of you, up the River, on the Dresden hand. Nay perhaps many of my readers have seen the place, and not known, in their touring expeditions; which are now blinder than ever, and done by steam, without even eyesight, not to say intelligence. Precisely where the railway from Leipzig to Dresden crosses the Elbe,—there, if you happen to have daylight, is a flat, rather clayey country, dirty-greenish, as if depastured partly by geese; with a big full River Elbe sweeping through it, banks barish for a mile or two; River itself swift, sleek and of flint-color; not unpleasant to behold, thus far on its journey from the Bohemian Giant-Mountains seaward: precisely there, when you have crossed the Bridge, is the south-most corner of August the Strong's Encampment,—vanished now like the last flock of geese that soiled and nibbled these localities;—and, without knowing it, you are actually upon memorable ground.

Actually, we may well say; apart from August and his fooleries. For here also it was, on the ground now under your eye, that Kurfurst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, having been surprised the day before at public worship in the abovementioned Town of Muhlberg, and completely beaten by Kaiser Karl the Fifth and his Spaniards and Duke of Alba, did, on Monday 25th April, 1547, ride forth as Prisoner to meet the said Kaiser; and had the worst reception from him, poor man. "Take pity on me, O God! This is what it is come to?" the magnanimous beaten Kurfurst was heard murmuring as he rode. At sight of the Kaiser, he dismounted, pulled off his iron-plated gloves, knelt, and was: for humbly taking the Kaiser's hand, to kiss it. Kaiser would not; Kaiser looked thunderous tornado on him, with hands rigidly in the vertical direction. The magnanimous Kurfurst arose therefore; doffed his hat: "Great-mightiest (GROSSMÄCHTIGSTER) all-gracious Kaiser, I am your Majesty's prisoner," said he, confining himself to the historical. "I AM Kaiser now, then?" answered the sullen Tornado, with a black brow and hanging under-jaw.—"I request my imprisonment may be prince-like," said the poor Prince. "It shall be as your deserts have been!"—"I am in your power; you will do your pleasure on me," answered the other;—and was led away, to hard durance and peril of life for five years to come; his Cousin Moritz, having expertly jockeyed his Electoral dignities and territories from him in the interim; [De Wette, *Kursgefasste Lebensgeschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), pp. I, 33, 73.]—as was told above, long since.

Expert Cousin Moritz: in virtue of which same Moritz, or rather perhaps in VICE of him, August the Strong is even now Elector of Saxony; Papist, Pseudo-Papist Apostate King of Poland, and Non-plus-ultra of "gluttonous

Royal Flunkies;" doomed to do these fooleries on God's Earth for a time. For the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children,—in ways little dreamt of by the flunky judgment,—to the sixth generation and farther. Truly enough this is memorable ground, little as King August, thinks of it; little as the idle tourists think, or the depasturing geese, who happen to be there.

The ten square miles have been industriously prepared for many months past; shaved, swept by the best engineer science: every village of it thoroughly cleaned, at least; the villages all let lodgings at a Californian rate; in one village, Moritz by name, [Map at page 214.] is the slaughter-house, killing oxen night and day; and the bakehouse, with 160 mealy bakers who never rest: in another village, Strohme, is the playhouse of the region; in another, Glaubitz, the post-office: nothing could excel the arrangements; much superior, I should judge, to those for the Siege of Troy, and other world-great enterprises. Worthy really of admiration, had the business not been zero. Foreign Courts: European Diplomacy at large, wondered much what cunning scheme lay hidden here. No scheme at all, nor purpose on the part of poor August; only that of amusing himself, and astonishing the flunkies of Creation,—regardless of expense. Three temporary Bridges, three besides the regular ferry of the country, cross the Elbe; for the high officers, dames, damosels and lordships of degree, and thousandfold spectators, lodge on both sides of the Elbe: three Bridges, one of pontoons, one of wood-rafts, one of barrels; immensely long, made for the occasion. The whole Saxon Army, 30,000 horse and foot with their artillery, all in beautiful brand-new uniforms and equipments, lies beautifully encamped in tents and wooden huts, near by Zeithayn, its rear to the Elbe; this is the "ARMEE LAGER (Camp of the Army)" in our old Rubbish Books. Northward of which,—with the Heath of Gorisch still well beyond, and bluish to you, in the farther North,—rises, on favorable ground, a high "Pavilion" elaborately built, elaborately painted and gilded, with balcony stages round it; from which the whole ground, and everything done in it, is surveyable to spectators of rank.

Eastward again, or from the Pavilion southeastward, at the right flank of the Army, where again rises a kind of Height, hard by Radewitz, favorable for survey,—there, built of sublime silk tents, or solid well-painted carpentry, the general color of which is bright green, with gilt knobs and gilt gratings all about, is the :HAUPT-LAGER," Head-quarters, Main LAGER, Heart of all the LAGERS; where his Prussian Majesty, and his Polish ditto, with their respective suites, are lodged. Kinglike wholly, in extensive green palaces ready gilt and furnished; such drawing-rooms, such bedrooms, "with floors of dyed wicker-work;" the gilt mirrors, pictures, musical clocks; not even the fine bathing-tubs for his Prussian Majesty have been forgotten. Never did man or flunky see the like. Such immense successful apparatus, without and within; no end of military valetaille, chiefly "janizaries," in Turk costume; improvised flower-gardens even, and walks of yellow sand,—the whole Hill of Radewitz made into a flower-garden in that way. Nay, in the Army LAGER too, many of the Captains have made little improvised flower-gardens in that Camp of theirs, up and down. For other Captains not of a poetical turn, there are billiards, coffee-houses, and plenty of excellent beer and other liquor. But the mountains of cavalry hay, that stand guarded by patrols in the rearward places, and the granaries of cavalry oats, are not to be told. Eastward, from their open porticos and precincts, with imitation "janizaries" pacing silent lower down, the Two Majesties oversee the Army, at discretion; can survey all things,—even while dining, which they do daily, like very kings! Fritz is lodged there; has a magnificent bed: poor young fellow, he alone now makes the business of any meaning to us. He is curious enough to see the phenomena, military and other; but oppressed with black care: "My Amelia is not here, and the tyrant Father is—tyrannous with his rattan: ye gods!"

We could insist much on the notable people that were there; for the Lists of them are given. Many high Lordships; some of whom will meet us again. Weissenfels, Wilhelmina's unfavored lover, how busy is he, commanding gallantly (in the terrific Sham-Battle) against Wackerbarth; General Wackerbarth, whose house we saw burnt on a Dresden visit, not so long ago. Old Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau is there, the Old Dessauer; with four of his Princes; instructed in soldiering, left without other instruction; without even writing, unless they can pick it up for themselves. Likely young fellows too, with a good stroke of work in them, of battle in them, when called for. Young Anspach, lately wedded, comes, in what state he can, poor youth; lodges with the Prussian Majesty his Father-in-law; should keep rather quiet, his share of wisdom being small. Seckendorf with his Grumkow, they also are here, in the train of Friedrich Wilhelm. Grumkow shoves the bottle with their Polish and Prussian Majesties: in jolly hours, things go very high there. I observe they call King August "LE PATRON," the Captain, or "Patroon;" a fine jollity dwelling in that Man of Sin. Or does the reader notice Holstein-Beck, Prussian Major-General; Prince of Holstein-Beck; a solid dull man; capable of liquor, among other things: not

wiser than he should be; sold all his Apanage or Princship; for example, and bought plate with it, wherefore they call him ever since "Holstein-VAISSELLE (Holstein PLATE)" instead of Holstein-Beck. [Busching's *Beitrag*, iv. 109.] His next Brother, here likewise I should think, being Major-General in the Saxon service, is still more foolish. He, poor soul, is just about to marry the Orzelska; incomparable Princess known to us, who had been her Father's mistress:--marriage, as was natural, went asunder again (1733) after a couple of years.--But mark especially that middle-aged heavy gentleman, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, Prussian Commandant of Stettin. Not over rich (would not even be rich if he came to be reigning Duke, as he will do); attentive at his post in those parts, ever since the Siege-of-Stralsund time; has done his orders, fortified Stettin to perfection; solid, heavy taciturn man:--of whom there is nothing notable but this only, That last year his Wife brought him a little Daughter, Catharine the name of her. His Wife is a foolish restless dame, highborn and penniless; let her nurse well this little Catharine: little Catharine will become abundantly distinguished in a thirty years hence; Empress of all the Russias that little girl; the Fates have so appointed it, mocking the prophecies of men! Here too is our poor unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg: poor soul, he has left his quarrels with the Ritterschaft for a week or two, and is here breathing the air of the Elbe Heaths. His wild Russian Wife, wild Peter's niece and more, we are relieved to know is dead; for her ways and Peter's have been very strange! To this unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg she has left one Daughter, a Princess Elizabeth-Catherine, who will be called Princess ANNE, one day: whose fortunes in the world may turn out to be tragical. Potential heiress of all the Russias, that little Elizabeth or Anne. Heiress by her wily aunt, Anne of Courland,--Anne with the swollen cheek, whom Moritz, capable of many things, and of being MARECHAL DE SAXE by and by, could not manage to fall in love with there; and who has now just quitted Courland, and become Czarina: [Peter II., her Cousin-german, died January, 1730 (Mannstein's *Russia*).]--if Aunt Anne with the big cheek should die childless, as is likely, this little Niece were Heiress. WAS THUT'S, What matter!--

In the train of King August are likewise splendors of a sort, if we had time for them. Dukes of Sachsen-Gotha, Dukes of Meiningen, most of the Dukes that put Sachsen to their name;--Sachsen-Weimar for one; who is Grandfather of Goethe's Friend, if not otherwise distinguished. The Lubomirskis, Czartoryskis, and others of Polish breed, shall be considered as foreign to us, and go unnoticed. Nor are high Dames wanting, as we see: vast flights of airy bright-hued womankind, Crown-Princess at the head of them, who lodges in Tiefenau with her Crown-Prince,--and though plain-looking, and not of the sweetest temper, is a very high Lady indeed. Niece of the present Kaiser Karl, Daughter of the late Kaiser, Joseph of blessed memory;--for which reason August never yet will sign the Pragmatic Sanction, his Crown-Prince having hereby rights of his own in opposition thereto. She is young; to her is Tiefenau, northward, on the edge of the Gorisch Heath, probably the choicest mansion in these circuits, given up: also she is Lady of "the Bucentaur," frigate equal to Cleopatra's galley in a manner; and commands, so to speak, by land and water. Supreme Lady, she, of this sublime world-foolery regardless of expense: so has the gallantry of August ordered it. Our Friedrich and she will meet again, on occasions not like this!--What the other Princesses and Countesses, present on this occasion, were to Crown-Prince Friedrich, except a general flower-bed of human nature,--ask not; nor even whether the Orzelska was so much as here! The Orzelska will be married, some two months hence, [10th August, 1730 (Sir T. Robinson: Despatch from Dresden; in State-Paper Office).] to a Holstein-Beck; not to Holstein PLATE, but to his Brother the unfortunate Saxon Major-General: a man surely not of nice tastes in regard to marriage;--and I would recommend him to keep his light Wife at home on such occasions. They parted, as we said, in a year or two, mutually indignant; and the Orzelska went to Avignon, to Venice and else-whither, and settled into Catholic devotion in cheap countries of agreeable climate. [See Pollnitz (*Memoirs*, whoever is curious about her.)]

Crown-Prince Friedrich, doubtless, looking at this flower-bed of human nature, and the reward of happy daring paid by Beauty, has vivid images of Princess Amelia and her Vice-regency of Hanover; bright Princess and Vice-regency, divided from him by bottomless gulfs, which need such a swim as that of Leander across the material Hellespont was but a trifle to!--In which of the villages Hotham and Dickens lodged, I did not learn or inquire; nor are their copious Despatches, chronicling these sublime phenomena from day to day for behoof of St. James's, other than entirely inane to us at this time. But one thing we do learn from them: Our Crown-Prince, escaping the paternal vigilance, was secretly in consultation with Dickens, or with Hotham through Dickens; and this in the most tragic humor on his side. In such effulgences of luxury and scenic grandeur, how sad an attendant is Black Care,--nay foul misuseage, not to be borne by human nature! Accurate Professor Ranke has read

somewhere,—does not comfortably say where, nor comfortably give the least date,—this passage, or what authorizes him to write it. "In that Pleasure—Camp of Muhlberg, where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him, the Crown—Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and one time even with strokes (KORPERLICH MISSHANDELT), to make him feel he was only considered as such. The enraged King, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said, 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no honor, he takes all that comes!'" [Ranke, *Neun Bucher Preussischer Geschichte* (Berlin, 1847), i. 297.] EINMAL KORPERLICH MISSHANDELT: why did not the Professor give us time, occasion, circumstances, and name of some eye—witness? For the fact, which stands reported in the like fashion in all manner of Histories, we shall otherwise find to be abundantly certain; and it produced conspicuous definite results. It is, as it were, the one fact still worth human remembrance in this expensive Radewitz and its fooleries; and is itself left in that vague inert state,—irremediable at present.

Beaten like a slave; while lodged, while figuring about, like a royal highness, in this sumptuous manner! It appears clearly the poor Prince did hereupon, in spite of his word given to Wilhelmina, make up his mind to run. Ingenious Ranke, forgetting again to date, knows from the Archives, that Friedrich went shortly afterwards to call on Graf von Hoym, one day. Speaking to Graf von Hoym, who is Saxon First—Minister, and Factotum of the arrangements here, he took occasion cursorily to ask, Could not a glimpse of Leipzig, among all these fine things, be had? Order for horses to or at Leipzig, for "a couple of officers" (Lieutenant Keith and self),—quietly, without fuss of passes and the like, Herr Graf?—The Herr Graf glances into it with eyes which have a twinkle in them: SCHWERLICH, Royal Highness. They are very strict about passes. Do not try it, Royal Highness! [Ranke, *ib.*; Forster, i. 365, and more especially iii. 4 (Seckendorf's Narrative there).] And Friedrich did desist, in that direction, poor youth; but tried it the more in others. Very busy, in deep secrecy, corresponding with Lieutenant Katte at Berlin, consulting tragically with Captain Guy Dickens here.—Whether any hint or whisper came to the Prussian Majesty from Graf von Hoym? Lieutenant Keith was, shortly after, sent to Wesel to mind his soldiering there, far down the Rhine Country in the Garrison of Wesel; [Wilhelmina told us lately (*supra*, p. 149), Keith HAD been sent to Wesel; but she has misdated as usual.] better there than colleaguering with a Fritz, and suggesting to him idle truanancies or worse.

With Katte at Berlin the desperate Prince has concocted another scheme of Flight, this Hoym one being impossible; scheme executable by Katte and him, were this Radewitz once over. And as for his consultations with Guy Dickens, the result of them is: Captain Dickens, on the 16th of June, with eyes brisk enough, and lips well shut, sets out from Radewitz express for London. This is what I read as abstract of HOTHAM'S DESPATCH, 16th June, 1730, which Dickens is to deliver with all caution at St. James's: "Crown—Prince has communicated to Dickens his plan of escape; 'could no longer bear the outrages of his Father.' Is to attend his Father to Anspath shortly (JOURNEY TO THE REICH, of which we shall hear anon), and they are to take a turn to Stuttgart: which latter is not very far from Strasburg on the French side of the Rhine. To Strasburg he will make his escape; stay six weeks or a couple of months (that his Mother be not suspected); and will then proceed to England. Hopes England will take such measures as to save his Sister from ruin." These are his fixed resolutions: what will England do in such abstruse case?—Captain Dickens speeds silently with his Despatch; will find Lord Harrington, not Townshend any more; [Resigned 15th May, 1730: Despatch to Hotham, as farewell, of that date.] will copiously open his lips to Harrington on matters Prussian. A brisk military man, in the prime of his years; who might do as Prussian Envoy himself, if nothing great were going on? Harrington's final response will take some deliberating.

Hotham, meanwhile, resumes his report, as we too must do, of the Scenic Exhibitions;—and, we can well fancy, is getting weary of it; wishing to be home rather, "as his business here seems ended." [Preceding Despatch (of 16th June).] One day he mentions a rumor (inane high rumors being prevalent in such a place); "rumor circulated here, to which I do not give the slightest credit, that the Prince—Royal of Prussia is to have one of the Archduchesses," perhaps Maria Theresa herself! Which might indeed have saved immensities of trouble to the whole world, as well as to the Pair in question, and have made a very different History for Germany and the rest of us. Fancy it! But for many reasons, change of religion, had there been no other, it was an impossible notion. "May be," thinks Hotham, "that the Court of Vienna throws out this bait to continue the King's delusion,"—or a snuffle from Seckendorf, without the Court, may have given it currency in so inane an element as Radewitz.

Of the terrific Sham-Battles, conducted by Weissenfels on one side and Wackerbarth on the other; of the charges of cavalry, play of artillery, threatening to end in a very doomsday, round the Pavilion and the Ladies and the Royalties assembled on the balconies there (who always go to dinner safe, when victory has declared itself), I shall say nothing. Nor of that supreme "attack on the intrenchments:" blowing-up of the very Bridges; cavalry posted in the woods; host doing its very uttermost against host, with unheard-of expenditure of gunpowder and learned manoeuvre; in which "the Fleet" (of shallops on the Elbe, rigged mostly in silk) took part, and the Bucentaur with all its cannon. Words fail on such occasions. I will mention only that assiduous King August had arranged everything like the King of Playhouse-Managers; was seen, early in the morning, "driving his own curricule" all about, in vigilant supervision and inspection; crossed the Tub-bridge, or perhaps the Float-bridge (not yet blown up), "in a WURSTWAGEN;" giving himself (what proved well founded) the assurance of success for this great day;—and finally that, on the morrow, there occurred an illumination and display of fire-works, the like of which is probably still a desideratum.

For the Bucentaur and Fleet were all hung with colored lamplets; Headquarters (HAUPT-LAGER) and Army-LAGER ditto ditto; gleaming upwards with their golden light into the silver of the Summer Twilight:—and all this is still nothing to the scene there is across the Elbe, on our southeast corner. You behold that Palace of the Genii; wings, turrets, mainbody, battlements: it is "a gigantic wooden frame, on which two hundred carpenters have been busy for above six months," ever since Christmas last. Two hundred carpenters; and how many painters I cannot say: but they have smeared "six thousand yards of linen canvas;" which is now nailed up; hung with lamps, begirt with fire-works, no end of rocket-serpents, catherine-wheels; with cannon and field-music, near and far, to correspond;—and is now (evening of the 24th June, 1730) shining to men and gods. Pinnacles, turrets, tablatures, tipt with various fires and emblems, all is there: symbolic Painting, six hundred yards of it, glowing with inner light, and legible to the very owls! Arms now piled useless; Pax, with her Appurtenances; Mars resting (in that canvas) on trophies of laurel honorably won: and there is an Inscription, done in lamplets, every letter taller than a man, were you close upon it, "SIC FULTA MANEBIT (Thus supported it will stand),"— the it being either PAX (Peace) or DOMUS (the Genii-Palace itself), as your weak judgment may lead you to interpret delicate allusions. Every letter bigger than a man: it may be read almost at Wittenberg, I should think; flaming as PICA written on the sky, from the steeple-tops there. THUS SUPPORTED IT WILL STAND; and pious mortals murmur, "Hope so, I am sure!"—and the cannons fire, almost without ceasing; and the field-music, guided by telegraphs, bursts over all the scene, at due moments; and the Catherine-wheels fly hissing; and the Bucentaur and silk Brigantines glide about like living flambeaus;—and in fact you must fancy such a sight. King August, tired to the bone, and seeing all successful, retired about midnight. Friedrich Wilhelm stood till the finale; Saxon Crown-Prince and he, "in a window of the highest house in Promnitz;" our young Fritz and the Margraf of Anspach, they also, in a neighboring window, [24th–25th June: *Helden-Geschichte* (above spoken of), i. 200] stood till the finale: two in the morning, when the very Sun was not far from rising.

Or is not the ultimate closing day perhaps still notabler; a day of universal eating? Debauchee King August had a touch of genuine human good-humor in him; poor devil, and had the best of stomachs. Eighty oxen, fat as Christmas, were slain and roasted, subsidiary viands I do not count; that all the world might have one good dinner. The soldiers, divided into proper sections, had cut trenches, raised flat mounds, laid planks; and so, by trenching and planking, had made at once table and seat, wood well secured on turf. At the end of every table rose a triglyph, two strong wooden posts with lintel; on the lintel stood spiked the ox's head, ox's hide hanging beneath it as drapery: and on the two sides of the two posts hung free the four roasted quarters of said ox; from which the common man joyfully helped himself. Three measures of beer he had, and two of wine;—which, unless the measures were miraculously small, we may take to be abundance. Thus they, in two long rows, 30,000 of them by the tale, dine joyfully SUB DIO. The two Majesties and two Crown-Princes rode through the ranks, as dinner went on: "King of Prussia forever!" and caps into the air;—at length they retire to their own HAUPT-QUARTIER, where, themselves dining, they can still see the soldiers dine, or at least drink their three measures and two. Dine, yea dine abundantly: let all mortals have one good dinner!—

Royal dinner is not yet done when a new miracle appears on the field: the largest Cake ever baked by the Sons of Adam. Drawn into the Head-quarter about an hour ago, on a wooden frame with tent over it, by a team of eight horses; tent curtaining it, guarded by Cadets; now the tent is struck and off;—saw mortals ever the like? It is fourteen ells (KLEINE ELLEN) long, by six broad; and at the centre half an ell thick. Baked by machinery; how

otherwise could peel or roller act on such a Cake? There are five thousand eggs in it; thirty–six bushels (Berlin measure) of sound flour; one tun of milk, one tun of yeast, one ditto of butter; crackers, gingerbread–nuts, for fillet or trimming, run all round. Plainly the Prince of Cakes! A Carpenter with gigantic knife, handle of it resting on his shoulder,—Head of the Board of Works, giving word of command,—enters the Cake by incision; cuts it up by plan, by successive signal from the Board of Works. What high person would not keep for himself, to say nothing of eating, some fraction of such a Nonpareil? There is cut and come again for all. Carpenter advances, by main trench and by side trenches, steadily to word of command.

I mention, as another trait of the poor devil of an August, full of good–humor after all, That he and his Royalties and big Lordships having dined, he gave the still groaning table with all its dishes, to be scrambled for by "the janizaries." Janizaries, Imitation–Turk valetaille; who speedily made clearance,—many a bit of precious Meissen porcelain going far down in society by that means.

Royal dinner done, the Colonel and Officers of every regiment, ranked in high order, with weapons drawn, preceded by their respective bands of music, came marching up the Hill to pay their particular respects to the Majesty of Prussia. Majesty of Prussia promised them his favor, everlasting, as requested; drank a glass of wine to each party (steady, your Majesty!), who all responded by glasses of wine, and threw the glasses aloft with shouts. Sixty pieces of artillery speaking the while, and the bands of music breathing their sweetest;—till it was done, and his Majesty still steady on his feet. He could stand a great deal of wine.

And now—? Well, the Cake is not done, many cubic yards of cake are still left, and the very corporals can do no more: let the Army scramble! Army whipt it away in no time. And now, alas now— the time IS come for parting. It is ended; all things end. Not for about an hour could the HERRSCHAFTEN (Lordships and minor Sovereignities) fairly tear themselves away, under wailing music, and with the due emotion.

The Prussian Royalties, and select few, took boat down the River, on the morrow; towards Lichtenburg Hunting–Palace, for one day's slaughtering of game. They slaughtered there about one thousand living creatures, all driven into heaps for them,—"six hundred of red game" (of the stag species), "four hundred black," or of the boar ditto. They left all these creatures dead; dined immensely; then did go, sorrowfully sated; Crown–Prince Friedrich in his own carriage in the rear; Papa in his, preceding by a few minutes; all the wood horns, or French horns, wailing sad adieu;—and hurried towards Berlin through the ambrosial night. [28th June, 1730: *Helden–Geschichte*, i. 205.]

And so it is all ended. And August the Strong—what shall we say of August? History must admit that he attains the maximum in several things. Maximum of physical strength; can break horse–shoes, nay half–crowns with finger and thumb. Maximum of sumptuosity; really a polite creature; no man of his means so regardless of expense. Maximum of Bastards, three hundred and fifty–four of them; probably no mortal ever exceeded that quantity. Lastly, he has baked the biggest Bannock on record; Cake with 5,000 eggs in it, and a tun of butter. These things History must concede to him. Poor devil, he was full of good–humor too, and had the best of stomachs. His amputated great–toe does not mend: out upon it, the world itself is all so amputated, and not like mending! August the Strong, dilapidated at fifty–three, is fast verging towards a less expensive country: and in three years hence will be lodged gratis, and need no cook or flunky of either sex.

"This Camp of Radewitz," says Smelfungus, one of my Antecessors, finishing his long narrative of it, "this Camp is Nothing; and after all this expense of King August's and mine, it flies away like a dream. But alas, were the Congresses of Cambrai and Soissons, was the life–long diplomacy of Kaiser Karl, or the History of torpid moribund Europe in those days, much of a Something? The Pragmatic Sanction, with all its protocolling, has fled, like the temporary Playhouse of King August erected there in the village of Strohme. Much talk, noise and imaginary interest about both; but both literally have become zero, WERE always zero. As well talk about the one as the other."—Then why not SILENCE about both, my Friend Smelfungus? He answers: "That truly is the thing to be aimed at;—and if we had once got our own out of both, let both be consumed with fire, and remain a handful of inarticulate black ashes forevermore." Heavens, will I, of all men, object!

Smelfungus says elsewhere:—

"The moral to be derived, perhaps the chief moral visible at present, from all this Section of melancholy History is: Modern Diplomacy is nothing; mind well your own affairs, leave those of your neighbors well alone. The Pragmatic Sanction, breaking Fritz's, Friedrich Wilhelm's, Sophie's, Wilhelmina's, English Amelia's and I know not how many private hearts, and distracting with vain terrors and hopes the general soul of Europe for

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five-and-twenty years, fell at once into dust and vapor, and went wholly towards limbo on the storm-winds, doing nothing for or against any mortal. Friedrich Wilhelm's 80,000 well-drilled troops remained very actual with their firelocks and iron ramrods, and did a thing or two, there being a Captain over them. Friedrich Wilhelm's Directorium, well-drilled Prussian Downing Street, every man steady at his duty, and no wind to be wasted where silence was better, did likewise very authentically remain, --and still remains. Nothing of genuine and human that Friedrich Wilhelm did but remained and remains an inheritance, not the smallest item of IT lost or losable;--and the rude foolish Boor-King (singular enough!) is found to be the only one that has gained by the game."--

Chapter IV. EXCELLENCY HOTHAM QUILTS BERLIN IN HASTE.

While the Camp at Radewitz is dissolving itself in this manner, in the last days of June, Captain Guy Dickens, the oracles at Windsor having given him their response as to Prince Friedrich's wild project, is getting under way for Berlin again,—whither also Hotham has returned, to wait for Dickens's arrival, and directly thereupon come home. Dickens is henceforth to do the British Diplomacy here, any Diplomacy there can well be; Dickens once installed, Hotham will, right gladly, wash his hands of this Negotiation, which he considers to be as good as dead for a longish while past. First, however, he has one unexpected adventure to go through in Berlin; of most unexpected celebrity in the world: this once succinctly set forth, History will dismiss him to the shades of private life.

Guy Dickens, arriving we can guess about the 8th or 9th of July, brings two important Documents with him to Berlin, FIRST, the English Response (in the shape of "Instructions" to himself, which may be ostensible in the proper quarter) in regard to the Crown-Prince's project of flight into England. Response which is no other than might have been expected in the circumstances: "Britannic Majesty sorry extremely for the Crown-Prince's situation; ready to do anything in reason to alleviate it. Better wait, however: Prussian Majesty will surely perhaps relent a little: then also the affairs of Europe are in a ticklish state. Better wait. As to that of taking temporary refuge in France, Britannic Majesty thinks that will require a mature deliberation (MURE DELIBERATION). Not even time now for inquiry of the French Court how they would take it; which his Britannic Majesty thinks an indispensable preliminary,"—and so terminates. The meaning, we perceive, is in sum: "Hm, you won't, surely? Don't; at least Don't yet!" But Dryasdust, and any readers who have patience, can here take the Original Paper; which is written in French (or French of Stratford at the Bow), probably that the Crown-Prince, if needful, might himself read it, one of these days:—

"Monsieur Guy Dickens pourrait donner au Prince les assurances les plus fortes de la compassion que le Roi a du triste etat ou il se trouve, et du desir sincere de Sa Majeste de concourir par tout ce qui dependra d'elle a l'en tirer. M. Guy Dickens pourrait lui communiquer en meme terns les Instructions donnees a Monsieur Hotham [*our Answer to the Outrageous propositions, which amounts to nothing, and may be spared the reader*], et lui marquer qu'on avait lieu d'esperer que Sa Majeste Prussienne ne refuserait pas au moins de s'expliquer un peu plus en detail qu'elle n'a fait jusqu'ici. Qu'en attendant les suites que cette negociation pourrait avoir, Sa Majeste etait d'avis que le Prince ferait bien de differer un peu l'execution de son dessein connu: Que la situation ou les affaires de l'Europe se trouvaient dans ce moment critique ne paraissait pas propre a l'execution d'un dessein de cette nature: Que pour ce qui est de l'intention ou le Prince a temoigne etre, de se retirer en France, Sa Majeste croit qu'elle demande une mure deliberation, et que le peu de tems qui reste ne promet pas meme qu'on puisse s'informer de ce que la Cour de France pourrait penser la-dessus; dont Sa Majeste trouvait cependant absolument necessaire de l'assurer, avant de pouvoir conseiller a un Prince qui lui est si cher de se retirer en ce pays la." [Prussian Despatches, vol. xii.: No date or signature; bound up along with Harrington's Despatch, "Windsor, 20th June [1st July] 1730,"—on the morrow of which day we may fancy Captain Dickens took the road for Berlin again,—where we auspiciously see him on Monday, 10th July, probably a night or two after his arrival.] This is Document FIRST; of no concernment to Hotham at this stage; but only to us and our Crown-Prince. Document SECOND would at one time have much interested Hotham: it is no other than a Grumkow Original seized at St. Mary Axe, such as Hotham once solicited, "strong enough to break Grumkow's back." Hotham now scarcely hopes it will be "strong enough." No matter; he presents it as bidden. On introducing Dickens as successor, Monday, 10th July, he puts the Document into his Prussian Majesty's hand: and— the result was most unexpected! Here is Hotham's Despatch to Lord Harrington; which it will be our briefest method to give, with some minimum of needful explanation intercalated here and there:—

"TO THE LORD HARRINGTON (from Sir Charles Hotham).

"BERLIN, 30th June (11th July), 1730.

"MY LORD,—Though the conduct of his Prussian Majesty has been such, for some time past, that one ought to be surprised at nothing he does,—it is nevertheless with great concern that I now have to acquaint your Lordship with an extravagancy of his which happened yesterday," Monday, 10th July, 1730.

"The King of Prussia, had appointed me to be with him about noon, with Captain Guy Dickens [who has just returned from England, on what secret message your Lordship knows!].—We both attended his Prussian Majesty, and I presented Captain Guy Dickens to him, who delivered his credentials: after which the King talked to us a quarter of an hour about indifferent matters. Seeing him in a very good humor, I took that opportunity of telling him, 'That as General Grumkow had denied his having held a Secret Correspondence with Reichenbach, or having written the Letters I had some time ago delivered to his Majesty, I was now ordered by the King my Master to put into his hands an Original Letter of General Grumkow'"—

—Where is that Original Letter? ask some minute readers. Minute readers, the IPSISSIMUM CORPUS of it is lost to mankind. Official Copy of it lies safe here in the State—Paper Office (Prussian Despatches, volume xli.; without date of its own, but near a Despatch dated 20th June, 1730); has, adjoined to it, an Autograph jotting by George Second to the effect, "Yes, send it," and also some preliminary scribbles by Newcastle, to the like purport. No date of its own, we say, though, by internal evidence and light of FASSMANN, [p. 404.] it is conclusively datable "Berlin, 20th May," if anybody cared to date it. The Letter mentions lightly that "pretended discovery [the St.—Mary—Axe one, laid on the table of Tobacco—Parliament, 6th May or soon after], innocent trifles all I wrote; hope you burnt them, nevertheless, according to promise: yours to me I did burn as they came, and will defy the Devil to produce;" brags of his Majesty's fine spirits;—and is, Jotting and all, as insignificant a Letter as any other portion of the "Rookery Colloquy," though its fate was a little more distinguished. Prussian Dryasdust is expected to give it in FAC—SIMILE, one day,—surely no British Under—Secretary will exercise an unwise discretion, and forbid him that small pleasure!—

"which was an undeniable proof of all the rest, and could not but convince his Prussian Majesty of the truth of them."—Well?

"He took the Letter from me, cast his eye upon it; and seeing it to be Grumkow's hand, said to me with all the anger imaginable [fancy the thunder—burst!], '*Messieurs, j'ai eu assez de ces choses la;*' threw the Letter upon the ground, and immediately turning his back went out of the room, and shut the door upon us,"

—probably with a slam! And that is the naked truth concerning this celebrated Intercepted Letter. Majesty answered explosively, —his poor heart being in a burdened and grieved condition, not unlike growing a haunted one,— "I have had enough of that stuff before!" pitched the new specimen away, and stormily whirled out with a slam of the door. That he stamped with his foot, is guessable. That he "lifted his foot as if to kick the Honorable English Excellency," [Wilhelmina, i. 228.] which the English Excellency never could have stood, but must have died on the spot,—of this, though several Books have copied it from Wilhelmina, there is no vestige of evidence: and the case is bad enough without this.

"Your Lordship will easily imagine that Captain Guy Dickens and I were not a little astonished at this most extraordinary behavior. I took up the Letter he had thrown upon the floor [IPSISSIMUM CORPUS of it lost to mankind, last seen going into Hotham's pocket in this manner]; and returning home, immediately wrote one to his Prussian Majesty, of which a copy is here enclosed."— Let us read that essential Piece: sound substance, in very stiff indifferent French of Stratford, —which may as well be made English at once:—

"TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

"SIRE,—It is with the liveliest grief that I find myself under the necessity,—after what has passed today at the audience I had of your Majesty, where I neither did nor said anything in regard to that Letter of Monsieur Grumkow's or to putting it into your Majesty's hands, that was not by my Master's order,—it is, I say, Sire, with the liveliest grief that I am obliged to inform your Majesty of the necessity there lies on me to despatch a Courier to London to apprise the King my Master of an incident so surprising as the one that has just happened. For which reason I beg (SUPPLIE) your Majesty will be pleased to cause the necessary Orders for Post—horses to be furnished me, not only for the said Courier, but also for myself,—since, after what has just happened, it is not proper for me to prolong my stay here (*faire un plus long sejour ici*).

"I have the honor to be, your Majesty's,

"CHARLES HOTHAM."

"About two hours afterwards, General Borck came to me; and told me He was in the utmost affliction for what had happened; and beseeched me to have a little patience, and that he hoped means would be found to make up the matter to me. Afterwards he communicated to me, by word of mouth, the Answer the King of Prussia had given to the last Orders I had received by Captain Guy Dickens,"—Orders, "Come home immediately," to which

the "Answer" is conceivable.

"I told him that, after the treatment I had received at noon, and the affront put upon the King my Master's character, I could no longer receive nor charge myself with anything that came from his Prussian Majesty. That as to what related to me personally, it was very easily made up; but having done nothing but in obedience to the King my Master's orders, it belonged to him only to judge what satisfaction was due for the indignity offered to his character. Wherefore I did not look upon myself as authorized to listen to any expedients till I knew his Majesty's pleasure upon the matter.

"In the evening, General Borck wrote a Letter to Captain Guy Dickens and two to me, the Copies of which are enclosed,"—fear not, reader! "The purport of them was to desire That I would take no farther notice of what had happened, and that the King of Prussia desired I would come and dine with him next day."— Engaged otherwise, your Majesty, next day! "The Answer to these Letters I also enclose to your Lordship,"—reader not to be troubled with it. "I excused myself from dining with the King of Prussia, not thinking myself at liberty to appear any more at Court till I received his Majesty's," my own King's, "commands, and told General Borck that I looked upon myself as indispensably obliged to acquaint the King my Master with everything that had passed, it being to no purpose to think of concealing it, since the thing was already become public, and would soon be known in all the Courts of Europe.

"This, my Lord, is the true state of this unaccountable accident. You will see, by General Borck's Letter, that the King of Prussia, being now returned to his senses, is himself convinced of the extravagancy of this proceeding; and was very desirous of having it concealed;—which was impossible; for the whole Town knew it an hour after it had happened.

"As to my own part, I am not a little concerned at this unfortunate incident. As it was impossible to foresee this fit of madness in the King of Prussia, there was no guarding against it: and after it had happened, I thought I could do no less than resent it in the manner I have done,—without prostituting the character with which the King has been pleased to honor me. I hope, however, this affair will be attended with no ill consequences: for the King of Prussia himself is at present so ashamed of his behavior, that he says, He will order Count Degenfeld [Graf von Degenfeld, going at a leisurely pace to remove NOSTI from his perch among you] [Supra, p. 197.] to hasten his journey to England, with orders to endeavor to make up the affair immediately.

"As I had already received the King's Orders, by Captain Guy Dickens, To return home forthwith, I thought, after what had happened, the sooner I left this place the better; and the rather because it might be proper I should make a report of it to his Majesty. I shall therefore set out a few hours after this Messenger; and will make all the expedition possible.

"The King of Prussia sets out for Anspach on Saturday next,"— 11th July is Tuesday, Saturday next will be 15th July, which proves correct. [Fassmann, p. 410.] "I am, with the utmost respect, My Lord, Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

CHARLES HOTHAM."

[State–Paper Office: Prussian Despatches, vol. xli.] No sooner was the door slammed to than his Majesty began to repent. At sight of the demand for Post–horses, he repented bitterly; sent Borck to ask Hotham to dinner, with what success we have seen. Sent Borck to negotiate, to correspond, to consult with Dickens, to do his utmost in pacifying Hotham. All which Correspondence exists, but is not worth giving. Borck's remonstrances are in rugged soldier–like style, full of earnestness and friendliness. Do not wreck, upon trifles, a noble interest we have in common; King is jealous about foreign interference with his Ministers, but meant nothing; I tell you it is nothing I—Hotham is polite, good–tempered; but remains inflexible: With myself, on my own score, it were soon settled, or is already settled; but with the King my Master,—no expedient but post–horses! The Diplomatist world of Berlin is in a fuss; Queen Sophie and "the Minister of Denmark," with other friendly Ministers, how busy! "All day," this day and the next, "they spent in comings and goings" [Wilhelmina, i. 229, 230.] advising Hotham to relent: Hotham could not relent. The Crown–Prince himself writes, urged by a message from his Mother; Crown–Prince sends Katte off from Potsdam with this Billet [Ib. i. 230.] (if this be a correct copy to translate from)

TO HIS EXCELLENCY MONSIEUR THE CHEVALIER HOTHAM.

"POTSDAM, 11th July, 1730.

"MONSIEUR,—Having learned by M. de Leuvenner," the Danish Minister, a judicious well–affected man,

"what the King my Father's ultimate intentions are, I cannot doubt but you will yield to his desires. Think, Monsieur, that my happiness and my Sister's depend on the resolution you shall take, and that your answer will mean the union or the disunion forever of the two Houses! I flatter myself that it will be favorable, and that you will yield to my entreaties. I never shall forget such a service, but recognize it all my life by the most perfect esteem," with which I now am, TOUT A VOUS,

"FREDERIC."

This Billet Katte delivers: but to this also Hotham remains inexorable; polite, hopeful even: No harm will come; Degenfeld will go, I myself will help when at home; but for the present, no resource but post—horses! Which they at last yield him, the very post—horses ready to weep.

And so Hotham, spirited judicious English gentleman, rolls off homewards, ["Wednesday," 12th (Dickens).] a few hours after his Courier,—and retires honorably into the shades of private life, steady there thenceforth. He has not been successful in Berlin: surely his Negotiation is now OUT in all manner of senses! Long ago (to use our former ignoble figure) he had "laid down the bellows, though there was still smoke traceable:" but now, by this Grumkow Letter, he has, as it were, struck the POKER through the business; and that dangerous manoeuvre, not proving successful, has been fatal and final! Queen Sophie and certain others may still flatter themselves; but it is evident the Negotiation is at last complete. What may lie in flight to England and rash desperate measures, which Queen Sophie trembles to think of, we do not know: but by regular negotiation this thing can never be.

It is darkly apprehended the Crown—Prince still meditates Flight; the maternal heart and Wilhelmina's are grieved to see Lieutenant Katte so much in his confidence—could wish him a wiser councillor in such predicaments and emergencies! Katte is greatly flattered by the Prince's confidence; even brags of it in society, with his foolish loose tongue. Poor youth, he is of dissolute ways; has plenty of it unwise intellect," little of the "wise" kind; and is still under the years of discretion. Towards Wilhelmina there is traceable in him something,—something as of almost loving a bright particular star, or of thrice—privately worshipping it for his own behoof. And Wilhelmina, during the late Radewitz time, when Mamma "gave four Apartments (or Royal Soirees) weekly," was severe upon him, and inaccessible in these Court Soirees. A rash young fool; carries a loose tongue:—still worse, has a Miniature, recognizable as Wilhelmina; and would not give it up, either for the Queen's Majesty or me!—"Thousand and thousand pardons, High Ladies both; my loose tongue shall be locked: but these two Miniatures, the Prince and Princess Royal, I copied them from two the Prince had lent me and has got back, ask me not for these;—never, oh, I cannot ever!"—Upon which Wilhelmina had to take a high attitude, and pass him speechless in the Soirees. The foolish fellow:—and yet one is not heartily angry either; only reserved in the Soirees; and anxious about one's Brother in such hands.

Friedrich Wilhelm repents much that Hotham explosion; is heard saying that he will not again treat in person with any Envoy from foreign parts, being of too hot temper, but will leave his Ministers to do it. [Dickens's Despatch, Berlin, 22d July (n.s.), 1730.] To Queen Sophie he says coldly, "Wilhelmina's marriage, then, is off; an end to IT. Abbess of Herford [good Protestant refuge for unprovided Females of Quality, which is in our gift], let her be Abbess there;"—and writes to the then extant Abbess to make Wilhelmina "Coadjutress," or Heir—Apparent to that Chief—Nunship! Nay what is still more mortifying, my Brother says, "On the whole, I had better, had not I?" The cruel Brother; but indeed the desperate!—for things are mounting to a pitch in this Household.

Queen Sophie's thoughts,—they are not yet of surrender; that they will never be, while a breath of life is left to Queen Sophie and her Project: we may fancy Queen Sophie's mood. Nor can his Majesty be in a sweet temper; his vexations lately have been many. First, England is now off, not off—and—on as formerly: that comfortable possibility, hanging always in one's thoughts, is fairly gone; and now we have nothing but the Kaiser to depend on for Julich and Berg, and the other elements of our salvation in this world! Then the St.—Mary—Axe discoveries, harassing shadows of suspicion that will rise from them, and the unseemly Hotham catastrophe and one's own blame in it; Womankind and Household still virtually rebellious, and all things going awry; Majesty is in the worst humor;—bullies and outrages his poor Crown—Prince almost worse than ever. There have been rattan—showers, hideous to think of, descending this very week [Guy Dickens's Despatch, 18th July, 1730.] on the fine head, and far into the high heart of a Royal Young Man; who cannot, in the name of manhood, endure, and must not, in the name of sonhood, resist, and vainly calls to all the gods to teach him WHAT he shall do in this intolerable inextricable state of matters.

Fate and these two Black-Artists have driven Friedrich Wilhelm nearly mad; and he, in turn, is driving everybody so. He more than suspects Friedrich of an intention to fly; which is horrible to Friedrich Wilhelm: and yet he bullies him occasionally, as a spiritless wretch, for bearing such treatment. "Cannot you renounce the Heir-Apparentship, then; your little Brother is a fine youth. Give it up; and go, unmolested, to the--in fact to the Devil: Cannot you?"--"If your Majesty, against the honor of my Mother, declare that I am not your eldest son: Yes, so; not otherwise, ever!" modestly but steadily persists the young man, whenever this expedient is proposed to him,--as perhaps it already sometimes is. Whereat the desperate Father can only snort indignantly futile. A case growing nearly desperate. Desperate, yes, on all hands: unless one had the "high mast" above alluded to, with two pulleys and ropes; and could see a certain Pair of Scoundrels mount rapidly thither, what hope is there for anybody? A violent crisis does not last, however; that is one certainty in it. Either these agonistic human beings, young and old, will all die, all go to Bedlam, with their intolerable woes; or else something of explosive nature will take place among them. The maddest boil, unless it kill you with its torments, does at length burst, and become an abscess.

Of course Captain Dickens, the instant Hotham was gone, hastened privily to see the Crown-Prince; saw Katte and him "at the Gate of the Potsdam Palace at midnight," [Wilhelmina; Ranke, i. 301.] or in some other less romantic way;--read him the Windsor Paper of "INSTRUCTIONS" known to us; and preached from that text. No definite countenance from England, the reverse rather, your Highness sees;--how can there be? Give it up, your Highness; at least delay it!--Crown-Prince does not give it up a whit; whether he delays it, we shall see.

A busy week for the Crown-Prince and Katte, this of the Hotham Catastrophe; who have many consultations, the Journey to Anspach being on Saturday next! Crown-Prince has given him in keeping a writing-case with private letters; 1,000 ducats of money, money raised by loan, by picking jewels off some miniatures of honor, and the like sore methods. Katte has his very coat, a gray top-coat or travelling roquelaure, in keeping;--and their schemes are many. Off we must and will be, by some opportunity. Could not Katte get a "Recruiting Furlough," leave to go into the REICH on that score; and join one there? Lieutenant Keith is at Wesel; ready, always ready. Into France, into Holland, England? If the English would not,--there is war to be in Italy, say all the Newspapers: why not a campaign as Volunteers in Italy, till we saw how matters went? Anything and all things are preferable to ignominy like this. No dog could, endure it!

Chapter V. JOURNEY TO THE REICH.

On Saturday the 15th July, 1730, early in the morning as his wont was, Friedrich Wilhelm, with a small train of official military persons, rolled off from Potsdam, towards Leipzig, on that same journey of his, towards Anspach and the Reich. To Anspach, to see our poor young daughter, lately married there; therefrom we can have a run into the Reich, according to circumstances. In this wide route there lie many Courts and scenes, which it might behoove us to look into; Courts needing to be encouraged to stand for the Kaiser's rights, against those English, French and intrusive Foreigners of the Seville Treaty. We may hope at least to ease our own heavy mind, and have the chaff somewhat blown out of it, by this rushing through the open atmosphere.—Such, so far as I can gather, were Friedrich Wilhelm's objects in this Journey; which turned out to be a more celebrated one than he expected. The authentic records of it are slight, the rumors about it have been many. [Forster (iii. 1–11) contains Seckendorf's Narrative, as sent to Vienna; Preuss (iv. 470), a Prussian RELATIO EX ACTIS: these are the only two ORIGINAL pieces which I have seen; Excerpts of others (correct doubtless, but not in a very distinct condition) occur in Ranke, i. 294–340.] After painful sifting through mountains of dust and ashes for a poor cinder of a fact here and there, our duty is, to tell the English reader one good time, what certainties, or available cinders, have anywhere turned up. Crown-Prince Friedrich, it has been decided, after some consultation, shall go with his Majesty. Better he go with us, to be under our own eyes, lest he run away, or do other mischief. Old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep a strict watch over him, one of them at least to be always by him. Old General Buddenbrock, a grim but human old military gentleman, who has been in all manner of wars: he fought at Steenkirk even, and in the Siege of Namur, under Dutch William; stood, through Malplaquet and much else, under Marlborough; did the Siege of Stralsund too, and descent on Rugen there, which was not his first acquaintance with Karl of Sweden; and is a favorite old friend of Friedrich Wilhelm's. A good old gentleman, though very strict; now hard on sixty. He is chief of the Three.

Old Waldau, not younger, though still only Colonel of Horse, likewise celebrates the Malplaquet anniversary; a Pomeranian man, and silent smoker in the Tabagie, well seen by the master there. To these two elderly authorities, Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow, still only about forty, and probably sharper of eye, is adjoined as active partner. I conclude, the Prince and Buddenbrock ride face forward; Buddenbrock can tell him about so many things, if he is conversable: about Dutch William; about Charles XII., whose Polish fights he witnessed, as an envoy from Berlin, long ago. A Colonel Krocher, I find, is general manager of the Journey;—and it does not escape notice that Friedrich, probably out of youthful curiosity, seems always very anxious to know, to the uttermost settled point, where our future stages are to be. His Royal Highness laid in a fair stock of District Maps, especially of the Rhine Countries, at Leipzig, too; [Forster, iii. 2.] and is assiduous in studying them,—evidently very desirous to know the face of Germany, the Rhine Countries in particular?

Potsdam, Wittenberg, Leipzig, the wheels rush rapidly on, stage succeeding stage; and early in the afternoon we are at Leipzig,— never looking out at Luther's vestiges, or Karl V.'s, or thinking about Luther, which thou and I, good English reader, would surely have done, in crossing Wittenberg and the birthplace of Protestantism. At Leipzig we were thinking to have dined. At the Peter's Gate there,—where at least fresh horses are, and a topographic Crown-Prince can send hastily to buy maps,— a General Hopfgarten, Commandant of the Town, is out with the military honors; he has, as we privately know, an excellent dinner ready in the Pleissenburg Fortress yonder, [Fassmann, p. 410.]— but he compliments to a dreadful extent! Harangues and compliments in no end of florid inflated tautologic ornamental balderdash; repeating and again repeating, What a never-imagined honor it is; in particular saying three times over, How the Majesty of Saxony, King August, had he known, would have wished for wings to fly hither; and bowing to the very ground, "as if, in the Polish manner, he wished to clasp your feet," said Friedrich Wilhelm afterwards. I can fancy Friedrich Wilhelm somewhat startled! How, at the first mention of this idea of big August, with his lame foot, taking wing, and coming like a gigantic partridge, with lame foot and cocked-hat, Friedrich Wilhelm grinned. How, at the second mention, and Polish threat of your feet, Friedrich Wilhelm, who hates all lies, and cares not for salutations in the market-place, jerks himself impatiently and saves his feet. At the third mention, clear it is, Friedrich Wilhelm utters the word, "ANSPANNEN,

Horses!"—and in very truth takes to the road again; hungry indeed, but still angrier; leaving Hopfgarten bent into the shape of a parabola, and his grand dinner cooling futile, in what tragic humor we can imagine. [Ib. p. 411.] Why has no Prussian Painter done that scene? Let another Chodowiecki, when another comes, try whether he cannot.

Friedrich Wilhelm regretted the dinner, regretted to hurt the good man's feelings; but could stand it no longer. He rushes off for Meuselwitz, where Seckendorf, with at least silence, and some cold collation instead of dinner, is awaiting him. Twenty miles off is Meuselwitz; up the flat valley of the Pleisse River towards Altenburg; through a region memorable, were we not so hungry. Famed fights have had their arena here; Lutzen, the top of its church—steeple visible on your right, it is there where the great Gustavus fell two hundred years ago: on that wide champaign, a kind of Bull—ring of the Nations, how many fights have been, and will be! Altenburg one does not see to—night: happy were we but at Meuselwitz, a few miles nearer; and had seen what dinner the old Feldzeugmeister has.

Dinner enough, we need not doubt. The old Feldzeugmeister has a big line Schloss at Meuselwitz; his by unexpected inheritance; with uncommonly fine gardens; with a good old Wife, moreover, blithe though childless;—and he is capable of "lighting more than one candle" when a King comes to visit him. Doubtless the man hurls his thrift into abeyance; and blazes out with conspicuous splendor, on this occasion. A beautiful Castle indeed, this Meuselwitz of his; the towers of Altenburg visible in the distance; Altenburg, where Kunz von Kauffungen stole the two little Princes; centuries ago;—where we do not mean to pause at this time. On the morrow morning,—unless they chose to stay over Sunday; which I cannot affirm or deny,—Seckendorf also has made his packages; and joins himself to Friedrich. Wilhelm's august travelling party. Doing here a portion of the long space (length of the Terrestrial Equator in all) which he is fated to accomplish in the way of riding with that Monarch.

From Meuselwitz, through Altenburg, Gera, Saalfeld, to Coburg, is our next day's journey. Up one fork of the Leipzig Pleisse, then across the Leipzig Elster, these streams now dwindling to brooks; leading us up to the water—shed or central Hill—countries between the Mayn and Saale Rivers; where the same shower will run partly, on this hand, northward by the Elster, Pleisse or other labyrinthic course, into the Saale, into the Elbe; and partly, on the other hand, will flow southward into the Mayn; and so, after endless windings in the Fir Mountains (FICHTEL—GEBIRGE), get by Frankfurt into the Rhine at Mainz. Mayn takes the south end of your shower; Saale takes the north,—or farther east yonder, shower will roll down into the same grand Elbe River by the Mulde (over which the Old Dessauer is minded to build a new stone bridge; Wallenstein and others, as well as Time, have ruined many bridges there). That is the line of the primeval mountains, and their ever—flowing rain—courses, in those parts.

At Gera, dim, old Town,—does not your Royal Highness well know the "Gera Bond (GERAISCHER VERTRAG)"? Duhan: did not forget to inform you of that? It is the corner—stone of the House of Brandenburg's advancement in the world. Here, by your august ancestors, the Law of Primogeniture was settled, and much rubbish was annihilated in the House of Brandenburg: Eldest Son always to inherit the Electorate unbroken; after Anspach and Baireuth no more apanages, upon any cause or pretext whatsoever; and these themselves to lapse irrevocable to the main or Electoral House, should they ever fall vacant again. Fine fruit of the decisive sense that was in the Hohenzollerns; of their fine talent for annihilating rubbish,—which feat, if a man can do it, and keep doing it, will more than most others accelerate his course in this world. It was in this dim old Town of Gera, in the Year 1598, by him that had the twenty—three children, that the "GERA BOND" was brought to parchment. But indeed it was intrinsically only a renewal, more solemnly sanctioned, of Albert Achilles's HAUS ORDNUNG (House—Order), done in 1478, above a century earlier.—

But see, we are under way again. His Prussian Majesty rushes forward without pause; will stop nowhere, except where business demands; no Majesty of his day travels at such a speed. Orlamunde an hour hence,—your Royal Highness has heard of Orlamunde and its famed Counts of a thousand years back, when Kaiser Redbeard was in the world, and the Junior Hohenzollern, tired of hawking, came down from the Hills to him? Orlamunde (OrlaMOUTH) is not far off, on our right; and this itself is the Orla; this pleasant streamlet we are now quitting, which has borne us company for some time: this too will get into the Saale, and be at Magdeburg, quite beyond the Dessauer's Bridge, early to—morrow. Ha, here at last is Saalfeld, Town and Schloss, and the incipient Saal itself: his Serene Highness Saalfeld—Coburg's little REZIDENZ;—probably his Majesty will call on him, in

passing? I have no doubt he does; and transacts the civilities needful.

Christian Ernst, whose Schloss this is, a gentleman of his Majesty's age (born 1683), married an amiable FRAULEIN not of quality, whom indeed the Kaiser has ennobled: he lives here,— I think, courting the shade rather; and rules conjointly with his younger Brother, or Half-Brother, Franz Josias, who resides at Coburg. Dukes of Saalfeld-Coburg, such is their style, and in good part their possession; though, it is well known to this travelling party and the world, there has been a Lawsuit about Coburg this half-century and more; and though somewhere about 200 "CONCLUSA," [Michaelis, i. 524, 518; Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2464; Oertel, t. 74; Hubner, t. 166.] or Decrees of Aulic Council, have been given in favor of the Saalfelders, their rivals of Meiningen never end. Nor will end yet, for five years more to come; till, in 1735, "206 CONCLUSA being given," they do end, and leave the Saalfelders in peaceable possession; who continue so ever since to this day. [Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vi. ? PRINZENRAUB.] How long his Majesty paused in that Schloss of Saalfeld, or what he there did, or what he spake,—except perhaps encourage Christian Ernst to stand by a Kaiser's Majesty against these French insolences, and the native German, Spanish, English derelictions of duty,—we are left to the vaguest guess of fancy, And must get on to Coburg for the night.

At Coburg, in its snug valley, under the FESTUNG or Hill Castle,— where Martin Luther sat solitary during the Diet of Augsburg (Diet known to us, our old friend Margraf George of Anspach hypothetically "laying his head on the block? there, and the great Kaiser, Karl V., practically burning daylight, with pitiable spilling of wax, in the CORPUS-CHRISTI procession there), [Antea, vol. v. p. 197.]—where Martin Luther sat solitary, and wrote that celebrated Letter about 16 Crows holding THEIR Parliament all round," and how "the pillars of the world were never seen by anybody, and yet the world is held up, in these dumb continents of space;"—at Coburg, we will not doubt, his Majesty found Franz Josias at home, and illuminated to receive him. Franz Josias, a hearty man of thirty-five, he too will stand by the Kaiser in these coming storms? With a weak contingent truly, perhaps some score or two of fighters: but many a little makes a mickle!— remark, however; two points, of a merely genealogical nature. First, that Franz Josias has, or rather is going to have, a Younger Son, [Friedrich Josias: 1737–1815.] who in some sixty years hence will become dreadfully celebrated in the streets of Paris, as "Austrian Coburg." The Austrian Coburg of Robes-Pierre and Company. An immeasurable terror and portent,—not much harm in him, either, when he actually comes, with nothing but the Duke of York and Dunkirk for accompaniment,—to those revolutionary French of 1792–1794. This is point FIRST. Point SECOND is perhaps still more interesting; this namely: That Franz Josias has an Eldest Son (boy of six when Friedrich Wilhelm makes his visit),—a GRANDSON'S GRANDSON of whom is, at this day, Prince of Wales among the English People, and to me a subject of intense reflection now and then!—

From Coburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, after pause again unknown, rushed on to Bamberg; new scenes and ever new opening on the eyes of our young Hero and his Papa. The course is down the valley of the Itz, one of the many little valleys in the big slope of the Rodach; for the waters are now turned, and all streams and brooks are gurgling incessantly towards the Mayn. Towards Frankfurt, Mainz and the Rhine,—far enough from the Saale, Mulde, or the Old Dessauer's Bridge to-day; towards Rotterdam and the uttermost Dutch swamps today. Near upon Bamberg we cross the Mayn itself; Red Mayn and White conjoined, coming from Culmbach and Baireuth,— mark that, your Highness. A country of pleasant hills and vines: and in an hour hence, through thick fir woods,—each side of your road horribly decked with gibbeted thieves swinging aloft, [Pollnitz, *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), i. 209. Let me say again, this is a different Book from the "MEMOIRS of Pollnitz;" and a still different from the MEMOIREN, or "Memoirs of Brandenburg BY Pollnitz:" such the excellence of nomenclature in that old fool!] —you arrive at Bamberg, chief of Bishoprics, the venerable town; whose Bishop, famous in old times, is like an Archbishop, and "gets his pallium direct from the Pope,"—much good may it do him! "Is bound, however, to give up his Territory, if the Kaiser elected is landless,"—far enough from likely now. And so you are at last fairly in the Mayn Valley; River Mayn itself a little step to north;—long course and many wide windings between you and Mainz or Frankfurt, not to speak of Rotterdam, and the ultimate Dutch swamps.

At Bamberg why should a Prussian Majesty linger, except for picturesque or for mere baiting purposes? At Bamberg are certain fat Catholic Canons, in indolent, opulent circumstances; and a couple of sublime Palaces, without any Bishop in them at present. Nor indeed does one much want Papist Bishops, wherever they get their pallium; of them as well keep to windward! thinks his Majesty. And indeed there is no Bishop here. The present

Bishop of Bamberg—one of those Von Schonborns, Counts, sometimes Cardinals, common in that fat Office,—is a Kaiser's Minister of State; lives at Vienna, enveloped in red tape, as well as red hat and stockings; and needs no exhortation in the Kaiser's favor. Let us yoke again, and go.—Fir woods all round, and dead malefactors blackening in the wind: this latter point I know of the then Bamberg; and have explanation of it. Namely, that the Prince-Bishop, though a humane Catholic, is obliged to act so. His small Domain borders on some six or seven bigger sovereignties; and, being Ecclesiastical, is made a cesspool to the neighboring scoundrelism; which state of things this Prince Bishop has said shall cease. Young Friedrich may look, therefore, and old Friedrich Wilhelm and Suite; and make of it what they can.

"Bamberg, through Erlangen, to Nurnberg;" so runs the way. At Erlangen there loiters now, recruiting, a certain Rittmeister von Katte, cousin to our Potsdam Lieutenant and confidant; to him this transit of the Majesty and Crown-Prince must be an event like few, in that stagnant place. French Refugees are in Erlangen, busy building new straight streets; no University as yet;—nay a high Dowager of Baireuth is in it, somewhat exuberant Lady (friend Weissenfels's Sister) on whom Friedrich Wilhelm must call in passing. This high Widow of Baireuth is not Mother of the present Heir—Apparent there, who will wed our Wilhelmina one day;—ah no, his Mother was "DIVORCED for weighty reasons;" [Hubner, t. 181.] and his Father yet lives, in the single state; a comparatively prosperous gentleman these four years last past; Successor, since four years past, of this Lady's Husband, who was his Cousin—german. Dreadfully poor before that, the present Margraf of Baireuth, as we once explained; but now things are looking up with him again, some jingle of money heard in the coffers of the man; and his eldest Prince, a fine young fellow, only apt to stammer a little when agitated, is at present doing the return part of the Grand Tour,—coming home by Geneva they say.

Rittmeister von Katte, I doubt not, witnesses this transit of the incognito Majesty, this call upon the exuberant Dowager; but can have little to say to it, he. I hope he is getting tall recruits here in the Reich; that will be the useful point for him. He is our Lieutenant Katte's Cousin, an elder and wiser man than the Lieutenant. A Reichsgraf's and Field—marshal's nephew, he ought to get advanced in his profession;—and can hope to do so when he has deserved it, not sooner at all, in that thrice—fortunate Country. Let the Rittmeister here keep himself well apart from what is NOT his business, and look out for tall men.

Bamberg is halfway—house between Coburg and Nurnberg; whole distance of Coburg and Nurnberg,—say a hundred and odd miles,—is only a fair day's driving for a rapid King. And at Nurnberg, surely, we must lodge for a night and portion of a day, if not for more. On the morrow, it is but a thirty—five miles drive to Anspach; pleasant in the summer evening, after all the sights in this old Nurnberg, "city of the Noricans (NORICORUM BURGUN)." Trading Staple of the German world in old days; Toy—shop of the German world in these new. Albert Durer's and Hans Sach's City,—mortals infinitely indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm. But is it not the seed—ground of the Hohenzollerns, this Nurnberg, memorable above cities to a Prussian Majesty? Yes, there in that old white Castle, now very peaceable, they dwelt; considerably liable to bickerings and mutinous heats; and needed all their skill and strength to keep matters straight. It is now upon seven hundred years since the Cadet of Hohenzollern gave his hawk the slip, patted his dog for the last time, and came down from the Rough—Alp countries hitherward. And found favor, not unmerited I fancy, with the great Kaiser Redbeard, and the fair Heiress of the Vohburgs; and in fact, with the Earth and with the Heavens in some degree. A loyal, clever, and gallant kind of young fellow, if your Majesty will think? Much has grown and waned since that time: but the Hohenzollerns, ever since, are on the waxing hand;—unless this accursed Treaty of Seville and these English Matches put a stop to them?

Alas, it is not likely Friedrich Wilhelm, in the hurry and grating whirl of things, had many poetic thoughts in him, or pious aurora memories from the Past Ages, instead of grumbly dusty provocations from the present,—his feeling, haste mainly, and need of getting through! The very Crown-Prince, I should guess, was as good as indifferent to this antique Cadet of the Hohenzollerns; and looked on Nurnberg and the old white Castle with little but ENNUI: the Princess of England, and black cares on her beautiful account and his own, possess him too exclusively. But in truth we do not even know what day they arrived or departed; much less what they did or felt in that old City. We know only that the pleasant little town of Anspach, with its huge unfinished SCHLOSS, lay five—and—thirty miles away; and that thither was the next and quasi—final bit of driving. Southwestward thirty—five miles; through fine summer hills and dales; climbing always, gently, on the southward hand; still drained by the Mayn River, by the Regnitz and other tributaries of the Mayn:—half—way is Heilsbronn, [Not

Heilbronn, the well-known, much larger Town, in Wurtemberg, 80 or 100 miles to westward. Both names (which are applied to still other places) signify HEALTH-WELL, or even HOLY-WELL,—these two words, HEALTHY and HOLY (what is very remarkable), being the same in old Teutonic speech.] with its old Monastery; where the bones of our Hohenzollern Forefathers rest, and Albert Achilles's "skull, with no sutures visible." On the gloomy Church-walls their memorials are still legible: as for the Monastery itself, Margraf George, tour memorable Reformation friend, abolished that,—purged the monks away, and put Schoolmasters in their stead; who were long of good renown in those parts, but have since gone to Erlangen, so to speak. The July sunset streaming over those old spires of Heilsbronn might awaken thoughts in a Prussian Majesty, were he not in such haste.

At Anspach, what a thrice-hospitable youthfully joyful welcome from the young married couple there! Margravine Frederika is still not quite sixteen; "beautiful as Day," and rather foolish: fancy her joy at sight of Papa's Majesty and Brother Fritz; and how she dances about, and perhaps bakes "pastries of the finest Anspach flour." Ah, DID you send me Berlin sausages, then, you untrue Papa? Well, I will bake for you, won't I;—Sarah herself not more loyally {whom we read of in GENESIS), that time the Angels entered HER tent in a hungry condition!—

Anspach, as we hint, has an unfinished Palace, of a size that might better beseem Paris or London; Palace begun by former Margraves, left off once and again for want of cash; stands there as a sad monument of several things;—the young family living meanwhile in some solid comfortable wing, or adjacent edifice, of natural dimensions. They are so young, as we say, and not too wise. By and by they had a son, and then a second son; which latter came to manhood, to old age; and made some noise in the foolish parts of the Newspapers,—winding up finally at Hammersmith, as we often explain;—and was the last of the Anspach-Baireuth Margraves. I have heard farther that Frederika did not want for temper, as the Hohenzollerns seldom do; that her Husband likewise had his own stock of it, rather scant of wisdom withal; and that their life was not quite symphonious always, —especially cash being short. The Dowager Margravine, Margraf's Mother, had governed with great prudence during her Son's long minority. I think she is now, since the marriage, gone to reside at her WITWENSITZ (Dowager-Seat) of Feuchtwang (twenty miles southwest of us); but may have oome up to welcome the Majesties into these parts. Very beautiful, I hear; still almost young and charming, though there is a mortal malady upon her, which she knows of. [Pollnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, i. 209 (date, 29th September, 1729;—needs WATCHING before believing).] Here are certain Seckendorfs too, this is the Feldzeugmeister's native country;—and there are resources for a Royal Travelling-Party. How long the Royal Party stayed at Anspach I do not know; nor what they did there,—except that Crown-Prince Friedrich is said to have privately asked the young Margraf to lend him a pair of riding-horses, and say nothing of it; who, suspecting something wrong, was obliged to make protestations and refuse.

As to the Crown-Prince, there is no doubt but here at last things are actually coming to a crisis with him. To say truth, it has been the young man's fixed purpose ever since he entered on this Journey, nay was ever since that ignominy in the Camp of Radewitz, to run away;—and indeed all this while he has measures going on with Katte at Berlin of the now-or-never sort. Rash young creatures, elder of them hardly above five-and-twenty yet: not good at contriving measures. But what then? Human nature cannot stand this always; and it is time there were an end of deliberating. Can we ever have such a chance again?—What I find of certain concerning Friedrich while at Anspach is, That there comes by way of Erlangen, guided forward from that place by the Rittmeister von Katte, a certain messenger and message, which proved of deep importance to his Royal Highness. The messenger was Lieutenant Katte's servant: who has come express from Berlin hither. He inquired, on the road, as he was bidden, at Erlangen, of Master's Cousin, the experienced Rittmeister, Where his Royal Highness at present was, that he might deliver a Letter to him? The Master's Cousin, who answered naturally, "At Anspach," knew nothing, and naturally could get to know nothing, of what the message in this Letter was. But he judged, from cross-questionings, added to dim whispering rumors he had heard, that it was questionable, probably in an extreme degree. Wherefore, along with his Cousin the Lieutenant's messenger to Anspach, the Rittmeister forwarded a Note of his own to Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow, of this purport, "As a friend, I warn you, have a watchful eye on your high charge!"—and, for his own share, determined to let nothing escape him in his corner of the matter. This note to Rochow, and the Berlin Letter for the Crown-Prince reach Anspach by the same hand; Lieutenant Katte's express, conscious of nothing, delivering them both. Rochow and the Rittmeister, though the

poor Prince does not know it, are broad awake to all movements he and the rash Lieutenant may make.

Lieutenant Katte, in this Letter now arrived, complains: "That he never yet can get recruiting furlough; whether it be by accident, or that Rochow has given my Colonel a hint, no furlough yet to be had: will, at worst, come without furlough and in spite of all men and things, whenever wanted. Only—Wesel still, if I might advise!" This is the substance of Katte's message by express. Date must be the end of July, 1730; but neither Date nor Letter is now anywhere producible, except from Hearsay.

Deeply pondering these things, what shall the poor Prince do? From Canstatt, close by Stuttgart, a Town on our homeward route,— from Canstatt, where Katte was to "appear in disguise," had the furlough been got, one might have slipt away across the Hills. It is but eighty miles to Strasburg, through the Kniebiss Pass, where the Murg, the Kinzig, and the intricate winding mountain streams and valleys start Rhine-ward: a labyrinthic rock-and-forest country, where pursuit or tracking were impossible. Near by Strasburg is Count Rothenburg's Chateau; good Rothenburg, long Minister in Berlin,—who saw those PROFOSSEN, or Scavenger-Executioners in French Costume long since, and was always good to me:—might not that be a method? Lieutenant Keith indeed is in Wesel, waiting only a signal. Suppose he went to the Hague, and took soundings there what welcome we should have? No, not till we have actually run; beware of making noise!— The poor Prince is in unutterable perplexity; can only answer Katte by that Messenger of his, to the effect (date and Letter burnt like the former): "Doubt is on every hand; doubt,—and yet CERTAINTY. Will write again before undertaking anything."

And there is no question he did write again; more than once: letters by the post, which his faithful Lieutenant Katte in Berlin received; one of which, however, stuck on the road; and this one, —by some industry of postmasters spirited into vigilance, as is likeliest, though others say by mere misaddressing, by "want of BERLIN on the address,"—fell into the hands of vigilant RITTMEISTER Katte at Erlangen. Who grew pale in reading it, and had to resolve on a painful thing! This was, I suppose, among the last Letters of the series; and must have been dated, as I guess, about the 29th of July, 1730; but they are now all burnt, huddled rapidly into annihilation, and one cannot say!—

Certain it is that the Royal Travelling-Party left Anspach in a few days, to go, southward still, "by the Oettingen Country towards Augsburg." [Fassmann, p. 410.] Feuchtwang (WET Wang, not Durrwang or DRY Wang) is the first stage; here lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach: here the Prince does some inconceivably small fault "lets a knife, which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady, fall," [Ranke, i. 304 ("from a Letter the Prince had written to Katte").] who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish Rebellion,—to the silent despair of the poor Prince. The poor Prince meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them strictly to himself.

Doubtless the Buddenbrock Trio, good old military gentlemen, would endeavor to speak comfort to him, when they were on the road again. Here is Nordlingen, your Highness, where Bernhard of Weimar, for his over-haste, got so beaten in the Thirty-Years War; would not wait till the Swedes were rightly gathered: what general, if he have reinforcement at hand, would not wait for it? The waters now, you observe, run all into the Wornitz, into the Donau: it is a famed war-country this; known to me well in my young Eugene-Marlborough days!—"Hm, Ha, yes!" For the Prince is preoccupied with black cares; and thinks Blenheim and the Schellenberg businesses befell long since, and were perhaps simple to what he has now on hand. That Feuchtwang scene, it would appear, has brought him to a resolution. There is a young page Keith of the party, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; of this page Keith, who is often busy about horses, he cautiously makes question, What help may be in him? A willing mind traceable in this poor lad, but his terrors great.

To Donauworth from Anspach, through Feuchtwang and Nordlingen, is some seventy or eighty miles. At Donauworth one surely ought to lodge, and see the Schellenberg on the morrow; nay drive to the Field of Hochstadt (Blenheim, BLINDHEIM), which is but a few miles farther up the River? Buddenbrock was there, and Anhalt-Dessau: for their very sake, were there nothing farther, one surely ought to go? Such was the probability, a visit to Blenheim field in passing. And surely, somewhere in those heart-rending masses of Historical Rubbish, I did at last find express evanescent mention of the fact,—but cannot now say where;—the exact record, or conceivable image of which, would have been a perceptible pleasure to us. Alas, in those dim dreary Books, all whirling dismal round one's soul, like vortices of dim Brandenburg sand, how should anything human be searched out and mentioned to us; and a thousand, things not-human be searched out, and eternally suppressed from us, for the sake of that? I please myself figuring young Friedrich looking at the vestiges of Marlborough, even in a

preoccupied uncertain manner. Your Majesty too, this is the very "Schellenberg (or JINGLE-HILL)," this Hill we are now skirting, on highways, on swift wheels; which overhangs Donauworth, our resting-place this hot July evening. Yes, your Majesty, here was a feat of storming done,—pang, pang!—such a noise as never jingled on that Hill before: like Doomsday come; and a hero-head to rule the Doomsday, and turn it to heroic marching music. A very pretty feat of war, your Majesty! His Majesty well knows it; feat of his Marlborough's doing, famed everywhere for the twenty-six years last past; and will go to see the Schellenberg and its Lines. The great Duke is dead four years; sank sadly, eclipsed under tears of dotage of his own, and under human stupidity of other men's! But Buddenbrock is still living, Anhalt-Dessau and others of us are still alive a little while!

Hochstadt itself—Blenheim, as the English call it, meaning BLINDHEIM, the other village on the Field—is but a short way up the River; well worth such a detour. By what way they drove to the field of honor and back from it, I do not know. But there, northward, towards the heights, is the little wood where Anhalt-Dessau stood at bay like a Molossian dog, of consummate military knowledge; and saved the fight in Eugene's quarter of it. That is visible enough; and worth looking at. Visible enough the rolling Donau, Marlborough's place; the narrow ground, the bordering Hills all green at this season;—and down old Buddenbrock's cheek, end Anhalt's, there would roll an iron tear or two. Augsburg is but some thirty miles off, once we are across the Donau,—by the Bridge of Donauworth, or the Ferry of Hochstadt,—swift travellers in a long day, the last of July, are soon enough at Augsburg.

As for Friedrich, haunted and whipt onwards by that scene at Feuchtwang, he is inwardly very busy during this latter part of the route. Probably there is some progress towards gaining Page Keith, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; some hope that Page Keith, at the right moment, can be gained: the Lieutenant at Wesel is kept duly advised. To Lieutenant Katte at Berlin Friedrich now writes, I should judge from Donauworth or Augsburg, "That he has had a scene at Feuchtwang; that he can stand it no longer. That Canstatt being given up, as Katte cannot be there to go across the Kniebiss with us, we will endure till we are near enough the Rhine. Once in the Rhineland, in some quiet Town there, handy for Speyer, for French Landau,"—say Sinzheim; last stage hitherward of Heidelberg, but this we do not write,—"there might it not be? Be, somewhere, it shall and must! You, Katte, the instant you hear that we are off, speed you towards the Hague; ask for 'M. le Comte d'Alberville;' you will know that gentleman WHEN you see him: Keith, our Wesel friend, will have taken the preliminary soundings;—and I tell you, Count d'Alberville, or news of him, will be there. Bring the great-coat with you, and the other things, especially the 1,000 gold ducats. Count d'Alberville at the Hague, if all have gone right:—nay if anything go wrong, cannot he, once across the Rhine, take refuge in the convents in those Catholic regions? Nobody, under the scapulary, will suspect such a heretic as him. Speed, silence, vigilance! And so adieu!" A letter of such purport Friedrich did write; which Letter, moreover, the Lieutenant Katte received: it was not this, it was another, that stuck upon the road, and fell into the Rittmeister's hand. This is the young Prince's ultimate fixed project, brought to birth by that slight accident of dropping the knife at Feuchtwang; [Ranke, i. 304.] and hanging heavy on his mind during this Augsburg drive. At Augsburg, furthermore, "he bought, in all privacy, red cloth, of quantity to make a top-coat;" red, the gray being unattainable in Katte's hands: in all privacy; though the watchful Rochow had full knowledge of it, all the same.

Chapter VI. JOURNEY HOMEWARDS FROM THE REICH; CATASTROPHE ON JOURNEY HOMEWARDS

The travelling Majesty of Prussia went diligently up and down, investigating ancient Augsburg: saw, I doubt not, the FUGGEREI, or ancient Hospice of the Fuggers,—who were once Weavers in those parts, and are now Princes, and were known to entertain Charles V. with fires of cinnamon, nay with transient flames of Bank—bills on one old occasion. Saw all the Fuggeries, I doubt not; the ancient Luther—and—Melanchthon relics, Diet—Halls and notabilities of this renowned Free Town;—perhaps remembered Margraf George, and loud—voiced Kurfurst Joachim with the Bottle—nose (our DIRECT Ancestor, though mistaken in opinion on some points!), who were once so audible there.

One passing phenomenon we expressly know he saw; a human, not a historically important one. Driving through the streets from place to place, his Majesty came athwart some questionable quaint procession, ribbonry, perhaps musical; Majesty questioned it: "A wedding procession, your Majesty!"—"Will the Bride step out, then, and let us see how she is dressed!" "VOM HERZEN GERN; will have the honor." Bride stepped out, with blushes,—handsome we will hope; Majesty surveyed her, on the streets of Augsburg, having a human heart in him; and (says Fassmann, as if with insidious insinuation) "is said to have made her a present." She went her way; fulfilled her destiny in an anonymous manner: Friedrich Wilhelm, loudly named in the world, did the like; and their two orbits never intersected again.—Some forty—five miles south of Augsburg, up the Wertach River, more properly up the Mindel River, lies Mindelheim, once a name known in England and in Prussia; once the Duke of Marlborough's "Principality:" given him by a grateful Kaiser Joseph; taken from him by a necessitous Kaiser Karl, Joseph's Brother, that now is. I know not if his Majesty remembers that transaction, now while in these localities; but know well, if he does, he must think it a shabby one.

On the same day, 1st August, 1730, we quit Augsburg; set out fairly homewards again. The route bends westward this time; towards Frankfurt—on—Mayn; there yachts are to be ready; and mere sailing thenceforth, gallantly down the Rhine—stream,—such a yacht—voyage, in the summer weather, with no Tourists yet infesting it,—to end, happily we will hope, at Wesel, in the review of regiments, and other business. First stage, first pause, is to be at Ludwigsburg, and the wicked old Duke of Wurtemberg's; thither first from Augsburg. We cross the Donau at Dillingen, at Gunzberg, or I know not where; and by to—morrow's sunset, being rapid travellers, find ourselves at Ludwigsburg,—clear through Canstatt, Stuttgart, and certainly no Katte waiting there! Safe across the intermediate uplands, here are we fairly in the Neckar Country, in the Basin of the Rhine again; and old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Wurtemberg bidding us kindly welcome, poor old bewildered creature, who has become the talk of Germany in those times. Will English readers consent to a momentary glance into his affairs and him? Strange things are going on at Ludwigsburg; nay the origin of Ludwigsburg, and that the Duke should be there and not at Stuttgart, is itself strange. Let us take this Excerpt, headed LUDWIGSBURG in 1730, and then hasten on:—

LUDWIGSBURG IN 1730.

"Duke Eberhard Ludwig, now an elderly gentleman of fifty—four, has distinguished himself in his long reign, not by political obliquities and obstinacies, though those also were not wanting, but by matrimonial and amatory; which have rendered him conspicuous to his fellows—creatures, and still keep him mentionable in History, briefly and for a sad reason. Duke Eberhard Ludwig was duly wedded to an irreproachable Princess of Baden—Durlach (Johanna Elizabeth) upwards of thirty years ago; and he duly produced one Son in consequence, with other good results to himself and her. But in course of time Duke Eberhard Ludwig took to consorting with bad creatures; took, in fact, to swashing about at random in the pool of amatory iniquity, as if there had been no law known, or of the least validity, in that matter.

"Perceiving which, a certain young fellow, Gravenitz by name, who had come to him from the Mecklenburg regions, by way of pushing fortune, and had got some pageship or the like here in Wurtemberg, recollected that he had a young Sister at home; pretty and artful, who perhaps might do a stroke of work here. He sends for the young Sister; very pretty indeed, and a gentlewoman by birth, though penniless. He borrows clothes for her (by onerous contract with the haberdashers, it is said, being poor to a degree); he easily gets her introduced to the Ducal

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Soirees; bids her—She knows what to do? Right well she knows what; catches, with her piquant face, the dull eye of Eberhard Ludwig, kindles Eberhard Ludwig, and will not for something quench him. Not she at all: How can SHE; your Serene Highness, ask her not! A virtuous young lady, she, and come of a stainless Family!—In brief, she hooks, she of all the fishes in the pool, this lumber of a Duke; enchants him, keeps him hooked; and has made such a pennyworth of him, for the last twenty years and more, as Germany cannot match. [Michaelis, iii. 440.] Her brother Gravenitz the page has become Count Gravenitz the prime minister, or chief of the Governing Cabal; she Countess Gravenitz and Autocrat of Wurtemberg. Loaded with wealth, with so-called honors, she and hers, there go they, flaunting sky-high; none else admitted to more than the liberty of breathing in silence in this Duchy; —the poor Duke Eberhard Ludwig making no complaint; obedient as a child to the bidding of his Gravenitz. He is become a mere enchanted simulacrum of a Duke; bewitched under worse than Thessalian spells; without faculty of willing, except as she wills; his People and he the plaything of this Circe or Hecate, that has got hold of him. So it has lasted for above twenty years. Gravenitz has become the wonder of Germany; and requires, on these bad grounds, a slight mention in Human History for some time to come. Certainly it is by the Gravenitz alone that Eberhard Ludwig is remembered; and yet, down since Ulrich with the Thumb, [Ulricus POLLEX (right thumb bigger than left); died A.D. 1265 (Michaelis, iii. 262).] which of those serene abstruse Beutelsbachers, always an abstruse obstinate set, has so fixed himself in your memory?—

"Most persons in Wurtemberg, for quiet's sake, have complied with the Gravenitz; though not without protest, and sometimes spoken protest. Thus the Right Reverend Osiander (let us name Osiander, Head of the Church in Wurtemberg) flatly refused to have her name inserted in the Public Prayers; 'Is not she already prayed for?' said Osiander: 'Do we not say, DELIVER US FROM EVIL?' said the indignant Protestant man. And there is one other person that never will comply with her: the lawful Wife of Eberhard Ludwig. Serene Lady, she has had a sad existencoe of it; the voice of her wrongs audible, to little purpose, this long while, in Heaven and on Earth. But it is not in the power of reward or punishment to bend her female will in the essential point: 'Divorce, your Highness? When I am found guilty, yes. Till then, never, your Highness, never, never,' in steady CRESCENDO tone:—so that his Highness is glad to escape again, and drop the subject. On which the Serene Lady again falls silent. Gravenitz, in fact, hopes always to be wedded with the right, nay were it only with the left hand: and this Serene Lady stands like a fateful monument irremovably in the way. The Serene Lady steadily inhabits her own wing of the Ducal House, would not exchange it for the Palace of Aladdin; looks out there upon the grand equipages, high doings, impure splendors of her Duke and his Gravenitz with a clear-eyed silence, which seems to say more eloquently than words, 'MENE, MENE, YOU are weighed!' In the land of Wurtemberg, or under the Sun, is no reward or punishment that can abate this silence. Speak of divorce, the answer is as above: leave divorce lying, there is silence looking forth clear-eyed from that particular wing of the Palace, on things which the gods permit for a time.

"Clear-eyed silence, which, as there was no abating of it, grew at last intolerable to the two sinners. 'Let us remove,' said the Gravenitz, 'since her Serene Highness will not: build a new charming Palace,—say at our Hunting Seat, among those pleasant Hills in the Waiblingen region,—and take the Court, out thither.' And they have done so, in these late bad years; taking out with them by degrees all the Courtier Gentry, all the RATHS, Government Boards, public businesses; and building new houses for them, there. ["From 1727 to 1730" was this latter removal. A hunting-lodge, of Eberhard Ludwig's building, and named by him LUGWIGSBURG, stood here since 1705; nucleus of the subsequent palace, with its "Pheasantries," its "Favoritas," The place had originally been monastic (Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 1519).] Founding, in fact, a second Capital for Wurtemberg, with what distress, sulky misery and disarrangement, to Stuttgart and the old Capital, readers can fancy. There it stands, that Ludwigsburg, the second Capital of Wurtemberg, some ten or twenty miles from Stuttgart the first: a lasting memorial of Circe Gravenitz and her Ludwig. Has not she, by her incantations, made the stone houses dance out hither? It remains to this day a pleasant town, and occasional residence of sovereignty. WAIBLINGEN, within an hour's ride, has got memorability on other grounds;—what reader has not heard of GHIBELLINES, meaning Waiblingens? And in another hour up the River, you will come to Beutelsbach itself, where Ulrich with the Thumb had his abode (better luck to him!), and generated this Lover of the Gravenitz, and much other nonsense loud now and then for the last four centuries in the world!—

"There is something of abstruse in all these Beutelsbachers, from Ulrich with the Thumb downwards: a mute ennui, an inexorable obstinacy; a certain streak of natural gloom which no illumination can abolish. Veracity of

all kinds is great in them; sullen passive courage plenty of it; active courage rarer; articulate intellect defective: hence a strange stiff perversity of conduct visible among them, often marring what wisdom they have;—it is the royal stamp of Fate put upon these men. What are called fateful or fated men; such as are often seen on the top places of the world, making an indifferent figure there. Something of this, I doubt not, is concerned in Eberhard Ludwig's fascination; and we shall see other instances farther down in this History.

"But so, for twenty years, the absurd Duke, transformed into a mere Porcus by his Circe in that scandalous miraculous manner, has lived; and so he still lives. And his Serene Wife, equally obstinate, is living at Stuttgart, happily out of his sight now. One Son, a weakly man, who had one heir, but has now none, is her only comfort. His Wife is a Prussian Margravine (Friedrich Wilhelm's HALF-AUNT), and cultivates Calvinism in the Lutheran Country: this Husband of hers, he too has an abstruse life, not likely to last. We need not doubt 'the Fates' are busy, and the evil demons, with those poor fellow-beings! Nay it is said the Circe is becoming much of a Hecate now; if the bewitched Duke could see it. She is getting haggard beyond the power of rouge; her mind, any mind she has, more and more filled with spleen, malice, and the dregs of pride run sour. A disgusting creature, testifies one Ex-Official gentleman, once a Hofrath under her, but obliged to run for life, and invoke free press in his defence: [*Apologie de Monsieur Forstner de Breitenbourg*, (Paris, 1716; or "a Londres, aux depens de la Compagnie, 1745"): in Spittler, *Geschichte Wurtembergs* (Spittlers WERKE, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1828; vol. v.), 497–539. Michaelis, iii. 428–439, gives (in abstruse Chancery German) a Sequel to this fine affair of Forstner's.] no end to the foul things she will say, of an unspeakable nature, about the very Duke her victim, testifies this Ex-Official: malicious as a witch, says he, and as ugly as one in spite of paint,—"TOUJOURS UN LAVEMENT A SES TROUSSES." Good Heavens!"

But here is the august Prussian Travelling-Party: shove aside your bewitchments and bewilderingments; hang a decent screen over many things! Poor Eberhard Ludwig, who is infinitely the gentleman, bestirs himself a good deal to welcome old royal friends; nor do we hear that the least thing went awry during this transit of the royalties. "Field of Blenheim, says your Majesty? Ah me!"— For Eberhard Ludwig knows that ground; stood the World-Battle there, and so much has come and gone since then: Ah me indeed!

Friedrich Wilhelm and he have met before this, and have much to tell one another; Treaty of Seville by no means their only topic. Nay the flood of cordiality went at length so far, that at last Friedrich Wilhelm, the conscientious King, came upon the most intimate topics: Gravenitz; the Word of God; scandal to the Protestant Religion: no likely heir to your Dukedom; clear peril to your own soul. Is not her Serene Highness an unexceptionable Lady, heroic under sore woes; and your wedded Wife above all?— 'M-NA, and might bring Heirs too: only forty come October:— Ah Duke, ah Friend! AVISEZ LA FIN, Eberhard Ludwig; consider the end of it all; we are growing old fellows now! The Duke, I conceive, who was rather a fat little man, blushed blue, then red, and various colors; at length settling into steady pale, as it were, indicating anthracitic white-heat: it is certain he said at length, with emphasis, "I will!" And he did so, by and by. Friedrich Wilhelm sent a messenger to Stuttgart to do his reverence to the high injured Lady there, perhaps to show her afar off some ray of hope if she could endure. Eberhard Ludwig, raised to a white-heat, perceives that in fact he is heartily tired of this Circe-Hecate; that in fact she has long been an intolerable nightmare to him, could he but have known it.

And his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince all this while? Well, yes; his Royal Highness has got a Court Tailor at Ludwigsburg; and, in all privacy (seen well by Rochow), has had the Augsburg red cloth cut into a fine upper wrappage, over coat or roquelaure for himself; intending to use the same before long. Thus they severally, the Father and the Son; these are their known acts at Ludwigsburg, That the Father persuaded Eberhard Ludwig of the Gravenitz enormity, and that the Son got his red top-coat ready. On Thursday, 3d of August (late in the afternoon, as I perceive), they, well entertained, depart towards Mannheim, Kur-Pfalz (Elector Palatine) old Karl Philip of the Pfalz's place; hope to be there on the morrow some time, if all go well. Gloomy much enlightened Eberhard takes leave of them, with abstruse but grateful feelings; will stand by the Kaiser, and dismiss that Gravenitz nightmare by the first opportunity.

As accordingly he did. Next Summer, going on a visit northward, specially to Berlin, [There for some three weeks, "till 9th June, 1731, with a suite of above fifty persons" (Fassmann, pp. 421, 422).] he left order that the Gravenitz was to be got out of his sight, safe stowed away, before his return. Which by the proper officers, military certain of them, was accomplished,—by fixed bayonets at last, and not without futile demur on the part of the Gravenitz. Poor Eberhard Ludwig, "he published in the pulpits, That he was now minded to lead a better

life,"—had time now been left him. Same year, 1731, November being come, gloomy Eberhard Ludwig lost, not unexpectedly, his one Son,—the one Grandson was gone long since. The serene steadfast Duchess now had her Duke again, what was left of him: but he was fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; in two years more, he died childless; [31st October, 1733: Michaelis, iii. 441.] and his Cousin, Karl Alexander, an Austrian Feldmarschall of repute, succeeded in Wurtemberg. With whom we may transiently meet, in time coming; with whom, and perhaps less pleasantly with certain of his children; for they continue to this day,—with the old abstruse element still too traceable in them.

Old Karl Philip, Kurfurst of the Pfalz, towards whom Friedrich Wilhelm is now driving, with intent to be there to-morrow evening, is not quite a stranger to readers here; and to Friedrich Wilhelm he is much the reverse, perhaps too much. This is he who ran away with poor Prince Sobieski's Bride from Berlin, at starting in life; who fell upon his own poor Protestant Heidelbergers and their Church of the Holy Ghost (being himself Papist, ever since that slap on the face to his ancestor); and who has been in many quarrels with Friedrich Wilhelm and others. A high expensive sovereign gentleman, this old Karl Philip; not, I should suppose, the pleasantest of men to lodge with. One apprehends, he cannot be peculiarly well disposed to Friedrich Wilhelm, after that sad Heidelberg passage of fence, twelve or eleven years ago. Not to mention the inextricable Julich—and-Berg business, which is a standing controversy between them.

Poor old Kurfurst, he is now within a year of seventy. He has had crosses and losses; terrible campaignings against the Turk, in old times; and always such a stock of quarrels, at home, as must have been still worse to bear. A life of perpetual arguing, squabbling and battling,—one's neighbors being such an unreasonable set! Brabbles about Heidelberg Catechism, and Church of the Holy Ghost, so that foreign Kings interfered, shaking their whips upon us. Then brabbles about boundaries; about inheritances, and detached properties very many,—clearly mine, were the neighbors reasonable! In fact this sovereign old gentleman has been in the Kaiser's courts, or even on the edge of fight, oftener than most other men; and it is as if that first adventure, of the Sobieski wedding turned topsy-turvy, had been symbolical of much that followed in his life.

We remember that unpleasant Heidelberg affair: how hopeful it once looked; fact DONE, Church of the Holy Ghost fairly ours; your CORPUS EVANGELICORUM fallen quasi-dead; and nothing now for it but protocolling by diplomatists, pleading in the Diets by men in bombazine, never like ending at all;—when Friedrich Wilhelm did suddenly end it; suddenly locked up his own Catholic establishments and revenues, and quietly inexorable put the key in his pocket; as it were, drew his own whip, with a "Will you whip MY Jew?"—and we had to cower out of the affair, Kaiser himself ordering us, in a most humiliated manner! Readers can judge whether Kur-Pfalz was likely to have a kindly note of Friedrich Wilhelm in that corner of his memory. The poor man felt so disgusted with Heidelberg, he quitted it soon after. He would not go to Dusseldorf (in the Berg—and-Julich quarter), as his Forefathers used to do; but set up his abode at Mannheim, where he still is. Friedrich Wilhelm, who was far from meaning harm or insolence in that Heidelberg affair, hopes there is no grudge remaining. But so stand the facts: it is towards Mannheim, not towards Heidelberg that we are now travelling!—For the rest, this scheme of reprisals, or whipping your Jew if you whip mine, answered so well, Friedrich Wilhelm has used it, or threatened to use, as the real method, ever since, where needful; and has saved thereby much bombazine eloquence, and confusion to mankind, on several occasions.

But the worst between these two High Gentlemen is that Julich—and-Berg controversy; which is a sore still running, and beyond reach of probable surgery. Old Karl Philip has no male Heir; and is like to be (what he indeed proved) the last of the NEUBERG Electors Palatine. What trouble there rose with the first of them, about that sad business; and how the then Brandenburger, much wrought upon, smote the then Neuburger across the very face, and drove him into Catholicism, we have not forgotten; how can we ever?—It is one hundred and sixteen years since that after-dinner scene; and, O Heavens, what bickering and brabbling and confused negotiation there has been; lawyers' pens going almost continually ever since, shadowing out the mutual darkness of sovereignties; and from time to time the military implements brandishing themselves, though loath generally to draw blood! For a hundred and sixteen years:—but the Final Bargain, lying on parchment in the archives of both parties, and always acknowledged as final, was to this effect: "You serene Neuburg keep what you have got; we serene Brandenburg the like: Cleve with detached pertinents ours; Julich—and-Berg mainly yours. And let us live in perpetual amity on that footing. And, note only furthermore, when our Line fails, the whole of these fine Duchies shall be yours: if your Line fail, ours." That was the plain bargain, done solemnly in 1624, and again

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more solemnly and brought to parchment with signature in 1666, as Friedrich Wilhelm knows too well. And now the very case is about to occur; this old man, childless at seventy, is the last of the Neuburgs. May not one reasonably pretend that a bargain should be kept?

"Tush," answers old Karl Philip always: "Bargain?" And will not hear reason against himself on the subject; not even when the Kaiser asks him,—as the Kaiser really did, after that Wusterhausen Treaty, but could get only negatives. Karl Philip has no romantic ideas of justice, or of old parchments tying up a man. Karl Philip had one Daughter by that dear Radzivil Princess, Sobieski's stolen Bride; and he never, by the dear Radzivil or her dear successor, [See Buchholz, i. 61 n.] had any son, or other daughter that lived to wed. One Daughter, we say; a first-born, extremely precious to him. Her he married to the young fortunate Sulzbach Cousin, Karl Joseph Heir—Apparent of Sulzbach, who, by all laws, was to succeed in the Pfalz as well,—Karl Philip thinking furthermore, "He and she, please Heaven, shall hold fast by Dusseldorf too, and that fine Julich—and—Berg Territory, which is mine. Bargains?" Such was, and is, the old man's inflexible notion. Alas, this one Daughter died lately, and her Husband lately; [She in 1728; he in 1729: their eldest Daughter was born 1721 (Hubner, t. 140; Michaelis, ii. 101, 123).] again leaving only Daughters; will not this change the notion? Not a whit,—though Friedrich Wilhelm may have fondly hoped it by possibility might, Not a whit: Karl Philip cherishes his little Grand—daughter, now a child of nine, as he did her Mother and her Mother's Mother; hopes one day to see her wedded (as he did) to a new Heir—Apparent of the Pfalz and Sulzbach; and, for her behoof, will hold fast by Berg and Julich, and part with no square inch of it for any parchment.

What is Friedrich Wilhelm to do? Seek justice for himself by his 80,000 men and the iron ramrods? Apparently he will not get it otherwise. He is loath to begin that terrible game. If indeed Europe do take fire, as is likely at Seville or elsewhere—But in the meanwhile how happy if negotiation would but serve! Alas, and if the Kaiser, England; Holland and the others, could be brought to guarantee me,—as indeed they should (to avoid a CASUS BELLI), and some of them have said they will! Friedrich Wilhelm tried this Julich—and—Berg Problem by the pacific method, all his life; strenuously, and without effect. Result perhaps was coming nevertheless; at the distance of another hundred years!—One thing I know: whatever rectitude and patience, whatever courage, perseverance, or other human virtue he has put into this or another matter, is not lost; not it nor any fraction of it, to Friedrich Wilhelm and his sons' sons; but will well avail him and them, if not soon, then later, if not in Berg and Julich, then in some other quarter of the Universe, which is a wide Entity and a long-lived! Courage, your Majesty!

So stand matters as Friedrich Wilhelm journeys towards Mannheim: human politeness will have to cloak well, and keep well down, a good many prickly points in the visit ahead. Alas, poor Friedrich Wilhelm has got other matter to think of, by the time we arrive in Mannheim.

CATASTROPHE ON JOURNEY HOMEWARDS.

The Royal Party, quitting Ludwigsburg,—on Thursday, 3d August, 1730, some hours after dinner, as I calculate it,—had but a rather short journey before them: journey to a place called Sinzheim, some fifty or sixty miles; a long way short of Heidelberg; the King's purpose being to lodge in that dilapidated silent Town of Sinzheim, and leave both Heidelberg and Mannheim, with their civic noises, for the next day's work. Sinzheim, such was the program, as the Prince and others understood it; but by some accident, or on better calculation, it was otherwise decided in the royal mind: not at Sinzheim, intricate decayed old Town, shall we lodge to—night, but five or six miles short of it, in the naturally silent Village of Steinfurth, where good clean empty Barns are to be found. Which latter is a favorite method of his Majesty, fond always of free air and the absence of fuss. Shake—downs, a temporary cooking apparatus, plenty of tobacco, and a tub to wash in: this is what man requires, and this without difficulty can be got. His Majesty's tastes are simple; simple, and yet good and human. Here is a small Royal Order, which I read once, and ever since remember,—though the reference is now blown away, and lost in those unindexed Sibylline Farragos, the terror of human nature;—let us copy it from memory, till some deliverer arise with finger on page. [Probably in Rodenbeck's *Beitrag*, —but long sad searching there, and elsewhere, proves unavailing at present. Historical Farragos without INDEX; a hundred, or several hundred, blind sacks of Historical clippings, generally authentic too if useless, and not the least scrap of LABEL on them:—are not these a handy article!] "At Magdeburg, on this Review—Journey, have dinner for me, under a certain Tree you know of, outside the ramparts." Dinner of one sound portion solid, one ditto liquid, of the due quality; readied honestly,—and to be eaten under a shady Tree; on the Review—ground itself, with the summer sky over one's

head. Could Jupiter Tonans, had he been travelling on business in those parts, have done better with his dinner?—

"At Sinzheim?" thinks his Royal Highness; and has spoken privily to the Page Keith. To glide out of their quarters there, in that waste negligent old Town (where post-horses can be had), in the gray of the summer's dawn? Across the Rhine to Speyer is but three hours riding; thence to Landau, into France, into—? Enough, Page Keith has undertaken to get horses, and the flight shall at last be. Husht, husht. To-morrow morning, before the sparrow wake, it is our determination to be upon the road!

Ruins of the Tower of Stauffen, HOHEN or High STAUFFEN, where Kaiser Barbarossa lived once, young and ruddy, and was not yet a MYTH, "winking and nodding under the Hill at Salzburg,"—yes, it is but a few miles to the right there, were this a deliberate touring party. But this is a rapid driving one; knows nothing about Stauffen, cares nothing.—We cannot fancy Friedrich remembered Barbarossa at all; or much regarded Heilbronn itself, the principal and only famous Town they pass this day. The St. Kilian's Church, your Highness, and big stone giant at the top of the steeple yonder,—adventurous masons and slater people get upon the crown of his head, sometimes, and stand waving flags. [Buddaus, *Lexicon*, ii. ? Heilbronn.] The Townhouse too (RATHHAUS), with its amazing old Clock? And Gotz von Berlichingen, the Town-Councillors once had him in prison for one night, in the "Gotz's Tower" here; your Highness has heard of "Gotz with the Iron Hand"? Berlichingens still live at Jaxthausen, farther down the Neckar Valley, in these parts; and show the old HAND, considerably rusted now. Heilbronn, the most famous City on the Neckar; and its old miraculous Holy Well—? What cares his Highness! Weinsberg again, which is but a few miles to the right of us,—there it was that the Besieged Wives did that astonishing feat, 600 years ago; coming out, as the capitulation bore, "with their most valuable property," each brought her Husband on her back (were not the fact a little uncertain!)—whereby the old Castle has, to this day, the name "WEIBERTREUE, Faithfulness of Women." Welf's Duchess, Husband on back, was at the head of those women; a Hohenzollern ancestor of yours, I think I have heard, was of the besieging party. [Siege is notorious enough; A.D. 1140: Kohler *Reichshistorie*, p. 167, who does not mention the story of the women; Menzel (Wolfgang), *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 287, who takes no notice that it is a highly mythical story,— supported only by the testimony of one poor Monk in Koln, vaguely chronicling fifty years after date and at that good distance.] Alas, thinks his Royal Highness, is there not a flower of Welfdom now in England; and I, unluckiest of Hohenzollerns, still far away from her here! It is at Windsor, not in Weinsberg, or among the ruins of WEIBERTREUE, that his Highness wishes to be.

At Heilbronn our road branches off to the left; and we roll diligently towards Sinzheim, calculating to be there before nightfall. Whew! Something has gone awry at Sinzheim: no right lodging in the waste Inns there; or good clean Barns, of a promising character, are to be had nearer than there: we absolutely do not go to Sinzheim to-night; we are to stop at Steinfurth, a small quiet Hamlet with Barns, four or five miles short of that! This was a great disappointment to the Prince,—and some say, a highly momentous circumstance in his History: ["Might perhaps have succeeded at Sinzheim" (Seckendorf's *Relation of the Crown-Prince's meditated Flight*, p. 2;—addressed to Prince Eugene few days afterwards; given in Forster, iii. 1-13).]—however, he rallies in the course of the evening; speaks again to Page Keith. "Steinfurth [STONY-FORD, over the Brook here]; be it at Steinfurth, all the same!" Page Keith will manage to get horses for us here, no less. And Speyer and the Ferry of the Rhine are within three hours. Favor us, Silence and all ye good genii!—

On Friday morning, 4th August, 1730, "usual hour of starting, 3 A.M.," not being yet came, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth; Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them; [Compare Wilhelmina, i. 259 (her Account of the Flight: "Heard it from my Brother,"—and report it loosely after a dozen years!).] for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake;—the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the Barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing: alas, Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster: "Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince Royal is up, has on his top-coat, and is gone out of doors!" Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the gray of the morning;—finds the young Prince actually

on the Green there; in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling carriages. "*Guten Morgen, Ihro Konigliche Hoheit!*" [Ranke, 1. 305.] —Fancy such a salutation to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses, too: "Whither with the nags, Sirrah?" Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith, seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, "Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses" (which, I suppose, is true); "ready at the usual hour!" Keith might add.—"His Majesty does not go till five this morning;—back to the stables!" beckoned Rochow; and, according to the best accounts, did not suspect anything, or affected not to do so.

Page Keith returned, trembling in his saddle. Friedrich strolled towards the other Barn,—at least to be out of Rochow's company. Seckendorf emerges from the other Barn; awake at the common hour: "How do you like his Royal Highness in the red roquelaure?" asks Rochow, as if nothing had happened. Was there ever such a baffled Royal Highness; or young bright spirit chained in the Bear's Den in this manner? Our Steinfurth project has gone to water; and it is not to-day we shall get across the Rhine!—Not to-day; nor any other day, on that errand, strong as our resolutions are! For new light, in a few hours afterwards, pours in upon the project; and human finesse, or ulterior schemes, avail nothing henceforth. "The Crown-Prince's meditated Flight" has tried itself, and failed. Here and so that long meditation ENDS; this at Steinfurth was all the over-act it could ever come to. In few hours more it will melt into air; and only the terrible consequences will remain!—

By last night's arrangement, the Prince with his Trio was to set out an hour before his Father, which circumstance had helped Page Keith in his excuses. Naturally the Prince had now no wish to linger on the Green of Steinfurth, in such a posture of affairs: "Towards Heidelberg, then; let us see the big Tun there: ALLONS!" How the young Prince and his Trio did this day's journey; where he loitered, what he saw, said or thought, we have no account: it is certain only that his Father, who set out from Steinfurth an hour after him, arrived in Mannheim several hours before him; and, in spite of Kurfurst Karl Philip's welcome, testified the liveliest inquietude on that unaccountable circumstance. Beautiful Rhine-stream, thrice-beautiful trim Mannheim;—yes, all is beautiful indeed, your Serenity! But where can the Prince be? he kept ejaculating. And Karl Philip had to answer what he could. Of course the Prince may be lingering about Heidelberg, looking at the big Tun and other miracles:—"I had the pleasure to repair that world-famous Tub or Tun, as your Majesty knows; which had lain half burnt, ever since Louis XIV. with his firebrand robberies lay upon us, and burnt the Pfalz in whole, small honor to him! I repaired the Tun: [Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen* (viii. 418-424; 145-152), who gives a view of the world's wonder, lying horizontal with stairs running up to it. Big Tuns of that kind were not uncommon in Germany; and had uses, if multiplex dues of wine were to be paid IN NATURA: the Heidelberg, the biggest of them, is small to the Whitbread-and-Company, for porter's-ale, in our time.] it is probably the successfulest feat I did hitherto; and well worth looking at, had your Majesty had time!"—"JA WOHL;—but he came away an hour before me!"—The polite Karl Philip, at length, sent off one of his own Equerries to ride towards Heidelberg, or even to Steinfurth if needful, and see what was become of the Prince. This Official person met the Prince, all in order, at no great distance; and brought him safe to Papa's presence again.

Why Papa was in such a fuss about this little circumstance? Truly there has something come to Papa's knowledge since he started, perhaps since he arrived at Mannheim. Page Keith, who rides always behind the King's coach, has ridden this day in an agony of remorse and terror; and at length (probably in Mannheim, once his Majesty is got to his Apartments, or now that he finds his Majesty so anxious there) has fallen on his knees, and, with tears and obtestations, made a clean breast. Page Keith has confessed that the Crown-Prince and he were to have been in Speyer, or farther, at this time of the day; flying rapidly into France. "God's Providence alone prevented it! Pardon, pardon: slay me, your Majesty; but there is the naked truth, and the whole of it, and I have nothing more to say!" Hereupon ensues despatch of the Equerry; and hereupon, as we may conjecture, the Equerry's return with Fritz and the Trio is an unspeakable relief to Friedrich Wilhelm.

Friedrich Wilhelm now summons Buddenbrock and Company straightway; shows, in a suppressed-volcanic manner, with questions and statements,—obliged to SUPPRESS oneself in foreign hospitable Serene Houses,—what atrocity of scandal and terror has been on the edge of happening: "And you three, Rochow, Waldau, Buddenbrock, mark it, you three are responsible; and shall answer, I now tell you, with your heads. Death the penalty, unless you bring HIM to our own Country again,—'living or dead,'" added the Suppressed-Volcano, in low metallic tone; and the sparkling eyes of him, the red tint, and rustling gestures, make the words too credible to us. [Ranke, i. 307.]

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What Friedrich Wilhelm got to speak about with the old Kur-Pfalz, during their serene passages of hospitality at Mannheim, is not very clear to me; his Prussian Majesty is privately in such a desperate humor, and the old Kur-Pfalz privately so discrepant on all manner of points, especially on the Julich-and-Berg point. They could talk freely about the old Turk Campaigns, Battle of Zentha, [11th September, 1697; Eugene's crowning feat;—breaking of the Grand Turk's back in this world; who has staggered about, less and less of a terror and outrage, more and more of a nuisance growing unbearable, ever since that day. See Hormayr (iii. 97–101) for some description of this useful bit of Heroism.] and Prince Eugene; very freely about the Heidelberg Tun. But it is known old Karl Philip had his agents at the Congress of Soissons, to secure that Berg-and-Julich interest for the Sulzbachs and him: directly in the teeth of Friedrich Wilhelm. How that may have gone, since the Treaty of Seville broke out to astonish mankind,— will be unsafe to talk about. For the rest, old Karl Philip has frankly adopted the Pragmatic Sanction; but then he has, likewise, privately made league with France to secure him in that Julich-and-Berg matter, should the Kaiser break promise;—league which may much obstruct said Sanction. Nay privately he is casting glances on his Bavarian Cousin, elegant ambitious Karl Albert. Kurfurst of Baiern,—are not we all from the same Wittelsbach stock, Cousins from of old?—and will undertake, for the same Julich-and-Bergobject, to secure Bavaria in its claims on the Austrian Heritages in defect of Heirs Male in Austria. [Michaelis, ii. 99–101.] Which runs directly into the throat of said Pragmatic Sanction; and engages to make it, mere waste sheepskin, so to speak! Truly old Karl Philip has his abstruse outlooks, this way, that way; most abstruse politics altogether:—and in fact we had better speak of the Battle of Zentha and the Heidelberg Tun, while this Visit lasts.

On the morrow, Saturday, August 5th, certain Frenchmen from the Garrison of Landau come across to pay their court and dine. Which race of men Friedrich Wilhelm does not love; and now less than ever, gloomily suspicious they may be come on parricide Fritz's score,—you Rochow and Company keep an eye! By night and by day an eye upon him! Friedrich Wilhelm was, no doubt, glad to get away on the morrow afternoon; fairly out into the Berg-Strasse, into the summer breezes and umbrageous woods, with all his pertinents still safe about him; rushing towards Darmstadt through the Sunday stillness, where he will arrive in the evening, time enough. ["Sunday Evening arrive at Darmstadt," says Seckendorf (in Forster, iii. 3), but by mistake calls it the "7th" instead of "6th."]

The old Prince of Darmstadt, Ernst Ludwig, Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt, age now sixty-three, has a hoary venerable appearance, according to Pollnitz, "but sits a horse well, walks well, and seems to enjoy perfect health,"—which we are glad to hear of. What more concerns us, "he lives usually, quite retired, in a small house upon the Square," in this extremely small Metropolis of his, "and leaves his Heir-Apparent to manage all business in the Palace and elsewhere." [Pollnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, ii. 66.] poor old Gentleman, he has the biggest Palace almost in the world; only he could not finish it for want of funds; and it lies there, one of the biggest futilities, vexatious to look upon. No doubt the old Gentleman has had vexations, plenty of them, first and last. He is now got disgusted with the affairs of public life, and addicts himself very much to "turning ivory," as the more eligible employment. He lives in that small house of his, among his turning-lathes and ivory shavings; dines in said small house, "at a table for four persons:" only on Sunday, and above all on this Sunday, puts off his apron; goes across to the Palace; dines there in state, with his Heir and the Grandees. He has a kinship by affinity to Friedrich Wilhelm; his Wife (dead long years since), Mother of this Heir-Apparent, was an Anspach Princess, Aunt to the now Queen Caroline of England. Poor old fellow, these insignificancies, and that he descends direct from Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen (Luther's Philip, who insisted on the supplementary Wife), are all I know of him; and he is somewhat tragic to me there, turning ivory in this extremely anarchic world. What the passages between him and Friedrich Wilhelm were, on this occasion, shall remain conjectural to all creatures. Friedrich Wilhelm said, this Sunday evening at Darmstadt to his own Prince: "Still here, then? I thought you would have been in Paris by this time!"—To which the Prince, with artificial firmness, answered, He could certainly, if he had wished; [Seckendorf (in Forster, iii.), p. 3.] and being familiar with reproaches, perhaps hoped it was nothing.

From Darmstadt to Frankfurt-on-Mayn is not quite forty miles, an easy morning drive; through the old Country called of Katzen-ellenbogen; CATS-ELBOW, a name ridiculous to hear. [CATTIMELIBOCUM, that is, CATTUM-MELIBOCUM (CATTI a famed Nation, MELIBOCUS the chief Hill or Fortress of their Country), is said to be the original;—which has got changed; like ABALLABA into "Appleby," or GOD ENCOMPASS US into "The Goat and Compasses," among ourselves.] Berg-Strasse and the Odenwald (FOREST of the OTTI) are

gone; but blue on the northeast yonder, if your Royal Highness will please to look, may be seen summits of the SPESSART, a much grander forest,—tall branchy timbers yonder, one day to be masts of admirals, when floated down as far as Rotterdam, whitherward one still meets them going. Spessart;—and nearer, well hidden on the right, is an obscure village called DETTINGEN, not yet become famous in the Newspapers of an idle world; of an England surely very idle to go thither seeking quarrels! All which is, naturally, in the highest degree indifferent to a Crown-Prince so preoccupied.—They reach Frankfurt, Monday, still in good time.

Behold, at Frankfurt, the Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock and Company (horrible to think of!) signify, "That we have the King's express orders Not to enter the Town at all with your Royal Highness. We, for our part, are to go direct into one of the Royal Yachts, which swing at anchor here, and to wait in the same till his Majesty have done seeing Frankfurt, and return to us." Here is a message for the poor young Prince: Detected, prisoner, and a volcanic Majesty now likely to be in full play when he returns!— Gilt weathercock on the Mayn Bridge (which one Goethe used to look at, in the next generation)—this, and the steeple-tops of Frankfurt, especially that steeple-top with the grinning skull of the mutinous malefactor on it, warning to mankind what mutiny leads to; this, then, is what we are to see of Frankfurt; and with such a symphony as our thoughts are playing in the background. Unhappy Son, unhappy Father, once more!

Nay Friedrich Wilhelm got new lights in Frankfurt: Rittmeister Katte had an estafette waiting for him there. Estafette with a certain Letter, which the Rittmeister had picked up in Erlangen, and has shot across by estafette to wait his Majesty here. Majesty has read with open eyes and throat: Letter from the Crown-Prince to Lieutenant Katte in Berlin: treasonous Flight-project now indisputable as the sun at noon!—His Majesty stepped on board the Yacht in such humor as was never seen before: "Detestable rebel and deserter, scandal of scandals—!"—it is confidently written everywhere (though Seckendorf diplomatically keeps silence), his Majesty hustled and tussled the unfortunate Crown-Prince, poked the handle of his cane into his face and made the nose bleed,— "Never did a Brandenburg face suffer the like of this!" cried the poor Prince, driven to the edge of mad ignition and one knows not what: when the Buddenbrocks, at whatever peril interfered; got the Prince brought on board a different Yacht; and the conflagration moderated for the moment. The Yachts get under way towards Mainz and down the Rhine-stream. The Yachts glide swiftly on the favoring current, taking advantage of what wind there may be: were we once ashore at Wesel in our own country,—wait till then, thinks his Majesty!

And so it was on these terms that Friedrich made his first acquaintance with the beauties of the Rhine;—readers can judge whether he was in a temper very open to the picturesque. I know not that they paused at Mainz, or recollected Barbarossa's World-Tournament, or the Hochheim vineyards at all: I see the young man's Yacht dashing in swift gallop, not without danger, through the Gap of Bingen; dancing wildly on the boiling whirlpools of St. Goar, well threading the cliffs;—the young man gloomily insensible to danger of life, and charm of the picturesque. Coblenz (CONFLUENTIA), the Moselle and Ehrenbreitstein: Majesty, smoking on deck if he like, can look at these through grimly pacifying tobacco; but to the Crown-Prince life itself is fallen haggard and bankrupt.

Over against Coblenz, nestled in between the Rhine and the foot of Ehrenbreitstein, [Pollnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, iii. 180.] there, perhaps even now, in his Hunting Lodge of Kerlich yonder, is his Serene Highness the fat little Kurfurst of Trier, one of those Austrian Schonborns (Brother to him of Bamberg); upon whom why should we make a call? We are due at Bonn; the fortunate young Kurfurst of Koln, richest Pluralist in the Church, expects us at his Residence there. Friedrich Wilhelm views the fine Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein:—what would your Majesty think if this were to be yours in a hundred years; this and much else, by way of compound-interest for the Berg—and-Julich and other outstanding debts? Courage, your Majesty!—On the fat little Kurfurst, at Kerlich here, we do not call: probably out hunting; "hunts every day," [Busching, *Beitrag*, iv. 201.] as if it were his trade, poor little soul.

At Bonn, where we do step ashore to lodge with a lean Kurfurst, Friedrich Wilhelm strictly charges, in my (Seckendorf's) hearing, the Trio of Vigilance to have an eye; to see that they bring the Prince on board again, "LIVING OR DEAD."—No fear, your Majesty. Prince listened with silent, almost defiant patience, "MIT GROSSER GEDULD." [Seckendorf (in Forster, iii. 4).] At Bonn the Prince contrived to confide to Seckendorf, "That he had in very truth meant to run away: he could not, at the age he was come to, stand such indignities, actual strokes as in the Camp of Radewitz;—and he would have gone long since, had it not been for the Queen and the Princess his Sister's sake. He could not repent what he had done: and if the King did not cease beating him

in that manner, he would still do it. For loss of his own life, such a life as his had grown, he cared little; his chief misery was, that those Officers who had known of the thing should come to misfortune by his means. If the King would pardon these poor gentlemen, he would tell him everything. For the rest, begged Seckendorf to help him in this labyrinth;—nothing could ever so oblige him as help now;" and more of the like sort. These things he said, at Bonn, to Seckendorf, the fountain of all his woes. [Ibid.] What Seckendorf's reflections on this his sad handiwork now were, we do not know. Probably he made none, being a strong-minded case-hardened old stager; but resolved to do what he could for the poor youth. Somewhere on this route, at Bonn more likely than elsewhere, Friedrich wrote in pencil three words to Lieutenant Keith at Wesel, and got it to the Post-Office: "SAUVEZ-VOUS, TOUT EST DECOUVERT (All is found out;—away)!" [Wilhelmina (i. 265) says it was a Page of the Old Dessauer's, a comrade of Keith's, who, having known in time, gave him warning. Certain it is, this Note of Friedrich's, which the Books generally assign as cause, could not have done it (infra, p. 275, and the irrefragable date there).]

Clement August, expensive Kurfurst of Koln (Elector of Cologne, as we call it), who does the hospitalities here at Bonn, in a grand way, with "above a hundred and fifty chamberlains" for one item,— glance at him, reader; perhaps we shall meet the man again. He is younger Brother of the elegant ambitious Karl Albert, Kurfurst of Bavaria, whom we have transiently heard of: sons both of them are of that "Elector of Bavaria" who haunts us in the Marlborough Histories,—who joined Louis XIV. in the Succession War, and got hunted about at such a rate, after Blenheim especially. His Boys, prisoners of the Kaiser, were bred up in a confiscated state, as sons of a mere private gentleman; nothing visibly ahead of them, at one time, but an obscure and extremely limited destiny of that kind;—though now again, on French favor, and the turn of Fortune's inconstant wheel, they are mounting very high. Bavaria came all back to the old Elector of Bavaria; even Marlborough's "Principality of MINDELHEIM" came. [At the Peace of Baden (corollary to UTRECHT), 1714. Elector had been "banned" (GEACHTET, solemnly drummed out), 1706; nothing but French pay to live upon, till he got back: died 26th February, 1726, when Karl Albert succeeded (Michaelis, ii. 255).] And the present Kurfurst, who will not do the Pragmatic Sanction at all,— Kurfurst Karl Albert of Baiern, our old Karl Philip of Mannheim's genealogical "Cousin;"—we heard of abstruse colleaguings there, tendencies to break the Pragmatic Sanction altogether, and reduce it to waste sheepskin! Not impossible Karl Albert will go high enough. And this Clement August the cadet, he is Kurfurst of Koln; by good election-tactics, and favor of the French, he has managed to succeed an Uncle here: has succeeded at Osnabruck in like fashion;—poor old Ernst August of Osnabruck (to whom we once saw George I. galloping to die, and who himself soon after died), his successor is this same Clement August, the turn for a CATHOLIC Bishop being come at Osnabruck, and the French being kind. Kurfurst of Koln, Bishop of Osnabruck, ditto of Paderborn and Munster, ditto now of Hildesheim; richest Pluralist of the Church. Goes about here in a languid expensive manner; "in green coat trimmed with narrow silver-lace, small bag-wig done with French garniture (SCHLEIFE) in front; and has red heels to his shoes." A lanky indolent figure, age now thirty; "tall and slouching of person, long lean face, hook-nose, black beard, mouth somewhat open." [Busching (*Beitrag*e, iv. 201–204: from a certain Travelling Tutor's MS. DIARY of 1731; where also is detail of the Kurfurst's mode of Dining,—elaborate but dreary, both mode and detail). His Schloss is now the Bonn University.] Has above one hundred and fifty chamberlains;—and, I doubt not, is inexpressibly wearisome to Friedrich Wilhelm in his Majesty's present mood. Patience for the moment, and politeness above all things!—The Trio of Vigilance had no difficulty with Friedrich; brought him on board safe again next day, and all proceeded on their voyage; the Kurfurst in person politely escorting as far as Koln.

Koln, famed old City of the Three Kings, with its famed Cathedral where those three gentlemen are buried, here the Kurfurst ceases escorting; and the flat old City is left, exciting what reflections it can. The architectural Dilettanti of the world gather here; St. Ursula and her Eleven Thousand Virgins were once massacred here, your Majesty; an English Princess she, it is said. "NARREN-POSSEN (Pack of nonsense)!" grumbles Majesty.—Pleasant Dusseldorf is much more interesting to his Majesty; the pleasant Capital of Berg, which ought to be ours, if right could be done; if old Pfalz would give up his crotchets; and the bowls, in the big game playing at Seville and elsewhere, would roll fair! Dusseldorf and that fine Palace of the Pfalzers, which ought to be mine;—and here next is Kaiserswerth, a place of sieges, cannonadings, known to those I knew. 'M-NA, from father to son and grandson it goes on, and there is no end to trouble and war!—

His Majesty's next lodging is at Mors; old gaunt Castle in the Town of Mors, which (thanks to Leopold of

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Anhalt–Dessau and the Iron Ramrods) is now his Majesty's in spite of the Dutch. There the lodging is, at an hour's drive westward from the Rhine–shore:—where his Majesty quitted the River, I do not know; nor whether the Crown–Prince went to Mors with him, or waited in his Yacht; but guess the latter. His Majesty intends for Geldern on the morrow, on matters of business thither, for the Town is his: but what would the Prince, in the present state of things, do there?—At Mors, Seckendorf found means to address his Majesty privately, and snuffled into him suggestions of mercy to the repentant Prince, and to the poor Officers whom he was so anxious about. "Well, if he WILL confess everything, and leave off his quirks and concealments: but I know he won't!" answered Majesty.

In that dilapidated Castle of Mors,—look at it, reader, though in the dark; we may see it again, or the shadow of it, perhaps by moonlight. A very gaunt old Castle; next to nothing living in it, since the old Dessauer (by stratagem, and without shot fired) flung out the Dutch, in the Treaty–of–Utrecht time; Mors Castle and Territory being indisputably ours, though always withheld from us on pretexts. [Narrative of the march thither (Night of 7th November, 1712), and dexterous surprisal of the place, in *Leopoldi von Anhalt–Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Anonymous, by RANFFT), pp. 85–90;—where the Despatch of the astonished Dutch Commandant himself, to their High Mightinesses, is given. Part of the Orange Heritage, this Mors,—came by the Great Elector's first Wife;—but had hung SUB LITE (though the Parchments were plain enough) ever since our King William's death, and earlier. Neuchatel, accepted instead of ORANGE, and not even of the value of Mors, was another item of the same lot. Besides which, we shall hear of old Palaces at Loo and other dilapidated objects, incidentally in time coming.]

At Geldern, in the pressure of business next day, his Majesty got word from Wesel, that Lieutenant Keith was not now to be found in Wesel. "Was last seen there (that we can hear of) certain hours before your Majesty's All–gracious Order arrived. Had saddled his own horse; came ambling through the Brunen Gate, 'going out to have a ride,' he said; and did not return."—"Keith gone, scandalous Keith, whom I pardoned only few weeks ago; he too is in the Plot! Will the very Army break its oath, then?" His Majesty bursts into fire and flame, at these new tidings; orders that Colonel Dumoulin (our expertest rogue–tracer) go instantly on the scent of Keith, and follow him till found and caught. Also, on the other hand, that the Crown–Prince be constituted prisoner; sail down to Wesel, prisoner in his Yacht, and await upon the Rhine there his Majesty's arrival. Formidable omens, it is thought.

His Majesty, all business done in Geldern, drives across to Wesel; can see Fritz's Yacht waiting duly in the River, and black Care hovering over her. It is on the evening of the 12th of August, 1730. And so his Majesty ends this memorable Tour into the Reich; but has not yet ended the gloomy miseries, for himself and others, which plentifully sprung out of that.

Chapter VII. CATASTROPHE, AND MAJESTY, ARRIVE IN BERLIN.

At Berlin dark rumors of this intended flight, and actual Arrest of the Crown-Prince, are agitating all the world; especially Lieutenant Katte, and the Queen and Wilhelmina, as we may suppose. The first news of it came tragically on the young Princess. [Apparently some rumor FROM FRANKFURT, which she confuses in her after-memory with the specific news FROM WESEL; for her dates here, as usual, are all awry (Wilhelmina, i. 246; Preuss, i. 42, iv. 473; Seckendorf, in Forster, iii. 6).]

"Mamma had given a ball in honor of Papa's Birthday,"—Tuesday, 15th August, 1730;—and we were all dancing in the fine saloons of Monbijou, with pretty intervals in the cool boscages and orangeries of the place: all of us as happy as could be; Wilhelmina, in particular, dancing at an unusual rate. "We recommenced the ball after supper. For six years I had not danced before; it was new fruit, and I took my fill of it, without heeding much what was passing. Madame Bulow, who with others of them had worn long faces all night, pleading 'illness' when one noticed it, said to me several times: 'It is late, I wish you had done,'—'EH, MON DIEU!' I answered, 'let me have enough of dancing this one new time; it may be long before it comes again.'— 'That may well be!' said she. I paid no regard, but continued to divert myself. She returned to the charge half an hour after: 'Will you end, then!' said she with a vexed air: (you are so engaged, you have eyes for nothing.'—'You are in such a humor,' I replied, 'that I know not what to make of it.'—'Look at the Queen, then, Madam; and you will cease to reproach me!' A glance which I gave that way filled me with terror. There sat the Queen, paler than death, in a corner of the room, in low conference with Sonsfeld and Countess Finkenstein. As my Brother was most in my anxieties, I asked, If it concerned him? Bulow shrugged her shoulders, answering, 'I don't know at all!' A moment after, the Queen gave Good-night; and got into her carriage with me,— speaking no word all the way to the Schloss; so that I thought my Brother must be dead, and I myself took violent palpitations, and Sonsfeld, contrary to orders, had at last to tell me in the course of the night." Poor Wilhelmina, and poor Mother of Wilhelmina!

The fact, of Arrest, and unknown mischief to the Prince, is taken for certain; but what may be the issues of it; who besides the Prince have been involved in it, especially who will be found to have been involved, is matter of dire guess to the three who are most interested here. Lieutenant Katte finds he ought to dispose of the Prince's effects which were intrusted to him; of the thousand gold Thalers in particular, and, beyond and before all, of the locked Writing-desk, in which lies the Prince's correspondence, the very Queen and Princess likely to be concerned in it! Katte despatches these two objects, the Money and the little Desk, in all secrecy, to Madam Finkenstein, as to the surest hand, with a short Note shadowing out what he thinks they are: Countess Finkenstein, old General von Finkenstein's Wife, and a second mother to the Prince, she, like her Husband, a sworn partisan of the Prince and his Mother, shall do with these precious and terrible objects what, to her own wise judgment, seems best.

Madam Finkenstein carries them at once, in deep silence, to the Queen. Huge dismay on the part of the Queen and Princess. They know too well what Letters may be there: and there is a seal on the Desk, and no key to it; neither must it, in time coming, seem to have been opened, even if we could now open it. A desperate pinch, and it must be solved. Female wit and Wilhelmina did solve it, by some pre-eminently acute device of their despair; [Wilhelmina, i. 253–257.] and contrived to get the Letters out: hundreds of Letters, enough to be our death if read, says Wilhelmina. These Letters they burnt; and set to writing fast as the pen would go, other letters in their stead. Fancy the mood of these two Royal Women, and the black whirlwind they were in. Wilhelmina's despatch was incredible; pen went at the gallop night and day: new letters, of old dates and of no meaning, are got into the Desk again; the Desk closed, without mark of injury, and shoved aside while it is yet time.—Time presses; his Majesty too, and the events, go at gallop. Here is a Letter from his Majesty, to a trusty Mistress of the Robes, or whatever she is; which, let it arrive through what softening media it likes, will complete the poor Queen's despair:—

"MY DEAR FRAU VON KAMECKE,—Fritz has attempted to desert. I have been under the necessity to have him arrested. I request you to tell my Wife of it in some good way, that the news may not terrify her. And pity an unhappy Father. "FRIEDRICH WILHELM." [No date: "ARRIVED" (from Wesel, we conclude), Sunday, "20th August," at the Palace of Berlin (Preuss, i. 42).] The same post brought an order to the Colonel of the Gerns-d'Armes to put that Lieutenant Katte of his under close confinement:—we hope the thoughtless young

fellow has already got out of the way? He is getting his saddle altered: fettling about this and that; does not consider what danger he is in. This same Sunday, his Major met him on the street of Berlin; said, in a significant tone, "You still HERE, Katte!"—"I go this night," answered Katte; but he again put it off, did not go this night; and the order for his arrest did come in. On the morrow morning, Colonel Pannowitz, hoping now he was not there, went with the rhadamanthine order; and finding the unlucky fellow, was obliged to execute it. Katte lies in ward, awaiting what may be prepared for him.

Friedrich Wilhelm at Wesel has had rough passages with the Prince and others. On the Saturday evening, 12th August 1730, [Preuss, iv. 473; Seckendorf (Forster, iii. 6) says 13th, but WRONG.] his Majesty had the Culprit brought on shore, to the Commandant's House, for an interview. Culprit proving less remorseful than was expected, and evidently not confessing everything, a loud terrible scene ensued; which Friedrich Wilhelm, the unhappy Father, winded up by drawing his sword to run the unnatural Son through the body. Old General Mosel, Commandant of Wesel, sprang between them, "Sire, cut me to death, but spare your Son!" and the sword was got back to its scabbard; and the Prince lodged in a separate room, two sentries with fixed bayonets keeping watch over him. Friedrich Wilhelm did not see his face again for twelve months to come,— "twelve months and three days."

Military gentlemen of due grimness interrogated the Prince next evening, [Seckendorf (in Forster, iii. 5).] from a Paper drawn up by his Majesty in the interim. Prince confesses little: Did design to get across the Rhine to Landau; thence to Strasburg, Paris, in the strictest incognito; intended to volunteer there, thought he might take French service, profoundly incognito, and signalize himself in the Italian War (just expected to break out), which might have recovered him some favor from his Majesty: does not tell clearly where his money came from; shy extremely of elucidating Katte and Keith;—in fact, as we perceive, struggles against mendacity, but will not tell the whole truth. "Let him lie in ward, then; and take what doom the Laws have appointed for the like of him!" Divine Laws, are they not? Well, yes, your Majesty, divine and human;—or are there perhaps no laws but the human sort, completely explicit in this case? "He is my Colonel at least," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm, "and tried to desert and make others desert. If a rebellious Crown-Prince, breaking his Father's heart, find the laws still inarticulate; a deserting Colonel of the Potsdam Regiment finds them speak plain enough. Let him take the answer they give him?"

Dumoulin, in the mean while, can make nothing of Keith, the runaway Lieutenant. Dumoulin, with his sagacious organ, soon came upon the scent of Keith; and has discovered these things about him: One evening, a week before his Majesty arrived, Sunday evening, 6th August, 1730, [RELATIO EX ACTIS: in Preuss, iv. 473.] Lieutenant Keith, doubtless smelling something, saddled his horse as above mentioned, decided to have a ride in the country this fine evening, and issued out at the Brunen Gate of Wesel. He is on the right bank of the Rhine; pleasant yellow fields on this hand and that. He ambles slowly, for a space; then gradually awakens into speed, into full speed; arrives, within a couple of hours, at Dingden, a Village in the Munster Territory, safe over the Prussian Border, by the shortest line: and from Dingden rides at more leisure, but without losing time, into the Dutch Overyssel region, straight towards the Hague. He must be in the Hague? said Dumoulin to the Official persons, on arriving there,—to Meinertshagen the Prussian Ambassador there, [Seckendorf (Forster, iii. 7).] and to Keppel, Dutch Official gentleman who was once Ambassador at Berlin. Prussian Ambassador applies, and again applies, in the highest quarters; but we fear they are slack. Dumoulin discovers that the man was certainly here; Keppel readily admits, He had Keith to dinner a few days ago: but where Keith now is, Keppel cannot form the least guess.

Dumoulin suspects he is with Lord Chesterfield, the English Ambassador here. A light was seen, for a night or two, in one of the garret-rooms of Lord Chesterfield's house,—probably Keith reading?—but Keith is not to be heard of, on inquiry there; and the very light has now gone out. The Colonel at least," distinguished English Lord is gone to England in these days; but his German Secretary is not gone: the House is inviolable, impregnable to Prussia. Who knows, in spite of the light going out, but Keith is still there, merely with a window shutter to screen him? One morning, it becomes apparent Keith is not there. One morning, a gentleman at the seaside is admiring Dutch fishing-skiffs, and how they do sail, "Pooh, Sir, that is nothing.!" answers a man in multiplex breeches: "the other night I went across to England in one, with an Excellency's Messenger who could not wait!"—Truth is, the Chesterfield Secretary, who forbade lights, took the first good night for conveying Keith to Scheveningen and the seaside; where a Fisher-boat was provided for him; which carried him, frail craft as it was, safe across to

England. Once there, the Authorities took pity on the poor fellow;—furnished the modicum of cash and help; sent him with Admiral Norris to assist the Portuguese, menaced with Spanish war at this time; among whom he gradually rose to be Major of Horse. Friedrich Wilhelm cited him by tap of drum three times in Wesel, and also in the Gazettes, native and Dutch; then, as he did not come, nailed an Effigy of him (cut in four, if I remember) on the gallows there; and confiscated any property he had. Keith had more pedigree than property; was of Poberow in Pommern; son of poor gentlefolks there. He sent no word of himself to Prussia, for the next ten years; so that he had become a kind of myth to many people; to his poor Mother among the rest, who has her tragical surmises about him. He will appear again; but not to much purpose. His Brother, the Page Keith, is packed into the Fusileer Regiment, at Wesel here; and there walks sentry, unheard of for the rest of his life. So much for the Keiths. [Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, pp. 330, 392.—See, on this and the other points, Pollnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 352–374 (and correct his many blunders).]

Other difficulty there is as to the Prison of the Prince. Wesel is a strong Town; but for obvious reasons one nearer Berlin, farther from the frontier, would be preferable. Towards Berlin, however, there is no route all on Prussian ground: from these divided Cleve Countries we have to cross a bit of Hanover, a bit of Hessen–Cassel: suppose these Serene Highnesses were to interfere? Not likely they will interfere, answer ancient military men, of due grimness; at any rate, we can go a roundabout road, and they need not know! That is the method settled on; neighborhood of Berlin, clearly somewhere there, must be the place? Old Castle of Mittenwalde, in the Wusterhausen environs, let that be the first resting–point, then; Rochow, Waldau, and the Wesel Fusileer–Colonel here, sure men, with a trooper or two for escort, shall conduct the Prisoner. By Treuenbrietzen, by circuitous roads: swift, silent, steady,—and with vigilance, as you shall answer!—These preliminaries settled, Friedrich Wilhelm drives off homewards, black Care riding behind him. He reaches Berlin, Sunday, 27th August; finds a world gone all to a kind of doomsday with him there, poor gentleman.

SCENE AT BERLIN ON MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL.

On Sunday evening, 27th August, 1730, his Majesty, who had rested overnight at Potsdam from his rapid journey, drove into Berlin between four and five in the afternoon. Deserter Fritz is following, under escort of his three military gentlemen, at a slower rate and by circuitous routes, so as to avoid the territories of Hanover and Hessen,—towards Mittenwalde in the Wusterhausen neighborhood. The military gentlemen are vigilant as Argus, and, though pitying the poor Prince, must be rigorous as Rhadamanthus. His attempts at escape, of which tradition mentions more than one, they will not report to Papa, nor even notice to the Prince himself; but will take care to render futile, one and all: his Majesty may be secure on that score.

The scenes that follow are unusual in royal history; and having been reported in the world with infinite noise and censure, made up of laughter and horror, it will behoove us to be the more exact in relating them as they actually befell. Very difficult to pull, out of that ravelled cart–load of chaotic thrums, here a thread and there a thread, capable of being brought to the straight state, and woven into legible narrative! But perhaps, by that method the mingled laughter and horror will modify itself a little. What we can well say is, that pity also ought not to be wanting. The next six months were undoubtedly by far the wretchedest of Friedrich Wilhelm's life. The poor King, except that he was not conscious of intending wrong, but much the reverse, walked in the hollow night of Gehenna, all that while, and was often like to be driven mad by the turn things had taken.

Here is scene first: Wilhelmina reports his Majesty's arrival that Sunday afternoon, to the following effect; she was present in the adventure, and not a spectatress only:—

"The Queen was alone in his Majesty's Apartment, waiting for him as he approached. At sight of her, in the distance, he called out: 'Your losel of a Son (VOTRE INDIGNE FILS) has ended at last; you have done with HIM,' or words to that effect. 'What,' cried the Queen, 'you have had the barbarity to kill him?' 'Yes, I tell you,—but where is the sealed Desk?' The Queen went to her own Apartment to fetch it; I ran in to her there for a moment: she was out of herself, wringing her hands, crying incessantly, and said without ceasing: 'MON DIEU, MON FILS (O God, my Son)!' Breath failed me; I fell fainting into the arms of Madame de Sonsfeld."— The Queen took away the Writing–case; King tore out the letters, and went off; upon which the Queen came down again to us.

"We learned from some attendant that, at least, my Brother was not dead. The King now came back. We all ran to kiss his hands; but me he no sooner noticed than rage and fury took possession of him. He became black in the face, his eyes sparkling fire, his mouth foaming. 'Infamous CANAILLE,' said he; 'darest thou show thyself

before me? Go, keep thy scoundrel of a Brother company!' And so saying, he seized me with one hand, slapping me on the face with the other,'—clenched as a fist (POING),—'several blows; one of which struck me on the temple, so that I fell back, and should have split my head against a corner of the wainscot, had not Madame de Sonsfeld caught me by the head—dress and broken the fall. I lay on the ground without consciousness. The King, in a frenzy, was for striking me with his feet; had not the Queen, my Sisters, and the rest, run between, and those who were present prevented him. They all ranked themselves round me, which gave Mesdames de Kamecke and Sonsfeld time to pick me up. They put me in a chair in the embrasure of a window; threw water on my face to bring me to life: which care I lamentably reproached them with, death being a thousand times better, in the pass things had come to. The Queen kept shrieking, her firmness had quite left her: she wrung her hands, and ran in despair up and down the room. The King's face was so disfigured with rage, it was frightful to look upon. The little ones were on their knees, begging for me,"— [Wilhelmina, i. 265–267.]

—poor little beings, what a group: Amelia, the youngest girl, about six; Henri, in his bits of trousers, hardly over four!— For the rest, I perceive, this room was on the first or a lower floor, and such noises were very audible. The Guard had turned out at the noise; and a crowd was collecting to see and hear: "Move on! Move on!"

"The King had now changed his tune: he admitted that my Brother was still alive; but vowed horribly he would put him to death, and lay me fast within four walls for the rest of my life. He accused me of being the Prince's accomplice, whose crime was high treason;—also of having an intrigue of love with Katte, to whom, he said, I had borne several children." The timid Gouvernante flamed up at this unheard-of insult: "'That is not true,' said she, fiercely; 'whoever has told your Majesty such a thing has told a lie!' 'Oh, spare my Brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels,' whimpered I; but in the great noise he did not hear; and while I strove to repeat it louder, Sonsfeld clapt her handkerchief on my face.

"Hustling aside to get rid of the handkerchief, I saw Katte crossing the Square. Four soldiers were conducting him to the King; trunks, my Brother's and his own, sealed, were coming on in the rear. Pale and downcast, he took off his hat to salute me,"— poor Katte, to me always so prostrate in silent respect, and now so unhappy! "A moment after, the King, hearing he was come, went out exclaiming, 'Now I shall have proof about the scoundrel Fritz and the offscouring (CANAILLE) Wilhelmina; clear proofs to cut the heads off them.'"—The two Hofdames again interfered; and one of them, Kamecke it was, rebuked him; told him, in the tone of a prophetess, To take care what he was doing. Whom his Majesty gazed into with astonishment, but rather with respect than with anger, saying, "Your intentions are good!"

And so his Majesty flung out, seeking Katte; and vanished: Wilhelmina saw no more of him for about a year after; being ordered to her room, and kept prisoner there on low diet, with sentries guarding her doors, and no outlook but the worst horror her imagination pleased to paint.

This is the celebrated assault of paternal Majesty on Wilhelmina; the rumor of which has gone into all lands, exciting wonder and horror, but could not be so exact as this account at first hand. Naturally the crowd of street-passengers, once dispersed by the Guard, carried the matter abroad, and there was no end of sympathetic exaggerations. Report ran in Berlin, for example, that the poor Princess was killed, beaten or trampled to death; which we clearly see she was not. Voltaire, in that mass of angry calumnies, very mendacious indeed, which he calls VIE PRIVEE DU ROI DE PRUSSE, mentions the matter with emphasis; and says farther, The Princess once did him (Voltaire) the "honor to show him a black mark she carried on her breast ever after;"—which is likelier to be false than true. Captain Guy Dickens, the Legationary Captain, who seems a clear, ingenuous and ingenious man, and of course had access to the highest circles of refined rumor, reports the matter about ten days after, with several errors, in this manner:—

"BERLIN, 5th SEPTEMBER, 1730. Four or five days ago [by the Almanac nine, and directly on his Majesty's return, which Dickens had announced a week ago without that fact attached], the King dreadfully ill—treated Wilhelmina in bed [not in bed at all]; whole Castle (SCHLOSS or Palace) was alarmed; Guard turned out,"— to clear away the crowd, as we perceive. Not properly a crowd, such was not permissible there: but a stagnation of the passers—by would naturally ensue on that esplanade; till the Guard turned out, and indicated with emphasis, "Move on!" Dickens hears farther that "the Queen fares no better;"—such is the state of rumor in Berlin at present.

Poor Katte had a hard audience of it too. He fell at Friedrich Wilhelm's feet; and was spurned and caned;—for the rest, beyond what was already evident, had little or nothing to confess: Intention of flight and of

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accompanying in flight very undeniable; although preliminaries and ulterior conditions of said flight not perfectly known to Katte; known only that the thought of raising trouble in foreign Courts, or the least vestige of treason against his Majesty, had not entered even into their dreams. A name or two of persons who had known, or guessed, of these operations, is wrung from Katte;—name of a Lieutenant Spaen, for one; who, being on guard, had admitted Katte into Potsdam once or twice in disguise:—for him and for the like of him, of whatever rank or whichever sex, let arrests be made out, and the scent as with sleuth-hounds be diligently followed on all sides; and Katte, stript of his uniform, be locked up in the grimmest manner. Berlin, with the rumor of these things, is a much-agitated city.

Chapter VIII. SEQUEL TO CROWN-PRINCE AND FRIENDS.

As for the Crown-Prince, prosecuting his circuitous route, he arrives safe at Mittenwalde; is lodged in the old Castle there, I think, for two nights (but the date, in these indexless Books, is blown away again), in a room bare of all things, with sentries at the door; and looks out, expecting Grumkow and the Officials to make assault on him. One of these Officials, a certain "Gerber, Fiscal General," who, as head of Prussian Fiscals (kind of Public Prosecutor, or supreme Essence of Bailiffs, Catchpoles and Grand-Juries all in one), wears a red cloak,—gave the Prince a dreadful start. Red cloak is the Berlin Hangman's or Headsman's dress; and poor Friedrich had the idea his end had summarily come in this manner. Soon seeing it was otherwise, his spirits recovered, perhaps rose by the shock.

He fronted Grumkow and the Officials, with a high, almost contemptuous look; answered promptly,—if possible, without lying, and yet without telling anything;—showed self-possession, pride; retorted sometimes, "Have you nothing more to ask?" Grumkow finding there was no way made into anything, not even into the secret of the Writingcase and the Royal Women's operations there, began at last, as Wilhelmina says, to hint, That in his Majesty's service there were means of bringing out the truth in spite of refractory humors; that there was a thing called the rack, not yet abolished in his Prussian Majesty's dominions! Friedrich owned afterwards, his blood ran cold. However, he put on a high look: "A Hangman, such as you, naturally takes pleasure in talking of his tools and his trade: but on me they will not produce any effect. I have owned everything;—and almost regret to have done so. For it is not my part to stand questionings and bandy responses with a COQUIN COMME VOUS, scoundrel like you," reports Wilhelmina, [i. 280.] though we hope the actual term was slightly less candid!—Grumkow gathered his notes together; and went his ways, with the man in red cloak and the rest; thus finishing the scene in Mittenwalde. Mittenwalde, which we used to know long since, in our Wusterhausen rides with poor Duhan; little thinking what awaited us there one day.

Mittenwalde being finished, Friedrich, on Monday, 6th September, 1730, is sent forward to Custring, a strong little town in a quiet Country, some sixty or seventy miles eastward of Berlin. On the evening of the 5th he finds himself lodged in a strong room of the Fortress there,—room consisting of bare walls lighted from far up; no furniture, not even the needfulest; everything indicating that the proud spirit and the iron laws shall here have their duel out at leisure, and see which is stronger.

His sword was taken from him at Wesel; sword, uniform, every mark of dignity, all are now gone: he is clad in brown prison-dress of the plainest cut and cloth; his diet is fixed at tenpence a day ("to be got from the cook's shop, six groschen for dinner, four for supper"); [Order, 14th September, 1730 (in Forster, i. 372).] food to be cut for him, no knife allowed. Room is to be opened, morning, noon and evening, "on the average not above four minutes each time;" lights, or single tallow-light, to be extinguished at seven P.M. Absolute solitude; no flute allowed, far from it; no books allowed, except the Bible and a Prayer-Book,—or perhaps Noltenius's MANUAL, if he took a hankering for it. There, shut out from the babble of fools, and conversing only with the dumb Veracities, with the huge inarticulate meanings of Destiny, Necessity and Eternity, let the fool of a Fritz bethink himself, if there is any thought in him! There, among the Bogs of the Oder, the very sedges getting brown all round him, and the very curlews flying off for happier climes, let him wait, till the question of his doom, rather an abstruse question, ripen in the royal breast.

As for Wilhelmina, she is close prisoner in her apartments in the Berlin Palaeo, sentries pacing at every outlet, for many months to come. Wilhelmina almost rather likes it, such a dog of an existence has she had hitherto, for want of being well let alone. She plays, reads; composes music; smuggles letters to and from Mamma,—one in Pencil, from my Brother even, O Heavens! Wilhelmina weeps, now and then, with her good Sonsfeld; hopes nevertheless there will be some dawn to this RAGNAROK, or general "twilight of the gods." Friedrich Wilhelm, convinced that England has had a hand in this treason, signifies officially to his Excellency Captain Dickens, That the English negotiations are concluded; that neither in the way of Single-Marriage nor of Double-Marriage will he have anything more to do with England. "Well," answers England, "who can help it? Negotiation was not quite of our seeking. Let it so end!" [Dickens's Despatch, 25th September, 1730; and Harrington's Answer to it, of 6th October: Seckendorf (in Forster, iii. 9), 23d September.]—Nay at dinner one day (Seckendorf reports, while Fritz

was on the road to Custrin) he proposes the toast, "Downfall of England!" [Seckendorf (in Forster, iii. 11).] and would have had the Queen drink it; who naturally wept, but I conjecture could not be made to drink. Her Majesty is a weeping, almost broken-hearted woman; his Majesty a raging, almost broken-hearted man. Seckendorf and Grumkow are, as it were, too victorious; and now have their apprehensions on that latter score. But they look on with countenances well veiled, and touch the helm judiciously in Tobacco-Parliament, intent on the nearest harbor of refuge.

Her Majesty nevertheless steadily persists; merely sinks deeper out of sight with her English schemes; ducking till the wave go by. Messages, desperate appeals still go, through Mamsell Bulow, Wilhelmina's Hofdame, and other channels; nay Wilhelmina thinks there were still intentions on the part of England, and that the non-fulfilment of them at the last moment turned on accident; English "Courier arrived some hours too late," thinks Wilhelmina. [Wilhelmina (i. 369, 384), and Preuss and others after her.] But that is a mistake. The negotiation, in spite of her Majesty's endeavors, was essentially out; England, after such a message, could not, nor did, stir farther in the matter.

In that Writing-case his Majesty found what we know; nothing but mysterious effects of female art, and no light whatever. It is a great source of wrath and of sorrow to him, that neither in the Writing-case, nor in Katte's or the Prince's so-called "Confessions," can the thing be seen into. A deeper bottom it must have, thinks his Majesty, but knows not what or where. To overturn the Country, belike; and fling the Kaiser, and European Balance of Power, bottom uppermost? Me they presumably meant to poison! he tells Seckendorf one day. [Dickens's Despatch, 16th September, 1730.] Was ever Father more careful for his children, soul and body? Anxious, to excess, to bring them up in orthodox nurture and admonition: and this is how they reward me, Herr Feldzeugmeister! "Had he honestly confessed, and told me the whole truth, at Wesel, I would have made it up with him quietly there. But now it must go its lengths; and the whole world shall be judge between us." [Seckendorf (Forster, ubi supra), 23d September.]

His Majesty is in a flaming height. He arrests, punishes and banishes, where there is trace of cooperation or connection with Deserter Fritz and his schemes. The Bulows, brother and sister, brother in the King's service, sister in Wilhelmina's, respectable goldstick people, originally of Hanover, are hurled out to Lithuania and the world's end: let them live in Memel, and repent as they can. Minister Knyphausen, always of English tendencies, he, with his Wife,—to whom it is specially hard, while General Schwerin, gallant witty Kurt, once of Mecklenburg, stays behind,—is ordered to disappear, and follow his private rural business far off; no minister, ever more. The Lieutenant Spaen of the Giant Regiment, who kept false watch, and did not tell of Katte, gets cashiering and a year in Spandau. He wandered else-whither, and came to something afterwards, poor Spaen. [Preuss, i. 63, 66.] Bookseller Hanau with this bad Fritz's Books: To Memel with him also; let him deal in more orthodox kinds of Literature there.

It is dangerous to have lent the Crown-Prince money, contrary to the Royal Edict; lucky if loss of your money will settle the account. Witness French Montholieu, for one; Count, or whatever he styled himself; nailed to the gallows (in effigy) after he had fled. It is dangerous to have spoken kindly to the Crown-Prince, or almost to have been spoken to by him. Doris Ritter, a comely enough good girl, nothing of a beauty, but given to music, Potsdam CANTOR'S (Precentor's) daughter, has chanced to be standing in the door, perhaps to be singing within doors, once or twice, when the Prince passed that way: Prince inquired about her music, gave her music, spoke a civility, as young men will,—nothing more, upon my honor; though his Majesty believes there was much more; and condemns poor Doris to be whipt by the Beadle, and beat hemp for three years. Rhadamanthus is a strict judge, your Majesty; and might be a trifle better informed!—Poor Doris got out of this sad Pickle, on her own strength; and wedded, and did well enough, —Prince and King happily leaving her alone thenceforth. Voltaire, twenty years after, had the pleasure of seeing her at Berlin: "Wife of one Shommers, Clerk of the Hackney-Coach Office,"—read, Schomer, FARMER of the Berlin Hackney-Coach Enterprise in general; decidedly a poor man. Wife, by this time, was grown hard enough of feature: "tall, lean; looked like a Sibyl; not the least appearance how she could ever have deserved to be whipt for a Prince." [Voltaire, *OEuvres* (calumnious *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*), ii. 51, 52. Preuss, i. 64, 66.]

The excellent Tutor of the Crown-Prince, good Duhan de Jandun, for what fault or complicity we know not, is hurled off to Memel; ordered to live there,—on what resources is equally unknown. Apparently his fault was the general one, of having miseducated the Prince, and introduced these French Literatures, foreign poisonous

elements of thought and practice into the mind of his Pupil, which have ruined the young man. For his Majesty perceives that there lies the source of it; that only total perversion of the heart and judgment, first of all, can have brought about these dreadful issues of conduct. And indeed his Majesty understands, on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions; opinion on Predestination, for one;—which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief, in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about Predestination, or the "FREIE GNADENWAHL (Election by Free Grace)," as his Majesty terms it, according to which a man is preappointed from all Eternity either to salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion, and indeed is Calvin's, and that of many benighted creatures, this Editor among them), appears to his Majesty an altogether shocking one; nor would the whole Synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustine in person, aided by a Thirty-Editor power, reconcile his Majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet. What! May not Deserter Fritz say to himself, even now, or in whatever other deeps of sin he may fall into, "I was foredoomed to it: how could I, or how can I, help it?" The mind of his Majesty shudders, as if looking over the edge of an abyss. He is meditating much whether nothing can be done to save the lost Fritz, at least the soul of him, from this horrible delusion:—hurls forth your fine Duhan, with his metaphysics, to remote Memel, as the first step. And signifies withal, though as yet only historically and in a speculative way, to Finkenstein and Kalkstein themselves, That their method of training up a young soul, to do God's will, and accomplish useful work in this world, does by no means appear to the royal mind an admirable one! [His Letter to them (3d December, 1730) in Forster, ii. 382.] Finkenstein and Kalkstein were always covertly rather of the Queen's party, and now stand reprimanded, and in marked disfavor.

That the treasonous mystery of this Crown-Prince (parricidal, it is likely, and tending to upset the Universe) must be investigated to the very bottom, and be condignly punished, probably with death, his Majesty perceives too well; and also what terrible difficulties, formal and essential, there will be, But whatever become of his perishable life, ought not, if possible, the soul of him to be saved from the claws of Satan! "Claws of Satan;" "brand from the burning;" "for Christ our Saviour's sake;" "in the name of the most merciful God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen:"—so Friedrich Wilhelm phrases it, in those confused old documents and Cabinet Letters of his; [Forster, i. 374, 379, which awaken a strange feeling in the attentive reader; and show us the ruggedest of human creatures melted into blubbery tenderness, and growling huskily something which we perceive is real prayer. Here has a business fallen out, such as seldom occurred before!—

Chapter IX. COURT-MARTIAL ON CROWN-PRINCE AND CONSORTS.

The rumor of these things naturally fills all minds, and occupies all human tongues, in Berlin and Prussia, though an Edict threatens, That the tongues shall be cut out which speak of them in any way, [Dickens, of 7th November, 1730.] and sounds far and wide into foreign Courts and Countries, where there is no such Edict. Friedrich Wilhelm's conduct, looked at from without, appears that of a hideous royal ogre, or blind anthropophagous Polyphemus fallen mad. Looked at from within, where the Polyphemus has his reasons, and a kind of inner rushlight to enlighten his path; and is not bent on man-eating, but on discipline in spite of difficulties,—it is a wild enough piece of humanity, not so much ludicrous as tragical. Never was a royal bear so led about before by a pair of conjuring pipers in the market, or brought to such a pass in his dancing for them!

"General Ginkel, the Dutch Ambassador here," writes Dickens, "told me of an interview he had with the King;" being ordered by their High Mightinesses to solicit his Majesty in this matter. King "harbors 'most monstrous wicked designs, not fit to be spoken of in words,' reports Ginkel. 'It is certain,' added he, 'if the King of Prussia continue in the mind he is in at present, we shall see scenes here as wicked and bloody as any that were ever heard of since the creation of the world.' 'Will sacrifice his whole family,' not the Crown-Prince alone; 'everybody except Grumkow being, as he fancies, in conspiracy against him.' Poor enchanted King!—'And all these things he said with such imprecations and disordered looks, foaming at the mouth all the while, as it was terrible either to see or hear.'" That is Ginkel's report, as Dickens conveys it. [Despatch, 7th September, 1730.] Another time, on new order, a month later, when Ginkel went again to speak a word for the poor Prisoner, he found his Majesty clothed not in delirious thunder, but in sorrowful thick fog; Ginkel "was the less able to judge what the King of Prussia meant to do with his Son, as it was evident the King himself did not know." [Ib. 10th October.]

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, through these months, wanders about, shifting from room to room, in the night-time, like a man possessed by evil fiends; "orders his carriage for Wusterhausen at two in the morning," but finds he is no better there, and returns; drinks a great deal, "has not gone to bed sober for a month past." [Ib. 19th December, 1730.] One night he comes gliding like a perturbed ghost, about midnight, with his candle in his hand, into the Queen's apartment; says, wildly staring, "He thinks there is something haunting him:"—O Feekin, erring disobedient Wife, wilt not thou protect me, after all? Whither can I fly when haunted, except to thee? Feekin, like a prudent woman, makes no criticism; orders that his Majesty's bed be made up in her apartment till these phenomena cease. [Ib. 27th February, 1731.] A much-agitated royal Father.

The question what is to be done with this unhappy Crown-Prince, a Deserter from the army, a rebel against the paternal Majesty, and a believer in the doctrine of Election by Free Grace, or that a man's good or ill conduct is foredoomed upon him by decree of God,—becomes more intricate the longer one thinks of it. Seckendorf and Grumkow, alarmed at being too victorious, are set against violent high methods; and suggest this and that consideration: "Who is it that can legally try, condemn, or summon to his bar, a Crown-Prince? He is Prince of the Empire, as well as your Majesty's Son!"—"Well, he is Heir of the Sovereign Majesty in Prussia, too; and Colonel in the Potsdam Guards!" answers Friedrich Wilhelm.

At length, after six or seven weeks of abstruse meditation, it is settled in Tobacco-Parliament and the royal breast, That Katte and the Crown-Prince, as Deserters from the Prussian Army, can and shall be tried by Court-Martial; to that no power, on the earth or out of it, can have any objection worth attending to. Let a fair Court-Martial of our highest military characters be selected and got ready. Let that, as a voice of Rhadamanthus, speak upon the two culprits; and tell us what is to be done. By the middle of October, things on Friedrich Wilhelm's side have got so far.

CROWN-PRINCE IN CUSTRIN.

Poor Friedrich meanwhile has had a grim time of it, these two months back; left alone, in coarse brown prison-dress, within his four bare walls at Custrin; in uninterrupted, unfathomable colloquy with the Destinies and the Necessities there. The King's stern orders must be fulfilled to the letter; the Crown-Prince is immured in that manner. At Berlin, there are the wildest rumors as to the state he has fallen into; "covered with rags and vermin, unshaven, no comb allowed him, lights his own fire," says one testimony, which Captain Dickens thinks

worth reporting. For the truth is, no unofficial eye can see the Crown-Prince, or know what state he is in. And we find, in spite of the Edict, "tongues," not "cut out," kept wagging at a high rate. "People of all ranks are unspeakably indignant" at certain heights of the business: "Margravine Albert said publicly, 'A tyrant as bad as Nero!'" [Dickens, 7th November, 2d December, 1730.]

How long the Crown-Prince's defiant humor held out, we are not told. By the middle of October there comes proposal of "entire confession" from the Prince; and though, when Papa sends deputies accordingly, there is next to nothing new confessed, and Papa's anger blazes out again, probably we may take this as the turning-point on his Son's part. With him, of course, that mood of mind could not last. There is no wildest lion but, finding his bars are made of iron, ceases to bite them. The Crown-Prince there, in his horror, indignation and despair, had a lucid human judgment in him, too; loyal to facts, and well knowing their inexorable nature. Just sentiments are in this young man, not capable of permanent distortion into spasm by any form of injustice laid on them. It is not long till he begins to discern, athwart this terrible, quasi-infernal element, that so the facts are; and that nothing but destruction, and no honor that were not dishonor, will be got by not conforming to the facts. My Father may be a tyrant, and driven mad against me: well, well, let not me at least go mad!

Grumkow is busy on the mild side of the business; of course Grumkow and all official men. Grumkow cannot but ask himself this question among others: How if the King should suddenly die upon us! Grumkow is out at Custrin, and again out; explaining to the Prince, what the enormous situation is; how inflexible, inexorable, and of peril and horror incalculable to Mother and Sister and self and royal House; and that there is one possibility of good issue, and only one: that of loyally yielding, where one cannot resist. By degrees, some lurid troublous but perceptible light-gleam breaks athwart the black whirlwind of our indignation and despair; and saner thoughts begin to insinuate themselves. "Obey, thou art not the strongest, there are stronger than thou! All men, the highest among them, are called to learn obedience."

Moreover, the first sweep of royal fury being past, his Majesty's stern regulations at Custrin began to relax in fulfilment; to be obeyed only by those immediately responsible, and in letter rather than in spirit even by those. President von Munchow who is head of the Domain-Kammer, chief representative of Government at Custrin, and resides in the Fortress there, ventures after a little, the Prince's doors being closed as we saw, to have an orifice bored through the floor above, and thereby to communicate with the Prince, and sympathetically ask, What he can do for him? Many things, books among others, are, under cunning contrivance, smuggled in by the judicious Munchow, willing to risk himself in such a service. For example, Munchow has a son, a clever boy of seven years old; who, to the wonder of neighbors, goes into child's-petticoats again; and testifies the liveliest desire to be admitted to the Prince, and bear him company a little! Surely the law of No-company does not extend to that of an innocent child? The innocent child has a row of pockets all round the inside of his long gown; and goes laden, miscellaneously, like a ship of the desert, or cockboat not forbidden to cross the line. Then there are stools, one stool at least indispensable to human nature; and the inside of this, once you open it, is a chest-of-drawers, containing paper, ink, new literature and much else. No end to Munchow's good-will, and his ingenuity is great. [Preuss, i. 46.]

A Captain Fouquet also, furthered I think by the Old Dessauer, whose man he is, comes to Custrin Garrison, on duty or as volunteer, by and by. He is an old friend of the Prince's; --ran off, being the Dessauer's little page, to the Siege of Stralsund, long ago, to be the Dessauer's little soldier there: --a ready-witted, hot-tempered, highly estimable man; and his real duty here is to do the Prince what service may be possible. He is often with the Prince; their light is extinguished precisely at seven o'clock: "Very well, Lieutenant," he would say, "you have done your orders to the Crown-Prince's light. But his Majesty has no concern with Captain Fouquet's candles!" and thereupon would light a pair. Nay, I have heard of Lieutenants who punctually blew out the Prince's light, as a matter of duty and command; and then kindled it again, as a civility left free to human nature. In short, his Majesty's orders can only be fulfilled to the letter; Commandant Lepel and all Officers are willing not to see where they can help seeing. Even in the letter his Majesty's orders are severe enough.

SENTENCE OF COURT-MARTIAL.

Meanwhile the Court-Martial, selected with intense study, installs itself at Copenick; and on the 25th of October commences work. This Deserter Crown-Prince and his accomplices, especially Katte his chief accomplice, what is to be done with them? Copenick lies on the road to Custrin, within a morning's drive of Berlin; there is an ancient Palace here, and room for a Court-Martial. "QUE FAIRE? ILS ONT DES CANONS!"

said the old Prussian Raths, wandering about in these woods, when Gustavus and his Swedes were at the door. "QUE FAIRE?" may the new military gentlemen think to themselves, here again, while the brown leaves rustle down upon them, after a hundred years!

The Court consists of a President, Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, an elderly Malplaquet gentleman of good experience; one of the many Schulenburgs conspicuous for soldiering, and otherwise, in those times. He is nephew of George I.'s lean mistress; who also was a Schulenburg originally, and conspicuous not for soldiering. Lean mistress we say; not the Fat one, or cataract of tallow, with eyebrows like a cart-wheel, and dim coaly disks for eyes, who was George I.'s half-sister, probably not his mistress at all; and who now, as Countess of Darlington so called, sits at Isleworth with good fat pensions, and a tame raven come-of-will,—probably the SOUL of George I. in some form. [See Walpole, *Reminiscences*.] Not this one, we say:—but the thread-paper Duchess of Kendal, actual Ex-mistress; who tore her hair on the road when apoplexy overtook poor George, and who now attends chapel diligently, poor old anatomy or lean human nail-rod. For the sake of the English reader searching into what is called "History," I, with indignation, endeavor to discriminate these two beings once again; that each may be each, till both are happily forgotten to all eternity. It was the latter, lean may-pole or nail-rod one, that was Aunt of Schulenburg, the elderly Malplaquet gentleman who now presides at Copenick. And let the reader remember him; for he will turn up repeatedly again.

The Court consisted farther of three Major-Generals, among whom I name only Grumkow (Major-General by rank though more of a diplomatist and black-artist than a soldier), and Schwerin, Kurt von Schwerin of Mecklenburg (whom Madam Knyphausen regrets, in her now exile to the Country); three Colonels, Derschau one of them; three Lieutenant-Colonels, three Majors and three Captains, all of whom shall be nameless here. Lastly come three of the "Auditor" or the Judge-Advocate sort: Mylius, the Compiler of sad Prussian Quartos, known to some; Gerber, whose red cloak has frightened us once already; and the Auditor of Katte's regiment. A complete Court-Martial, and of symmetrical structure, by the rule of three;—of whose proceedings we know mainly the result, nor seek much to know more. This Court met on Wednesday, 25th October, 1730, in the little Town of Copenick; and in six days had ended, signed, sealed and despatched to his Majesty; and got back to Berlin on the Tuesday next. His Majesty, who is now at Wusterhausen, in hunting time, finds conclusions to the following effect:—

Accomplices of the Crown-Prince are two: FIRST, Lieutenant Keith, actual deserter (who cannot be caught): To be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel:—GOOD, says his Majesty. SECONDLY, Lieutenant Katte of the Gens-d'Armes, intended deserter, not actually deserting, and much tempted thereto: All things considered, Perpetual Fortress Arrest to Lieutenant Katte:—NOT GOOD this; BAD this, thinks Majesty; this provokes from his Majesty an angry rebuke to the too lax Court-Martial. Rebuke which can still be read, in growling, unluclid phraseology; but with a rhadamanthine idea clear enough in it, and with a practical purport only too clear: That Katte was a sworn soldier, of the Gens-d'Armes even, or Body-guard of the Prussian Majesty; and did nevertheless, in the teeth of his oath, "worship the Rising Sun" when minded to desert; did plot and colleague with foreign Courts in aid of said Rising Sun, and of an intended high crime against the Prussian Majesty itself on Rising Sun's part; far from at once revealing the same, as duty ordered Lieutenant Katte to do. That Katte's crime amounts to high-treason (CRIMEN LOESOE MAJESTATIS); that the rule is, FIAT JUSTITIA, ET PEREAT MUNDUS;—and that, in brief, Katte's doom is, and is hereby declared to be, Death. Death by the gallows and hot pincers is the usual doom of Traitors; but his Majesty will say in this case, Death by the sword and headsman simply; certain circumstances moving the royal clemency to go so far, no farther. And the Court-Martial has straightway to apprise Katte of this same: and so doing, "shall say, That his Majesty is sorry for Katte: but that it is better he die than that justice depart out of the world." [Preuss, i. 44.]

This is the iron doom of Katte; which no prayer or influence of mortal will avail to alter,—lest justice depart out of the world. Katte's Father is a General of rank, Commandant of Konigsberg at this moment; Katte's Grandfather by the Mother's side, old Fieldmarshal Wartensleben, is a man in good favor with Friedrich Wilhelm, and of high esteem and mark in his country for half a century past. But all this can effect nothing. Old Wartensleben thinks of the Daughter he lost; for happily Katte's Mother is dead long since. Old Wartensleben writes to Friedrich Wilhelm; his mournful Letter, and Friedrich Wilhelm's mournful but inexorable answer, can be read in the Histories; but show only what we already know.

Katte's Mother, Fieldmarshal Wartensleben's Daughter, died in 1706; leaving Katte only two years old. He is

now twenty–six; very young for such grave issues; and his fate is certainly very hard. Poor young soul, he did not resist farther, or quarrel with the inevitable and inexorable. He listened to Chaplain Muller of the Gens–d'Armes; admitted profoundly, after his fashion, that the great God was just, and the poor Katte sinful, foolish, only to be saved by miracle of mercy; and piously prepared himself to die on these terms. There are three Letters of his to his Grandfather, which can still be read, one of them in *Wilhelmina's Book*, [Wilhelmina, i. 302.] the sound of it like that of dirges borne on the wind, Wilhelmina evidently pities Katte very tenderly; in her heart she has a fine royal–maiden kind of feeling to the poor youth. He did heartily repent and submit; left with Chaplain Muller a Paper of pious considerations, admonishing the Prince to submit. These are Katte's last employments in his prison at Berlin, after sentence had gone forth.

KATTE'S END, 6th NOVEMBER, 1780.

On Sunday evening, 6th November, it is intimated to him, unexpectedly at the moment, that he has to go to Custrin, and there die;—carriage now waiting at the gate. Katte masters the sudden flurry; signifies that all is ready, then; and so, under charge of his old Major and two brother Officers, who, and Chaplain Muller, are in the carriage with him, a troop of his own old Cavalry Regiment escorting, he leaves Berlin (rather on sudden summons); drives all night, towards Custrin and immediate death. Words of sympathy were not wanting, to which Katte answered cheerily; grim faces wore a cloud of sorrow for the poor youth that night. Chaplain Muller's exhortations were fervent and continual; and, from time to time, there were heard, hoarsely melodious through the damp darkness and the noise of wheels, snatches of "devotional singing," led by Muller.

It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th November, 1730, that Katte arrived in Custrin garrison. He took kind leave of Major and men: Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!—And, about nine o'clock he is on the road towards the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room to see Katte as he passes (to "see Katte die," had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. Faithful Muller was in the death–car along with Katte: and he had adjoined to himself one Besserer, the Chaplain of the Garrison, in this sad function, since arriving. Here is a glimpse from Besserer, which we may take as better than nothing:—

"His (Katte's) eyes were mostly directed to God; and we (Muller and I), on our part, strove to hold his heart up heavenwards, by presenting the examples of those who had died in the Lord,—as of God's Son himself, and Stephen, and the Thief on the Cross,—till, under such discoursing, we approached the Castle. Here, after long wistful looking about, he did get sight of his beloved Jonathan," Royal Highness the Crown–Prince, "at a window in the Castle; from whom he, with the politest and most tender expression, spoken in French, took leave, with no little emotion of sorrow." [Letter to Katte's Father (Extract, in Preuss, *Friedrich mit Freunden und Verwandten*, p. 7).]

President Munchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy; but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: "In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!" Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. "PARDONNEZ–MOI, MON CHER KATTE!" cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; oh, that this should be what I have done for you!—"Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well," said Katte, "LA MORT EST DOUCE POUR UN SI AIMABLE PRINCE;" [Wilhelmina, i. 307; Preuss, i. 45.] and fared on,—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common churchyard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times,—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred.

"Never was such a transaction before or since, in Modern History," cries the angry reader: "cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones, like—" Or indeed like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone? This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion.

END OF BOOK 7

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

**BOOK VIII. CROWN-PRINCE RETRIEVED: LIFE AT CUSTRIN. November,
1730-February, 1732.**

Chapter I. CHAPLAIN MULLER WAITS ON THE CROWN-PRINCE.

Friedrich's feelings at this juncture are not made known to us by himself in the least; or credibly by others in any considerable degree. As indeed in these confused Prussian History-Books, copulent in nugatory pedantisms and learned marine-stores, all that is human remains distressingly obscure to us; so seldom, and then only as through endless clouds of ever-whirling idle dust, can we catch the smallest direct feature of the young man, and of his real demeanor or meaning, on the present or other occasions! But it is evident this last phenomenon fell upon him like an overwhelming cataract; crushed him down under the immensity of sorrow, confusion and despair; his own death not a theory now, but probably a near fact,—a welcome one in wild moments, and then anon so unwelcome. Frustrate, bankrupt, chargeable with a friend's lost life, sure enough he, for one, is: what is to become of him? Whither is he to turn, thoroughly beaten, foiled in all his enterprises? Proud young soul as he was: the ruling Powers, be they just, be they unjust, have proved too hard for him! We hear of tragic vestiges still traceable of Friedrich, belonging to this time: texts of Scripture quoted by him, pencil-sketches of his drawing; expressive of a mind dwelling in Golgothas, and pathetically, not defiantly, contemplating the very worst.

Chaplain Muller of the Gens-d'Armes, being found a pious and intelligent man, has his orders not to return at once from Custrin; but to stay there, and deal with the Prince, on that horrible Predestination topic and his other unexampled backslidings which have ended so. Muller stayed accordingly, for a couple of weeks, intensely busy on the Predestination topic, and generally in assuaging, and mutually mollifying, paternal Majesty and afflicted Son. In all which he had good success; and especially on the Predestination point was triumphantly successful. Muller left a little Book in record of his procedures there; which, had it not been bound over to the official tone, might have told us something. His Correspondence with the King, during those two weeks, has likewise been mostly printed; [Forster, i. 376-379.] and is of course still more official,—teaching us next to nothing, except poor Friedrich Wilhelm's profoundly devotional mood, anxieties about "the claws of Satan" and the like, which we were glad to hear of above. In Muller otherwise is small help for us.

But, fifty years afterwards, there was alive a Son of this Muller's; an innocent Country Parson, not wanting in sense, and with much simplicity and veracity; who was fished out by Nicolai, and set to recalling what his Father used to say of this adventure, much the grandest of his life. In Muller Junior's Letter of Reminiscences to Nicolai we find some details, got from his Father, which are worth gleaning:—

"When my Father first attempted, by royal order, to bring the Crown-Prince to acknowledgment and repentance of the fault committed, Crown-Prince gave this excuse or explanation: 'As his Father could not endure the sight of him, he had meant to get out of the way of his displeasure, and go to a Court with which his Father was in friendship and relationship,'"—clearly indicating England, think the Mullers Junior and Senior.

"For proof that the intention was towards England this other circumstance serves, that the one confidant—Herr van Keith, if I mistake not [no, you don't mistake], had already bespoken a ship for passage out."—Here is something still more unexpected:—

"My Father used to say, he found an excellent knowledge and conviction of the truths of religion in the Crown-Prince. By the Prince's arrangement, my Father, who at first lodged with the Commandant, had to take up his quarters in the room right above the Prince; who daily, often as early as six in the morning, rapped on the ceiling for him to come down; and then they would dispute and discuss, sometimes half-days long, about the different tenets of the Christian Sects;—and my Father said, the Prince was perfectly at home in the Polemic Doctrines of the Reformed (Calvinistic) Church, even to the minutest points. As my Father brought him proofs from Scripture, the Prince asked him one time, How he could keep chapter and verse so exactly in his memory? Father drew from his pocket a little Hand-Concordance, and showed it him as one help. This he had to leave with the Prince for some days. On getting it back, he found inside on the fly-leaf, sketched in pencil,"—what is rather notable to History,—"the figure of a man on his knees, with two swords hanging crosswise over his head; and at the bottom these words of Psalm Seventy-third (verses 25, 26), *Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart fainteth and faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.*" — Poor Friedrich, this is a very unexpected pen-sketch on his part; but an undeniable one; betokening abstruse night-thoughts and forebodings in the present juncture!—

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"Whoever considers this fine knowledge of religion, and reflects on the peculiar character and genius of the young Herr, which was ever struggling towards light and clearness (for at that time he had not become indifferent to religion, he often prayed with my Father on his knees),--will find that it was morally impossible this young Prince could have thought [as some foolish persons have asserted] of throwing himself into the arms of Papal Superstition [seeking help at Vienna, marrying an Austrian Archduchess, and I know not what] or allow the intrigues of Catholic Priests to" -- Oh no, Herr Muller, nobody but very foolish persons could imagine such a thing of this young Herr.

"When my Father, Herr von Katte's execution being ended, hastened to the Crown-Prince; he finds him miserably ill (SEHR ALTERIRT); advises him to take a cooling-powder in water, both which materials were ready on the table. This he presses on him: but the Prince always shakes his head." Suspects poison, you think? "Hereupon my Father takes from his pocket a paper, in which he carried cooling-powder for his own use; shakes out a portion of it into his hand, and so into his mouth; and now the Crown-Prince grips at my Father's powder, and takes that." Privately to be made away with; death resolved upon in some way! thinks the desperate young man? [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 183-189.]

That scene of Katte's execution, and of the Prince's and other people's position in regard to it, has never yet been humanly set forth, otherwise the response had been different. Not humanly set forth,--and so was only barked at, as by the infinitude of little dogs, in all countries; and could never yet be responded to in austere VOX HUMANA, deep as a DE PROFUNDIS, terrible as a Chorus of AEschylus,--for in effect that is rather the character of it, had the barking once pleased to cease. "King of Prussia cannot sleep," writes Dickens: "the officers sit up with him every night, and in his slumbers he raves and talks of spirits and apparitions." [Despatch, 3d October, 1730.] We saw him, ghost-like, in the night-time, gliding about, seeking shelter with Feekin against ghosts; Ginkel by daylight saw him, now clad in thunderous tornado, and anon in sorrowful fog. Here, farther on, is a new item,--and joined to it and the others, a remarkable old one:--

"In regard to Wilhelmina's marriage, and whether a Father cannot give his daughter in wedlock to whom he pleases, there have been eight Divines consulted, four Lutheran, four Reformed (Calvinist); who, all but one [he of the Garrison Church, a rhadamanthine fellow in serge], have answered, 'No, your Majesty!' It is remarkable that his Majesty has not gone to bed sober for this month past." [Dickens, 9th and 19th December, 1730.]

What Seckendorf and Grumkow thought of all these phenomena? They have done their job too well. They are all for mercy; lean with their whole weight that way,--in black qualms, one of them withal, thinking tremulously to himself, "What if his now Majesty were to die upon us, in the interim!"

Chapter II. CROWN-PRINCE TO REPENT AND NOT PERISH.

In regard to Friedrich, the Court-Martial needs no amendment from the King; the sentence on Friedrich, a Lieutenant-Colonel guilty of desertion, is, from President and all members except two, Death as by law. The two who dissented, invoking royal clemency and pardon, were Major-Generals by rank,—Schwerin, as some write, one of them, or if not Schwerin, then Linger; and for certain, Donhof,—two worthy gentlemen not known to any of my readers, nor to me, except as names, The rest are all coldly of opinion that the military code says Death. Other codes and considerations may say this and that, which it is not in their province to touch upon; this is what the military code says: and they leave it there.

The Junius Brutus of a Royal Majesty had answered in his own heart grimly, Well then! But his Councillors, Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, one and all interpose vehemently. "Prince of the Empire, your Majesty, not a Lieutenant-Colonel only! Must not, cannot;"—nay good old Buddenbrock, in the fire of still unsuccessful pleading, tore open his waistcoat: "If your Majesty requires blood, take mine; that other you shall never get, so long as I can speak!" Foreign Courts interpose; Sweden, the Dutch; the English in a circuitous way, round by Vienna to wit; finally the Kaiser himself sends an Autograph; [Date, 11th October, 1730 (Forster, i. 380).] for poor Queen Sophie has applied even to Seckendorf, will be friends with Grumkow himself, and in her despair is knocking at every door. Junius Brutus is said to have had paternal affections withal. Friedrich Wilhelm, alone against the whispers of his own heart and the voices of all men, yields at last in this cause. To Seckendorf, who has chalked out a milder didactic plan of treatment, still rigorous enough, [His Letter to the King, 1st November, 1730 (in Forster, i. 375, 376).] he at last admits that such plan is perhaps good; that the Kaiser's Letter has turned the scale with him; and the didactic method, not the beheading one, shall be tried. That Donhof and Schwerin, with their talk of mercy, with "their eyes upon the Rising Sun," as is evident, have done themselves no good, and shall perhaps find it so one day. But that, at any rate, Friedrich's life is spared; Katte's execution shall suffice in that kind. Repentance, prostrate submission and amendment,— these may do yet more for the prodigal, if he will in heart return. These points, some time before the 8th of November, we find to be as good as settled.

The unhappy prodigal is in no condition to resist farther. Chaplain Muller had introduced himself with Katte's dying admonition to the Crown-Prince to repent and submit. Chaplain Muller, with his wholesome cooling-powders, with his ghostly counsels, and considerations of temporal and eternal nature,—we saw how he prospered almost beyond hope. Even on Predestination, and the real nature of Election by Free Grace, all is coming right, or come, reports Muller. The Chaplain's Reports, Friedrich Wilhelm's grimly mollified Responses on the same: they are written, and in confused form have been printed; but shall be spared the English reader. And Grumkow has been out at Custrin, preaching to the same purport from other texts: Grumkow, with the thought ever present to him, "What if Friedrich Wilhelm should die?" is naturally an eloquent preacher. Enough, it has been settled (perhaps before the day of Katte's death, or at the latest three days after it, as we can see), That if the Prince will, and can with free conscience, take an Oath ("no mental reservation," mark you!) of contrite repentance, of perfect prostrate submission, and purpose of future entire obedience and conformity to the paternal mind in all things, "GNADENWAHL" included,—the paternal mind may possibly relax his durance a little, and put him gradually on proof again. [King's Letter to Muller, 8th November (Forster, i. 379).]

Towards which issue, as Chaplain Muller reports, the Crown-Prince is visibly gravitating, with all his weight and will. The very GNADENWAHL is settled; the young soul (truly a lover of Truth, your Majesty) taps on his ceiling, my floor being overhead, before the winter sun rises, as a signal that I must come down to him; so eager to have error and darkness purged away. Believes himself, as I believe him, ready to undertake that Oath; desires, however, to see it first, that he may maturely study every clause of it.— Say you verily so? answers Majesty. And MAY my ursine heart flow out again, and blubber gratefully over a sinner saved, a poor Son plucked as brand from the burning? "God, the Most High, give His blessing on it, then!" concludes the paternal Majesty: "And as He often, by wondrous guidances, strange paths and thorny steps, will bring men into the Kingdom of Christ, so may our Divine Redeemer help that this prodigal son be brought into His communion. That his godless heart be beaten till it is softened and changed; and so he be snatched from the claws of Satan. This grant us the Almighty God and Father, for our Lord Jesus Christ and His passion and death's sake! Amen!—I am, for the rest, your

well-affectioned King, FRIEDRICH WILHELM (WUSTERHAUSEN, 8th NOVEMBER, 1730)." [Forster, i. 379.]

CROWN-PRINCE BEGINS A NEW COURSE.

It was Monday, 6th November, when poor Katte died. Within a fortnight, on the second Sunday after, there has a Select Commission, Grumkow, Borck, Buddenbrock, with three other Soldiers, and the Privy Councillor Thulmeyer, come out to Custrin: there and then, Sunday, November 19th, [Nicolai, exactest of men, only that Documents were occasionally less accessible in his time, gives (ANEKDOTEN, vi. 187), "Saturday, November 25th," as the day of the Oath; but, no doubt, the later inquirers, Preuss (i. 56) and others, have found him wrong in this small instance.] these Seven, with due solemnity, administer the Oath (terms of Oath conceivable by readers); Friedrich being found ready. He signs the Oath, as well as audibly swears it: whereupon his sword is restored to him, and his prison-door opened. He steps forth to the Town Church with his Commissioners; takes the sacrament; listens, with all Custrin, to an illusive Sermon on the subject; "text happily chosen, preacher handling it well." Text was Psalm Seventy-seventh, verse eleventh (tenth of our English version), *And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Host High;* or, as Luther's version more intelligibly gives it, *This I have to suffer; the right hand of the Most High can change all.* Preacher (not Muller but another) rose gradually into didactic pathos; Prince, and all Custrin, were weeping, or near weeping, at the close of the business. [Preuss, i. 56.]

Straight from Church the Prince is conducted, not to the Fortress, but to a certain Town Mansion, which he is to call his own henceforth, under conditions: an erring Prince half liberated, and mercifully put on proof again. His first act here is to write, of his own composition, or helped by some official hand, this Letter to his All-serenest Papa; which must be introduced, though, except to readers of German who know the "DERE" (TheirO), "ALLERDURCHLAUCHTIGSTER," and strange pipe-clay solemnity of the Court-style, it is like to be in great part lost in any translation:—

"CUSTRIN, 19th November, 1730.

"ALL-SERENEST AND ALL-GRACIOUSEST FATHER,—To your Royal Majesty, my All-graciouslyest Father, have,"—I.E. "I have," if one durst write the "I,"—"by my disobedience as TheirO [YourO] subject and soldier, not less than by my undutifulness as TheirO Son, given occasion to a just wrath and aversion against me. With the All-obedientest respect I submit myself wholly to the grace of my most All-gracious Father; and beg him, Most All-graciously to pardon me; as it is not so much the withdrawal of my liberty in a sad arrest (MALHEUREUSEN ARREST), as my own thoughts of the fault I have committed, that have brought me to reason: Who, with all-obedientest respect and submission, continue till my end,

"My All-graciouslyest King's and Father's faithfully obedientest Servant and Son,

"FRIEDRICH."

[Preuss, i. 56, 57; and Anonymous, *Friedrichs des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, Posen und Bromberg, 1838), p. 3.]

This new House of Friedrich's in the little Town of Custrin, he finds arranged for him on rigorously thrifty principles, yet as a real Household of his own; and even in the form of a Court, with Hofmarschall, Kammerjunkers, and the other adjuncts;—Court reduced to its simplest expression, as the French say, and probably the cheapest that was ever set up. Hafmarschall (Court-marshal) is one Wolden, a civilian Official here. The Kammerjunkers are Rohwedel and Natzmer; Matzmer Junior, son of a distinguished Feldmarschall: "a good-hearted but foolish forward young fellow," says Wilhelmina; "the failure of a coxcomb (PETIT-MAITRE MANQUE)." For example, once, strolling about in a solemn Kaiser's Soiree in Vienna, he found in some quiet corner the young Duke of Lorraine, Franz, who it is thought will be the divine Maria Theresa's husband, and Kaiser himself one day. Foolish Natzmer found this noble young gentleman in a remote corner of the Soiree; went up, nothing loath, to speak graciousities and insipidities to him: the noble young gentleman yawned, as was too natural, a wide long yawn; and in an insipid familiar manner, foolish Natzmer (Wilhelmina and the Berlin circles know it) put his finger into the noble young gentleman's mouth, and insipidly wagged it there. "Sir, you seem to forget where you are!" said the noble young gentleman; and closing his mouth with emphasis, turned away; but happily took no farther notice. [Wilhelmina, i. 310.] This is all we yet know of the history of Natzmer, whose heedless ways and slap-dash speculations, tinted with natural ingenuity and good-humor, are not unattractive to the Prince.

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Hofmarschall and these two Kammerjunkers are of the lawyer species; men intended for Official business, in which the Prince himself is now to be occupied. The Prince has four lackeys, two pages, one valet. He wears his sword, but has no sword-tash (PORTE EPEE), much less an officer's uniform: a mere Prince put upon his good behavior again; not yet a soldier of the Prussian Army, only hoping to become so again. He wears a light-gray dress, "HECHTGRAUER (pike-gray) frock with narrow silver cordings;" and must recover his uniform, by proving himself gradually a new man.

For there is, along with the new household, a new employment laid out for him in Custrin; and it shall be seen what figure he makes in that, first of all. He is to sit in the DOMANEN-KAMMER or Government Board here, as youngest Rath; no other career permitted. Let him learn Economics and the way of managing Domain Lands (a very principal item of the royal revenues in this Country): humble work, but useful; which he had better see well how he will do. Two elder Raths are appointed to instruct him in the Economic Sciences and Practices, if he show faculty and diligence;—which in fact he turns out to do, in a superior degree, having every motive to try.

This kind of life lasted with him for the next fifteen months, all through the year 1731 and farther; and must have been a very singular, and was probably a highly instructive year to him, not in the Domain Sciences alone. He is left wholly to himself. All his fellow-creatures, as it were, are watching him. Hundred-eyed Argus, or the Ear of Dionysius, that is to say, Tobacco-Parliament with its spies and reporters,—no stirring of his finger can escape it here. He has much suspicion to encounter: Papa looking always sadly askance, sadly incredulous, upon him. He is in correspondence with Grumkow; takes much advice from Grumkow (our prompter-general, president in the Dionysius'-Ear, and not an ill-wisher farther); professes much thankfulness to Grumkow, now and henceforth. Thank you for flinging me out of the six-story window, and catching me by the coat-skirts!—Left altogether to himself, as we said; has in the whole Universe nothing that will save him but his own good sense, his own power of discovering what is what, and of doing what will be behooveful therein.

He is to quit his French literatures and pernicious practices, one and all. His very flute, most innocent "Princess," as he used to call his flute in old days, is denied him ever since he came to Custrin;—but by degrees he privately gets her back, and consorts much with her; wails forth, in beautiful adagios, emotions for which there is no other utterance at present. He has liberty of Custrin and the neighborhood; out of Custrin he is not to lodge, any night, without leave had of the Commandant. Let him walk warily; and in good earnest study to become a new creature, useful for something in the Domain Sciences and otherwise.

Chapter III. WILHELMINA IS TO WED THE PRINCE OF BAIREUTH.

Crown-Prince Friedrich being settled so far, his Majesty takes up the case of Wilhelmina, the other ravelled skein lying on hand. Wilhelmina has been prisoner in her Apartment at Berlin all this while: it is proper Wilhelmina be disposed of; either in wedlock, filially obedient to the royal mind; or in some much sterner way, "within four walls," it is whispered, if disobedient.

Poor Wilhelmina never thought of disobeying her parents: only, which of them to obey? King looks towards the Prince of Baireuth again, agreed on before those hurly-burlies now past; Queen looks far otherwards. Queen Sophie still desperately believes in the English match for Wilhelmina; and has subterranean correspondences with that Court; refusing to see that the negotiation is extinct there. Grumkow himself, so over-victorious in his late task, is now heeling towards England; "sincere in his wish to be well with us," thinks Dickens: Grumkow solaces her Majesty with delusive hopes in the English quarter: "Be firm, child; trust in my management; only swear to me, on your eternal salvation, that never, on any compulsion, will you marry another than the Prince of Wales;—give me that oath!" [Wilhelmina, i. 314.] Such was Queen Sophie's last proposal to Wilhelmina,— night of the 27th of January, 1731, as is computable,—her Majesty to leave for Potsdam on the morrow. They wept much together that night, but Wilhelmina dexterously evaded the oath, on a religious ground. Prince of Baireuth, whom Papa may like or may not like, has never yet personally made appearance: who or what will make appearance, or how things can or will turn, except a bad road, is terribly a mystery to Wilhelmina.

What with chagrin and confinement, what with bad diet (for the very diet is bad, quality and quantity alike unspeakable), Wilhelmina sees herself "reduced to a skeleton;" no company but her faithful Sonsfeld, no employment but her Books and Music;— struggles, however, still to keep heart. One day, it is in February, 1731, as I compute, they are sitting, her Sonsfeld and she, at their sad mess of so-called dinner, in their remote upper story of the Berlin Schloss, tramp of sentries the one thing audible; and were "looking mournfully at one another, with nothing to eat but a soup of salt and water, and a ragout of old bones full of hairs and slopperies [nothing else; that was its real quality, whatever fine name they might give it, says the vehement Princess], we heard a sharp tapping at the window; and started up in surprise, to see what it could be. It was a raven, carrying in its beak a bit of bread, which it left on the window-sill, and flew away." [Ib. i. 316.]

"Tears came into our eyes at this adventure." Are we become as Hebrew Elijahs, then; so that the wild ravens have to bring us food? Truth is, there was nothing miraculous, as Wilhelmina found by and by. It was a tame raven,—not the soul of old George I., which lives at Isleworth on good pensions; but the pet raven of a certain Margravine, which lost its way among the intricate roofs here. But the incident was touching. "Well," exclaimed Wilhelmina, "in the Roman Histories I am now reading, it is often said those creatures betoken good luck." All Berlin, such the appetite for gossip, and such the famine of it in Berlin at present, talked of this minute event: and the French Colony—old Protestant Colony, practical considerate people—were so struck by it, they brought baskets of comfortable things to us, and left them daily, as if by accident, on some neutral ground, where the maid could pick them up, sentries refusing to see unless compelled. Which fine procedure has attached Wilhelmina to the French nation ever since, as a dexterous useful people, and has given her a disposition to help them where she could.

The omen of the raven did not at once bring good luck: however, it did chance to be the turning-point, solstice of this long Greenland winter; after which, amid storms and alarms, daylight came steadily nearer. Storms and alarms: for there came rumors of quarrels out at Potsdam, quarrels on the old score between the Royal Spouses there; and frightful messages, through one Eversmann, an insolent royal lackey, about wedding Weissenfels, about imprisonment for life and other hard things; through all which Wilhelmina studied to keep her poor head steady, and answer with dignity yet discreetly. On the other hand, her Sisters are permitted to visit her, and perceptible assuagements come. At length, on the 11th of May, there came solemn Deputation, Borck, Grumkow, Thulmeyer in it, old real friends aud pretended new; which set poor Wilhelmina wringing her hands (having had a Letter from Mamma overnight); but did bring about a solution. It was Friday, 11th of May; a day of crisis in Wilhelmina's history; Queen commanding one thing, King another, and the hour of decision come.

Entering, announcing themselves, with dreadful solemnity, these gentlemen, Grumkow the spokesman, in soft

phrase, but with strict clearness, made it apparent to her, That marry she must,—the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth,—and without the consent of both her parents, which was unattainable at present, but peremptorily under the command of one of them, whose vote was the supreme. Do this (or even say that you will do it, whisper some of the well-affected), his Majesty's paternal favor will return upon you like pent waters;—and the Queen will surely reconcile herself (or perhaps turn it all her own way yet! whisper the well-affected). Refuse to do it, her Majesty, your Royal Brother, you yourself Royal Highness, God only knows what the unheard-of issue will be for you all! Do it, let us advise you: you must, you must!—Wilhelmina wrung her hands; ran distractedly to and fro; the well-affected whispering to her, the others "conversing at a window." At length she did it. Will marry whom her all-gracious Papa appoints; never wished or meant the least disobedience; hopes, beyond all things, his paternal love will now return, and make everybody blessed;—and oh, reconcile Mamma to me, ye well-affected! adds she.—Bravissimo! answer they: her Majesty, for certain, will reconcile herself; Crown-Prince get back from Custrin, and all will be well. [Wilhelmina, i. 327–333.]

Friedrich Wilhelm was overjoyed; Queen Sophie Dorothee was in despair. With his Majesty, who "wept" like a paternal bear, on re-embracing Wilhelmina the obedient some days hence, it became a settled point, and was indicated to Wilhelmina as such, That the Crown-Prince would, on her actual wedding, probably get back from Custrin. But her Majesty's reconciliation,—this was very slow to follow. Her Majesty was still in flames of ire at their next interview; and poor Wilhelmina fainted, on approaching to kiss her hand. "Disgraced, vanquished, and my enemies triumphing!" said her Majesty; and vented her wrath on Wilhelmina; and fell ill (so soon as there was leisure), ill, like to die, and said, "Why pretend to weep, when it is you that have killed me!"—and indeed was altogether hard, bitter, upon the poor Princess; a chief sorrow to her in these trying months. Can there be such wrath in celestial minds, venting itself so unreasonably?—At present there is no leisure for illness; grand visitors in quantity have come and are coming; and the Court is brilliant exceedingly;—his Majesty blazing out into the due magnificence, which was very great on this occasion, domestic matters looking up with him again. The Serenities of Brunswick are here, young and old; much liked by Friedrich Wilhelm; and almost reckoned family people,—ever since their Eldest Son was affianced to the Princess Charlotte here, last visit they made. To Princess Charlotte, Wilhelmina's second junior,—mischievous, coquettish creature she, though very pretty and insinuating, who seems to think her Intended rather a phlegmatic young gentleman, as Wilhelmina gradually discovers. Then there is old Duke Eberhard Ludwig, of Wurtemberg, whom we saw at Ludwigsburg last year, in an intricate condition with his female world and otherwise, he too announces himself,—according to promise then given. Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig comes, stays three weeks in great splendor of welcome;—poor old gentleman, his one son is now dead; and things are getting earnest with him. On his return home, this time, he finds, according to order, the foul witch Gravenitz duly cleared away; reinstates his injured Duchess, with the due feelings, better late than never; and dies in a year or two, still childless.—

These are among the high guests at Berlin; and there are plenty of others whom we do not name. Magnificent dining; with "six-and-twenty blackamoors," high-colored creatures, marching up the grand staircase, round the table, round it, and then down again, melodious, doing "janizary music," if you happen to prefer that kind;—trained creatures these blackamoors, all got when boys, and set to cymballing and fifying betimes, adds my authority. [Fassmann, p. 726, Dining, boar-hunting (if the boar be hutable), especially reviewing, fail not in those fine summer days.

One evening, it is Sunday, 27th of May, latish, while the high guests, with Queen and Wilhelmina, are just passing in to supper (King's Majesty having "gone to bed at seven," to be well astir for the review to-morrow), a sound of wheels is heard in the court. Modest travelling-equipage rolls up into the inner court; to the foot of the grand staircase there, whither only Princes come:—who can it be? The Queen sends to inquire. Heavens, it is the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth! "Medusa's Head never produced such effect as did this bit of news: Queen sat petrified; and I," by reflex, was petrified too! Wilhelmina passed the miserablest night, no wink of sleep; and felt quite ill in the morning;—in dread, too, of Papa's rough jests,—and wretched enough. She had begged much, last night! to be excused from the review. But that could not be: "I must go," said the Queen after reflection, "and you with me." Which they did;—and diversified the pomp and circumstance of mock-war by a small unexpected scene.

Queen, Princess and the proper Dames had, by his Majesty's order, to pass before the line: Princess in much trouble, "with three caps huddled on me, to conceal myself," poor soul. Margraf of Schwedt, at the head of his

regiment, "looked swollen with rage," high hopes gone in this manner;—and saluted us with eyes turned away. As for his Mother, the Dessau Margravine in high colors, she was "blue in the face" all day. Lines passed, and salutations done, her Majesty and Dames withdrew to the safe distance, to look on:—Such a show, for pomp and circumstance, Wilhelmina owns, as could not be equalled in the world. Such wheeling, rhythmic coalescing and unfolding; accurate as clock-work, far and wide; swift big column here, hitting swift big column there, at the appointed place and moment; with their volleyings and trumpeting, bright uniforms and streamers and field-music,—in equipment and manoeuvre perfect all, to the meanest drummer or black kettle-drummer:—supreme drill-sergeant playing on the thing, as on his huge piano, several square miles in area! Comes of the Old Dessauer, all this; of the "equal step;" of the abstruse meditations upon tactics, in that rough head of his. Very pretty indeed.—But in the mean while an Official steps up: cap in hand, approaches the Queen's carriage; says, He is ordered to introduce his Highness the Prince of Baireuth. Prince comes up accordingly; a personable young fellow; intelligent-looking, self-possessed; makes obeisance to her Majesty, who answers in frosty politeness; and—and Wilhelmina, faint, fasting, sleepless all night, fairly falls aswoon. Could not be helped: and the whole world saw it; and Guy Dickens and the Diplomats wrote home about it, and there rose rumor and gossip enough! [Dickens, of 2d June, 1731 (in pathetic terms); Wilhelmina, i. 341 (without pathos).] But that was the naked truth of it: hot weather, agitation, want of sleep, want of food; not aversion to the Hereditary Prince, nothing of that. Rather the contrary, indeed; and, on better acquaintance, much the contrary. For he proved a very rational, honorable and eligible young Prince: modest, honest, with abundance of sense and spirit; kind too and good, hot temper well kept, temper hot not harsh; quietly holds his own in all circles; good discourse in him, too, and sharp repartee if requisite,—though he stammered somewhat in speaking. Submissive Wilhelmina feels that one might easily have had a worse husband. What glories for you in England! the Queen used. to say to her in old times: "He is a Prince, that Frederick, who has a good heart, and whose genius is very small. Rather ugly than handsome; slightly out of shape even (UN PEU CONTREFAIT). But provided you have the complaisance to suffer his debaucheries, you will quite govern him; and you will be more King than he, when once his Father is dead. Only see what a part you will play! It will be you that decide on the weal or woe of Europe, and give law to the Nation," [Wilhelmina, i. 143.]—in a manner! Which Wilhelmina did not think a celestial prospect even then. Who knows but, of all the offers she had, "four" or three "crowned heads" among them, this final modest honest one may be intrinsically the best? Take your portion, if inevitable, and be thankful!—

The Betrothal follows in about a week: Sunday, 3d June, 1731; with great magnificence, in presence of the high guests and all the world: and Wilhelmina is the affianced Bride of Friedrich of Baireuth:—and that enormous Double-Marriage Tragi-comedy, of Much Ado about Nothing, is at last ended. Courage, friends; all things do end!—

The high guests hereupon go their ways again; and the Court of Berlin, one cannot but suppose, collapses, as after a great effort finished. Do not Friedrich Wilhelm and innumerable persons—the readers and the writer of this History included—feel a stone rolled off their hearts?—It is now, and not till now, that Queen Sophie falls sick, and like to die; and reproaches Wilhelmina with killing her. Friedrich Wilhelm hopes confidently, not; waits out at Potsdam, for a few days, till this killing danger pass; then departs, with double impetuosity, for Preussen, and despatch of Public Business; such a mountain of Domestic Business being victoriously got under.

Poor King, his life, this long while, has been a series of earthquakes and titanic convulsions. Narrow miss he has had, of pulling down his house about his ears, and burying self, son, wife, family and fortunes, under the ruin-heap,—a monument to remote posterity. Never was such an enchanted dance, of well-intentioned Royal Bear with poetic temperament, piped to by two black-artists, for the Kaiser's and Pragmatic Sanction's sake! Let Tobacco-Parliament also rejoice; for truly the play was growing dangerous, of late. King and Parliament, we may suppose, return to Public Business with double vigor.

Chapter IV. CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN PREUSSEN AND ELSEWHERE.

Not that his Majesty, while at the deepest in domestic intricacies, ever neglects Public Business. This very summer he is raising Hussar Squadrons; bent to introduce the Hussar kind of soldiery into his Army;—a good deal of horse-breaking and new sabre-exercise needed for that object. [Fassmann, pp. 417, 418.] The affairs of the Reich have at no moment been out of his eye; glad to see the Kaiser edging round to the Sea-Powers again, and things coming into their old posture, in spite of that sad Treaty of Seville.

Nay, for the last two years, while the domestic volcanoes were at their worst, his Majesty has been extensively dealing with a new question which has risen, that of the SALZBURG PROTESTANTS; concerning which we shall hear more anon. Far and wide, in the Diets and elsewhere, he has been diligently, piously and with solid judgment, handling this question of the poor Salzburgers; and has even stored up moneys in intended solace of them (for he foresees what the end will be);—moneys which, it appears about this time, a certain Official over in Preussen has been peculating! In the end of June, his Majesty sets off to Preussen on the usual Inspection Tour; which we should not mention, were it not in regard to that same Official, and to something very rhadamanthine and particular which befell him; significant of what his Majesty can do in the way of prompt justice.

CASE OF SCHLUBHUT.

The Konigsberg Domain-Board (KRIEGS- UND DOMANEN-KAMMER) had fallen awry, in various points, of late; several things known to be out-at-elbows in that Country; the Kammer Raths evidently lax at their post; for which reason they have been sharply questioned, and shaken by the collar, so to speak. Nay there is one Rath, a so-called Nobleman of those parts, by name Schlubhut, who has been found actually defaulting; peculating from that pious hoard intended for the Salzburgers: he is proved, and confesses, to have put into his own scandalous purse no less than 11,000 thalers, some say 30,000 (almost 5,000 pounds), which belonged to the Public Treasury and the Salzburg Protestants! These things, especially this latter unheard-of Schlubhut thing, the Supreme Court at Berlin (CRIMINAL-COLLEGIUM) have been sitting on, for some time; and, in regard to Schlubhut, they have brought out a result, which Friedrich Wilhelm not a little admires at. Schlubhut clearly guilty of the defamation, say they; but he has moneys, landed properties: let him refund, principal and interest; and have, say, three or four years' imprisonment, by way of memento. "Years' imprisonment? Refund? Is theft in the highest quarters a thing to be let off for refunding?" growls his Majesty; and will not confirm this sentence of his Criminal-Collegium; but leaves it till he get to the spot, and see with his own eyes. Schlubhut, in arrest or mild confinement all this while, ought to be bethinking himself more than he is!

Once on the spot, judge if the Konigsberg Domain-Kammer had not a stiff muster to pass; especially if Schlubhut's drill-exercise was gentle! Schlubhut, summoned to private interview with his Majesty, carries his head higher than could be looked for: Is very sorry; knows not how it happened; meant always to refund; will refund, to the last penny, and make all good.—"Refund? Does He (ER) know what stealing means, then? How the commonest convicted private thief finds the gallows his portion; much more a public Magistrate convicted of theft? Is He aware that He, in a very especial manner, deserves hanging, then?"—Schlubhut looks offended dignity; conscious of rank, if also of quasi-theft: "ES IST NICHT MANIER (it is not the polite thing) to hang a Prussian Nobleman on those light terms!" answers Schlubhut, high mannered at the wrong time: "I can and will pay the money back!"—NOBLE-man? Money back? "I will none of His scoundrelly money." To strait Prison with this SCHURKE!—And thither he goes accordingly: unhappiest of mortals; to be conscious of rank, not at the right place, when about to steal the money, but at the wrong, when answering to Rhadamanthus on it!

And there, sure enough, Schlubhut lies, in his prison on the SCHLOSSPLATZ, or Castle Square, of Konigsberg, all night; and hears, close by the DOMANEN-KAMMER, which is in the same Square, DOMANEN-KAMMER where his Office used to be, a terrible sound of carpentering go on;—unhappiest of Prussian Noblemen. And in the morning, see, a high gallows built; close in upon the Domain-Kammer, looking into the very windows of it;—and there, sure enough, the unfortunate Schlubhut dies the thief's death, few hours hence, speaking or thinking what, no man reports to me. Death was certain for him; inevitable as fate. And so he vibrates there, admonitory to the other Raths for days,—some say for weeks,—till by humble petition they got the gallows removed. The stumps of it, sawed close by the stones, were long after visible in that Schlossplatz of

Konigsberg. Here is prompt justice with a witness! Did readers ever hear of such a thing? There is no doubt about the fact, [Benekendorf (Anonymous), *Karakterzuge aus dem Leben Konig Friedrich Wilhelm I.* (Berlin, 1788), vii. 15–20; Forster (ii. 268), though in all Prussian Books it is loosely smeared over, without the least precision of detail; and it was not till after long searching that I could so much as get it dated: July, 1731, while Friedrich Crown–Prince is still in eclipse at Custrin, and some six weeks after Wilhelmina's betrothal. And here furthermore, direct from the then Schlubhut precincts, is a stray Note, meteorological chiefly; but worth picking up, since it is authentic. "Wehlau," we observe, is on the road homewards again,—on our return from uttermost Memel,—a day's journey hitherwards of that place, half a day's thitherwards of Konigsberg:—

"TUESDAY, 10th JULY, 1731. King dining with General Dockum at Wehlau,"—where he had been again reviewing, for about forty hours, all manner of regiments brought to rendezvous there for the purpose, poor "General Katte with his regiment" among them;—King at dinner with General Dockum after all that, "took the resolution to be off to Konigsberg; and arrived here at the stroke of midnight, in a deluge of rain." This brings us within a day, or two days, of Schlubhut's death, Terrible "combat of Bisons (URI, or AUEROCHSEN, with such manes, such heads), of two wild Bisons against six wild Bears," then ensued; and the Schlubhut human tragedy; I know not in what sequence,—rather conjecture the Schlubhut had gone FIRST. Pillau, road to Dantzic, on the narrow strip between the Frische Haf and Baltic, is the next stage homewards; at Pillau, General Finkenstein (excellent old Tutor of the Crown–Prince) is Commandant, and expects his rapid Majesty, day and hour given, to me not known, Majesty goes in three carriages; Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, Ginkel are among his suite; weather still very electric:—

"At Fischhausen, half–way to Pillau, Majesty had a bout of elk–hunting; killed sixty elks [Melton–Mowbray may consider it],— creatures of the deer sort, nimble as roes, but strong as bulls, and four palms higher than the biggest horse,—to the astonishment of Seckendorf, Ginkel and the strangers there. Half an hour short of Pillau, furious electricity again; thunder–bolt shivered an oak–tree fifteen yards from Majesty's carriage. And at Pillau itself, the Battalion in Garrison there, drawn out in arms, by Count Finkenstein, to receive his Majesty [rain over by this time, we can hope], had suddenly to rush forward and take new ground; Frische Haf, on some pressure from the elements, having suddenly gushed out, two hundred paces beyond its old watermark in that place." [See Mauvillon, ii. 293–297;—CORRECTING by Fassmann, p. 422.]

Pillau, Fischhausen,—this is where the excellent old Adalbert stamped the earth with his life "in the shape of a crucifix" eight hundred years ago: and these are the new phenomena there!— The General Dockum, Colonel of Dragoons, whom his Majesty dined with at Wehlau, got his death not many months after. One of Dockum's Dragoon Lieutenants felt insulted at something, and demanded his discharge: discharge given, he challenged Dockum, duel of pistols, and shot him dead. [7th April, 1732 (*Militair–Lexikon*, i. 365).] Nothing more to be said of Dockum, nor of that Lieutenant, in military annals.

CASE OF THE CRIMINAL–COLLEGIUM ITSELF.

And thus was the error of the Criminal–Collegium rectified IN RE Schlubhut. For it is not in name only, but in fact, that this Sovereign is Supreme Judge, and bears the sword in God's stead,— interfering now and then, when need is, in this terrible manner. In the same dim authentic Benekendorf (himself a member of the Criminal–Collegium in later times), and from him in all the Books, is recorded another interference somewhat in the comic vein; which also we may give. Undisputed fact, again totally without precision or details; not even datable, except that, on study, we perceive it may have been before this Schlubhut's execution, and after the Criminal–Collegium had committed their error about him, —must have been while this of Schlubhut was still vividly in mind; Here is the unprecise but indubitable fact, as the Prussian Dryasdust has left us his smear of it:—

"One morning early" (might be before Schlubhut was hanged, and while only sentence of imprisonment and restitution lay on him), General Graf von Donhof, Colonel of a Musketeer Regiment, favorite old soldier,—who did vote on the mild side in that Court–Martial on the Crown–Prince lately; but I hope has been forgiven by his Majesty, being much esteemed by him these long years past;—this Donhof, early one morning, calls upon the King, with a grimly lamenting air. "What is wrong, Herr General?"—"Your Majesty, my best musketeer, an excellent soldier, and of good inches, fell into a mistake lately,—bad company getting round the poor fellow; they, he among them, slipt into a house and stole something; trifle and without violence: pay is but three halfpence, your Majesty, and the Devil tempts men! Well, the Criminal–Collegium have condemned him to be hanged; an excellent soldier and of good inches, for that one fault. Nobleman Schlubhut was 'to make restitution,'

they decreed: that was their decree on Schlubhut, one of their own set; and this poor soldier, six feet three, your Majesty, is to dance on the top of nothing for a three-halfpenny matter!"—So would Donhof represent the thing,—"fact being," says my Dryasdust, "it was a case of house-breaking with theft to the value of 6,000 thalers and this musketeer the ringleader!"—Well; but was Schlubhut sentenced to hanging? Do you keep two weights and two measures, in that Criminal-Collegium of yours, then?

Friedrich Wilhelm feels this sad contrast very much; the more, as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches: Friedrich Wilhelm flames up into wrath; sends off swift messengers to bring these Judges, one and all instantly into his presence. The Judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting; they make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the anteroom, Friedrich Wilhelm, in extreme impatience has them called in; starts discoursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges do but provoke him farther; it is not long till he starts up, growling terribly: "IHR SCHURKEN (Ye Scoundrels), how could you?" and smites down upon the crowns of them with the Royal Cudgel itself. Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal Cudgel rains blows, right and left: blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken; and "several Judges lost a few teeth, and had their noses battered," before they could get out. The second relay meeting them in this dilapidated state, on the staircases, dashed home again without the honor of a Royal interview. [Benekendorf, vii. 33; Forster, ii. 270.] Let them learn to keep one balance, and one set of weights, in their Law-Court hence forth.—This is an actual scene, of date Berlin, 1731, or thereby; unusual in the annals of Themis. Of which no constitutional country can hope to see the fellow, were the need never so pressing.—I wish his Majesty had been a thought more equal, when he was so rhadamanthine! Schlubhut he hanged, Schlubhut being only Schlubhut's chattel; this musketeer, his Majesty's own chattel, he did not hang, but set him shouldering arms again, after some preliminary dusting!—

His Majesty was always excessively severe on defalcations; any Chancellor, with his Exchequer-bills gone wrong, would have fared ill in that country. One Treasury dignitary, named Wilke (who had "dealt in tall recruits," as a kind of by-trade, and played foul in some slight measure), the King was clear for hanging; his poor Wife galloped to Potsdam, shrieking mercy; upon which Friedrich Wilhelm had him whipt by the hangman, and stuck for life into Spandau. Still more tragical—was poor Hesse's case. Hesse, some domain Rath out at Konigsberg, concerned with moneys, was found with account-books in a state of confusion, and several thousands short, when the outcome was cleared up. What has become of these thousands, Sir? Poor old Hesse could not tell: "God is my witness, no penny of them ever stuck to me," asseverated poor old Hesse; "but where they are—? My account-books are in such a state;—alas, and my poor old memory is not what it was!" They brought him to Berlin; in the end they actually hanged the poor old soul;—and then afterwards in his dusty lumber-rooms, hidden in pots, stuffed into this nook and that, most or all of the money was found! [Forster (ii. 269), Date and document exist for all these cases, though my Dryasdust gives none; and the cases are indubitable; very rhadamanthine indeed. The soft quality of mercy,—ah, yes, it is beautiful and blessed, when permissible (though thrice-accursed, when not): but it is on the hard quality of justice, first of all, that Empires are built up, and beneficent and lasting things become achievable to mankind, in this world!—

SKIPPER JENKINS IN THE GULF OF FLORIDA.

A couple of weeks before Schlubhut's death, the English Newspapers are somewhat astir,—in the way of narrative merely, as yet. Ship Rebecca, Captain Robert Jenkins Master, has arrived in the Port of London, with a strange story in her log-book. Of which, after due sifting, this is accurately the substance:—

"LONDON, 23d–27th JUNE, 1731. Captain Jenkins left this Port with the Rebecca, several months ago; sailed to Jamaica, for a cargo of sugar. He took in his cargo at Jamaica; put to sea again, 6th April, 1731, and proceeded on the Voyage homewards; with indifferent winds for the first fortnight. April 20th, with no wind or none that would suit, he was hanging about in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida, not far from the Havana,—almost too near it, I should think; but these baffling winds!—"not far from the Havana, when a Spanish Guarda-Costa hove in sight; came down on Jenkins, and furiously boarded him: 'Scoundrel, what do YOU want; contrabanding in these seas? Jamaica, say you? Sugar? Likely! Let us see your logwood, hides, Spanish pieces-of-eight!' And broke in upon Jenkins, ship and person, in a most extraordinary manner. Tore up his hatches; plunged down, seeking logwood, hides, pieces-of-eight; found none,—not the least trace of contraband on board of Jenkins. They brought up his quadrants, sextants, however; likewise his stock of tallow candles: they shook and rummaged him, and all things, for pieces-of-eight; furiously advised him, cutlass in hand, to confess

guilt. They slashed the head of Jenkins, his left ear almost off. Order had been given, 'Scalp him!'—but as he had no hair, they omitted that; merely brought away the wig, and slashed:—still no confession, nor any pieces—of—eight. They hung him up to the yard—arm,—actual neck—halter, but it seems to have been tarry, and did not run:— still no confession. They hoisted him higher, tied his cabin—boy to his feet; neck—halter then became awfully stringent upon Jenkins; had not the cabin—boy (without head to speak of) slipt through, noose being tarry; which was a sensible relief to Jenkins. Before very death, they lowered Jenkins, 'Confess, scoundrel, then!' Scoundrel could not confess; spoke of 'British Majesty's flag, peaceable English subject on the high seas.'— 'British Majesty; high seas!' answered they, and again hoisted. Thrice over they tried Jenkins in this manner at the yard—arm, once with cabin—boy at his feet: never had man such a day, outrageous whiskerando cut—throats tossing him about, his poor Rebecca and him, at such rate! Sun getting low, and not the least trace of contraband found, they made a last assault on Jenkins; clutched the bloody slit ear of him; tore it mercilessly off; flung it in his face, 'Carry that to your King, and tell him of it!' Then went their way; taking Jenkins's tallow candles, and the best of his sextants with them; so that he could hardly work his passage home again, for want of latitudes;—and has lost in goods 112 pounds, not to speak of his ear. Strictly true all this; ship's company, if required, will testify on their oath." [Daily Journal (and the other London Newspapers), 12th–17th June (o.s.), 1731. Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 579, 560 (indistinct, and needing correction).]

These surely are singular facts; calculated to awaken a maritime public careful of its honor. Which they did,—after about eight years, as the reader will see! For the present, there are growlings in the coffee—houses; and, "THURSDAY, 28th JUNE," say the Newspapers, "This day Captain Jenkins with his Owners," ear in his pocket, I hope, "went out to Hampton Court to lay the matter before his Grace of Newcastle:" "Please your Grace, it is hardly three months since the illustrious Treaty of Vienna was signed; Dutch and we leading in the Termagant of Spain, and nothing but halcyon weather to be looked for on that side!" Grace of Newcastle, anxious to avoid trouble with Spain, answers I can only fancy what; and nothing was done upon Jenkins and his ear;

["The Spaniards own they did a witty thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King."

POPE (date not given me).] —may "keep it in cotton," if he like; shall have "a better ship" for some solacement. This is the first emergence of Jenkins and his ear upon negligent mankind. He and it will marvellously re—emerge, one day!—

BABY CARLOS GETS HIS APANAGE.

But in regard to that Treaty of Vienna, seventh and last of the travail—throes for Baby Carlos's Apanage, let the too oblivious reader accept the following Extract, to keep him on a level with Public "Events," as they are pleased to denominate themselves:—

"By that dreadful Treaty of Seville, Cardinal Fleury and the Spaniards should have joined with England, and coerced the Kaiser VI ET ARMIS to admit Spanish Garrisons [instead of neutral] into Parma and Piacenza, and so secure Baby Carlos his heritage there, which all Nature was in travail till he got. 'War in Italy to a certainty!' said all the Newspapers, after Seville: and Crown—Prince Friedrich, we saw, was running off to have a stroke in said War;—inevitable, as the Kaiser still obstinately refused. And the English, and great George their King, were ready. Nevertheless, no War came. Old Fleury, not wanting war, wanting only to fish out something useful for himself,—Lorraine how welcome, and indeed the smallest contributions are welcome!— Old Fleury manoeuvred, hung back; till the Spaniards and Termagant Elizabeth lost all patience, and the very English were weary, and getting auspicious. Whereupon the Kaiser edged round to the Sea—Powers again, or they to him; and comfortable AS—YOU—WERE was got accomplished: much to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm and others. Here are some of the dates to these sublime phenomena:

"MARCH 16th, 1731, Treaty of Vienna, England and the Kaiser coalescing again into comfortable AS—YOU—WERE. Treaty done by Robinson [Sir Thomas, ultimately Earl of Grantham, whom we shall often hear of in time coming]; was confirmed and enlarged by a kind of second edition, 22d July, 1731; Dutch joining, Spain itself acceding, and all being now right. Which could hardly have been expected.

"For before the first edition of that Treaty, and while Robinson at Vienna was still laboring like Hercules in it,—the poor Duke of Parma died. Died; and no vestige of a 'Spanish Garrison' yet there, to induct Baby Carlos according to old bargain. On the contrary, the Kaiser himself took possession,—'till once the Duke's Widow, who declares herself in the family—way, be brought to bed! If of a Son, of course he must have the Duchies; if of a

Daughter only, then Carlos SHALL get them, let not Robinson fear.' The due months ran, but neither son nor daughter came; and the Treaty of Vienna, first edition and also second, was signed; and,

"OCTOBER 20th, 1731, Spanish Garrisons, no longer an hypothesis, but a bodily fact, 6,000 strong, 'convoys by the British Fleet,' came into Leghorn, and proceeded to lodge themselves in the long-litigated Parma and Piacenza;—and, in fine, the day after Christmas, blessed be Heaven,

"DECEMBER 26th, Baby Carlos in highest person came in: Baby Carlos (more power to him!) got the Duchies, and we hope there was an end. No young gentleman ever had such a pother to make among his fellow-creatures about a little heritable property. If Baby Carlos's performance in it be anything in proportion, he will be a supereminent sovereign!—

"There is still some haggle about Tuscany, the Duke of which is old and heirless; Last of the Medici, as he proved. Baby Carlos would much like to have Tuscany too; but that is a Fief of the Empire, and might easily be better disposed of, thinks the Kaiser. A more or less uncertain point, that of Tuscany; as many points are! Last of the Medici complained, in a polite manner, that they were parting his clothes before he had put them off: however, having no strength, he did not attempt resistance, but politely composed himself, 'Well, then!' [Scholl, ii. 219–221; Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 346; Coxe's *House of Austria* (London, 1854), iii. 151.] Do readers need to be informed that this same Baby Carlos came to be King of Naples, and even ultimately to be Carlos III. of Spain, leaving a younger Son to be King of Naples, ancestor of the now Majesty there?"

And thus, after such Diplomatic earthquakes and travail of Nature, there is at last birth; the Seventh Travail—throe has been successful, in some measure successful. Here actually is Baby Carlos's Apanage; there probably, by favor of Heaven and of the Sea-Powers, will the Kaiser's Pragmatic Sanction be, one day. Treaty of Seville, most imminent of all those dreadful Imminencies of War, has passed off as they all did; peaceably adjusts itself into Treaty of Vienna: A Termagant, as it were, sated; a Kaiser hopeful to be so, Pragmatic Sanction and all: for the Sea-Powers and everybody mere halcyon weather henceforth,—not extending to the Gulf of Florida and Captain Jenkins, as would seem! Robinson, who did the thing,—an expert man, bred to business as old Horace Walpole's Secretary, at Soissons and elsewhere, and now come to act on his own score,—regards this Treaty of Vienna (which indeed had its multiform difficulties) as a thing to immortalize a man.

Crown-Prince has, long since, by Papa's order, written to the Kaiser, to thank Imperial Majesty for that beneficent intercession, which has proved the saving of his life, as Papa inculcates. We must now see a little how the saved Crown-Prince is getting on, in his eclipsed state, among the Domain Sciences at Custrin.

Chapter V. INTERVIEW OF MAJESTY AND CROWN-PRINCE AT CUSTRIN.

Ever since the end of November last year, Crown-Prince Friedrich, in the eclipsed state, at Custrin, has been prosecuting his probationary course, in the Domain Sciences and otherwise, with all the patience, diligence and dexterity he could. It is false, what one reads in some foolish Books, that Friedrich neglected the functions assigned him as assessor in the KRIEGS- UND DOMANEN-KAMMER. That would not have been the safe course for him! The truth still evident is, he set himself with diligence to learn the Friedrich-Wilhelm methods of administering Domains, and the art of Finance in general, especially of Prussian Finance, the best extant then or since;—Finance, Police, Administrative Business;—and profited well by the Raths appointed as tutors to him, in the respective branches. One Hille was his Finance-tutor; whose "KOMPENDIUM," drawn up and made use of on this occasion, has been printed in our time; and is said to be, in brief compass, a highly instructive Piece; throwing clear light on the exemplary Friedrich-Wilhelm methods. [Preuss, i. 59 n.] These the Prince did actually learn; and also practise, all his life,—"essentially following his Father's methods," say the Authorities,—with great advantage to himself, when the time came.

Solid Nicolai hunted diligently after traces of him in the Assessor business here; and found some: Order from Papa, to "make Report, upon the Glass-works of the Neumark:" Autograph signatures to common Reports, one or two; and some traditions of his having had a hand in planning certain Farm-Buildings still standing in those parts:—but as the Kammer Records of Custrin, and Custrin itself, were utterly burnt by the Russians in 1758, such traces had mostly vanished thirty years before Nicolai's time. [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 193.] Enough have turned up since, in the form of Correspondence with the King and otherwise: and it is certain the Crown-Prince did plan Farm-Buildings;—"both Carzig and Himmelstadt (Carzig now called FRIEDRICHSFELDE in consequence)," [See Map] dim mossy Steadings, which pious Antiquarianism can pilgrim to if it likes, were built or rebuilt by him:—and it is remarkable withal how thoroughly instructed Friedrich Wilhelm shows himself in such matters; and how paternally delighted to receive such proposals of improvement introducible at the said Carzig and Himmelstadt, and to find young Graceless so diligent, and his ideas even good. Forster, ii. 390, 387, 391.] Perhaps a momentary glance into those affairs may be permitted farther on.

The Prince's life, in this his eclipsed state, is one of constraint, anxiety, continual liability; but after the first months are well over, it begins to be more supportable than we should think. He is fixed to the little Town; cannot be absent any night, without leave from the Commandant; which, however, and the various similar restrictions, are more formal than real. An amiable Crown-Prince, no soul in Custrin but would run by night or by day to serve him. He drives and rides about, in that green peaty country, on Domain business, on visits, on permissible amusement, pretty much at his own modest discretion. A green flat region, made of peat and sand; human industry needing to be always busy on it: raised causeways with incessant bridges, black sedgy ditch on this hand and that; many meres, muddy pools, stagnant or flowing waters everywhere; big muddy Oder, of yellowish-drab color, coming from the south, big black Warta (Warthe) from the Polish fens in the east, the black and yellow refusing to mingle for some miles. Nothing of the picturesque in this country; but a good deal of the useful, of the improvable by economic science; and more of fine productions in it, too, of the floral, and still more interesting sorts, than you would suspect at first sight. Friedrich's worst pinch was his dreadful straitness of income; checking one's noble tendencies on every hand: but the gentry of the district privately subscribed gifts for him (SE COTISIRENT, says Wilhelmina); and one way and other he contrived to make ends meet. Munchow, his President in the Kammer, next to whom sits Friedrich, "King's place standing always ready but empty there," is heartily his friend; the Munchows are diligent in getting up balls, rural gayeties, for him; so the Hilles,—nay Hille, severe Finance Tutor, has a Mamsell Hille whom it is pleasant to dance with; [Preuss, i. 59.] nor indeed is she the only fascinating specimen, or flower of loveliness, in those peaty regions, as we shall see. On the whole, his Royal Highness, after the first paroxysms of Royal suspicion are over, and forgiveness beginning to seem possible to the Royal mind, has a supportable time of it; and possesses his soul in patience, in activity and hope.

Unpermitted things, once for all, he must avoid to do: perhaps he will gradually discover that many of them were foolish things better not done. He walks warily; to this all things continually admonish. We trace in him some real desire to be wise, to do and learn what is useful if he can here. But the grand problem, which is reality

itself to him, is always, To regain favor with Papa. And this, Papa being what he is, gives a twist to all other problems the young man may have, for they must all shape themselves by this; and introduces something of artificial,—not properly of hypocritical, for that too is fatal if found out,—but of calculated, reticent, of half-sincere, on the Son's part: an inevitable feature, plentifully visible in their Correspondence now and henceforth. Corresponding with Papa and his Grumkow, and watched, at every step, by such an Argus as the Tobacco-Parliament, real frankness of speech is not quite the recommendable thing; apparent frankness may be the safer! Besides mastery in the Domain Sciences, I perceive the Crown-Prince had to study here another art, useful to him in after life: the art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness. Gradually he becomes master of it as few are: a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them. An art no less essential to Royalty than that of the Domain Sciences itself; and,—if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case,—a difficult art. It is the chief feature in the Two or Three Thousand LETTERS we yet have of Friedrich's to all manner of correspondents: Letters written with the gracefulest flowing rapidity; polite, affable,—refusing to give you the least glimpse into his real inner man, or tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know.

As the History of Friedrich, in this Custrin epoch, and indeed in all epochs and parts, is still little other than a whirlpool of simmering confusions, dust mainly, and sibylline paper-shreds, in the pages of poor Dryasdust, perhaps we cannot do better than snatch a shred or two (of the partly legible kind, or capable of being made legible) out of that hideous caldron; pin them down at their proper dates; and try if the reader can, by such means, catch a glimpse of the thing with his own eyes. Here is shred first; a Piece in Grumkow's hand.

This treats of a very grand incident; which forms an era or turning-point in the Custrin life. Majesty has actually, after hopes long held out of such a thing, looked in upon the Prodigal at Custrin, in testimony of possible pardon in the distance;—sees him again, for the first time since that scene at Wesel with the drawn sword, after year and day. Grumkow, for behoof of Seckendorf and the Vienna people, has drawn a rough "Protocol" of it; and here it is, snatched from the Dust-whirlwinds, and faithfully presented to the English reader. His Majesty is travelling towards Sonnenburg, on some grand Knight-of-Malta Ceremony there; and halts at Custrin for a couple of hours as he passes:—

GRUMKOW'S "PROTOKOLL" OF THE 15th AUGUST, 1731; OR SUMMARY OF WHAT TOOK PLACE AT CUSTRIN THAT DAY.

"His Majesty arrived at Custrin yesterday [GESTERN Monday 15th,— hour not mentioned], and proceeded at once to the Government House, with an attendance of several hundred persons. Major-General Lepel," Commandant of Custrin, "Colonel Derschau and myself are immediately sent for to his Majesty's apartment there. Privy-Councillor Walden," Prince's Hofmarschall, a solid legal man, "is ordered by his Majesty to bring the Crown-Prince over from his house; who accordingly in a few minutes, attended by Rohwedel and Natzmer," the two Kammerjunkers, "entered the room where his Majesty and we were.

"So soon as his Majesty, turning round, had sight of him, the Crown-Prince fell at his feet. Having bidden him rise, his Majesty said with a severe mien:—

"You will now bethink yourself what passed year and day ago; and how scandalously you saw fit to behave yourself, and what a godless enterprise you took in hand. As I have had you about me from the beginning, and must know you well, I did all in the world that was in my power, by kindness and by harshness, to make an honorable man of you. As I rather suspected your evil purpose, I treated you in the harshest and sharpest way in the Saxon Camp,' at Radewitz, in those gala days, 'in hopes you would consider yourself, and take another line of conduct; would confess your faults to me, and beg forgiveness. But all in vain; you grew ever more stiffnecked. When a young man gets into follies with women, one may try to overlook it as the fault of his age: but to do with forethought basenesses (LACHETEEN) and ugly actions; that is unpardonable. You thought to carry it through with your headstrong humor: but hark ye, my lad (HORE, MEIN KERL), if thou wert sixty or seventy instead of eighteen, thou couldst not cross my resolutions.' It would take a bigger man to do that, my lad! 'And as, up to this date (BIS DATO) I have managed to sustain myself against any comer, there will be methods found of bringing thee to reason too!—

"How have not I, on all occasions, meant honorably by you! Last time I got wind of your debts, how did I, as a Father, admonish you to tell me all; I would pay all, you were only to tell me the truth. Whereupon you said,

There were still two thousand thalers beyond the sum named. I paid these also at once; and fancied I had made peace with you. And then it was found, by and by, you owed many thousands more; and as you now knew you could not pay, it was as good as if the money had been stolen;— not to reckon how the French vermin, Montholieu and partner, cheated you with their new loans.' Pfui!—'Nothing touched me so much [continues his Majesty, verging towards the pathetic], as that you had not any trust in me. All this that I was doing for aggrandizement of the House, the Army and Finances, could only be for you, if you made yourself worthy of it! I here declare I have done all things to gain your friendship;—and all has been in vain!' At which words the Crown-Prince, with a very sorrowful gesture, threw himself at his Majesty's feet,"—tears (presumably) in both their eyes by this time.

"Was it not your intention to go to England?' asked his Majesty farther on. The Prince answered 'JA!'—'Then hear what the consequences would have been. Your Mother would have got into the greatest misery; I could not but have suspected she was the author of the business. Your Sister I would have cast, for life, into a place where she never would have seen sun and moon again. Then on with my Army into Hanover, and burn and ravage; yes, if it had cost me life, land and people. Your thoughtless and godless conduct, see what it was leading to. I intended to employ you in all manner of business, civil, military; but how, after such an action, could I show the face of you to my Officers (soldiers) and other servants?—The one way of repairing all this is, That you seek, regardless of your very life in comparison, to make the fault good again!' At which words the Crown-Prince mournfully threw himself at his Royal Majesty's feet; begging to be put upon the hardest proofs: He would endure all things, so as to recover his Majesty's grace and esteem.

"Whereupon the King asked him: 'Was it thou that temptedst Katte; or did Katte tempt thee?' The Crown-Prince without hesitation answered, 'I tempted him.'—'I am glad to hear the truth from you, at any rate.'"

The Dialogue now branches out, into complex general form; out of which, intent upon abridging, we gather the following points. King LOQUITUR:—

"How do you like your Custrin life? Still as much aversion to Wusterhausen, and to wearing your shroud [STERBEKITTEL, name for the tight uniform you would now be so glad of, and think quite other than a shroud!] as you called it?" Prince's answer wanting. —"Likely enough my company does not suit you: I have no French manners, and cannot bring out BON-MOTS in the PETIT-MAITRE way; and truly regard all that as a thing to be flung to the dogs. I am a German Prince, and mean to live and die in that character. But you can now say what you have got by your caprices and obstinate heart; hating everything that I liked; and if I distinguished any one, despising him! If an Officer was put in arrest, you took to lamenting about him. Your real friends, who intended your good, you hated and calumniated; those that flattered you, and encouraged your bad purpose, you caressed. You see what that has come to. In Berlin, in all Prussia for some time back, nobody asks after you, Whether you are in the world or not; and were it not one or the other coming from Custrin who reports you as playing tennis and wearing French hair-bags, nobody would know whether you were alive or dead."

Hard sayings; to which the Prince's answers (if there were any beyond mournful gestures) are not given. We come now upon Predestination, or the GNADENWAHL; and learn (with real interest, not of the laughing sort alone) how his "Majesty, in the most conclusive way, set forth the horrible results of that Absolute-Decree notion; which makes out God to be the Author of Sin, and that Jesus Christ died only for some! Upon which the Crown-Prince vowed and declared (HOCH UND THEUER), he was now wholly of his Majesty's orthodox opinion."

The King, now thoroughly moved, expresses satisfaction at the orthodoxy; and adds with enthusiasm, "When godless fellows about you speak against your duties to God, the King and your Country, fall instantly on your knees, and pray with your whole soul to Jesus Christ to deliver you from such wickedness, and lead you on better ways. And if it come in earnest from your heart, Jesus, who would have all men saved, will not leave you unheard." No! And so may God in his mercy aid you, poor son Fritz. And as for me, in hopes the time coming will show fruits, I forgive you what is past.—To which the Crown-Prince answered with monosyllables, with many tears; "kissing his Majesty's feet;"—and as the King's eyes were not dry, he withdrew into another room; revolving many things in his altered soul.

"It being his Majesty's birthday [4th August by OLD STYLE, 15th by NEW, forty-third birthday], the Prince, all bewept and in emotion, followed his Father; and, again falling prostrate, testified such heartfelt joy, gratitude and affection over this blessed anniversary, as quite touched the heart of Papa; who at last clasped him in his arms

[poor soul, after all!], and hurried out to avoid blubbing quite aloud. He stepped into his carriage," intending for Sonnenburg (chiefly by water) this evening, where a Serene Cousin, one of the Schwedt Margraves, Head Knight of Malta, has his establishment.

"The Crown-Prince followed his Majesty out; and, in the presence of many hundred people, kissed his Majesty's feet" again (linen gaiters, not Day-and-Martin shoes); "and was again embraced by his Majesty, who said, 'Behave well, as I see you mean, and I will take care of you,' which threw the Crown-Prince into such an ecstasy of joy as no pen can express;" and so the carriages rolled away,—towards the Knights-of-Malta business and Palace of the Head Knight of Malta, in the first place. [Forster, iii. 50–54.]

These are the main points, says Grumkow, reporting next day; and the reader must interpret them as he can, A Crown-Prince with excellent histrionic talents, thinks the reader. Well; a certain exaggeration, immensity of wish becoming itself enthusiasm; somewhat of that: but that is by no means the whole or even the main part of the phenomenon, O reader. This Crown-Prince has a real affection to his Father, as we shall in time convince ourselves. Say, at lowest, a Crown-Prince loyal to fact; able to recognize overwhelming fact, and aware that he must surrender thereto. Surrender once made, the element much clears itself; Papa's side of the question getting fairly stated for the first time. Sure enough, Papa, is God's Vicegerent in several undeniable respects, most important some of them: better try if we can obey Papa.

Dim old Fassmann yields a spark or two,—as to his Majesty's errand at Sonnenburg. Majesty is going to preside to-morrow "at the Installation of young Margraf Karl, new HERRMEISTER (Grand-Master) of the Knights of St. John" there; "the Office having suddenly fallen vacant lately." Office which is an heirloom;—usually held by one of the Margraves, half-uncles of the King,—some junior of them, not provided for at Schwedt or otherwise. Margraf Albert, the last occupant, an old gentleman of sixty, died lately, "by stroke of apoplexy while at dinner;" [21st June, 1731: Fassmann, p. 423; Pollnitz, ii. 390.]—and his eldest Son, Margraf Karl, with whom his Majesty lodges to-night, is now Herrmeister. "Majesty came at 6 P.M. to Sonnenburg [must have left Custrin about five]; forty-two Ritters made at Sonnenburg next day,"—a certain Colonel or Lieutenant-General von Wreech, whom we shall soon see again, is one of them; Seckendorf another. "Fresh RITTER-SCHLAG ["Knight-stroke," Batch of Knights dubbed] at Sonnenburg, 29th September next," which shall not the least concern us. Note Margraf Karl, however, the new Herrmeister; for he proves a soldier of some mark, and will turn up again in the Silesian Wars;—as will a poor Brother of his still more impressively, "shot dead beside the King," on one occasion there.

We add this of Dickens, for all the Diplomats, and a discerning public generally, are much struck with the Event at Custrin; and take to writing of it as news;—and "Mr. Ginkel," Dutch Ambassador here, an ingenious, honest and observant man, well enough known to us, has been out to sup with the Prince, next day; and thus reports of him to Dickens: "Mr. Ginkel, who supped with the Prince on Thursday last," day after the Interview, "tells me that his Royal Highness is extremely improved since he had seen him; being grown much taller; and that his conversation is surprising for his age, abounding in good sense and the prettiest turns of expression." [Despatch, 18th August, 1731.]

Here are other shreds, snatched from the Witch-Caldron, and pinned down, each at its place; which give us one or two subsequent glimpses:—

POTSDAM, 21st AUGUST, 1731 (King to Wolden the Hofmarschall). ... "Crown-Prince shall travel over, and personally inspect, the following Domains: Quartschen, Himmelstadt, Carzig, Massin, Lebus, Gollow and Wollup," dingy moor-farms dear to Antiquarians; "travel over these and not any other. Permission always to be asked, of his Royal Majesty, in writing, and mention made to which of them the Crown-Prince means to go. Some one to be always in attendance, who can give him fit instruction about the husbandry; and as the Crown-Prince has yet only learned the theory, he must now be diligent to learn the same practically. For which end it must be minutely explained to him, How the husbandry is managed,—how ploughed, manured, sown, in every particular; and what the differences of good and bad husbandry are, so that he may be able of himself to know and judge the same. Of Cattle-husbandry too, and the affairs of Brewing (VIEHZUCHT UND BRAUWESEN), the due understanding to be given him; and in the matter of Brewing, show him how things are handled, mixed, the beer drawn off, barrelled, and all how they do with it (WIE UBERALL DABEI VERFAHREN); also the malt, how it must be prepared, and what like, when good. Useful discourse to be kept up with him on these journeys; pointing out how and why this is and that, and whether it could not be better:"—O

King of a thousand!—"Has liberty to shoot stags, moorcocks (HUHNER) and the like; and a small-hunt [KLEINE JAGD, not a PARFORCE or big one] can be got up for his amusement now and then;" furthermore "a little duck-shooting from boat," on the sedgy waters there,—if the poor soul should care about it. Wolden, or one of the Kammerjunkers, to accompany always, and be responsible. "No MADCHEN or FRAUENSMENSCH," no shadow of womankind;—"keep an eye on him, you three!"

These things are in the Prussian Archives; of date the week after that interview. In two weeks farther, follows the Prince's speculation about Carzig and the Building of a Farmstead there; with Papa's "real contentment that you come upon such proposals, and seek to make improvements. Only"—

WUSTERHAUSEN, 11th SEPTEMBER (King to Crown-Prince). ... "Only you must examine whether there is meadow-ground enough, and how many acres can actually be allotted to that Farm. [Hear his Majesty!] Take a Land-surveyor with you; and have all well considered; and exactly inform yourself what kind of land it is, whether it can only grow rye, or whether some of it is barley-land: you must consider it YOURSELF, and do it all out of your own head, though you may consult with others about it. In grazing-ground (HUTHUNG) I think it will not fail; if only the meadow-land"—

in fact, it fails in nothing; and is got all done ("wood laid out to season straightway," and "what digging and stubbing there is, proceeded with through the winter"): done in a successful and instructive manner, both Carzig and Himmelstadt, though we will say nothing farther of them. [Forster, i. 387-392.]

CUSTRIN, 22d SEPTEMBER (Crown-Prince to Papa). ... "Have been at Lebus; excellent land out there; fine weather for the husbandman." "Major Roder," unknown Major, "passed this way; and dined with me, last Wednesday. He has got a pretty fellow (SCHONEN KERL) for my Most All-Gracious Father's regiment [the Potsdam Giants, where I used to be]; whom I could not look upon without bleeding heart. I depend on my Most All-Gracious Father's Grace, that he will be good to me: I ask for nothing and no happiness in the world but what comes from You; and hope You will, some day, remember me in grace, and give me the Blue Coat to put on again!" [BRIEFWECHSEL MIT VATER (OEuvres, xxvii. part 3d, p. 27).]—To which Papa answers nothing, or only "Hm, na, time MAY come!"

Carzig goes on straightway; Papa charmed to grant the moneys; "wood laid out to season," and much "stubbing and digging" set on foot, before the month ends. Carzig; and directly on the heel of it, on like terms, Himmelstadt,—but of all this we must say no more. It is clear the Prince is learning the Domain Sciences; eager to prove himself a perfect son in the eyes of Papa. Papa, in hopeful moments, asks himself: "To whom shall we marry him, then; how settle him?" But what the Prince, in his own heart, thought of it all; how he looked, talked, lived, in unofficial times? Here has a crabbed dim Document turned up, which, if it were not nearly undecipherable to the reader and me, would throw light on the point:—

SCHULENBURG'S THREE LETTERS TO GRUMKOW, ON VISITS TO THE CROWN-PRINCE, DURING THE CUSTRIN TIME.

The reader knows Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; stiff little military gentleman of grave years, nephew of the maypole EMERITA who is called Duchess of Kendal in England. "Had a horse shot under him at Malplaquet;" battlings and experiences enough, before and since. Has real sense, abundant real pedantry; a Prussian soldier every inch. He presided in the Copenick Court-martial; he is deeply concerned in these Crown-Prince difficulties. His Majesty even honors him by expecting he should quietly keep a monitorial eye upon the Crown-Prince;—being his neighbor in those parts; Colonel-Commandant of a regiment of Horse at Landsberg not many miles off. He has just been at Vienna [September, 1731 (*Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 433).] on some "business", (quasi-diplomatic probably, which can remain unknown to us); and has reported upon it, or otherwise finished it off, at Berlin;—whence rapidly home to Landsberg again. On the way homewards, and after getting home, he writes these three Letters; off-hand and in all privacy, and of course with a business sincerity, to Grumkow;—little thinking they would one day get printed, and wander into these latitudes to be scanned and scrutinized! Undoubtedly an intricate crabbed Document to us; but then an indubitable one. Crown-Prince, Schulenburg himself, and the actual figure of Time and Place, are here mirrored for us, with a business sincerity, in the mind of Schulenburg,—as from an accidental patch of water; ruffled bog-water, in sad twilight, and with sedges and twigs intervening; but under these conditions we do look with our own eyes!

Could not one, by any conceivable method, interpret into legibility this abstruse dull Document; and so pick out here and there a glimpse, actual face-to-face view, of Crown-Prince Friedrich in his light-gray frock with

the narrow silver tresses, in his eclipsed condition there in the Custrin region? All is very mysterious about him; his inward opinion about all manner of matters, from the GNADENWAHL to the late Double–Marriage Question. Even his outward manner of life, in its flesh–and–blood physiognomy,—we search in vain through tons of dusty lucubration totally without interest, to catch here and there the corner of a feature of it. Let us try Schulenburg. We shall know at any rate that to Grumkow, in the Autumn 1731, these words were luculent and significant: consciously they tell us something of young Friedrich; unconsciously a good deal of Lieutenant–General Schulenburg, who with his strict theologies, his military stiffnesses, his reticent, pipe–clayed, rigorous and yet human ways, is worth looking at, as an antique species extinct in our time. He is just home from Vienna, getting towards his own domicile from Berlin, from Custrin, and has seen the Prince. He writes in a wretched wayside tavern, or post–house, between Custrin and Landsberg,—dates his letter "WIEN (Vienna)," as if he were still in the imperial City, so off–hand is he.

No. 1. TO HIS EXCELLENZ (add a shovelful of other titles)

LIEUTENANT–GENERAL HERR BARON VON GRUMKOW, PRESIDENT OF THE KRIEGES– UND DOMANEN–DIRECTORIUM, OF THE (in fact, Vice–President of the Tobacco–Parliament) IN BERLIN.

"WIEN [properly Berlin–Landsberg Highway, other side of Custrin], 4th October, 1731.

"I regret much to have missed the pleasure of seeing your Excellency again before I left Berlin. I set off between seven and eight in the morning yesterday, and got to Custrin [seventy miles or so] before seven at night. But the Prince had gone, that day, to the Bailliage of Himmelstadt" (up the Warta Country, eastward some five–and–thirty miles, much preparatory digging and stubbing there); and he "slept at Massin [circuitous road back], where he shot a few stags this morning. As I was told he might probably dine at Kammin [still nearer Custrin, twelve miles from it; half that distance east of Zorndorf,—mark that, O reader (see Map)] with Madam Colonel Schoning, I drove thither. He had arrived there a moment before me." And who is Madam Schoning, lady of Kammin here?—Patience, reader.

"I found him much grown; an air of health and gayety about him. He caressed me greatly (ME GRACIEUSA FORT); afterwards questioned me about my way of life in Vienna; and asked, if I had diverted myself well there? I told him what business had been the occasion of my journey, and that this rather than amusements had occupied me; for the rest, that there had been great affluence of company, and no lack of diversions. He spoke a long time to Madam de Wreech"—

"Wrochem" Schulenburg calls her: young Wife of Lieutenant–General von Wreech, a Marlborough Campaigner, made a Knight of Malta the other day; [*Militair–Lexikon*, iv. 269.]— HIS charming young Wife, and Daughter of Madam Colonel Schoning our hostess here; lives at Tamsel, in high style, in these parts: mark the young Lady well,—

"who did not appear indifferent to him." No!—"and in fact she was in all her beauty; a complexion of lily and rose."

Charming creature; concerning whom there are anecdotes still afloat, and at least verses of this Prince's writing; not too well seen by Wreech, lately made a Knight of Malta, who, though only turning forty, is perhaps twice her age. The beautifullest, cleverest,—fancy it; and whether the peaty Neumark produces nothing in the floral kind!

"We went to dinner; he asked me to sit beside him. The conversation fell, among other topics, on the Elector Palatine's Mistress," crotchety old gentleman, never out of quarrels, with Heidelberg Protestants, heirs of Julich and Berg, and in general with an unreasonable world, whom we saw at Mannheim last year; has a Mistress,— "Elector Palatine's Mistress, called Taxis. Crown–Prince said: 'I should like to know what that good old gentleman does with a Mistress?' I answered, that the fashion had come so much in vogue, Princes did not think they were Princes unless they had mistresses; and that I was amazed at the facility of women, how they could shut their eyes on the sad reverse of fortune nearly inevitable for them;—and instanced the example of Madam Gravenitz"—

"Gravenitz;" example lately fallen out at Wurtemberg, as we predicted. Prayers of the Country, "Deliver us from evil," are now answered there: Gravenitz quite over with it! Alas, yes; lately fallen from her high estate in Wurtemberg, and become the topic of dinner–tables; seized by soldiers in the night–time; vain her high refusals,

assurances of being too unwell to dress, "Shall go in your shift, then,"—is in prison, totally eclipsed. [Michaelis, iii. 440; Pollnitz, i. 297.] Calming her fury, she will get out; and wearisomely wander about in fashionable capitals, TOUJOURS UN LAVEMENT A SES TROUSSES!

"There were other subjects touched upon; and I always endeavored to deduce something of moral instruction from them," being a military gentleman of the old school.

"Among other things, he said, He liked the great world, and was charmed to observe the ridiculous weak side of some people. 'That is excellent,' said I, 'if one profit by it oneself: but if it is only for amusement, such a motive is worth little; we should rather look out for our own ridiculous weak side.' On rising, Hofmarschall Wolden said to me," without much sincerity, "'YOU have done well to preach a little morality to him.' The Prince went to a window, and beckoned me thither.

"'You have learned nothing of what is to become of me?' said he. I answered: 'It is supposed your Royal Highness will return to Berlin, when the Marriage [Wilhelmina's] takes place; but as to what will come next, I have heard nothing. But as your Highness has friends, they will not fail to do their endeavor; and M. de Grumkow has told me he would try to persuade the King to give you a regiment, in order that your Highness might have something to do.' It seemed as if that would give him pleasure. I then took the liberty of saying: 'Monseigneur, the most, at present, depends on yourself.—'How so?' asked he. I answered, 'It is only by showing good conduct, and proofs of real wisdom and worth, that the King's entire favor can be gained First of all, to fear God'" —And, in fact, I launched now into a moral preachment, or discursive Dialogue, of great length; much needing to have the skirts of it tucked up, in a way of faithful abridgment, for behoof of poor English readers. As follows:—

"SCHULENBURG: If your Highness behave well, the King will accord what you want: but it is absolutely necessary to begin by that.— PRINCE: I do nothing that can displease the King.— SCHULENBURG: It would be a little soon yet! But I speak of the future. Your Highness, the grand thing I recommend is to fear God! Everybody says, you have the sentiments of an honest man; excellent, that, for a beginning; but without the fear of God, your Highness, the passions stifle the finest sentiments. Must lead a life clear of reproach; and more particularly on the chapter of women! Need not imagine you can do the least thing without the King's knowing it: if your Highness take the bad road, he will wish to correct it; the end will be, he will bring you back to live beside him; which will not be very agreeable.— PRINCE: Hmph, No!—SCHULENBURG: Of the ruin to health I do not speak; I—PRINCE: Pooh, one is young, one is not master of that;" —and, in fact, on this delicate chapter, which runs to some length, Prince answers as wildish young fellows will; quizzing my grave self, with glances even at his Majesty, on alleged old peccadilloes of ours. Which allegations or inferences I rebutted with emphasis. "But, I confess, though I employed all my rhetoric, his mind did not seem to alter; and it will be a miracle if he change on this head." Alas, General! Can't be helped, I fear!

"He said he was not afraid of anything so much as of living constantly beside the King.—SCHULENBURG: Arm yourself with patience, Monseigneur, if that happen. God has given you sense enough; persevere to use it faithfully on all occasions, you will gain the good graces of the King.—PRINCE: Impossible; beyond my power, indeed, said he; and made a thousand objections.— SCHULENBURG: Your Highness is like one that will not learn a trade because you do not already know it. Begin; you will certainly never know it otherwise! Before rising in the morning, form a plan for your day,"—in fact, be moral, oh, be moral!

His Highness now got upon the marriages talked of for him; an important point for the young man. He spoke, hopefully rather, of the marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg, —Niece of the late Czar Peter the Great; Daughter of that unhappy Duke who is in quarrel with his Ritters, and a trouble to all his neighbors, and to us among the number. Readers recollect that young Lady's Serene Mother, and a meeting she once had with her Uncle Peter,—at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago, in a public drawing-room with alcove near; anecdote not lightly to be printed in human types, nor repeated where not necessary. The Mother is now dead; Father still up to the eyes in puddle and trouble: but as for the young Lady herself, she is Niece to the now Czarina Anne; by law of primogeniture Heiress of all the Russias; something of a match truly!

"But there will be difficulties; your Highness to change your religion, for one thing?—PRINCE: Won't, by any means:— SCHULENBURG: And give up the succession to Prussia?— PRINCE: A right fool if I did!—SCHULENBURG: Then this marriage comes to nothing.—Thereupon next he said, If the Kaiser is so strong for us, let him give me his second Daughter;" lucky Franz of Lorraine is to get the first.—"SCHULENBURG: Are you serious?— PRINCE: Why not? with a Duchy or two it would do very

well.— SCHULENBURG: No Duchies possible under the Pragmatic Sanction, your Highness: besides, your change of religion?—PRINCE: Oh, as to that, never!—Then this marriage also comes to nothing Of the English, and their Double—Marriage, and their Hotham brabble, he spoke lightly, as of an extinct matter,—in terms your Excellency will like.

"But, said I, since you speak so much of marriages, I suppose you wish to be married?—PRINCE: No; but if the King absolutely will have it, I will marry to obey him. After that, I will shove my wife into the corner (PLANTERAI LA MA FEMME), and live after my own fauce.—SCHULENBURG: Horrible to think of! For, in the first place, your Highness, is it not written in the Law of God, Adulterers shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?" And in the second place; and in the third and fourth place!—To all which he answered as wild young fellows do, especially if you force marriage on them. "I can perceive, if he marries, it will only be to have more liberty than now. It is certain, if he had his elbows free, he would strike out (S'EN DONNERAIT A GAUCHE). He said to me several times: 'I am young; I want to profit by my youth.'" A questionable young fellow, Herr General; especially if you force marriage on him.

"This conversation done," continues the General, "he set to talking with the Madam Wreech," and her complexion of lily and rose; "but he did not stay long; drove off about five [dinner at the stroke of twelve in those countries], inviting me to see him again at Custrin, which I promised."

And so the Prince is off in the Autumn sunset, driving down the peaty hollow of the Warta, through unpicturesque country, which produces Wreechs and incomparable flowers nevertheless. Yes; and if he look a six miles to the right, there is the smoke of the evening kettles from Zorndorf, rising into the sky; and across the River, a twenty miles to the left, is Kunersdorf: poor sleepy sandy hamlets; where nettles of the Devil are to be plucked one day!—

"The beautiful Wreech drove off to Tamsel," her fine house; I to this wretched tavern; where, a couple of hours after that conversation, I began writing it all down, and have nothing else to do for the night. Your Excellency's most moral, stiff-necked, pipe-clayed and extremely obedient,

"VON SCHULENBURG."

[Forster, iii. 65–71.]

This young man may be orthodox on Predestination, and outwardly growing all that a Papa could wish; but here are strange heterodoxies, here is plenty of mutinous capricious fire in the interior of him, Herr General! In fact, a young man unfortunately situated; already become solitary in Creation; has not, except himself, a friend in the world available just now. Tempestuous Papa storms one way, tempestuous Mamma Nature another; and between the outsides and the inside there are inconsistencies enough.

Concerning the fair Wreech of Tamsel, with her complexion of lily and rose, there ensued by and by much whispering, and rumoring underbreath; which has survived in the apocryphal Anecdote—Books, not in too distinct a form. Here, from first hand, are three words, which we may take to be the essence of the whole. Grumkow reporting, in a sordid, occasionally smutty, spy manner, to his Seckendorf, from Berlin, eight or ten months hence, has this casual expression: "He [King Friedrich Wilhelm] told me in confidence that Wreech, the Colonel's Wife, is—to P. R. (Prince—Royal); and that Wreech vowed he would not own it for his. And his Majesty in secret is rather pleased," adds the smutty spy. [Grumkow to Seckendorf, Berlin, 20th August, 1732 (Forster, iii. 112).] Elsewhere I have read that the poor object, which actually came as anticipated (male or female, I forget), did not live long;—nor had Friedrich, by any opportunity, another child in this world. Domestic Tamsel had to allay itself as it best could; and the fair Wreech became much a stranger to Friedrich,—surprisingly so to Friedrich the KING, as perhaps we may see.—

Predestination, GNADENWAHL, Herr General: what is orthodoxy on Predestination, with these accompaniments! [For Wreech, see *Benekendorf*, v. 94; for Schulenburg, *ib.* 26;—and *Militair—Lexikon*, iii. 432, 433, and iv. 268, 269. Vacant on the gossiping points; cautiously official, both these.] We go now to the Second Letter and the Third,—from Landsberg about a fortnight later:—

No. 2. TO HIS EXCELLENCY (shovelful of titles) VON GRUMKOW, IN BERLIN.

"LANDSBERG, 19th October, 1731.

"The day before yesterday [that is, Wednesday, 17th October] I received an Order, To have only fifty Horse at that post, and"—Order which shows us that there has fallen out some recruiting squabble on the Polish Frontier hereabouts; that the Polack gentlemen have seized certain Corporals of ours, but are about restoring them; Order

and affair which we shall omit. "Corporals will be got back: but as these Polack gentlemen: will see, by the course taken, that we have no great stomach for BITING, I fancy they will grow more insolent; then, 'ware who tries to recruit there for the future!

"On the same day I was apprised, from Custrin, That the Prince—Royal had resolved on an excursion to Carzig, and thence to the Bailliage of Himmelstadt [digging and stubbing now on foot at Himmelstadt too], which is but a couple of miles ["DEMI—MILLE" German.] from this; that there would be a little hunt between the two Bailliages; and that if I chose to come, I might, and the Prince would dine with me."—Which I did; and so, here again, Thursday, 18th October, 1731, in those remote Warta—Oder Countries, is a glimpse of his Royal Highness at first hand. Schulenburg continues; not even taking a new paragraph, which indeed he never does:—

"They had shut up a couple of SPIESSER (young roes), and some stags, in the old wreck of a SAUGARTEN [Boar—park, between Carzig and Himmelstadt; FAST RUINIRTEN SAUGARTEN, he calls it, daintily throwing in a touch of German here]: the Prince shot one or two of them, and his companions the like; but it does not seem as if this amusement were much to his taste. He went on to Himmelstadt; and at noon he arrived here," in my poor Domicile at Landsberg.

"At one o'clock we went to table, and sat till four. He spoke only of very indifferent things; except saying to me: 'Do you know, the King has promised 400,000 crowns (60,000 pounds) towards disengaging those Bailliages of the Margraf of Baireuth's,'"— old Margraf, Bailliages pawned to raise ready cash; readers remember what interminable Law—pleading there was, till Friedrich Wilhelm put it into a liquid state, "Pay me back the moneys, then!" [Supra, pp. 161—163.]—"400,000 thalers to the old Margraf, in case his Prince (Wilhelmina's now Bridegroom) have a son by my Sister.' I answered, I had heard nothing of it.—'But,' said he, 'that is a great deal of money! And some hundred thousands more have gone the like road, to Anspach, who never will be able to repay. For all is much in disorder at Anspach. Give the Margraf his Heron—hunt (CHASSE AU HERON), he cares for nothing; and his people pluck him at no allowance.' I said: That if these Princes would regulate their expenditure, they might, little by little, pay off their debts; that I had been told at Vienna the Baireuth Bailliages were mortgaged on very low terms, those who now held them making eight or ten per cent of their money;"—that the Margraf ought to make an effort; and so on. "I saw very well that these Loans the King makes are not to his mind.

"Directly on rising from table, he went away; excusing himself to me, That he could not pass the night here; that the King would not like his sleeping in the Town; besides that he had still several things to complete in a Report he was sending off to his Majesty. He went to Nassin, and slept there. For my own share, I did not press him to remain; what I did was rather in the way of form. There were with him President Munchow," civil gentleman whom we know, "an Engineer Captain Reger, and the three Gentlemen of his Court," Wolden, Rohwedel, Katzmer who once twirled his finger in a certain mouth, the insipid fellow.

"He is no great eater; but I observed he likes the small dishes (PETITS PLATS) and the high tastes: he does not care for fish; though I had very fine trouts, he never touched them. He does not take brown soup (SOUPE AU BOUILLON). It did not seem to me he cared for wine: he tastes at all the wines; but commonly stands by burgundy with water.

"I introduced to him all the Officers of my Regiment who are here; he received them in the style of a king [EN ROI, plenty of quiet pride in him, Herr General]. It is certain he feels what he is born to; and if ever he get to it, will stand on the top of it. As to me, I mean to keep myself retired; and shall see of him as little as I can. I perceive well he does not like advice," especially when administered in the way of preachment, by stiff old military gentlemen of the all—wise stamp;—"and does not take pleasure except with people inferior to him in mind. His first aim is to find out the ridiculous side of every one, and he loves to banter and quiz. It is a fault in a Prince: he ought to know people's faults, and not to make them known to anybody whatever," —which, we perceive, is not quite the method with private gentlemen of the all—wise type!—

"I speak to your Excellency as a friend; and assure you he is a Prince who has talent, but who will be the slave of his passions (SE FERA DOMINER PAR SES PASSIONS,"—not a felicitous prophecy, Herr General); "and will like nobody but such as encourage him therein. For me, I think all Princes are cast in the same mould; there is only a more and a less.

"At parting, he embraced me twice; and said, 'I am sorry I cannot stay longer; but another time I will profit better.' Wolden [one of the Three] told me he could not describe how well—intentioned for your Excellency the Prince—Royal is [cunning dog!], who says often to Wolden [doubtless guessing it will be re—said], 'If I cannot

show him my gratitude, I will his posterity:"—profoundly obliged to the Grumkow kindred first and last!—"I remain your Excellency's" most pipe-clayed

"VON SCHULENBURG."

[Forster, iii. 71–73.]

And so, after survey of the spademen at Carzig and Himmelstadt (where Colonel Wreech, by the way, is AMTS-HAUPTMANN, official Head-Man), after shooting a SPIESSER or two, and dining and talking in this sort, his Royal Highness goes to sleep at Massin; and ends one day of his then life. We proceed to Letter No. 3.

A day or two after No. 2, it would appear, his Majesty, who is commonly at Wusterhausen hunting in this season, has been rapidly out to Crossen, in these Landsberg regions (to south, within a day's drive of Landsberg), rapidly looking after something; Grumkow and another Official attending him;—other Official, "Truchsess," is Truchsess von Waldburg, a worthy soldier and gentleman of those parts, whom we shall again hear of. In No. 3 there is mention likewise of the "Kurfurst of Koln,"—Elector of Cologne; languid lanky gentleman of Bavarian breed, whom we saw last year at Bonn, richest Pluralist of the Church; whom doubtless our poor readers have forgotten again. Mention of him; and also considerable sulky humor, of the Majesty's—Opposition kind, on Schulenburg's part; for which reason, and generally as a poor direct reflex of time and place,—reflex by ruffled bog-water, through sedges, and in twilight; dim but indubitable,—we give the Letter, though the Prince is little spoken of in it:—

No. 3. TO THE EXCELLENCY GRUMKOW (as above), IN BERLIN.

"LANDSBERG, 22d October (Monday), 1731.

"MONSIEUR,—I trust your Excellency made your journey to Crossen with all the satisfaction imaginable. Had I been warned sooner, I would have come; not only to see the King, but for your Excellency's sake and Truchsess's: but I received your Excellency's Letter only yesterday morning; so I could not have arrived before yesternight, and that late; for it is fifty miles off, and one has to send relays beforehand; there being no post-horses on that road.

"We are,—not to make comparisons,—like Harlequin! No sooner out of one scrape, than we get into another; and all for the sake of those Big Blockheads (L'AMOUR DE CES GRANDS COLOSSES). What the Kurfurst of Koln has done, in his character of Bishop of Osnabruck,"—a deed not known to this Editor, but clearly in the way of snubbing our recruiting system,—is too droll: but if we avenge ourselves, there will be high play, and plenty of it, all round our borders! If such things would make any impression on the spirit, of our Master: but they do not; they"—in short, this recruiting system is delirious, thinks the stiff Schulenburg; and scruples not to say so, though not in his place in Parliament, or even Tobacco-Parliament. For there is a Majesty's Opposition in all lands and times. "We ruin the Country," says the Honorable Member, "sending annually millions of money out of it, for a set of vagabond fellows (GENS A SAC ET A CORDE), who will never do us the least service. One sees clearly it is the hand of God," darkening some people's understanding; "otherwise it might be possible their eyes would open, one time or another!"—A stiff pipe-clayed gentleman of great wisdom, with plenty of sulphur burning in the heart of him. The rest of his Letter is all in the Opposition strain (almost as if from his place in Parliament, only far briefer than is usual "within these walls"); and winds up with a glance at Victor Amadeus's strange feat, or rather at the Son's feat done upon Victor, over in Sardinia; preceded by this interjectionary sentence on a Prince nearer home:—

"As to the Prince-Royal, depend on it he will do whatever is required of him [marry anybody you like if you give him more elbow-room, for that is whither he aims.—Not a bad stroke that, of the King of Sardinia"—Grand news of the day, at that time; now somewhat forgotten, and requiring a word from us:

Old King Victor Amadeus of Sardinia had solemnly abdicated in favor of his Son; went, for a twelvemonth or more, into private felicity with an elderly Lady-love whom he had long esteemed the first of women;—tired of such felicity, after a twelvemonth; demanded his crown back, and could not get it! Lady-love and he are taken prisoners; lodged in separate castles: [2d September, 1730 abdicated, went to Chambery; reclaims, is locked in Rivoli, 8th October, 1731 (news of it just come to Schulenburg); dies there, 31st October, 1732, his 67th year.] and the wrath of the proud old gentleman is Olympian in character,—split an oak table, smiting it while he spoke (say the cicerones);—and his silence, and the fiery daggers he looks, are still more emphatic. But the young fellow holds out; you cannot play handy-dandy with a king's crown, your Majesty! say his new Ministers. Is and

will continue King. "Not a bad stroke of him," thinks Schulenburg,—

—"especially if his Father meant to play him the same trick," that is, clap him in prison. Not a bad stroke;—which perhaps there is another that could imitate, "if HIS Papa gave him the opportunity! But THIS Papa will take good care; and the Queen will not forget the Sardinian business, when he talks again of abdicating," as he does when in ill-humor.—

"But now had not we better have been friends with England, should war rise upon that Sardinian business? General Schulenburg,"—the famed Venetian Field-marshal, bruiser of the Turks in Candia, [Same who was beaten by Charles XII. before; a worthy soldier nevertheless, say the Authorities: LIFE of him by Varnhagen von Ense (*Biographische Denkmale*, Berlin, 1845).] my honored Uncle, who sometimes used to visit his Sister the Maypole, now EMERITA, in London, and sip beer and take tobacco on an evening, with George I. of famous memory,—he also "writes me this Victor-Amadeus news, from Paris;" so that it is certain; Ex-King locked in Rivoli near a fortnight ago: "he, General Schulenburg, says farther, To judge by the outside, all appears very quiet; but many think, at the bottom of the bag it will not be the same."—

"I am, with respect," your Excellency's much in buckram,

"LE COMTE DE SCHOULENBOURG."

[Forster, iii. 73–75.]

So far Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; whom we thank for these contemporary glimpses of a young man that has become historical, and of the scene he lived in. And with these three accidental utterances, as if they (which are alone left) had been the sum of all he said in the world, let the Lieutenant-General withdraw now into silence: he will turn up twice again, after half a score of years, once in a nobler than talking attitude, the close-harnessed, stalwart, slightly atrabiliar military gentleman of the old Prussian school.

These glimpses of the Crown-Prince, reflected on us in this manner, are not very luculent to the reader,—light being indifferent, and mirror none of the best:—but some features do gleam forth, good and not so good; which, with others coming, may gradually coalesce into something conceivable. A Prince clearly of much spirit, and not without petulance; abundant fire, much of it shining and burning irregularly at present; being sore held down from without, and anomalously situated. Pride enough, thinks Schulenburg, capricious petulance enough,—likely to go into "a reign of the passions," if we live. As will be seen!—

Wilhelmina was betrothed in June last: Wilhelmina, a Bride these six months, continues to be much tormented by Mamma. But the Bridegroom, Prince of Baireuth, is gradually recommending himself to persons of judgment, to Wilhelmina among others. One day he narrowly missed an unheard-of accident: a foolish servant, at some boar-hunt, gave him a loaded piece on the half-cock; half-cock slipped in the handling; bullet grazed his Majesty's very temple, was felt twitching the hair there;—ye Heavens! Whereupon impertinent remarks from some of the Dessau people (allies of Schwedt and the Margravine in high colors); which were well answered by the Prince, and noiselessly but severely checked by a well-bred King. [Wilhelmina, i. 356.] King has given the Prince of Baireuth a regiment; and likes him tolerably, though the young man will not always drink as could be wished. Wedding, in spite of clouds from her Majesty, is coming steadily on.

HIS MAJESTY'S BUILDING OPERATIONS.

"This year," says Fassmann, "the building operations both in Berlin and Stettin,"—in Stettin where new fortifications are completed, in Berlin where gradually whole new quarters are getting built,—"were exceedingly pushed forward (AUSSERST POUSSIRT)." Alas, yes; this too is a questionable memorable feature of his Majesty's reign. Late Majesty, old King Friedrich I., wishful,—as others had been, for the growth of Berlin, laid out a new Quarter, and called it Friedrichs Stadt; scraggy boggy ground, planned out into streets, Friedrichs Strasse the chief street, with here and there a house standing lonesomely prophetic on it. But it is this present Majesty, Friedrich Wilhelm, that gets the plan executed, and the Friedrichs Strasse actually built, not always in a soft or spontaneous manner. Friedrich Wilhelm was the AEdile of his Country, as well as the Drill-sergeant; Berlin City did not rise of its own accord, or on the principle of leave-alone, any more than the Prussian Army itself. Wreck and rubbish Friedrich Wilhelm will not leave alone, in any kind; but is intent by all chances to sweep them from the face of the Earth, that something useful, seemly to the Royal mind, may stand there instead. Hence these building operations in the Friedrich Street and elsewhere, so "exceedingly pushed forward."

The number of scraggy waste places he swept clear, first and last, and built tight human dwellings upon, is almost uncountable. A common gift from him (as from his Son after him) to a man in favor, was that of a new

good House,—an excellent gift. Or if the man is himself able to build, Majesty will help him, incite him: "Timber enough is in the royal forests; stone, lime are in the royal quarries; scraggy waste is abundant: why should any man, of the least industry or private capital, live in a bad house?" By degrees, the pressure of his Majesty upon private men to build with encouragement became considerable, became excessive, irresistible; and was much complained of, in these years now come. Old Colonel Derschau is the King's Agent, at Berlin, in this matter; a hard stiff man; squeezes men, all manner of men with the least capital, till they build.

Nussler, for example, whom we once saw at Hanover, managing a certain contested Heritage for Friedrich Wilhelm; adroit Nussler, though he has yet got no fixed appointment, nor pay except by the job, is urged to build;—second year hence, 1733, occurs the case of Nussler, and is copiously dwelt upon by Busching his biographer: "Build yourself a house in the Friedrichs Strasse!" urges Derschau. "But I have no pay, no capital!" pleads Nussler.— "Tush, your Father-in-law, abstruse Kanzler von Ludwig, in Halle University, monster of law-learning there, is not he a monster of hoarded moneys withal? He will lend you, for his own and his Daughter's sake. [Busching, *Beitrage*, i. 324.] Or shall his Majesty compel him?" urges Derschau. And slowly, continually turns the screw upon Nussler, till he too raises for himself a firm good house in the Friedrichs Stadt,— Friedrichs Strasse, or STREET, as they now call it, which the Tourist of these days knows. Substantial clear ashlar Street, miles or half-miles long; straight as a line:—Friedrich Wilhelm found it scrag and quagmire; and left it what the Tourist sees, by these hard methods. Thus Herr Privy-Councillor Klinggraf too, Nussler's next neighbor: he did not want to build; far from it; but was obliged, on worse terms than Nussler. You have such work, founding your house;—for the Nussler-Klinggraf spot was a fish-pool, and "carps were dug up" in founding;—such piles, bound platform of solid beams; "4,000 thalers gone before the first stone is laid:" and, in fact, the house must be built honestly, or it will be worse for the house and you. "Cost me 12,000 thalers (1,800 pounds) in all, and is worth perhaps 2,000!" sorrowfully ejaculates Nussler, when the job is over. Still worse with Privy-Councillor Klinggraf: his house, the next to Nussler's, is worth mere nothing to him when built; a soap-boiler offers him 800 thalers (120 pounds) for it; and Nussler, to avoid suffocation, purchases it himself of Klinggraf for that sum. Derschau, with his slow screw-machinery, is very formidable;—and Busching knows it for a fact, "that respectable Berlin persons used to run out of the way of Burgermeister Koch and him, when either of them turned up on the streets!"

These things were heavy to bear. Truly, yes; where is the liberty of private capital or liberty of almost any kind, on those terms? Liberty to ANNIHILATE rubbish and chaos, under known conditions, you may have; but not the least liberty to keep them about you, though never so fond of doing it! What shall we say? Nussler and the Soap-boiler do both live in houses more human than they once had. Berlin itself, and some other things, did not spring from Free-trade. Berlin City would, to this day, have been a Place of SCRUBS ("the BERLIN," a mere appellative noun to that effect), had Free-trade always been the rule there. I am sorry his Majesty transgresses the limits;—and we, my friends, if we can make our Chaos into Cosmos by firing Parliamentary eloquence into it, and bombarding it with Blue-Books, we will much triumph over his Majesty, one day!—

Thus are the building operations exceedingly pushed forward, the Ear of Jenkins torn off, and Victor Amadeus locked in ward, while our Crown-Prince, in the eclipsed state, is inspected by a Sage in pipe-clay, and Wilhelmina's wedding is coming on.

Chapter VI. WILHELMINA'S WEDDING.

Tuesday, 20th November, 1731, Wilhelmina's wedding-day arrived, after a brideship of eight months; and that young Lady's troublesome romance, more happily than might have been expected, did at last wind itself up. Mamma's unreasonable humors continued, more or less; but these also must now end. Old wooers and outlooks, "the four or three crowned heads,"—they lie far over the horizon; faded out of one's very thoughts, all these. Charles XII., Peter II. are dead; Weissenfels is not, but might as well be. Prince Fred, not yet wedded elsewhere, is doing French madrigals in Leicester House; tending fowards the "West Wickham" set of Politicians, the Pitt-Lyttelton set; stands ill with Father and Mother, and will not come to much. August the Dilapidated-Strong is deep in Polish troubles, in Anti-Kaiser politics, in drinking-bouts;—his great-toe never mended, never will mend. Gone to the spectral state all these: here, blooming with life in its cheeks, is the one practical Fact, our good Hereditary Prince of Baireuth,—privately our fate all along;— which we will welcome cheerfully; and be thankful to Heaven that we have not died in getting it decided for us!—

Wedding was of great magnificence; Berlin Palace and all things and creatures at their brightest: the Brunswick-Beverns here, and other high Guests; no end of pompous ceremonials, solemnities and splendors,—the very train of one's gown was "twelve yards long." Eschewing all which, the reader shall commodiously conceive it all, by two samples we have picked out for him: one sample of a Person, high Guest present; one of an Apartment where the sublilities went on.

The Duchess Dowager of Sachsen-Meiningen, who has come to honor us on this occasion, a very large Lady, verging towards sixty; she is the person. A living elderly Daughter of the Great Elector himself; half-sister to the late King, half-aunt to Friedrich Wilhelm; widow now of her third husband: a singular phenomenon to look upon, for a moment, through Wilhelmina's satirical spectacles. One of her three husbands, "Christian Ernst of Baireuth" (Margraf there, while the present Line was but expectant), had been a kind of Welsh-Uncle to the Prince now Bridegroom; so that she has a double right to be here. "She had found the secret of totally ruining Baireuth," says Wilhelmina; "Baireuth, and Courland as well, where her first wedlock was;"— perhaps Meiningen was done to her hand? Here is the Portrait of "my Grand-Aunt;" dashed off in very high colors, not by a flattering pencil:—

"It is said she was very fond of pleasing, in her youth; one saw as much still by her affected manners. She would have made an excellent actress, to play fantastic parts of that kind. Her flaming red countenance, her shape, of such monstrous extent that she could hardly walk, gave her the air of a Female Bacchus. She took care to expose to view her"—a part of her person, large but no longer beautiful,— "and continually kept patting it with her hands, to attract attention thither. Though sixty gone,"— fifty-seven in point of fact,— "she was tricked out like a girl; hair done in ribbon-locks (MARRONNES), all filled with gewgaws of rose-pink color, which was the prevailing tint in her complexion, and so loaded with colored jewels, you would have taken her for the rainbow." [Wilhelmina, i. 375.]

This charming old Lady, daughter of the GROSSE KURFURST, and so very fat and rubicund, had a Son once: he too is mentionable in his way,—as a milestone (parish milestone) in the obscure Chronology of those parts. Her first husband was the Duke of Courland; to him she brought an heir, who became Duke in his turn,—and was the final Duke, LAST of the "Kettler" or native Line of Dukes there. The Kettlers had been Teutsch Ritters, Commandants in Courland; they picked up that Country, for their own behoof, when the Ritterdom went down; and this was the last of them. He married Anne of Russia with the big cheek (Czar Peter's Niece, who is since become Czarina); and died shortly after, twenty years ago; with tears doubtless from the poor rose-pink Mother, far away in Baireuth and childless otherwise; and also in a sense to the sorrow of Courland, which was hereby left vacant, a prey to enterprising neighbors. And on those terms it was that Saxons Moritz (our dissolute friend, who will be MARECHAL DE SAXE one day) made his clutch at Courland, backed by moneys of the French actress; rumor of which still floats vaguely about. Moritz might have succeeded, could he have done the first part of the feat, fallen in love with Swoln-cheeked Anne, Dowager there; but he could not; could only pretend it: Courland therefore (now that the Swoln-cheek is become Czarina) falls to one Bieren, a born Courlander, who could. [Last Kettler, Anne's Husband, died (leaving only an old Uncle, fallen Into Papistry and other futility, who, till his death some twenty years after, had to reside abroad and be nominal merely), 1711;

Moritz's attempt with Adrienne Lecouvreur's cash was, 1726; Anne became Sovereign of all the Russias (on her poor Cousin Peter II.'s death), 1730; Bieren (BIRON as he tried to write himself, being of poor birth) did not get installed till 1737; and had, he and Courland both, several tumbles after that before getting to stable equilibrium.] --We hurry to the "Grand Apartment" in Berlin Schloss, and glance rapidly, with Wilhelmina (in an abridged form), how magnificent it is:--

Royal Apartment, third floor of the Palace at Berlin, one must say, few things equal it in the world. "From the Outer Saloon or Antechamber, called SALLE DES SUISSES [where the halberdier and valet people wait] you pass through six grand rooms, into a saloon magnificently decorated: thence through two rooms more, and so into what they call the Picture-Gallery, a room ninety feet long. All this is in a line." Grand all this; but still only common in comparison. From the Picture-Gallery you turn (to right or left is not said, nor does it matter) into a suite of fourteen great rooms, each more splendid than the other: lustre from the ceiling of the first room, for example, is of solid silver; weighs, in pounds avoirdupois I know not what, but in silver coin "10,000 crowns:" ceilings painted as by Correggio; "wall-mirrors between each pair of windows are twelve feet high, and their piers (TRUMEAUX) are of massive silver; in front of each mirror, table can be laid for twelve;" twelve Serenities may dine there, flanked by their mirror, enjoying the Correggiosities above, and the practical sublimities all round. "And this is but the first of the fourteen;" and you go on increasing in superbness, till, for example, in the last, or superlative Saloon, you find "a lustre weighing 50,000 crowns; the globe of it big enough to hold a child of eight years; and the branches (GUERIDONS) of it," I forget how many feet or fathoms in extent: silver to the heart. Nay the music-balcony is of silver; wearied fiddler lays his elbow on balustrades of that precious metal. Seldom if ever was seen the like. In this superlative Saloon the Nuptial Benediction was given. [Wilhelmina, i. 381; Nicolai, ii. 881.]

Old King Friedrich, the expensive Herr, it was he that did the furnishing and Correggio-painting of these sublime rooms: but this of the masses of wrought silver, this was done by Friedrich Wilhelm,--incited thereto by what he saw at Dresden in August the Strong's Establishment; and reflecting, too, that silver is silver, whether you keep it in barrels in a coined form, or work it into chandeliers, mirror-frames and music-balconies.-- These things we should not have mentioned, except to say that the massive silver did prove a hoard available, in after times, against a rainy day. Massive silver (well mixed with copper first) was all melted down, stamped into current coins, native and foreign, and sent wandering over the world, before a certain Prince got through his Seven-Years Wars and other pinches that are ahead!--

In fine, Wilhelmina's Wedding was magnificent; though one had rubs too; and Mamma was rather severe. "Hair went all wrong, by dint of overdressing; and hung on one's face like a boy's. Crown-royal they had put (as indeed was proper) on one's head: hair was in twenty-four locks the size of your arm: such was the Queen's order. Gown was of cloth-of-silver, trimmed with Spanish gold-lace (AVEC UN POINT D'ESPAGNE D'OR); train twelve yards long;--one was like to sink to the earth in such equipment." Courage, my Princess!--In fact, the Wedding went beautifully off; with dances and sublimities, slow solemn Torch-dance to conclude with, in those unparalleled upper rooms; Grand-Aunt Meiningen and many other stars and rainbows witnessing; even the Margravine of Schwedt, in her high colors, was compelled to be there. Such variegated splendor, such a dancing of the Constellations; sublunary Berlin, and all the world, on tiptoe round it! Slow Torchdance, winding it up, melted into the shades of midnight, for this time; and there was silence in Berlin.

But, on the following nights, there were Balls of a less solemn character; far pleasanter for dancing purposes. It is to these, to one of these, that we direct the attention of all readers. Friday, 23d, there was again Ball and Royal Evening Party--"Grand Apartment" so called. Immense Ball, "seven hundred couples, all people of condition:" there were "Four Quadrilles," or dancing places in the big sea of quality-figures; each at its due distance in the grand suite of rooms: Wilhelmina presides in Quadrille NUMBER ONE; place assigned her was in the room called Picture-Gallery; Queen and all the Principalities were with Wilhelmina, she is to lead off their quadrille, and take charge of it. Which she did, with her accustomed fire and elasticity;--and was circling there, on the light fantastic toe, time six in the evening, when Grumkow, whom she had been dunning for his bargain about Friedrich the day before, came up:--

"I liked dancing," says she, "and was taking advantage of my chances. Grumkow came up, and interrupted me in the middle of a minuet: 'EH, MON DIEU MADAME!' said Grumkow, 'you seem to have got bit by the tarantula! Don't you see those strangers who have just come in?' I stopt short; and looking all round, I noticed at

last a young man dressed in gray, whom I did not know. 'Go, then, embrace the Priuce–Royal; there he is before you!' said Grumkow. All the blood in my body went topsy–turvy for joy. 'O Heaven, my Brother?' cried I: 'But I don't see him; where is he? In God's name, let me see him!' Grumkow led me to the young man in gray. Coming near, I recognized him, though with difficulty: he had grown amazingly stouter (PRODIGIEUSEMENT ENGRAISSE), shortened about the neck; his face too had much changed, and was no longer so beautiful as it had been. I sprang upon him with open arms (SAUTAI AU COU); I was in such a state, I could speak nothing but broken exclamations: I wept, I laughed, like one gone delirious. In my life I have never felt so lively a joy.

"The first sane step was to throw myself at the feet of the King: King said, 'Are you content with me? You see I have kept my word!' I took my Brother by the hand; and entreated the King to restore him his friendship. This scene was so touching, it drew tears from the eyes of everybody. I then approached the Queen. She was obliged to embrace me, the King being close opposite; but I remarked that her joy was only affected."—Why then, O Princess? Guess, if you can, the female humors of her Majesty!—

"I turned to my Brother again; I gave him a thousand caresses, and said the tenderest things to him: to all which he remained cold as ice, and answered only in monosyllables. I presented the Prince (my Husband); to whom he did not say one word. I was astonished at this fashion of procedure! But I laid the blame of it on the King, who was observing us, and who I judged might be intimidating my Brother. But even his countenance surprised me: he wore a proud air, and seemed to look down on everybody."

A much–changed Crown–Prince. What can be the meaning of it? Neither King nor he appeared at supper: they were supping elsewhere, with a select circle; and the whisper ran among us, His Majesty was treating him with great friendliness. At which the Queen, contrary to hope, could not conceal her secret pique. "In fact," says Wilhelmina, again too hard on Mamma, "she did not love her children except as they served her ambitious views." The fact that it was I, and not she, who had achieved the Prince's deliverance, was painful to her Majesty: alas, yes, in some degree!

"Ball having recommenced, Grumkow whispered to me, 'That the King was pleased with my frank kind ways to my Brother; and not pleased with my Brother's cold way of returning it: Does he simulate, and mean still to deceive me? Or IS that all the thanks he has for Wilhelmina? thinks his Majesty. Go on with your sincerity, Madam; and for God's sake admonish the Crown–Prince to avoid finessing!' Crown–Prince, when I did, in some interval of the dance, report this of Grumkow, and say, Why so changed and cold, then, Brother of my heart? answered, That he was still the same; and that he had his reasons for what he did." Wilhelmiua continues; and cannot understand her Crown–Prince at all:—

"Next morning, by the King's order, he paid me a visit. The Prince," my Husband, "was polite enough to withdraw, and left me and Sousfeld alone with him. He gave me a recital of his misfortunes; I communicated mine to him,"—and how I had at last bargained to get him free again by my compliance. "He appeared much discountenanced at this last part of my narrative. He returned thanks for the obligations I had laid on him,—with some caressings, which evidently did not proceed from the heart. To break this conversation, he started some indifferent topic; and, under pretence of seeing my Apartment, moved into the next room, where the Prince my Husband was. Him he ran over with his eyes from head to foot, for some time; then, after some constrained civilities to him, went his way." What to make of all this? "Madam Sonsfeld shrugged her shoulders;" no end of Madam Sousfeld's astonishment at such a Crown–Prince.

Alas, yes, poor Wilhelmina; a Crown–Prince got into terrible cognizance of facts since we last met him! Perhaps already sees, not only what a Height of place is cut out for him in this world, but also in a dim way what a solitude of soul, if he will maintain his height? Top of the frozen Schreckhorn;—have you well considered such a position! And even the way thither is dangerous, is terrible in this case. Be not too hard upon your Crown–Prince. For it is certain he loves you to the last!

Captain Dickens, who alone of all the Excellencies was not at the Wedding,—and never had believed it would be a wedding, but only a rumor to bring England round,—duly chronicles this happy reappearance of the Prince–Royal: "about six, yesterday evening, as the company was dancing,—to the great joy and surprise of the whale Court;"—and adds: "This morning the Prince came to the public Parade; where crowds of people of all ranks flocked to see his Royal Highness, and gave the most open demonstrations of pleasure." [Despatch 24th November, 1731.]

Wilhelmina, these noisy tumults, not all of them delightful, once done, gets out of the perplexed hurly–burly,

home towards still Baireuth, shortly after New-year. [11th January, 1732 (Wilhelmina, ii. 20.) "Berlin was become as odious to me as it had once been dear. I flattered myself that, renouncing grandeurs, I might lead a soft and tranquil life in my new Home, and begin a happier year than the one that had just ended." Mamma was still perverse; but on the edge of departure Wilhelmina contrived to get a word of her Father, and privately open her heart to him. Poor Father, after all that has come and gone:—

"My discourse produced its effect; he melted into tears, could not answer me for sobs; he explained his thoughts by his embracings of me. Making an effort, at length, he said: 'I am in despair that I did not know thee. They had told me such horrible tales, I hated thee as much as I now love thee. If I had addressed myself direct to thee, I should have escaped much trouble, and thou too. But they hindered me from speaking; said thou wert ill-natured as the Devil, and wouldst drive me to extremities I wanted to avoid. Thy Mother, by her intrigings, is in part the cause of the misfortunes of the family; I have been deceived and duped on every side. But my hands are tied; and though my heart is torn in pieces, I must leave these iniquities unpunished!'"—The Queen's intentions were always good, urged Wilhelmina. "Let us not enter into that detail," answered he: "what is past is past; I will try to forget it;" and assured Wilhelmina that she was the dearest to him of the family, and that he would do great things for her still,—only part of which came to effect in the sequel. "I am too sad of heart to take leave of you," concluded he: "embrace your Husband on my part; I am so overcome that I must not see him." [Wilhelmina, ii. 4; who dates 11th January, 1732.] And so they rolled away.

Crown-Prince was back to Custrin again, many weeks before. Back to Custrin; but under totally changed omens: his history, after that first emergence in Wilhelmina's dance "23d November about six P.M.," and appearance at Parade on the morrow (Saturday morning), had been as follows. Monday November 26th there was again grand Ball, and the Prince there, not in gray this time. Next day, the old Dessauer and all the higher Officers in Berlin petitioned, "Let us have him in the Army again, your Majesty!" Majesty consented: and so, Friday, 30th, there was grand dinner at Seckendorf's, Crown-Prince there, in soldier's uniform again; a completely pardoned youth. His uniform is of the Goltz Regiment, Infantry: Goltz Regiment, which lies at Ruppin,—at and about, in that moory Country to the Northeast, some thirty or forty miles from Berlin;—whither his destination now is.

Crown-Prince had to resume his Kammer work at Custrin, and see the Buildings at Carzig, for a three months longer, till some arrangements in the Regiment Goltz were perfected, and finishing improvements given to it. But "on the last day of February" (29th) 1732 being leap-year), his Royal Highness's Commission to be Colonel Commandant of said Regiment is made out; and he proceeds, in discharge of the same, to Ruppin, where his men lie. And so puts off the pike-gray coat, and puts on the military blue one, [Preuss, i. 69.]—never to quit it again, as turned out.

Ruppin is a little Town, in that northwest Fehrbellin region: Regiment Goltz had lain in detached quarters hitherto; but is now to lie at Ruppin, the first Battalion of it there, and the rest within reach. Here, in Ruppin itself, or ultimately at Reinsberg in the neighborhood, was Friedrich's abode, for the next eight years. Habitual residence: with transient excursions, chiefly to Berlin in Carnival time, or on other great occasions, and always strictly on leave; his employment being that of Colonel of Foot, a thing requiring continual vigilance and industry in that Country. Least of all to be neglected, in any point, by one in his circumstances. He did his military duties to a perfection satisfactory even to Papa; and achieved on his own score many other duties and improvements, for which Papa had less value. These eight years, it is always understood, were among the most important of his life to him.

END OF BOOK VIII-----

**BOOK IX. LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP: LIFE IN
RUPPIN. 1732–1736.**

Chapter I. PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHRISTINA OF BRUNSWICK-BEVERN.

We described the Crown-Prince as intent to comply, especially in all visible external particulars, with Papa's will and pleasure;— to distinguish himself by real excellence in Commandantship of the Regiment Goltz, first of all. But before ever getting into that, there has another point risen, on which obedience, equally essential, may be still more difficult.

Ever since the grand Catastrophe went off WITHOUT taking Friedrich's head along with it, and there began to be hopes of a pacific settlement, question has been, Whom shall the Crown-Prince marry? And the debates about it in the Royal breast and in Tobacco-Parliament, and rumors about it in the world at large, have been manifold and continual. In the Schulenburg Letters we saw the Crown-Prince himself much interested, and eagerly inquisitive on that head. As was natural: but it is not in the Crown-Prince's mind, it is in the Tobacco-Parliament, and the Royal breast as influenced there, that the thing must be decided. Who in the world will it be, then? Crown-Prince himself hears now of this party, now of that. England is quite over, and the Princess Amelia sunk below the horizon. Friedrich himself appears a little piqued that Hotham carried his nose so high; that the English would not, in those life-and-death circumstances, abate the least from their "Both marriages or none,"—thinks they should have saved Wilhelmina, and taken his word of honor for the rest. England is now out of his head;—all romance is too sorrowfully swept out: and instead of the "sacred air-cities of hope" in this high section of his history, the young man is looking into the "mean clay hamlets of reality," with an eye well recognizing them for real. With an eye and heart already tempered to the due hardness for them. Not a fortunate result, though it was an inevitable one. We saw him flirting with the beautiful wedded Wreath; talking to Lieutenant-General Schulenburg about marriage, in a way which shook the pipe-clay of that virtuous man. He knows he would not get his choice, if he had one; strives not to care. Nor does he, in fact, much care; the romance being all out of it. He looks mainly to outward advantages; to personal appearance, temper, good manners; to "religious principle," sometimes rather in the reverse way (fearing an OVERPLUS rather);—but always to likelihood of moneys by the match, as a very direct item. Ready command of money, he feels, will be extremely desirable in a Wife; desirable and almost indispensable, in present straitened circumstances. These are the notions of this ill-situated Coelebs.

The parties proposed first and last, and rumored of in Newspapers and the idle brains of men, have been very many,— no limit to their numbers; it MAY be anybody: an intending purchaser, though but possessed of sixpence, is in a sense proprietor of the whole Fair! Through Schulenburg we heard his own account of them, last Autumn;—but the far noblest of the lot was hardly glanced at, or not at all, on that occasion. The Kaiser's eldest Daughter, sole heiress of Austria and these vast Pragmatic-Sanction operations; Archduchess Maria Theresa herself,—it is affirmed to have been Prince Eugene's often-expressed wish, That the Crown-Prince of Prussia should wed the future Empress [Hormayr, *Allgemeine Geschichte der neueslen Zeit* (Wien, 1817), i. 13; cited in Preuss, i. 71.] Which would indeed have saved immense confusions to mankind! Nay she alone of Princesses, beautiful, magnanimous, brave, was the mate for such a Prince,— had the Good Fairies been consulted, which seldom happens:—and Romance itself might have become Reality in that case: with high results to the very soul of this young Prince! Wishes are free: and wise Eugene will have been heard, perhaps often, to express this wish; but that must have been all. Alas, the preliminaries, political, especially religious, are at once indispensable and impossible: we have to dismiss that daydream. A Papal-Protestant Controversy still exists among mankind; and this is one penalty they pay for not having settled it sooner. The Imperial Court cannot afford its Archduchess on the terms possible in that quarter.

What the Imperial Court can do is, to recommend a Niece of theirs, insignificant young Princess, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, who is Niece to the Empress; and may be made useful in this way, to herself and us, think the Imperial Majesties;—will be a new tie upon the Prussians and the Pragmatic Sanction, and keep the Alliance still surer for our Archduchess in times coming, think their Majesties. She, it is insinuated by Seckendorf in Tobacco-Parliament; ought not she, Daughter of your Majesty's esteemed friend,—modest-minded, innocent young Princess, with a Brother already betrothed in your Majesty's House,—to be the Lady? It is probable she will.

Did we inform the reader once about Kaiser Karl's young marriage adventures; and may we, to remind him,

mention them a second time? How Imperial Majesty, some five-and-twenty years ago, then only King of Spain, asked Princess Caroline of Anspach, who was very poor, and an orphan in the world. Who at once refused, declining to think of changing her religion on such a score;—and now governs England, telegraphing with Walpole, as Queen there instead. How Karl, now Imperial Majesty, then King of Spain, next applied to Brunswick–Wolfenbittel; and met with a much better reception there. Applied to old Anton Ulrich, reigning Duke, who writes big Novels, and does other foolish good-natured things;— who persuaded his Grand-daughter that a change to Catholicism was nothing in such a case, that he himself should not care in the least to change. How the Grand-daughter changed accordingly, went to Barcelona, and was wedded;—and had to dun old Grandpapa, "Why don't you change, then?" Who did change thereupon; thinking to himself, "Plague on it I must, then!" the foolish old Herr. He is dead; and his Novels, in six volumes quarto, are all dead: and the Grand-daughter is Kaiserinn, on those terms, a serene monotonous well-favored Lady, diligent in her Catholic exercises; of whom I never heard any evil, good rather, in her eminent serene position. Pity perhaps that she had recommended her Niece for this young Prussian gentleman; whom it by no means did "attach to the Family" so very careful about him at Vienna! But if there lay a sin, and a punishment following on it, here or elsewhere, in her Imperial position, surely it is to be charged on foolish old Anton Ulrich; not on her, poor Lady, who had never coveted such height, nor durst for her soul take the leap thitherward, till the serene old literary gentleman showed her how easy it was.

Well, old Anton Ulrich is long since dead, [1714, age 70. Huber, t. 190.] and his religious accounts are all settled beyond cavil; and only the sad duty devolves on me of explaining a little what and who his rather insipid offspring are, so far as related to readers of this History. Anton Ulrich left two sons; the elder of whom was Duke, and the younger had an Apanage, Blankenburg by name. Only this younger had children,—serene Kaiserinn that now is, one of them: The elder died childless, [1731, Michaelis, i. 132.] precisely a few months before the times we are now got to; reigning Duke of Brunswick–Wolfenbittel, ["Welf–BOOTHs" (Hunted Camp of the Welfs), according to Etymology. "Brunswick," again, is BRAUN'S–Wick; "Braun" (Brown) being an old militant Welf in those parts, who built some lodge for himself, as a convenience there,—Year 880, say the uncertain old Books. Hubner, t. 149; Michaelis, all but certain Apanages, and does not concern us farther. To that supreme dignity the younger has now come, and his Apanage of Blankenburg and children with him;—so that there is now only one outstanding Apanage (Bevern, not known to us yet); which also will perhaps get reunited, if we cared for it. Ludwig Rudolf is the name of this new sovereign Duke of Brunswick–Wolfenbittel, or Duke in chief; age now sixty; has a shining, bustling, somewhat irregular Duchess, says Wilhelmina; and a nose—or rather almost no nose, for sad reasons! [Wilhelmina, ii. 121.] Other qualities or accidents I know not of him,—except that he is Father of the Vienna Kaiserinn; Grandfather of the Princess whom Seckendorf suggests for our Friedrich of Prussia.

In Ludwig Rudolf's insipid offspring our readers are unexpectedly somewhat interested; let readers patiently attend, therefore. He had three Daughters, never any son. Two of his Daughters, eldest and youngest, are alive still; the middle one had a sad fate long ago. She married, in 1711, Alexius the Czarowitz of Peter the Great: foolish Czarowitz, miserable and making others miserable, broke her heart by ill conduct, ill usage, in four years; so that she died; leaving him only a poor small Peter II., who is now dead too, and that matter ended all but the memory of it. Some accounts bear, that she did not die; that she only pretended it, and ran and left her intolerable Czarowitz. That she wedded, at Paris, in deep obscurity, an Officer just setting out for Louisiana; lived many years there as a thrifty soldier's wife; returned to Paris with her Officer reduced to half-pay; and told him—or told some select Official person after him, under seven-fold oath, being then a widow and necessitous—her sublime secret. Sublime secret, which came thus to be known to a supremely select circle at Paris; and was published in Books, where one still reads it. No vestige of truth in it,—except that perhaps a necessitous soldier's widow at Paris, considering of ways and means, found that she had some trace of likeness to the Pictures of this Princess, and had heard her tragic story.

Ludwig Rudolf's second Daughter is dead long years ago; nor has this fable as yet risen from her dust. Of Ludwig Rudolf's other two Daughters, we have said that one, the eldest, was the Kaiserinn; Empress Elizabeth Christina, age now precisely forty; with two beautiful Daughters, sublime Maria Theresa the elder of them, and no son that would live. Which last little circumstance has caused the Pragmatic Sanction, and tormented universal Nature for so many years back! Ludwig Rudolf has a youngest Daughter, also married, and a Mother in

Germany,—to this day conspicuously so;—of whom next, or rather of her Husband and Family-circle, we must say a word.

Her Husband is no other than the esteemed Friend of Friedrich Wilhelm; Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, by title; who, as a junior branch, lives on the Apanage of Bevern, as his Father did; but is sure now to inherit the sovereignty and be Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbittel at large, he or his Sons, were the present incumbent, Ludwig Rudolf, once out. Present incumbent, we have just intimated, is his Father-in-law; but it is not on that ground that he looks to inherit. He is Nephew of old Anton Ulrich, Son of a younger Brother (who was also "Bevern" in Anton's time); and is the evident Heir-male; old Anton being already fallen into the distaff, with nothing but three Grand-daughters. Anton's heir will now be this Nephew; Nephew has wedded one of the Grand-daughters, youngest of the Three, youngest Daughter of Ludwig Rudolf, Sovereign Duke that now is; which Lady, by the family she brought him, if no otherwise, is memorable or mentionable here, and may be called, a Mother in Germany. [ANTON ULRICH (1833-1714). Duke in Chief; that is, Duke of Brunswick-WOLFENBUTTEL.

AUGUST WILHELM, elder Son and Heir (1662, 1714, 1731); had no children.

LUDWIG RUDOLF, the younger Son (1671, 1731, 1735), apanagad in Blankenburg; Duke of Brunswick-BLANKENBURG; became WOLFENBUTTEL.

1731, died, 1st March, 1735. No Son; so that now the Bevern succeeded. Three Daughters:

Elizabeth Christina, the Kaiserinn (1691, 1708, 1750).

Charlotte Christina (1694, 1711, 1715), Alexius of Russia's, had a FABULOUS end.

Antoinette Amelia (1695, 1712, 1762); Bevern's Wife,—a

"Mother in Germany." FERDINAND ALBERT (1636-1687), his younger Brother apanagad in Bevern; that is, Duke of Brunswick-BEVERN.

FERDINAND ALBERT, eldest Son (an elder had perished, 1704, on the Schellenberg under Marlborough), followed in Bevern (1680, 1687-1704, 1735); Kaiser's soldier, Friedrich Wilhelm's friend; married his Cousin, Antoinette Amelia ("Mother in Germany," as we call her). Duke in Chief, 1st March, 1785, on Ludwig Rudolf's decease; died himself, 3d September same year.

BORN 1713, Karl the Heir (to marry our Friedrich's Sister).

1714, Anton Ulrich (Russia; tragedy of Czar Iwan).

1715, 8th November, Elizabeth Christina (Crown Prince's).

1718, Ludwig Ernst (Holland, 1787).

1721, Ferdinand (Chatham's and England's) of the Seven Years War.

1722, 1724, 1725, 1732, Four others; Boys the youngest Two, who were both killed in Friedrich's Wars.]

Father Bevern her Husband, Ferdinand Albert the name of him, is now just fifty, only ten years younger than his serene Father-in-law, Ludwig Rudolf:—whom, I may as well say here, he does at last succeed, three years hence (1735) and becomes Duke of Brunswick in General, according to hope; but only for a few months, having himself died that same year. Poor Duke; rather a good man, by all the accounts I could hear; though not of qualities that shone. He is at present "Duke of Brunswick-Bevern,"—such his actual nomenclature in those ever-fluctuating Sibyl's-leaves of German History-Books, Wilhelmina's and the others;—expectant Duke of Brunswick in General; much a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm. A kind of Austrian soldier he was formerly, and will again be for brief times; General-Feldmarschall so styled; but is not notable in War, nor otherwise at all, except for the offspring he had by this serene Spouse of his. Insipid offspring, the impatient reader says; but permits me to enumerate one or two of them:—

1. Karl, eldest Son; who is sure to be Brunswick in General; who is betrothed to Princess Charlotte of

Prussia,—“a satirical creature, she, fonder of my Prince than of him,” Wilhelmina thinks. The wedding nevertheless took effect. Brunswick in General duly fell in, first to the Father; then, in a few months more, to Karl with his Charlotte: and from them proceeded, in due time, another Karl, of whom we shall hear in this History;—and of whom all the world heard much in the French Revolution Wars; in 1792, and still more tragically afterwards. Shot, to death or worse, at the Battle of Jena, October, 1806; “battle lost before it was begun,”—such the strategic history they give of it. He peremptorily ordered the French Revolution to suppress itself; and that was the answer the French Revolution made him. From this Karl, what NEW Queens Caroline of England and portentous Dukes of Brunswick, sent upon their travels through the anarchic world, profitable only to Newspapers, we need not say!—

2. Anton Ulrich; named after his august Great-Grandfather; does not write novels like him. At present a young gentleman of eighteen; goes into Russia before long, hoping to beget Czars; which issues dreadfully for himself and the potential Czars he begot. The reader has heard of a potential “Czar Iwan,” violently done to death in his room, one dim moonlight night of 1764, in the Fortress of Schlusselfurg, middle of Lake Ladoga; misty moon looking down on the stone battlements, on the melancholy waters, and saying nothing.—But let us not anticipate.

3. Elizabeth Christina; to us more important than any of them. Namesake of the Kaiserinn, her august Aunt; age now seventeen; insipid fine-complexioned young lady, who is talked of for the Bride of our Crown-Prince. Of whom the reader will hear more. Crown-Prince fears she is “too religious,”—and will have “CAGOTS” about her (solemn persons in black, highly unconscious how little wisdom they have), who may be troublesome.

4. A merry young Boy, now ten, called Ferdinand; with whom England within the next thirty years will ring, for some time, loud enough: the great “Prince Ferdinand” himself,—under whom the Marquis of Granby and others became great; Chatham superintending it. This really was a respectable gentleman, and did considerable things,—a Trismegistus in comparison with the Duke of Cumberland whom he succeeded. A cheerful, singularly polite, modest, well-conditioned man withal. To be slightly better known to us, if we live. He at present is a Boy of ten, chasing the thistle's beard.

5. Three other sons, all soldiers, two of them younger than Ferdinand; whose names were in the gazettes down to a late period;—whom we shall ignore in this place. The last of them was marched out of Holland, where he had long been Commander-in-chief on rather Tory principles, in the troubles of 1787. Others of them we shall see storming forward on occasion, valiantly meeting death in the field of fight, all conspicuously brave of character; but this shall be enough of them at present.

It is of these that Ludwig Rudolf's youngest daughter, the serene Ferdinand Albert's wife, is Mother in Germany; highly conspicuous in their day. If the question is put, it must be owned they are all rather of the insipid type. Nothing but a kind of albuminous simplicity noticeable in them; no wit, originality, brightness in the way of uttered intellect. If it is asked, How came they to the least distinction in this world?—the answer is not immediately apparent. But indeed they are Welfs of the Welfs, in this respect as in others. One asks, with increased wonder, noticing in the Welfs generally nothing but the same albuminous simplicity, and poverty rather than opulence of uttered intellect, or of qualities that shine, How the Welfs came to play such a part, for the last thousand years, and still to be at it, in conspicuous places? Reader, I have observed that uttered intellect is not what permanently makes way, but unuttered. Wit, logical brilliancy, spiritual effulgency, true or FALSE,—how precious to idle mankind, and to the Newspapers and History-Books, even when it is false: while, again, Nature and Practical Fact care next to nothing for it in comparison, even when it is true! Two silent qualities you will notice in these Welfs, modern and ancient; which Nature much values: FIRST, consummate human Courage; a noble, perfect, and as it were unconscious superiority to fear. And then SECONDLY, much weight of mind, a noble not too conscious Sense of what is Right and Not-Right, I have found in some of them;—which means mostly WEIGHT, or good gravitation, good observance of the perpendicular; and is called justice, veracity, high-honor, and other such names. These are fine qualities indeed, especially with an “albuminous simplicity” as vehicle to them. If the Welfs had not much articulate intellect, let us guess they made a good use, not a bad or indifferent, as is commoner, of what they had.

WHO HIS MAJESTY'S CHOICE IS; AND WHAT THE CROWN-PRINCE THINKS OF IT.

Princess Elizabeth Christina, the insipid Brunswick specimen, backed by Seckendorf and Vienna, proves on consideration the desirable to Friedrich Wilhelm in this matter. But his Son's notions, who as yet knows her only by rumor, do not go that way. Insipidity, triviality; the fear of “CAGOTAGE” and frightful fellows in black

supremely unconscious what blockheads they are, haunts him a good deal. And as for any money coming,—her sublime Aunt the Kaiserinn never had much ready money; one's resources on that side are likely to be exiguous. He would prefer the Princess of Mecklenburg, Semi-Russian Catharine or Anna, of whom we have heard; would prefer the Princess of Eisenach (whose name he does not know rightly); thinks there are many Princesses preferable. Most of all he would prefer, what is well known of him in Tobacco-Parliament, but known to be impossible, this long while back, to go upon a round of travel,—as for instance the Prince of Lorraine is now doing,—and look about him a little.

These candid considerations the Crown-Prince earnestly suggests to Grumkow, and the secret committee of Tobacco-Parliament; earnestly again and again, in his Correspondence with that gentleman, which goes on very brisk at present. "Much of it lost," we hear;—but enough, and to spare, is saved! Not a beautiful correspondence: the tone of it shallow, hard of heart; tragically flippant, especially on the Crown-Prince's part; now and then even a touch of the hypocritical from him, slight touch and not with will: alas, what can the poor young man do? Grumkow—whose ground, I think, is never quite so secure since that Nosti business— professes ardent attachment to the real interests of the Prince; and does solidly advise him of what is feasible, what not, in head-quarters; very exemplary "attachment;" credible to what length, the Prince well enough knows. And so the Correspondence is unbeautiful; not very descriptive even,—for poor Friedrich is considerably under mask, while he writes to that address; and of Grumkow himself we want no more "description;" and is, in fact, on its own score, an avoidable article rather than otherwise; though perhaps the reader, for a poor involved Crown-Prince's sake, will wish an exact Excerpt or two before we quite dismiss it.

Towards turning off the Brunswick speculation, or turning on the Mecklenburg or Eisenach or any other in its stead, the Correspondence naturally avails nothing. Seckendorf has his orders from Vienna: Grumkow has his pension,—his cream-bowl duly set,— for helping Beckendorf. Though angels pleaded, not in a tone of tragic flippancy, but with the voice of breaking hearts, it would be to no purpose. The Imperial Majesties have ordered, Marry him to Brunswick, "bind him the better to our House in time coming;" nay the Royal mind at Potsdam gravitates, of itself, that way, after the first hint is given. The Imperial will has become the Paternal one; no answer but obedience. What Grumkow can do will be, if possible, to lead or drive the Crown-Prince into obeying smoothly, or without breaking of harness again. Which, accordingly, is pretty much the sum of his part in this unlovely Correspondence: the geeho-ing of an expert wagoner, who has got a fiery young Arab thoroughly tied into his dastard sand-cart, and has to drive him by voice, or at most by slight crack of whip; and does it. Can we hope, a select specimen or two of these Documents, not on Grumkow's part, or for Grumkow's unlovely sake, may now be acceptable to the reader? A Letter or two picked from that large stock, in a legible state, will show us Father and Son, and how that tragic matter went on, better than description could.

Papa's Letters to the Crown-Prince during that final Custrin period,—when Carzig and Himmelstadt were going on, and there was such progress in Economics, are all of hopeful ruggedly affectionate tenor; and there are a good few of them: style curiously rugged, intricate, headlong; and a strong substance of sense and worth tortuously visible everywhere. Letters so delightful to the poor retrieved Crown-Prince then and there; and which are still almost pleasant reading to third-parties, once you introduce grammar and spelling. This is one exact specimen; most important to the Prince and us. Suddenly, one night, by estafette, his Majesty, meaning nothing but kindness, and grateful to Seckendorf and Tobacco-Parliament for such an idea, proposes,—in these terms (merely reduced to English and the common spelling):—

"TO THE CROWN-PRINCE AT CUSTRIN (from Papa). "POTSDAM, 4th February, 1732

"MY DEAR SON FRITZ,—I am very glad you need no more physic. But you must have a care of yourself, some days yet, for the severe weather; which gives me and everybody colds; so pray be on your guard (NEHMET EUCH KUBSCH IN ACHT).

"You know, my dear Son, that when my children are obedient, I love them much: so, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you everything; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but of your well-being and how to establish you,—not in the Army only, but also with a right Step-daughter, and so see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the Princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty people, what their conduct is, their education and so on: and so a Princess has been found, the Eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought up, modest and retiring, as women ought to be.

"You will without delay (CITO) write me your mind on this. I have purchased the Von Katsch House; the Feldmarschall," old Wartensleben, poor Katte's grandfather, "as Governor" of Berlin, "will get that to live in: and his Government House, [Fine enough old House, or Palace, built by the Great Elector; given by him to Graf Feldmarschall von Schomberg, the "Duke Schomberg" who was killed in the Battle of the Boyne: "same House, opposite the Arsenal, which belongs now (1855) to his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia." (Preuss, i. 73; and *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 12 n.)] I will have made new for you, and furnish it all; and give you enough to keep house yourself there; and will command you into the Army, April coming [which is quite a subordinate story, your Majesty!].

"The Princess is not ugly, nor beautiful. You must mention it to no mortal;—write indeed to Mamma (DER MAMA) that I have written to you. And when you shall have a Son, I will let you go on your Travels,—wedding, however, cannot be before winter next. Meanwhile I will try and contrive opportunity that you see one another, a few times, in all honor, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She is a God-fearing creature (GOTTESFURCHTIGES MENSCH), which is all in all; will suit herself to you [be COMFORTABLE to you] as she does to the Parents-in-law.

"God give his blessing to it; and bless You and your Posterity, and keep Thee as a good Christian. And have God always before your eyes;—and don't believe that damnable PARTICULAR tenet [Predestination]; and be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in Time and there in Eternity, go well with thee;—and whoever wishes that from the heart, let him say Amen.

"Your true Father to the death,

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

"When the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will have thee come. I think thy Bride will be here then. Adieu; God be with you." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii, part 3d, p. 55.]

This important Missive reached Custrin, by estafette, that same midnight, 4th–5th February; when Wolden, "Hofmarschall of the Prince's Court" (titular Goldstick there, but with abundance of real functions laid on him), had the honor to awaken the Crown-Prince into the joy of reading. Crown-Prince instantly despatched, by another estafette, the requisite responses to Papa and Mamma,—of which Wolden does not know the contents at all, not he, the obsequious Goldstick;—but doubtless they mean "Yes," Crown-Prince appearing so overjoyed at this splendid evidence of Papa's love, as the Goldstick could perceive. [Wolden's LETTER to Friedrich Wilhelm, "5th February, 1732:" in Preuss, ii. part 2d (or URKUNDENOUCH), p. 206. Mamma's answer to the message brought her by this return estafette, a mere formal VERY-WELL, written from the fingers outward, exists (*OEuvres*, xxvi. 65); the rest have happily vanished.]

What the Prince's actual amount of joy was, we shall learn better from the following three successive utterances of his, confidentially despatched to Grumkow in the intermediate days, before Berlin or this "Duke of Lorraine" (whom our readers and the Crown-Prince are to wait upon), with actual sight of Papa and the Intended, came in course. Grumkow's Letters to the Crown-Prince in this important interval are not extant, nor if they were could we stand them: from the Prince's Answers it will be sufficiently apparent what the tenor of them was. Utterance first is about a week after that of the estafette at midnight:—

TO GENERAL FELDMARSCHALL VON GRUMKOW, AT POTSDAM (from the Crown-Prince).

"CUSTRIN, 11th February, 1732.

"MY DEAR GENERAL AND FRIEND,—I was charmed to learn by your Letter that my affairs are on so good a footing [Papa so well satisfied with my professions of obedience]; and you may depend on it I am docile to follow your advice. I will lend myself to whatever is possible for me; and provided I can secure the King's favor by my obedience, I will do all that is within my power.

"Nevertheless, in making my bargain with the Duke of Bevern, manage that the CORPUS DELICTI [my Intended] be brought up under her Grandmother [Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbittel, Ludwig Rudolf's Spouse, an airy coquettish Lady,—let her be the tutoress and model of my Intended, O General]. For I should prefer being made a"—what shall we say? by a light wife,—"or to serve under the haughty FONTANGE [Species of topknot; so named from Fontange, an unfortunate female of Louis Fourteenth's, who invented the ornament.] of my Spouse [as Ludwig Rudolf does, by all accounts], than to have a blockhead who would drive me mad by her ineptitudes? and whom I should be ashamed to produce.

"I beg you labor at this affair. When one hates romance heroines as heartily as I do, one dreads those 'virtues'

of the ferocious type [LES VERTUS FAROUCHES, so terribly aware that they are virtuous]; and I had rather marry the greatest—[unnamable]—in Berlin, than a devotee with half a dozen ghastly hypocrites (CAGOTS) at her beck. If it were still MOGLICH [possible, in German] to make her Calvinist [REFORMEE; our Court-Creed, which might have an allaying tendency, and at least would make her go with the stream]? But I doubt that:—I will insist, however, that her Grandmother have the training of her. What you can do to help in this, my dear Friend, I am persuaded you will do.

"It afflicted me a little that the King still has doubts of me, while I am obeying in such a matter, diametrically opposite to my own ideas. In what way shall I offer stronger proofs? I may give myself to the Devil, it will be to no purpose; nothing but the old song over again, doubt on doubt.—Don't imagine I am going to disoblige the Duke, the Duchess or the Daughter, I beseech you! I know too well what is due to them, and too much respect their merits, not to observe the strictest rules of what is proper,— even if I hated their progeny and them like the pestilence.

"I hope to speak to you with open heart at Berlin.—You may think, too, how I shall be embarrassed, having to do the AMOROSO perhaps without being it, and to take an appetite for mute ugliness,—for I don't much trust Count Seckendorf's taste in this article,"—in spite of his testimonies in Tobacco-Parliament and elsewhere. "Monsieur! Once more, get this Princess to learn by heart the ECOLE DES MARIS and the ECOLE DES FEMMES; that will do her much more good than TRUE CHRISTIANITY by the late Mr. Arndt! [Johann Arndt ("late" this long while back), *Von wahren Christenthum*, Magdeburg, 1610.] If, besides, she would learn steadiness of humor (TOUJOURS DANSER SUR UN PIED), learn music; and, NOTA BENE, become rather too free than too virtuous,— ah then, my dear General, then I should feel some liking for her, and a Colin marrying a Phyllis, the couple would be in accordance: but if she is stupid, naturally I renounce the Devil and her.— It is said she has a Sister, who at least has common sense. Why take the eldest, if so? To the King it must be all one. There is also a Princess Christina Marie of Eisenach [real name being Christina WILHELMINA, but no matter], who would be quite my fit, and whom I should like to try for. In fine, I mean to come soon into your Countries; [Did come, 26th February, as we shall see.] and perhaps will say like Caesar, VENI, VIDI, VICI." ...

Paragraph of tragic compliments to Grumkow we omit. Letter ends in this way:—

"Your Baireuth News is very interesting; I hope, in September next [time of a grand problem coming there for Wilhelmina], my Sister will recover her first health. If I go travelling, I hope to have the consolation of seeing her for a fortnight or three weeks; I love her more than my life; and for all my obediences to the King, surely I shall deserve that recompense. The diversions for the Duke of Lorraine are very well schemed; but"—but what mortal can now care about them? Close, and seal. [Forster, iii. 160–162; *OEuvres de Frederic*, xvi, 37–39.]

As to this Duke of Lorraine just coming, he is Franz Stephan, a pleasant young man of twenty-five, son of that excellent Duke Leopold Joseph, whom young Lyttelton of Hagley was so taken with, while touring in those parts in the Congress-of-Soissons time. Excellent Duke Leopold Joseph is since dead; and this Franz has succeeded to him,—what succession there was; for Lorraine as a Dukedom has its neck under the foot of France this great while, and is evidently not long for this world. Old Fleury, men say, has his eye upon it. And in fact it was, as we shall see, eaten up by Fleury within four years' time; and this Franz proved the last of all the Dukes there. Let readers notice him: a man of high destiny otherwise, of whom we are to hear much. For ten years past he has lived about Vienna, being a born Cousin of that House (Grandmother was Kaiser Leopold's own Sister); and it is understood, nay it is privately settled he is to marry the transcendent Archduchess, peerless Maria Theresa herself; and is to reap, he, the whole harvest of that Pragmatic Sanction sown with such travail of the Universe at large. May be King of the Romans (which means successor to the Kaisership) any day; and actual Kaiser one day.

We may as well say here, he did at length achieve these dignities, though not quite in the time or on the terms proposed. King of the Romans old Kaiser Karl never could quite resolve to make him,— having always hopes of male progeny yet; which never came. For his peerless Bride he waited six years still (owing to accidents), "attachment mutual all the while;" did then wed, 1738, and was the happiest of men and expectant Kaisers:—but found, at length, the Pragmatic Sanction to have been a strange sowing of dragon's-teeth, and the first harvest reapeable from it a world of armed men!—For the present he is on a grand Tour, for instruction and other objects; has been in England last; and is now getting homewards again, to Vienna, across Germany; conciliating the Courts as he goes. A pacific friendly eupeptic young man; Crown-Prince Friedrich, they say, took much to him in

Berlin; did not quite swear eternal friendship; but kept up some correspondence for a while, and "once sends him a present of salmon."—But to proceed with the utterances to Grumkow.

Utterance SECOND is probably of prior date; but introducible here, being an accidental Fragment, with the date lost:—

TO THE FELDMARSCHALL VON GRUMKOW (from the Crown-Prince; exact date lost).

"... As to what you tell me of the Princess of Mecklenburg," for whom they want a Brandenburg Prince,— "could not I marry her? Let her come into this Country, and think no more of Russia: she would have a dowry of two or three millions of roubles,—only fancy how I could live with that! I think that project might succeed. The Princess is Lutheran; perhaps she objects to go into the Greek Church?—I find none of these advantages in this Princess of Bevern; who, as many people, even of the Duke's Court, say, is not at all beautiful, speaks almost nothing, and is given to pouting (FAISANT LA FACHEE). The good Kaiserinn has so little herself, that the sums she could afford her Niece would be very moderate." [Fragment given in *Sechendorfs Leben*, iii. 249 u.]

"Given to pouting," too! No, certainly; your Insipidity of Brunswick, without prospects of ready money; dangerous for CAGOTAGE; "not a word to say for herself in company, and given to pouting:" I do not reckon her the eligible article!—

Seckendorf, Schulenburg, Grumkow and all hands are busy in this matter: geeho-ing the Crown-Prince towards the mark set before him. With or without explosion, arrive there he must; other goal for him is none!—In the mean while, it appears, illustrious Franz of Lorraine, coming on, amid the proper demonstrations, through Magdeburg and the Prussian Towns, has caught some slight illness and been obliged to pause; so that Berlin cannot have the happiness of seeing him quite so soon as it expected. The high guests invited to meet Duke Franz, especially the high Brunswicks, are already there. High Brunswicks, Bevern with Duchess, and still more important, with Son and with Daughter:—insipid CORPUS DELICTI herself has appeared on the scene; and Grumkow, we find, has been writing some description of her to the Crown-Prince. Description of an unfavorable nature; below the truth, not above it, to avert disappointment, nay to create some gleam of inverse joy, when the actual meeting occurs. That is his art in driving the fiery little Arab ignominiously yoked to him; and it is clear he has overdone it, for once. This is Friedrich's THIRD utterance to him; much the most emphatic there is:—

TO THE GENERAL FELDMARSCHALL VON GRUMKOW.

"CUSTRIN, 19th February, 1732.

"Judge, my dear General, if I can have been much charmed with the description you give of the abominable object of my desires! For the love of God, disabuse the King in regard to her [show him that she is a fool, then]; and let him remember well that fools commonly are the most obstinate of creatures.

"Some months ago he wrote a Letter to Walden," the obsequious Goldstick, "of his giving me the choice of several Princesses: I hope he will not give himself the lie in that. I refer you entirely to the Letter, which Schulenburg will have delivered,"— little Schulenburg called here, in passing your way; all hands busy. "For there is no hope of wealth, no reasoning, nor chance of fortune that could change my sentiment as expressed there [namely, that I will not have her, whatever become of me]; and miserable for miserable, it is all one! Let the King but think that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, but for MYself; nay he too will have a thousand chagrins, to see two persons hating one another, and the miserablest marriage in the world;—to hear their mutual complaints, which will be to him so many reproaches for having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good Christian, let him consider, If it is well done to wish to force people; to cause divorces, and to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill-assorted marriage leads us to commit! I am determined to front everything in the world sooner: and since things are so, you may in some good way apprise the Duke" of Bevern "that, happen what may, I never will have her.

"I have been unfortunate (MALHEUREUX) all my life; and I think it is my destiny to continue so. One must be patient, and take the time as it comes. Perhaps a sudden tract of good fortune, on the back of all the chagrins I have made profession of ever since I entered this world, would have made me too proud. In a word, happen what will, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have suffered sufficiently for an exaggerated crime [that of "attempting to desert;"—Heavens!]
—and I will not engage myself to extend my miseries (CHAGRINS) into future times. I have still resources:—a pistol-shot can deliver me from my sorrows and my life: and I think a merciful God would not damn me for that; but, taking pity on me, would, in exchange for a life of wretchedness,

grant me salvation. This is whitherward despair can lead a young person, whose blood is not so quiescent as if he were seventy. I have a feeling of myself, Monsieur; and perceive that, when one hates the methods of force as much as I, our boiling blood will carry us always towards extremities.

... "If there are honest people in the world, they must think how to save me from one of the most perilous passages I have ever been in. I waste myself in gloomy ideas; I fear I shall not be able to hide my grief, on coming to Berlin. This is the sad state I am in;—but it will never make me change from being,"—surely to an excessive degree, the illustrious Grumkow's most

"FRIDERIC."

"I have received a Letter from the King; all agog (BIEN COIFFE) about the Princess. I think I may still finish the week here. [26th, did arrive in Berlin: Preuss (in *OEuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 58 n).] When his first fire of approbation is spent, you might, praising her all the while, lead him to notice her faults. Mon Dieu, has he not already seen what an ill-assorted marriage comes to,—my Sister of Anspach and her Husband, who hate one another like the fire! He has a thousand vexations from it every day. ... And what aim has the King? If it is to assure himself of me, that is not the way. Madam of Eisenach might do it; but a fool not (POINT UNE BETE);—on the contrary, it is morally impossible to love the cause of our misery. The King is reasonable; and I am persuaded he will understand this himself." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvi. 41, 42.]

Very passionate pleading; but it might as well address itself to the east-winds. Have east-winds a heart, that they should feel pity? JARNI-BLEU, Herr Feldzeugmeister,—only take care he don't overset things again!

Grumkow, in these same hours, is writing a Letter to the Prince, which we still have, [Ib. xvi. 43.] How charmed his Majesty is at such obedience; "shed tears of joy," writes Grumkow, "and said it was the happiest day of his life." Judge Grumkow's feelings soon after, on this furious recalcitration breaking out! Grumkow's Answer, which also we still have [Ib. xvi. pp. 44–46.] is truculence itself in a polite form:—horror-struck as a Christian at the suicide notion, at the—in fact at the whole matter; and begs, as a humble individual, not wishful of violent death and destruction upon self and family, to wash his poor hands of it altogether. Dangerous for the like of him; "interfering between Royal Father and Royal Son of such opposite humors, would break the neck of any man," thinks Grumkow; and sums up with this pithy reminiscence: "I remember always what, the King said to me at Wusterhausen, when your Royal Highness lay prisoner in the Castle of Custrin, and I wished to take your part: *'Nein Grumkow, denket an diese Stelle, Gott gebe dass ich nicht wahr rede, aber mein Sohn stirbt nicht eines natuerlichen Todes; und Gott gebe dass er nicht unter Henkers Hande komme.* No, Grumkow, think of what I now tell you: God grant it do not come true,—but my Son won't die a natural death; God grant he do not come into the Hangman's hands yet! I shuddered at these words, and the King repeated them twice to me: that is true, or may I never see God's face, or have part in the merits of our Lord."—The Crown-Prince's "pleadings" may fitly terminate here.

DUKE OF LORRAINE ARRIVES IN POTSDAM AND IN BERLIN.

Saturday, 23d February, 1732, his Serene Highness of Lorraine did at length come to hand. Arrived in Potsdam that day; where the two Majesties, with the Serene Beverns, with the Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg, and the other high guests, had been some time in expectation. Suitable persons invited for the occasion: Bevern, a titular Austrian Feldmarschall; Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg, an actual one (poor old Eberhard Ludwig's Cousin, and likely to be Heir there soon); high quasi-Austrian Serenities;—not to mention Schulenburg and others officially related to Austria, or acquainted with it. Nothing could be more distinguished than the welcome of Duke Franz; and the things he saw and did, during his three weeks' visit, are wonderful to Fassmann and the extinct Gazetteers. Saw the Potsdam Giants do their "EXERCITIA," transcendent in perfection; had a boar-hunt; "did divine service in the Potsdam Catholic Church; "—went by himself to Spandau, on the Tuesday (26th), where all the guns broke forth, and dinner was ready: King, Queen and Party having made off for Berlin, in the interim, to be ready for his advent there "in the evening about, five." Majesties wait at Berlin, with their Party,—among whom, say the old Newspapers, "is his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince:" Crown-Prince just come in from Custrin; just blessed with the first sight of his Charmer, whom he finds perceptibly less detestable than he expected.

Serene Highness of Lorraine arrived punctually at five, with outburst of all the artilleries and hospitalities; balls, soirees, EXERCITIA of the Kleist Regiment, of the Gerns-d'Armes; dinners with Grumkow, dinners with Seckendorf, evening party with the Margravine Philip (Margravine in high colors);—one scenic miracle

succeeding another, for above a fortnight to come.

The very first spectacle his Highness saw, a private one, and of no intense interest to him, we shall mention here for our own behoof. "An hour after his arrival the Duke was carried away to his Excellency Herr Creutz the Finance–Minister's; to attend a wedding there, along with his Majesty. Wedding of Excellency Creutz's only Daughter to the Herr HOFJAGERMEISTER von Hacke."— HOFJAGERMEISTER (Master of the Hunt), and more specifically Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard or Giant regiment, much and deservedly a favorite with his Majesty. Majesty has known, a long while, the merits military and other of this Hacke; a valiant expert exact man, of good stature, good service among the Giants and otherwise, though not himself gigantic; age now turned of thirty;—and unluckily little but his pay to depend on. Majesty, by way of increment to Hacke, small increment on the pecuniary side, has lately made him "Master of the Hunt;" will, before long, make him Adjutant–General, and his right–hand man in Army matters, were he only rich;—has, in the mean while, made this excellent match for him; which supplies that defect. Majesty was the making of Creutz himself; who is grown very rich, and has but one Daughter: "Let Hacke have her!" his Majesty advised;—and snatches off the Duke of Lorraine to see it done. [Fassmann, p. 430.]

Did the reader ever hear of Finance–Minister Creutz, once a poor Regiment's Auditor, when his Majesty, as yet Crown–Prince, found talent in him? Can readers fish up from their memory, twenty years back, anything of a terrific Spectre walking in the Berlin Palace, for certain nights, during that "Stralsund Expedition" or famed Swedish–War time, to the terror of mankind? Terrific Spectre, thought to be in Swedish pay,—properly a spy Scullion, in a small concern of Grumkow VERSUS Creutz? [Antea, vol. v. pp. 356–358; Wilhelmina.] This is the same Creutz; of whom we have never spoken more, nor shall again, now that his rich Daughter is well married to Hacke, a favorite of his Majesty's and ours. It was the Duke's first sight in Berlin; February 26th; prologue to the flood of scenic wonders there.

But perhaps the wonderfulest thing, had he quite understood it, was that of the 10th March, which he was invited to. Last obligation laid upon the Crown–Prince, "to bind him to the House of Austria," that evening. Of which take this account, external and internal, from authentic Documents in our hand.

BETROTHAL OF THE CROWN–PRINCE TO THE BRUNSWICK CHARMER, NIECE OF IMPERIAL MAJESTY, MONDAY EVENING, 10th MARCH, 1732.

Document FIRST is of an internal nature, from the Prince's own hand, written to his Sister four days before:—

TO THE PRINCESS WILHELMINA AT BAIREUTH.

"BERLIN, 6th March, 1732.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—Next Monday comes my Betrothal, which will be done just as yours was. The Person in question is neither beautiful nor ugly, not wanting for sense, but very ill brought up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behavior (MANIERES DU SAVOIR–VIVRE): that is the candid portrait of this Princess. You may judge by that, dearest Sister, if I find her to my taste or not. The greatest merit she has is that she has procured me the liberty of writing to you; which is the one solacement I have in your absence.

"You never can believe, my adorable Sister, how concerned I am about your happiness; all my wishes centre there, and every moment of my life I form such wishes. You may see by this that I preserve still that sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our tenderest years:—recognize at least, my dear Sister, that you did me a sensible wrong when you suspected me of fickleness towards you, and believed false reports of my listening to tale–bearers; me, who love only you, and whom neither absence nor lying rumors could change in respect of you. At least don't again believe such things on my score, and never mistrust me till you have had clear proof,—or till God has forsaken me, and I have lost my wits. And being persuaded that such miseries are not in store to overwhelm me, I here repeat how much I love you, and with what respect and sincere veneration,—I am and shall be till death, my dearest Sister,—Your most humble and faithful Brother and Valet,

FRIDERICH."

[*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5]

That was on the Thursday; Betrothal is on the Monday following. Document SECOND is from poor old Fassmann, and quite of external nature; which we much abridge:—

"Monday evening, all creatures are in gala, and the Royal Apartments upstairs are brilliantly alight; Duke of Lorraine with the other high strangers are requested to take their place up there, and wait for a short while.

Prussian Majesty, Queen and Crown-Prince with him, proceeds then, in a solemn official manner, to the Durchlaucht of Bevern's Apartment, in a lower floor of the Palace; where the Bevern Party, Duke, Duchess, Son and intended Charmer are. Prussian Majesty asks the Durchlaucht and Spouse, 'Whether the Marriage, some time treated of, between that their Princess here present, and this his Crown-Prince likewise here, is really a thing to their mind?' Serene Spouses answer, to the effect, 'Yea, surely, very much!' Upon which they all solemnly ascend to the Royal Apartments [upstairs where we have seen Wilhelmina dancing before now], where Lorraine, Wurtemberg and the other sublimities are in waiting. Lorraine and the sublimities form a semicircle; with the two Majesties, and pair of young creatures, in the centre. You young creatures, you are of one intention with your parents in this matter? Alas, there is no doubt of it. Pledge yourselves, then, by exchange of rings! said his Majesty with due business brevity. The rings are exchanged: Majesty embraces the two young creatures with great tenderness;" as do Queen and Serenities; and then all the world takes to embracing and congratulating; and so the betrothal is a finished thing. Bassoons and violins, striking up, whirl it off in universal dancing,—in "supper of above two hundred and sixty persons," princely or otherwise sublime in rank, with "spouses and noble ladies there" in the due proportion. [Fassmann, pp. 432, 433.]

Here is fraction of another Note from the Crown-Prince to his Sister at Baireuth, a fortnight after that event:—

BERLIN, 24th MARCH, 1732 (to Princess Wilhelmina).—... "God be praised that you are better, dearest Sister! For nobody can love you more tenderly than I do.—As to the Princess of Bevern [my Betrothed], the Queen [Mamma, whom you have been consulting on these etiquettes] bids me answer, That you need not style her `Highness,' and that you may write to her quite as to an indifferent Princess. As to 'kissing of the hands,' I assure you I have not kissed them, nor will kiss them; they are not pretty enough to tempt one that way. God long preserve you in perfect health! And you, preserve for me always the honor of your good graces; and believe, my charming Sister, that never brother in the world loved with such tenderness a sister so charming as mine; in short, believe, dear Sister, that without compliments, and in literal truth, I am yours wholly (TOUT A VOUS),

"FRIDERICH."

[Ib. xxvii. part 1st, p. 5.]

This is the Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to an Insipidity of Brunswick. Insipidity's private feelings, perhaps of a languidly glad sort, are not known to us; Crown-Prince's we have in part seen. He has decided to accept his fate without a murmur farther. Against his poor Bride or her qualities not a word more. In the Schloss of Berlin, amid such tempests of female gossip (Mamma still secretly corresponding with England), he has to be very reserved, on this head especially. It is understood he did not, in his heart, nearly so much dislike the insipid Princess as he wished Papa to think he did.

Duke Franz of Lorraine went off above a week ago, on the Saturday following the Betrothal; an amiable serene young gentleman, well liked by the Crown-Prince and everybody. "He avoided the Saxon Court, though passing near it," on his way to old Kur-Mainz; "which is a sign," thinks Fassmann, "that mutual matters are on a weak footing in that quarter;"—Pragmatic Sanction never accepted there, and plenty of intricacies existing. Crown-Prince Friedrich may now go to Ruppin and the Regiment Goltz; his business and destinies being now all reduced to a steady condition;—steady sky, rather leaden, instead of the tempestuous thunder—and— lightning weather which there heretofore was. Leaden sky, he, if left well to himself, will perhaps brighten a little. Study will be possible to him; improvement of his own faculties, at any rate. It is much his determination. Outwardly, besides drilling the Regiment Goltz, he will have a steady correspondence to keep up with his Brunswick Charmer;—let him see that he be not slack in that.

Chapter II. SMALL INCIDENTS AT RUPPIN.

Friedrich, after some farther pause in Berlin, till things were got ready for him, went to Ruppin. This is in the Spring of 1732; [Still in Berlin, 6th March; dates from NAUEN (in the Ruppin neighborhood) for the first time, 25th April, 1732, among his LETTERS yet extant: Preuss, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 4; xvi. 49.] and he continued to have his residence there till August, 1736. Four important years of young life; of which we must endeavor to give, in some intelligible condition, what traces go hovering about in such records as there are.

Ruppin, where lies the main part of the Regiment Goltz, and where the Crown-Prince Colonel of it dwells, is a quiet dull, little Town, in that northwestern region; inhabitants, grown at this day to be 10,000, are perhaps guessable then at 2,000. Regiment Goltz daily rolls its drums in Ruppin: Town otherwise lifeless enough, except on market-days: and the grandest event ever known in it, this removal of the Crown-Prince thither,—which is doubtless much a theme, and proud temporary miracle, to Ruppin at present. Of society there or in the neighborhood, for such a resident, we hear nothing.

Quiet Ruppin stands in grassy flat country, much of which is natural moor, and less of it reclaimed at that time than now. The environs, except that they are a bit of the Earth, and have a bit of the sky over them, do not set up for loveliness. Natural woods abound in that region, also peat-bogs not yet drained; and fishy lakes and meres, of a dark complexion: plenteous cattle there are, pigs among them;—thick-soled husbandmen inarticulately toiling and moiling. Some glass-furnaces, a royal establishment, are the only manufactures we hear of. Not a picturesque country; but a quiet and innocent, where work is cut out, and one hopes to be well left alone after doing it. This Crown-Prince has been in far less desirable localities.

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it,—some more or less ornamental garden-house,—from which I have read of his "letting off rockets" in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party, I should guess,—dinner of Officers, such as he had weekly or twice a week. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude; reading meditative, or musically fluting;—looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands, and over all lands; shutting up the toil of mortals; their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times overarching him and them. With thoughts perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he face them piously.

His Father's affection is returning; would so fain return if it durst. But the heart of Papa has been sadly torn up: it is too good news to be quite believed, that he has a son grown wise, and doing son-like! Rumor also is very busy, rumor and the Tobacco-Parliament for or against; a little rumor is capable of stirring up great storms in the suspicious paternal mind. All along during Friedrich's abode at Ruppin, this is a constantly recurring weather-symptom; very grievous now and then; not to be guarded against by any precaution;—though steady persistence in the proper precaution will abate it, and as good as remove it, in course of time. Already Friedrich Wilhelm begins to understand that "there is much in this Fritz,"—who knows how much, though of a different type from Papa's?—and that it will be better if he and Papa, so discrepant in type, and ticklishly related otherwise, live not too constantly together as heretofore. Which is emphatically the Crown-Prince's notion too.

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppin: what Books I know not specially: but judge them to be of more serious solid quality than formerly; and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. Not the express Sciences or Technologies; not these, in any sort,—except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and Moral Speculation; what mankind have done and been in this world (so far as "History" will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world: this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament:—what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

In his soldier business he is punctual, assiduous; having an interest to shine that way. And is, in fact, approvable as a practical officer and soldier, by the strictest judge then living. Reads on soldiering withal; studious to know the rationale of it, the ancient and modern methods of it, the essential from the unessential in it;

to understand it thoroughly,—which he got to do. One already hears of conferences, correspondences, with the Old Dessauer on this head: "Account of the Siege of Stralsund," with plans, with didactic commentaries, drawn up by that gunpowder Sage for behoof of the Crown-Prince, did actually exist, though I know not what has become of it. Now and afterwards this Crown-Prince must have been a great military reader. From Caesar's COMMENTARIES, and earlier, to the Chevalier Folard, and the Marquis Feuquiere; [*Memoires sur la Guerre* (specially on the Wars of Louis XIV., in which Feuquiere had himself shone): a new Book at this time (Amsterdam, 1731; first COMPLETE edition is, Paris, 1770, 4 vols. 4to); at Ruppin, and afterwards, a chief favorite with Friedrich.] from Epaminondas at Leuctra to Charles XII. at Pultawa, all manner of Military Histories, we perceive, are at his finger-ends; and he has penetrated into the essential heart of each, and learnt what it had to teach him. Something of this, how much we know not, began at Ruppin; and it did not end again.

On the whole, Friedrich is prepared to distinguish himself henceforth by strictly conforming, in all outward particulars possible, to the paternal will, and becoming the most obedient of sons. Partly from policy and necessity, partly also from loyalty; for he loves his rugged Father, and begins to perceive that there is more sense in his peremptory notions than at first appeared. The young man is himself rather wild, as we have seen, with plenty of youthful petulance and longings after forbidden fruit. And then he lives in an element of gossip; his whole life enveloped in a vast Dionysius'-Ear, every word and action liable to be debated in Tobacco-Parliament. He is very scarce of money, too, Papa's allowance being extremely moderate, "not above 6,000 thalers (900 pounds)," says Seckendorf once. [Forster, iii. 114 (Seckendorf to Prince Eugene).] There will be contradictions enough to settle: caution, silence, every kind of prudence will be much recommendable.

In all outward particulars the Crown-Prince will conform; in the inward, he will exercise a judgment, and if he cannot conform, will at least be careful to hide. To do his Commandant duties at Ruppin, and avoid offences, is much his determination. We observe he takes great charge of his men's health; has the Regiment Goltz in a shiningly exact condition at the grand reviews;—is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa. Knows that nothing in Nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman; corresponds, accordingly, in distant quarters; lays out, now and afterwards, sums far too heavy for his means upon tall recruits for Papa. But it is good to conciliate in that quarter, by every method, and at every expense;—Argus of Tobacco-Parliament still watching one there; and Rumor needing to be industriously dealt with, difficult to keep down. Such, so far as we can gather, is the general figure of Friedrich's life at Ruppin. Specific facts of it, anecdotes about it, are few in those dim Books; are uncertain as to truth, and without importance whether true or not. For all his gravity and Colonelship, it would appear the old spirit of frolic has not quitted him. Here are two small incidents, pointing that way; which stand on record; credible enough, though vague and without importance otherwise. Incident FIRST is to the following feeble effect; indisputable though extremely unmomentous: Regiment Goltz, it appears, used to have gold trimmings; the Colonel Crown-Prince petitioned that they might be of silver, which he liked better. Papa answers, Yes. Regiment Goltz gets its new regimentals done in silver; the Colonel proposes they shall solemnly BURN their old regimentals. And they do it, the Officers of them, SUB DIO, perhaps in the Prince's garden, stripping successively in the "Temple" there, with such degree of genial humor, loud laughter, or at least boisterous mock-solemnity, as may be in them. This is a true incident of the Prince's history, though a small one.

Incident SECOND is of slightly more significance; and intimates, not being quite alone in its kind, a questionable habit or method the Crown-Prince must have had of dealing with Clerical Persons hereabouts when they proved troublesome. Here are no fewer than three such Persons, or Parsons, of the Ruppin Country, who got mischief by him. How the first gave offence shall be seen, and how he was punished: offences of the second and the third we can only guess to have been perhaps pulpit-rebukes of said punishments: perhaps general preaching against military levities, want of piety, nay open sinfulness, in thoughtless young men with cockades. Whereby the thoughtless young men were again driven to think of nocturnal charivari? We will give the story in Dr. Busching's own words, who looks before and after to great distances, in a way worth attending to. The Herr Doctor, an endless Collector and Compiler on all manner of subjects, is very authentic always, and does not want for natural sense: but he is also very crude,—and here and there not far from stupid, such his continual haste, and slobbery manner of working up those Hundred and odd Volnmes of his:— [See his Autobiography, which forms *Beitrag*, B. vi. (the biggest and last volume).]

"The sanguine-choleric temperament of Friedrich," says this Doctor, "drove him, in his youth, to sensual

enjoyments and wild amusements of different kinds; in his middle age, to fiery enterprises; and in his old years to decisions and actions of a rigorous and vehement nature; yet so that the primary form of utterance, as seen in his youth, never altogether ceased with him. There are people still among us (1788) who have had, in their own experience, knowledge of his youthful pranks; and yet more are living, who know that he himself, at table, would gayly recount what merry strokes were done by him, or by his order, in those young years. To give an instance or two.

"While he was at Neu-Ruppin as Colonel of the Infantry Regiment there, the Chaplain of it sometimes waited upon him about the time of dinner,—having been used to dine occasionally with the former Colonel. The Crown-Prince, however, put him always off, did not ask him to dinner; spoke contemptuously of him in presence of the Officers. The Chaplain was so inconsiderate, he took to girding at the Crown-Prince in his sermons. 'Once on a time,' preached he, one day, 'there was Herod who had Herodias to dance before him; and he,—he gave her John the Baptist's head for her pains!'" This HEROD, Busching says, was understood to mean, and meant, the Crown-Prince; HERODIAS, the merry corps of Officers who made sport for him; JOHN THE BAPTIST'S HEAD was no other than the Chaplain not invited to dinner! "To punish him for such a sally, the Crown-Prince with the young Officers of his Regiment went, one night, to the Chaplain's house," somewhere hard by, with cow's-grass adjoining to it, as we see: and "first, they knocked in the windows of his sleeping-room upon him [HINGE-windows, glass not entirely broken, we may hope]; next there were crackers [SCHWARMER, "enthusiasts," so to speak!] thrown in upon him; and thereby the Chaplain, and his poor Wife," more or less in an interesting condition, poor woman, "were driven out into the court-yard, and at last into the dung-heap there;"—and so left, with their Head on a Charger to that terrible extent!

That is Busching's version of the story; no doubt substantially correct; of which there are traces in other quarters,—for it went farther than Ruppin; and the Crown-Prince had like to have got into trouble from it. "Here is piety!" said Rumor, carrying it to Tobacco-Parliament. The Crown-Prince plaintively assures Grumkow that it was the Officers, and that they got punished for it. A likely story, the Prince's!

"When King Friedrich, in his old days, recounted this after dinner, in his merry tone, he was well pleased that the guests, and even the pages and valets behind his back, laughed aloud at it." Not a pious old King, Doctor, still less an orthodox one! The Doctor continues: "In a like style, at Nauen, where part of his regiment lay, he had—by means of Herr von der Groben, his First-Lieutenant," much a comrade of his, as we otherwise perceive—"the Diaconus of Nauen and his Wife hunted out of bed, and thrown into terror of their lives, one night:"—offence of the Diaconus not specified. "Nay he himself once pitched his gold-headed stick through Salpius the Church Inspector's window," —offence again not specified, or perhaps merely for a little artillery practice?—"and the throw was so dexterous that it merely made a round hole in the glass: stick was lying on the floor; and the Prince," on some excuse or other, "sent for it next morning." "Margraf Heinrich of Schwedt," continues the Doctor, very trustworthy on points of fact, "was a diligent helper in such operations. Kaiserling," whom we shall hear of, "First-Lieutenant von der Groben," these were prime hands; "Lieutenant Buddenbrock [old Feldmarschall's son] used, in his old days, when himself grown high in rank and dining with the King, to be appealed to as witness for the truth of these stories." [Busching, *Beitrage zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 19–21. Vol. v.—wholly occupied with *Friedrich II. King of Prussia* (Halle, 1788),—is accessible in French and other languages; many details, and (as Busching's wont is) few or none not authentic, are to be found in it; a very great secret spleen against Friedrich is also traceable,—for which the Doctor may have had his reasons, not obligatory upon readers of the Doctor. The truth is, Friedrich never took the least special notice of him: merely employed and promoted him, when expedient for both parties; and he really was a man of considerable worth, in an extremely crude form.]

These are the two Incidents at Ruppin, in such light as they have. And these are all. Opulent History yields from a ton of broken nails these two brass farthings, and shuts her pocket on us again. A Crown-Prince given to frolic, among other things; though aware that gravity would beseem him better. Much gay bantering humor in him, cracklings, radiations,—which he is bound to keep well under cover, in present circumstances.

Chapter III. THE SALZBURGERS.

For three years past there has been much rumor over Germany, of a strange affair going on in the remote Austrian quarter, down in Salzburg and its fabulous Tyrolese valleys. Salzburg, city and territory, has an Archbishop, not theoretically Austrian, but sovereign Prince so styled; it is from him and his orthodoxies, and pranks with his sovereign crosier, that the noise originates. Strange rumor of a body of the population discovered to be Protestant among the remote Mountains, and getting miserably ill-used, by the Right Reverend Father in those parts. Which rumor, of a singular, romantic, religious interest for the general Protestant world, proves to be but too well founded. It has come forth in the form of practical complaint to the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM at the Diet, without result from the CORPUS; complaint to various persons;—in fine, to his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, WITH result.

With result at last; actual "Emigration of the Salzburgers:" and Germany—in these very days while the Crown-Prince is at Berlin betrothing himself, and Franz of Lorraine witnessing the EXERCITIA and wonders there—sees a singular phenomenon of a touching idyllic nature going on; and has not yet quite forgotten it in our days. Salzburg Emigration was all in motion, flowing steadily onwards, by various routes, towards Berlin, at the time the Betrothal took place; and seven weeks after that event, when the Crown-Prince had gone to Ruppin, and again could only hear of it, the First Instalment of Emigrants arrived bodily at the Gates of Berlin, "30th April, at four in the afternoon;" Majesty himself, and all the world going out to witness it, with something of a poetic: almost of a psalmist feeling, as well as with a practical on the part of his Majesty. First Instalment this; copiously followed by others, all that year; and flowing on, in smaller rills and drippings, for several years more, till it got completed. A notable phenomenon, full of lively picturesque and other interest to Brandenburg and Germany;—which was not forgotten by the Crown-Prince in coming years, as we shall transiently find; nay which all Germany still remembers, and even occasionally sings. Of which this is in brief the history.

The Salzburg Country, northeastern slope of the Tyrol (Donau draining that side of it, Etsch or Adige the Italian side), is celebrated by the Tourist for its airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys, and swift-rushing streams; perhaps some readers have wandered to Bad-Gastein, or Ischl, in these nomadic summers; have looked into Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, and the Bavarian-Austrian boundary-lands; seen the wooden-clock makings, salt-works, toy-manufactures, of those simple people in their slouch-hats; and can bear some testimony to the phenomena of Nature there. Salzburg is the Archbishop's City, metropolis of his bit of sovereignty that then was. [Tolerable description of it in the Baron Riesbeck's *Travels through Germany* (London, 1787, Translation by Maty, 3 vols. 8vo), i. 124-222;— whose details otherwise, on this Emigration business, are of no authenticity or value. A kind of Play-actor and miscellaneous Newspaper-man in that time (not so opulent to his class as ours is); who takes the title of "Baron" on this occasion of coming, out with a Book of Imaginary "Travels." Had personally lived, practising the miscellaneous arts, about Lintz and Salzburg,—and may be heard on the look of the Country, if on little else.] A romantic City, far off among its beautiful Mountains, shadowing (itself in the Salza River, which rushes down into the Inn, into the Donau, now becoming great with the tribute of so many valleys. Salzburg we have not known hitherto except as the fabulous resting-place of Kaiser Barbarossa: but we are now slightly to see it in a practical light; and mark how the memory of Friedrich Wilhelm makes an incidental lodgment for itself there.

It is well known there was extensive Protestantism once in those countries. Prior to the Thirty-Years War, the fair chance was, Austria too would all become Protestant; an extensive minority among all ranks of men in Austria too, definable as the serious intelligence of mankind in those countries, having clearly adopted it, whom the others were sure to follow. In all ranks of men; only not in the highest rank, which was pleased rather to continue Official and Papal. Highest rank had its Thirty-Years War, "its sleek Fathers Lummerlein and Hyacinth in Jesuit serge, its terrible Fathers Wallenstein in chain-armor;" and, by working late and early then and afterwards, did manage at length to trample out Protestantism,—they know with what advantage by this time. Trample out Protestantism; or drive it into remote nooks, where under sad conditions it might protract an unnoticed existence. In the Imperial Free-Towns, Ulm, Augsburg, and the like, Protestantism continued, and under hard conditions contrives to continue: but in the country parts, except in unnoticed nooks, it is extinct.

Salzburg Country is one of those nooks; an extensive Crypto-Protestantism lodging, under the simple slouch-hats, in the remote valleys there. Protestantism peaceably kept concealed, hurting nobody; wholesomely forwarding the wooden-clock manufacture, and arable or grazier husbandries, of those poor people. More harmless sons of Adam, probably, did not breathe the vital air, than those dissentient Salzburger; generation after generation of them giving offence to no creature.

Successive Archbishops had known of this Crypto-Protestantism, and in remote periods had made occasional slight attempts upon it; but none at all for a long time past. All attempts that way, as ineffectual for any purpose but stirring up strife, had been discontinued for many generations; [Buchholz, i. 148-151.] and the Crypto-Protestantism was again become a mythical romantic object, ignored by Official persons. However, in 1727, there came a new Archbishop, one "Firmian", Count Firmian by secular quality, of a strict lean character, zealous rather than wise; who had brought his orthodoxies with him in a rigid and very lean form.

Right Reverend Firmian had not been long in Salzburg till he smelt out the Crypto-Protestantism, and determined to haul it forth from the mythical condition into the practical; and in fact, to see his law-beagles there worry it to death as they ought. Hence the rumors that had risen over Germany, in 1729: Law-terriers penetrating into human cottages in those remote Salzburg valleys, smelling out some German Bible or devout Book, making lists of Bible-reading cottagers; haling them to the Right Reverend Father- in-God; thence to prison, since they would not undertake to cease reading. With fine, with confiscation, tribulation: for the peaceable Salzburger, respectful creatures, doffing their slouch-hats almost to mankind in general, were entirely obstinate in that matter of the Bible. "Cannot, your Reverence; must not, dare not!" and went to prison or whithersoever rather; a wide cry rising, Let us sell our possessions and leave Salzburg then, according to Treaty of Westphalia, Article so-and-so. "Treaty of Westphalia? Leave Salzburg?" shrieked the Right Reverend Father: "Are we getting into open mutiny, then? Open extensive mutiny!" shrieked he. Borrowed a couple of Austrian regiments,—Kaiser and we always on the pleasantest terms,—and marched the most refractory of his Salzburger over the frontiers (retaining their properties and families); whereupon noise rose louder and louder.

Refractory Salzburger sent Deputies to the Diet; appealed, complained to the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM, Treaty of Westphalia in hand,—without result. CORPUS, having verified matters, complained to the Kaiser, to the Right Reverend Father. The Kaiser, intent on getting his Pragmatic Sanction through the Diet, and anxious to offend nobody at present, gave good words; but did nothing: the Right Reverend Father answered a Letter or two from the CORPUS; then said at last, He wished to close the Correspondence, had the honor to be,—and answered no farther, when written to. CORPUS was without result. So it lasted through 1730; rumor, which rose in 1729, waxing ever louder into practicable or impracticable shape, through that next year; tribulation increasing in Salzburg; and noise among mankind. In the end of 1730, the Salzburger sent Two Deputies to Friedrich Wilhelm at Berlin; solid-hearted, thick-soled men, able to answer for themselves, and give real account of Salzburg and the phenomena; this brought matters into a practicable state.

"Are you actual Protestants, the Treaty of Westphalia applicable to you? Not mere fanatic mystics, as Right Reverend Firmian asserts; protectible by no Treaty?" That was Friedrich Wilhelm's first question; and he set his two chief Berlin Clergymen, learned Roloff one of them, a divine of much fame, to catechise the two Salzburg Deputies, and report upon the point. Their Report, dated Berlin, 30th November, 1730, with specimens of the main questions, I have read; [Fassmann, pp. 446-448.] and can fully certify, along with Roloff and friend, That here are orthodox Protestants, apparently of very pious peaceable nature, suffering hard wrong;— orthodox beyond doubt, and covered by the Treaty of Westphalia. Whereupon his Majesty dismisses them with assurance, "Return, and say there shall be help!"—and straightway lays hand on the business, strong swift steady hand as usual, with a view that way.

Salzburg being now a clear case, Friedrich Wilhelm writes to the Kaiser; to the King of England, King of Denmark;—orders preparations to be made in Preussen, vacant messages to be surveyed, moneys to be laid up;—bids his man at the Regensburg Diet signify, That unless this thing is rectified, his Prussian Majesty will see himself necessitated to take effectual steps: "reprisals" the first step, according to the old method of his Prussian Majesty. Rumor of the Salzburg Protestants rises higher and higher. Kaiser intent on conciliating every CORPUS, Evangelical and other, for his Pragmatic Sanction's sake, admonishes Right Reverend Firmian; intimates at last to him, That he will actually have to let those poor people emigrate if they demand it; Treaty of Westphalia being express. In the end of 1731 it has come thus far.

"Emigrate, says your Imperial Majesty? Well, they shall emigrate," answers Firmian; "the sooner the better!" And straightway, in the dead of winter, marches, in convenient divisions, some nine hundred of them over the frontiers: "Go about your business, then; emigrate—to the Old One, if you like!"—"And our properties, our goods and chattels?" ask they.—"Be thankful you have kept your skins. Emigrate, I say.!" And the poor nine hundred had to go out, in the rigor of winter, "hoary old men among them, and women coming near their time;" and seek quarters in the wide world mostly unknown to them. Truly Firmian is an orthodox Herr; acquainted with the laws of fair usage and the time of day. The sleeping Barbarossa does not awaken upon him within the Hill here:—but in the Roncalic Fields, long ago, I should not have liked to stand in his shoes!

Friedrich Wilhelm, on this procedure at Salzburg, intimates to his Halberstadt and Minden Catholic gentlemen, That their Establishments must be locked up, and incomings suspended; that they can apply to the Right Reverend Firmian upon it;—and bids his man at Regensburg signify to the Diet that such is the course adopted here. Right Reverend Firmian has to hold his hand; finds both that there shall be Emigration, and that it must go forward on human terms, not inhuman; and that in fact the Treaty of Westphalia will have to guide it, not he henceforth. Those poor ousted Salzburgers cower into the Bavarian cities, till the weather mend, and his Prussian Majesty's arrangements be complete for their brethren and them.

His Prussian Majesty has been maturing his plans, all this while; —gathering moneys, getting lands ready. We saw him hanging Schlubhut in the autumn of 1731, who had peculated from said moneys; and surveying Preussen, under storms of thunder and rain on one occasion. Preussen is to be the place for these people; Tilsit and Memel region, same where the big Fight of Tannenberg and ruin of the Teutsch Ritters took place: in that fine fertile Country there are homes got ready for this Emigration out of Salzburg.

Long ago, at the beginning of this History, did not the reader hear of a pestilence in Prussian Lithuania? Pestilence in old King Friedrich's time; for which the then Crown-Prince, now Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, vainly solicited help from the Treasury, and only brought about partial change of Ministry and no help. "Fifty-two Towns" were more or less entirely depopulated; hundreds of thousands of fertile acres fell to waste again, the hands that had ploughed them being swept away. The new Majesty, so soon as ever the Swedish War was got rid of, took this matter diligently in hand; built up the fifty-two ruined Towns; issued Proclamations once and again (Years 1719, 1721) to the Wetterau, to Switzerland, Saxony, Schwaben; [Buchholz, i. 148.] inviting Colonists to come, and, on favorable terms, till and reap there. His terms are favorable, well-considered; and are honestly kept. He has a fixed set of terms for Colonists: their road-expenses thither, so much a day allowed each travelling soul; homesteads, ploughing implements, cattle, land, await them at their journey's end; their rent and services, accurately specified, are light not heavy; and "immunities" from this and that are granted them, for certain years, till they get well nestled. Excellent arrangements: and his Majesty has, in fact, got about 20,000 families in that way. And still there is room for thousands more. So that if the tyrannous Firmian took to tribulating Salzburg in that manner, Heaven had provided remedies and a Prussian Majesty. Heaven is very opulent; has alchemy to change the ugliest substances into beautifullest. Privately to his Majesty, for months back, this Salzburg Emigration is a most manageable matter. Manage well, it will be a god-send to his Majesty, and fit, as by pre-established harmony, into the ancient Prussian sorrow; and "two afflictions well put together shall become a consolation," as the proverb promises! Go along then, Right Reverend Firmian, with your Emigration there: only no foul-play in it,—or Halberstadt and Minden get locked:—for the rest of the matter we will undertake.

And so, February 2d, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm's Proclamation [Copy of it in Mauvillon, February, 1732, ii. 311.] flew abroad over the world; brief and business-like, cheering to all but Firmian;— to this purport: "Come, ye poor Salzburgers, there are homes provided for you. Apply at Regensburg, at Halle: Commissaries are appointed; will take charge of your long march and you. Be kind, all Christian German Princes: do not hinder them and me." And in a few days farther, still early in February (for the matter is all ready before proclaiming), an actual Prussian Commissary hangs out his announcements and officialities at Donauworth, old City known to us, within reach of the Salzburg Boundaries; collects, in a week or two, his first lot of Emigrants, near a thousand strong; and fairly takes the road with them.

A long road and a strange: I think, above five hundred miles before we get to Halle, within Prussian land; and then seven hundred more to our place there, in the utmost East. Men, women, infants and hoary grandfathers are here;—most of their property sold,—still on ruinous conditions, think of it, your Majesty. Their poor bits of preciousities and heirlooms they have with them; made up in succinct bundles, stowed on ticketed baggage-wains;

"some have their own poor cart and horse, to carry the too old and the too young, those that cannot walk." A pilgrimage like that of the Children of Israel: such a pilgrim caravan as was seldom heard of in our Western Countries. Those poor succinct bundles, the making of them up and stowing of them; the pangs of simple hearts, in those remote native valleys; the tears that were not seen, the cries that were addressed to God only: and then at last the actual turning out of the poor caravan, in silently practical condition, staff in hand, no audible complaint heard from it; ready to march; practically marching here:—which of us can think of it without emotion, sad, and yet in a sort blessed!

Every Emigrant man has four GROSCHEN a day (fourpence odd) allowed him for road expenses, every woman three groschen, every child two: and regularity itself, in the shape of Prussian Commissaries, presides over it. Such marching of the Salzburgers: host after host of them, by various routes, from February onwards; above seven thousand of them this year, and ten thousand more that gradually followed,—was heard of at all German firesides, and in all European lands. A phenomenon much filling the general ear and imagination; especially at the first emergence of it. We will give from poor old authentic Fassmann, as if caught up by some sudden photograph apparatus, a rude but undeniable glimpse or two into the actuality of this business: the reader will in that way sufficiently conceive it for himself.

Glimpse FIRST is of an Emigrant Party arriving, in the cold February days of 1732, at Nordlingen, Protestant Free-Town in Bavaria: three hundred of them; first section, I think, of those nine hundred who were packed away unceremoniously by Firmian last winter, and have been wandering about Bavaria, lodging "in Kaufbeuern" and various preliminary Towns, till the Prussian arrangements became definite. Prussian Commissaries are, by this time, got to Donauworth; but these poor Salzburgers are ahead of them, wandering under the voluntary principle as yet. Nordlingen, in Bavaria, is an old Imperial Free-Town; Protestantism not suppressed there, as it has been all round; scene of some memorable fighting in the Thirty-Years War, especially of a bad defeat to the Swedes and Bernhard of Weimar, the worst they had in the course of that bad business. The Salzburgers are in number three hundred and thirty-one; time, "first days of February, 1732, weather very cold and raw." The charitable Protestant Town has been expecting such an advent:—

"Two chief Clergymen, and the Schoolmaster and Scholars, with some hundreds of citizens and many young people" went out to meet them; there, in the open field, stood the Salzburgers, with their wives and their little ones, with their bullock-carts and baggage-wains," pilgriming towards unknown parts of the Earth. "Come in, ye blessed of the Lord! Why stand ye without?" said the Parson solemnly, by way of welcome; and addressed a Discourse to them," devout and yet human, true every word of it, enough to draw tears from any Fassmann that were there;—Fassmann and we not far from weeping without words. "Thereupon they ranked themselves two and two, and marched into the Town," straight to the Church, I conjecture, Town all out to participate; "and there the two reverend gentlemen successively addressed them again, from appropriate texts: Text of the first reverend gentleman was, *And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.* [Matthew xix. 29.] Text of the second was, *Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee.*" [Genesis xii. 1.] Excellent texts; well handled, let us hope,—especially with brevity. After which the strangers were distributed, some into public-houses, others taken home by the citizens to lodge.

"Out of the Spital there was distributed to each person, for the first three days, a half-pound of flesh-meat, bread, and a measure of beer. The remaining days they got in money six CREUTZERS (twopence) each, and bread. On Sunday, at the Church-doors there was a collection; no less than eight hundred GULDEN [80 pounds; population, say, three thousand] for this object. At Sermon they were put into the central part of the Church," all Nordlingen lovingly encompassing them; "and were taught in two sermons," texts not given, *What the true Church is built of*, and then *Of true Faith, and what love a Christian ought to have*; Nordlingen copiously shedding tears the while (VIELE THRANEN VERGOSEN), as it well might. "Going to Church, and coming from it, each Landlord walked ahead of his party; party followed two and two. On other days, there was much catechising of them at different parts of the Town;"—orthodox enough, you see, nothing of superstition or fanaticism in the poor people;—"they made a good testimony of their Evangelical truth.

"The Baggage-wagons which they had with them, ten in number, upon which some of their old people sat, were brought into the Town. The Baggage was unloaded, and the packages, two hundred and eighty-one of them

in all [for Fassmann is Photography itself], were locked in the Zoll-Haus. Over and above what they got from the Spital, the Church-collection and the Town-chest, Citizens were liberal; daily sent them food, or daily had them by fours and fives to their own houses to meat." And so let them wait for the Prussian Commissary, who is just at hand: "they would not part from one another, these three hundred and thirty-one," says Fassmann, "though their reunion was but of that accidental nature." [Fassmann, pp. 439, 440.]

Glimpse SECOND: not dated; perhaps some ten days later; and a Prussian Commissary with this party:—

"On their getting to the Anspach Territory, there was so incredible a joy at the arrival of these exiled Brothers in the Faith (GLAUBENS-BRUDER) that in all places, almost in the smallest hamlets, the bells were set a-tolling; and nothing was heard but a peal of welcome from far and near." Prussian Commissary, when about quitting Anspach, asked leave to pass through Bamberg; Bishop of Bamberg, too orthodox a gentleman, declined; so the Commissary had to go by Nurnberg and Baireuth. Ask not if his welcome was good, in those Protestant places. "At Erlangen, fifteen miles from Nurnberg, where are French Protestants and a Dowager Margravine of Baireuth,"—Widow of Wilhelmina's Father-in-law's predecessor (if the reader can count that); DAUGHTER of Weissenfels who was for marrying Wilhelmina not long since!—"at Erlangen, the Serene Dowager snatched up fifty of them into her own House for Christian refection; and Burghers of means had twelve, fifteen and even eighteen of them, following such example set. Nay certain French Citizens, prosperous and childless, besieged the Prussian Commissary to allow them a few Salzburg children for adoption; especially one Frenchman was extremely urgent and specific: but the Commissary, not having any order, was obliged to refuse." [Fassmann, p. 441.] These must have been interesting days for the two young Margravines; forwarding Papa's poor pilgrims in that manner.

"At Baireuth," other side of Nurnberg, "it was towards Good Friday when the Pilgrims under their Commissarius arrived. They were lodged in the villages about, but came copiously into the Town; came all in a body to Church on Good Friday; and at coming out, were one and all carried off to dinner, a very scramble arising among the Townsfolk to get hold of Pilgrims and dine them. Vast numbers were carried to the Schloss:" one figures Wilhelmina among them, figures the Hereditary Prince and old Margraf: their treatment there was "beyond belief," says Fassmann; "not only dinner of the amplest quality and quantity, but much money added and other gifts." From Baireuth the route is towards Gera and Thuringen, circling the Bamberg Territory: readers remember Gera, where the Gera Bond was made?—"At Gera, a commercial gentleman dined the whole party in his own premises, and his wife gave four groschen to each individual of them; other two persons, brothers in the place, doing the like. One of the poor pilgrim women had been brought to bed on the journey, a day or two before: the Commissarius lodged her in his own inn, for greater safety; Commissarius returning to his inn, finds she is off, nobody at first can tell him whither: a lady of quality (VORMEHME DAME) has quietly sent her carriage for the poor pilgrim sister, and has her in the right softest keeping. No end to people's kindness: many wept aloud, sobbing out, 'Is this all the help we can give?' Commissarius said, 'There will others come shortly; them also you can help.'"

In this manner march these Pilgrims. "From Donauworth, by Anspach, Nurnberg, Baireuth, through Gera, Zeitz, Weissenfels, to Halle," where they are on Prussian ground, and within few days of Berlin. Other Towns, not upon the first straight route to Berlin, demand to have a share in these grand things; share is willingly conceded: thus the Pilgrims, what has its obvious advantages, march by a good variety of routes. Through Augsburg, Ulm (instead of Donauworth), thence to Frankfurt; from Frankfurt some direct to Leipzig: some through Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, by Halberstadt and Magdeburg instead of Halle. Starting all at Salzburg, landing all at Berlin; their routes spread over the Map of Germany in the intermediate space.

"Weissenfels Town and Duke distinguished themselves by liberality: especially the Duke did;"—poor old drinking Duke; very Protestant all these Saxon Princes, except the Apostate or Pseudo-Apostate the Physically Strong, for sad political reasons. "In Weissenfels Town, while the Pilgrim procession walked, a certain rude foreign fellow, flax-pedler by trade, ["HECHELTRAGER," Hawker of flax-combs or HECKLES;—is oftenest a Slavonic Austrian (I am told).] by creed Papist or worse, said floutingly, 'The Archbishop ought to have flung you all into the river, you—!' Upon which a menial servant of the Duke's suddenly broke in upon him in the way of actuality, the whole crowd blazing into flame; and the pedler would certainly have got irreparable damage, had not the Town-guard instantly hooked him away."

April 21st, 1732, the first actual body, a good nine hundred strong, [Buchholz, i. 156.] got to Halle; where

they were received with devout jubilee, psalm-singing, spiritual and corporeal refection, as at Nordlingen and the other stages; "Archidiaconus Franke" being prominent in it,—I have no doubt, a connection of that "CHIEN DE FRANKE," whom Wilhelmina used to know. They were lodged in the Waisenhaus (old Franke's ORPHAN-HOUSE); Official List of them was drawn up here, with the fit specificity; and, after three days, they took the road again for Berlin. Useful Buchholz, then a very little boy, remembers the arrival of a Body of these Salzburger, not this but a later one in August, which passed through his native Village, Pritzwalk in the Priegnitz: How village and village authorities were all awake, with opened stores and hearts; how his Father, the Village Parson, preached at five in the afternoon. The same Buchholz, coming afterwards to College at Halle, had the pleasure of discovering two of the Commissaries, two of the three, who had mainly superintended in this Salzburg Pilgrimage. Let the reader also take a glance at them, as specimens worth notice:—

COMMISSARIUS FIRST: "Herr von Reck was a nobleman from the Hanover Country; of very great piety; who, after his Commission was done, settled at Halle; and lived there, without servant, in privacy, from the small means he had;—seeking his sole satisfaction in attendance on the Theological and Ascetic College-Lectures, where I used to see him constantly in my student time."

COMMISSARIUS SECOND: "Herr Gobel was a medical man by profession; and had the regular degree of Doctor; but was in no necessity to apply his talents to the gaining of bread. His zeal for religion had moved him to undertake this Commission. Both these gentlemen I have often seen in my youth," but do not tell you what they were like farther; "and both their Christian names have escaped me."

A third Commissarius was of Preussen, and had religious-literary tendencies. I suppose these three served gratis;—volunteers; but no doubt under oath, and tied by strict enough Prussian law. Physician, Chaplain, Road-guide, here they are, probably of supreme quality, ready to our hand. [Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (berlin, 1775, 2 vols. 4to), i. 155 n.]

Buchholz, after "his student time," became a poor Country-schoolmaster, and then a poor Country-Parson, in his native Altmark. His poor Book is of innocent, clear, faithful nature, with some vein of "unconscious geniality" in it here and there;—a Book by no means so destitute of human worth as some that have superseded it. This was posthumous, this "NEWEST HISTORY," and has a LIFE of the Author prefixed. He has four previous Volumes on the "*Ancient History of Bran denburg*," which are not known to me.—About the Year 1745, there were four poor Schoolmasters in that region (two at Havelberg, one at Seehausen, one at Werben), of extremely studious turn; who, in spite of the Elbe which ran between, used to meet on stated nights, for colloquy, for interchange of Books and the like. One of them, the Werben one, was this Buchholz; another, Seehausen, was the Winckelmann so celebrated in after years. A third, one of the Havelberg pair, "went into Mecklenburg in a year or two, as Tutor to Karl Ludwig the Prince of Strelitz's children,"—whom also mark. For the youngest of these Strelitz children was no other than the actual "Old Queen Charlotte" (ours and George III.'s), just ready for him with her Hornbooks about that time: Let the poor man have what honor he can from that circumstance! "Prince Karl Ludwig," rather a foolish-looking creature, we may fall in with personally by and by. It was the 30th April, 1732, seven weeks and a day since Crown-Prince Friedrich's Betrothal, that this first body of Salzburg Emigrants, nine hundred strong, arrived at Berlin; "four in the afternoon, at the Brandenburg Gate;" Official persons, nay Majesty himself, or perhaps both Majesties, waiting there to receive them. Yes, ye poor footsore mortals, there is the dread King himself; stoutish short figure in blue uniform and white wig, straw-colored waistcoat, and white gaiters; stands uncommonly firm on his feet; reddish, blue-reddish face, with eyes that pierce through a man: look upon him, and yet live if you are true men. His Majesty's reception of these poor people could not but be good; nothing now wanting in the formal kind. But better far, in all the essentialities of it, there had not been hitherto, nor was henceforth, the least flaw. This Salzburg Pilgrimage has found for itself, and will find, regulation, guidance, ever a stepping-stone at the needful place; a paved road, so far as human regularity and punctuality could pave one. That is his Majesty's shining merit. "Next Sunday, after sermon, they [this first lot of Salzburger] were publicly catechised in church; and all the world could hear their pertinent answers, given often in the very Scripture texts, or express words of Luther."

His Majesty more than once took survey of these Pilgrimage Divisions, when they got to Berlin. A pleasant sight, if there were leisure otherwise. On various occasions, too, her Majesty had large parties of them over to Monbijou, to supper there in the fine gardens; and "gave them Bibles," among other gifts, if in want of Bibles through Firmian's industry. Her Majesty was Charity itself, Charity and Grace combined, among these Pilgrims.

On one occasion she picked out a handsome young lass among them, and had Painter Pesne over to take her portrait. Handsome lass, by Pesne, in her Tyrolese Hat, shone thenceforth on the walls of Monbijou; and fashion thereupon took up the Tyrolese Hat, "which has been much worn since by the beautiful part of the Creation," says Buchholz; "but how many changes they have introduced in it no pen can trace."

At Berlin the Commissarius ceased; and there was usually given the Pilgrims a Candidatus Theologiae, who was to conduct them the rest of the way, and be their Clergyman when once settled. Five hundred long miles still. Some were shipped at Stettin; mostly they marched, stage after stage,—four groschen a day. At the farther end they found all ready; tight cottages, tillable fields, all implements furnished, and stock,—even to "FEDERVIEH," or Chanticleer with a modicum of Hens. Old neighbors, and such as liked each other, were put together: fields grew green again, desolate scrubs and scraggs yielding to grass and corn. Wooden clocks even came to view,—for Berchtesgaden neighbors also emigrated; and Swiss came, and Bavarians and French:—and old trades were revived in those new localities.

Something beautifully real—idyllic in all this, surely:—Yet do not fancy that it all went on like clock—work; that there were not jarrings at every step, as is the way in things real. Of the Prussian Minister chiefly concerned in settling this new Colony I have heard one saying, forced out of him in some pressure: "There must be somebody for a scolding—stock and scape—goat; I will be it, then!" And then the Salzburg Officials, what a humor they were in! No Letters allowed from those poor Emigrants; the wickedest rumors circulated about them: "All cut to pieces by inroad of the Poles;" "Pressed for soldiers by the Prussian drill—sergeant;" "All flung into the Lakes and stagnant waters there; drowned to the last individual;" and so on. Truth nevertheless did slowly pierce through. And the "GROSSE WIRTH," our idyllic—real Friedrich Wilhelm, was wanting in nothing. Lists of their unjust losses in Salzburg were, on his Majesty's order, made out and authenticated, by the many who had suffered in that way there, —forced to sell at a day's notice, and the like:—with these his Majesty was diligent in the Imperial Court; and did get what human industry could of compensation, a part but not the whole. Contradictory noises had to abate. In the end, sound purpose, built on fact and the Laws of Nature, carried it; lies, vituperations, rumors and delusion sank to zero; and the true result remained. In 1738, the Salzburg Emigrant Community in Preussen held, in all their Churches, a Day of Thanksgiving; and admitted piously that Heaven's blessing, of a truth, had been upon this King and them. There we leave them, a useful solid population ever since in those parts; increased by this time we know not how many fold.

It cost Friedrich Wilhelm enormous sums, say the Old Histories; probably "ten TONS OF GOLD,"—that is to say, ten hundred thousand thalers; almost 150,000 pounds, no less! But he lived to see it amply repaid, even in his own time; how much more amply since;— being a man skilful in investments to a high degree indeed. Fancy 150,000 pounds invested there, in the Bank of Nature herself; and a hundred millions invested, say at Balaclava, in the Bank of Newspaper rumor: and the respective rates of interest they will yield, a million years hence! This was the most idyllic of Friedrich Wilhelm's feats, and a very real one the while.

We have only to add or repeat, that Salzburgers to the number of about 7,000 souls arrived at their place this first year; and in the year or two following, less noted by the public, but faring steadily forward upon their four groschen a day, 10,000 more. Friedrich Wilhelm would have gladly taken the whole; "but George II. took a certain number," say the Prussian Books (George II., or pious Trustees instead of him), "and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia,"—read, Ebenezer IN GEORGIA, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a Colony. [Petition to Parliament, 10th (21st) May, 1733, by Oglethorpe and his Trustees, for 10,000 pounds to carry over these Salzburgers; which was granted; Tindal's RAPIN (London, 1769), xx. 184.] There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead, too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell;—but have never heard of them since.

Salzburg Emigration was a very real transaction on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; but it proved idyllic too, and made a great impression on the German mind. Readers know of a Book called *Hermann and Dorothea*? It is written by the great Goethe, and still worth reading. The great Goethe had heard, when still very little, much talk among the elders about this Salzburg Pilgrimage; and how strange a thing it was, twenty years ago and more. [1749 was Goethe's birth—year.] In middle life he threw it into Hexameters, into the region of the air; and did that unreal Shadow of it; a pleasant work in its way, since he was not inclined for more.

Chapter IV. PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER.

Majesty seeing all these matters well in train,—Salzburgers under way, Crown-Prince betrothed according to his Majesty's and the Kaiser's (not to her Majesty's, and high-flying little George of England my Brother the Comedian's) mind and will,—begins to think seriously of another enterprise, half business, half pleasure, which has been hovering in his mind for some time. "Visit to my Daughter at Baireuth," he calls it publicly; but it means intrinsically Excursion into Bohmen, to have a word with the Kaiser, and see his Imperial Majesty in the body for once. Too remarkable a thing to be omitted by us here.

Crown-Prince does not accompany on this occasion; Crown-Prince is with his Regiment all this while; busy minding his own affairs in the Ruppın quarter;—only hears, with more or less interest, of these Salzburg-Pilgrim movements, of this Excursion into Bohmen. Here are certain scraps of Letters; which, if once made legible, will assist readers to conceive his situation and employments there. Letters otherwise of no importance; but worth reading on that score. The FIRST (or rather first three, which we huddle into one) is from "Nauen," few miles off Ruppın; where one of our Battalions lies; requiring frequent visits there:—

1. TO GRUMKOW, AT BERLIN (from the Crown-Prince).

"NAUEN, 26th April, 1732.

"MONSIEUR MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I send you a big mass of papers, which a certain gentleman named Plotz has transmitted me. In faith, I know not in the least what it is: I pray you present it [to his Majesty, or in the proper quarter], and make me rid of it.

"To-morrow I go to Potsdam [a drive of forty miles southward], to see the exercise, and if we do it here according to pattern. NEUE BESEN KEHREN GUT [New brooms sweep clean, IN GERMAN]; I shall have to illustrate my new character" of Colonel; "and show that I am EIN TUCHTIGER OFFICIER (a right Officer). Be what I may, I shall to you always be",

NAUEN, 7th MAY, 1732. "... Thousand thanks for informing me how everything goes on in the world. Things far from agreeable, those leagues [imaginary, in Tobacco-Parliament] suspected to be forming against our House! But if the Kaiser don't abandon us; ... if God second the valor of 80,000 men resolved to spend their life, ... let us hope there will nothing bad happen.

"Meanwhile, till events arrive, I make a pretty stir here (ME TREMOUSSE ICI D'IMPORTANCE), to bring my Regiment to its requisite perfection, and I hope I shall succeed. The other day I drank your dear health, Monsieur; and I wait only the news from my Cattle-stall that the Calf I am fattening there is ready for sending to you. I unite Mars and Housekeeping, you see. Send me your Secretary's name, that I may address your Letters that way," —our Correspondence needing to be secret in certain quarters.

... "With a" truly infinite esteem, "FREDERIC."

NAUEN, 10th MAY, 1732. "You will see by this that I am exact to follow your instruction; and that the SCHULZ of Tremmen [Village in the Brandenburg quarter, with a SCHULZ or Mayor to be depended on], becomes for the present the mainspring of our correspondence. I return you all the things (PIECES) you had the goodness to communicate to me,—except *Charles Douze*, [Voltaire's new Book; lately come out, "Bale, 1731."] which attaches me infinitely. The particulars hitherto unknown which he reports; the greatness of that Prince's actions, and the perverse singularity (BIZARRERIE) of his fortune: all this, joined to the lively, brilliant and charming way the Author has of telling it, renders this Book interesting to the supreme degree. ... I send you a fragment of my correspondence with the most illustrious *Sieur Crochet*," some French Envoy or Emissary, I conclude: "you perceive we go on very sweetly together, and are in a high strain. I am sorry I burnt one of his Letters, wherein he assured me he would in the Versailles Antechamber itself speak of me to the King, and that my name had actually been mentioned at the King's Levee. It certainly is not my ambition to choose this illustrious mortal to publish my renown; on the contrary, I should think it soiled by such a mouth, and prostituted if he were the publisher. But enough of the Crochet: the kindest thing we can do for so contemptible an object is to say nothing of him at all." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvi. 49, 51.]—...

Letter SECOND is to Jaegermeister Hacke, Captain of the Potsdam Guard; who stands in great nearness to the King's Majesty; and, in fact, is fast becoming his factotum in Army-details. We, with the Duke of Lorraine and

Majesty in person, saw his marriage to the Excellency Creutz's Fraulein Daughter not long since; who we trust has made him happy;—rich he is at any rate, and will be Adjutant— General before long; powerful in such intricacies as this that the Prince has fallen into.

The Letter has its obscurities; turns earnestly on Recruits tall and short; nor have idle Editors helped us, by the least hint towards "reading" it with more than the EYES. Old Dessauer at this time is Commandant at Magdeburg; Buddenbrock, perhaps now passing by Ruppín, we know for a high old General, fit to carry messages from Majesty,—or, likelier, it may be Lieutenant Buddenbrock, his Son, merely returning to Ruppín? We can guess, that the flattering Dessauer has sent his Majesty five gigantic men from the Magdeburg regiments, and that Friedrich is ordered to hustle out thirty of insignificant stature from his own, by way of counter—gift to the Dessauer;—which Friedrich does instantly, but cannot, for his life, see how (being totally cashless) he is to replace them with better, or replace them at all!

2. TO CAPTAIN HACKE, OF THE POTSDAM GUARD.

"RUPPIN, 15th July, 1732.

"MEIN GOTT, what a piece of news Buddenbrock has brought me! I am to get nothing out of Brandenburg, my dear Hacke? Thirty men I had to shift out of my company in consequence [of Buddenbrock's order]; and where am I now to get other thirty? I would gladly give the King tall men, as the Dessauer at Magdeburg does; but I have no money; and I don't get, or set up for getting, six men for one [thirty short for five tall], as he does. So true is that Scripture: To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath.

"Small art, that the Prince of Dessau's and the Magdeburg Regiments are fine, when they have money at command, and thirty men GRATIS over and above! I, poor devil, have nothing; nor shall have, all my days. Prithee, dear Hacke (BITTE IHN, LIEBER HACKE), think of all that: and if I have no money allowed, I must bring Asmus [Recruit unknown to me] alone as Recruit next year; and my Regiment will to a certainty be rubbish (KROOP). Once I had learned a German Proverb—

'VERSPRECHEN UND HALTEN (To promise and to keep) ZIEMT WOHL JUNGEN UND ALTEN (Is pretty for young and for old)!

"I depend alone on you (IHN), dear Hacke; unless you help, there is a bad outlook. To—day I have knocked again [written to Papa for money]; and if that does not help, it is over. If I could get any money to borrow, it would do; but I need not think of that. Help me, then, dear Hacke! I assure you I will ever remember it; who, at all times, am my dear Herr Captain's devoted (GANZ ERGEBENER) servant and friend,

"FRIDERICH."

[In German: *OEuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 177.]

To which add only this Note, two days later, to Seckendorf; indicating that the process of "borrowing" has already, in some form, begun,—process which will have to continue: and to develop itself;—and that his Majesty, as Seckendorf well knows, is resolved upon his Bohemian journey:—

3. TO THE GENERAL FELDZEUGMEISTER GRAF VON SECKENDORF.

"RUPPIN, 17th July, 1732.

"MY VERY DEAR GENERAL,—I have written to the King, that I owed you 2,125 THALERS for the Recruits; of which he says there are 600 paid: there remain, therefore, 1,525, which he will pay you directly.

"The King is going to Prague: I shall not be of the party [as you will]. To say truth, I am not very sorry; for it would infallibly give rise to foolish rumors in the world. At the same time, I should have much wished to see the Emperor, Empress, and Prince of Lorraine, for whom I have a quite particular esteem. I beg you, Monsieur, to assure him of it;—and to assure yourself that I shall always be,—with a great deal of consideration, MONSIEUR, MON TRES—CHER GENERAL, FREDERIC."

And now—for the Bohemian Journey, "Visit at Kladrup" as they call it;—Ruppín being left in this assiduous and wholesome, if rather hampered condition.

Kaiser Karl and his Empress, in this summer of 1732, were at Karlsbad, taking the waters for a few weeks. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long, for various reasons, wished to see his Kaiser face to face, thought this would be a good opportunity. The Kaiser himself, knowing how it stood with the Julich—and—Berg and other questions, was not anxious for such an interview; still less were his official people; among whom the very ceremonial for such a thing was matter of abstruse difficulty. Seckendorf accordingly had been instructed to hunt wide, and throw in

discouragements, so far as possible;—which he did, but without effect. Friedrich Wilhelm had set his heart upon the thing; wished to behold for once a Head of the Holy Roman Empire, and Supreme of Christendom; —also to see a little, with his own eyes, into certain matters Imperial.

And so, since an express visit to Karlsbad might give rise to newspaper rumors, and will not suit, it is settled, there shall be an accidental intersection of routes, as the Kaiser travels homeward,—say in some quiet Bohemian Schloss or Hunting-seat of the Kaiser's own, whither the King may come incognito; and thus, with a minimum of noise, may the needful passage of hospitality be done. Easy all of this: only the Vienna Ministers are dreadfully in doubt about the ceremonial, Whether the Imperial hand can be given (I forget if for kissing or for shaking)?—nay at last they manfully declare that it cannot be given; and wish his Prussian Majesty to understand that it must be refused. [Forster, i. 328.] "RES SUMMAE CONSEQUENTIAE," say they; and shake solemnly their big wigs.—Nonsense (NARRENPOSSEN)! answers the Prussian Majesty: You, Seckendorf, settle about quarters, reasonable food, reasonable lodgings; and I will do the ceremonial.

Seckendorf—worth glancing into, for biographical purposes, in this place—has written to his Court: That as to the victual department, his Majesty goes upon good common meat; flesh, to which may be added all manner of river-fish and crabs: sound old Rhenish is his drink, with supplements of brown and of white beer. Dinner-table to be spread always in some airy place, garden-house, tent, big clean barn,—Majesty likes air, of all things;—will sleep, too, in a clean barn or garden-house: better anything than being stifled, thinks his Majesty. Who, for the rest, does not like mounting stairs. [Seckendorf's Report (in Forster, i. 330).] These are the regulations; and we need not doubt they were complied with.

Sunday, 27th July, 1732, accordingly, his Majesty, with five or six carriages, quits Berlin, before the sun is up, as is his wont: eastward, by the road for Frankfurt-on-Oder; "intends to look at Schulenburg's regiment," which lies in those parts,—Schulenburg's regiment for one thing: the rest is secret from the profane vulgar. Schulenburg's regiment (drawn up for Church, I should suppose) is soon looked at; Schulenburg himself, by preappointment, joins the travelling party, which now consists of the King and Eight:—known figures, seven, Buddenbrock, Schulenburg, Waldau, Derschau, Seckendorf; Grumkow, Captain Hacke of the Potsdam Guard; and for eighth the Dutch Ambassador, Ginkel, an accomplished knowing kind of man, whom also my readers have occasionally seen. Their conversation, road-colloquy, could it interest any modern reader? It has gone all to dusk; we can know only that it was human, solid, for most part, and had much tobacco intermingled. They were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, of the military profession; knew that life is very serious, that speech without cause is much to be avoided. They travelled swiftly, dined in airy places: they are a FACT, they and their summer dust-cloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that dim Time; and have an interest for us, though an unimportant one.

The first night they got to Grunberg; a pleasant Town, of vineyards and of looms, across the Silesian frontier. They are now turning more southeastward; they sleep here, in the Kaiser's territory, welcomed by some Official persons; who signify that the overjoyed Imperial Majesty has, as was extremely natural, paid the bill everywhere. On the morrow, before the shuttles awaken, Friedrich Wilhelm is gone again; towards the Glogau region, intending for Liegnitz that night. Coursing rapidly through the green Silesian Lowlands, blue Giant Mountains (RIESENGBIRGE) beginning to rise on the southwestward far away. Dines, at noon, under a splendid tent, in a country place called Polkwitz, ["Balkowitz," say Pollnitz (ii. 407) and Forster; which is not the correct name.] with country Nobility (sorrow on them, and yet thanks to them) come to do reverence. At night he gets to Liegnitz.

Here is Liegnitz, then. Here are the Katzbach and the Blackwater (SCHWARZWASSER), famed in war, your Majesty; here they coalesce; gray ashlar houses (not without inhabitants unknown to us) looking on. Here are the venerable walls and streets of Liegnitz; and the Castle which defied Baty Khan and his Tartars, five hundred years ago. [1241, the Invasion, and Battle here, of this unexpected Barbarian.]—Oh, your Majesty, this Liegnitz, with its princely Castle, and wide rich Territory, the bulk of the Silesian Lowland, whose is it if right were done? Hm, his Majesty knows full well; in Seckendorf's presence, and going on such an errand, we must not speak of certain things. But the undisputed truth is, Duke Friedrich II., come of the Sovereign Piasts, made that ERBVERBRUDERUNG, and his Grandson's Grandson died childless: so the heirship fell to us, as the biggest wig in the most benighted Chancery would have to grant;—only the Kaiser will not, never would; the Kaiser plants his armed self on Schlesien, and will hear no pleading. Jagerndorf too, which we purchased with our own

money---No more of that; it is too miserable! Very impossible too, while we have Berg and Julich in the wind!--

At Liegnitz, Friedrich Wilhelm "reviews the garrison, cavalry and infantry," before starting; then off for Glatz, some sixty miles before we can dine. The goal is towards Bohemia, all this while; and his Majesty, had he liked the mountain-passes, and unlevel ways of the Giant Mountains, might have found a shorter road and a much more picturesque one. Road abounding in gloomy valleys, intricate rock-labyrinths, haunts of Sprite RUBEZAHN, sources of the Elbe and I know not what. Majesty likes level roads, and interesting rock-labyrinths built by man rather than by Nature. Majesty makes a wide sweep round to the east of all that; leaves the Giant Mountains, and their intricacies, as a blue Sierra far on his right,--had rather see Glatz Fortress than the caverns of the Elbe; and will cross into Bohemia, where the Hills are fallen lowest. At Glatz during dinner, numerous Nobilities are again in waiting. Glatz is in Jagerndorf region; Jagerndorf, which we purchased with our own money, is and remains ours, in spite of the mishaps of the Thirty-Years War;--OURS, the darkest Chancery would be obliged to say, from under the immensest wig! Patience, your Majesty; Time brings roses!--

From Glatz, after viewing the works, drilling the guard a little, not to speak of dining, and despatching the Nobilities, his Majesty takes the road again; turns now abruptly westward, across the Hills at their lowest point; into Bohemia, which is close at hand. Lewin, Nachod, these are the Bohemian villages, with their remnant of Czechs; not a prosperous population to look upon: but it is the Kaiser's own Kingdom: "King of Bohemia" one of his Titles ever since Sigismund SUPER-GRAMMATICAM'S time. And here now, at the meeting of the waters (Elbe one of them, a brawling mountain-stream) is Jaromierz, respectable little Town, with an Imperial Officiality in it,--where the Official Gentlemen meet us all in gala, "Thrice welcome to this Kingdom, your Majesty!"-- and signify that they are to wait upon us henceforth, while we do the Kaiser's Kingdom of Bohemia that honor.

It is Tuesday night, 29th July, this first night in Bohemia. The Official Gentlemen lead his Majesty to superb rooms, new-hung with crimson velvet, and the due gold fringes and tresses,--very grand indeed; but probably not so airy as we wish. "This is the way the Kaiser lodges in his journeys; and your Majesty is to be served like him." The goal of our journey is now within few miles. Wednesday, 30th July, 1732, his Majesty awakens again, within these crimson-velvet hangings with the gold tresses and fringes, not so airy as he could wish; despatches Grumkow to the Kaiser, who is not many miles off, to signify what honor we would do ourselves.

It was on Saturday last that the Kaiser and Kaiserinn, returning from Karlsbad, illuminated Prag with their serene presence; "attended high-mass, vespers," and a good deal of other worship, as the meagre old Newspapers report for us, on that and the Sunday following. And then, "on Monday, at six in the morning," both the Majesties left Prag, for a place called Chlumetz, southwestward thirty miles off, in the Elbe region, where they have a pretty Hunting Castle; Kaiser intending "sylvan sport for a few days," says the old rag of a Newspaper, "and then to return to Prag." It is here that Grumkow, after a pleasant morning's drive of thirty miles with the sun on his back, finds Kaiser Karl VI.; and makes his announcements, and diplomatic inquiries what next.

Had Friedrich Wilhelm been in Potsdam or Wusterhausen, and heard that Kaiser Karl was within thirty miles of him, Friedrich Wilhelm would have cried, with open arms, Come, come! But the Imperial Majesty is otherwise hampered; has his rhadamanthine Aulic Councillors, in vast amplitude of wig, sternly engaged in study of the etiquettes: they have settled that the meeting cannot be in Chlumetz; lest it might lead to night's lodgings, and to intricacies. "Let it be at Kladrup," say the Ample-wigged; Kladrup, an Imperial Stud, or Horse-Farm, half a dozen miles from this; where there is room for nothing more than dinner. There let the meeting be, to-morrow at a set hour; and, in the mean time, we will take precautions for the etiquettes. So it is settled, and Grumkow returns with the decision in a complimentary form.

Through Konigsgratz, down the right bank of the Upper Elbe, on the morrow morning, Thursday, 31st July, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm rushes on towards Kladrup; finds that little village, with the Horse-edifices, looking snug enough in the valley of Elbe;-- alights, welcomed by Prince Eugenio von Savoye, with word that the Kaiser is not come, but steadily expected soon. Prinoe Eugenio von Savoye: ACH GOTT, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars, long since;--at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown; I too am nothing like so nimble; the great Duke, poor man, is dead!--Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner.

Kladrup is a Country House as well as a Horse-Farm: a square court is the interior, as I gather; the Horse-buildings at a reverent distance forming the fourth side. In the centre of this court,— see what a contrivance the Aulic Councillors have hit upon,—there is a wooden stand built, with three staircases leading up to it, one for each person, and three galleries leading off from it into suites of rooms: no question of precedence here, where each of you has his own staircase and own gallery to his apartment! Friedrich Wilhelm looks down like a rhinoceros on all those cobwebberies. No sooner are the Kaiser's carriage-wheels heard within the court, than Friedrich Wilhelm rushes down, by what staircase is readiest; forward to the very carriage-door; and flings his arms about the Kaiser, embracing and embraced, like mere human friends glad to see one another. On these terms, they mount the wooden stand, Majesty of Prussia, Kaiser, Kaiserinn, each by his own staircase; see, for a space of two hours, the Kaiser's foals and horses led about,—which at least fills up any gap in conversation that may threaten to occur. The Kaiser, a little man of high and humane air, is not bright in talk; the Empress, a Brunswick Princess of fine carriage, Grand-daughter of old Anton Ulrich who wrote the Novels, is likewise of mute humor in public life; but old Nord- Teutschland, cradle of one's existence; Brunswick reminiscences; news of your Imperial Majesty's serene Father, serene Sister, Brother-in-law the Feldmarschall and Insipid Niece whom we have had the satisfaction to betroth lately,—furnish small-talk where needful.

Dinner being near, you go by your own gallery to dress. From the drawing-room, Friedrich Wilhelm leads out the Kaiserinn; the Kaiser, as Head of the world, walks first, though without any lady. How they drank the healths, gave and received the ewers and towels, is written duly in the old Books, but was as indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm as it is to us; what their conversation was, let no man presume to ask. Dullish, we should apprehend,—and perhaps BETTER lost to us? But where there are tongues, there are topics: the Loom of Time wags always, and with it the tongues of men. Kaiser and Kaiserinn have both been in Karlsbad lately; Kaiser and Kaiserinn both have sailed to Spain, in old days, and been in sieges and things memorable: Friedrich Wilhelm, solid Squire Western of the North, does not want for topics, and talks as a solid rustic gentleman will. Native politeness he knows on occasion; to etiquette, so far as concerns his own pretensions, he feels callous altogether,—dimly sensible that the Eighteenth Century is setting in, and that solid musketeers and not goldsticks are now the important thing. "I felt mad to see him so humiliate himself," said Grumkow afterwards to Wilhelmina, "J'ENRAGEAIS DANS MA PEAU:" why not?

Dinner lasted two hours; the Empress rising, Friedrich Wilhelm leads her to her room; then retires to his own, and "in a quarter of an hour" is visited there by the Kaiser; "who conducts him," in so many minutes exact by the watch, "back to the Empress,"—for a sip of coffee, as one hopes; which may wind up the Interview well. The sun is still a good space from setting, when Friedrich Wilhelm, after cordial adieus, neglectful of etiquette, is rolling rapidly towards Nimburg, thirty miles off on the Prag Highway; and Kaiser Karl with his Spouse move deliberately towards Chlumetz to hunt again. In Nimburg Friedrich Wilhelm sleeps, that night;— Imperial Majesties, in a much-tumbled world, of wild horses, ceremonial ewers, and Eugenios of Savoy and Malplaquet, probably peopling his dreams. If it please Heaven, there may be another private meeting, a day or two hence.

Nimburg, ah your Majesty, Son Fritz will have a night in Nimburg too;—riding slowly thither amid the wrecks of Kolin Battle, not to sleep well;—but that happily is hidden from your Majesty. Kolin, Czaslau (Chotusitz), Elbe Teinitz,—here in this Kladrup region, your Majesty is driving amid poor Villages which will be very famous by and by. And Prag itself will be doubly famed in war, if your Majesty knew it, and the Ziscaberg be of bloodier memory than the Weissenberg itself!—His Majesty, the morrow's sun having risen upon Nimburg, rolls into Prag successfully about eleven A.M., Hill of Zisca not disturbing him; goes to the Klein- Seite Quarter, where an Aulic Councillor with fine Palace is ready; all the cannon thundering from the walls at his Majesty's advent; and Prince Eugenio, the ever-present, being there to receive his Majesty,—and in fact to invite him to dinner this day at half-past twelve. It is Friday, 1st of August, 1732.

By a singular chance, there is preserved for us in Fassmann's Book, what we may call an Excerpt from the old *Morning Post* of Prag, bringing that extinct Day into clear light again; recalling the vanished Dinner-Party from the realms of Hades, as a thing that once actually WAS. The List of the Dinner-guests is given complete; vanished ghosts, whom, in studying the old History-Books, you can, with a kind of interest, fish up into visibility at will. There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table, in the Count-Thun Palace where he lodges; there bodily, the little man, in gold-laced coat of unknown cut; the eyes and the tempers bright and rapid, as usual, or more; nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips in consequence rather open. Be seated, your Majesty,

high gentlemen all.

A big chair—of—state stands for his Majesty at the upper end of the table: his Majesty will none of it; sits down close by Prince Eugene at the very bottom, and opposite Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg, whom we had at Berlin lately, a General of note in the Turkish and other wars: here probably there will be better talk; and the big chair may preside over us in vacancy. Which it does. Prince Alexander, Imperial General against the Turks, and Heir—Apparent of Wurtemberg withal, can speak of many things,—hardly much of his serene Cousin the reigning Duke; whose health is in a too interesting state, the good though unlucky man. Of the Gravenitz sitting now in limbo, or travelling about disowned, TOUJOURS UN LAVEMENT SES TROUSSES, let there be deep silence. But the Prince Alexander can answer abundantly on other heads. He comes to his inheritance a few months hence; actual reigning Duke, the poor serene Cousin having died: and perhaps we shall meet, him transiently again.

He is Ancestor of the Czars of Russia, this Prince Alexander, who is now dining here in the body, along with Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eugene: Paul of Russia, unbeautiful Paul, married the second time, from Mumpelgard (what the French call Montbeillard, in Alsace), a serene Grand—daughter of his, from whom come the Czars,—thanks to her or not. Prince Alexander is Ancestor withal of our present "Kings of Wurtemberg," if that mean anything: Father (what will mean something) to the serene Duke, still in swaddling—clothes, [Born 21st January, 1732; Carl Eugen the name of him (Michaelis, iii. 450).] who will be son—in—law to Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth (could your Majesty foresee it); and will do strange pranks in the world, upon poet Schiller and others. Him too, and Brothers of his, were they born and become of size, we shall meet. A noticeable man, and not without sense, this Prince Alexander; who is now of a surety eating with us,—as we find by the extinct *Morning Post* in Fassmann's old Book.

Of the others eating figures, Stahrembergs, Sternbergs, Kinsky Ambassador to England, Kinsky Ambassador to France, high Austrian dignitaries, we shall say nothing;—who would listen to us? Hardly can the Hof—Kanzler Count von Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, who holds the rudder of Austrian State—Policy, and probably feels himself loaded with importance beyond most mortals now eating here or elsewhere,—gain the smallest recognition from oblivious English readers of our time. It is certain he eats here on this occasion; and to his Majesty he does not want for importance. His Majesty, intent on Julich and Berg and other high matters, spends many hours next day, in earnest private dialogue with him. We mention farther, with satisfaction, that Grumkow and Ordnance—Master Seckendorf are both on the list, and all our Prussian party, down to Hacke of the Potsdam grenadiers, friend Schulenburg visibly eating among the others. Also that the dinner was glorious (HERRLICH), and ended about five. [Fassmann, p. 474.] After which his Majesty went to two evening parties, of a high order, in the Hradschin Quarter or elsewhere; cards in the one (unless you liked to dance, or grin idle talk from you), and supper in the other.

His Majesty amused himself for four other days in Prag, interspersing long earnest dialogues with Sinzendorf, with whom he spent the greater part of Saturday, [Pollnitz, ii. 411.]—results as to Julioh and Berg of a rather cloudy nature. On Saturday came the Kaiser, too, and Kaiserinn, to their high Nouse, the Schloss in Prag; and there occurred, in the incognito form, "as if by accident," three visits or counter—visits, two of them of some length. The King went dashing about; saw, deliberately or in glimpses, all manner of things,—from "the Military Hospital" to "the Tongue of St. Nepomuk" again. Nepomuk, an imaginary Saint of those parts; pitched into the Moldau, as is fancied and fabled, by wicked King Wenzel (King and Deposed—Kaiser, whom we have heard of), for speaking and refusing to speak; Nepomuk is now become the Patron of Bridges, in consequence; stands there in bronze on the Bridge of Prag; and still shows a dried Tongue in the world: [*Die Legende vom heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, von D. Otto Abel (Berlin, 1855); an acute bit of Historical Criticism.] this latter, we expressly find, his Majesty saw.

On Sunday, his Majesty, nothing of a strait—laced man, attended divine or quasi—divine worship in the Cathedral Church,—where high Prince Bishops delivered PALLIUMS, did histrionisms; "manifested the ABSURDITAT of Papistry" more or less. Coming out of the Church, he was induced to step in and stie the rooms of the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. In one of the rooms, as if by accident, the Kaiser was found lounging:—"Extremely delighted to see your Majesty!"—and they had the first of their long or considerable dialogues together; purport has not transpired. The second considerable dialogue was on the morrow, when Imperial Majesty, as if by accident, found himself in the Count—Nostitz Palace, where Friedrich Wilhelm lodges.

Delighted to be so fortunate again! Hope your Majesty likes Prag? Eternal friendship, OH JA:—and as to Julich and Berg? Particulars have not transpired.

Prag is a place full of sights: his Majesty, dashing about in all quarters, has a busy time; affairs of state (Julich and Berg principally) alternating with what we now call the LIONS. Zisca's drum, for instance, in the Arsenal here? Would your Majesty wish to see Zisca's own skin, which he bequeathed to be a drum when HE had done with it? "NARRENPOSSEN!"—for indeed the thing is fabulous, though in character with Zisca. Or the Council-Chamber window, out of which "the Three Prag Projectiles fell into the Night of things," as a modern Historian expresses it? Three Official Gentlemen, flung out one morning, [13th (23d) May, 1618 (Kohler, p. 507).] 70 feet, but fell on "sewerage," and did not die, but set the whole world on fire? That is too certain, as his Majesty knows: that brought the crowning of the Winter-King, Battle of the Weissenberg, Thirty-Years War; and lost us Jagerndorf and much else.

Or Wallenstein's Palace,—did your Majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at, on the score of History and even of Natural-History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting-room,—a difficulty in the soldiering way of life;—and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much-meditating indignant soul. And yonder is the Weissenberg, conspicuous in the western suburban region: and here in the eastern, close by, is the Ziscaberg;—O Heaven, your Majesty, on this Zisca-Hill will be a new "Battle of Prag," which will throw the Weissenberg into eclipse; and there is awful fighting coming on in these parts again!

The THIRD of the considerable dialogues in Prag was on this same Monday night; when his Majesty went to wait upon the Kaiserinn, and the Kaiser soon accidentally joined them. Precious gracious words passed;—on Berg and Julich nothing particular, that we hear;—and the High Personages, with assurances of everlasting friendship, said adieu; and met no more in this world. On his toilet-table Friedrich Wilhelm found a gold Tobacco-box, sent by the highest Lady extant; gold Tobacco-box, item gold Tobacco-stopper or Pipe-picker: such the parting gifts of her Imperial Majesty. Very precious indeed, and grateful to the honest heart;—yet testifying too (as was afterwards suggested to the royal mind) what these high people think of a rustic Orson King; and how they fling their nose into the air over his Tabagies and him.

On the morrow morning early, Friedrich Wilhelm rolls away again homewards, by Karlsbad, by Baireuth; all the cannon of Prag saying thrice, Good speed to him. "He has had a glorious time," said the Berlin Court-lady to Queen Sophie one evening, "no end of kindness from the Imperial Majesties: but has he brought Berg and Julich in his pocket?"—Alas, not a fragment of them; nor of any solid thing whatever, except it be the gold Tobacco-box; and the confirmation of our claims on East-Friesland (cheap liberty to let us vindicate them if we can), if you reckon that a solid thing. These two Imperial gifts, such as they are, he has consciously brought back with him;—and perhaps, though as yet unconsciously, a third gift of much more value, once it is developed into clearness: some dim trace of insight into the no-meaning of these high people; and how they consider US as mere Orsons and wild Bisons, whom they will do the honor to consume as provision, if we behave well!

The great King Friedrich, now Crown-Prince at Ruppın, writing of this Journey long afterwards,—hastily, incorrectly, as his wont is, in regard to all manner of minute outward particulars; and somewhat maltreating, or at least misplacing, even the inward meaning, which was well known to him WITHOUT investigation, but which he is at no trouble to DATE for himself, and has dated at random,—says, in his thin rapid way, with much polished bitterness:—

"His [King Friedrich Wilhelm's] experience on this occasion served to prove that good-faith and the virtues, so contrary to the corruption of the age, do not succeed in it. Politicians have banished sincerity (LA CANDEUR) into private life: they look upon themselves as raised quite above the laws which they enjoin on other people; and give way without reserve to the dictates of their own depraved mind.

"The guaranty of Julich and Berg, which Seckendorf had formally promised in the name of the Emperor, went off in smoke; and the Imperial Ministers were in a disposition so opposed to Prussia, the King saw clearly [not for some years yet] that if there was a Court in Europe intending to cross his interests, it was certainly that of Vienna. This Visit of his to the Emperor was like that of Solon to Croesus [Solon not I recognizable, in the grenadier costume, amid the tobacco-smoke, and dim accompaniments?]—and he returned to Berlin, rich still in his own virtue. The most punctilious censors could find no fault in his conduct, except a probity carried to excess. The

Interview ended as those of Kings often do: it cooled [not for some time yet], or, to say better, it extinguished the friendship there had been between the two Courts. Friedrich Wilhelm left Prag full of contempt [dimly, altogether unconsciously, tending to have some contempt, and in the end to be full of it] for the deceitfulness and pride of the Imperial Court: and the Emperor's Ministers disdained a Sovereign who looked without interest on frivolous ceremonials and precedences. Him they considered too ambitious in aiming at the Berg—and-Julich succession: them he regarded [came to regard] as a pack of knaves, who had broken their word, and were not punished for it."

Very bitter, your Majesty; and, in all but the dates, true enough. But what a drop of concentrated absinthe follows next, by way of finish,—which might itself have corrected the dating!

"In spite of so many subjects of discontent, the King wedded his Eldest Son [my not too fortunate self], out of complaisance to the Vienna Court, with a Princess of Brunswick—Bevern, Niece to the Empress:"—bitter fact; necessitating change of date in the paragraphs just written. [*OEuvres de Frederic (Memoires de Brandenbourg)*, i. 162, 163.]

Friedrich Wilhelm, good soul, cherishes the Imperial gifts, Tobacco—box included;—claps the Arms of East—Friesland on his escutcheon; will take possession of Friesland, if the present Duke die heirless, let George of England say what he will. And so he rolls homeward, by way of Baireuth. He stayed but a short while in Karlsbad; has warned his Wilhelmina that he will be at Baireuth on the 9th of the month. [Wilhelmina, ii. 55.]

Wilhelmina is very poorly; "near her time," as wives say; rusticating in "the Hermitage," a Country—House in the vicinity of Baireuth; Husband and Father—in—law gone away, towards the Bohemian frontier, to hunt boars. Oh, the bustle and the bother that high Lady had; getting her little Country House stretched out to the due pitch to accommodate everybody,—especially her foolish Sister of Anspach and foolish Brother—in—law and suite,—with whom, by negligence of servants and otherwise, there had like to have risen incurable quarrel on the matter. But the dexterous young Wife, gladdest; busiest and weakest of hopeful creatures, contrived to manage everything, like a Female Fieldmarshal, as she was. Papa was delighted; bullied the foolish Anspach people,—or would have done so, had not I intervened, that the matter might die. Papa was gracious, happy; very anxious about me in my interesting state. "Thou hast lodged me to perfection, good Wilhelmina. Here I find my wooden stools, tubs to wash in; all things as if I were at Potsdam:—a good girl; and thou must take care of thyself, my child (MEIN KIND)."

At dinner, his Majesty, dreading no ill, but intent only on the practical, got into a quiet, but to me most dreadful, lecture to the old Margraf (my Father—in—law) upon debt and money and arrears: How he, the Margraf, was cheated at every turn, and led about by the nose, and kept weltering in debt: how he should let the young Margraf go into the Offices, to supervise, and withal to learn tax—matters and economics betimes. How he (Friedrich Wilhelm) would send him a fellow from Berlin who understood such things, and would drill his scoundrels for him! To which the old Margraf, somewhat flushed in the face, made some embarrassed assent, knowing it in fact to be true; and accepted the Berlin man:—but he made me (his poor Daughter—in—law) smart for it afterwards: "Not quite dead YET, Madam; you will have to wait a little!"—and other foolish speech; which required to be tempered down again by a judicious female mind.

Grumkow himself was pleasant on this occasion; told us of Kladrup, the Prag etiquettes; and how he was like to go mad seeing his Majesty so humiliate himself. Fraulein Grumkow, a niece of his, belonging to the Austrian court, who is over here with the rest, a satirical intriguing baggage, she, I privately perceive, has made a conquest of my foolish Brother—in—law, the Anspach Margraf here;—and there will be jealousies, and a cat—and—dog life over yonder, worse than ever! Tush, why should we talk?—These are the phenomena at Baireuth; Husband and Father—in—law having quitted their boar—hunt and hurried home.

After three days, Friedrich Wilhelm rolled away again; lodged, once more, at Meuselwitz, with abstruse Seckendorf, and his good old Wife, who do the hospitalities well when they must, in spite of the single candle once visible. On the morrow after which, 14th August, 1732, his Majesty is off again, "at four in the morning," towards Leipzig, intending to be home that night, though it is a long drive. At Leipzig, not to waste time, he declines entering the Town; positively will not, though the cannon—salvos are booming all round;—"breakfasts in the suburbs, with a certain Horse—dealer (ROSS—HANDLER) now deceased:" a respectable Centaur, capable, no doubt, of bargaining a little about cavalry mountings, while one eats, with appetite and at one's ease. Which done, Majesty darts off again, the cannon—salvos booming out a second time;—and by assiduous driving gets home to Potsdam about eight at night. And so has happily ENDED this Journey to Kladrup: [Fassmann, pp. 474—479;

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Wilhelmina, ii. 46–55; Pollnitz, ii. 407–412; Forster, i. 328–334.]

Chapter V. GHOST OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE RISES; TO NO PURPOSE.

We little expected to see the "Double-Marrriage" start up into vitality again, at this advanced stage; or, of all men, Seckendorf, after riding 25,000 miles to kill the Double-Marrriage, engaged in resuscitating it! But so it is: by endless intriguing, matchless in History or Romance, the Austrian Court had, at such expense to the parties and to itself, achieved the first problem of stifling the harmless Double-Marrriage; and now, the wind having changed, it is actually trying its hand the opposite way.

Wind is changed: consummate Robinson has managed to do his thrice- salutary "Treaty of Vienna;" [16th March, 1731, the TAIL of it (accession of the Dutch, of Spain, not quite coiled up till 20th February, 1732: Scholl, i. 218-222.) to clout up all differences between the Sea-Powers and the Kaiser, and restore the old Law of Nature,--Kaiser to fight the French, Sea-Powers to feed and pay him while engaged in that necessary job. And now it would be gratifying to the Kaiser, if there remained, on this side of the matter, no rent anywhere, if between his chief Sea ally and his chief Land one, the Britannic Majesty and the Prussian, there prevailed a complete understanding, with no grudge left.

The honor of this fine resuscitation project is ascribed to Robinson by the Vienna people: "Robinson's suggestion," they always say: how far it was, or whether at all it was or not, nobody at present knows. Guess rather, if necessary, it had been the Kaiser's own! Robinson, as the thing proceeds, is instructed from St. James's to "look on and not interfere;" [Despatches, in State-Paper Office] Prince Eugene, too, we can observe, is privately against it, though officially urgent, and doing his best. Who knows,--or need know?

Enough that High Heads are set upon it; that the diplomatic wigs are all wagging with it, from about the beginning of October, 1732; and rumors are rife and eager, occasionally spurting out into the Newspapers: Double-Marrriage after all, hint the old Rumors: Double-Marrriage somehow or other; Crown-Prince to have his English Princess, Prince Fred of England to console the Brunswick one for loss of her Crown-Prince; or else Prince Karl of Brunswick to-- And half a dozen other ways; which Rumor cannot settle to its satisfaction. The whispers upon it, from Hanover, from Vienna, at Berlin, and from the Diplomatic world in general, occasionally whistling through the Newspapers, are manifold and incessant,--not worthy of the least attention from us here. [Forster, iii. 111, 120, 108, 113, 122.] What is certain is, Seckendorf, in the end of October, is corresponding on it with Prince Eugene; has got instructions to propose the matter in Tobacco-Parliament; and does not like it at all. Grumkow, who perhaps has seen dangerous clouds threatening to mount upon him, and never been quite himself again in the Royal Mind since that questionable NOSTI business, dissuades earnestly, constantly. "Nothing but mischief will come of such a proposal," says Grumkow steadily; and for his own share absolutely declines concern in it.

But Prince Eugene's orders are express; remonstrances, cunctations only strengthen the determination of the High Heads or Head: Forward with this beautiful scheme! Seckendorf, puckered into dangerous anxieties, but summoning all his cunning, has at length, after six weeks' hesitation, to open it, as if casually, in some favorable hour, to his Prussian Majesty. December 5th, 1732, as we compute;--a kind of epoch in his Majesty's life. Prussian Majesty stares wide-eyed; the breath as if struck out of him; repeats, "Julich and Berg absolutely secured, say you? But--hm, na!"--and has not yet taken in the unspeakable dimensions of the occurrence. "What? Imperial Majesty will make me break my word before all the world? Imperial Majesty has been whirling me about, face now to the east, face straightway round to the west: Imperial Majesty does not feel that I am a man and king at all; takes me for a mere machine, to be seesawed and whirled hither and thither, like a rotatory Clothes-horse, to dry his Imperial Majesty's linen upon. TAUSEND HIMMEL--!"

The full dimensions of all this did not rise clear upon the intellect of Prussian Majesty,--a slow intellect, but a true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and poetic fires lying under it,-- not at once, or for months, perhaps years to come. But they had begun to dawn upon him painfully here; they rose gradually into perfect clearness: all things seen at last as what they were;-- with huge submarine earthquake for consequence, and total change of mind towards Imperial Majesty and the drying of his Pragmatic linen, in Friedrich Wilhelm. Amiable Orson, true to the heart; amiable, though terrible when too much put upon!

This dawning process went on for above two years to come, painfully, reluctantly, with explosions, even with

tears. But here, directly on the back of Seckendorf's proposal, and recorded from a sure hand, is what we may call the peep-of-day in that matter: First Session of Tobacco-Parliament, close after that event. Event is on the 5th December, 1732; Tobacco Session is of the 6th;—glimpse of it is given by Speaker Grumkow himself; authentic to the bone.

SESSION OF TOBACCO-PARLIAMENT, 6th DECEMBER, 1732.

Grumkow, shattered into "headache" by this Session, writes Report of it to Seckendorf before going to bed. Look, reader, into one of the strangest Political Establishments; and how a strange Majesty comports himself there, directly after such proposal from Vienna to marry with England still!—"Schwerin" is incidentally in from Frankfurt-on-Oder, where his Regiment and business usually lie: the other Honorable Members we sufficiently know. Majesty has been a little out of health lately; perceptibly worse the last two days. "Syberg" is a Gold-cook (Alchemical gentleman, of very high professions), came to Berlin some time ago; whom his Majesty, after due investigation, took the liberty to hang. [Forster, iii. 126.] Readers can now understand what speaker Grumkow writes, and despatches by his lackey, in such haste:—

"I never saw such a scene as this evening. Derschau, Schwerin, Buddenbrock, Rochow, Flanz were present. We had been about an hour in the Red Room [languidly doing our tobacco off and on], when he [the King] had us shifted into the Little Room: drove out the servants; and cried, looking fixedly at me: 'No, I cannot endure it any longer! ES STOSSET MIR DAS HERZ AB,' cried he, breaking into German: 'It crushes the heart out of me; to make me do a bit of scoundrelism, me, me! I say; no, never! Those damned intrigues; may the Devil take them!'—

"EGO (Grumkow). 'Of course, I know of nothing. But I do not comprehend your Majesty's inquietude, coming thus on the sudden, after our common indifferent mood.'

"KING. 'What, make me a villain! I will tell it right out. Certain damned scoundrels have been about betraying me. People that should have known me better have been trying to lead me into a dishonorable scrape'—("Here I called in the hounds, JE ROMPIS LES CHIENS," reports Grumkow, "for he was going to blab everything; I interrupted, saying):—

"EGO. 'But, your Majesty, what is it ruffles you so? I know not what you talk of. Your Majesty has honorable people about you; and the man who lets himself be employed in things against your Majesty must be a traitor.'

"KING. 'Yes, JA, JA. I will do things that will surprise them. I—'

"And, in short, a torrent of exclamations: which I strove to soften by all manner of incidents and contrivances; succeeding at last,"—by dexterity and time (but, at this point, the light is now blown out, and we SEE no more):—"so that he grew quite calm again, and the rest of the evening passed gently enough.

"Well, you see what the effect of your fine Proposal is, which you said he would like! I can tell you, it is the most detestable incident that could have turned up. I know, you had your orders: but you may believe and depend on it, he has got his heart driven rabid by the business, and says, 'Who knows now whether that villain Syberg' Gold-cook, that was hanged the other day, 'was not set on by some people to poison me?' In a word, he was like a madman.

"What struck me most was when he repeated, 'Only think! Think! Who would have expected it of people that should have known me; and whom I know, and have known, better than they fancy!'"— Pleasant passage for Seckendorf to chew the cud upon, through the night-watches!

"In fine, as I was somewhat confused; and anxious, above all, to keep him from exploding with the secret, I cannot remember everything, But Derschau, who was more at his ease, will be able to give you a full account. He [the King] said more than once: 'THIS was his sickness; the thing that ailed him, this: it gnawed his heart, and would be the death of him!' He certainly did not affect; he was in a very convulsive condition. [JARNI-BLEU, here is a piece of work, Herr Seckendorf!]"—Adieu, I have a headache." Whereupon to bed.

"GRUMKOW."

[Forster, iii. 135, 136.]

This Hansard Report went off direct to Prince Eugene; and ought to have been a warning to the high Vienna heads and him. But they persisted not the less to please Robinson or themselves; considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on; and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all. In which they were very much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise

manner, though hoodwinked and led about by Black-Artists as he had been, turned out when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together,—to have been, in a manner, the only one of them that had any real "intellect," or insight into Fact and Nature, at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running down the gutters to the last drop; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in every part, from diligent plough-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod, remained standing. "A full Treasury and 200,000 well-drilled men would be the one guarantee to your Pragmatic Sanction," Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna; Black-art, and Diplomatic spider-webs from pole to pole, being thought the preferable method.

Enough, Seckendorf was ordered to manipulate and soothe down the Prussian Majesty, as surely would be easy; to continue his galvanic operations on the Double-Match, or produce a rotation in the purposes of the royal breast. Which he diligently strove to do, when once admitted to speech again;—Grumkow steadily declining to meddle, and only Queen Sophie, as we can fancy, auguring joyfully of it. Seckendorf, admitted to speech the third day after that explosive Session, snuffles his softest, his cunningest;—continues to ride diligently, the concluding portion (such it proved) of his 25,000 miles with the Prussian Majesty up and down through winter and spring; but makes not the least progress, the reverse rather.

Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air; or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name,—advocate Seckendorf, in the fervor of pleading and arguing, said some word, which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments, his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a clangorous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him,— death from a friend's hand. "It was the 17th of April, 1733, [All the Books (Forster, ii. 142, for one) mention this utterance of his Majesty, on what occasion we shall see farther on; and give the date "1732," not 1733: but except as amended above, it refuses to have any sense visible at this distance. The Village of Priort is in the Potsdam region.] riding through Priort, a man said something to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger about in my heart. That man was he that killed me; there and then I got my death!"

A strange passion in that utterance: the deep dumb soul of his Majesty, of dumb-poetic nature, suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. "O Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire; and this is your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina, broken my Feekin's heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruins for your sake. And because I was of faith more than human, you took me for a dog? O Kaiser, Kaiser!"—Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in excited moments, in his later years; the tears running down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic emotion: but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would say, flashing out into proud rage, "There is one that will avenge me, though; that one! DA STEHT EINER, DER MICH RACHEN WIRD!" [Forster, ii. 153.] Yes, your Majesty; perhaps that one. And it will be seen whether YOU were a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon, or something different a good deal.

Chapter VI. KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND.

In the New-year's days of 1733, the topic among diplomatic gentlemen, which set many big wigs wagging, and even tremulously came out in the gray leaves of gazetteers and garreteers of the period, was a royal drama, dimly supposed to be getting itself up in Poland at this time. Nothing known about it for certain; much guessed. "Something in the rumor!" nods this wig; "Nothing!" wags that, slightly oscillating; and gazetteers, who would earn their wages, and have a peck of coals apiece to glad them in the cold weather, had to watch with all eagerness the movements of King August, our poor old friend, the Dilapidated-Strong, who is in Saxony at present; but bound for Warsaw shortly,—just about lifting the curtain on important events, it is thought and not thought. Here are the certainties of it, now clear enough, so far as they deserve a glance from us.

January 10th, 1733, August the Dilapidated-Strong of Poland has been in Saxony, looking after his poor Electorate a little; and is on the road from Dresden homewards again;—will cross a corner of the Prussian Dominions, as his wont is on such occasions. Prussian Majesty, if not appearing in person, will as usual, by some Official of rank, send a polite Well-speed-you as the brother Majesty passes. This time, however, it was more than politeness; the Polish Majesty having, as was thought, such intricate affairs in the wind. Let Grumkow, the fittest man in all ways, go, and do the greeting to his old Patroon: greeting, or whatever else may be needed.

Patroon left Dresden,—“having just opened the Carnival” or fashionable Season there, opened and nothing more,—January 10th, 1733; [Fassmann, *Leben Friedrich Augusti des Grossen*, p. 994.] being in haste home for a Polish Diet close at hand. On which same day Grumkow, we suppose, drives forth from Berlin, to intersect him, in the Neumark, about Crossen; and have a friendly word again, in those localities, over jolly wine. Intersection took place duly;—there was exuberant joy on the part of the Patroon; and such a dinner and night of drinking, as has seldom been. Abstruse things lie close ahead of August the Dilapidated-Strong, important to Prussia, and for which Prussia is important; let Grumkow try if he can fish the matter into clearness out of these wine-cups. And then August, on his side, wishes to know what the Kaiser said at Kladrup lately; there is much to be fished into clearness.

Many are the timea August the Strong has made this journey; many are the carousals, on such and other occasions, Grumkow and he have had. But there comes an end to all things. This was their last meeting, over flowing liquor or otherwise, in the world. Satirical History says, they drank all night, endeavoring to pump one another, and with such enthusiasm that they never recovered it; drank themselves to death at Crossen on that occasion. [*OEuvres de Frederic (Memoires de Brandenbourg)*, i. 163.] It is certain August died within three weeks; and people said of Grumkow, who lived six years longer, he was never well after this bout. Is it worth any human Creature's while to look into the plans of this precious pair of individuals? Without the least expense of drinking, the secrets they were pumping out of each other are now accessible enough,—if it were of importance now. One glance I may perhaps commend to the reader, out of these multifarious Note-books in my possession:—

“August, by change of his religion, and other sad operations, got to be what they called the King of Poland, thirty five years ago; but, though looking glorious to the idle public, it has been a crown of stinging-nettles to the poor man,—a sedan-chair running on rapidly, with the bottom broken out! To say nothing of the scourgings he got, and poor Saxony along with him, from Charles XII., on account of this Sovereignty so called, what has the thing itself been to him? In Poland, for these thirty-five years, the individual who had least of his real will done in public matters has been, with infinite management, and display of such good-humor as at least deserves credit, the nominal Sovereign Majesty of Poland. Anarchic Grandees have been kings over him; ambitious, contentious, unmanageable;—very fanatical too, and never persuaded that August's Apostasy was more than a sham one, not even when he made his Prince apostatize too. Their Sovereignty has been a mere peck of troubles, disgraces and vexations: for those thirty-five years, an ever-boiling pot of mutiny, contradiction, insolence, hardly tolerable even to such nerves as August's.

“August, for a long time back, has been thinking of schemes to clap some lid upon all that. To make the Sovereignty hereditary in his House: that, with the good Saxon troops we have, would be a remedy;—and in fact it is the only remedy. John Casimir (who abdicated long ago, in the Great Elector's time, and went to

Paris,—much charmed with Ninon de l'Enclos there) told the Polish Diets, With their LIBERUM VETO, and 'right of confederation' and rebellion, they would bring the country down under the feet of mankind, and reduce their Republic to zero one day, if they persisted. They have not failed to persist. With some hereditary King over it, and a regulated Saxony to lean upon: truly might it not be a change to the better? To the worse, it could hardly be, thinks August the Strong; and goes intent upon that method, this long while back;—and at length hopes now, in few days longer, at the Diet just assembling, to see fruits appear, and the thing actually begin.

"The difficulties truly are many; internal and external:—but there are calculated methods, too. For the internal: Get up, by bribery, persuasion, some visible minority to countenance you; with these manoeuvre in the Diets; on the back of these, the 30,000 Saxon troops. But then what will the neighboring Kings say? The neighboring Kings, with their big-mouthed manifestoes, pities for an oppressed Republic, overwhelming forces, and invitations to 'confederate' and revolt: without their tolerance first had, nothing can be done. That is the external difficulty. For which too there is a remedy. Cut off sufficient outlying slices of Poland; fling these to the neighboring Kings to produce consent: Partition of Poland, in fact; large sections of its Territory sliced away: that will be the method, thinks King August.

"Neighboring Kings, Kaiser, Prussia, Russia, to them it is not grievous that Poland should remain in perennial anarchy, in perennial impotence; the reverse rather: a dead horse, or a dying, in the next stall,—he at least will not kick upon us, think the neighboring Kings. And yet,—under another similitude,—you do not like your next-door neighbor to be always on the point of catching fire; smoke issuing, thicker or thinner, through the slates of his roof, as a perennial phenomenon? August will conciliate the neighboring Kings. Russia, big-cheeked Anne Czarina there, shall have not only Courland peaceably henceforth, but the Ukraine, Lithuania, and other large outlying slices; that surely will conciliate Russia. To Austria, on its Hungarian border, let us give the Country of Zips;—nay there are other sops we have for Austria. Pragmatic Sanction, hitherto refused as contrary to plain rights of ours,—that, if conceded to a spectre-hunting Kaiser? To Friedrich Wilhelm we could give West-Prussen; West-Prussen torn away three hundred years ago, and leaving a hiatus in the very continuity of Friedrich Wilhelm: would not that conciliate him? Of all enemies or friends, Friedrich Wilhelm, close at hand with 80,000 men capable of fighting at a week's, notice, is by far the most important.

"These are August's plans: West-Prussen for the nearest Neighbor; Zips for Austria; Ukraine, Lithuania, and appendages for the Russian Czarina: handsome Sections to be sliced off, and flung to good neighbors; as it were, all the outlying limbs and wings of the Polish Territory sliced off; compact body to remain, and become, by means of August and Saxon troops, a Kingdom with government, not an imaginary Republic without government any longer. In fact, it was the 'Partition of Poland,' such as took effect forty years after, and has kept the Newspapers weeping ever since. Partition of Poland,—MINUS the compact interior held under government, by a King with Saxon troops or otherwise. Compact interior, in that effective partition, forty years after, was left as anarchic as ever; and had to be again partitioned, and cut away altogether,—with new torrents of loud tears from the Newspapers, refusing to be comforted to this day.

"It is not said that Friedrich Wilhelm had the least intention of countenancing August in these dangerous operations, still less of going shares with August; but he wished much, through Grumkow, to have some glimpse into the dim program of them; and August wished much to know Friedrich Wilhelm's and Grumkow's humor towards them. Grumkow and August drank oopiously, or copiously pressed drink on one another, all night (11th–12th January, 1733, as I compute; some say at Crossen, some say at Frauendorf a royal domain near by), with the view of mutually fishing out those secrets;—and killed one another in the business, as is rumored."

What were Grumkow's news at home-coming, I did not hear; but he continues very low and shaky;—refuses, almost with horror, to have the least hand in Seckendorf's mad project, of resuscitating the English Double-Marriage, and breaking off the Brunswick one, at the eleventh hour and after word pledged. Seckendorf himself continues to dislike and dissuade: but the High Heads at Vienna are bent on it; and command new strenuous attempts;—literally at the last moment; which is now come.

Chapter VII. CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

Since November last, Wilhelmina is on visit at Berlin,—first visit since her marriage;—she stays there for almost ten months; not under the happiest auspices, poor child. Mamma's reception of her, just off the long winter journey, and extenuated with fatigues and sickly chagrins, was of the most cutting cruelty: "What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?" And next night, when Papa himself came home, it was little better. "Ha, ha," said he, "here you are; I am glad to see you." Then holding up a light, to take view of me: "How changed you are!" said he: "What is little Frederika [my little Baby at Baireuth] doing?" And on my answering, continued: "I am sorry for you, on my word. You have not bread to eat; and but for me you might go begging. I am a poor man myself, not able to give you much; but I will do what I can. I will give you now and then a twenty or a thirty shillings (PAR DIX OU DOUZE FLORINS), as my affairs permit: it will always be something to assuage your want. And you, Madam," said he, turning to the Queen, "you will sometimes give her an old dress; for the poor child has n't a shift to her back." [Wilhelmina, ii. 85.] This rugged paternal banter was taken too literally by Wilhelmina, in her weak state; and she was like "to burst in her skin," poor Princess.

So that,—except her own good Hereditary Prince, who was here "over from Pasewalk" and his regimental duties, waiting to welcome her; in whose true heart, full of honest human sunshine towards her, she could always find shelter and defence,—native Country and Court offer little to the brave Wilhelmina. Chagrins enough are here: chagrins also were there. At Baireuth our old Father Margraf has his crotchets, his infirmities and outbreaks; takes more and more to liquor; and does always keep us frightfully bare in money. No help from Papa here, either, on the finance side; no real hope anywhere (thinks Seckendorf, when we consult him), except only in the Margraf's death: "old Margraf will soon drink himself dead," thinks Seckendorf; "and in the mean while there is Vienna, and a noble Kaiserinn who knows her friends in case of extremity!" thinks he. [Wilhelmina, ii. 81–111.] Poor Princess, in her weak shattered state, she has a heavy time of it; but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift sabre, not to be quenched in any coil; but always cutting its way, and emerging unsubdued.

One of the blessings reserved for her here, which most of all concerns us, was the occasional sight of her Brother. Brother in a day or two ["18th November," she says; which date is wrong, if it were of moment (see *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, where their CORRESPONDENCE is.)] ran over from Ruppín, on short leave, and had his first interview. Very kind and affectionate; quite the old Brother again; and "blushed" when, at supper, Mamma and the Princesses, especially that wicked Charlotte (Papa not present), tore up his poor Bride at such a rate. "Has not a word to answer you, but YES or NO," said they; "stupid as a block." "But were you ever at her toilette?" said the wicked Charlotte: "Out of shape, completely: considerable waddings, I promise you: and then"—still worse features, from that wicked Charlotte, in presence of the domestics here. Wicked Charlotte; who is to be her Sister-in-law soon;—and who is always flirting with my Husband, as if she liked that better!—Crown-Prince retired, directly after supper: as did I, to my apartment, where in a minute or two he joined me.

"To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, 'That his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he was in favor, sometimes in disgrace;—that his chief happiness consisted in absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regiment at Ruppín; study and music his principal occupations; he had built himself a House there, and laid out a Garden, where he could read, and walk about.' Then as to his Bride, I begged him to tell me candidly if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making of her was the true one. 'We are alone,' replied he, 'and I will conceal nothing from you. The Queen, by her miserable intrigues, has been the source of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone when she began again with England; wished to substitute our Sister Charlotte for you; would have had me undertake to contradict the King's will again, and flatly refuse the Brunswick Match;—which I declined. That is the source of her venom against this poor Princess. As to the young Lady herself, I do not hate her so much as I pretend; I affect complete dislike, that the King may value my obedience more. She is pretty, a complexion lily-and-rose; her features delicate; face altogether of a beautiful person. True, she has no breeding, and dresses very ill: but I flatter myself, when she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her in hand. I recommend her to you, my dear Sister; and beg your protection for her.' It is easy to judge, my answer would be such as he desired." [Wilhelmina, ii. 89.]

For which small glimpse of the fact itself, at first-hand, across a whirlwind of distracted rumors new and old

about the fact, let us be thankful to Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's hopeless attempts to resuscitate extinct English things, and make the Prussian Majesty break his word, continue to the very last; but are worth no notice from us. Grumkow's Drinking-bout with the Dilapidated-Strong at Crossen, which follows now in January, has been already noticed by us. And the Dilapidated-Strong's farewell next morning,—"Adieu, dear Grumkow; I think I shall not see you again!" as he rolled off towards Warsaw and the Diet,—will require farther notice; but must stand over till this Marriage be got done. Of which latter Event,—Wilhelmina once more kindling the old dark Books into some light for us,—the essential particulars are briefly as follows.

Monday, 8th June, 1733, the Crown-Prince is again over from Ruppin: King, Queen and Crown-Prince are rendezvoused at Potsdam; and they set off with due retinues towards Wolfenbittel, towards Salzdahlum the Ducal Schloss there; Sister Wilhelmina sending blessings, if she had them, on a poor Brother in such interesting circumstances. Mamma was "plunged in black melancholy;" King not the least; in the Crown-Prince nothing particular to be remarked. They reached Salzdahlum, Duke Ludwig Rudolf the Grandfather's Palace, one of the finest Palaces, with Gardens, with antiques, with Picture-Galleries no end; a mile or two from Wolfenbittel; built by old Anton Ulrich, and still the ornament of those parts; —reached Salzdahlum, Wednesday the 10th; where Bride, with Father, Mother, much more Grandfather, Grandmother, and all the sublimities interested, are waiting in the highest gala; Wedding to be on Friday next.

Friday morning, this incident fell out, notable and somewhat contemptible: Seckendorf, who is of the retinue, following his bad trade, visits his Majesty who is still in bed:—"Pardon, your Majesty: what shall I say for excuse? Here is a Letter just come from Vienna; in Prince Eugene's hand;—Prince Eugene, or a Higher, will say something, while it is still time!" Majesty, not in impatience, reads the little Prince's and the Kaiser's Letter. "Give up this, we entreat you for the last time; marry with England after all!" Majesty reads, quiet as a lamb; lays the Letter under his pillow; will himself answer it; and does straightway, with much simple dignity, to the effect, "For certain, Never, my always respected Prince!" [Account of the Interview by Seckendorf, in Forster, iii, 148–155; Copy of the answer itself is in the State-Paper Office here.] Seckendorf, having thus shot his last bolt, does not stay many hours longer at Salzdahlum;—may as well quit Friedrich Wilhelm altogether, for any good he will henceforth do upon him. This is the one incident between the Arrival at Salzdahlum and the Wedding there.

Same Friday, 12th June, 1733, at a more advanced hour, the Wedding itself took effect; Wedding which, in spite of the mad rumors and whispers, in the Newspapers, Diplomatic Despatches and elsewhere, went off, in all respects, precisely as other weddings do; a quite human Wedding now and afterwards. Officiating Clergyman was the Reverend Herr Mosheim: readers know with approval the *Ecclesiastical History* of Mosheim: he, in the beautiful Chapel of the Schloss, with Majesties and Brunswick Sublimities looking on, performed the ceremony: and Crown-Prince Friedrich of Prussia has fairly wedded the Serene Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily-and-rose;—and History is right glad to have done with the wearisome affair, and know it settled on any tolerable terms whatever. Here is a Note of Friedrich's to his dear Sister, which has been preserved:—

TO PRINCESS WILHELMINA OF BAIREUTH, AT BERLIN.

"SALZDAHLUM, Noon, 19th June, 1733.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—A minute since, the whole Ceremony was got finished; and God be praised it is over! I hope you will take it as a mark of my friendship that I give you the first news of it.

"I hope I shall have the honor to see you again soon; and to assure you, my dear Sister, that I am wholly yours (TOUT A VOUS). I write in great haste; and add nothing that is merely formal. Adieu. [*OEuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 9.]

FREDERIC."

One Keyserling, the Prince's favorite gentleman, came over express, with this Letter and the more private news; Wilhelmina being full of anxieties. Keyserling said, The Prince was inwardly "well content with his lot; though he had kept up the old farce to the last; and pretended to be in frightful humor, on the very morning; bursting out upon his valets in the King's presence, who reproved him, and looked rather pensive,"—recognizing, one hopes, what a sacrifice it was. The Queen's Majesty, Keyserling reported, "was charmed with the style and ways of the Brunswick Court; but could not endure the Princess-Royal [new Wife], and treated the two Duchesses like dogs (COMME DES CHIENS)." [Wilhelmina, ii. 114.] Reverend Abbot Mosheim (such his title; Head Churchman, theological chief of Helmstadt University in those parts, with a couple of extinct little

ABBACIES near by, to help his stipend) preached next Sunday, "On the Marriage of the Righteous,"— felicitous appropriate Sermon, said a grateful public; [Text, Psalm, xcli. 12; "Sermon printed in Mosheim's *Works*."]—and in short, at Salzdahlum all goes, if not as merry as some marriage—bells, yet without jarring to the ear.

On Tuesday, both the Majesties set out towards Potsdam again; "where his Majesty," having business waiting, "arrived some time before the Queen." Thither also, before the week ends, Crown— Prince Friedrich with his Bride, and all the Serenities of Brunswick escorting, are upon the road,—duly detained by complimentary harangues, tedious scenic evolutions at Magdeburg and the intervening Towns;—grand entrance of the Princess—Royal into Berlin is not till the 27th, last day of the week following. That was such a day as Wilhelmina never saw; no sleep the night before; no breakfast can one taste: between Charlottenburg and Berlin, there is a review of unexampled splendor; "above eighty oarriages of us," and only a tent or two against the flaming June sun: think of it! Review begins at four a.m.;—poor Wilhelmina thought she would verily have died, of heat and thirst and hunger, in the crowded tent, under the flaming June sun; before the Review could end itself, and march into Berlin, trumpeting and salvoing, with the Princess—Royal at the head of it. [Wilhelmina, ii. 127–129.]

Of which grand flaming day, and of the unexampled balls and effulgent festivities that followed, "all Berlin ruining itself in dresses and equipages," we will say nothing farther; but give only, what may still have some significance for readers, Wilhelmina's Portrait of the Princess—Royal on their first meeting, which had taken place at Potsdam two days before. The Princess—Royal had arrived at Potsdam too, on that occasion, across a grand Review; Majesty himself riding out, Majesty and Crown—Prince, who had preceded her a little, to usher in the poor young creature;—Thursday, June 25th, 1733:—

"The King led her into the Queen's Apartment; then seeing, after she had saluted us all, that she was much heated and dispowdered (DEPOUDREE), he bade my Brother take her to her own room. I followed them thither. My Brother said to her, introducing me: "This is a Sister I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, and help you with her good counsel; I wish you to respect her beyond even the King and Queen, and not to take the least step without her advice: do you understand?" I embraced the Princess— Royal, and gave her every assurance of my attachment; but she remained like a statue, not answering a word. Her people not being come, I repowdered her myself, and readjusted her dress a little, without the least sign of thanks from her, or any answer to all my caressings. My Brother got impatient at last; and said aloud: 'Devil's in the blockhead (PESTE SOIT DE LA BETE): thank my Sister, then!' She made me a courtesy, on the model of that of Agnes in the *ECOLE DES FEMMES*. I took her back to the Queen's Apartment; little edified by such a display of talent.

"The Princess—Royal is tall; her figure is not fine: stooping slightly, or hanging forward, as she walks or stands, which gives her an awkward air. Her complexion is of dazzling whiteness, heightened by the liveliest colors: her eyes are pale blue, and not of much promise for spiritual gifts. Mouth small; features generally small,—dainty (MIGNONS) rather than beautiful:—and the countenance altogether is so innocent and infantine, you would think this head belonged to a child of twelve. Her hair is blond, plentiful, curling in natural locks. Teeth are unhappily very bad, black and ill set; which are a disfigurement in this fine face. She has no manners, nor the least vestige of tact; has much difficulty in speaking and making herself understood: for most part you are obliged to guess what she means; which is very embarrassing." [Wilhelmina, ii. 119–121.]

The Berlin gayeties—for Karl, Heir—Apparent of Brunswick, brother to this Princess—Royal, wedded his Charlotte, too, about a week hence [2d July, 1733.]—did not end, and the serene Guests disappear, till far on in July. After which an Inspection with Papa; and then Friedrich got back to Ruppin and his old way of life there. Intrinsicly the old studious, quietly diligent way of life; varied by more frequent excursions to Berlin;—where as yet the Princess—Royal usually resides, till some fit residence be got ready in the Ruppin Country for a wedded Crown—Prince and her.

The young Wife had an honest guileless heart; if little articulate intellect, considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough;—and I hope kept well clear of pouting (FAIRE LA FACHEE), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself successfully to the Prince's taste; and growing yearly gracefuler and better—looking was an ornament and pleasant addition to his Ruppin existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppin quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life. [Busching (Autobiography, *Beitrag*e, vi.) heard her say so, in advanced years.]

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Prince Palace at Berlin; all trimmed and furnished, for occasional residences there; the late "Government House" (originally SCHOMBERG House), new-built,—which is, to this day, one of the distinguished Palaces of Berlin. Princess-Royal had Schonhausen given her; a pleasant Royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppín side. Furthermore, the Prince-Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special AMT (Government District) set apart for his support; the "Amt of Ruppín," where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppín are, is not communicated; but we can justly fear they were far too frugal,—and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful; but he borrows all round, under sevenfold secrecy, from benevolent Courts, from Austria, Russia, England: and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is, that, on his Accession, he pays with exactitude,—sends his Uncle George of England, for example, the complete amount in rouleaus of new coin, by the first courier that goes. [Despatch (of adjacent date) in the State-Paper Office here.]

A thought too frugal, his Prussian Majesty; but he means to be kind, bountiful; and occasionally launches out into handsome munificence. This very Autumn, hearing that the Crown-Prince and his Princess fancied Reinsberg; an old Castle in their Amt Ruppín, some miles north of them,—his Majesty, without word spoken, straightway purchased Reinsberg, Schloss and Territory, from the owner; gave it to his Crown-Prince, and gave him money to new-build it according to his mind. [23d Oct. 1733—16th March, 1734 (Preuss, i. 75).] Which the Crown-Prince did with much interest, under very wise architectural advice, for the next three years; then went into it, to reside;—yet did not cease new-building, improving, artistically adorning, till it became in all points the image of his taste.

A really handsome princely kind of residence, that of Reinsberg:—got up with a thrift that most of all astonishes us. In which improved locality we shall by and by look in upon him again. For the present we must to Warsaw, where tragedies and troubles are in the wind, which turn out to be not quite without importance to the Crown-Prince and us.

Chapter VIII. KING AUGUST DIES; AND POLAND TAKES FIRE.

Meanwhile, over at Warsaw, there has an Event fallen out. Friedrich, writing rapidly from vague reminiscence, as he often does, records it as "during the marriage festivities;" [*OEuvres (Memoires de Brandenbourg)*, i. 163.] but it was four good months earlier. Event we must now look at for a moment.

In the end of January last, we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking-bout at Crossen, when the Polish Majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another, by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. "In my presence," says Wilhelmina, "and that of forty persons," for the thing was much talked about, "Grumkow said to the King one morning: 'Ah Sire, I am in despair; the poor Patroon is dead! I was lying broad awake, last night: all on a sudden, the curtains of my bed flew asunder: I saw him; he was in a shroud: he gazed fixedly at me: I tried to start up, being dreadfully taken; but the phantom disappeared!'" Here was an illustrious ghost-story for Berlin, in a day or two when the Courier came. "Died at the very time of the phantom; Death and phantom were the same night," say Wilhelmina and the miraculous Berlin public,—but do not say WHAT night for either of them it was. [Wilhelmina, ii. 98. Event happened, 1st February; news of it came to Berlin, 4th February: Fassmann (p. 485); Buchholz; By help of which latter circumstance the phantom becomes reasonably unmiraculous again, in a nervous system tremulous from drink. "They had been sad at parting," Wilhelmina says, "having drunk immensities of Hungary wine; the Patroon almost weeping over his Grumkow: 'Adieu, my dear Grumkow,' said he; "I shall never see you more!'"

Miraculous or not, the catastrophe is true: August, the once Physically Strong, lies dead;—and there will be no Partition of Poland for the present. He had the Diet ready to assemble; waiting for him, at Warsaw; and good trains laid in the Diet, capable of fortunate explosion under a good engineer. Engineer, alas! The Grumkow drinking-bout had awakened that old sore in his foot: he came to Warsaw, eager enough for business; but with his stock of strength all out, and Death now close upon him. The Diet met, 26th–27th January; engineer all alert about the good trains laid, and the fortunate exploding of them; when, almost on the morrow—"Inflammation has come on!" said the Doctors, and were futile to help farther. The strong body, and its life, was done; and nothing remained but to call in the Archbishop, with his extreme unctions and soul-apparatus.

August made no moaning or recalcitrating; took, on the prescribed terms, the inevitable that had come. Has been a very great sinner, he confesses to the Archbishop: "I have not at present strength to name my many and great sins to your Reverence," said he; "I hope for mercy on the"—on the usual rash terms. Terms perhaps known to August to be rash; to have been frightfully rash; but what can he now do? Archbishop thereupon gives absolution of his sins; Archbishop does,—a baddish, unlikely kind of man, as August well knows. August "laid his hand on his eyes," during such sad absolution—mummery; and in that posture had breathed his last, before it was well over. ["Sunday, 1st February, 1733, quarter past 4 A.M." (Fassmann, *Leben Frederici Augusti Konigs in Pohlen*, pp. 994–997).] Unhappy soul; who shall judge him?—transcendent King of edacious Flunkies; not without fine qualities, which he turned to such a use amid the temptations of this world!

POLAND HAS TO FIND A NEW KING.

His death brought vast miseries on Poland; kindled foolish Europe generally into fighting, and gave our Crown-Prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of War. For which reason, hardly for another, the thing having otherwise little memorability at present, let us give some brief synopsis of it, the briefer the better. Here, excerpted from multifarious old Note-books, are some main heads of the affair:—

"On the disappearance of August the Strong, his plans of Partitioning Poland disappeared too, and his fine trains in the Diet abolished themselves. The Diet had now nothing to do, but proclaim the coming Election, giving a date to it; and go home to consider a little whom they would elect. ["Interregnum proclaimed," 11th February; Preliminary Diet to meet 21st April;— meets; settles, before May is done, that the Election shall BEGIN 25th August: it must END in six weeks thereafter, by law of the land.] A question weighty to Poland. And not likely to be settled by Poland alone or chiefly; the sublime Republic, with LIBERUM VETO, and Diets capable only of anarchic noise, having now reached such a stage that its Neighbors everywhere stood upon its skirts; asking, 'Whitherward, then, with your anarchy? Not this way;—we say, that way!'—and were apt to get to battle about it,

before such a thing could be settled. A house, in your street, with perpetual smoke coming through the slates of it, is not a pleasant house to be neighbor to! One honest interest the neighbors have, in an Election Crisis there, That the house do not get on fire, and kindle them. Dishonest interests, in the way of theft and otherwise, they may have without limit.

"The poor house, during last Election Crisis,—when August the Strong was flung out, and Stanislaus brought in; Crisis presided over by Charles XII., with Czar Peter and others hanging on the outskirts, as Opposition party,—fairly got into flame; [Description of it in Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen*, vi. 228–230.] but was quenched down again by that stout Swede; and his Stanislaus, a native Pole, was left peaceably as King for the years then running. Years ran; and Stanislaus was thrown out, Charles himself being thrown out; and had to make way for August the Strong again:—an ejected Stanislaus: King only in title; known to most readers of this time. [Stanislaus Lesczinsky, "Woywode of Posen," born 1677: King of Poland, Charles XII. superintending, 1704 (age then 27); driven out 1709, went to Charles XII. at Bender; to Zweibruck, 1714; thence, on Charles's death, to Weissenburg (Alsace, or Strasburg Country): Daughter married to Louis XV., 1725. Age now 56.—Hubner, t. 97; *Histoire de Stanislas I, Roi de Pologne* (English Translation, London, 1741), pp. 96–126;

"Poor man, he has been living in Zweibruck, in Weissenburg and such places, in that Debatable French–German region,—which the French are more and more getting stolen to themselves, in late centuries:—generally on the outskirts of France he lives; having now connections of the highest quality with France. He has had fine Country–houses in that Zweibruck (TWO–BRIDGE, Deux–Ponts) region; had always the ghost of a Court there; plenty of money,— a sinecure Country–gentleman life;—and no complaints have been heard from him. Charles XII., as proprietor of Deux–Ponts, had first of all sent him into those parts for refuge; and in general, easy days have been the lot of Stanislaus there.

"Nor has History spoken of him since, except on one small occasion: when the French Politician Gentlemen, at a certain crisis of their game, chose a Daughter of his to be Wife for young Louis XV., and bring royal progeny, of which they were scarce. This was in 1724–1725; Duc de Bourbon, and other Politicians male and female, finding that the best move. A thing wonderful to the then Gazetteers, for nine days; but not now worth much talk. The good young Lady, it is well known, a very pious creature, and sore tried in her new station, did bring royal progeny enough,— and might as well have held her hand, had she foreseen what would become of them, poor souls! This was a great event for Stanislaus, the sinecure Country–gentleman, in his French–German rustication. One other thing I have read of him, infinitely smaller, out of those ten years: in Zweibruck Country, or somewhere in that French–German region, he 'built a pleasure–cottage,' conceivable to the mind, 'and called it SCHUHFLICK (Shoe–Patch),' [Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 1194.]—a name that touches one's fancy on behalf of the innocent soul. Other fact I will not remember of him. He is now to quit Shoe–Patch and his pleasant Weissenburg Castle; to come on the public stage again, poor man; and suffer a second season of mischances and disgraces still worse than the first. As we shall see presently;—a new Polish Election Crisis having come!

"What individual the Polish Grandees would have chosen for King if entirely left alone to do it? is a question not important; and indeed was never asked, in this or in late Elections. Not the individual who could have BEEN a King among them were they, for a long time back, in the habit of seeking after; not him, but another and indeed reverse kind of individual,—the one in whom there lay most NOURISHMENT, nourishment of any kind, even of the cash kind, for a practical Polish Grandee. So that the question was no longer of the least importance, to Poland or the Universe; and in point of fact, the frugal Destinies had ceased to have it put, in that quarter. Not Grandees of Poland; but Intrusive Neighbors, carrying Grandees of Poland 'in their breeches–pocket' (as our phrase is), were the voting parties. To that pass it was come. Under such stern penalty had Poland and its Grandees fallen, by dint of false voting: the frugal Destinies had ceased to ask about their vote; and they were become machines for voting with, or pistols for fighting with, by bad Neighbors who cared to vote! Nor did the frugal Destinies consider that the proper method, either; but had, as we shall see, determined to abolish that too, in about forty years more."

OF THE CANDIDATES; OF THE CONDITIONS. HOW THE ELECTION WENT.

It was under such omens that the Polish Election of 1733 had to transact itself. Austria, Russia, Prussia, as next Neighbors, were the chief voting parties, if they cared to intrude;—which Austria and Russia were clear for doing; Prussia not clear, or not beyond the indispensable or evidently profitable. Seckendorf, and one Lowenwolde the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, had, some time ago, in foresight of this event, done their utmost

to bring Friedrich Wilhelm into co-operation,—offering fine baits, "Berg and Julich" again, among others;—but nothing definite came of it: peaceable, reasonably safe Election in Poland, other interest Friedrich Wilhelm has not in the matter; and compliance, not co-operation, is what can be expected of him by the Kaiser and Czarina. Co-operating or even complying, these three could have settled it; and would,—had no other Neighbor interfered. But other neighbors can interfere; any neighbor that has money to spend, or likes to bully in such a matter! And that proved to be the case, in this unlucky instance.

Austria and Russia, with Prussia complying, had,—a year ago, before the late August's decease, his life seeming then an extremely uncertain one, and foresight being always good,—privately come to an understanding, [31st December, 1731, "Treaty of Lowenwolde" (which never got completed or became valid): Scholl, ii. 223.] in case of a Polish Election:—

"1. That France was to have no hand in it whatever,—no tool of France to be King; or, as they more politely expressed it, having their eye upon Stanislaus, No Piast or native Pole could be eligible. "2. That neither could August's Son, the new August, who would then be Kurfurst of Saxony, be admitted King of Poland.—And, on the whole, "3. That an Emanuel Prince of Portugal would be the eligible man." Emanuel of Portugal, King of Portugal's Brother; a gentleman without employment, as his very Title tells us: gentleman never heard of before or since, in those parts or elsewhere, but doubtless of the due harmless quality, as Portugal itself was: he is to be the Polish King,—vote these Intrusive Neighbors. What the vote of Poland itself may be, the Destinies do not, of late, ask; finding it a superfluous question.

So had the Three Neighbors settled this matter:—or rather, I should say, so had Two of them; for Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, now or afterwards, nothing in this Election, but that it should not take fire and kindle him. Two of the Neighbors: and of these two, perhaps we might guess the Kaiser was the principal contriver and suggester; France and Saxony being both hateful to him,—obstinate refusers of the Pragmatic Sanction, to say nothing more. What the Czarina, Anne with the big cheek, specially wanted, I do not learn,—unless it were peaceable hold of Courland; or perhaps merely to produce herself in these parts, as a kind of regulating Pallas, along with the Jupiter Kaiser of Western Europe;—which might have effects by and by.

Emanuel of Portugal was not elected, nor so much as spoken of in the Diet. Nor did one of these Three Regulations take effect; but much the contrary,—other Neighbors having the power to interfere. France saw good to interfere, a rather distant neighbor; Austria, Russia, could not endure the French vote at all; and so the whole world got on fire by the business.

France is not a near Neighbor; but it has a Stanislaus much concerned, who is eminently under the protection of France:— who may be called the "FATHER of France," in a sense, or even the "Grandfather;" his Daughter being Mother of a young creature they call Dauphin, or "Child of France." Fleury and the French Court decide that Stanislaus, Grandfather of France, was once King of Poland: that it will behoove, for various reasons, he be King again. Some say old Fleury did not care for Stanislaus; merely wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser,—having got himself in readiness, "with Lorraine in his eye;" and seeing the Kaiser not ready. It is likelier the hot young spirits, Belleisle and others, controlled old Fleury into it. At all events, Stanislaus is summoned from his rustication; the French Ambassador at Warsaw gets his instructions. French Ambassador opens himself largely, at Warsaw, by eloquent speech, by copious money, on the subject of Stanislaus; finds large audience, enthusiastic receptivity;—and readers will now understand the following chronological phenomena of the Polish Election:—

"AUGUST 25th, 1733. This day the Polish Election begins. So has the Preliminary Diet (kind of Polish CAUCUS) ordered it;— Preliminary Diet itself a very stormy matter; minority like to be 'thrown out of window,' to be 'shot through the head,' on some occasions. [*History of Stanislaus* (cited above), p. 136.] Actual Election begins; continues SUB DIO, 'in the Field of Wola,' in a very tempestuous fashion; bound to conclude within six weeks. Kaiser has his troops assembled over the border, in Silesia, 'to protect the freedom of election;' Czarina has 30,000 under Marshal Lacy, lying on the edge of Lithuania, bent on a like object; will increase them to 50,000, as the plot thickens.

"So that Emanuel of Portugal is not heard of; and French interference is, with a vengeance,—and Stanislaus, a born Piast, is overwhelmingly the favorite. Intolerable to Austria, to Russia; the reverse to Friedrich Wilhelm, who privately thinks him the right man. And Kurfurst August of Saxony is the other Candidate,— with troops of his own in the distance, but without support in Poland; and depending wholly on the Kaiser and Czarina for his chance. And our 'three settled points' are gone to water in this manner!

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"August seeing there was not the least hope in Poland's own vote, judiciously went to the Kaiser first of all: 'Imperial Majesty, I will accept your Pragmatic Sanction root and branch, swallow it whole; make me King of Poland!'—'Done!' answers Imperial Majesty; [16th July, 1733; Treaty in Scholl, ii. 224–231.] brings the Czarina over, by good offers of August's and his;—and now there is an effective Opposition Candidate in the field, with strength of his own, and good backing close at hand. Austrian, Russian Ambassadors at Warsaw lift up their voice, like the French one; open their purse, and bestir themselves; but with no success in the Field of Wola, except to the stirring up of noise and tumult there. They must look to other fields for success. The voice of Wola and of Poland, if it had now a voice, is enthusiastic for Stanislaus.

"SEPTEMBER 7th. A couple of quiet-looking Merchants arrive in Warsaw,—one of whom is Stanislaus in person. Newspapers say he is in the French Fleet of War, which is sailing minatory towards these Coasts: and there is in truth a Gentleman in Stanislaus's clothes on board there;—to make the Newspapers believe. Stanislaus himself drove through Berlin, a day or two ago; gave the sentry a ducat at the Gate, to be speedy with the Passports,—whom Friedrich Wilhelm affected to put under arrest for such negligent speed. And so, on the 10th of the month, Stanislaus being now rested and trimmed; makes his appearance on the Field of Wola itself; and captivates all hearts by the kind look of him. So that, on the second day after, 12th September, 1733, he is, as it were, unanimously elected; with acclamation, with enthusiasm; and sees himself actual King of Poland,—if France send proper backing to continue him there. As, surely, she will not fail?—But there are alarming news that the Russians are advancing: Marshal Lacy with 30,000; and reinforcements in the rear of him.

"SEPTEMBER 22d. Russians advancing more and more, no French help arrived yet, and the enthusiastic Polish Chivalry being good for nothing against regular musketry,—King Stanislaus finds that he will have to quit Warsaw, and seek covert somewhere. Quits Warsaw this day; gets covert in Dantzic. And, in fact, from this 22d of September, day of the autumnal equinox, 1733, is a fugitive, blockaded, besieged Stanislaus: an Imaginary King thenceforth. His real Kingship had lasted precisely ten days.

"OCTOBER 3d. Lacy and his Russians arrive in the suburbs of Warsaw, intent upon 'protecting freedom of election.' Bridges being broken, they do not yet cross the River, but invite the free electors to come across and vote: 'A real King is very necessary, —Stanislaus being an imaginary one, brought in by compulsion, by threats of flinging people out of window, and the like.' The free electors do not cross. Whereupon a small handful, now free enough, and NOT to be thrown out of window, whom Lacy had about him, proceed to elect August of Saxony; he, on the 5th of October, still one day within the legal six weeks, is chosen and declared the real King:—'twelve senators and about six hundred gentlemen' voting for him there, free they in Lacy's quarters, the rest of Poland having lain under compulsion when voting for Stanislaus. That is the Polish Election, so far as Poland can settle it. We said the Destinies had ceased, some time since, to ask Poland for its vote; it is other people who have now got the real power of voting. But that is the correct state of the poll at Warsaw, if important to anybody."

August is crowned in Cracow before long; "August III.," whom we shall meet again in important circumstances. Lacy and his Russians have voted for August; able, they, to disperse all manner of enthusiastic Polish Chivalry; which indeed, we observe, usually stands but one volley from the Russian musketry; and flies elsewhere, to burn and plunder its own domestic enemies. Far and wide, robbery and arson are prevalent in Poland; Stanislaus lying under covert; in Dantzic,—an imaginary King ever since the equinox, but well trusting that the French will give him a plumper vote. French War-fleet is surely under way hither.

POLAND ON FIRE; DANTZIG STANDS SIEGE.

These are the news our Crown-Prince hears at Ruppin, in the first months of his wedded life there. With what interest we may fancy. Brandenburg is next neighbor; and these Polish troubles reach far enough;—the ever-smoking house having taken fire; and all the street threatening to get on blaze. Friedrich Wilhelm, nearest neighbor, stands anxious to quench, carefully sweeping the hot coals across again from his own borders; and will not interfere on one or the other side, for any persuasion.

Dantzic, strong in confidence of French help, refuses to give up Stanislaus when summoned; will stand siege rather. Stands siege, furious lengthy siege,—with enthusiastic defence; "a Lady of Rank firing off the first gun," against the Russian batteries. Of the Siege of Dantzic, which made the next Spring and Summer loud for mankind (February–June, 1734), we shall say nothing,—our own poor field, which also grows loud enough, lying far away from Dantzic,—except: FIRST, That no French help came, or as good as none; the minatory War-fleet having

landed a poor 1,500 men, headed by the Comte de Plelo, who had volunteered along with them; that they attempted one onslaught on the Russian lines, and that Plelo was shot, and the rest were blown to miscellaneous ruin, and had to disappear, not once getting into Dantzic. SECONDLY, That the Saxons, under Weissenfels, our poor old friend, with proper siege-artillery, though not with enough, did, by effort (end of May), get upon the scene; in which this is to be remarked, that Weissenfels's siege-artillery "came by post;" two big mortars expressly passing through Berlin, marked as part of the Duke of Weissenfels's Luggage. And THIRDLY, That Munnich, who had succeeded Lacy as Besieging General, and was in hot haste, and had not artillery enough, made unheard-of assaults (2,000 men, some say 4,000, lost in one night-attack upon a post they call the Hagelberg; rash attack, much blamed by military men); [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31.]--but nevertheless, having now (by Russian Fleet, middle of June) got siege-artillery enough, advances irrepressibly day by day.

So that at length, things being now desperate, Stanislaus, disguised as a cattle-dealer, privately quitted Dantzic, night of 27th June, 1734; got across the intricate mud-and-water difficulties of the Weichsel and its mouths, flying perilously towards Preussen and Friedrich Wilhelm's protection. [Narrative by himself, in HISTORY, pp. 235-248.] Whereby the Siege of Dantzic ended in chamade, and levying of penalties; penalties severe to a degree, though Friedrich Wilhelm interceded what he could. And with the Siege of Dantzic, the blazing Polish Election went out in like manner; [Clear account, especially of Siege, in Mannstein (pp. 71-83), who was there as Munnich's Aide-de-camp.]-- having already kindled, in quarters far away from it, conflagrations quite otherwise interesting to us. Whitherward we now hasten.

Chapter IX. KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE.

Franz of Lorraine, the young favorite of Fortune, whom we once saw at Berlin on an interesting occasion, was about this time to have married his Imperial Archduchess; Kaiser's consent to be formally demanded and given; nothing but joy and splendor looked for in the Court of Vienna at present. Nothing to prevent it,—had there been no Polish Election; had not the Kaiser, in his Shadow-Hunt (coursing the Pragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has done these twenty years past), gone rashly into that combustible foreign element. But so it is: this was the fatal limit. The poor Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, going Scot-free this long while, and merely tormenting other people, has, at this point, by contact with inflammable Poland, unexpectedly itself caught fire; goes now plunging, all in mad flame, over precipices one knows not how deep: and there will be a lamentable singeing and smashing before the Kaiser get out of this, if he ever get! Kaiser Karl, from this point, plunges down and down, all his days; and except in that Shadow of a Pragmatic Sanction, if he can still save that, has no comfort left. Marriages are not the thing to be thought of at present!—

Scarcely had the news of August's Election, and Stanislaus's flight to Dantzig, reached France, when France, all in a state of readiness, informed the Kaiser, ready for nothing, his force lying in Silesia, doing the Election functions on the Polish borders there, "That he the Kaiser had, by such treatment of the Grandfather of France and the Polish Kingdom fairly fallen to him, insulted the most Christian Majesty; that in consequence the most Christian Majesty did hereby declare War against the said Kaiser,"—and in fact had, that very day (14th of October, 1733), begun it. Had marched over into Lorraine, namely, secured Lorraine against accidents; and, more specially, gone across from Strasburg to the German side of the Rhine, and laid siege to Kehl. Kehl Fortress; a dilapidated outpost of the Reich there, which cannot resist many hours. Here is news for the Kaiser, with his few troops all on the Polish borders; minding his neighbors' business, or chasing Pragmatic Sanction, in those inflammable localities.

Pacific Fleury, it must be owned, if he wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, could not have managed it on more advantageous terms. Generals, a Duc de Berwick, a Noailles, Belleisle; generals, troops, artillery, munitions, nothing is wanting to Fleury; to the Kaiser all things. It is surmised, the French had their eye on Lorraine, not on Stanislaus, from the first. For many centuries, especially for these last two,—ever since that Siege of Metz, which we once saw, under Kaiser Karl V. and Albert Alcibiades,—France has been wrenching and screwing at this Lorraine, wriggling it off bit by bit; till now, as we perceived on Lyttelton junior of Hagley's visit, Lorraine seems all lying unscrewed; and France, by any good opportunity, could stick it in her pocket. Such opportunity sly Fleury contrived, they say;—or more likely it might be Belleisle and the other adventurous spirits that urged it on Pacific Fleury;—but, at all events, he has got it. Dilapidated Kehl yields straightway: [29th October, 1733. *Memoires du Marechal de Berwick* (in Petitot's Collection, Paris, 1828), ii. 303.] Sardinia, Spain, declare alliance with Fleury; and not Lorraine only, and the Swabian Provinces, but Italy itself lies at his discretion,—owing to your treatment of the Grandfather of France, and these Polish Elective methods.

The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea-Powers, his one resource left: "Help! moneys, subsidies, ye Sea-Powers!" But the Sea-Powers stand obtuse, arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets: "Sorry we cannot, your Imperial Majesty. Fleury engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty; Polish Elections are not our concern!" and callously decline. The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme; his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling; and he passionately appeals: "Ungrateful, blind Sea-Powers! No money to fight France, say you? Are the Laws of Nature fallen void?" Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature, avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers: "No money in us," answer they: "we will help you to negotiate."—"Negotiate!" answers he: and will have to pay his own Election broken-glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea-Powers.

Fleury has got the Sardinian Majesty; "Sardinian doorkeeper of the Alps," who opens them now this way, now that, for a consideration: "A slice of the Milanese, your Majesty;" bargains Fleury. Fleury has got the Spanish Majesty (our violent old friend the Termagant of Spain) persuaded to join: "Your infant Carlos made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, with such difficulty: what is that? Naples itself, crown of the Two Sicilies, lies in the wind for Carlos;—and your junior infant, great Madam, has he no need of apanages?" The Termagant of Spain,

"offended by Pragmatic Sanction" (she says), is ready on those terms; the Sardinian Majesty is ready: and Fleury, this same October, with an overwhelming force, Spaniards and Sardinians to join, invades Italy; great Marshal Villars himself taking the command. Marshal Villars, an extremely eminent old military gentleman,— somewhat of a friend, or husband of a lady—friend, to M. de Voltaire, for one thing;—and capable of slicing Italy to pieces at a fine rate, in the condition it was in.

Never had Kaiser such a bill of broken—glass to pay for meddling in neighbors, elections before. The year was not yet ended, when Villars and the Sardinian Majesty had done their stroke on Lombardy; taken Milan Citadel, taken Pizzighetone, the Milanese in whole, and appropriated it; swept the poor unprepared Kaiser clear out of those parts. Baby Carlos and the Spaniards are to do the Two Sicilies, Naples or the land one to begin with, were the Winter gone. For the present, Louis XV. "sings TE DEUM, at Paris, 23d December, 1733" [*Fastes du Regne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1766), i. 248.]—a merry Christmas there. Villars, now above four—score, soon died of those fatigues; various Marshals, Broglio, Coigny, Noailles, succeeding him, some of whom are slightly notable to us; and there was one Maillebois, still a subordinate under them, whose name also may reappear in this History.

SUBSEQUENT COURSE OF THE WAR, IN THE ITALIAN PART OF IT.

The French—Austrian War, which had now broken out, lasted a couple of years; the Kaiser steadily losing, though he did his utmost; not so much a War, on his part, as a Being Beaten and Being Stript. The Scene was Italy and the Upper—Rhine Country of Germany; Italy the deciding scene; where, except as it bears on Germany, our interest is nothing, as indeed in Germany too it is not much. The principal events, on both stages, are chronologically somewhat as follows;—beginning with Italy:—

MARCH 29th, 1734. Baby Carlos with a Duke of Montemar for General, a difficult impetuous gentleman, very haughty to the French allies and others, lands in Naples Territory; intending to seize the Two Sicilies, according to bargain. They find the Kaiser quite unprepared, and their enterprise extremely feasible.

"MAY 10th. Baby Carlos—whom we ought to call Don Carlos, who is now eighteen gone, and able to ride the great horse—makes triumphant entry into Naples, having easily swept the road clear; styles himself 'King of the Two Sicilies' (Papa having surrendered him his 'right' there); whom Naples, in all ranks of it, willingly homages as such. Wrecks of Kaiser's forces intrench themselves, rather strongly, at a place called Bitonto, in Apulia, not far off.

"MAY 25th. Montemar, in an impetuous manner, storms them there:— which feat procures for him the title, Duke of Bitonto; and finishes off the First of the Sicilies. And indeed, we may say, finishes Both the Sicilies: our poor Kaiser having no considerable force in either, nor means of sending any; the Sea—Powers having buttoned their pockets, and the Combined Fleet of France and Spain being on the waters there.

"We need only add, on this head, that, for ten months more, Baby Carlos and Montemar went about besieging, Gaeta, Messina, Syracuse; and making triumphal entries;—and that, on the 30th of June, 1735, Baby Carlos had himself fairly crowned at Palermo. [*Fastes de Louis XV.*, i. 278.] 'King of the Two Sicilies' DE FACTO; in which eminent post he and his continue, not with much success, to this day.

"That will suffice for the Two Sicilies. As to Lombardy again, now that Villars is out of it, and the Coignys and Broglios have succeeded:—

"JUNE 29th, 1734. Kaiser, rallying desperately for recovery of the Milanese, has sent an Army thither, Graf von Mercy leader of it: Battle of Parma between the French and it (29th June);—totally lost by the Kaiser's people, after furious fighting; Graf von Mercy himself killed in the action. Graf von Mercy, and what comes nearer us, a Prince of Culmbach, amiable Uncle of our Wilhelmina's Husband, a brave man and Austrian Soldier, who was much regretted by Wilhelmina and the rest; his death and obsequies making a melancholy Court of Baireuth in this agitated year. The Kaiser, doing his utmost, is beaten at every point.

"SEPTEMBER 15th. Surprisal of the Secchia. Kaiser's people rally, —under a General Graf von Konigseck worth noting by us, —and after some manoeuvring, in the Guastalla—Modena region, on the Secchia and Po rivers there, dexterously steal across the Secchia that night (15th September), cutting off the small guard—party at the ford of the Secchia, then wading silently; and burst in upon the French Camp in a truly alarming manner. [*Hormayr*, xx. 84; *Fastes*, as it is liable to do, misdates.] So that Broglio, in command there, had to gallop with only one boot on, some say 'in his shirt,' till he got some force rallied, and managed to retreat more Parthian—like upon his brother Marechal's Division. Artillery, war—chest, secret correspondence, 'King of Sardinia's tent,' and much cheering plunder beside Broglio's odd boot, were the consequences; the Kaiser's one success in this War;

abolished, unluckily, in four days!— The Broglio who here gallops is the second French Marechal of the name, son of the first; a military gentleman whom we shall but too often meet in subsequent stages. A son of this one's, a third Marechal Broglio, present at the Secchia that bad night, is the famous War-god of the Bastille time, fifty-five years hence,— unfortunate old War-god, the Titans being all up about him. As to Broglio with the one boot, it is but a triumph over him till—

"SEPTEMBER 19th. Battle of Guastalla, that day. Battle lost by the Kaiser's people, after eight hours, hot fighting; who are then obliged to hurry across the Secchia again;—and in fact do not succeed in fighting any more in that quarter, this year or afterwards. For, next year (1735), Montemar is so advanced with the Two Sicilies, he can assist in these Northern operations; and Noailles, a better Marechal, replaces the Broglio and Coigny there; who, with learned strategic movements, sieges, threatenings of siege, sweeps the wrecks of Austria, to a satisfactory degree, into the Tyrol, without fighting, or event mentionable thenceforth.

"This is the Kaiser's War of two Campaigns, in the Italian, which was the decisive part of it: a continual Being Beaten, as the reader sees; a Being Stript, till one was nearly bare in that quarter."

COURSE OF THE WAR, IN THE GERMAN PART OF IT.

In Germany the mentionable events are still fewer; and indeed, but for one small circumstance binding on us, we might skip them altogether. For there is nothing comfortable in it to the human memory otherwise.

Marechal Duc de Berwick, a cautious considerable General (Marlborough's Nephew, on what terms is known to readers), having taken Kehl and plundered the Swabian outskirts last Winter, had extensive plans of operating in the heart of Germany, and ruining the Kaiser there. But first he needs, and the Kaiser is aware of it, a "basis on the Rhine;" free bridge over the Rhine, not by Strasburg and Kehl alone: and for this reason, he will have to besiege and capture Philipsburg first of all. Strong Town of Philipsburg, well down towards Speyer—and-Heidelberg quarter on the German side of the Rhine: [See map] here will be our bridge. Lorraine is already occupied, since the first day of the War; Trarbach, strong-place of the Moselle and Electorate of Trier, cannot be difficult to get? Thus were the Rhine Country, on the French side, secure to France; and so Berwick calculates he will have a basis on the Rhine, from which to shoot forth into the very heart of the Kaiser.

Berwick besieged Philipsburg accordingly (Summer and Autumn); Kaiser doing his feeble best to hinder: at the Siege, Berwick lost his life, but Philipsburg surrendered to his successor, all the same;—Kaiser striving to hinder; but in a most paralyzed manner, and to no purpose whatever. And—and this properly WAS the German War; the sum of all done in it during those two years.

Seizure of Nanci (that is, of Lorraine), seizure of Kehl we already heard of; then, prior to Philipsburg, there was siege or seizure of Trarbach by the French; and, posterior to it, seizure of Worms by them; and by the Germans there was "burning of a magazine in Speyer by bombs." And, in brief, on both sides, there was marching and manoeuvring under various generals (our old rusty Seckendorf one of them), till the end of 1735, when the Italian decision arrived, and Truce and Peace along with it; but there was no other action worth naming, even in the Newspapers as a wonder of nine days, The Siege of Philipsburg, and what hung flickering round that operation, before and after, was the sum-total of the German War.

Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in those parts, has had many sieges; nor would this one merit the least history from us; were it not for one circumstance: That our Crown-Prince was of the Opposing Army, and made his first experience of arms there. A Siege of Philipsburg slightly memorable to us, on that one account. What Friedrich did there, which in the military way was as good as nothing; what he saw and experienced there, which, with some "eighty Princes of the Reich," a Prince Eugene for General, and three months under canvas on the field, may have been something: this, in outline, by such obscure indications as remain, we would fain make conceivable to the reader. Indications, in the History- Books, we have as good as none; but must gather what there is from WILHELMINA and the Crown-Prince's LETTERS,—much studying to be brief, were it possible!

Chapter X. CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN,

The Kaiser—with Kehl snatched from him, the Rhine open, and Louis XV. singing TE DEUM in the Christmas time for what Villars in Italy had done—applied, in passionate haste, to the Reich. The Reich, though Fleury tried to cajole it, and apologize for taking Kehl from it, declares for the Kaiser's quarrel; War against France on his behalf; [13th March, 1734 (Buchholz, i. 131).]—it was in this way that Friedrich Wilhelm and our Crown-Prince came to be concerned in the Rhine Campaign. The Kaiser will have a Reich's-Army (were it good for much, as is not likely) to join to his own Austrian one. And if Prince Eugene, who is Reich's-Feldmarschall, one of the TWO Feldmarschalls, get the Generalship as men hope, it is not doubted but there will be great work on the Rhine, this Summer of 1734.

Unhappily the Reich's-Army, raised from—multifarious contingents, and guided and provided for by many heads, is usually good for little. Not to say that old Kur-Pfalz, with an eye to French help in the Berg-and-Julich matter; old Kur-Pfalz, and the Bavarian set (KUR-BAIERN and KUR-KOLN, Bavaria and Cologne, who are Brothers, and of old cousinship to Kur-Pfalz),—quite refuse their contingents; protest in the Diet, and openly have French leanings. These are bad omens for the Reich's-Army. And in regard to the Reich's-Feldmarschall Office, there also is a difficulty. The Reich, as we hinted, keeps two supreme Feldmarschalls; one Catholic, one Protestant, for equilibrium's sake; illustrious Prince Eugenio von Savoye is the Catholic;—but as to the Protestant, it is a difficulty worth observing for a moment.

Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Wurtemberg, the unfortunate old gentleman bewitched by the Gravenitz "Deliver us from evil," used to be the Reich's-Feldmarschall of Protestant persuasion;— Commander-in-Chief for the Reich, when it tried fighting. Old Eberhard had been at Blenheim, and had marched up and down: I never heard he was much of a General; perhaps good enough for the Reich, whose troops were always bad. But now that poor Duke, as we intimated once or more, is dead; there must be, of Protestant type, a new Reich's-Feldmasschall had. One Catholic, unequalled among Captains, we already have; but where is the Protestant, Duke Eberhard being dead?

Duke Eberhard's successor in Wurtemberg, Karl Alexander by name, whom we once dined with at Prag on the Kladrup journey, he, a General of some worth, would be a natural person. Unluckily Duke Karl Alexander had, while an Austrian Officer and without outlooks upon Protestant Wurtemberg, gone over to Papacy, and is now Catholic. "Two Catholic Feldmarschalls!" cries the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM; "that will never do!"

Well, on the other or Protestant side there appear two Candidates; one of them not much expected by the reader: no other than Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, our Crown-Prince's Father-in-law; whom we knew to be a worthy man, but did not know to be much of a soldier, or capable of these ambitious views. He is Candidate First. Then there is a Second, much more entitled: our gunpowder friend the Old Dessauer; who, to say nothing of his soldier qualities, has promises from the Kaiser,—he surely were the man, if it did not hurt other people's feelings. But it surely does and will. There is Ferdinand of Bevern applying upon the score of old promises too. How can people's feelings be saved? Protestants these two last: but they cannot both have it; and what will Wurtemberg say to either of them? The Reich was in very great affliction about this preliminary matter. But Friedrich Wilhelm steps in with a healing recipe: "Let there be four Reich's- Feldmarschalls," said Friedrich Wilhelm; "two Protestant and two Catholic: won't that do?"—Excellent! answers the Reich: and there are four Feldmarschalls for the time being; no lack of commanders to the Reich's-Army. Brunswick-Bevern tried it first; but only till Prince Eugene were ready, and indeed he had of himself come to nothing before that date. Prince Eugene next; then Karl Alexander next; and in fact they all might have had a stroke at commanding, and at coming to nothing or little,—only the Old Dessauer sulked at the office in this its fourfold state, and never would fairly have it, till, by decease of occupants, it came to be twofold again. This glimpse into the distracted effete interior of the poor old Reich and its Politics, with friends of ours concerned there, let it be welcome to the reader. [*Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben* (by Ranfft), p. 127; Buchholz, i. 131.]

Friedrich Wilhelm was without concern in this War, or in what had led to it. Practical share in the Polish Election (after that preliminary theoretic program of the Kaiser's and Czarina's went to smoke) Friedrich Wilhelm steadily refused to take: though considerable offers were made him on both sides,—offer of West Prussen

(Polish part of Prussia, which once was known to us) on the French side. [By De la Chetardie, French Ambassador at Berlin (Buchholz, i. 130).] But his primary fixed resolution was to stand out of the quarrel; and he abides by that; suppresses any wishes of his own in regard to the Polish Election;—keeps ward on his own frontiers, with good military besom in hand, to sweep it out again if it intruded there. "What King you like, in God's name; only don't come over my threshold with his brabbles and him!"

But seeing the Kaiser got into actual French War, with the Reich consenting, he is bound, by Treaty of old date (date older than WUSTERHAUSEN, though it was confirmed on that famous occasion), "To assist the Kaiser with ten thousand men;" and this engagement he intends amply to fulfil. No sooner, therefore, had the Reich given sure signs of assenting ("Reich's assent" is the condition of the ten thousand), than Friedrich Wilhelm's orders were out, "Be in readiness!" Friedrich Wilhelm, by the time of the Reich's actual assent, or Declaration of War on the Kaiser's behalf, has but to lift his finger: squadrons and battalions, out of Pommern, out of Magdeburg, out of Preussen, to the due amount, will get on march whitherward you bid, and be with you there at the day you indicate, almost at the hour. Captains, not of an imaginary nature, these are always busy; and the King himself is busy over them. From big guns and wagon-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter-straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time, in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army.

From an early period, the French intentions upon Philipsburg might be foreseen or guessed: and in the end of March, Marechal Berwick, "in three divisions," fairly appears in that quarter; his purpose evident. So that the Reich's-Army, were it in the least ready, ought to rendezvous, and reinforce the handful of Austrians there. Friedrich Wilhelm's part of the Reich's-Army does accordingly straightway get on march; leaves Berlin, after the due reviewing, "8th April:" [Fassmann, p. 495.] eight regiments of it, three of Horse and five of Foot, Goltz Foot-regiment one of them;— a General Roder, unexceptionable General, to command in chief;— and will arrive, though the farthest off, "first of all the Reich's-Contingents;" 7th of June, namely. The march, straight south, must be some four hundred miles.

Besides the Official Generals, certain high military dignitaries, Schulenburg, Bredow, Majesty himself at their head, propose to go as volunteers;—especially the Crown-Prince, whose eagerness is very great, has got liberty to go. "As volunteer" he too: as Colonel of Goltz, it might have had its unsuitabilities, in etiquette and otherwise. Few volunteers are more interested than the Crown-Prince. Watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself in this manner, from Dantzic down to Naples; and what his own share in it shall be: this, much more than his Marriage, I suppose, has occupied his thoughts since that event. Here out of Ruppin, dating six or seven weeks before the march of the Ten Thousand, is a small sign, one among many, of his outlooks in this matter. Small Note to his Cousin, Margraf Heinrich, the ill-behaved Margraf, much his comrade, who is always falling into scrapes; and whom he has just, not without difficulty, got delivered out of something of the kind. [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 2d, pp. 8, 9.] He writes in German and in the intimate style of THOU:—

"RUPPIN. 23d FEBRUARY, 1734. MY DEAR BROTHER,—I can with pleasure answer that the King hath spoken of thee altogether favorably to me [scrape now abolished, for the time]:—and I think it would not have an ill effect, wert thou to apply for leave to go with the ten thousand whom he is sending to the Rhine, and do the Campaign with them as volunteer. I am myself going with that corps; so I doubt not the King would allow thee.

"I take the freedom to send herewith a few bottles of Champagne; and wish" all manner of good things.

"FRIEDRICH."

[Ib. xxvii. part 2d, p. 10.]

This Margraf Heinrich goes; also his elder Brother, Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm,—who long persecuted Wilhelmina with his hopes; and who is now about getting Sophie Dorothee, a junior Princess, much better than he merits: Betrothal is the week after these ten thousand march; [16th April, 1734 (Ib. part 1st, p. 14 n).] he thirty, she fifteen. He too will go; as will the other pair of Cousin Margraves,—Karl, who was once our neighbor in Custrin; and the Younger Friedrich Wilhelm, whose fate lies at Prag if he knew it. Majesty himself will go as volunteer. Are not great things to be done, with Eugene for General?—To understand the insignificant Siege of Philipsburg, sum-total of the Rhine Campaign, which filled the Crown-Prince's and so many other minds brimful; that Summer, and is now wholly out of every mind, the following Excerpt may be admissible:—

"The unlucky little Town of Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in that quarter, fortified under difficulties by old Bishops of Speyer who sometimes resided there, [Kohler, *Munzbelustigungen*, vi. 169.] has been dismantled and refortified, has had its Rhine-bridge torn down and set up again; been garrisoned now by this party, now by that,

who had 'right of garrison there;' nay France has sometimes had 'the right of garrison;'—and the poor little Town has suffered much, and been tumbled sadly about in the Succession—wars and perpetual controversies between France and Germany in that quarter. In the time we are speaking of, it has a 'flying—bridge' (of I know not what structure), with fortified 'bridge—head (TETE—DE—PONT,' on the western or France—ward side of the River. Town's bulwarks, and complex engineering defences, are of good strength, all put in repair for this occasion: Reich and Kaiser have an effective garrison there, and a commandant determined on defence to the uttermost: what the unfortunate Inhabitants, perhaps a thousand or so in number, thought or did under such a visitation of ruin and bombshells, History gives not the least hint anywhere. 'Quite used to it!' thinks History, and attends to other points.

"The Rhine Valley here is not of great breadth: eastward the heights rise to be mountainous in not many miles. By way of defence to this Valley, in the Eugene—Marlborough Wars, there was, about forty miles southward, or higher up the River than Philipsburg, a military line or chain of posts; going from Stollhofen, a boggy hamlet on the Rhine, with cunning indentations, and learned concatenation of bog and bluff, up into the inaccessibilities,—LINES OF STOLLHOFEN, the name of it,— which well—devised barrier did good service for certain years. It was not till, I think, the fourth year of their existence, year 1707, that Villars, the same Villars who is now in Italy, 'stormed the Lines of Stollhofen;' which made him famous that year.

"The Lines of Stollhofen have now, in 1734, fallen flat again; but Eugene remembers them, and, I could guess, it was he who suggests a similar expedient. At all events, there is a similar expedient fallen upon: LINES OF ETTLINGEN this time; one—half nearer Philipsburg; running from Muhlburg on the Rhine—brink up to Ettlingen in the Hills. [See map] Nearer, by twenty miles; and, I guess, much more slightly done. We shall see these Lines of Ettlingen, one point of them, for a moment:—and they would not be worth mentioning at all, except that in careless Books they too are called 'Lines of STOLLHOFEN,' [Wilhelmina (ii. 206), for instance; who, or whose Printer, call them "Lines of STOKOFF" even.] and the ingenuous reader is sent wandering on his map to no purpose."

"Lines of ETTLINGEN" they are; related, as now said, to the Stollhofen set. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick—Bevern, one of the four Feldmarschalls, has some ineffectual handful of Imperial troops dotted about, within these Lines and on the skirts of Philipsburg;—eagerly waiting till the Reich's—Army gather to him; otherwise he must come to nothing. Will at any rate, I should think, be happy to resign in favor of Prince Eugene, were that little hero once on the ground.

On Mayday, Marechal Berwick, who has been awake in this quarter, "in three divisions," for a month past,—very impatient till Belleisle with the first division should have taken Trarbach, and made the Western interior parts secure,—did actually cross the Rhine, with his second division, "at Fort Louis," well up the River, well south of Philipsburg; intending to attack the Lines of Ettlingen, and so get in upon the Town. There is a third division, about to lay pontoons for itself a good way farther down, which will attack the Lines simultaneously from within,—that is to say, shall come upon the back of poor Bevern and his defensive handful of troops, and astonish him there. All prospers to Berwick in this matter: Noailles his lieutenant (not yet gone to Italy till next year), with whom is Maurice Comte de Saxe (afterwards Marechal de Saxe), an excellent observant Officer, marches up to Ettlingen, May 3d; bivouacs "at the base of the mountain" (no great things of a mountain); ascends the same in two columns, horse and foot, by the first sunlight next morning; forms on a little plain on the top; issues through a thin wood,—and actually beholds those same LINES OF ETTLINGEN, the outmost eastern end of them: a somewhat inconsiderable matter, after all! Here is Noailles's own account:—

"These retrenchments, made in Turk fashion, consisted of big trees set zigzag (EN ECHIQUIER), twisted together by the branches; the whole about five fathoms thick. Inside of it were a small forlorn of Austrians: these steadily await our grenadiers, and do not give their volley till we are close. Our grenadiers receive their volley; clear the intertwisted trees, after receiving a second volley (total loss seventy—five killed and wounded); and—the enemy quits his post; and the Lines of Ettlingen ARE stormed!" [Noailles, *Memoires* (in Petitot's Collection), iii. 207.] This is not like storming the Lines of Stollhofen; a thing to make Noailles famous in the Newspapers for a year. But it was a useful small feat, and well enough performed on his part. The truth is, Berwick was about attacking the Lines simultaneously on the other or Muhlburg end of them (had not Noailles, now victorious, galloped to forbid); and what was far more considerable, those other French, to the northward, "upon pontoons," are fairly across; like to be upon the BACK of Duke Ferdinand and his handful of defenders. Duke Ferdinand

perceives that he is come to nothing; hastily collects his people from their various posts; retreats with them that same night, unpursued, to Heilbronn; and gives up the command to Prince Eugene, who is just arrived there,—who took quietly two pinches of snuff on hearing this news of Ettlingen, and said, "No matter, after all!"

Berwick now forms the Siege, at his discretion; invests Philipsburg, 13th May; [Berwick, ii. 312; 23d, says Noailles's Editor (iii. 210).] begins firing, night of the 3d–4th June;— Eugene waiting at Heilbronn till the Reich's–Army come up. The Prussian ten thousand do come, all in order, on the 7th: the rest by degrees, all later, and all NOT quite in order. Eugene, the Prussians having joined him, moves down towards Philipsburg and its cannonading; encamps close to rearward of the besieging French. "Camp of Wiesenthal" they call it; Village of Wiesenthal with bogs, on the left, being his head–quarters; Village of Waghausel, down near the River, a five miles distance, being his limit on the right. Berwick, in front, industriously battering Philipsburg into the River, has thrown up strong lines behind him, strongly manned, to defend himself from Eugene; across the River, Berwick has one Bridge, and at the farther end one battery with which he plays upon the rear of Philipsburg. He is much criticised by unoccupied people, "Eugene's attack will ruin us on those terms!"—and much incommoded by overflowings of the Rhine; Rhine swoln by melting of the mountain–snows, as is usual there. Which inundations Berwick had well foreseen, though the War–minister at Paris would not: "Haste!" answered the War–minister always: "We shall be in right time. I tell you there have fallen no snows this winter: how can inundation be?"—"Depends on the heat," said Berwick; "there are snows enough always in stock up there!"

And so it proves, though the War–minister would not believe; and Berwick has to take the inundations, and to take the circumstances;—and to try if, by his own continual best exertions, he can but get Philipsburg into the bargain. On the 12th of June, visiting his posts, as he daily does, the first thing, Berwick stepped out of the trenches, anxious for clear view of something; stepped upon "the crest of the sap," a place exposed to both French and Austrian batteries, and which had been forbidden to the soldiers,—and there, as he anxiously scanned matters through his glass, a cannon–ball, unknown whether French or Austrian, shivered away the head of Berwick; left others to deal with the criticisms, and the inundations, and the operations big or little, at Philipsburg and elsewhere! Siege went on, better or worse, under the next in command; "Paris in great anxiety," say the Books.

It is a hot siege, a stiff defence; Prince Eugene looks on, but does not attack in the way apprehended. Southward in Italy, we hear there is marching, strategizing in the Parma Country; Graf von Mercy likely to come to an action before long. Northward, Dantzic by this time is all wrapt in fire–whirlwinds; its sallings and outer defences all driven in; mere torrents of Russiau bombs raining on it day and night; French auxiliaries, snapt up at landing, are on board Russian ships; and poor Stanislaus and "the Lady of Quality who shot the first gun" have a bad outlook there. Towards the end of the month, the Berlin volunteer Generals, our Crown–Prince and his Margraves among them, are getting on the road for Philipsburg;—and that is properly the one point we are concerned with. Which took effect in manner following.

Tuesday evening, 29th June, there is Ball at Monbijou; the Crown– Prince and others busy dancing there, as if nothing special lay ahead. Nevertheless, at three in the morning he has changed his ball–dress for a better, he and certain more; and is rushing southward, with his volunteer Generals and Margraves, full speed, saluted by the rising sun, towards Philipsburg and the Seat of War. And the same night, King Stanislaus, if any of us cared for him, is on flight from Dantzic, "disguised as a cattle–dealer;" got out on the night of Sunday last, Town under such a rain of bombshells being palpably too hot for him: got out, but cannot get across the muddy intricacies of the Weichsel; lies painfully squatted up and down, in obscure alehouses, in that Stygian Mud– Delta,—a matter of life and death to get across, and not a boat to be had, such the vigilance of the Russian. Dantzic is capitulating, dreadful penalties exacted, all the heavier as no Stanislaus is to be found in it; and search all the keener rises in the Delta after him. Through perils and adventures of the sort usual on such occasions, [Credible modest detail of them, in a LETTER from Stanislaus himself (*History of Stanislaus*, already cited, pp. 235–248).] Stanislaus does get across; and in time does reach Preussen; where, by Friedrich Wilhelm's order, safe opulent asylum is afforded him, till the Fates (when this War ends) determine what is to become of the poor Imaginary Majesty. We leave him, squatted in the intricacies of the Mud–Delta, to follow our Crown–Prince, who in the same hour is rushing far elsewhither.

Margraves, Generals and he, in their small string of carriages, go on, by extra–post, day and night; no rest till they get to Hof, in the Culmbach neighborhood, a good two hundred miles off,—near Wilhelmina, and more than half–way to Philipsburg. Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm is himself to follow in about a week: he has given strict order

against waste of time: "Not to part company; go together, and NOT by Anspach or Baireuth,"—though they lie almost straight for you.

This latter was a sore clause to Friedrich, who had counted all along on seeing his dear faithful Wilhelmina, as he passed: therefore, as the Papa's Orders, dangerous penalty lying in them, cannot be literally disobeyed, the question rises, How see Wilhelmina and not Baireuth? Wilhelmina, weak as she is and unfit for travelling, will have to meet him in some neutral place, suitablest for both. After various shiftings, it has been settled between them that Berneck, a little town twelve miles from Baireuth on the Hof road, will do; and that Friday, probably early, will be the day. Wilhelmina, accordingly, is on the road that morning, early enough; Husband with her, and ceremonial attendants, in honor of such a Brother; morning is of sultry windless sort; day hotter and hotter;—at Berneck is no Crown-Prince, in the House appointed for him; hour after hour, Wilhelmina waits there in vain. The truth is, one of the smallest accidents has happened: the Generals "lost a wheel at Gera yesterday;" were left behind there with their smiths, have not yet appeared; and the insoluble question among Friedrich and the Margraves is, "We dare not go on without them, then? We dare;—dare we?" Question like to drive Friedrich mad, while the hours, at any rate, are slipping on! Here are three Letters of Friedrich, legible at last; which, with Wilhelmina's account from the other side, represent a small entirely human scene in this French-Austrian War,—nearly all of human we have found in the beggarly affair:—

1. TO PRINCESS WILHELMINA, AT BAIREUTH, OR ON THE ROAD TO BERNECK.

"HOF, 2d July [not long after 4 a.m.], 1794.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Here am I within six leagues [say eight or more, twenty-five miles English] of a Sister whom I love; and I have to decide that it will be impossible to see her, after all!"—Does decide so, accordingly, for reasons known to us.

"I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending on myself as at this moment! The King being but very sour-sweet on my score, I dare not risk the least thing; Monday come a week, when he arrives himself, I should have a pretty scene (SERAI JOLIMENT TRAITE) in the Camp, if I were found to have disobeyed orders.

"... The Queen commands me to give you a thousand regards from her. She appeared much affected at your illness; but for the rest, I could not warrant you how sincere it was; for she is totally changed, and I have quite lost reckoning of her (N'Y CONNAIS RIEN). That goes so far that she has done me hurt with the King, all she could: however, that is over now. As to Sophie [young Sister just betrothed to the eldest Margraf whom you know], she also is no longer the same; for she approves all that the Queen says or does; and she is charmed with her big clown (GROS NIGAUD) of a Bridegroom.

"The King is more difficult than ever; he is content with nothing, so as to have lost whatsoever could be called gratitude for all pleasures one can do him,"—marrying against one's will, and the like. "As to his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs, they are always swelled, Judge what my joy must be to get out of that turpitude,—for the King will only stay a fortnight, at most, in the Camp.

"Adieu, my adorable Sister: I am so tired, I cannot stir; having left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at three o'clock, from a Ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at four. I recommend myself to your gracious remembrance; and am, for my own part, till death, dearest Sister,"—

Your— "FRIEDRICH"

[*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 13.]

This is Letter First; written Friday morning, on the edge of getting into bed, after such fatigue; and it has, as natural in that mood, given up the matter in despair. It did not meet Wilhelmina on the road; and she had left Baireuth;—where it met her, I do not know; probably at home, on her return, when all was over. Let Wilhelmina now speak her own lively experiences of that same Friday:—

"I got to Berneck at ten. The heat was excessive; I found myself quite worn out with the little journey I had done. I lighted at the House which had been got ready for my Brother. We waited for him, and in vain waited, till three in the afternoon. At three we lost patience; had dinner served without him. Whilst we were at table, there came on a frightful thunder-storm. I have witnessed nothing so terrible: the thunder roared and reverberated among the rocky cliffs which begirdle Berneck; and it seemed as if the world was going to perish: a deluge of rain succeeded the thunder.

"It was four o'clock; and I could not understand what had become of my Brother. I had sent out several

persons on horseback to get tidings of him, and none of them came back. At length, in spite of all my prayers, the Hereditary Prince [my excellent Husband] himself would go in search. I remained waiting till nine at night, and nobody returned. I was in cruel agitations: these cataracts of rain are very dangerous in the mountain countries; the roads get suddenly overflowed, and there often happen misfortunes. I thought for certain, there had one happened to my Brother or to the Hereditary Prince." Such a 2d of July, to poor Wilhelmina!

"At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my Brother had changed his route, and was gone to Culmbach [a House of ours, lying westward, known to readers]; there to stay overnight. I was for setting out thither,—Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck; but the roads are frightful," White Mayn, still a young River, dashing through the rock-labyrinths there, "and full of precipices:—everybody rose in opposition, and, whether I would or not, they put me into the carriage for Himmelkron [partly on the road thither], which is only about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road; the waters were so swoln [White Mayn and its angry brooks], the horses could not cross but by swimming.

"I arrived at last, about one in the morning. I instantly threw myself on a bed. I was like to die with weariness; and in mortal terrors that something had happened to my Brother or the Hereditary Prince. This latter relieved me on his own score; he arrived at last, about four o'clock,—had still no news farther of my Brother. I was beginning to doze a little, when they came to warn me that 'M. von Knobelsdorf wished to speak with me from the Prince—Royal.' I darted out of bed, and ran to him. He," handing me a Letter, "brought word that"—

But let us now give Letter Second, which has turned up lately, and which curiously completes the picture here. Friedrich, on rising refreshed with sleep at Hof, had taken a cheerfuler view; and the Generals still lagging rearward, he thinks it possible to see Wilhelmina after all. Possible; and yet so very dangerous,— perhaps not possible? Here is a second Letter written from Munchberg, some fifteen miles farther on, at an after period of the same Friday: purport still of a perplexed nature, "I will, and I dare not;"—practical outcome, of itself uncertain, is scattered now by torrents and thunderstorms. This is the Letter, which Knobelsdorf now hands to Wilhelmina at that untimely hour of Saturday:—

2. TO PRINCESS WILHELMINA (by Knobelsdorf).

"MUNCHBERG, 2d July, 1754.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I am in despair that I cannot satisfy my impatience and my duty,—to throw myself at your feet this day. But alas, dear Sister, it does not depend on me: we poor Princes, "the Margraves and I," are obliged to wait here till our Generals [Bredow, Schulenburg and Company] come up; we dare not go along without them. They broke a wheel in Gera [fifty miles behind us]; hearing nothing of them since, we are absolutely forced to wait here. Judge in what a mood I am, and what sorrow must be mine! Express order not to go by Baireuth or Anspach:—forbear, dear sister, to torment me on things not depending on myself at all.

"I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to you. I hope it might still be at Berneck," this evening,— "if you could contrive a road into the Nurnberg Highway again; avoiding Baireuth: otherwise I dare not go. The Bearer, who is Captain Knobelsdorf [excellent judicious man, old acquaintance from the Custrin time, who attends upon us, actual Captain once, but now titular merely, given to architecture and the fine arts (Seyfarth (Anonymous), *Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1786), ii. 200. *OEuvres de Frederic*, vii. 33. Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten* (Berlin. 1838), pp. 8, 17.)], will apprise you of every particular: let Knobelsdorf settle something that may be possible. This is how I stand at present; and instead of having to expect some favor from the King [after what I have done by his order], I get nothing but chagrin. But what is crueller upon me than all, is that you are ill. God, in his grace, be pleased to help you, and restore the precious health which I so much wish you! ... FRIEDRICH."

[*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 15.]

Judicious Knobelsdorf settles that the meeting is to be this very morning at eight; Wilhelmina (whose memory a little fails her in the insignificant points) does not tell us where: but, by faint indications, I perceive it was in the Lake—House, pleasant Pavilion in the ancient artificial Lake, or big ornamental Fishpond, called BRANDENBURGER WEIHER, a couple of miles to the north of Baireuth: there Friedrich is to stop,—keeping the Paternal Order from the teeth outwards in this manner. Eight o'clock: so that Wilhelmina is obliged at once to get upon the road again,—poor Princess, after such a day and night. Her description of the Interview is very good:—

"My Brother overwhelmed me with caresses; but found me in so pitiable a state, he could not restrain his

tears. I was not able to stand on my limbs; and felt like to faint every moment, so weak was I. He told me the King was much angered at the Margraf [my Father-in-Law] for not letting his Son make the Campaign,"—concerning which point, said Son, my Husband, being Heir-Apparent, there had been much arguing in Court and Country, here at Baireuth, and endless anxiety on my poor part, lest he should get killed in the Wars. "I told him all the Margraf's reasons; and added, that surely they were good, in respect of my dear Husband. 'Well,' said he, 'let him quit soldiering, then, and give back his regiment to the King. But for the rest, quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if he do go; for I know, by certain information, that there will be no blood spilt.'—'They are at the Siege of Philipsburg, however.'—'Yes,' said my Brother, 'but there will not be a battle risked to hinder it.'

"The Hereditary Prince," my Husband, "came in while we were talking so; and earnestly entreated my Brother to get him away from Baireuth. They went to a window, and talked a long time together. In the end, my Brother told me he would write a very obliging Letter to the Margraf, and give him such reasons in favor of the Campaign, that he doubted not it would turn the scale. 'We will stay together,' said he, addressing the Hereditary Prince; 'and I shall be charmed to have my dear Brother always beside me.' He wrote the Letter; gave it to Baron Stein [Chamberlain or Goldstick of ours], to deliver to the Margraf. He promised to obtain the King's express leave to stop at Baireuth on his return;—after which he went away. It was the last time I saw him on the old footing with me: he has much changed since then!—We returned to Baireuth; where I was so ill that, for three days, they did not think I should get over it." [Wilhelmina, ii. 200–202.]

Crown-Prince dashes off, southwestward, through cross country, into the Nurnberg Road again; gets to Nurnberg that same Saturday night; and there, among other Letters, writes the following; which will wind up this little Incident for us, still in a human manner:—

3. TO PRINCESS WILHELMINA AT BAIREUTH.

"NURNBERG, 3d July, 1734.

"MY DEAREST (TRES-CHERE) SISTER,—It would be impossible to quit this place without signifying, dearest Sister, my lively gratitude for all the marks of favor you showed me in the WEIHERHAUS [House on the Lake, to-day]. The highest of all that it was possible to do, was that of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg millions of pardons for so putting you about, dearest Sister; but I could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances well enough. In my great joy, I forgot to give you the Enclosed. I entreat you, write me often news of your health! Question the Doctors; and"—and in certain contingencies, the Crown-Prince "would recommend goat's-milk" for his poor Sister. Had already, what was noted of him in after life, a tendency to give medical advice, in cases interesting to him?—

"Adieu, my incomparable and dear Sister. I am always the same to you, and will remain so till my death.

"FRIEDRICH."

[*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 57.]

Generals with their wheel mended, Margraves, Prince and now the Camp Equipage too, are all at Nurnberg; and start on the morrow; hardly a hundred miles now to be done,—but on slower terms, owing to the Equipage. Heilbronn, place of arms or central stronghold of the Reich's-Army, they reach on Monday: about Eppingen, next night, if the wind is westerly, one may hear the cannon,—not without interest. It was Wednesday forenoon, 7th July, 1734, on some hill-top coming down from Eppingen side, that the Prince first saw Philipsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine Valley yonder with its fire and counter-fire; and the Tents of Eugene stretching on this side: first view he ever had of the actualities of war. His account to Papa is so distinct and good, we look through it almost as at first-hand for a moment:—

"CAMP AT WIESENTHAL, Wednesday, 7th July, 1734.

"MOST ALL-GRACIOUS FATHER,— ... We left Nurnberg [nothing said of our Baireuth affair], 4th early, and did not stop till Heilbronn; where, along with the Equipage, I arrived on the 5th. Yesterday I came with the Equipage to Eppingen [twenty miles, a slow march, giving the fourgons time]; and this morning we came to the Camp at Wiesenthal. I have dined with General Roder [our Prussian Commander]; and, after dinner, rode with Prince Eugene while giving the parole. I handed him my All-gracious Father's Letter, which much rejoiced him. After the parole, I went to see the relieving of our outposts [change of sentries there], and view the French retrenchment.

"We," your Majesty's Contingent, "are throwing up three redoubts: at one of them today, three musketeers

have been miserably shot [GESCHOSSEN, wounded, not quite killed]; two are of Roder's, and one is of Finkenstein's regiment.

"To-morrow I will ride to a village which is on our right wing; Waghausel is the name of it [Busching, v. 1152.] [some five miles off, north of us, near by the Rhine]; there is a steeple there, from which one can see the French Camp; from this point I will ride down, between the two Lines," French and ours, "to see what they are like.

"There are quantities of hurdles and fascines being made; which, as I hear, are to be employed in one of two different plans. The first plan is, To attack the French retrenchment generally; the ditch which is before it, and the morass which lies on our left wing, to be made passable with these fascines. The other plan is, To amuse the Enemy by a false attack, and throw succor into the Town.—One thing is certain, in a few days we shall have a stroke of work here. Happen what may, my All-gracious Father may be assured that" "and that I will do nothing unworthy of him.

"FRIEDRICH."

[*OEuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 79.]

Neither of those fine plans took effect; nor did anything take effect, as we shall see. But in regard to that "survey from the steeple of Waghausel, and ride home again between the Lines,"—in regard to that, here is an authentic fraction of anecdote, curiously fitting in, which should not be omitted. A certain Herr van Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin, occasionally mentioned here, stood in much Correspondence with the Crown-Prince in the years now following: Correspondence which was all published at the due distance of time; Suhm having, at his decease, left the Prince's Letters carefully assorted with that view, and furnished with a Prefatory "Character of the Prince-Royal (*Portrait du Prince-Royal, par M. de Suhm*)." Of which Preface this is a small paragraph, relating to the Siege of Philipsburg; offering us a momentary glance into one fibre of the futile War now going on there. Of Suhm, and how exact he was, we shall know a little by and by. Of "Prince von Lichtenstein," an Austrian man and soldier of much distinction afterwards, we have only to say that he came to Berlin next year on Diplomatic business, and that probably enough he had been eye-witness to the little fact,—fact credible perhaps without much proving. One rather regretted there was no date to it, no detail to give it whereabouts and fixity in our conception; that the poor little Anecdote, though indubitable, had to hang vaguely in the air. Now, however, the above dated LETTER does, by accident, date Suhm's Anecdote too; date "July 8" as good as certain for it; the Siege itself having ended (July 18) in ten days more. Herr von Suhm writes (not for publication till after Friedrich's death and his own):—

"It was remarked in the Rhine Campaign of 1734, that this Prince has a great deal of intrepidity (BEAUCOUP DE VALEUR). On one occasion, among others [to all appearance, this very day, "July 8," riding home from Waghausel between the lines], when he had gone to reconnoitre the Lines of Philipsburg, with a good many people about him,—passing, on his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot from the Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down several trees at his side; during all which he walked his horse along at the old pace, precisely as if nothing were happening, nor in his hand upon the bridle was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who gave attention to the matter remarked, on the contrary, that he did not discontinue speaking very tranquilly to some Generals who accompanied him; and who admired his bearing, in a kind of danger with which he had not yet had occasion to familiarize himself. It is from the Prince von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote." [*Correspondance de Frederic II. avec M. de Suhm* (Berlin, 1787); Avant-propos, p. xviii. (written 28th April, 1740). The CORRESPONDANCE is all in *OEuvres de Frederic* (xvi, 247–408); but the Suhm Preface not.]

On the 15th arrived his Majesty in person, with the Old Dessauer, Buddenbrock, Derschau and a select suite; in hopes of witnessing remarkable feats of war, now that the crisis of Philipsburg was coming on. Many Princes were assembled there, in the like hope: Prince of Orange (honeymoon well ended [Had wedded Princess Anne, George II.'s eldest, 25th (14th) March, 1734; to the joy of self and mankind, in England here.]), a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back; Princes of Baden, Darmstadt, Waldeck: all manner of Princes and distinguished personages, fourscore Princes of them by tale, the eyes of Europe being turned on this matter, and on old Eugene's guidance of it. Prince Fred of England, even he had a notion of coming to learn war.

It was about this time, not many weeks ago, that Fred, now falling into much discrepancy with his Father, and at a loss for a career to himself, appeared on a sudden in the Antechamber at St. James's one day; and solemnly

demanded an interview with his Majesty. Which his indignant Majesty, after some conference with Walpole, decided to grant. Prince Fred, when admitted, made three demands: 1. To be allowed to go upon the Rhine Campaign, by way of a temporary career for himself; 2. That he might have something definite to live upon, a fixed revenue being suitable in his circumstances; 3. That, after those sad Prussian disappointments, some suitable Consort might be chosen for him,—heart and household lying in such waste condition. Poor Fred, who of us knows what of sense might be in these demands? Few creatures more absurdly situated are to be found in this world. To go where his equals were, and learn soldiering a little, might really have been useful. Paternal Majesty received Fred and his Three Demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, "Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen;—and now. off with you; away!" [Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 322.]

Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliameuteers about him; young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse, young Lyttelton of Hagley, our old Soissons friend, not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperience, plentiful inflammabilities, is important for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than "write madrigals" in this world; infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has;—he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the Fireship those older hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman;—and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign; nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being very futile, dissolute and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor constitutional Prince. Our Fritz was only in danger of losing his life; but what is that, to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to his Majesty's Opposition?

Friedrich Wilhelm stayed a month campaigning here; graciously declined Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in Headquarters, under a roof and within built walls; preferred a tent among his own people, and took the common hardships,—with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterwards found.

In these weeks, the big Czarina, who has set a price (100,000 rubles, say 15,000 pounds) upon the head of poor Stanislaus, hears that his Prussian Majesty protects him; and thereupon signifies, in high terms, That she, by her Feld-marschall Munnich, will come across the frontiers and seize the said Stanislaus. To which his Prussian Majesty answers positively, though in proper Diplomatic tone, "Madam, I will in no wise permit it!" Perhaps his Majesty's remarkablest transaction, here on the Rhine, was this concerning Stanislaus. For Seckendorf the Feldzeugmeister was here also, on military function, not forgetful of the Diplomacies; who busily assailed his Majesty, on the Kaiser's part, in the same direction: "Give up Stanislaus, your Majesty! How ridiculous (LACHERLICH) to be perhaps ruined for Stanislaus!" But without the least effect, now or afterwards.

Poor Stanislaus, in the beginning of July, got across into Preussen, as we intimated; and there he continued, safe against any amount of rubles and Feldmarschalls, entreaties and menaces. At Angerburg, on the Prussian frontier, he found a steadfast veteran, Lieutenant-General von Katte, Commandant in those parts (Father of a certain poor Lieutenant, whom we tragically knew of long ago!)—which veteran gentleman received the Fugitive Majesty, [*Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 254.] with welcome in the King's name, and assurances of an honorable asylum till the times and roads should clear again for his Fugitive Majesty. Fugitive Majesty, for whom the roads and times were very dark at present, went to Marienwerder; talked of going "to Pillau, for a sea-passage," of going to various places; went finally to Konigsberg, and there—with a considerable Polish Suite of Fugitives, very moneyless, and very expensive, most of them, who had accumulated about him—set up his abode. There for almost two years, in fact till this War ended, the Fugitive Polish Majesty continued; Friedrich Wilhelm punctually protecting him, and even paying him a small Pension (50 pounds a month),—France, the least it could do for the Grandfather of France, allowing a much larger one; larger, though still inadequate. France has left its Grandfather strangely in the lurch here; with "100,000 rubles on his head." But Friedrich Wilhelm knows the sacred rites, and will do them; continues deaf as a door-post alike to the menaces and the entreaties of Kaiser and Czarina; strictly intimating to Munnich, what the Laws of Neutrality are, and that they must be observed. Which, by his Majesty's good arrangements, Munnich, willing enough to the contrary had it been feasible, found himself obliged to comply with. Prussian Majesty, like a King and a gentleman, would listen to no terms about dismissing or delivering up, or otherwise, failing in the sacred rites to Stanislaus; but honorably kept him there till the times and routes cleared themselves again. [Forster, ii. 132, 134–136.] A plain piece of duty; punctually done: the beginning

of it falls here in the Camp at Philipsburg, July–August 1734; in May, 1736, we shall see some glimpse of the end!—

His Prussian Majesty in Camp at Philipsburg—so distinguished a volunteer, doing us the honor to encamp here—"was asked to all the Councils—of—war that were held," say the Books. And he did attend, the Crown—Prince and he, on important occasions: but, alas, there was, so to speak, nothing to be consulted of. Fascines and hurdles lay useless; no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. On the third day after his Majesty's arrival, July 18th, Philipsburg, after a stiff defence of six weeks, growing hopeless of relief, had to surrender;—French then proceeded to repair Philipsburg, no attempt on Eugene's part to molest them there. If they try ulterior operations on this side the River, he counter—tries; and that is all.

Our Crown—Prince, somewhat of a judge in after years, is maturely of opinion, That the French Lines were by no means inexpugnable; that the French Army might have been ruined under an attack of the proper kind. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, i. 167.] Their position was bad; no room to unfold themselves for fight, except with the Town's cannon playing on them all the while; only one Bridge to get across by, in case of coming to the worse: defeat of them probable, and ruin to them inevitable in case of defeat. But Prince Eugene, with an Army little to his mind (Reich's—Contingents not to be depended on, thought Eugene), durst not venture: "Seventeen victorious Battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?"

It is probable the Old Dessauer, had he been Generalissimo, with this same Army,—in which, even in the Reich's part of it, we know ten thousand of an effective character,—would have done some stroke upon the French; but Prince Eugene would not try. Much dimmed from his former self this old hero; age now 73;— a good deal wearied with the long march through Time. And this very Summer, his Brother's Son, the last male of his House, had suddenly died of inflammatory fever; left the old man very mournful: "Alone, alone, at the end of one's long march; laurels have no fruit, then?" He stood cautious, on the defensive; and in this capacity is admitted to have shown skilful management.

But Philipsburg being taken, there is no longer the least event to be spoken of; the Campaign passed into a series of advancing, retreatings, facing, and then right—about facings,—painful manoeuvrings, on both sides of the Rhine and of the Neckar,— without result farther to the French, without memorability to either side. About the middle of August, Friedrich Wilhelm went away;—health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations, and mere distressing phenomena. Crown—Prince Friedrich and a select party escorted his Majesty to Mainz, where was a Dinner of unusual sublimity by the Kurfurst there; [15th August (Fassmann, p. 511.)]—Dinner done, his Majesty stept on board "the Electoral Yacht;" and in this fine hospitable vehicle went sweeping through the Binger Loch, rapidly down towards Wesel; and the Crown—Prince and party returned to their Camp, which is upon the Neckar at this time.

Camp shifts about, and Crown—Prince in it: to Heidelberg, to Waiblingen, Weinheim; close to Mainz at one time: but it is not worth following: nor in Friedrich's own Letters, or in other documents, is there, on the best examination, anything considerable to be gleaned respecting his procedures there. He hears of the ill—success in Italy, Battle of Parma at the due date, with the natural feelings; speaks with a sorrowful gayety, of the muddy fatigues, futilities here on the Rhine;—has the sense, however, not to blame his superiors unreasonably. Here, from one of his Letters to Colonel Camas, is a passage worth quoting for the credit of the writer. With Camas, a distinguished Prussian Frenchman, whom we mentioned elsewhere, still more with Madame Camas in time coming, he corresponded much, often in a fine filial manner:—

"The present Campaign is a school, where profit may be reaped from observing the confusion and disorder which reigns in this Army: it has been a field very barren in laurels; and those who have been used, all their life, to gather such, and on Seventeen distinguished occasions have done so, can get none this time." Next year, we all hope to be on the Moselle, and to find that a fruitfuller field ... "I am afraid, dear Camas, you think I am going to put on the cothurnus; to set up for a small Eugene, and, pronouncing with a doctoral tone what each should have done and not have done, condemn and blame to right and left. No, my dear Camas; far from carrying my arrogance to that point, I admire the conduct of our Chief, and do not disapprove that of his worthy Adversary; and far from forgetting the esteem and consideration due to persons who, scarred with wounds, have by years and long service gained a consummate experience, I shall hear them more willingly than ever as my teachers, and try to learn from them how to arrive at honor, and what is the shortest road into the secret of this Profession." ["Camp at Heidelberg, 11th September, 1734" (*OEuvres*, xvi. 131).]

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

This other, to Lieutenant Groben, three weeks earlier in date, shows us a different aspect; which is at least equally authentic; and may be worth taking with us. Groben is Lieutenant,—I suppose still of the Regiment Goltz, though he is left there behind;—at any rate, he is much a familiar with the Prince at Ruppin; was ringleader, it is thought, in those midnight pranks upon parsons, and the other escapades there; [Busching, v. 20.] a merry man, eight years older than the Prince,—with whom it is clear enough he stands on a very free footing. Philipsburg was lost a month ago; French are busy repairing it; and manoeuvring, with no effect, to get into the interior of Germany a little. Weinheim is a little Town on the north side of the Neckar, a dozen miles or so from Mannheim;—out of which, and into which, the Prussian Corps goes shifting from time to time, as Prince Eugene and the French manoeuvre to no purpose in that Rhine–Neckar Country. "HERDEK TEREMTETEM" it appears, is a bit of Hungarian swearing; should be ORDEK TEREMTETE; and means "The Devil made you!"

"WEINHEIM, 17th August, 1734.

"HERDEK TEREMTETE! 'Went with them, got hanged with them,' ["*Mitgegangen mitgehungen*:" Letter is in German.] said the Bielefeld Innkeeper! So will it be with me, poor devil; for I go dawdling about with this Army here; and the French will have the better of us. We want to be over the Neckar again [to the South or Philipsburg side], and the rogues won't let us. What most provokes me in the matter is, that while we are here in such a wilderness of trouble, doing our utmost, by military labors and endurances, to make ourselves heroic, thou sittest, thou devil, at home!

"Duc de Bouillon has lost his equipage; our Hussars took it at Landau [other side the Rhine, a while ago]. Here we stand in mud to the ears; fifteen of the Regiment Alt–Baden have sunk altogether in the mud. Mud comes of a water–spout, or sudden cataract of rain, there was in these Heidelberg Countries; two villages, Fuhrenheim and Sandhausen, it swam away, every stick of them (GANZ UND GAR).

"Captain van Stojentin, of Regiment Flans," one of our eight Regiments here, "has got wounded in the head, in an affair of honor; he is still alive, and it is hoped he will get through it.

"The Drill–Demon has now got into the Kaiser's people too: Prince Eugene is grown heavier with his drills than we ourselves. He is often three hours at it;—and the Kaiser's people curse us for the same, at a frightful rate. Adieu. If the Devil don't get thee, he ought. Therefore VALE. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 181.]

"FRIEDRICH."

No laurels to be gained here; but plenty of mud, and laborious hardship,—met, as we perceive, with youthful stoicism, of the derisive, and perhaps of better forms. Friedrich is twenty–two and some months, when he makes his first Campaign. The general physiognomy of his behavior in it we have to guess from these few indications. No doubt he profited by it, on the military side; and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even "the confusions of this Army," and what comes of them to Armies! For the rest, the society of Eugene, Lichtenstein, and so many Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish,—they were here as the ALPHABET of it to him: important for years coming. Nay it is not doubted, the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management—"Army left seven days without bread," for one instance—gave him afterwards the highly important notion, that such Army could be beaten if necessary!—

Wilhelmina says, his chief comrade was Margraf Heinrich;—the ILL Margraf; who was cut by Friedrich, in after years, for some unknown bad behavior. Margraf Heinrich "led him into all manner of excesses," says Wilhelmina,—probably in the language of exaggeration. He himself tells her, in one of his LETTERS, a day or two before Papa's departure: "The Camp is soon to be close on Mainz, nothing but the Rhine between Mainz and our right wing, where my place is; and so soon as Serenissimus goes [LE SERENISSIME, so he irreverently names Papa], I mean to be across for some sport," [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 17 (10th August).]—no doubt the Ill Margraf with me! With the Elder Margraf, little Sophie's Betrothed, whom he called "big clown" in a Letter we read, he is at this date in open quarrel,——"BROUILLE A TOUTE OULTRANCE with the mad Son–in–law, who is the wildest wild–beast of all this Camp." [Ibid.]

Wilhelmina's Husband had come, in the beginning of August; but was not so happy as he expected. Considerably cut out by the Ill Heinrich. Here is a small adventure they had; mentioned by Friedrich, and copiously recorded by Wilhelmina: adventure on some River,—which we could guess, if it were worth guessing,

to have been the Neckar, not the Rhine. French had a fortified post on the farther side of this River; Crown-Prince, Ill Margraf, and Wilhelmina's Husband were quietly looking about them, riding up the other side: Wilhelmina's Husband decided to take a pencil- drawing of the French post, and paused for that object. Drawing was proceeding unmolested, when his foolish Baireuth Hussar, having an excellent rifle (ARQUEBUSE RAYEE) with him, took it into his head to have a shot at the French sentries at long range. His shot hit nothing; but it awakened the French animosity, as was natural; the French began diligently firing; and might easily have done mischief. My Husband, volleying out some rebuke upon the blockhead of a Hussar, finished his drawing, in spite of the French bullets; then rode up to the Crown-Prince and Ill Margraf, who had got their share of what was going, and were in no good-humor with him. Ill Margraf rounded things into the Crown- Prince's ear, in an unmannerly way, with glances at my Husband;-- who understood it well enough; and promptly coerced such ill-bred procedures, intimating, in a polite impressive way, that they would be dangerous if persisted in. Which reduced the Ill Margraf to a spiteful but silent condition. No other harm was done at that time; the French bullets all went awry, or "even fell short, being sucked in by the river," thinks Wilhelmina. [Wilhelmina, ii. 208, 209; *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 19.]

A more important feature of the Crown-Prince's life in these latter weeks is the news he gets of his father. Friedrich Wilhelm, after quitting the Electoral Yacht, did his reviewing at Wesel, at Bielefeld, all his reviewing in those Rhine and Weser Countries; then turned aside to pay a promised visit to Ginkel the Berlin Dutch Ambassador, who has a fine House in those parts; and there his Majesty has fallen seriously ill. Obligated to pause at Ginkel's, and then at his own Schloss of Moyland, for some time; does not reach Potsdam till the 14th September, and then in a weak, worsening, and altogether dangerous condition, which lasts for months to come. [Fassmann, pp. 512-533: September, 1734- January, 1735.] Wrecks of gout, they say, and of all manner of nosological mischief; falling to dropsy. Case desperate, think all the Newspapers, in a cautious form; which is Friedrich Wilhelm's own opinion pretty much, and that of those better informed. Here are thoughts for a Crown-Prince; well affected to his Father, yet suffering much from him which is grievous. To by-standers, one now makes a different figure: "A Crown-Prince, who may be King one of these days,--whom a little adulation were well spent upon!" From within and from without come agitating influences; thoughts which must be rigorously repressed, and which are not wholly repressible. The soldiering Crown-Prince, from about the end of September, for the last week or two of this Campaign, is secretly no longer quite the same to himself or to others.

GLIMPSE OF LIEUTENANT CHASOT, AND OF OTHER ACQUISITIONS.

We have still two little points to specify, or to bring up from the rearward whither they are fallen, in regard to this Campaign. After which the wearisome Campaign shall terminate; Crown-Prince leading his Ten Thousand to Frankfurt, towards their winter- quarters in Westphalia; and then himself running across from Frankfurt (October 5th), to see Wilhelmina for a day or two on the way homewards:--with much pleasure to all parties, my readers and me included!

FIRST point is, That, some time in this Campaign, probably towards the end of it, the Crown-Prince, Old Dessauer and some others with them, "procured passports," went across, and "saw the French Camp," and what new phenomena were in it for them. Where, when, how, or with what impression left on either side, we do not learn. It was not much of a Camp for military admiration, this of the French. [*Memoires de Noailles* (passim).] There were old soldiers of distinction in it here and there; a few young soldiers diligently studious of their art; and a great many young fops of high birth and high ways, strutting about "in red- heeled shoes," with "Commissions got from Court" for this War, and nothing of the soldier but the epaulettes and plumages,--apt to be "insolent" among their poorer comrades. From all parties, young and old, even from that insolent red-heel party, nothing but the highest finish of politeness could be visible on this particular occasion. Doubtless all passed in the usual satisfactory manner; and the Crown-Prince got his pleasant excursion, and materials, more or less, for after thought and comparison. But as there is nothing whatever of it on record for us but the bare fact, we leave it to the reader's imagination,--fact being indubitable, and details not inconceivable to lively readers. Among the French dignitaries doing the honors of their Camp on this occasion, he was struck by the General's Adjutant, a "Count de Rottembourg" (properly VON ROTHENBURG, of German birth, kinsman to the Rothenburg whom we have seen as French Ambassador at Berlin long since); a promising young soldier; whom he did not lose sight of again, but acquired in due time to his own service, and found to be of eminent worth there. A Count von Schmettau, two Brothers von Schmettau, here in the Austrian service; superior men, Prussian by birth, and very fit to be acquired

by and by; these the Crown-Prince had already noticed in this Rhine Campaign,—having always his eyes open to phenomena of that kind.

The SECOND little point is of date perhaps two months anterior to that of the French Camp; and is marked sufficiently in this Excerpt from our confused manuscripts.

Before quitting Philipsburg, there befell one slight adventure, which, though it seemed to be nothing, is worth recording here. One day, date not given, a young French Officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, though much flurried at the moment, came across as involuntary deserter; flying from a great peril in his own camp. The name of him is Chasot, Lieutenant of such and such a Regiment: "Take me to Prince Eugene!" he entreats, which is done. Peril was this: A high young gentleman, one of those fops in red heels, ignorant, and capable of insolence to a poorer comrade of studious turn, had fixed a duel upon Chasot. Chasot ran him through, in fair duel; dead, and is thought to have deserved it. "But Duc de Boufflers is his kinsman: run, or you are lost!" cried everybody. The Officers of his Regiment hastily redacted some certificate for Chasot, hastily signed it; and Chasot ran, scarcely waiting to pack his baggage.

"Will not your Serene Highness protect me?"—"Certainly!" said Eugene;—gave Chasot a lodging among his own people; and appointed one of them, Herr Brender by name, to show him about, and teach him the nature of his new quarters. Chasot, a brisk, ingenuous young fellow, soon became a favorite; eager to be useful where possible; and very pleasant in discourse, said everybody.

By and by,—still at Philipsburg, as would seem, though it is not said,—the Crown-Prince heard of Chasot; asked Brender to bring him over. Here is Chasot's own account: through which, as through a small eyelet-hole, we peep once more, and for the last time, direct into the Crown-Prince's Campaign-life on this occasion:—

"Next morning, at ten o'clock the appointed hour, Brender having ordered out one of his horses for me, I accompanied him to the Prince; who received us in his Tent,—behind which he had, hollowed out to the depth of three or four feet, a large Dining-room, with windows, and a roof," I hope of good height, "thatched with straw. His Royal Highness, after two hours' conversation, in which he had put a hundred questions to me [a Prince desirous of knowing the facts], dismissed us; and at parting, bade me return often to him in the evenings.

"It was in this Dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, the day after next, that the Prussian guard introduced a Trumpet from Monsieur d'Asfeld [French Commander-in-Chief since Berwick's death], with my three horses, sent over from the French Army. Prince Eugene, who was present, and in good humor, said, 'We must sell those horses, they don't speak German; Brender will take care to mount you some way or other.' Prince Lichtenstein immediately put a price on my horses; and they were sold on the spot at three times their worth. The Prince of Orange, who was of this Dinner [slightly crook-backed witty gentleman, English honeymoon well over], said to me in a half-whisper, 'Monsieur, there is nothing like selling horses to people who have dined well.'

"After this sale, I found myself richer than I had ever been in my life. The Prince-Royal sent me, almost daily, a groom and led horse, that I might come to him, and sometimes follow him in his excursions. At last, he had it proposed to me, by M. de Brender, and even by Prince Eugene, to accompany him to Berlin." Which, of course, I did; taking Ruppin first. "I arrived at Berlin from Ruppin, in 1734, two days after the marriage of Friedrich Wilhelm Margraf of Schwedt [Ill Margraf's elder Brother, wildest wild-beast of this camp] with the Princess Sophie,"—that is to say, 12th of November; Marriage having been on the 10th, as the Books teach us. Chasot remembers that, on the 14th, "the Crown-Prince gave, in his Berlin mansion, a dinner to all the Royal Family," in honor of that auspicious wedding. [Kurd vou Schlozer, *Chasot* (Berlin, 1856), pp. 20–22. A pleasant little Book; tolerably accurate, and of very readable quality.]

Thus is Chasot established with the Crown-Prince. He will turn up fighting well in subsequent parts of this History; and again duelling fatally, though nothing of a quarrelsome man, as he asserts.

CROWN-PRINCE'S VISIT TO BAIREUTH ON THE WAY HOME.

October 4th, the Crown-Prince has parted with Prince Eugene,—not to meet again in this world; "an old hero gone to the shadow of himself," says the Crown-Prince; [*Oeuvres (Memoires de Brandebourg)*, i. 167.]—and is giving his Prussian War-Captains a farewell dinner at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; having himself led the Ten Thousand so far, towards Winter-quarters, and handing them over now to their usual commanders. They are to winter in Westphalia, these Ten Thousand, in the Paderborn-Munster Country; where they are nothing like welcome to the Ruling Powers; nor are intended to be so,—Kur-Koln (proprietor there) and his Brother of Bavaria having openly French leanings. The Prussian Ten Thousand will have to help themselves to the essential, therefore, without

welcome;—and things are not pleasant. And the Ruling Powers, by protocolling, still more the Commonalty if it try at mobbing, ["28th March, 1735" (Fassmann, p. 547); Buchholz, i. 136.] can only make them worse. Indeed it is said the Ten Thousand, though their bearing was so perfect otherwise, generally behaved rather ill in their marches over Germany, during this War,—and always worst, it was remarked by observant persons, in the countries (Bamberg and Wurzburg, for instance) where their officers had in past years been in recruiting troubles. Whereby observant persons explained the phenomenon to themselves. But we omit all that; our concern lying elsewhere. "Directly after dinner at Frankfurt," the Crown-Prince drives off, rapidly as his wont is, towards Baireuth. He arrives there on the morrow; "October 5th," says Wilhelmina,—who again illuminates him to us, though with oblique lights, for an instant.

Wilhelmina was in low spirits:—weak health; add funeral of the Prince of Culmbach (killed in the Battle of Parma), illness of Papa, and other sombre events:—and was by no means content with the Crown-Prince, on this occasion. Strangely altered since we met him in July last! It may be, the Crown-Prince, looking, with an airy buoyancy of mind, towards a certain Event probably near, has got his young head inflated a little, and carries himself with a height new to this beloved Sister;—but probably the sad humor of the Princess herself has a good deal to do with it. Alas, the contrast between a heart knowing secretly its own bitterness, and a friend's heart conscious of joy and triumph, is harsh and shocking to the former of the two! Here is the Princess's account; with the subtrahend, twenty-five or seventy-five per cent, not deducted from it:—

"My Brother arrived, the 5th of October. He seemed to me put out (DECONTENANCE); and to break off conversation with me, he said he had to write to the King and Queen. I ordered him pen and paper. He wrote in my room; and spent more than a good hour in writing a couple of Letters, of a line or two each. He then had all the Court, one after the other, introduced to him; said nothing to any of them, looked merely with a mocking air at them; after which we went to dinner.

"Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing (TURLUPINER) whatever he saw; and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, the words 'little Prince,' 'little Court.' I was shocked; and could not understand how he had changed so suddenly towards me. The etiquette of all Courts in the Empire is, that nobody who has not at the least the rank of Captain can sit at a Prince's table: my Brother put a Lieuteuant there, who was in his suite; saying to me, 'A King's Lieutenants are as good as a Margraf's Ministers.' I swallowed this incivility, and showed no sign.

"After dinner, being alone with me, he said,"—turning up the flippant side of his thoughts, truly, in a questionable way:— "Our Sire is going to end (TIRE A SA FIN); he will not live out this month. I know I have made you great promises; but I am not in a condition to keep them. I will give you up the Half of the sum which the late King [our Grandfather] lent you; [Supra, pp. 161, 162.] I think you will have every reason to be satisfied with that.' I answered, That my regard for him had never been of an interested nature; that I would never ask anything of him, but the continuance of his friendship; and did not wish one sou, if it would in the least inconvenience him. 'No, no,' said he, 'you shall have those 100,000 thalers; I have destined them for you.— People will be much surprised,' continued he, 'to see me act quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as common as pebbles at Berlin: but they will find I know better. I mean to increase my Army, and to leave all other things on the old footing. I will have every consideration for the Queen my Mother, and will sate her (RASSASIERAI) with honors; but I do not mean that she shall meddle in my affairs; and if she try it, she will find so.'" What a speech; what an outbreak of candor in the young man, preoccupied with his own great thoughts and difficulties,—to the exclusion of any other person's!

"I fell from the clouds, on hearing all that; and knew not if I was sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this Country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me: 'When your goose (BENET) of a Father-in-law dies, I advise you to break up the whole Court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private gentleman's establishment, in order to pay your debts. In real truth, you have no need of so many people; and you must try also to reduce the wages of those whom you cannot help keeping. You have been accustomed to live at Berlin with a table of four dishes; that is all you want here: and I will invite you now and then to Berlin; which will spare table and housekeeping.'

"For a long while my heart had been getting big; I could not restrain my tears, at hearing all these indignities. 'Why do you cry?' said he: 'Ah, ah, you are in low spirits, I see. We must dissipate that dark humor. The music

waits us; I will drive that fit out of you by an air or two on the flute.' He gave me his hand, and led me into the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord; which I inundated (INONDAI) with my tears. Marwitz [my artful Demoiselle d'Atours, perhaps too artful in time coming] placed herself opposite me, so as to hide from the others what disorder I was in.' [Wilhelmina, ii. 216–218.]

For the last two days of the visit, Wilhelmina admits, her Brother was a little kinder. But on the fourth day there came, by estafette, a Letter from the Queen, conjuring him to return without delay, the King growing worse and worse. Wilhelmina, who loved her Father, and whose outlooks in case of his decease appeared to be so little flattering, was overwhelmed with sorrow. Of her Brother, however, she strove to forget that strange outbreak of candor; and parted with him as if all were mended between them again. Nay, the day after his departure, there goes a beautifully affectionate Letter to him; which we could give, if there were room: [*OEuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 23.] "the happiest time I ever in my life had;" "my heart so full of gratitude and so sensibly touched;" "every one repeating the words 'dear Brother' and 'charming Prince–Royal:'"—a Letter in very lively contrast to what we have just been reading. A Prince–Royal not without charm, in spite of the hard practicalities he is meditating, obliged to meditate!—

As to the outbreak of candor, offensive to Wilhelmina and us, we suppose her report of it to be in substance true, though of exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone; and it is worth the reader's note, with these deductions. The truth is, our charming Princess is always liable to a certain subtrahend. In 1744, when she wrote those *Memoires*, "in a Summer–house at Baireuth," her Brother and she, owing mainly to go–betweens acting on the susceptible female heart, were again in temporary quarrel (the longest and worst they ever had), and hardly on speaking terms; which of itself made her heart very heavy;—not to say that Marwitz, the too artful Demoiselle, seemed to have stolen her Husband's affections from the poor Princess, and made the world look all a little grim to her. These circumstances have given their color to parts of her Narrative, and are not to be forgotten by readers.

The Crown–Prince—who goes by Dessau, lodging for a night with the Old Dessauer, and writes affectionately to his Sister from that place, their Letters crossing on the road—gets home on the 12th to Potsdam. October 12th, 1734, he has ended his Rhine Campaign, in that manner;—and sees his poor Father, with a great many other feelings besides those expressed in the dialogue at Baireuth.

Chapter XI. IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS: END OF WAR.

It appears, Friedrich met a cordial reception in the sickroom at Potsdam; and, in spite of his levities to Wilhelmina, was struck to the heart by what he saw there. For months to come, he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppin, eager to minister to his sick Father, when military leave is procurable. Other fact, about him, other aspect of him, in those months, is not on record for us.

Of his young Madam, or Princess-Royal, peaceably resident at Berlin or at Schonhausen, and doing the vacant officialities, formal visitings and the like, we hear nothing; of Queen Sophie and the others, nothing: anxious, all of them, no doubt, about the event at Potsdam, and otherwise silent to us. His Majesty's illness comes and goes; now hope, and again almost none. Margraf of Schwedt and his young Bride, we already know, were married in November; and Lieutenant Chasot (two days old in Berlin) told us, there was Dinner by the Crown-Prince to all the Royal Family on that occasion;—poor Majesty out at Potsdam languishing in the background, meanwhile.

His Carnival the Crown-Prince passes naturally at Berlin. We find he takes a good deal to the French Ambassador, one Marquis de la Chetardie; a showy restless character, of fame in the Gazettes of that time; who did much intriguing at Petersburg some years hence, first in a signally triumphant way, and then in a signally untriumphant; and is not now worth any knowledge but a transient accidental one. Chetardie came hither about Stanislaus and his affairs; tried hard, but in vain, to tempt Friedrich Wilhelm into interference;—is naturally anxious to captivate the Crown-Prince, in present circumstances.

Friedrich Wilhelm lay at Potsdam, between death and life, for almost four months to come; the Newspapers speculating much on his situation; political people extremely anxious what would become of him,—or in fact, when he would die; for that was considered the likely issue. Fassmann gives dolorous clippings from the *Leyden Gazette*, all in a blubber of tears, according to the then fashion, but full of impertinent curiosity withal. And from the Seckendorf private Papers there are Extracts of a still more inquisitive and notable character: Seckendorf and the Kaiser having an intense interest in this painful occurrence.

Seckendorf is not now himself at Berlin; but running much about, on other errands; can only see Friedrich Wilhelm, if at all, in a passing way. And even this will soon cease;—and in fact, to us it is by far the most excellent result of this French-Austrian War, that it carries Seckendorf clear away; who now quits Berlin and the Diplomatic line, and obligingly goes out of our sight henceforth. The old Ordnance-Master, as an Imperial General of rank, is needed now for War-Service, if he has any skill that way. In those late months, he was duly in attendance at Philipsburg and the Rhine-Campaign, in a subaltern torpid capacity, like Brunswick-Bevern and the others; ready for work, had there been any: but next season, he expects to have a Division of his own, and to do something considerable.—In regard to Berlin and the Diplomacies, he has appointed a Nephew of his, a Seckendorf Junior, to take his place there; to keep the old machinery in gear, if nothing more; and furnish copious reports during the present crisis. These Reports of Seckendorf Junior—full of eavesdroppings, got from a KAMMERMOHR (Nigger Lackey), who waits in the sick-room at Potsdam, and is sensible to bribes—have been printed; and we mean to glance slightly into them. But as to Seckendorf Senior, readers can entertain the fixed hope that they have at length done with him; that, in these our premises, we shall never see him again;—nay shall see him, on extraneous dim fields, far enough away, smarting and suffering, till even we are almost sorry for the old knave!—

Friedrich Wilhelm's own prevailing opinion is, that he cannot recover. His bodily sufferings are great: dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked: no bed that he can bear to lie on;—oftenest rolls about in a Bath-chair; very heavy-laden indeed; and I think of tenderer humor than in former sicknesses. To the Old Dessauer he writes, few days after getting home to Potsdam: "I am ready to quit the world, as Your Dilection knows, and has various times heard me say. One ship sails faster, another slower; but they come all to one haven. Let it be with me, then, as the Most High has determined for me." [Orlich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i. 14. "From the Dessau Archives; date, 21st September, 1734."] He has settled his affairs, Fassmann says, so far as possible; settled the order of his funeral, How he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church

of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier; and what regiment or regiments it is that are to do the triple volley over him, by way of finis and long farewell. His soul's interests too, —we need not doubt he is in deep conference, in deep consideration about these; though nothing is said on that point. A serious man always, much feeling what immense facts he was surrounded with; and here is now the summing up of all facts. Occasionally, again, he has hopes; orders up "two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room," since he cannot get out to them; or old Generals, Buddenbrock, Waldau, come and take their pipe there, in reminiscence of a Tabagie. Here, direct from the fountain-head, or Nigger Lackey bribed by Seckendorf Junior, is a notice or two:—

"POTSDAM, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1734. Yesterday, for half an hour, the King could get no breath: he keeps them continually rolling him about" in his Bath-chair, "over the room, and cries 'LUFT, LUFT (Air, air)!'"

"OCTOBER 2d. The King is not going to die just yet; but will scarcely see Christmas. He gets on his clothes; argues with the Doctors, is impatient; won't have people speak of his illness;—is quite black in the face; drinks nothing but MOLL [which we suppose to be small bitter beer], takes physic, writes in bed.

"OCTOBER 5th. The Nigger tells me things are better. The King begins to bring up phlegm; drinks a great deal of oatmeal water [HAFERGRUTZWASSER, comfortable to the sick]; says to the Nigger: 'Pray diligently, all of you; perhaps I shall not die!'"

October 5th: this is the day the Crown-Prince arrives at Baireuth; to be called away by express four days after. How valuable, at Vienna or elsewhere, our dark friend the Lackey's medical opinion is, may be gathered from this other Entry, three weeks farther on,—enough to suffice us on that head:—

"The Nigger tells me he has a bad opinion of the King's health. If you roll the King a little fast in his Bath-chair, you hear the water jumble in his body,"—with astonishment! "King gets into passions; has beaten the pages [may we hope, our dark friend among the rest?], so that it was feared apoplexy would take him."

This will suffice for the physiological part; let us now hear our poor friend on the Crown-Prince and his arrival:—

"OCTOBER 12th. Return of the Prince-Royal to Potsdam; tender reception.—OCTOBER 21st. Things look ill in Potsdam. The other leg is now also begun running; and above a quart (MAAS) of water has come from it. Without a miracle, the King cannot live,"— thinks our dark friend. "The Prince-Royal is truly affected (VERITABLEMENT ATTENDRI) at the King's situation; has his eyes full of water, has wept the eyes out of his head: has schemed in all ways to contrive a commodious bed for the King; wouldn't go away from Potsdam. King forced him away; he is to return Saturday afternoon. The Prince-Royal has been heard to say, 'If the King will let me live in my own way, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years.' King always calls him Fritzchen. But Fritzchen," thinks Seckendorf Junior, "knows nothing about business. The King is aware of it; and said in the face of him one day: 'If thou begin at the wrong end with things, and all go topsy-turvy after I am gone, I will laugh at thee out of my grave!'" [Seckendorf (BARON), *Journal Secret*; cited in Forster, ii. 142.]

So Friedrich Wilhelm; laboring amid the mortal quicksands; looking into the Inevitable, in various moods. But the memorablest speech he made to Fritzchen or to anybody at present, was that covert one about the Kaiser and Seckendorf, and the sudden flash of insight he got, from some word of Seckendorf's, into what they had been meaning with him all along. Riding through the village of Priort, in debate about Vienna politics of a strange nature, Seckendorf said something, which illuminated his Majesty, dark for so many years, and showed him where he was. A ghastly horror of a country, yawning indisputable there; revealed to one as if by momentary lightning, in that manner! This is a speech which all the ambassadors report, and which was already mentioned by us,—in reference to that opprobrious Proposal about the Crown-Prince's Marriage, "Marry with England, after all; never mind breaking your word!" Here is the manner of it, with time and place:—

"Sunday last," Sunday, 17th October, 1734, reports Seckendorf, Junior, through the Nigger or some better witness, "the King said to the Prince-Royal: 'My dear Son, I tell thee I got my death at Priort. I entreat thee, above all things in the world, don't trust those people (DENEN LEUTEN), however many promises they make. That day, it was April 17th, 1733, there was a man said something to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger round in my heart.'" [Seckendorf (BARON), *Journal Secret*; cited in Forster, ii. 142.]—

Figure that, spoken from amid the dark sick whirlpools, the mortal quicksands, in Friedrich Wilhelm's voice, clangorously plaintive; what a wild sincerity, almost pathos, is in it; and whether Fritzchen, with his eyes all bewept even for what Papa had suffered in that matter, felt lively gratitudes to the House of Austria at this

moment!—

It was four months after, "21st January, 1735," [Fassmann, p. 533.] when the King first got back to Berlin, to enlighten the eyes of the Carnival a little, as his wont had been. The crisis of his Majesty's illness is over, present danger gone; and the Carnival people, not without some real gladness, though probably with less than they pretend, can report him well again. Which is far from being the fact, if they knew it. Friedrich Wilhelm is on his feet again; but he never more was well. Nor has he forgotten that word at Priort, "like the turning of a dagger in one's heart;"—and indeed gets himself continually reminded of it by practical commentaries from the Vienna Quarter.

In April, Prince Lichtenstein arrives on Embassy with three requests or demands from Vienna: "1. That, besides the Ten Thousand due by Treaty, his Majesty would send his Reich's Contingent," NOT comprehended in those Ten Thousand, thinks the Kaiser. "2. That he would have the goodness to dismiss Marquis de la Chetardie the French Ambassador, as a plainly superfluous person at a well-affected German Court in present circumstances;" —person excessively dangerous, should the present Majesty die, Crown-Prince being so fond of that Chetardie. "3. That his Prussian Majesty do give up the false Polish Majesty Stanislaus, and no longer harbor him in East Preussen or elsewhere." The whole of which demands his Prussian Majesty refuses; the latter two especially, as something notably high on the Kaiser's part, or on any mortal's, to a free Sovereign and Gentleman. Prince Lichtenstein is eloquent, conciliatory; but it avails not. He has to go home empty-handed;—manages to leave with Herr von Suhm, who took care of it for us, that Anecdote of the Crown-Prince's behavior under cannon-shot from Philipsburg last year; and does nothing else recordable, in Berlin.

The Crown-Prince's hopes were set, with all eagerness, on getting to the Rhine-Campaign next ensuing; nor did the King refuse, for a long while, but still less did he consent; and in the end there came nothing of it. From an early period of the year, Friedrich Wilhelm sees too well what kind of campaigning the Kaiser will now make; at a certain Wedding-dinner where his Majesty was,— precisely a fortnight after his Majesty's arrival in Berlin,— Seckendorf Junior has got, by eavesdropping, this utterance of his Majesty's: "The Kaiser has not a groschen of money. His Army in Lombardy is gone to twenty-four thousand men, will have to retire into the Mountains. Next campaign [just coming], he will lose Mantua and the Tyrol. God's righteous judgment it is: a War like this! Comes of flinging old principles overboard,—of meddling in business that was none of yours;" and more, of a plangent alarming nature. [Forster, ii. 144 (and DATE it from *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 54).]

Friedrich Wilhelm sends back his Ten Thousand, according to contract; sends, over and above, a beautiful stock of "copper pontoons" to help the Imperial Majesty in that River Country, says Fassmann;—sends also a supernumerary Troop of Hussars, who are worth mentioning, "Six-score horse of Hussar type," under one Captain Ziethen, a taciturn, much-enduring, much-observing man, whom we shall see again: these are to be diligently helpful, as is natural; but they are also, for their own behoof, to be diligently observant, and learn the Austrian Hussar methods, which his Majesty last year saw to be much superior. Nobody that knows Ziethen doubts but he learnt; Hussar-Colonel Baronay, his Austrian teacher here, became too well convinced of it when they met on a future occasion. [*Life of Ziethen* (veridical but inexact, by the Frau von Blumenthal, a kinswoman of his; English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), p. 54.] All this his Majesty did for the ensuing campaign: but as to the Crown-Prince's going thither, after repeated requests on his part, it is at last signified to him, deep in the season, that it cannot be: "Won't answer for a Crown-Prince to be sharer in such a Campaign;—be patient, my good Fritzchen, I will find other work for thee." [Friedrich's Letter, 5th September, 1735; Friedrich Wilhelm's Answer next day (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 3d, 93–95).] *Fritzchen is sent into Preussen, to do the Reviewings and Inspections there; Papa not being able for them this season; and strict manifold Inspection, in those parts, being more than usually necessary, owing to the Russian-Polish troubles. On this errand, which is clearly a promotion, though in present circumstances not a welcome one for the Crown-Prince, he sets out without delay; and passes there the equinoctial and autumnal season, in a much more useful way than he could have done in the Rhine-Campaign.*

In the Rhine-Moselle Country and elsewhere the poor Kaiser does exert himself to make a Campaign of it; but without the least success. Having not a groschen of money, how could he succeed? Noailles, as foreseen, manoeuvres him, hitch after hitch, out of Italy; French are greatly superior, more especially when Montemar, having once got Carlos crowned in Naples and put secure, comes to assist the French; Kaiser has to lean for shelter on the Tyrol Alps, as predicted. Italy, all but some sieging of strong-places, may be considered as lost for

the present.

*Nor on the Rhine did things go better. Old Eugene, "the shadow of himself," had no more effect this year than last: nor, though Lacy and Ten Thousand Russians came as allies, Poland being all settled now, could the least good be done. Reich's Feldmarschall Karl Alexander of Wurtemberg did "burn a Magazine" (probably of hay among better provender) by his bomb-shells, on one occasion. Also the Prussian Ten Thousand--Old Dessauer leading them, General Roder having fallen ill--burnt something: an Islet in the Rhine, if I recollect, "Islet of Larch near Bingen," where the French had a post; which and whom the Old Dessauer burnt away. And then Seckendorf, at the head of thirty thousand, he, after long delays, marched to Trarbach in the interior Moselle Country; and got into some explosive sputter of battle with Belleisle, one afternoon,-- some say, rather beating Belleisle; but a good judge says, it was a mutual flurry and terror they threw one another into. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, i. 168.] Seckendorf meant to try again on the morrow: but there came an estafette that night: "Preliminaries signed (Vienna, 3d October, 1735);--try no farther!" ["Cessation is to be, 5th November for Germany, 15th for Italy; Preliminaries" were, Vienna, "3d October," 1735 (Scholl, ii. 945).] And this was the second Rhine-Campaign, and the end of the Kaiser's French War. The Sea-Powers, steadily refusing money, diligently run about, offering terms of arbitration; and the Kaiser, beaten at every point, and reduced to his last groschen, is obliged to comply. He will have a pretty bill to pay for his Polish-Election frolic, were the settlement done! Fleury is pacific, full of bland candor to the Sea-Powers; the Kaiser, after long higgling upon articles, will have to accept the bill.*

The Crown-Prince, meanwhile, has a successful journey into Preussen; sees new interesting scenes, Salzburg Emigrants, exiled Polish Majesties; inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicacity, a dexterity and completeness that much pleases Papa. Fractions of the Reports sent home exist for us: let the reader take a glance of one only; the first of the series; dated MARIENWERDER (just across the Weichsel, fairly out of Polish Preussen and into our own), 27th September, 1735, and addressed to the "Most All-gracious King and Father;"--abridged for the reader's behoof:--

... "In Polish Preussen, lately the Seat of War, things look hideously waste; one sees nothing but women and a few children; it is said the people are mostly running away,"--owing to the Russian-Polish procedures there, in consequence of the blessed Election they have had. King August, whom your Majesty is not in love with, has prevailed at this rate of expense. King Stanislaus, protected by your Majesty in spite of Kaisers and Czarinas, waits in Konigsberg, till the Peace, now supposed to be coming, say what is to become of him: once in Konigsberg, I shall have the pleasure to see him. "A detachment of five-and-twenty Saxon Dragoons of the Regiment Arnstedt, marching towards Dantzic, met me: their horses were in tolerable case; but some are piebald, some sorrel, and some brown among them," which will be shocking to your Majesty, "and the people did not look well." ...

*"Got hither to Marienwerder, last night: have inspected the two Companies which are here, that is to say, Lieutenant-Col. Meier's and Rittmeister Haus's. In very good trim, both of them; and though neither the men nor their horses are of extraordinary size, they are handsome well-drilled fellows, and a fine set of stiff-built horses (GEDRUNGENEN PFERDEN). The fellows sit them like pictures (REITEN WIE DIE PUPPEN; I saw them do their wheelings. Meier has some fine recruits; in particular two;"--nor has the Rittmeister been wanting in that respect. "Young horses" too are coming well on, sleek of skin. In short, all is right on the military side. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 97.]*

Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into, with a sharp intelligent eye;--gave praise, gave censure in the right place; put various things on a straight footing, which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, wherever he meets them. What a joy to Papa: "Here, after all, is one that can replace me, in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art; and will continue it when I am gone!"--

Yes, your Majesty, it is a Prince-Royal wise to recognize your Majesty's rough wisdom, on all manner of points; will not be a Devil's-FRIEND, I think, any more than your Majesty was. Here truly are rare talents; like your Majesty and unlike;-- and has a steady swiftness in him, as of an eagle, over and above! Such powers of practical judgment, of skilful action, are rare in one's twenty-third year. And still rarer, have readers noted what a power of holding his peace this young man has? Fruit of his sufferings, of the hard life he has had. Most important

power; under which all other useful ones will more and more ripen for him. This Prince already knows his own mind, on a good many points; privately, amid the world's vague clamor jargoning round him to no purpose, he is capable of having HIS mind made up into definite Yes and No,—so as will surprise us one day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, [His Letter, 24th October, 1735. (Ib. p. 99).] was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind, in those months and afterwards. Here are talents, here are qualities, —visibly the Friedrich–Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved type:—what a blessing we did not cut off that young Head, at the Kaiser's dictation, in former years!—

At Königsberg, as we learn in a dim indirect manner, the Crown– Prince sees King Stanislaus twice or thrice,—not formally, lest there be political offence taken, but incidentally at the houses of third–parties;—and is much pleased with the old gentleman; who is of cultivated good–natured ways, and has surely many curious things, from Charles XII. downwards, to tell a young man. [Came 8th October, went 21st (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 98).] Stanislaus has abundance of useless refugee Polish Magnates about him, with their useless crowds of servants, and no money in pocket; Königsberg all on flutter, with their draperies and them, "like a little Warsaw:" so that Stanislaus's big French pension, moderate Prussian monthly allowance, and all resources, are inadequate; and, in fact, in the end, these Magnates had to vanish, many of them, without settling their accounts in Königsberg. [*History of Stanislaus*.] For the present they wait here, Stanislaus and they, till Fleury and the Kaiser, shaking the urn of doom in abstruse treaty after battle, decide what is to become of them.

Friedrich returned to Dantzic: saw that famous City, and late scene of War; tracing with lively interest the footsteps of Munnich and his Siege operations,—some of which are much blamed by judges, and by this young Soldier among the rest. There is a pretty Letter of his from Dantzic, turning mainly on those points. Letter written to his young Brother–in–law, Karl of Brunswick, who is now become Duke there; Grandfather and Father both dead; [Grandfather, 1st March, 1735; Father (who lost the *Lines of Ettlingen* lately in our sight), 3d September, 1735. *Supra*, vol. vi. p. 372.] and has just been blessed with an Heir, to boot. Congratulation on the birth of this Heir is the formal purport of the Letter, though it runs ever and anon into a military strain. Here are some sentences in a condensed form:—

"DANTZIG, 26th OCTOBER, 1735. ... Thank my dear Sister for her services. I am charmed that she has made you papa with so good a grace. I fear you won't stop there; but will go on peopling the world"—one knows not to what extent—"with your amiable race. Would have written sooner; but I am just returning from the depths of the barbarous Countries; and having been charged with innumerable commissions which I did not understand too well, had no good possibility to think or to write.

"I have viewed all the Russian labors in these parts; have had the assault on the Hagelsberg narrated to me; been on the grounds;— and own I had a better opinion of Marshal Munnich than to think him capable of so distracted an enterprise. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31. Pressed for time, and in want of battering–cannon, he attempted to seize this Hagelsberg, one of the outlying defences of Dantzic, by nocturnal storm; lost two thousand men; and retired, WITHOUT doing "what was flatly impossible," thinks the Crown–Prince. See Mannstein, pp. 77–79, for an account of it.] ... Adieu, my dear Brother. My compliments to the amiable young Mother. Tell her, I beg you, that her proof–essays are masterpieces (COUPS D'ESSAI SONT DES COUPS DE MAITRE)." ...

"Your most,"

"FREDERIC."

The Brunswick Masterpiece, achieved on this occasion, grew to be a man and Duke, famous enough in the Newspapers in time coming: Champagne, 1792; Jena, 1806; George IV.'s Queen Caroline; these and other distracted phenomena (pretty much blotting out the earlier better sort) still keep him hanging painfully in men's memory. From his birth, now in this Prussian Journey of our Crown– Prince, to his death–stroke on the Field of Jena, what a seventy– one years!—

Fleury and the Kaiser, though it is long before the signature and last finish can take place, are come to terms of settlement, at the Crown–Prince's return; and it is known, in political circles, what the Kaiser's Polish–Election damages will probably amount to. Here are, in substance, the only conditions that could be got for him:—

"1. Baby Carlos, crowned in Naples, cannot be pulled out again: Naples, the Two Sicilies, are gone without return. That is the first loss; please Heaven it be the worst! On the other hand, Baby Carlos will, as some faint

compensation, surrender to your Imperial Majesty his Parma and Piacenza apanages; and you shall get back your Lombardy,—all but a scantling which we fling to the Sardinian Majesty; who is a good deal huffed, having had possession of the Milanese these two years past, in terms of his bargain with Fleury. Pacific Fleury says to him: 'Bargain cannot be kept, your Majesty; please to quit the Milanese again, and put up with this scantling.'

"2. The Crown of Poland, August III. has got it, by Russian bombardings and other measures: Crown shall stay with August,—all the rather as there would be no dispossessing him, at this stage. He was your Imperial Majesty's Candidate; let him be the winner there, for your Imperial Majesty's comfort.

"3. And then as to poor Stanislaus? Well, let Stanislaus be Titular Majesty of Poland for life;—which indeed will do little for him:—but in addition, we propose, That, the Dukedom of Lorraine being now in our hands, Majesty Stanislaus have the life—rent of Lorraine to subsist upon; and—and that Lorraine fall to us of France on his decease!—'Lorraine?' exclaim the Kaiser, and the Reich, and the Kaiser's intended Son—in—law Franz Duke of Lorraine. There is indeed a loss and a disgrace; a heavy item in the Election damages!

"4. As to Duke Franz, there is a remedy. The old Duke of Florence, last of the Medici, is about to die childless: let the now Duke of Lorraine, your Imperial Majesty's intended Son—in—law, have Florence instead.—And so it had to be settled. 'Lorraine? To Stanislaus, to France?' exclaimed the poor Kaiser, still more the poor Reich, and poor Duke Franz. This was the bitterest cut of all; but there was no getting past it. This too had to be allowed, this item for the Election breakages in Poland. And so France, after nibbling for several centuries, swallows Lorraine whole. Duke Franz attempted to stand out; remonstrated much, with Kaiser and Hofrath, at Vienna, on this unheard—of proposal: but they told him it was irremediable; told him at last (one Bartenstein, a famed Aulic Official, told him), 'No Lorraine, no Archduchess, your Serenity!'—and Franz had to comply, Lorraine is gone; cunning Fleury has swallowed it whole. 'That was what he meant in picking this quarrel!' said Teutschland mournfully. Fleury was very pacific, candid in aspect to the Sea—Powers and others; and did not crow afflictively, did not say what he had meant.

"5. One immense consolation for the Kaiser, if for no other, is: France guarantees the Pragmatic Sanction,—though with very great difficulty; spending a couple of years, chiefly on this latter point as was thought. [Treaty on it not signed till 18th November, 1738 (Scholl, ii. 246).] How it kept said guarantee, will be seen in the sequel."

And these were the damages the poor Kaiser had to pay for meddling in Polish Elections;—for galloping thither in chase of his Shadows. No such account of broken windows was ever presented to a man before. This may be considered as the consummation of the Kaiser's Shadow—Hunt; or at least its igniting and exploding point. His Duel with the Termagant has at last ended; in total defeat to him on every point. Shadow—Hunt does not end; though it is now mostly vanished; exploded in fire. Shadow—Hunt is now gone all to Pragmatic Sanction, as it were: that now is the one thing left in Nature for a Kaiser; and that he will love, and chase, as the summary of all things. From this point he steadily goes down, and at a rapid rate;—getting into disastrous Turk Wars, with as little preparation for War or Fact as a life—long Hunt of SHADOWS presupposes; Eugene gone from him, and nothing but Seckendorfs to manage for him;—and sinks to a low pitch indeed. We will leave him here; shall hope to see but little more of him.

In the Summer of 1736, in consequence of these arrangements,— which were completed so far, though difficulties on Pragmatic Sanction and other points retarded the final signature for many months longer,—the Titular Majesty Stanislaus girt himself together for departure towards his new Dominion or Life—rent; quitted Konigsberg; traversed Prussian Poland, safe this time, "under escort of Lieutenant—General von Katte [our poor Katte of Custrin's Father] and fifty cuirassiers;" reached Berlin in the middle of May, under flowerier aspects than usual. He travelled under the title of "Count" Something, and alighted at the French Ambassador's in Berlin: but Friedrich Wilhelm treated him like a real Majesty, almost like a real Brother; had him over to the Palace; rushed out to meet him there, I forget how many steps beyond the proper limits; and was hospitality itself and munificence itself;—and, in fact, that night and all the other nights, "they smoked above thirty pipes together," for one item. May 21st, 1736, [Forster (i. 227), following loose Pollnitz (ii. 478), dates it 1735: a more considerable error, if looked into, than is usual in Herr Forster; who is not an ill—informed nor inexact man;—though, alas, in respect of method (that is to say, want of visible method, indication, or human arrangement), probably the most confused of all the Germans!] Ex—Majesty Stanislaus went on his way again; towards France,—towards Meudon, a quiet Royal House in France,—till Luneville, Nanci, and their Lorraine Palaces are quite ready. There, in these

latter, he at length does find resting–place, poor innocent insipid mortal, after such tossings to and fro: and M. de Voltaire, and others of mark, having sometimes enlivened the insipid Court there, Titular King Stanislaus has still a kind of remembrance among mankind.

Of his Prussian Majesty we said that, though the Berlin populations reported him well again, it was not so. The truth is, his Majesty was never well again. From this point, age only forty– seven, he continues broken in bodily constitution; clogged more and more with physical impediments; and his History, personal and political withal, is as that of an old man, finishing his day. To the last he pulls steadily, neglecting no business, suffering nothing to go wrong. Building operations go on at Berlin; pushed more than ever, in these years, by the rigorous Derschau, who has got that in charge. No man of money or rank in Berlin but Derschau is upon him, with heavier and heavier compulsion to build: which is felt to be tyrannous; and occasions an ever– deepening grumble among the moneyed classes. At Potsdam his Majesty himself is the Builder; and gives the Houses away to persons of merit. [Pollnitz, ii. 469.]

Nor is the Army less an object, perhaps almost more. Nay, at one time, old Kur–Pfalz being reckoned in a dying condition, Friedrich Wilhelm is about ranking his men, prepared to fight for his rights in Julich and Berg; Kaiser having openly gone over, and joined with France against his Majesty in that matter. However, the old Kur–Pfalz did not die, and there came nothing of fight in Friedrich Wilhelm's time. But his History, on the political side, is henceforth mainly a commentary to him on that "word" he heard in Priort, "which was as if you had turned a dagger in my heart!" With the Kaiser he has fallen out: there arise unfriendly passages between them, sometimes sarcastic on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, in reference to this very War now ended. Thus, when complaint rose about the Prussian misbehaviors on their late marches (misbehaviors notable in Countries where their recruiting operations had been troubled), the Kaiser took a high severe tone, not assuaging, rather aggravating the matter; and, for his own share, winded up by a strict prohibition of Prussian recruiting in any and every part of the Imperial Dominions. Which Friedrich Wilhelm took extremely ill. This is from a letter of his to the Crown–Prince, and after the first gust of wrath had spent itself: "It is a clear disadvantage, this prohibition of recruiting in the Kaiser's Countries. That is our thanks for the Ten Thousand men sent him, and for all the deference I have shown the Kaiser at all times; and by this you may see that it would be of no use if one even sacrificed oneself to him. So long as they need us, they continue to flatter; but no sooner is the strait thought to be over, and help not wanted, than they pull off the mask, and have not the least acknowledgment. The considerations that will occur to you on this matter may put it in your power to be prepared against similar occasions in time coming." [6th February, 1736: *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 102.]

Thus, again, in regard to the winter–quarters of the Ziethen Hussars. Prussian Majesty, we recollect, had sent a Supernumerary Squadron to the last Campaign on the Rhine. They were learning their business, Friedrich Wilhelm knew; but also were fighting for the Kaiser,—that was what the Kaiser knew about them. Somewhat to his surprise, in the course of next year, Friedrich Wilhelm received, from the Vienna War–Office, a little Bill of 10,284 florins (1,028 pounds 8 shillings) charged to him for the winter– quarters of these Hussars. He at once paid the little Bill, with only this observation: "Heartily glad that I can help the Imperial AERARIUM with that 1,028 pounds 8 shillings. With the sincerest wishes for hundred–thousandfold increase to it in said AERARIUM; otherwise it won't go very far!" [Letter to Seckendorf (SENIOR): Forster, ii. 150.]

At a later period, in the course of his disastrous Turk War, the Kaiser, famishing for money, set about borrowing a million gulden (100,000 pounds) from the Banking House Splittgerber and Daun at Berlin. Splittgerber and Daun had not the money, could not raise it: "Advance us that sum, in their name, your Majesty," proposes the Vienna Court: "There shall be three–per–cent bonus, interest six per cent, and security beyond all question!" To which fine offer his Majesty answers, addressing Seckendorf Junior: "Touching the proposal of my giving the Bankers Splittgerber and Daun a lift, with a million gulden, to assist in that loan of theirs,— said proposal, as I am not a merchant accustomed to deal in profits and percentages, cannot in that form take effect. Out of old friendship, however, I am, on TheirO Imperial Majesty's request, extremely ready to pay down, once and away (A FOND PERDU), a couple of million gulden, provided the Imperial Majesty will grant me the conditions known to your Uncle [FULFILMENT of that now oldish Julich–and–Berg promise, namely!] which are FAIR. In such case the thing shall be rapidly completed!" [Forster, ii. 151 (without DATE there).]

In a word, Friedrich Wilhelm falls out with the Kaiser more and more; experiences more and more what a Kaiser this has been towards him. Queen Sophie has fallen silent in the History Books; both the Majesties may

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look remorsefully, but perhaps best in silence, over the breakages and wrecks this Kaiser has brought upon them. Friedrich Wilhelm does not meanly hate the Kaiser: good man, he sometimes pities him; sometimes, we perceive, has a touch of authentic contempt for him. But his thoughts, in that quarter, premature old age aggravating them, are generally of a tragic nature, not to be spoken without tears; and the tears have a flash at the bottom of them, when he looks round on Fritz and says, "There is one, though, that will avenge me!" Friedrich Wilhelm, to the last a broad strong phenomenon, keeps wending downward, homeward, from this point; the Kaiser too, we perceive, is rapidly consummating his enormous Spectre-Hunts and Duels with Termagants, and before long will be at rest. We have well-nigh done with both these Majesties.

The Crown-Prince, by his judicious obedient procedures in these Four Years at Ruppin, at a distance from Papa, has, as it were, completed his APPRENTICESHIP; and, especially by this last Inspection-Journey into Preussen, may be said to have delivered his PROOF-ESSAY with a distinguished success. He is now out of his Apprenticeship; entitled to take up his Indentures, whenever need shall be. The rugged old Master cannot but declare him competent, qualified to try his own hand without supervision:—after all those unheard-of confusions, like to set the shop on fire at one time, it is a blessedly successful Apprenticeship! Let him now, theoretically at least, in the realms of Art, Literature, Spiritual Improvement, do his WANDERJAHRE, over at Reinsberg, still in the old region,—still well apart from Papa, who agrees best NOT in immediate contact;—and be happy in the new Domesticities, and larger opportunities, provided for him there; till a certain time come, which none of us are in haste for.

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BOOK X. AT REINSBERG. 1736–1740.

Chapter I. MANSION OF REINSBERG.

On the Crown-Prince's Marriage, three years ago, when the AMT or Government-District RUPPIN, with its incomings, was assigned to him for revenue, we heard withal of a residence getting ready. Hint had fallen from the Prince, that Reinsberg, an old Country-seat, standing with its Domain round it in that little Territory of Ruppın, and probably purchasable as was understood, might be pleasant, were it once his and well put in repair. Which hint the kind paternal Majesty instantly proceeded to act upon. He straightway gave orders for the purchase of Reinsberg; concluded said purchase, on fair terms, after some months' bargaining; [23d October, 1733, order given,—16th March, 1734, purchase completed (Preuss, i. 75).]—and set his best Architect, one Kemeter, to work, in concert with the Crown-Prince, to new-build and enlarge the decayed Schloss of Reinsberg into such a Mansion as the young Royal Highness and his Wife would like.

Kemeter has been busy, all this while; a solid, elegant, yet frugal builder: and now the main body of the Mansion is complete, or nearly so, the wings and adjuncts going steadily forward; Mansion so far ready that the Royal Highnesses can take up their abode in it. Which they do, this Autumn, 1736; and fairly commence Joint Housekeeping, in a permanent manner. Hitherto it has been intermittent only: hitherto the Crown-Princess has resided in their Berlin Mansion, or in her own Country-house at Schonhausen; Husband not habitually with her, except when on leave of absence from Ruppın, in Carnival time or for shorter periods. At Ruppın his life has been rather that of a bachelor, or husband abroad on business; up to this time. But now at Reinsberg they do kindle the sacred hearth together; "6th August, 1736," the date of that important event. They have got their Court about them, dames and cavaliers more than we expected; they have arranged the furnitures of their existence here on fit scale, and set up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing. Majesty and Queen come out on a visit to them next month; [4th September, 1736 (Ib.).]—raising the sacred hearth into its first considerable blaze, and crowning the operation in a human manner.

And so there has a new epoch arisen for the Crown-Prince and his Consort. A new, and much-improved one. It lasted into the fourth year; rather improving all the way: and only Kingship, which, if a higher sphere, was a far less pleasant one, put an end to it. Friedrich's happiest time was this at Reinsberg; the little Four Years of Hope, Composure, realizable Idealism: an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic, appointed him in a life-pilgrimage consisting otherwise of realisms oftenest contradictory enough, and sometimes of very grim complexion. He is master of his work, he is adjusted to the practical conditions set him; conditions once complied with, daily work done, he lives to the Muses, to the spiritual improvements, to the social enjoyments; and has, though not without flaws of ill-weather,—from the Tobacco-Parliament perhaps rather less than formerly, and from the Finance-quarter perhaps rather more,—a sunny time. His innocent insipidity of a Wife, too, appears to have been happy. She had the charm of youth, of good looks; a wholesome perfect loyalty of character withal; and did not "take to pouting," as was once apprehended of her, but pleasantly gave and received of what was going. This poor Crown-Princess, afterwards Queen, has been heard, in her old age, reverting, in a touching transient way, to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard from her, in any kind of days; but these doubtless were the best of her life.

Reinsberg, we said, is in the AMT Ruppın; naturally under the Crown-Prince's government at present: the little Town or Village of Reinsberg stands about, ten miles north of the Town Ruppın;—not quite a third-part as big as Ruppın is in our time, and much more pleasantly situated. The country about is of comfortable, not unpicturesque character; to be distinguished almost as beautiful, in that region of sand and moor. Lakes abound in it; tilled fields; heights called "hills;" and wood of fair growth,—one reads of "beech-avenues" of "high linden-avenues:"—a country rather of the ornamented sort, before the Prince with his improvements settled there. Many lakes and lakelets in it, as usual hereabouts; the loitering waters straggle, all over that region, into meshes of lakes. Reinsberg itself, Village and Schloss, stands on the edge of a pleasant Lake, last of a mesh of such: the SUMMARY, or outfall, of which, already here a good strong brook or stream, is called the RHEIN, Rhyn or Rein; and gives name to the little place. We heard of the Rein at Ruppın: it is there counted as a kind of river; still more, twenty miles farther down, where it falls into the Havel, on its way to the Elbe. The waters, I think, are drab-colored, not peat-brown: and here, at the source, or outfall from that mesh of lakes, where Reinsberg is, the

country seems to be about the best;—sufficient, in picturesqueness and otherwise, to satisfy a reasonable man.

The little Town is very old; but, till the Crown-Prince settled there, had no peculiar vitality in it. I think there are now some potteries, glass-manufactories: Friedrich Wilhelm, just while the Crown-Prince was removing thither, settled a first Glass-work there; which took good root, and rose to eminence in the crystal, Bohemian-crystal, white-glass, cut-glass, and other commoner lines, in the Crown-Prince's time. [*Bescheibung des Lutschlosses zu Reinsberg* (Berlin, 1788); Author, a "Lieutenant Hennert," thoroughly acquainted with his subject.]

Reinsberg stands on the east or southeast side of its pretty Lake: Lake is called "the GRINERICK SEE" (as all those remote Lakes have their names); Mansion is between the Town and Lake. A Mansion fronting, we may say, four ways; for it is of quadrangular form, with a wet moat from the Lake begirdling it, and has a spacious court for interior: but the principal entrance is from the Town side; for the rest, the Building is ashlar on all sides, front and rear. Stands there, handsomely abutting on the Lake with two Towers, a Tower at each angle, which it has on that lakeward side; and looks, over Reinsberg, and its steeple rising amid friendly umbrage which hides the house-tops, towards the rising sun. Townward there is room for a spacious esplanade; and then for the stables, outbuildings, well masked; which still farther shut off the Town. To this day, Reinsberg stands with the air of a solid respectable Edifice; still massive, rain-tight, though long since deserted by the Princesses,—by Friedrich nearly sixscore years ago, and nearly threescore by Prince Henri, Brother of Friedrich's, who afterwards had it. Last accounts I got were, of talk there had risen of planting an extensive NORMAL-SCHOOL there; which promising plan had been laid aside again for the time.

The old Schloss, residence of the Bredows and other feudal people for a long while, had good solid masonry in it, and around it orchards, potherb gardens; which Friedrich Wilhelm's Architects took good care to extend and improve, not to throw away: the result of their art is what we see, a beautiful Country-House, what might be called a Country-Palace with all its adjuncts;—and at a rate of expense which would fill English readers, of this time, with amazement. Much is admirable to us as we study Reinsberg, what it had been, what it became, and how it was made; but nothing more so than the small modicum of money it cost. To our wondering thought, it seems as if the shilling, in those parts, were equal to the guinea in these; and the reason, if we ask it, is by no means flattering altogether. "Change in the value of money?" Alas, reader, no; that is not above the fourth part of the phenomenon. Three-fourths of the phenomenon are change in the methods of administering money,—difference between managing it with wisdom and veracity on both sides, and managing it with unwisdom and mendacity on both sides. Which is very great indeed; and infinitely sadder than any one, in these times, will believe! —But we cannot dwell on this consideration. Let the reader take it with him, as a constant accompaniment in whatever work of Friedrich Wilhelm's or of Friedrich his Son's, he now or at any other time may be contemplating. Impious waste, which means disorder and dishonesty, and loss of much other than money to all, parties,—disgusting aspect of human creatures, master and servant, working together as if they were not human,—will be spared him in those foreign departments; and in an English heart thoughts will arise, perhaps, of a wholesome tendency, though very sad, as times are.

It would but weary the reader to describe this Crown-Prince Mansion; which, by desperate study of our abstruse materials, it is possible to do with auctioneer minuteness. There are engraved VIEWS of Reinsberg and its Environs; which used to lie conspicuous in the portfolios of collectors,—which I have not seen. [See Hennert, just cited, for the titles of them.] Of the House itself, engraved Frontages (FACADES), Ground-plans, are more accessible; and along with them, descriptions which are little descriptive,—wearisomely detailed, and as it were dark by excess of light (auctioneer light) thrown on them. The reader sees, in general, a fine symmetrical Block of Buildings, standing in rectangular shape, in the above locality;—about two hundred English feet, each, the two longer sides measure, the Townward and the Lakeward, on their outer front: about a hundred and thirty, each, the two shorter; or a hundred and fifty, taking in their Towers just spoken of. The fourth or Lakeward side, however, which is one of the longer pair, consists mainly of "Colonnade;" spacious Colonnade "with vases and statues;" catching up the outskirts of said Towers, and handsomely uniting everything.

Beyond doubt, a dignified, substantial pile of stone-work; all of good proportions. Architecture everywhere of cheerfully serious, solidly graceful character; all of sterling ashlar; the due RISALITES (projecting spaces) with their attics and statues atop, the due architraves, cornices and corbels,—in short the due opulence of ornament being introduced, and only the due. Genuine sculptors, genuine painters, artists have been busy; and in fact all the

suitable fine arts, and all the necessary solid ones, have worked together, with a noticeable fidelity, comfortable to the very beholder to this day. General height is about forty feet; two stories of ample proportions: the Towers overlooking them are sixty feet in height. Extent of outer frontage, if you go all round, and omit the Colonnade, will be five hundred feet and more: this, with the rearward face, is a thousand feet of room frontage:—fancy the extent of lodging space. For "all the kitchens and appurtenances are underground;" the "left front" (which is a new part of the Edifice) rising comfortably over these. Windows I did not count; but they must go high up into the Hundreds. No end to lodging space. Way in a detached side—edifice subsequently built, called Cavalier House, I read of there being, for one item, "fifty lodging rooms," and for another "a theatre." And if an English Duke of Trumps were to look at the bills for all that, his astonishment would be extreme, and perhaps in a degree painful and salutary to him.

In one of these Towers the Crown—Prince has his Library: a beautiful apartment; nothing wanting to it that the arts could furnish, "ceiling done by Pesne" with allegorical geniuses and what not,—looks out on mere sky, mere earth and water in an ornamental state: silent as in Elysium. It is there we are to fancy the Correspondence written, the Poetries and literary industries going on. There, or stepping down for a turn in the open air, or sauntering meditatively under the Colonnade with its statues and vases (where weather is no object), one commands the Lake, with its little tufted Islands, "Remus Island" much famed among them, and "high beech—woods" on the farther side. The Lake is very pretty, all say; lying between you and the sunset;—with perhaps some other lakelet, or solitary pool in the wilderness, many miles away, "revealing itself as a cup of molten gold," at that interesting moment. What the Book—Collection was, in the interior, I know not except by mere guess.

The Crown—Princess's Apartment, too, which remained unaltered at the last accounts had of it, [From Hennert, namely, in 1778.] is very fine;—take the anteroom for specimen: "This fine room," some twenty feet height of ceiling, "has six windows; three of them, in the main front, looking towards the Town, the other three, towards the Interior Court. The light from these windows is heightened by mirrors covering all the piers (SCHAFTE, interspaces of the walls), to an uncommonly splendid pitch; and shows the painting of the ceiling, which again is by the famous Pesne, to much perfection. The Artist himself, too, has managed to lay on his colors there so softly, and with such delicate skill, that the light—beams seem to prolong themselves in the painted clouds and air, as if it were the real sky you had overhead." There in that cloud—region "Mars is being disarmed by the Love—goddesses, and they are sporting with his weapons. He stretches out his arm towards the Goddess, who looks upon him with fond glances. Cupids are spreading out a draping." That is Pesne's luxurious performance in the ceiling.—"Weapon—festoons, in basso—relievo, gilt, adorn the walls of this room; and two Pictures, also by Pesne, which represent, in life size, the late King and Queen [our good friends Friedrich Wilhelm and his Sophie], are worthy of attention. Over each of the doors, you find in low—relief the Profiles of Hannibal, Pompey, Scipio, Caesar, introduced as Medallions."

All this is very fine; but all this is little to another ceiling, in some big Saloon elsewhere, Music—saloon, I think: Black Night, making off, with all her sickly dews, at one end of the ceiling; and at the other end, the Steeds of Phoebus bursting forth, and the glittering shafts of Day,—with Cupids, Love—goddesses, War— gods, not omitting Bacchus and his vines, all getting beautifully awake in consequence. A very fine room indeed;—used as a Music— saloon, or I know not what,—and the ceiling of it almost an ideal, say the connoisseurs.

Endless gardens, pavilions, grottos, hermitages, orangeries, artificial ruins, parks and pleasantries surround this favored spot and its Schloss; nothing wanting in it that a Prince's establishment needs,—except indeed it be hounds, for which this Prince never had the least demand.

Except the old Ruppin duties, which imply continual journeyings thither, distance only a morning's ride; except these, and occasional commissions from Papa, Friedrich is left master of his time and pursuits in this new Mansion. There are visits to Potsdam, periodical appearances at Berlin; some Correspondence to keep the Tobacco—Parliament in tune. But Friedrich's taste is for the Literatures, Philosophies: a—young Prince bent seriously to cultivate his mind; to attain some clear knowledge of this world, so all—important to him. And he does seriously read, study and reflect a good deal; his main recreations, seemingly, are Music, and the converse of well—informed, friendly men. In Music we find him particularly rich. Daily, at a fixed hour of the afternoon, there is concert held; the reader has seen in what kind of room: and if the Artists entertained here for that function were enumerated (high names, not yet forgotten in the Musical world), it would still more astonish readers. I count

them to the number of twenty or nineteen; and mention only that "the two Brothers Graun" and "the two Brothers Benda" were of the lot; suppressing four other Fiddlers of eminence, and "a Pianist who is known to everybody." [Hennert, p. 21.] The Prince has a fine sensibility to Music: does himself, with thrilling adagios on the flute, join in these harmonious acts; and, no doubt, if rightly vigilant against the Nonsenses, gets profit, now and henceforth, from this part of his resources.

He has visits, calls to make, on distinguished persons within reach; he has much Correspondence, of a Literary or Social nature. For instance, there is Suhm the Saxon Envoy translating *Wolf's Philosophy* into French for him; sending it in fascicles; with endless Letters to and from, upon it,—which were then highly interesting, but are now dead to every reader. The Crown-Prince has got a Post-Office established at Reinsberg; leathern functionary of some sort comes lumbering round, southward, "from the Mecklenburg quarter twice a week, and goes by Fehrbellin," for the benefit of his Correspondences. Of his calls in the neighborhood, we mean to show the reader one sample, before long; and only one.

There are Lists given us of the Prince's "Court" at Reinsberg; and one reads, and again reads, the dreariest unmemorable accounts of them; but cannot, with all one's industry, attain any definite understanding of what they were employed in, day after day, at Reinsberg:—still more are their salaries and maintenance a mystery to us, in that frugal establishment. There is Wolden for Hofmarschall, our old Custrin friend; there is Colonel Senning, old Marlborough Colonel with the wooden leg, who taught Friedrich his drillings and artillery-practices in boyhood, a fine sagacious old gentleman this latter. There is a M. Jordan, Ex-P preacher, an ingenious Prussian-Frenchman, still young, who acts as "Reader and Librarian;" of whom we shall hear a good deal more. "Intendant" is Captain (Ex-Captain) Knobelsdorf; a very sensible accomplished man, whom we saw once at Baireuth; who has been to Italy since, and is now returned with beautiful talents for Architecture: it is he that now undertakes the completing of Reinsberg, [Hennert, p. 29.] which he will skilfully accomplish in the course of the next three years. Twenty Musicians on wind or string; Painters, Antoine Pesne but one of them; Sculptors, Glume and others of eminence; and Hof-Cavaliers, to we know not what extent:—how was such a Court kept up, in harmonious free dignity, and no halt in its finances, or mean pinch of any kind visible? The Prince did get in debt; but not deep, and it was mainly for the tall recruits he had to purchase. His money-accounts are by no means fully known to me: but I should question if his expenditure (such is my guess) ever reached 3,000 pounds a year; and am obliged to reflect more and more, as the ancient Cato did, what an admirable revenue frugality is!

Many of the Cavaliers, I find, for one thing, were of the Regiment Goltz; that was one evident economy. "Rittmeister van Chasot," as the Books call him: readers saw that Chasot flying to Prince Eugene, and know him since the Siege of Philipsburg. He is not yet Rittmeister, or Captain of Horse, as he became; but is of the Ruppin Garrison; Hof-Cavalier; "attended Friedrich on his late Prussian journey;" and is much a favorite, when he can be spared from Ruppin. Captain Wylich, afterwards a General of mark; the Lieutenant Buddenbrock who did the parson-charivari at Ruppin, but is now reformed from those practices: all these are of Goltz. Colonel Keyserling, not of Goltz, nor in active military duty here, is a friend of very old standing; was officially named as "Companion" to the Prince, a long while back; and got into trouble on his account in the disastrous Ante-Custrin or Flight Epoch: one of the Prince's first acts, when he got pardoned after Custrin, was to beg for the pardon of this Keyserling; and now he has him here, and is very fond of him. A Courlander, of good family, this Keyserling; of good gifts too,—which, it was once thought, would be practically sublime; for he carried off all manner of college prizes, and was the Admirable-Crichton of Konigsberg University and the Graduates there. But in the end they proved to be gifts of the vocal sort rather: and have led only to what we see. A man, I should guess, rather of buoyant vivacity than of depth or strength in intellect or otherwise. Excessively buoyant, ingenious; full of wit, kindly exuberance; a loyal-hearted, gay-tempered man, and much a favorite in society as well as with the Prince. If we were to dwell on Reinsberg, Keyserling would come prominently forward.

Major van Stille, ultimately Major-General von Stille, I should also mention: near twenty years older than the Prince; a wise thoughtful soldier (went, by permission, to the Siege of Dantzic lately, to improve himself); a man capable of rugged service, when the time comes. His military writings were once in considerable esteem with professional men; and still impress a lay reader with favorable notions towards Stille, as a man of real worth and sense. [*Campagnes du Roi de Prusse*; — a posthumous Book; ANTERIOR to the Seven-Years War.]

OF MONSIEUR JORDAN AND THE LITERARY SET.

There is, of course, a Chaplain in the Establishment: a Reverend "M. Deschamps;" who preaches to them

all,—in French no doubt. Friedrich never hears Deschamps: Friedrich is always over at Ruppin on Sundays; and there "himself reads a sermon to the Garrison," as part of the day's duties. Reads finely, in a melodious feeling manner, says Formey, who can judge: "even in his old days, he would incidentally," when some Emeritus Parson, like Formey, chanced to be with him, "roll out choice passages from Bossuet, from Massillon," in a voice and with a look, which would have been perfection in the pulpit, thinks Formey. [*Souvenirs d'un Citoyen* (2de edition, Paris, 1797), i. 37.]

M. Jordan, though he was called "LECTEUR (Reader)," did not read to him, I can perceive; but took charge of the Books; busied himself honestly to be useful in all manner of literary or quasi-literary ways. He was, as his name indicates, from the French-refugee department; a recent acquisition, much valued at Reinsberg. As he makes a figure afterwards, we had better mark him a little.

Jordan's parents were wealthy religious persons, in trade at Berlin; this Jordan (Charles Etienne, age now thirty-six) was their eldest son. It seems they had destined him from birth, consulting their own pious feelings merely, to be a Preacher of the Gospel; the other sons, all of them reckoned clever too, were brought up to secular employments. And preach he, this poor Charles Etienne, accordingly did; what best Gospel he had; in an honest manner, all say,—though never with other than a kind of reluctance on the part of Nature, forced out of her course. He had wedded, been clergyman in two successive country places; when his wife died, leaving him one little daughter, and a heart much overset by that event. Friends, wealthy Brothers probably, had pushed him out into the free air, in these circumstances: "Take a Tour; Holland, England; feel the winds blowing, see the sun shining, as in times past: it will do you good!"

Jordan, in the course of his Tour, came to composure on several points. He found that, by frugality, by wise management of some peculium already his, his little Daughter and he might have quietness at Berlin, and the necessary food and raiment;—and, on the whole, that he would altogether cease preaching, and settle down there, among his Books, in a frugal manner. Which he did;—and was living so, when the Prince, searching for that kind of person, got tidings of him. And here he is at Reinsberg; bustling about, in a brisk, modestly frank and cheerful manner: well liked by everybody; by his Master very well and ever better, who grew into real regard, esteem and even friendship for him, and has much Correspondence, of a freer kind than is common to him, with little Jordan, so long as they lived together. Jordan's death, ten years hence, was probably the one considerable pain he had ever given his neighbors, in this the ultimate section of his life.

I find him described, at Reinsberg, as a small nimble figure, of Southern-French aspect; black, uncommonly bright eyes; and a general aspect of adroitness, modesty, sense, sincerity; good prognostics, which on acquaintance with the man were pleasantly fulfilled.

For the sake of these considerations, I fished out, from the Old-Book Catalogues and sea of forgetfulness, some of the poor Books he wrote; especially a *Voyage Litteraire*, [*Histoire d'un Voyage Litteraire fait, en MDCCXXXIII., en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande* (2de edition, a La Haye, 1736).] Journal of that first Sanitary Excursion or Tour he took, to get the clouds blown from his mind. A LITERARY VOYAGE which awakens a kind of tragic feeling; being itself dead, and treating of matters which are all gone dead. So many immortal writers, Dutch chiefly, whom Jordan is enabled to report as having effloresced, or being soon to effloresce, in such and such forms, of Books important to be learned: leafy, blossomy Forest of Literature, waving glorious in the then sunlight to Jordan;—and it lies all now, to Jordan and us, not withered only, but abolished; compressed into a film of indiscriminate PEAT. Consider what that peat is made of, O celebrated or uncelebrated reader, and take a moral from Jordan's Book! Other merit, except indeed clearness and commendable brevity, the *Voyage Litteraire* or other little Books of Jordan's have not now. A few of his Letters to Friedrich, which exist, are the only writings with the least life left in them, and this an accidental life, not momentous to him or us. Dryasdust informs me, "Abbe Jordan, alone of the Crown-Prince's cavaliers, sleeps in the Town of Reinsberg, not in the Schloss:" and if I ask, Why?—there is no answer. Probably his poor little Daughterkin was beside him there?—

We have to say of Friedrich's Associates, that generally they were of intelligent type, each of them master of something or other, and capable of rational discourse upon that at least. Integrity, loyalty of character, was indispensable; good humor, wit if it could be had, were much in request. There was no man of shining distinction there; but they were the best that could be had, and that is saying all. Friedrich cannot be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates. With one single exception, to be noticed

shortly, there is not one of them whom we should now remember except for Friedrich's sake;—uniformly they are men whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner. One man of shining parts he had, and one only; no man ever of really high and great mind. The latter sort are not so easy to get; rarely producible on the soil of this Earth! Nor is it certain how Friedrich might have managed with one of this sort, or he with Friedrich;—though Friedrich unquestionably would have tried, had the chance offered. For he loved intellect as few men on the throne, or off it, ever did; and the little he could gather of it round him often seems to me a fact tragical rather than otherwise.

With the outer Berlin social world, acting and reacting, Friedrich has his connections, which obscurely emerge on us now and then. Literary Eminences, who are generally of Theological vesture; any follower of Philosophy, especially if he be of refined manners withal, or known in fashionable life, is sure to attract him; and gains ample recognition at Reinsberg or on Town-visits. But the Berlin Theological or Literary world at that time, still more the Berlin Social, like a sunk extinct object, continues very dim in those old records; and to say truth, what features we have of it do not invite to miraculous efforts for farther acquaintance. Venerable Beausobre, with his *History of the Manicheans*, [*Histoire critique de Manichee et du Manicheisme*: wrote also *Remarques sur le Nouveau Testament*, which were once famous; *Histoire de la Reformation*; He is Beausobre SENIOR; there were two Sons (one of them born in second wedlock, after Papa was 70), who were likewise given to writing.—See Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 33–39.] and other learned things,—we heard of him long since, in Toland and the Republican Queen's time, as a light of the world. He is now fourscore, grown white as snow; very serene, polite, with a smack of French noblesse in him, perhaps a smack of affectation traceable too. The Crown-Prince, on one of his Berlin visits, wished to see this Beausobre; got a meeting appointed, in somebody's rooms "in the French College," and waited for the venerable man. Venerable man entered, loftily serene as a martyr Preacher of the Word, something of an ancient Seigneur de Beausobre in him, too; for the rest, soft as sunset, and really with fine radiances, in a somewhat twisted state, in that good old mind of his. "What have you been reading lately, M. de Beausobre?" said the Prince, to begin conversation. "Ah, Monseigneur, I have just risen from reading the sublimest piece of writing that exists."—"And what?" "The exordium of St. John's Gospel: *In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was—*" Which somewhat took the Prince by surprise, as Formey reports; though he rallied straightway, and got good conversation out of the old gentleman. To whom, we perceive, he writes once or twice, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvi. 121–126. Dates are all of 1737; the last of Beausobre's years.]—a copy of his own verses to correct, on one occasion,—and is very respectful and considerate.

Formey tells us of another French sage, personally known to the Prince since Boyhood; for he used to be about the Palace, doing something. This is one La Croze; Professor of, I think, "Philosophy" in the French College: sublime Monster of Erudition, at that time; forgotten now, I fear, by everybody. Swag-bellied, short of wind; liable to rages, to utterances of a coarse nature; a decidedly ugly, monstrous and rather stupid kind of man. Knew twenty languages, in a coarse inexact way. Attempted deep kinds of discourse, in the lecture-room and elsewhere; but usually broke off into endless welters of anecdote, not always of cleanly nature; and after every two or three words, a desperate sigh, not for sorrow, but on account of flabbiness and fat. Formey gives a portraiture of him; not worth copying farther. The same Formey, standing one day somewhere on the streets of Berlin, was himself, he cannot doubt, SEEN by the Crown-Prince in passing; "who asked M. Jordan, who that was," and got answer:—is not that a comfortable fact? Nothing farther came of it;—respectable Ex-Parson Formey, though ever ready with his pen, being indeed of very vapid nature, not wanted at Reinsberg, as we can guess.

There is M. Achard, too, another Preacher, supreme of his sort, in the then Berlin circles; to whom or from whom a Letter or two exist. Letters worthless, if it were not for one dim indication: That, on inquiry, the Crown-Prince had been consulting this supreme Achard on the difficulties of Orthodoxy; [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvi. pp. 112–117: date, March–June, 1736.] and had given him texts, or a text, to preach from. Supreme Achard did not abolish the difficulties for his inquiring Prince,—who complains respectfully that "his faith is weak," and leaves us dark as to particulars. This Achard passage is almost the only hint we have of what might have been an important chapter: Friedrich's Religious History at Reinsberg. The expression "weak faith" I take to be meant not in mockery, but in ingenuous regret and solicitude; much painful fermentation, probably, on the religious question in those Reinsberg years! But the old "GNADENWAHL" business, the Free-Grace controversy, had taught him

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to be cautious as to what he uttered on those points. The fermentation, therefore, had to go on under cover; what the result of it was, is notorious enough; though the steps of the process are not in any point known.

Enough now of such details. Outwardly or inwardly, there is no History, or almost none, to be had of this Reinsberg Period; the extensive records of it consisting, as usual, mainly of chaotic nugatory matter, opaque to the mind of readers. There is copious correspondence of the Crown-Prince, with at least dates to it for most part: but this, which should be the main resource, proves likewise a poor one; the Crown-Prince's Letters, now or afterwards, being almost never of a deep or intimate quality; and seldom turning on events or facts at all, and then not always on facts interesting, on facts clearly apprehensible to us in that extinct element.

The Thing, we know always, IS there; but vision of the Thing is only to be had faintly, intermittently. Dim inane twilight, with here and there a transient SPARK falling somewhither in it;—you do at last, by desperate persistence, get to discern outlines, features:—"The Thing cannot always have been No-thing," you reflect! Outlines, features:—and perhaps, after all, those are mostly what the reader wants on this occasion.

Chapter II. OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES.

One of Friedrich's grand purposes at Reinsberg, to himself privately the grandest there, which he follows with constant loyalty and ardor, is that of scaling the heights of the Muses' Hill withal; of attaining mastership, discipleship, in Art and Philosophy;—or in candor let us call it, what it truly was, that of enlightening and fortifying himself with clear knowledge, clear belief, on all sides; and acquiring some spiritual panoply in which to front the coming practicalities of life. This, he feels well, will be a noble use of his seclusion in those still places; and it must be owned, he struggles and endeavors towards this, with great perseverance, by all the methods in his power, here, or wherever afterwards he might be.

Here at Reinsberg, one of his readiest methods, his pleasantest if not his usefulest, is that of getting into correspondence with the chief spirits of his time. Which accordingly he forthwith sets about, after getting into Reinsberg, and continues, as we shall see, with much assiduity. Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament,—his Letters to them exist; and could be given in some quantity: but it is better not. They are intrinsically the common Letters on such occasions: "O sublime demi-god of literature, how small are princely distinctions to such a glory as thine; thou who enterest within the veil of the temple, and issuest with thy face shining!"— To which the response is: "Hm, think you so, most happy, gracious, illustrious Prince, with every convenience round you, and such prospects ahead? Well, thank you, at any rate,—and, as the Irish say, more power to your Honor's Glory!" This really is nearly all that said Sets of Letters contain; and except perhaps the Voltaire Set, none of them give symptoms of much capacity to contain more.

Certainly there was no want of Literary Men discernible from Reinsberg at that time; and the young Prince corresponds with a good many of them; temporal potentate saluting spiritual, from the distance,—in a way highly interesting to the then parties, but now without interest, except of the reflex kind, to any creature. A very cold and empty portion, this, of the Friedrich Correspondence; standing there to testify what his admiration was for literary talent, or the great reputation of such; but in itself un instructive utterly, and of freezing influence on the now living mind. Most of those French lights of the then firmament are gone out. Forgotten altogether; or recognized, like Rollin and others, for polished dullards, university big-wigs, and long-winded commonplace persons, deserving nothing but oblivion. To Montesquieu,—not yet called "Baron de Montesquieu" with ESPRIT DES LOIS, but "M. de Secondat" with (Anonymous) LETTRES PERSANES, and already known to the world for a person of sharp audacious eyesight,—it does not appear that Friedrich addressed any Letter, now or afterwards. No notice of Montesquieu; nor of some others, the absence of whom is a little unexpected. Probably it was want of knowledge mainly; for his appetite was not fastidious at this time. And certainly he did hit the centre of the mark, and get into the very kernel of French literature, when, in 1736, hardly yet established in his new quarters, he addressed himself to the shining figure known to us as "Arouet Junior" long since, and now called M. DE VOLTAIRE; which latter is still a name notable in Friedrich's History and that of Mankind. Friedrich's first Letter, challenging Voltaire to correspondence, dates itself 8th August, 1736; and Voltaire's Answer—the Reinsberg Household still only in its second month—was probably the brightest event which had yet befallen there.

On various accounts it will behoove us to look a good deal more strictly into this Voltaire; and, as his relations to Friedrich and to the world are so multiplex, endeavor to disengage the real likeness of the man from the circumambient noise and confusion which in his instance continue very great. "Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich," says Sauerteig once: "what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulizing Century! But what little it DID, we must call Friedrich; what little it THOUGHT, Voltaire. Other fruit we have not from it to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and what CAN be faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed; 'Realized Voltairism;'—admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humor,—is not that pretty much the net historical product of the Eighteenth Century? The rest of its history either pure somnambulism; or a mere Controversy, to the effect, 'Realized Voltairism? How soon shall it be realized, then? Not at once, surely!' So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief and in a sense the sole products of their Century. They alone remain to us as still living results from it, —such as they are. And the rest, truly, OUGHT to depart and

vanish (as they are now doing); being mere ephemera; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay; and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these Two were." —With more of the like sort from Sauerteig.

M. de Voltaire, who used to be M. Francois—Marie Arouet, was at this time about forty, [Born 20th February, 1694; the younger of two sons: Father, "Francois Arouet, a Notary of the Chatelet, ultimately Treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts;" Mother, "Marguerite d'Aumart, of a noble family of Poitou."] and had gone through various fortunes; a man, now and henceforth, in a high degree conspicuous, and questionable to his fellow—creatures. Clear knowledge of him ought, at this stage, to be common; but unexpectedly it is not. What endless writing and biographying there has been about this man; in which one still reads, with a kind of lazy satisfaction, due to the subject, and to the French genius in that department! But the man himself, and his environment and practical aspects, what the actual physiognomy of his life and of him can have been, is dark from beginning to ending; and much is left in an ambiguous undecipherable condition to us. A proper History of Voltaire, in which should be discoverable, luminous to human creatures, what he was, what element he lived in, what work he did: this is still a problem for the genius of France!—

His Father's name is known to us; the name of his Father's profession, too, but not clearly the nature of it; still less his Father's character, economic circumstances, physiognomy spiritual or social: not the least possibility granted you of forming an image, however faint, of that notable man and household, which distinguished itself to all the earth by producing little Francois into the light of this sun. Of Madame Arouet, who, or what, or how she was, nothing whatever is known. A human reader, pestered continually with the Madame—Denises, Abbe—Mignots and enigmatic nieces and nephews, would have wished to know, at least, what children, besides Francois, Madame Arouet had: once for all, How many children? Name them, with year of birth, year of death, according to the church—registers: they all, at any rate, had that degree of history! No; even that has not been done. Beneficent correspondents of my own make answer, after some research, No register of the Arouets anywhere to be had. The very name VOLTAIRE, if you ask whence came it? there is no answer, or worse than none.—The fit "History" of this man, which might be one of the shining Epics of his Century, and the lucid summary and soul of any HISTORY France then had, but which would require almost a French demi—god to do it, is still a great way off, if on the road at all! For present purposes, we select what follows from a well— known hand:—

"YOUTH OF VOLTAIRE (1694—1725).—French Biographers have left the Arouet Household very dark for us; meanwhile we can perceive, or guess, that it was moderately well in economic respects; that Francois was the second of the Two Sons; and that old Arouet, a steady, practical and perhaps rather sharp—tempered old gentleman, of official legal habits and position, 'Notary of the Chatelet' and something else, had destined him for the Law Profession; as was natural enough to a son of M. Arouet, who had himself succeeded well in Law, and could there, best of all, open roads for a clever second son. Francois accordingly sat 'in chambers,' as we call it; and his fellow—clerks much loved him,— the most amusing fellow in the world. Sat in chambers, even became an advocate; but did not in the least take to advocateship;—took to poetry, and other airy dangerous courses, speculative, practical; causing family explosions and rebukes, which were without effect on him. A young fool, bent on sportful pursuits instead of serious; more and more shuddering at Law. To the surprise and indignation of M. Arouet Senior. Law, with its wigs and sheepskins, pointing towards high honors and deep flesh—pots, had no charms for the young fool; he could not be made to like Law.

"Whereupon arose explosions, as we hint; family explosions on the part of M. Arouet Senior; such that friends had to interfere, and it was uncertain what would come of it. One judicious friend, 'M. Caumartin,' took the young fellow home to his house in the country for a time;—and there, incidentally, brought him acquainted with old gentlemen deep in the traditions of Henri Quatre and the cognate topics; which much inflamed the young fellow, and produced big schemes in the head of him.

"M. Arouet Senior stood strong for Law; but it was becoming daily more impossible. Madrigals, dramas (not without actresses), satirical wit, airy verse, and all manner of adventurous speculation, were what this young man went upon; and was getting more and more loved for; introduced, even, to the superior circles, and recognized there as one of the brightest young fellows ever seen. Which tended, of course, to confirm him in his folly, and open other outlooks and harbors of refuge than the paternal one.

"Such things, strange to M. Arouet Senior, were in vogue then; wicked Regent d'Orleans having succeeded

sublime Louis XIV., and set strange fashions to the Quality. Not likely to profit this fool Francois, thought M. Arouet Senior; and was much confirmed in his notion, when a rhymed Lampon against the Government having come out (LES J'AI VU, as they call it ["I have seen (J'AI VU)" this ignominy occur, "I have seen" that other,—to the amount of a dozen or two;—"and am not yet twenty." Copy of it, and guess as to authorship, in *OEuvres de Voltaire*, i. 321.]), and become the rage, as a clever thing of the kind will, it was imputed to the brightest young fellow in France, M. Arouet's Son. Who, in fact, was not the Author; but was not believed on his denial; and saw himself, in spite of his high connections, ruthlessly lodged in the Bastille in consequence. 'Let him sit,' thought M. Arouet Senior, 'and come to his senses there!' He sat for eighteen months (age still little above twenty); but privately employed his time, not in repentance, or in serious legal studies, but in writing a Poem on his *Henri Quatre*. 'Epic Poem,' no less; LA LIGUE, as he then called it; which it was his hope the whole world would one day fall in love with;—as it did. Nay, in two years more, he had done a Play, OEDIPE the renowned name of it; which ran for forty—eight nights' (18th November, 1718, the first of them); and was enough to turn any head of such age. Law may be considered hopeless, even by M. Arouet Senior.

"Try him in the Diplomatic line; break these bad habits and connections, thought M. Arouet, at one time; and sent him to the French Ambassador in Holland,—on good behavior, as it were, and by way of temporary banishment. But neither did this answer. On the contrary, the young fellow got into scrapes again; got into amatory intrigues,—young lady visiting you in men's clothes, young lady's mother inveigling, and I know not what;—so that the Ambassador was glad to send him home again unmarried; marked, as it were, 'Glass, with care!' And the young lady's mother printed his Letters, not the least worth reading:—and the old M. Arouet seems now to have flung up his head; to have settled some small allowance on him, with peremptory no hope of more, and said, 'Go your own way, then, foolish junior: the elder shall be my son.' M. Arouet disappears at this point, or nearly so, from the history of his son Francois; and I think must have died in not many years. Poor old M. Arouet closed his old eyes without the least conception what a prodigious ever—memorable thing he had done unknowingly, in sending this Francois into the world, to kindle such universal 'dry dung—heap of a rotten world,' and set it blazing! Francois, his Father's synonym, came to be representative of the family, after all; the elder Brother also having died before long. Except certain confused niece—and—nephew personages, progeny of the sisters, Francois has no more trouble or solacement from the paternal household. Francois meanwhile is his Father's synonym, and signs Arouet Junior, 'Francois Aroue l. j. (LE JEUNE).'

"All of us Princes, then, or Poets!' said he, one night at supper, looking to right and left: the brightest fellow in the world, well fit to be Phoebus Apollo of such circles; and great things now ahead of him. Dissolute Regent d'Orleans, politest, most debauched of men, and very witty, holds the helm; near him Dubois the Devil's Cardinal, and so many bright spirits. All the Luciferous Spiritualism there is in France is lifting anchor, under these auspices, joyfully towards new latitudes and Isles of the Blest. What may not Francois hope to become? 'Hmph!' answers M. Arouet Senior, steadily, so long as he lives. Here are one or two subsequent phases, epochs or turning—points, of the young gentleman's career.

"PHASIS FIRST (1725—1728).—The accomplished Duc de Sulli (Year 1725, day not recorded), is giving in his hotel a dinner, such as usual; and a bright witty company is assembled;—the brightest young fellow in France sure to be there; and with his electric coruscations illuminating everything, and keeping the table in a roar. To the delight of most; not to that of a certain splenetic ill—given Duc de Rohan; grandee of high rank, great haughtiness, and very ill—behavior in the world; who feels impatient at the notice taken of a mere civic individual, Arouet Junior. 'Quel est done ce jeune homme qui parle si haut, Who is this young man that talks so loud, then?' exclaims the proud splenetic Duke. 'Monseigneur,' flashes the young man back upon him in an electric manner, 'it is one who does not drag a big name about with him; but who secures respect for the name he has!' Figure that, in the penetrating grandly clangorous voice (VOIX SOMBRE ET MAJESTUEUSE), and the momentary flash of eyes that attended it. Duc de Rohan rose, in a sulphurous frame of mind; and went his ways. What date? You ask the idle French Biographer in vain;—see only, after more and more inspection, that the incident is true; and with labor date it, summer of the Year 1725. Treaty of Utrecht itself, though all the Newspapers and Own Correspondents were so interested in it, was perhaps but a foolish matter to date in comparison!

"About a week after, M. Arouet Junior was again dining with the Duc de Sulli, and a fine company as before. A servant whispers him, That somebody has called, and wants him below. 'Cannot come,' answers Arouet; 'how

can I, so engaged?' Servant returns after a minute or two: 'Pardon, Monsieur; I am to say, it is to do an act of beneficence that you are wanted below!' Arouet lays down his knife and fork; descends instantly to see what act it is. A carriage is in the court, and hackney-coach near it: 'Would Monsieur have the extreme goodness to come to the door of the carriage, in a case of necessity?' At the door of the carriage, hands seize the collar of him, hold him as in a vice; diabolic visage of Duc de Rohan is visible inside, who utters, looking to the hackney-coach, some "VOILA, Now then!" Whereupon the hackney-coach opens, gives out three porters, or hired bullies, with the due implements: scandalous actuality of horsewhipping descends on the back of poor Arouet, who shrieks and execrates to no purpose, nobody being near. 'That will do,' says Rohan at last, and the gallant ducal party drive off; young Arouet, with torn frills and deranged hair, rushing up stairs again, in such a mood as is easy to fancy. Everybody is sorry, inconsolable, everybody shocked; nobody volunteers to help in avenging. 'Monseigneur de Sulli, is not such atrocity done to one of your guests, an insult to yourself?' asks Arouet. 'Well, yes perhaps, but'—Monseigneur de Sulli shrugs his shoulders, and proposes nothing. Arouet withdrew, of course in a most blazing condition, to consider what he could, on his own strength, do in this conjuncture.

"His Biographer Duvernet says, he decided on doing two things: learning English and the small-sword exercise. [La Vie de Voltaire, par M—(a Geneve, 1786), pp. 55–57; or pp. 60–63, in his SECOND form of the Book. The "M—" is an Abbe Duvernet; of no great mark otherwise. He got into Revolution trouble afterwards, but escaped with his head; and republished his Book, swollen out somewhat by new "Anecdotes" and republican bluster, in this second instance; signing himself T. J. D. V— (Paris, 1797). A vague but not dark or mendacious little Book; with traces of real EYESIGHT in it,—by one who had personally known Voltaire, or at least seen and heard him.] He retired to the country for six months, and perfected himself in these two branches. Being perfect, he challenged Duc de Rohan in the proper manner; applying ingenious compulsives withal, to secure acceptance of the challenge. Rohan accepted, not without some difficulty, and compulsion at the Theatre or otherwise:—accepted, but withal confessed to his wife. The result was, no measuring of swords took place; and Rohan only blighted by public opinion, or incapable of farther blight that way, went at large; a convenient LETTRE DE CACHET having put Arouet again in the Bastille. Where for six months Arouet lodged a second time, the innocent not the guilty; making, we can well suppose, innumerable reflections on the phenomena of human life. Imprisonment once over, he hastily quitted for England; shaking the dust of ungrateful France off his feet,—resolved to change his unhappy name, for one thing.

"Smelfungus, denouncing the torpid fatuity of Voltaire's Biographers, says he never met with one Frenchman, even of the Literary classes, who could tell him whence this name VOLTAIRE originated. 'A PETITE TERRE, small family estate,' they said; and sent him hunting through Topographies, far and wide, to no purpose. Others answered, 'Volterra in Italy, some connection with Volterra,'—and seemed even to know that this was but fatuity. 'In ever-talking, ever-printing Paris, is it as in Timbuctoo, then, which neither prints nor has anything to print?' exclaims poor Smelfungus! He tells us at last, the name VOLTAIRE is a mere Anagram of AROUET L. J.—you try it; A.R.O.U.E.T.L.J.=V.O.L.T.A.I.R.E and perceive at once, with obligations to Smelfungus, that he has settled this small matter for you, and that you can be silent upon it forever thenceforth.

"The anagram VOLTAIRE, gloomily settled in the Bastille in this manner, can be reckoned a very famous wide-sounding outer result of the Rohan impertinence and blackguardism; but it is not worth naming beside the inner intrinsic result, of banishing Voltaire to England at this point of his course. England was full of Constitutionality and Freethinking; Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living; very free indeed. England, one is astonished to see, has its royal-republican ways of doing; something Roman in it, from Peerage down to Plebs; strange and curious to the eye of M. de Voltaire. Sciences flourishing; Newton still alive, white with fourscore years, the venerable hoary man; Locke's Gospel of Common Sense in full vogue, or even done into verse, by incomparable Mr. Pope, for the cultivated upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics, what a surprising 'liberty' allowed or taken! Never was a freer turn of thinking. And (what to M. de Voltaire is a pleasant feature) it is Freethinking with ruffles to its shirt and rings on its fingers;—never yet, the least, dreaming of the shirtless or SANSULOTTIC state that lies ahead for it! That is the palmy condition of English Liberty, when M. de Voltaire arrives there.

"In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is a mind driven by hard suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant comparisons and remembrances. As if you had elaborately ploughed and pulverized the mind of this Voltaire to receive with its utmost avidity, and strength of fertility, whatever seed England may have

for it. That was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. The question, Is this man to grow up a Court Poet; to do legitimate dramas, lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, the like never seen; Princes and Princesses recognizing him as plainly divine, and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as his task in life? is answered in the negative. No: and it is not quite to decorate and comfort your 'dry dung-heap' of a world, or the fortunate cocks that scratch on it, that the man Voltaire is here; but to shoot lightnings into it, and set it ablaze one day! That was an important alternative; truly of world-importance to the poor generations that now are; and it was settled, in good part, by this voyage to England, as one may surmise. Such is sometimes the use of a dissolute Rohan in this world; for the gods make implements of all manner of things.

"M. de Voltaire (for we now drop the Arouet altogether, and never hear of it more) came to England--when? Quitted England--when? Sorrow on all fatuous Biographers, who spend their time not in laying permanent foundation-stones, but in fencing with the wind! --I at last find indisputably, it was in 1726 that he came to England: [Got out of the Bastille, with orders to leave France, "29th April" of that year (Oeuvres de Voltaire, i. 40 n.)] and he himself tells us that he quitted it 'in 1728.' Spent, therefore, some two years there in all,--last year of George I.'s reign, and first of George II.'s. But mere inanity and darkness visible reign, in all his Biographies, over this period of his life, which was above all others worth investigating: seek not to know it; no man has inquired into it, probably no competent man now ever will. By hints in certain Letters of the period, we learn that he lodged, or at one time lodged, in 'Maiden Lane, Covent Garden;' one of those old Houses that yet stand in Maiden Lane: for which small fact let us be thankful. His own Letters of the period are dated now and then from 'Wandsworth.' Allusions there are to Bolingbroke; but the Wandsworth is not Bolingbroke's mansion, which stood in Battersea; the Wandsworth was one Edward Fawkener's; a man somewhat admirable to young Voltaire, but extinct now, or nearly so, in human memory. He had been a Turkey Merchant, it would seem, and nevertheless was admitted to speak his word in intellectual, even in political circles; which was wonderful to young Voltaire. This Fawkener, I think, became Sir Edward Fawkener, and some kind of 'Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland:'--I judge it to be the same Fawkener; a man highly unmemorable now, were it not for the young Frenchman he was hospitable to. Fawkener's and Bolingbroke's are perhaps the only names that turn up in Voltaire's LETTERS of this English Period: over which generally there reigns, in the French Biographies, inane darkness, with an intimation, half involuntary, that it SHOULD have been made luminous, and would if perfectly easy.

"We know, from other sources, that he had acquaintance with many men in England, with all manner of important men: Notes to Pope in Voltaire-English, visit of Voltaire to Congreve, Notes even to such as Lady Sundon in the interior of the Palace, are known of. The brightest young fellow in the world did not want for introductions to the highest quarters, in that time of political alliance, and extensive private acquaintance, between his Country and ours. And all this he was the man to improve, both in the trivial and the deep sense. His bow to the divine Princess Caroline and suite, could it fail in graceful reverence or what else was needed? Dexterous right words in the right places, winged with ESPRIT so called: that was the man's supreme talent, in which he had no match, to the last. A most brilliant, swift, far-glancing young man, disposed to make himself generally agreeable. For the rest, his wonder, we can see, was kept awake; wonder readily inclining, in his circumstances, towards admiration. The stereotype figure of the Englishman, always the same, which turns up in Voltaire's WORKS, is worth noting in this respect. A rugged surly kind of fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic without complaint, standing oddly inexpugnable in that natural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech in him now and then, something which goes beyond laughter and articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two, what they call 'humor' in their dialect: this is pretty much the REVERSE of Voltaire's own self, and therefore all the welcomer to him; delineated always with a kind of mockery, but with evident love. What excellences are in England, thought Voltaire; no Bastille in it, for one thing! Newton's Philosophy annihilated the vortexes of Descartes for him; Locke's Toleration is very grand (especially if all is uncertain, and YOU are in the minority); then Collins, Wollaston and Company,--no vile Jesuits here, strong in their mendacious mal-odorous stupidity, despicablest yet most dangerous of creatures, to check freedom of thought! Illustrious Mr. Pope, of the Essay on Man, surely he is admirable; as are Pericles Bolingbroke, and many others. Even Bolingbroke's high-lacquered brass is gold to this young French friend of his.--Through all which admirations and exaggerations the progress of the young man, toward certain very

serious attainments and achievements, is conceivable enough.

"One other man, who ought to be mentioned in the Biographies, I find Voltaire to have made acquaintance with, in England: a German M. Fabrice, one of several Brothers called Fabrice or Fabricius, -- concerning whom, how he had been at Bender, and how Voltaire picked CHARLES DOUSE from the memory of him, there was already mention. The same Fabrice who held poor George I. in his arms while they drove, galloping, to Osnabriick, that night, IN EXTREMIS: -- not needing mention again. The following is more to the point.

"Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not forget that of economics: his Poem LA LIGUE, -- surreptitiously printed, three years since, under that title (one Desfontaines, a hungry Ex-Jesuit, the perpetrator), [1723, VIE, par T. J. D. V. (that is, "M--" in the second form), p. 59.] -- he now took in hand for his own benefit; washed it clean of its blots; christened it HENRIADE, under which name it is still known over all the world; -- and printed it; published it here, by subscription, in 1726; one of the first things he undertook. Very splendid subscription; headed by Princess Caroline, and much favored by the opulent of quality. Which yielded an unknown but very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and grounded not only the world-renown but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire. For the fame of the 'new epic,' as this HENRIADE was called, soon spread into all lands. And such fame, and other agencies on his behalf, having opened the way home for Voltaire, he took this sum of Thousands Sterling along with him; laid it out judiciously in some city lottery, or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled the amount: after which he invested it in Corn-trade, Army Clothing, Barbary-trade, Commissariat Bacon-trade, all manner of well-chosen trades, -- being one of the shrewdest financiers on record; -- and never from that day wanted abundance of money, for one thing. Which he judged to be extremely expedient for a literary man, especially in times of Jesuit and other tribulation. 'You have only to watch,' he would say, 'what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio, are offered; if you exert any judgment, it is easy to gain there: do not the stupidest of mortals gain there, by intensely attending to it?'

"Voltaire got almost nothing by his Books, which he generally had to disavow, and denounce as surreptitious supposititious scandals, when some sharp-set Book-seller, in whose way he had laid the savory article as bait, chose to risk his ears for the profit of snatching and publishing it. Next to nothing by his Books; but by his fine finance-talent otherwise, he had become possessed of ample moneys. Which were so cunningly disposed, too, that he had resources in every Country; and no conceivable combination of confiscating Jesuits and dark fanatic Official Persons could throw him out of a livelihood, whithersoever he might be forced to run. A man that looks facts in the face; which is creditable of him. The vulgar call it avarice and the like, as their way is: but M. de Voltaire is convinced that effects will follow causes; and that it well beseems a lonely Ishmaelite, hunting his way through the howling wildernesses and confused ravenous populations of this world, to have money in his pocket. He died with a revenue of some 7,000 pounds a year, probably as good as 20,000 pounds at present; the richest literary man ever heard of hitherto, as well as the remarkablest in some other respects. But we have to mark the second phasis of his life [in which Friedrich now sees him], and how it grew out of this first one.

"PHASIS SECOND (1728-1733). -- Returning home as if quietly triumphant, with such a talent in him, and such a sanction put upon it and him by a neighboring Nation, and by all the world, Voltaire was warmly received, in his old aristocratic circles, by cultivated France generally; and now in 1728, in his thirty-second year, might begin to have definite outlooks of a sufficiently royal kind, in Literature and otherwise. Nor is he slow, far from it, to advance, to conquer and enjoy. He writes successful literature, falls in love with women of quality; encourages the indigent and humble; eclipses, and in case of need tramples down, the too proud. He elegizes poor Adrienne Lecouvreur, the Actress, -- our poor friend the Comte de Saxe's female friend; who loyally emptied out her whole purse for him, 30,000 pounds in one sum, that he might try for Courland, and whether he could fall in love with her of the Swollen Cheek there; which proved impossible. Elegizes Adrienne, we slty, and even buries her under cloud of night: ready to protect unfortunate females of merit. Especially theatrical females; having much to do in the theatre, which we perceive to be the pulpit or real preaching-place of cultivated France in those years. All manner of verse, all manner of prose, he dashes off with surprising speed and grace: showers of light spray for the moment; and always some current of graver enterprise, Siecle de Louis Quatorze or the like, going on beneath it. For he is a most diligent, swift, unresting man; and studies and learns amazingly in such a racketsy existence. Victorious enough in some senses; defeat, in Literature, never visited him. His Plays, coming thick on the heels of one another, rapid brilliant pieces, are brilliantly received by the unofficial world; and ought to dethrone dull Crebillon, and the sleepy potentates of Poetry that now are. Which in fact is their result with the public; but not

yet in the highest courtly places;—a defect much to be condemned and lamented.

"Numerous enemies arise, as is natural, of an envious venomous description; this is another ever—widening shadow in the sunshine. In fact we perceive he has, besides the inner obstacles and griefs, two classes of outward ones: There are Lions on his path and also Dogs. Lions are the Ex—Bishop of Mirepoix, and certain other dark Holy Fathers, or potent orthodox Official Persons. These, though Voltaire does not yet declare his heterodoxy (which, indeed, is but the orthodoxy of the cultivated private circles), perceive well enough, even by the HENRIADE, and its talk of 'tolerance,' horror of 'fanaticism' and the like, what this one's 'DOXY is; and how dangerous he, not a mere mute man of quality, but a talking spirit with winged words, may be;—and they much annoy and terrify him, by their roaring in the distance. Which roaring cannot, of course, convince; and since it is not permitted to kill, can only provoke a talking spirit into still deeper strains of heterodoxy for his own private behoof. These are the Lions on his path: beasts conscious to themselves of good intentions; but manifesting from Voltaire's point of view, it must be owned, a physiognomy unlovely to a degree. (Light is superior to darkness, I should think,' meditates Voltaire; 'power of thought to the want of power! The ANE DE MIREPOIX (Ass of Mirepoix), [Poor joke of Voltaire's, continually applied to this Bishop, or Ex—Bishop, —who was thought, generally, a rather tenebrific man for appointment to the FEUILLE DES BENEFICES (charge of nominating Bishops, keeping King's conscience, and who, in that capacity, signed himself ANC (by no means "ANE," but "ANCIEN, Whilom") DE MIREPOIX,—to the enragement of Voltaire bften enough.] pretending to use me in this manner, is it other, in the court of Rhadamanthus, than transcendent Stupidity, with transcendent Insolence superadded?' Voltaire grows more and more heterodox; and is ripening towards dangerous utterances, though he, strives to hold in.

"The Dogs upon his path, again, are all the disloyal envious persons of the Writing Class, whom his success has offended; and, more generally, all the dishonest hungry persons who can gain a morsel by biting him: and their name is legion. It must be owned, about as ugly a Doggery ('INFAME CANAILLE' he might well reckon them) as has, before or since, infested the path of a man. They are not hired and set on, as angry suspicion might suggest; but they are covertly somewhat patronized by the Mirepoix, or orthodox Official class. Scandalous Ex—Jesuit Desfontaines, Thersites Freron,—these are but types of an endless Doggery; whose names and works should be blotted out; whose one claim to memory is, that the riding man so often angrily sprang down, and tried horsewhipping them into silence. A vain attempt. The individual hound flies howling, abjectly petitioning and promising; but the rest bark all with new comfort, and even he starts again straightway. It is bad travelling in those woods, with such Lions and such Dogs. And then the sparsely scattered HUMAN Creatures (so we may call them in contrast, persons of Quality for most part) are not always what they should be. The grand mansions you arrive at, in this waste—howling solitude, prove sometimes essentially Robber—towers;—and there may be Armida Palaces, and divine—looking Armidas, where your ultimate fate is still worse.

'Que le monde est rempli d'enchanteurs, je ne dis rien d'enchanteresses!'

To think of it, the solitary Ishmaelite journeying, never so well mounted, through such a wilderness: with lions, dogs, human robbers and Armidas all about him; himself lonely, friendless under the stars:—one could pity him withal, though that is not the feeling he solicits; nor gets hitherto, even at this impartial distance.

"One of the beautiful creatures of Quality,—we hope, not an Armida,—who came athwart Voltaire, in these times, was a Madame du Chatelet; distinguished from all the others by a love of mathematics and the pure sciences, were it nothing else. She was still young, under thirty; the literary man still under forty. With her Husband, to whom she had brought a child, or couple of children, there was no formal quarrel; but they were living apart, neither much heeding the other, as was by no means a case without example at that time; Monsieur soldiering, and philandering about, in garrison or elsewhere; Madame, in a like humor, doing the best for herself in the high circles of society, to which he and she belonged. Most wearisome barren circles to a person of thought, as both she and M. de Voltaire emphatically admitted to one another, on first making acquaintance. But is there no help?

"Madame had tried the pure sciences and philosophies, in Books: but how much more charming, when they come to you as a Human Philosopher; handsome, magnanimous, and the wittiest man in the world! Young Madame was not regularly beautiful; but she was very piquant, radiant, adventurous; understood other things than the pure sciences, and could be abundantly coquettish and engaging. I have known her scuttle off, on an evening, with a couple of adventurous young wives of Quality, to the remote lodging of the witty M. de Voltaire,

and make his dim evening radiant to him. [*One of Voltaire's Letters.*] Then again, in public crowds, I have seen them; obliged to dismount to the peril of Madame's diamonds, there being a jam of carriages, and no getting forward for half the day. In short, they are becoming more and more intimate, to the extremest degree; and, scorning the world, thank Heaven that they are mutually indispensable. Cannot we get away from this scurvy wasp's-nest of a Paris, thought they, and live to ourselves and our books?

"Madame was of high quality, one of the Breteuils; but was poor in comparison, and her Husband the like. An old Chateau of theirs, named Cirey, stands in a pleasant enough little valley in Champagne; but so dilapidated, gaunt and vacant, nobody can live in it. Voltaire, who is by this time a man of ample moneys, furnishes the requisite cash; Madame and he, in sweet symphony, concert the plans: Cirey is repaired, at least parts of it are, into a boudoir of the gods, regardless of expense; nothing ever seen so tasteful, so magnificent; and the two withdraw thither to study, in peace, what sciences, pure and other, they have a mind to. They are recognized as lovers, by the Parisian public, with little audible censure from anybody there,—with none at all from the easy Husband; who occasionally even visits Cirey, if he be passing that way; and is content to take matters as he finds them, without looking below the surface. [See (whosoever is curious) *Madame de Grafigny, Vie Privee de Voltaire et de Madame du Chatelet* (Paris, 1820). A six months of actual Letters written by poor Grafigny, while sheltering at Cirey, Winter and Spring, 1738–1739; straitened there in various respects,—extremely ill off for fuel, among other things. Rugged practical Letters, shadowing out to us, unconsciously oftenest, and like a very mirror, the splendid and the sordid, the seamy side and the smooth, of Life at Cirey, in her experience of it. Published, fourscore years after, under the above title.] For the Ten Commandments are at a singular pass in cultivated France at this epoch. Such illicit—idyllic form of life has been the form of Voltaire's since 1733,"—for some three years now, when Friedrich and we first make acquaintance with him. "It lasted above a dozen years more: an illicit marriage after its sort, and subject only to the liabilities of such. Perhaps we may look in upon the Cirey Household, ourselves, at some future time; and"—This Editor hopes not!

"Madame admits that for the first ten years it was, on the whole, sublime; a perfect Eden on Earth, though stormy now and then. [*Lettres Inedites de Madame la Marquise du Chatelet; auxquelles on a joint une Dissertation (of hers): Paris, 1806.*] After ten years, it began to grow decidedly dimmer; and in the course of few years more, it became undeniably evident that M. de Voltaire 'did not love me as formerly:'—in fact, if Madame could have seen it, M. de Voltaire was growing old, losing his teeth, and the like; and did not care for anything as formerly! Which was a dreadful discovery, and gave rise to results by and by.

"In this retreat at Cirey, varied with flying visits to Paris, and kept awake by multifarious Correspondences, the quantity of Literature done by the two was great and miscellaneous. By Madame, chiefly in the region of the pure sciences, in Newtonian Dissertations, competitions for Prizes, and the like: really sound and ingenious Pieces, entirely forgotten long since. By Voltaire, in serious Tragedies, Histories, in light Sketches and deep Dissertations:—mockery getting ever wilder with him; the satirical vein, in prose and verse, amazingly copious, and growing more and more heterodox, as we can perceive. His troubles from the ecclesiastical or Lion kind in the Literary forest, still more from the rabid Doggery in it, are manifold, incessant. And it is pleasantly notable,—during these first ten years,—with what desperate intensity, vigilance and fierceness, Madame watches over all his interests and liabilities and casualties great and small; leaping with her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedences and consequences alike; flying, with the spirit of an angry brood-hen, at the face of mastiffs, in defence of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's. To which Voltaire replies, as he well may, with eloquent gratitude; with Verses to the divine Emilie, with Gifts to her, verses and gifts the prettiest in the world;—and industriously celebrates the divine Emilie to herself and all third parties.

"An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and in the end somewhat termagant female figure, this divine Emilie. Her temper, radiant rather than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion; nor was M. de Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him the wrong way. I have heard, their domestic symphony was liable to furious flaws,—let us hope at great distances apart:—that 'plates' in presence of the lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to fly from end to end of the dinner-table; nay they mention 'knives' (though only in the way of oratorical action); and Voltaire has been heard to exclaim, the sombre and majestic voice of him risen to a very high pitch: 'Ne me regardez tant de ces yeux hagards et louches, Don't fix those haggard sidelong eyes on me in that way!'—mere shrillness of pale rage presiding over the scene. But we hope it was only once in the quarter, or seldomer: after which the element would be clearer for some time. A lonesome literary man, who has got a

Brood Phoenix to preside over him, and fly at the face of gods and men for him in that manner, ought to be grateful.

"Perhaps we shall one day glance, personally, as it were, into Cirey with our readers;"--Not with this Editor or his! "It will turn out beyond the reader's expectation. Tolerable illicit resting-place, so far as the illicit can be tolerable, for a lonesome Man of Letters, who goes into the illicit. Helpfulness, affection, or the flattering image of such, are by no means wanting: squalls of infirm temper are not more frequent than in the most licit establishments of a similar sort. Madame, about this time, has a swift Palfrey, 'ROSSIGNOL (Nightingale)' the name of him; and gallops fairy-like through the winding valleys; being an ardent rider, and well-looking on horseback. Voltaire's study is inlaid with--the Grafigny knows all what:--mere china tiles, gilt sculptures, marble slabs, and the supreme of taste and expense: study fit for the Phoebus Apollo of France, so far as Madame could contrive it. Takes coffee with Madame, in the Gallery, about noon. And his bedroom, I expressly discern, [Letters of Voltaire.] looks out upon a running brook, the murmur of which is pleasant to one."

Enough, enough. We can perceive what kind of Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself; and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model Epic, HENRIADE; model History, CHARLES DOUZE; sublime Tragedies, CISAR, ALZIRE and others, which readers still know though with less enthusiasm, are blooming fresh in Friedrich's memory and heart; such Literature as man never saw before; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures: a Reform of human Thought itself; a new "Gospel," good-tidings or God's-Message, by this man;--which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a new BA'SPEL, or Devil's-Message of bad-tidings! A sublime enough Voltaire; radiant enough, over at Cirey yonder. To all lands, a visible Phoebus Apollo, climbing the eastern steeps; with arrows of celestial "new light" in his quiver; capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope!--

And so there begins, from this point, a lively Correspondence between Friedrich and Voltaire; which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life; and is a conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks; and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers. [Preuss, OEuvres de Frederic, (xxi. xxii. xxiii., Berlin, 1853); who supersedes the lazy French Editors in this matter.] It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be; the reverse, indeed, on both sides;--but it has unfortunately become a very dull one, to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit; on the contrary (if you read intensely, and bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest: but the substance of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then; and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again. The common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say! As an illustration of Two memorable Characters, and of their Century; showing on what terms the sage Plato of the Eighteenth Century and his Tyrant Dionysius correspond, and what their manners are to one another, it may long have a kind of interest to mankind: otherwise it has not much left.

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact, that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much OTHER had Friedrich too been! But the Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for everybody's finding, and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich. So that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable. Considerable; but not derived from this express correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's Printed WORKS, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet and Priest of this Working King;--no better off for a spiritual

Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him, --perhaps had already outgrown, having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow from substance; --outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally with much contempt, in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humor towards Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect; and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another. Which may be taken as a notable feature of Friedrich's History; and gives rise to passages between Voltaire and him, which will make much noise in time coming.

Here, meanwhile, faithfully presented though in condensed form, is the starting of the Correspondence; First Letter of it, and first Response. Two Pieces which were once bright as the summer sunrise on both sides, but are now fallen very dim; and have much needed condensation, and abridgment by omission of the unessential, --so lengthy are they, so extinct and almost dreary to us! Sublime "Wolf" and his "Philosophy," how he was hunted out of Halle with it, long since; and now shines from Marburg, his "Philosophy" and he supreme among mankind: this, and other extinct points, the reader's fancy will endeavor to rekindle in some slight measure: --

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE, AT CIREY (from the Crown-Prince).

"BERLIN, 8th August, 1736.

"MONSIEUR, --Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you personally, you are not the less known to me through your Works. They are treasures of the mind, if I may so express myself; and they reveal to the reader new beauties at every fresh perusal. I think I have recognized in them the character of their ingenious Author, who does honor to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute on the comparative merits of the Moderns and the Ancients should be revived, the modern great men will owe it to you, and to you only, that the scale is turned in their favor. With the excellent quality of Poet you join innumerable others more or less related to it. Never did Poet before put Metaphysics into rhythmic cadence: to you the honor was reserved of doing it first.

"This taste for Philosophy manifested in your writings, induces me to send you a translated Copy of the Accusation and defence of M. Wolf, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days; who, for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism. Such is the destiny of great men; their superior genius exposes them to the poisoned arrows of calumny and envy. I am about getting a Translation made of the Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World," --Translation done by an Excellency Suhm, as has been hinted, --"from the pen of the same Author. I will send it you when it is finished; and I am sure that the force of evidence in all his propositions, and their close geometrical sequence, will strike you.

"The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote themselves to the Arts and Sciences, makes me hope that you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you find worthy of your instructions: --it is so I would call your intercourse by Correspondence of Letters; which cannot be other than profitable to every thinking being. ...

... "beauties without number in your works. Your HENRIADE delights me. The tragedy of CESAR shows us sustained characters; the sentiments in it are magnificent and grand, and one feels that Brutus is either a Roman, or else an Englishman (ou un Romain ou un Anglais). Your ALZIRE, to the graces of novelty adds ...

"Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess all your Writings," even those not printed hitherto. "Pray, Monsieur, do communicate them to me without reserve. If there be amongst your Manuscripts any that you wish to conceal from the eyes of the public, I engage to keep them in the profoundest secrecy. I am unluckily aware, that the faith of Princes is an object of little respect in our days; nevertheless I hope you will make an exception from the general rule in my favor. I should think myself richer in the possession of your Works than in that of all the transient goods of Fortune. These the same chance grants and takes away: your Works one can make one's own by means of memory, so that they last us whilst it lasts. Knowing how weak my own memory is, I am in the highest degree select in what I trust to it.

"If Poetry were what it was before your appearance, a strumming of wearisome idyls, insipid eclogues, tuneful nothings, I should renounce it forever:" but in your hands it becomes ennobled; a melodious "course of morals; worthy of the admiration and the study of cultivated minds (DES HONNETES GENS). You" --in fine, "you inspire the ambition to follow in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said to myself: 'MALHEUREUX, throw down a burden which is above thy strength! One cannot imitate Voltaire, without being Voltaire!'

"It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those advantages of birth, those vapors of grandeur, with

which vanity would solace us! They amount to little, properly to nothing (POUR MIEUX DIRE, RIEN). Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences; and it is the part of Princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah, would Glory but make use of me to crown your successes! My only fear would be, lest this Country, little fertile in laurels, proved unable to furnish enough of them.

"If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, may I, at least, hope one day to see the man whom I have admired so long now from afar; and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I am,—With all the esteem and consideration due to those who, following the torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labors to the Public,—Monsieur, your affectionate friend,

"FREDERIC, P. R. of Prussia."

[OEuvres de Frederic, xxi. 6.]

By what route or conveyance this Letter went, I cannot say. In general, it is to be observed, these Friedrich–Voltaire Letters —liable perhaps to be considered contraband at BOTH ends of their course—do not go by the Post; but by French–Prussian Ministers, by Hamburg Merchants, and other safe subterranean channels. Voltaire, with enthusiasm, and no doubt promptly, answers within three weeks:—

TO THE CROWN–PRINCE, AT REINSBERG (from Voltaire).

"CIREY, 26th August, 1736.

"MONSEIGNEUR,—A man must be void of all feeling who were not infinitely moved by the Letter which your Royal Highness has deigned to honor me with. My self–love is only too much flattered by it: but my love of Mankind, which I have always nourished in my heart, and which, I venture to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me a very much purer pleasure,—to see that there is, now in the world, a Prince who thinks as a man; a PHILOSOPHER Prince, who will make men happy.

"Permit me to say, there is not a man on the earth but owes thanks for the care you take to cultivate by sound philosophy a soul that is born for command. Good kings there never were except those that had begun by seeking to instruct themselves; by knowing—good men from bad; by loving what was true, by detesting persecution and superstition. No Prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back the golden age into his Countries! And why do so few Princes seek this glory? You feel it, Monseigneur, it is because they all think more of their Royalty than of Mankind. Precisely the reverse is your case:—and, unless, one day, the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshipped by your People, and loved by the whole world. Philosophers, worthy of the name, will flock to your States; thinkers will crowd round that throne, as the skilfullest artisans do to the city where their art is in request. The illustrious Queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in search of the Arts; reign you, Monseigneur, and the Arts will come to seek you.

"May you only never be disgusted with the Sciences by the quarrels of their Cultivators! A race of men no better than Courtiers; often enough as greedy, intriguing, false and cruel as these," and still more ridiculous in the mischief they do. "And how sad for mankind that the very Interpreters of Heaven's commandments, the Theologians, I mean, are sometimes the most dangerous of all! Professed messengers of the Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure ideas and pernicious behavior; their soul blown out with mere darkness; full of gall and pride, in proportion as it is empty of truths. Every thinking being who is not of their opinion is an Atheist; and every King who does not favor them will be damned. Dangerous to the very throne; and yet intrinsically insignificant:" best way is, leave their big talk and them alone; speedy collapse will follow. ...

"I cannot sufficiently thank your Royal Highness for the gift of that little Book about Monsieur Wolf. I respect Metaphysical ideas; rays of lightning they are in the midst of deep night. More, I think, is not to be hoped from Metaphysics. It does not seem likely that the First–principles of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in some little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told his secret to one of us. If anybody could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Beautiful in your Royal Highness to protect such a man. And how beautiful it will be, to send me his chief Book, as you have the kindness to promise! "The Heir of a Monarchy, from his palace, attending to the wants of a recluse far off! Condescend to afford me the pleasure of that Book, Monseigneur. ...

"What your Royal Highness thinks of poetry is just: verses that do not teach men new and touching truths, do not deserve to be read." As to my own poor verses—But, after all, "that HENRIADE is the writing of an Honest Man: fit, in that sense, that it find grace with a Philosopher Prince.

"I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished Pieces. You shall be my public, Monseigneur; your criticisms will be my reward: it is a price few Sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your secrecy: your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should indeed consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to your Royal Highness! One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins: a Prince such as you is a much more singular object; worthier of a long journey! But the friendship [divine Emilie's] which keeps me in this retirement does not permit my leaving it. No doubt you think with Julian, that great and much calumniated man, who said, 'Friends should always be preferred to Kings.'

"In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be assured, Monseigneur, my wishes will continually be for you,—that is to say, for a whole People's happiness. My heart will rank itself among your subjects; your glory will ever be dear to me. I shall wish, May you always be like yourself, and may other Kings be like you!—I am, with profound respect, your Royal Highness's most humble

"VOLTAIRE."

[*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxi. 10.]

The Correspondence, once kindled, went on apace; and soon burst forth, finding nourishment all round, into a shining little household fire, pleasant to the hands and hearts of both parties. Consent of opinions on important matters is not wanting; nor is emphasis in declaring the same. The mutual admiration, which is high,—high and intrinsic on Friedrich's side; and on Voltaire's, high if in part extrinsic,—by no means wants for emphasis of statement: superlatives, tempered by the best art, pass and repass. Friedrich, reading Voltaire's immortal Manuscripts, confesses with a blush, before long, that he himself is a poor Apprentice that way. Voltaire, at sight of the Princely Productions, is full of admiration, of encouragement; does a little in correcting, solecisms of grammar chiefly; a little, by no means much. But it is a growing branch of employment; now and henceforth almost the one reality of function Voltaire can find for himself in this beautiful Correspondence. For, "Oh what a Crown-Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human nature, and realize the dream of sages, Philosophy upon the Throne!" And on the other side, "Oh what a Phoebus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the Nightmares,—sowing the Earth with Orient pearl, to begin with!"—In which fine duet, it must be said, the Prince is perceptibly the truer singer; singing within compass, and from the heart; while the Phoebus shows himself acquainted with art, and warbles in seductive quavers, now and then beyond the pitch of his voice. We must own also, Friedrich proves little seducible; shows himself laudably indifferent to such siren-singing;—perhaps more used to flattery, and knowing by experience how little meal is to be made of chaff. Voltaire, in an ungrateful France, naturally plumes himself a good deal on such recognition by a Foreign Rising Sun; and, of the two, though so many years the elder, is much more like losing head a little.

Elegant gifts are despatched to Cirey; gold-amber trinkets for Madame, perhaps an amber inkholder for Monsieur: priceless at Cirey as the gifts of the very gods. By and by, a messenger goes express: the witty Colonel Keyserling, witty but experienced, whom we once named at Reinsberg; he is to go and see with his eyes, since his Master cannot. What a messenger there; ambassador from star to star! Keyserling's report at Reinsberg is not given; but we have Grafigny's, which is probably the more impartial. Keyserling's embassy was in the end of next year; [3d November, 1737 (as we gather from the Correspondence).] and there is plenty of airy writing about it and him, in these Letters.

Friedrich has translated the name KEYSERLING (diminutive of KAISER) into "Caesarion;"—and I should have said, he plays much upon names and also upon things, at Reinsberg, in that style; and has a good deal of airy symbolism, and cloud-work ingeniously painted round the solidities of his life there. Especially a "Bayard Order," as he calls it: Twelve of his selectest Friends made into a Chivalry Brotherhood, the names of whom are all changed, "Caesarion" one of them; with dainty devices, and mimetic procedures of the due sort. Which are not wholly mummery; but have a spice of reality, to flavor them to a serious young heart. For the selection was rigorous, superior merit and behavior a strict condition; and indeed several of these Bayard Chevaliers proved notable practical Champions in time coming;—for example Captain Fouquet, of whom we have heard before, in the dark Custrin days. This is a mentionable feature of the Reinsberg life, and of the young Prince's character there: pleasant to know of, from this distance; but not now worth knowing more in detail.

The Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence contains much incense; due whiffs of it, from Reinsberg side, to the "divine Emilie," Voltaire's quasi better-half or worse-half; who responds always in her divinest manner to Reinsberg, eager for more acquaintance there. The Du Chatelets had a Lawsuit in Brabant; very inveterate,

perhaps a hundred years old or more; with the "House of Honsbrouck:" [*Lettres Inedites de Voltaire* (Paris, 1826), p. 9.] this, not to speak of other causes, flights from French peril and the like, often brought Voltaire and his Dame into those parts; and gave rise to occasional hopes of meeting with Friedrich; which could not take effect. In more practical style, Voltaire solicits of him: "Could not your Royal Highness perhaps graciously speak to some of those Judicial Big wigs in Brabant, and flap them up a little!" Which Friedrich, I think, did, by some good means. Happily, by one means or other, Voltaire got the Lawsuit ended,—1740, we might guess, but the time is not specified;—and Friedrich had a new claim, had there been need of new, to be regarded with worship by Madame. [Record of all this, left, like innumerable other things there, in an intrinsically dark condition, lies in Voltaire's LETTERS,—not much worth hunting up into clear daylight, the process being so difficult to a stranger.] But the proposed meeting with Madame could never take effect; not even when Friedrich's hands were free. Nay I notice at last, Friedrich had privately determined it never should—Madame evidently an inconvenient element to him. A young man not wanting in private power of eyesight; and able to distinguish chaff from meal! Voltaire and he will meet; meet, and also part; and there will be passages between them:—and the reader will again hear of this Correspondence of theirs, where it has a biographical interest. We are to conceive it, at present, as a principal light of life to the young heart at Reinsberg; a cheerful new fire, almost an altar-fire, irradiating the common dusk for him there.

Of another Correspondence, beautifully irradiative for the young heart, we must say almost nothing: the Correspondence with Suhm. Suhm the Saxon Minister, whom we have occasionally heard of, is an old Friend of the Crown-Prince's, dear and helpful to him: it is he who is now doing those *Translations of Wolf*, of which Voltaire lately saw specimens; translating WOLF at large, for the young man's behoof. The young man, restless to know the best Philosophy going, had tried reading of Wolf's chief Book; found it too abstruse, in Wolf's German: wherefore Suhm translates; sends it to him in limpid French; fascicle by fascicle, with commentaries; young man doing his best to understand and admire,—gratefully, not too successfully, we can perceive. That is the staple of the famous SUHM CORRESPONDENCE; staple which nobody could now bear to be concerned with.

Suhm is also helpful in finance difficulties, which are pretty frequent; works out subventions, loans under a handsome form, from the Czarina's and other Courts. Which is an operation of the utmost delicacy; perilous, should it be heard of at Potsdam. Wherefore Suhm and the Prince have a covert language for it: and affect still to be speaking of "Publishers" and "new Volumes," when they mean Lenders and Bank-Draughts. All these loans, I will hope, were accurately paid one day, as that from George II. was, in "rouleaus of new gold." We need not doubt the wholesome charm and blessing of so intimate a Correspondence to the Crown-Prince: and indeed his real love of the amiable Suhm, as Suhm's of him, comes beautifully to light in these Letters: but otherwise they are not now to be read without weariness, even dreariness, and have become a biographical reminiscence merely.

Concerning Graf von Manteufel, a third Literary Correspondent, and the only other considerable one, here, from a German Commentator on this matter, is a Clipping that will suffice:—

"Manteufel was Saxon by birth, long a Minister of August the Strong, but quarrelled with August, owing to some frail female it is said, and had withdrawn to Berlin a few years ago. He shines there among the fashionable philosophical classes; underhand, perhaps does a little in the volunteer political line withal; being a very busy pushing gentleman. Tall of stature, 'perfectly handsome at the age of sixty;' [Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 39–45.] great partisan of Wolf and the Philosophies, awake to the Orthodoxies too. Writes flowing elegant French, in a softly trenchant, somewhat too all-knowing style. High manners traceable in him; but nothing of the noble loyalty, natural politeness and pious lucency of Suhm. One of his Letters to Friedrich has this slightly impertinent passage;—Friedrich, just getting settled in Reinsberg, having transiently mentioned 'the quantity of fair sex' that had come about him there:—

"BERLIN, 26th AUGUST, 1736 (to the Crown-Prince). ... I am well persuaded your Royal Highness will regulate all that to perfection, and so manage that your fair sex will be charmed to find themselves with you at Reinsberg, and you charmed to have them there. But permit me, your Royal Highness, to repeat in this place, what I one day took the liberty of saying here at Berlin: Nothing in the world would better suit the present interests of your Royal Highness and of us all, than some Heir of your Royal Highness's making! Perhaps the tranquil convenience with which your Royal Highness at Reinsberg can now attend to that object, will be of better effect than all those hasty and transitory visits at Berlin were. At least I wish it with the best of my heart. I beg pardon, Monseigneur, for intruding thus into everything which concerns your Royal Highness;—In truth, I am a

rather impudent busybodyish fellow, with superabundant dashing manner, speculation, utterance; and shall get myself ordered out of the Country, by my present correspondent, by and by.-- 'Being ever,' with the due enthusiasm, 'MANTEUFEL.' [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxv. 487;--Friedrich's Answer is, Reinsberg, 23d September (Ib. 489).]

"To which Friedrich's Answer is of a kind to put a gag in the foul mouth of certain extraordinary Pamphleteerings, that were once very copious in the world; and, in particular, to set at rest the Herr Dr. Zimmermann, and his poor puddle of calumnies and credulities, got together in that weak pursuit of physiology under obscene circumstances;--

"Which is the one good result I have gathered from the Manteufel Correspondence," continues our German friend; whom I vote with!-- Or if the English reader never saw those Zimmermann or other dog- like Pamphleteerings and surmisings, let this Excerpt be mysterious and superfluous to the thankful English reader.

On the whole, we conceive to ourselves the abundant nature of Friedrich's Correspondence, literary and other; and what kind of event the transit of that Post functionary "from Fehrbellin northwards," with his leathern bags, "twice a week," may have been at Reinsberg, in those years.

Chapter III. CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL.

Thursday, 25th October, 1736, the Crown-Prince, with Lieutenant Buddenbrock and an attendant or two, drove over into Mecklenburg, to a Village and serene Schloss called Mirow, intending a small act of neighborly civility there; on which perhaps an English reader of our time will consent to accompany him. It is but some ten or twelve miles off, in a northerly direction; Reinsberg being close on the frontier there. A pleasant enough morning's-drive, with the October sun shining on the silent heaths, on the many-colored woods and you.

Mirow is an Apanage for one of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz junior branches: Mecklenburg-Strelitz being itself a junior compared to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin of which, and its infatuated Duke, we have heard so much in times past. Mirow and even Strelitz are not in—a very shining state,—but indeed, we shall see them, as it were, with eyes. And the English reader is to note especially those Mirow people, as perhaps of some small interest to him, if he knew it. The Crown-Prince reports to papa, in a satirical vein, not ungenially, and with much more freedom than is usual in those Reinsberg letters of his:—

"TO HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY (from the Crown-Prince).

"REINSBERG, 26th October, 1736.

... "Yesterday I went across to Mirow. To give my Most All-gracious Father an idea of the place, I cannot liken it to anything higher than Gross-Kreutz [term of comparison lost upon us; say GARRAT, at a venture, or the CLACHAN OF ABERFOYLE]: the one house in it, that can be called a house, is not so good as the Parson's there. I made straight for the Schloss; which is pretty much like the Garden-house in Bornim: only there is a rampart round it; and an old Tower, considerably in ruins, serves as a Gateway to the House.

"Coming on the Drawbridge, I perceived an old stocking-knitter disguised as Grenadier, with his cap, cartridge-box and musket laid to a side, that they might not hinder him in his knitting-work. As I advanced, he asked, 'Whence I came, and whitherward I was going?' I answered, that 'I came from the Post-house, and was going over this Bridge:' whereupon the Grenadier, quite in a passion, ran to the Tower; where he opened a door, and called out the Corporal. The Corporal seemed to have hardly been out of bed; and in his great haste, had not taken time to put on his shoes, nor quite button his breeches; with much flurry he asked us, 'Where we were for, and how we came to treat the Sentry in that manner?' Without answering him at all, we went our way towards the Schloss.

"Never in my life should I have taken this for a Schloss, had it not been that there were two glass lamps fixed at the door-posts, and the figures of two Cranes standing in front of them, by way of Guards. We made up to the House; and after knocking almost half an hour to no purpose, there peered out at last an exceedingly old woman, who looked as if she might have nursed the Prince of Mirow's father. The poor woman, at sight of strangers, was so terrified, she slammed the door to in our faces. We knocked again; and seeing there could nothing be made of it, we went round to the stables; where a fellow told us, 'The young Prince with his Consort was gone to Neu-Strelitz, a couple of miles off [ten miles English]; and the Duchess his Mother, who lives here, had given him, to make the better figure, all her people along with him; keeping nobody but the old woman to herself.'

"It was still early; so I thought I could not do better than profit by the opportunity, and have a look at Neu-Strelitz. We took post-horses; and got thither about noon. Neu-Strelitz is properly a Village; with only one street in it, where Chamberlains, Office-Clerks, Domesticall lodge, and where there is an Inn. I cannot better describe it to my Most All-gracious Father than by that street in Gumbinnen where you go up to the Town-hall,—except that no house here is whitewashed. The Schloss is fine, and lies on a lake, with a big garden; pretty much like Reinsberg in situation.

"The first question I asked here was for the Prince of Mirow: but they told me he had just driven off again to a place called Kanow; which is only a couple of miles English from Mirow, where we had been. Buddenbrock, who is acquainted with Neu-Strelitz, got me, from a chamberlain, something to eat; and in the mean while, that Bohme came in, who was Adjutant in my Most All-gracious Father's Regiment [not of Goltz, but King's presumably]: Bohme did not know me till I hinted to him who I was. He told me, 'The Duke of Strelitz was an excellent seamster;' fit to be Tailor to your Majesty in a manner, had not Fate been cruel, 'and that he made beautiful dressing-gowns (CASSAQUINS) with his needle.' This made me curious to see him: so we had

ourselves presented as Foreigners; and it went off so well that nobody recognized me. I cannot better describe the Duke than by saying he is like old Stahl [famed old medical man at Berlin, dead last year, physiognomy not known to actual readers], in a blond Abbe's—periwig. He is extremely silly (BLODE); his Hofrath Altrock tells him, as it were, everything he has to say." About fifty, this poor Duke; shrunk into needlework, for a quiet life, amid such tumults from Schwerin and elsewhere.

"Having taken leave, we drove right off to Kanow; and got thither about six. It is a mere Village; and the Prince's Pleasure—House (LUSTHAUS) here is nothing better than an ordinary Hunting—Lodge, such as any Forest—keeper has. I alighted at the Miller's; and had myself announced" at the LUSTHAUS," by his maid: upon which the Major—Domo (HAUS—HOFMEISTER) came over to the Mill, and complimented me; with whom I proceeded to the Residenz," that is, back again to Mirow, "where the whole Mirow Family were assembled. The Mother is a Princess of Schwartzburg, and still the cleverest of them all," still under sixty; good old Mother, intent that her poor Son should appear to advantage, when visiting the more opulent Serenities. "His Aunt also," mother's sister, "was there. The Lady Spouse is small; a Niece to the Prince of Hildburghausen, who is in the Kaiser's service: she was in the family—way; but (ABER) seemed otherwise to be a very good Princess.

"The first thing they entertained me with was, the sad misfortune come upon their best Cook; who, with the cart that was bringing the provisions, had overset, and broken his arm; so that the provisions had all gone to nothing. Privately I have had inquiries made; there was not a word of truth in the story. At last we went to table; and, sure enough, it looked as if the Cook and his provisions had come to some mishap; for certainly in the Three Crowns at Potsdam [worst inn, one may guess, in the satirical vein], there is better eating than here.

"At table, there was talk of nothing but of all the German Princes who are not right in their wits (NICHT RECHT KLUG)," as Mirow himself, your Majesty knows, is reputed to be! "There was Weimar, [Wilhelmina's acquaintance; wedded, not without difficulty, to a superfluous Baireuth Sister—in—law by Wilhelmina (*Memoires de Wilhelmina*, ii. 185—194): Grandfather of Goethe's Friend;—is nothing like fairly out of his wits; only has a flea (as we may say) dancing occasionally in the ear of him. Perhaps it is so with the rest of these Serenities, here fallen upon evil tongues?] Gotha, Waldeck, Hoym, and the whole lot of them, brought upon the carpet:—and after our good Host had got considerably drunk, we rose,—and he lovingly promised me that 'he and his whole Family would come and visit Reinsberg.' Come he certainly will; but how I shall get rid of him, God knows.

"I most submissively beg pardon of my Most All—gracious Father for this long Letter; and"—we will terminate here. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 104—106.]

Dilapidated Mirow and its inmates, portrayed in this satirical way, except as a view of Serene Highnesses fallen into Sleepy Hollow, excites little notice in the indolent mind; and that little, rather pleasantly contemptuous than really profitable. But one fact ought to kindle momentary interest in English readers: the young foolish Herr, in this dilapidated place, is no other than our "Old Queen Charlotte's" Father that is to be,—a kind of Ancestor of ours, though we little guessed it! English readers will scan him with new curiosity, when he pays that return visit at Reinsberg. Which he does within the fortnight:—

"TO HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY (from the Crown—Prince).

"REINSBERG, 6th November, 1736.

... "that my Most All—gracious Father has had the graciousness to send us some Swans. My Wife also has been exceedingly delighted at the fine Present sent her. ... General Praetorius," Danish Envoy, with whose Court there is some tiff of quarrel, "came hither yesterday to take leave of us; he seems very unwilling to quit Prussia.

"This morning about three o'clock, my people woke me, with word that there was a Stafette come with Letters,"—from your Majesty or Heaven knows whom! "I spring up in all haste; and opening the Letter,—find it is from the Prince of Mirow; who informs me that 'he will be here to—day at noon.' I have got all things in readiness to receive him, as if he were the Kaiser in person; and I hope there will be material for some amusement to my Most All—gracious Father, by next post."—Next post is half a week hence:—

"TO HIS PRUSSIAN MAJESTY (from the Crown—Prince).

"REINSBERG, 11th November.

... "The Prince of Mirow's visit was so curious, I must give my Most All—gracious Father a particular report of it. In my last, I mentioned how General Praetorius had come to us: he was in the room, when I entered with the Prince of Mirow; at sight of him Praetorius exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by everybody, 'VOILA LE PRINCE CAJUCA!' [Nickname out of some Romance, fallen extinct long since.] Not one of us could help

laughing; and I had my own trouble to turn it so that he did not get angry.

"Scarcely was the Prince got in, when they came to tell me, for his worse luck, that Prince Heinrich," the Ill Margraf, "was come; --who accordingly trotted him out, in such a way that we thought we should all have died with laughing. Incessant praises were given him, especially for his fine clothes, his fine air, and his uncommon agility in dancing. And indeed I thought the dancing would never end.

"In the afternoon, to spoil his fine coat,"--a contrivance of the Ill Margraf's, I should think,--"we stept out to shoot at target in the rain: he would not speak of it, but one could observe he was in much anxiety about the coat. In the evening, he got a glass or two in his head, and grew extremely merry; said at last, 'He was sorry that, for divers state-reasons and businesses of moment, he must of necessity return home;'--which, however, he put off till about two in the morning. I think, next day he would not remember very much of it.

"Prince Heinrich is gone to his Regiment again; "Praetorius too is off;--and we end with the proper KOW-TOW. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvii. part 3d, p. 109.]

These Strelitzers, we said, are juniors to infatuated Schwerin; and poor Mirow is again junior to Strelitz: plainly one of the least opulent of Residences. At present, it is Dowager Apanage (WITTWEN-SITZ) to the Widow of the late Strelitz of blessed memory: here, with her one Child, a boy now grown to what manhood we see, has the Serene Dowager lived, these twenty-eight years past; a Schwartzburg by birth, "the cleverest head among them all." Twenty-eight years in dilapidated Mirow: so long has that Tailoring Duke, her eldest STEP-SON (child of a prior wife) been Supreme Head of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; employed with his needle, or we know not how,--collapsed plainly into tailoring at this date. There was but one other Son; this clever Lady's, twenty years junior,--"Prince of Mirow" whom we now see. Karl Ludwig Friedrich is the name of this one; age now twenty-eight gone. He, ever since the third month of him, when the poor Serene Father died ("May, 1703"), has been at Mirow with Mamma; getting what education there was,--not too successfully, as would appear. Eight years ago, "in 1726," Mamma sent him off upon his travels; to Geneva, Italy, France: he looked in upon Vienna, too; got a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Kaiser's Service, but did not like it; soon gave it up; and returned home to vegetate, perhaps to seek a wife,--having prospects of succession in Strelitz. For the Serene Half-Brother proves to have no children: were his tailoring once finished in the world, our Prince of Mirow is Duke in Chief. On this basis the wedded last year; the little Wife has already brought him one child, a Daughter; and has (as Friedrich notices) another under way, if it prosper. No lack of Daughters, nor of Sons by and by: eight years hence came the little Charlotte,--subsequently Mother of England: much to her and our astonishment. [Born (at Mirow) 19th May, 1744; married (London), 8th September, 1761; died, 18th November, 1818 (Michaelis, ii. 445, 446; Hubner, t. 195; Oertel, pp. 43, 22).]

The poor man did not live to be Duke of Strelitz; he died, 1752, in little Charlotte's eighth year; Tailor Duke SURVIVING him a few months. Little Charlotte's Brother did then succeed, and lasted till 1794; after whom a second Brother, father of the now Serene Strelitzes;--who also is genealogically notable. For from him there came another still more famous Queen: Louisa of Prussia; beautiful to look upon, as "Aunt Charlotte" was not, in a high degree; and who showed herself a Heroine in Napoleon's time, as Aunt Charlotte never was called to do. Both Aunt and Niece were women of sense, of probity, propriety; fairly beyond the average of Queens. And as to their early poverty, ridiculous to this gold-nugget generation, I rather guess it may have done them benefits which the gold-nugget generation, in its Queens and otherwise, stands far more in want of than it thinks.

But enough of this Prince of Mirow, whom Friedrich has accidentally unearthed for us. Indeed there is no farther history of him, for or against. He evidently was not thought to have invented gunpowder, by the public. And yet who knows but, in his very simplicity, there lay something far beyond the Ill Margraf to whom he was so quizzable? Poor down-pressed brother mortal; somnambulating so pacifically in Sleepy Hollow yonder, and making no complaint!

He continued, though soon with less enthusiasm, and in the end very rarely, a visitor of Friedrich's during this Reinsberg time. Patriotic English readers may as well take the few remaining vestiges, too, before quite dismissing him to Sleepy Hollow. Here they are, swept accurately together, from that Correspondence of Friedrich with Papa:--

"REINSBERG, 18th NOVEMBER, 1736. ... report most submissively that the Prince of Mirow has again been here, with his Mother, Wife, Aunt, Hofdames, Cavaliers and entire Household; so that I thought it was the Flight out of Egypt [Exodus of the Jews]. I begin to have a fear of those good people, as they assured me they

would have such pleasure in coming often!"

"REINSBERG, 1st FEBRUARY, 1737." Let us give it in the Original too, as a specimen of German spelling:—

"Der Prints von Mihrau ist vohr einigen thagen hier gewessen und haben wier einige Wasser schwermer in der See ihm zu Ehren gesmissen, seine frau ist mit eber thoten Printzesin nieder geKomen.—Der General schulenburg ist heute hier gekommen und wirdt morgen"—That is to say:—

"The Prince of Mirow was here a few days ago; and we let off, in honor of him, a few water-rockets over the Lake: his Wife has been brought to bed of a dead Princess. General Schulenburg [with a small s] came hither to-day; and to-morrow will" ...

"REINSBERG, 28th MARCH, 1737. ... Prince von Mirow was here yesterday; and tried shooting at the popinjay with us; he cannot see rightly, and shoots always with help of an opera-glass."

"RUPPIN, 20th OCTOBER, 1737. The Prince of Mirow was with us last Friday; and babbled much in his high way; among other things, white-lied to us, that the Kaiserinn gave him a certain porcelain snuff-box he was handling; but on being questioned more tightly, he confessed to me he had bought it in Vienna." [Briefe an Vater, p. 71 (CARET in OEuvres); pp. 85–114.—See Ib. 6th November, 1737, for faint trace of a visit; and 25th September, 1739, for another still fainter, the last there is.]

And so let him somnambulate yonder, till the two Queens, like winged Psyches, one after the other, manage to emerge from him.

Friedrich's Letters to his Father are described by some Prussian Editors as "very attractive, SEHR ANZIEHENDE BRIEFE;" which, to a Foreign reader, seems a strange account of them. Letters very hard to understand completely; and rather insignificant when understood. They turn on Gifts sent to and sent from, "swans," "hams," with the unspeakable thanks for them; on recruits of so many inches; on the visitors that have been; they assure us that "there is no sickness in the regiment," or tell expressly how much:—wholly small facts; nothing of speculation, and of ceremonial pipe-clay a great deal. We know already under what nightmare conditions Friedrich wrote to his Father! The attitude of the Crown-Prince, sincerely reverent and filial, though obliged to appear ineffably so, and on the whole struggling under such mountains of encumbrance, yet loyally maintaining his equilibrium, does at last acquire, in these Letters, silently a kind of beauty to the best class of readers. But that is nearly their sole merit. By far the most human of them, that on the first visit to Mirow, the reader has now seen; and may thank us much that we show him no more of them. [*Friedrich des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, 1838). Reduced in size, by suitable omissions; and properly spelt; but with little other elucidation for a stranger: in *OEuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, pp, 1–123 (Berlin, 1856).

Chapter IV. NEWS OF THE DAY.

While these Mirow visits are about their best, and much else at Reinsberg is in comfortable progress, Friedrich's first year there just ending, there come accounts from England of quarrels broken out between the Britannic Majesty and his Prince of Wales. Discrepancies risen now to a height; and getting into the very Newspapers;—the Rising Sun too little under the control of the Setting, in that unquiet Country!

Prince Fred of England did not get to the Rhine Campaign, as we saw: he got some increase of Revenue, a Household of his own; and finally a Wife, as he had requested: a Sachsen-Gotha Princess; who, peerless Wilhelmma being unattainable, was welcome to Prince Fred. She is in the family-way, this summer 1737, a very young lady still; result thought to be due—When? Result being potential Heir to the British Nation, there ought to have been good calculation of the time when! But apparently nobody had well turned his attention that way. Or if Fred and Spouse had, as is presumable, Fred had given no notice to the Paternal Majesty,— "Let Paternal Majesty, always so cross to me, look out for himself in that matter." Certain it is, Fred and Spouse, in the beginning of August, 1737, are out at Hampton Court; potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court; the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth,—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought,—instead of dashing off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night,—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment,—unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not, it was malice aforethought all of it. "Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!" thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very Newspapers and coffee-houses and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit, one visit to the poor young Mother, so soon as proper: coming out from the visit, Prince Fred obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace, in front of St. James's; and there knelt down on the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to "beg a Mother's blessing," and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed tenor; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear, this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred; but in truth I do not know, nor even much care. [Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii. 362–370, 409.] What a noise in England about nothing at all!—What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish "rising sun" not restrainable there by the setting or shining one; opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations, like a very mad object!—

But in a month or two, there comes worse news out of England; falling heavy on the heart of Prussian Majesty: news that Queen Caroline herself is dead. ["Sunday evening, 1st December (20th Nov.), 1737." *Ib.* pp. 510–539.] Died as she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance; sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy, and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal; fidgeted and flustered a good deal: much put about, poor foolish little soul. The dying Caroline recommended HIM to Walpole; advised his Majesty to marry again. "*Non, j'aurai des maitresses* (No, I'll have mistresses!)" sobbed his Majesty passionately. "*Ah, mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas* (that does not hinder!)" answered she, from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline with her flighty vaporeing little King: seldom had foolish husband so wise a wife. "Dead!" thought Friedrich Wilhelm, looking back through the whirlwinds of life, into sunny young scenes far enough away: "Dead!"—Walpole continued to manage the little King; but not for long; England itself rising in objection. Jenkins's Ear, I understand, is lying in cotton; and there are mad inflammable strata in that Nation, capable of exploding at a great rate.

From the Eastern regions our Newspapers are very full of events: War with the Turk going on there; Russia and Austria both doing their best against the Turk. The Russians had hardly finished their Polish-Election fighting, when they decided to have a stroke at the Turk,—Turk always an especial eye-sorrow to them, since that "Treaty of the Pruth," and Czar Peter's sad rebuff there:—Munnich marched direct out of Poland through the Ukraine, with his eye on the Crimea and furious business in that quarter. This is his second Campaign there, this of 1737; and furious business has not failed. Last year he stormed the Lines of Perecop, tore open the Crimea; took Azoph, he or Lacy under him; took many things: this year he had laid his plans for Oczakow;—takes Oczakow,—fiery event, blazing in all the Newspapers, at Reinsberg and elsewhere. Concerning which will the reader accept this condensed testimony by an eye-witness?

"OCZAKOW, 13th JULY, 1737. Day before yesterday, Feldmarschall Munnich got to Oczakow, as he had planned,"—strong Turkish Town in the nook between the Black Sea and the estuary of the Dnieper;—"with intention to besiege it. Siege-train, stores of every sort, which he had set afloat upon the Dnieper in time enough, were to have been ready for him at Oczakow. But the flotilla had been detained by shallows, by waterfalls; not a boat was come, nor could anybody say when they were coming. Meanwhile nothing is to be had here; the very face of the earth the Turks have burnt: not a blade of grass for cavalry within eight miles, nor a stick of wood for engineers; not a hole for covert, and the ground so hard you cannot raise redoubts on it: Munnich perceives he must attempt, nevertheless.

"On his right, by the sea-shore, Munnich finds some remains of gardens, palisades; scrapes together some vestige of shelter there (five thousand, or even ten thousand pioneers working desperately all that first night, 11th July, with only half success); and on the morrow commences firing with what artillery he has. Much outfired by the Turks inside;—his enterprise as good as desperate, unless the Dnieper flotilla come soon. July 12th, all day the firing continues, and all night; Turks extremely furious: about an hour before daybreak, we notice burning in the interior, 'Some wooden house kindled by us, town got on fire yonder,'—and, praise to Heaven, they do not seem to succeed in quenching it again. Munnich turns out, in various divisions; intent on trying something, had he the least engineer furniture;—hopes desperately there may be promise for him in that internal burning still visible.

"In the centre of Munnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate stalwart Scotch gentleman, whom we shall know better; Munnich himself is to the right: Could not one try it by scalade; keep the internal burning free to spread, at any rate? 'Advance within musket-shot, General Keith!' orders Munnich's Aide-de-Camp cantering up. 'I have been this good while within it,' answers Keith, pointing to his dead men. Aide-de-Camp canters up a second time: 'Advance within half musket-shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!' Keith does so; sends, with his respects to Feldmarschall Munnich, his remonstrance against such a waste of human life. Aide-de-Camp canters up a third time: 'Feldmarschall Munnich is for trying a scalade; hopes General Keith will do his best to co-operate!' 'Forward, then!' answers Keith; advances close to the glacis; finds a wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture. Keith waits there two hours; his men, under fire all the while, trying this and that to get across; Munnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner:—till at length Keith's men, and all men, tire of such a business, and roll back in great confusion out of shot-range. Munnich gives himself up for lost. And indeed, says Mannstein, had the Turks sallied out in pursuit at that moment, they might have chased us back to Russia. But the Turks did not sally. And the internal conflagration is not quenched, far from it;—and about nine A.M. their Powder-Magazine, conflagration reaching it, roared aloft into the air, and killed seven thousand of them," [Mannstein, pp. 151–156.]—

So that Oczakow was taken, sure enough; terms, life only: and every remaining Turk packs off from it, some "twenty thousand inhabitants young and old" for one sad item.—A very blazing semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles,—where General Keith will be better known one day.

Russian War with the Turk: that means withal, by old Treaties, aid of thirty thousand men from the Kaiser to Russia. Kaiser, so ruined lately, how can he send thirty thousand, and keep them recruited, in such distant expedition? Kaiser, much meditating, is advised it will be better to go frankly into the Turk on his own score, and try for slices of profit from him in this game. Kaiser declares war against the Turk; and what is still more interesting to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Berlin Circles, Seckendorf is named General of it. Feldzeugmeister now Feldmarschall Seckendorf, envy may say what it will, he has marched this season into the Lower-Donau Countries,—going to besiege Widdin, they say,—at the head of a big Army (on paper, almost a hundred and fifty thousand, light troops and heavy)—virtually Commander-in-Chief; though nominally our fine young friend

Franz of Lorraine bears the title of Commander, whom Seckendorf is to dry-nurse in the way sometimes practised. Going to besiege Widdin, they say. So has the poor Kaiser been advised. His wise old Eugene is now gone; [Died 30th April, 1736.] I fear his advisers,—a youngish Feldzeugmeister, Prince of Hildburghausen, the chief favorite among them,—are none of the wisest. All Protestants, we observe, these favorite Hildburghausens, Schmettaus, Seckendorfs of his; and Vienna is an orthodox papal Court;—and there is a Hofkriegsrath (Supreme Council of War), which has ruined many a General, poking too meddlesomely into his affairs! On the whole, Seckendorf will have his difficulties. Here is a scene, on the Lower Donau, different enough from that at Oczakow, not far from contemporaneous with it. The Austrian Army is at Kowitz, a march or two beyond Belgrade:—

"KOLITZ, 2d JULY, 1737. This day, the Army not being on march, but allowed to rest itself, Grand Duke Franz went into the woods to hunt. Hunting up and down, he lost himself; did not return at evening; and, as the night closed in and no Generalissimo visible, the Generalissimo AD LATUS (such the title they had contrived for Seckendorf) was in much alarm. Generalissimo AD LATUS ordered out his whole force of drummers, trumpeters: To fling themselves, postwise, deeper and deeper into the woods all round; to drum there, and blow, in ever-widening circle, in prescribed notes, and with all energy, till the Grand Duke were found. Grand Duke being found, Seckendorf remonstrated, rebuked; a thought too earnestly, some say, his temper being flurried,"—voice snuffling somewhat in alt, with lisp to help:—"so that the Grand Duke took offence; flung off in a huff: and always looked askance on the Feldmarschall from that time;" [See *Lebensgeschichte des Grafen van Schmettau* (by his Son: Berlin, 1806), i. 27.]—quitting him altogether before long; and marching with Khevenhuller, Wallis, Hildburghausen, or any of the subordinate Generals rather. Probably Widdin will not go the road of Oczakow, nor the Austrians prosper like the Russians, this summer.

Pollnitz, in Tobacco-Parliament, and in certain Berlin circles foolishly agape about this new Feldmarschall, maintains always, Seckendorf will come to nothing; which his Majesty zealously contradicts,—his Majesty, and some short-sighted private individuals still favorable to Seckendorf. [Pollnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 497–502.] Exactly one week after that singular drum-and-trumpet operation on Duke Franz, the Last of the Medici dies at Florence; [9th July (*Fastes de Louis XV.*, p. 304).] and Serene Franz, if he knew it, is Grand Duke of Tuscany, according to bargain: a matter important to himself chiefly, and to France, who, for Stanislaus and Lorraine's sake, has had to pay him some 200,000 pounds a year during the brief intermediate state.

OF BERG AND JULICH AGAIN; AND OF LUISCIUS WITH THE ONE RAZOR.

These remote occurrences are of small interest to his Prussian Majesty, in comparison with the Pfalz affair, the Cleve-Julich succession, which lies so near home. His Majesty is uncommonly anxious to have this matter settled, in peace, if possible. Kaiser and Reich, with the other Mediating Powers, go on mediating; but when will they decide? This year the old Bishop of Augsburg, one Brother of the older Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip, dies; nothing now between us and the event itself, but Karl Philip alone, who is verging towards eighty: the decision, to be peaceable, ought to be speedy! Friedrich Wilhelm, in January last, sent the expert Degenfeld, once of London, to old Karl Philip; and has him still there, with the most conciliatory offers: "Will leave your Sulzbachs a part, then; will be content with part, instead of the whole, which is mine if there be force in sealed parchment; will do anything for peace!" To which the old Kur-Pfalz, foolish old creature, is steadily deaf; answers vaguely, negatively always, in a polite manner; pushing his Majesty upon extremities painful to think of. "We hate war; but cannot quite do without justice, your Serenity," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm: "must it be the eighty thousand iron ramrods, then?" Obstinate Serenity continues deaf; and Friedrich Wilhelm's negotiations, there at Mannheim, over in Holland, and through Holland with England, not to speak of Kaiser and Reich close at hand, become very intense; vehemently earnest, about this matter, for the next two years. The details of which, inexpressibly uninteresting, shall be spared the reader.

Summary is, these Mediating Powers will be of no help to his Majesty; not even the Dutch will, with whom he is specially in friendship: nay, in the third year it becomes fatally manifest, the chief Mediating Powers, Kaiser and France, listening rather to political convenience, than to the claims of justice, go direct in Kur-Pfalz's favor;—by formal treaty of their own, ["Versailles, 13th January, 1739" (Olrich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege*, i. 13); Mauvillon, ii 405–446; France and the Kaiser settle, "That the Sulzbachers shall, as a preliminary, get provisional possession, on the now Serenity's decease; and shall continue undisturbed for two years, till Law decide between his Prussian Majesty and them." Two years; Law decide;—and we know what are the

NINE-POINTS in a Law-case! This, at last, proved too much for his Majesty. Majesty's abstruse dubitations, meditations on such treatment by a Kaiser and others, did then, it appears, gloomily settle into fixed private purpose of trying it by the iron ramrods, when old Kur-Pfalz should die,— of marching with eighty thousand men into the Cleve Countries, and SO welcoming any Sulzbach or other guests that might arrive. Happily old Kur-Pfalz did not die in his Majesty's time; survived his Majesty several years: so that the matter fell into other hands,—and was settled very well, near a century after.

Of certain wranglings with the little Town of Herstal,—Prussian Town (part of the Orange Heritage, once KING PEPIN'S Town, if that were any matter now) in the Bishop of Liege's neighborhood, Town highly insignificant otherwise,—we shall say nothing here, as they will fall to be treated, and be settled, at an after stage. Friedrich Wilhelm was much grieved by the contumacies of that paltry little Herstal; and by the Bishop of Liege's high-flown procedures in countenancing them;—especially in a recruiting ease that had fallen out there, and brought matters to a head. ["December, 1738," is crisis of the recruiting case (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63); "17th February, 1739," Bishop's high-flown appearance in it (ib. 67); Kaiser's in consequence, "10th April, 1739."] The Kaiser too was afflictively high in countenancing the Bishop;—for which both Kaiser and Bishop got due payment in time. But his Prussian Majesty would not kindle the world for such a paltriness; and so left it hanging in a vexatious condition. Such things, it is remarked, weigh heavier on his now infirm Majesty than they were wont. He is more subject to fits of hypochondria, to talk of abdicating. "All gone wrong!" he would say, if any little flaw rose, about recruiting or the like. "One might go and live at Venice, were one rid of it!" [Forster (place LOST).] And his deep-stung clangorous growl against the Kaiser's treatment of him bursts out, from time to time; though he oftenest pities the Kaiser, too; seeing him at such a pass with his Turk War and otherwise.

It was in this Pfalz business that Herr Luiscius, the Prussian Minister in Holland, got into trouble; of whom there is a light dash of outline-portraiture by Voltaire, which has made him memorable to readers. This "fat King of Prussia," says Voltaire, was a dreadfully avaricious fellow, unbeautiful to a high degree in his proceedings with mankind:—

"He had a Minister at the Hague called Luiscius; who certainly of all Ministers of Crowned Heads was the worst paid. This poor man, to warm himself, had made some trees be felled in the Garden of Honslardik, which belonged at that time to the House of Prussia; he thereupon received despatches from the King, intimating that a year of his salary was forfeited. Luiscius, in despair, cut his throat with probably the one razor he had (SEUL RASOIR QU'IL EUT); an old valet came to his assistance, and unhappily saved his life. In after years, I found his Excellency at the Hague; and have occasionally given him an alms at the door of the VIEILLE COUR (Old Court), a Palace belonging to the King of Prussia, where this poor Ambassador had lived a dozen years. It must be owned, Turkey is a republic in comparison to the despotism exercised by Friedrich Wilhelm." [*OEuvres de Voltaire (Vie Pricee, or what they now call Memoires)*, ii. 15.]

Here truly is a witty sketch; consummately dashed off, as nobody but Voltaire could; "round as Giotto's O," done at one stroke. Of which the prose facts are only as follows. Luiscius, Prussian Resident, not distinguished by salary or otherwise, had, at one stage of these negotiations, been told, from head-quarters, He might, in casual extra-official ways, if it seemed furthersome, give their High Mightinesses the hope, or notion, that his Majesty did not intend actual war about that Cleve-Julich Succession,— being a pacific Majesty, and unwilling to involve his neighbors and mankind. Luiscius, instead of casual hint delicately dropped in some good way, had proceeded by direct declaration; frank assurance to the High Mightinesses, That there would be no war. Which had never been quite his Majesty's meaning, and perhaps was now becoming rather the reverse of it. Disavowal of Luiscius had to ensue thereupon; who produced defensively his instruction from head-quarters; but got only rebukes for such heavy-footed clumsy procedure, so unlike Diplomacy with its shoes of felt;— and, in brief, was turned out of the Diplomatic function, as unfit for it; and appointed to manage certain Orange Properties, fragments of the Orange Heritage which his Majesty still has in those Countries. This misadventure sank heavily on the spirits of Luiscius, otherwise none of the strongest-minded of men. Nor did he prosper in managing the Orange Properties: on the contrary, he again fell into mistakes; got soundly rebuked for injudicious conduct there,— "cutting trees," planting trees, or whatever it was;—and this produced such an effect on Luiscius, that he made an attempt on his own throat, distracted mortal; and was only stopped by somebody rushing in. "It was not the first time he had tried that feat," says Pollnitz, "and been prevented; nor was it long till he made a new attempt, which was again frustrated: and always afterwards his relations kept him close in view:" Majesty writing comfortable forgiveness

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to the perturbed creature, and also "settling a pension on him;" adequate, we can hope, and not excessive; "which Luiscius continued to receive, at the Hague, so long as he lived." These are the prose facts; not definitely dated to us, but perfectly clear otherwise. [Pollnitz, ii. 495, 496;—the "NEW attempt" seems to have been "June, 1739" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, in mense, p. 331).]

Voltaire, in his Dutch excursions, did sometimes, in after years, lodge in that old vacant Palace, called VIEILLE COUR, at the Hague; where he gracefully celebrates the decayed forsaken state of matters; dusky vast rooms with dim gilding; forgotten libraries "veiled under the biggest spider-webs in Europe;" for the rest, an uncommonly quiet place, convenient for a writing man, besides costing nothing. A son of this Luiscius, a good young lad, it also appears, was occasionally Voltaire's amanuensis there; him he did recommend zealously to the new King of Prussia, who was not deaf on the occasion. This, in the fire of satirical wit, is what we can transiently call "giving alms to a Prussian Excellency;"—not now excellent, but pensioned and cracked; and the reader perceives, Luiscius had probably more than one razor, had not one been enough, when he did the rash act. Friedrich employed Luiscius Junior, with no result that we hear of farther; and seems to have thought Luiscius Senior an absurd fellow, not worth mentioning again: "ran away from the Cleve Country [probably some mad-house there] above a year ago, I hear; and what is the matter where such a crack-brain end?" [Voltaire, *OEuvres* (Letter to Friedrich, 7th October, 1740), lxxii. 261; and Friedrich's answer (wrong dated), ib. 265; Preuss, xxii. 33.]

Chapter V. VISIT AT LOO.

The Pfalz question being in such a predicament, and Luiscius diplomatizing upon it in such heavy-footed manner, his Majesty thinks a journey to Holland, to visit one's Kinsfolk there, and incidentally speak a word with the High Mightinesses upon Pfalz, would not be amiss. Such journey is decided on; Crown-Prince to accompany. Summer of 1738: a short visit, quite without fuss; to last only three days;—mere sequel to the Reviews held in those adjacent Cleve Countries; so that the Gazetteers may take no notice. All which was done accordingly: Crown-Prince's first sight of Holland; and one of the few reportable points of his Reinsberg life, and not quite without memorability to him and us.

On the 8th of July, 1738, the Review Party got upon the road for Wesel: all through July, they did their reviewing in those Cleve Countries; and then struck across for the Palace of Loo in Geldern, where a Prince of Orange countable kinsman to his Prussian Majesty, and a Princess still more nearly connected,— English George's Daughter, own niece to his Prussian Majesty,—are in waiting for this distinguished honor. The Prince of Orange we have already seen, for a moment once; at the siege of Philipsburg four years ago, when the sale of Chasot's horses went off so well. "Nothing like selling horses when your company have dined well," whispered he to Chasot, at that time; since which date we have heard nothing of his Highness.

He is not a beautiful man; he has a crooked back, and features conformable; but is of prompt vivacious nature, and does not want for sense and good-humor. Paternal George, the gossips say, warned his Princess, when this marriage was talked of, "You will find him very ill-looking, though!" "And if I found him a baboon—!" answered she; being so heartily tired of St. James's. And in fact, for anything I have heard, they do well enough together. She is George II.'s eldest Princess;—next elder to our poor Amelia, who was once so interesting to us! What the Crown-Prince now thought of all that, I do not know; but the Books say, poor Amelia wore the willow, and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast all her days after, which were many. Grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment, "eyelids like upper-LIPS," for one item: but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time!—

His Majesty's reception at Loo was of the kind he liked,—cordial, honorable, unceremonious; and these were three pleasant days he had. Pleasant for the Crown-Prince too; as the whole Journey had rather been; Papa, with covert satisfaction, finding him a wise creature, after all, and "more serious" than formerly. "Hm, you don't know what things are in that Fritz!" his Majesty murmured sometimes, in these later years, with a fine light in his eyes.

Loo itself is a beautiful Palace: "Loo, close by the Village Appeldoorn, is a stately brick edifice, built with architectural regularity; has finely decorated rooms, beautiful gardens, and round are superb alleys of oak and linden." [Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, viii. 69.] There saunters pleasantly our Crown-Prince, for these three days;—and one glad incident I do perceive to have befallen him there: the arrival of a Letter from Voltaire. Letter much expected, which had followed him from Wesel; and which he answers here, in this brick Palace, among the superb avenues and gardens. [*Oeuvres*, xxi. 203, the Letter, "Cirey, June, 1738;" Ib. 222, the Answer to it, "Loo, 6th August, 1738."]

No doubt a glad incident, irradiating, as with a sudden sunburst in gray weather, the commonplace of things. Here is news worth listening to; news as from the empyrean! Free interchange of poetries and proses, of heroic sentiments and opinions, between the Unique of Sages and the Paragon of Crown-Princes; how charming to both! Literary business, we perceive, is brisk on both hands; at Cirey the *Discours sur l'Homme* ("Sixth DISCOURS" arrives in this packet at Loo, surely a deathless piece of singing); nor is Reinsberg idle: Reinsberg is copiously doing verse, such verse! and in prose, very earnestly, an "ANTI-MACHIAVEL;" which soon afterwards filled all the then world, though it has now fallen so silent again. And at Paris, as Voltaire announces with a flourish, "M. de Maupertuis's excellent Book, *Figure de la T'erre*, is out;" [Paris, 1738: Maupertuis's "measurement of a degree," in the utmost North, 1736–1737 (to prove the Earth flattened there). Vivid Narrative; somewhat gesticulative, but duly brief. The only Book of that great Maupertuis which is now readable to human nature.] M. de Maupertuis, home from the Polar regions and from measuring the Earth there; the sublimest miracle in Paris society at present. Might build, new-build, an ACADEMY OF SCIENCES at Berlin for your Royal Highness,

one day? suggests Voltaire, on this occasion: and Friedrich, as we shall see, takes the hint. One passage of the Crown-Prince's Answer is in these terms;—fixing this Loo visit to its date for us, at any rate:—

"LOO IN HOLLAND, 6th AUGUST, 1739. ... I write from a place where there lived once a great man [William III. of England, our Dutch William]; which is now the Prince of Orange's House. The demon of Ambition sheds its unhappy poisons over his days. He might be the most fortunate of men; and he is devoured by chagrins in his beautiful Palace here, in the middle of his gardens and of a brilliant Court. It is pity in truth; for he is a Prince with no end of wit (INFINIMENT D'ESPRIT), and has respectable qualites." Not Stadtholder, unluckily; that is where the shoe pinches; the Dutch are on the Republican tack, and will not have a Stadtholder at present. No help for it in one's beautiful gardens and avenues of oak and linden.

"I have talked a great deal about Newton with the Princess,"— about Newton; never hinted at Amelia; not permissible!—"from Newton we passed to Leibnitz; and from Leibnitz to the Late Queen of England," Caroline lately gone, "who, the Prince told me, was of Clarke's sentiment" on that important theological controversy now dead to mankind.—And of Jenkins and his Ear did the Princess say nothing? That is now becoming a high phenomenon in England! But readers must wait a little.

Pity that we cannot give these two Letters in full; that no reader, almost, could be made to understand them, or to care for them when understood. Such the cruelty of Time upon this Voltaire– Friedrich Correspondence, and some others; which were once so rosy, sunny, and are now fallen drearily extinct,—studiable by Editors only! In itself the Friedrich–Voltaire Correspondence, we can see, was charming; very blossomy at present: businesses increasing; mutual admiration now risen to a great height,— admiration sincere on both sides, most so on the Prince's, and extravagantly expressed on both sides, most so on Voltaire's.

CROWN-PRINCE BECOMES A FREEMASON; AND IS HARANGUED BY MONSIEUR DE BIELFELD.

His Majesty, we said, had three pleasant days at Loo; discoursing, as with friends, on public matters, or even on more private matters, in a frank unconstrained way. He is not to be called "Majesty" on this occasion; but the fact, at Loo, and by the leading Mightinesses of the Republic, who come copiously to compliment him there, is well remembered. Talk there was, with such leading Mightinesses, about the Julich–and–Berg question, aim of this Journey: earnest enough private talk with some of them: but it availed nothing; and would not be worth reporting now to any creature, if we even knew it. In fact, the Journey itself remains mentionable chiefly by one very trifling circumstance; and then by another, not important either, which followed out of that. The trifling circumstance is,—That Friedrich, in the course of this Journey, became a Freemason: and the unimportant sequel was, That he made acquaintance with one Bielfeld, on the occasion; who afterwards wrote a Book about him, which was once much read, though never much worth reading, and is still citable, with precaution, now and then. [Monsieur le Baron de Bielfeld, *Lettres Familieres et Autres*, 1763;—second edition, 2 vols. a Leide, 1767, is the one we use here.] Trifling circumstance, of Freemasonry, as we read in Bielfeld and in many Books after him, befell in manner following.

Among the dinner–guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe–Buckeburg,—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation; whose territory lies on the Weser, leading to Dutch connections; and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe, in a high fantastic style:—he was a dinner–guest; and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those years, in England first of all; and was now hovering about, a good deal, in Germany and other countries; pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog–meteor of phosphorated hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog–meteor, foolish putrescent will–o'–wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be: Tom–foolery and KINDERSPIEL, what else? Whereupon ingenious Buckeburg, who was himself a Mason, man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defence; and was so respectful, eloquent, dexterous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown–Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown–Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Buckeburg aside; talked farther on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction,—his wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made up between them, That Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic Brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them, on the Crown– Prince's road homeward,—say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be,—and there make the Crown–Prince a Mason. [Bielfeld, i. 14–16; Preuss, i. 111; Preuss, *Buch fur Jedermann*,

i. 41.]

This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all: dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighborhood, during the Cleve Review time; "probably at Minden, 17th July;" and all was settled into fixed program before Loo came in sight. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvs. 201: Friedrich's Letter to this Durchlaucht, "Comte de Schaumbourg– Lippe" he calls him; date, "Moyland, 26th July, 1738: "Moyland, a certain SCHLOSS, or habitable Mansion, of his Majesty's, few miles to north of Mors in the Cleve Country; where his Majesty used often to pause;—and where (what will be much more remarkable to readers) the Crown–Prince and Voltaire had their first meeting, two years hence.] Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw it and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind; and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular.

He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough), The Durchlaucht of Lippe–Buckeburg had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge; of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg; these, with "Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tiler," Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind,—were to have the honor of initiating the Crown–Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair–time; all manner of traders, pedlers, showmen rendezvousing; many neighboring Nobility too, as was still the habit. "Such a bulk of light luggage?" said the Custom–house people at the Gate; —but were pacified by slipping them a ducat. Upon which we drove to "Korn's Hotel" (if anybody now knew it); and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hotel, says Bielfeld; but can be put up with;—worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear!—

Prussian Majesty and suite, under universal cannon–salvos, arrived, Sunday the 12th; to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august Son–in–law and Daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: "Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure; that shall be the night: at Korn's Hotel, late enough!" And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th–15th August, 1738, the light–luggage trunks have yielded their stage–properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tiler (Kielmannsegge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbor, on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him, this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers, he is lying dead drunk hours ago, could not overhear a cannon–battery, he. And soon after midnight, the Crown–Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate; and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown–Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanor of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so "intrepid," and "possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instants." Extremely genial air, and so young, looks younger even than his years: handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (BEAU BRUN), a negligent plenty of it; "his large blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet and gracious." Eligible Mason indeed. Had better make despatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him!—Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand; with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with masonic grip, they made their adieu for the present; and the Crown–Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

His Majesty came on Sunday; goes on Wednesday, home now at a stretch; and, we hope, has had a good time of it here, these three days. Daughter Charlotte and her Serene Husband, well with their subjects, well with one another, are doing well; have already two little Children; a Boy the elder, of whom we have heard: Boy's name is Karl, age now three; sprightly, reckoned very clever, by the fond parents;—who has many things to do in the world, by and by; to attack the French Revolution, and be blown to pieces by it on the Field of Jena, for final thing! That is the fate of little Karl, who frolics about here, so sunshiny and ingenuous at present.

Karl's Grandmother, the Serene Dowager Duchess, Friedrich's own Mother–in–law, his Majesty and Friedrich would also of course see here. Fine Younger Sons of hers are coming forward; the reigning Duke beautifully careful about the furtherance of these Cadets of the House. Here is Prince Ferdinand, for instance; just getting ready for the Grand Tour; goes in a month hence: [Mauvillon (FILS, son of him whom we cite otherwise),

Geschichte Ferdinands Herzogs von Braunschweig–Lüneburg (Leipzig, 1794), i. 17–25.] a fine eupeptic loyal young fellow; who, in a twenty years more, will be Chatham's Generalissimo, and fight the French to some purpose. A Brother of his, the next elder, is now fighting the Turks for his Kaiser; does not like it at all, under such Seckendorfs and War–Ministries as there are. Then, elder still, eldest of all the Cadets, there is Anton Ulrich, over at Petersburg for some years past, with outlooks high enough: To wed the Mecklenburg Princess there (Daughter of the unutterable Duke), and be as good as Czar of all the Russias one day. Little to his profit, poor soul!—These, historically ascertainable, are the aspects of the Brunswick Court during those three days of Royal Visit, in Fair–time; and may serve to date the Masonic Transaction for us, which the Crown–Prince has just accomplished over at Korn's.

As for the Transaction itself, there is intrinsically no harm in this initiation, we will hope: but it behooves to be kept well hidden from Papa. Papa's good opinion of the Prince has sensibly risen, in the course of this Journey, "so rational, serious, not dangling about among the women as formerly;"—and what a shock would this of Korn's Hotel be, should Papa hear of it! Poor Papa, from officious tale–bearers he hears many things: is in distress about Voltaire, about Heterodoxies;—and summoned the Crown– Prince, by express, from Reinsberg, on one occasion lately, over to Potsdam, "to take the Communion" there, by way of case– hardening against Voltaire and Heterodoxies! Think of it, human readers!—We will add the following stray particulars, more or less illustrative of the Masonic Transaction; and so end that trifling affair.

The Captain Wartensleben, fellow–recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased; and is consequently Uncle, Half–Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Wartensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly so, of the Crown–Prince;—succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsberg, not many months after this; Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. Of Bielfeld comes a Book, slightly citable; from no other of the Brethren, or their Feat at Kern's, comes (we may say) anything whatever. The Crown–Prince prosecuted his Masonry, at Reinsberg or elsewhere, occasionally, for a year or two; but was never ardent in it; and very soon after his Accession, left off altogether: "Child's–play and IGNIS FATUUS mainly!" A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron; but he never once entered the place; and only his Portrait (a welcome good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment. Harmless "fire," but too "fatuous;" mere flame–circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how!—

With Lippe–Buckeburg there ensued some Correspondence, high enough on his Serenity's side; but it soon languished on the Prince's side; and in private Poetry, within a two years of this Brunswick scene, we find Lippe used proverbially for a type–specimen of Fools. ["Taciturne, Caton, avec mes bons parents, Aussi fou que la Lippe met les jeunes gens." *OEuvres*, xi. 80 (*Discours sur la Faussete*, written 1740).] A windy fantastic individual;—overwhelmed in finance–difficulties too! Lippe continued writing; but "only Secretaries now answered him" from Berlin. A son of his, son and successor, something of a Quixote too, but notable in Artillery–practice and otherwise, will turn up at a future stage.

Nor is Bielfeld with his Book a thing of much moment to Friedrich or to us. Bielfeld too has a light airy vein of talk; loves Voltaire and the Philosophies in a light way;—knows the arts of Society, especially the art of flattering; and would fain make himself agreeable to the Crown–Prince, being anxious to rise in the world. His Father is a Hamburg Merchant, Hamburg "Sealing–wax Manufacturer," not ill off for money: Son has been at schools, high schools, under tutors, posture–masters; swashes about on those terms, with French ESPRIT in his mouth, and lace ruffles at his wrists; still under thirty; showy enough, sharp enough; considerably a coxcomb, as is still evident. He did transiently get about Friedrich, as we shall see; and hoped to have sold his heart to good purpose there;— was, by and by, employed in slight functions; not found fit for grave ones. In the course of some years, he got a title of Baron; and sold his heart more advantageously, to some rich Widow or Fraulein; with whom he retired to Saxony, and there lived on an Estate he had purchased, a stranger to Prussia thenceforth.

His Book (*Lettres Familieres et Autres*, all turning on Friedrich), which came out in 1763, at the height of Friedrich's fame, and was much read, is still freely cited by Historians as an Authority. But the reading of a few pages sufficiently intimates that these "Letters" never can have gone through a terrestrial Post–office; that they are an afterthought, composed from vague memory and imagination, in that fine Saxon retreat;—a sorrowful ghost–like "TRAVELS OF ANACHARSIS," instead of living words by an eye–witness! Not to be cited "freely"

at all, but sparingly and under conditions. They abound in small errors, in misdates, mistakes; small fictions even, and impossible pretensions:—foolish mortal, to write down his bit of knowledge in that form! For the man, in spite of his lace ruffles and gesticulations, has brisk eyesight of a superficial kind: he COULD have done us this little service (apparently his one mission in the world, for which Nature gave him bed and board here); and he, the lace ruffles having gone into his soul, has been tempted into misdoing it!—Bielfeld and Bielfeld's Book, such as they are, appear to be the one conquest Friedrich got of Freemasonry; no other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Korn's Hotel, crowning event of the Journey to Loo.

SECKENDORF GETS LODGED IN GRATZ.

Feldmarschall Seckendorf, after unheard-of wrestlings with the Turk War, and the Vienna War—Office (HOFKRIEGSRATH), is sitting, for the last three weeks,—where thinks the reader?—in the Fortress of Gratz among the Hills of Styria; a State—Prisoner, not likely to get out soon! Seckendorf led forth, in 1737, "such an Army, for number, spirit and equipment," say the Vienna people, "as never marched against the Turk before;" and it must be owned, his ill success has been unparalleled. The blame was not altogether his; not chiefly his, except for his rash undertaking of the thing, on such terms as there were. But the truth is, that first scene we saw of him,—an Army all gone out trumpeting and drumming into the woods to FIND its Commander—in—Chief,—was an emblem of the Campaign in general. Excellent Army; but commanded by nobody in particular; commanded by a HOFKRIEGSRATH at Vienna, by a Franz Duke of Tuscany, by Feldmarschall Seckendorf, and by subordinates who were disobedient to him: which accordingly, almost without help of the Turk and his disorderly ferocity, rubbed itself to pieces before long. Roamed about, now hither now thither, with plans laid and then with plans suddenly altered, Captain being Chaos mainly; in swampy countries, by overflowing rivers, in hunger, hot weather, forced marches; till it was marched gradually off its feet; and the clouds of chaotic Turks, who did finally show face, had a cheap pennyworth of it. Never was such a campaign seen as this of Seckendorf in 1737, said mankind. Except indeed that the present one, Campaign of 1738, in those parts, under a different hand, is still worse; and the Campaign of 1739, under still a different, will be worst of all!—Kaiser Karl and his Austrians do not prosper in this Turk War, as the Russians do,—who indeed have got a General equal to his task: Munnich, a famed master in the art of handling Turks and War—Ministries: real father of Russian Soldiering, say the Russians still. [See MANNSTEIN for Munnich's plans with the Turk (methods and devices of steady Discipline in small numbers VERSUS impetuous Ferocity in great); and Berenhorst (*Betrachtungen uber die Kriegskunst*, Leipzig, 1796), a first—rate Authority, for examples and eulogies of them.]

Campaign 1737, with clouds of chaotic Turks now sabring on the skirts of it, had not yet ended, when Seckendorf was called out of it; on polite pretexts, home to Vienna; and the command given to another. At the gates of Vienna, in the last days of October, 1737, an Official Person, waiting for the Feldmarschall, was sorry to inform him, That he, Feldmarschall Seckendorf, was under arrest; arrest in his own house, in the KOHLMARKT (Cabbage—market so called), a captain and twelve musketeers to watch over him with fixed bayonets there; strictly private, till the HOFKRIEGSRATH had satisfied themselves in a point or two. "Hmph!" snuffled he; with brow blushing slate—color, I should think, and gray eyes much alight. And ever since, for ten months or so, Seckendorf, sealed up in the Cabbage—market, has been fencing for life with the HOFKRIEGSRATH; who want satisfaction upon "eighty—six" different "points;" and make no end of chicaning to one's clear answers. And the Jesuits preach, too: "A Heretic, born enemy of Christ and his Kaiser; what is the use of questioning!" And the Heathen rage, and all men gnash their teeth, in this uncomfortable manner.

Answering done, there comes no verdict, much less any acquittal; the captain and twelve musketeers, three of them with fixed bayonets in one's very bedroom, continue. One evening, 21st July, 1738, glorious news from the seat of War—not TILL evening, as the Imperial Majesty was out hunting—enters Vienna; blowing trumpets; shaking flags: "Grand Victory over the Turks!" so we call some poor skirmish there has been; and Vienna bursting all into three—times—three, the populace get very high. Populace rush to the Kohlmarkt: break the Seckendorf windows; intent to massacre the Seckendorf; had not fresh military come, who were obliged to fire and kill one or two. "The house captain and his twelve musketeers, of themselves, did wonders; Seckendorf and all his domestics were in arms:" "JARNI—BLEU" for the last time!—This is while the Crown—Prince is at Wesel; sound asleep, most likely; Loo, and the Masonic adventure, perhaps twinkling prophetically in his dreams.

At two next morning, an Official Gentleman informs Seckendorf, That he, for his part, must awaken, and go to Gratz. And in one hour more (3 A.M.), the Official Gentleman rolls off with him; drives all day; and delivers

his Prisoner at Gratz:—"Not so much as a room ready there; Prisoner had to wait an hour in the carriage," till some summary preparation were made. Wall-neighbors of the poor Feldmarschall, in his Fortress here, were "a GOLD-COOK (swindling Alchemist), who had gone crazy; and an Irish Lieutenant, confined thirty-two years for some love-adventure, likewise pretty crazy; their noises in the night-time much disturbed the Feldmarschall." [*Seckendorfs Leben*, ii. 170-277. See *Schmettau*, pp. 27-59.] One human thing there still is in his lot, the Feldmarschall's old Grafinn. True old Dame, she, both in the Kohlmarkt and at Gratz, stands by him, "imprisoned along with him" if it must be so; ministering, comforting, as only a true Wife can;—and hope has not quite taken wing.

Rough old Feldmarschall; now turned of sixty: never made such a Campaign before, as this of 1737 followed by 1738! There sits he; and will not trouble us any more during the present Kaiser's lifetime. Friedrich Wilhelm is amazed at these sudden cantings of Fortune's wheel, and grieves honestly as for an old friend: even the Crown-Prince finds Seckendorf punished unjustly; and is almost, sorry for him, after all that has come and gone.

THE EAR OF JENKINS RE-EMERGES.

We must add the following, distilled from the English Newspapers, though it is now almost four months after date:—

"LONDON, 1st APRIL, 1738. In the English House of Commons, much more in the English Public, there has been furious debating for a fortnight past: Committee of the whole House, examining witnesses, hearing counsel; subject, the Termagant of Spain, and her West-Indian procedures;—she, by her procedures somewhere, is always cutting out work for mankind! How English and other strangers, fallen-in with in those seas, are treated by the Spaniards, readers have heard, nay have chanced to see; and it is a fact painfully known to all nations. Fact which England, for one nation, can no longer put up with. Walpole and the Official Persons would fain smooth the matter; but the West-India Interest, the City, all Mercantile and Navigation Interests are in dead earnest: Committee of the whole House, 'Presided by Alderman Perry,' has not ears enough to hear the immensities of evidence offered; slow Public is gradually kindling to some sense of it. This had gone on for two weeks, when—what shall we say?—the EAR OF JENKINS re-emerged for the second time; and produced important effects!

"Where Jenkins had been all this while,—steadfastly navigating to and fro, steadfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not thinking too much of past labors, yet privately 'always keeping his lost Ear in cotton' (with a kind of ursine piety, or other dumb feeling),—no mortal now knows. But to all mortals it is evident he was home in London at this time; no doubt a noted member of Wapping society, the much-enduring Jenkins. And witnesses, probably not one but many, had mentioned him to this Committee, as a case eminently in point. Committee, as can still be read in its Rhadamanthine Journals, orders: 'DIE JOVIS, 16* MARTII 1737-1738, That Captain Robert Jenkins do attend this House immediately;' and then more specially, '17* MARTII' captious objections having risen in Official quarters, as we guess,—'That Captain Robert Jenkins do attend upon Tuesday morning next.' [*Commons Journals*, xxiii. (in diebus).] Tuesday next is 21st March,—1st of April, 1738, by our modern Calendar;—and on that day, not adoubt, Jenkins does attend; narrates that tremendous passage we already heard of, seven years ago, in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida; and produces his Ear wrapt in cotton:—setting all on flame (except the Official persons) at sight of it."

Official persons, as their wont is in the pressure of debate, endeavored to deny, to insinuate in their vile Newspapers, That Jenkins lost his Ear nearer home and not for nothing; as one still reads in the History Books. [Tindal (xx. 372). Coxe, Sheer calumnies, we now find. Jenkins's account was doubtless abundantly emphatic; but there is no ground to question the substantial truth of him and it. And so, after seven years of unnoticeable burning upon the thick skin of the English Public, the case of Jenkins accidentally burns through, and sets England bellowing; such a smart is there of it,—not to be soothed by Official wet-cloths; but getting worse and worse, for the nineteen months ensuing. And in short—But we will not anticipate!

Chapter VI. LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN.

The Idyllium of Reinsberg—of which, except in the way of sketchy suggestion, there can no history be given—lasted less than four years; and is now coming to an end, unexpectedly soon. A pleasant Arcadian Summer in one's life;—though it has not wanted its occasional discords, flaws of ill weather in the general sunshine. Papa, always in uncertain health of late, is getting heavier of foot and of heart under his heavy burdens; and sometimes falls abstruse enough, liable to bewilderments from bad people and events: not much worth noticing here. [See Pollnitz, ii. 509–515; Friedrich's Letter to Wilhelmina ("Berlin, 20th January, 1739:" in *OEuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, pp. 60, 61); But the Crown-Prince has learned to deal with all this; all this is of transient nature; and a bright long future seems to lie ahead at Reinsberg;—brightened especially by the Literary Element; which, in this year of 1739, is brisker than it had ever been. Distinguished Visitors, of a literary turn, look in at Reinsberg; the Voltaire Correspondence is very lively; on Friedrich's part there is copious production, various enterprise, in the form of prose and verse; thoughts even of going to press with some of it: in short, the Literary Interest rises very prominent at Reinsberg in 1739. Biography is apt to forget the Literature there (having her reasons); but must at last take some notice of it, among the phenomena of the year.

To the young Prince himself, "courting tranquillity," as his door-lintel intimated, ["*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti*" (Infra, p. 123).] and forbidden to be active except within limits, this of Literature was all along the great light of existence at Reinsberg; the supplement to all other employments or wants of employment there. To Friedrich himself, in those old days, a great and supreme interest; while again, to the modern Biographer of him, it has become dark and vacant; a thing to be shunned, not sought. So that the fact as it stood with Friedrich differs far from any description that can be given of the fact. Alas, we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand-new and brilliant, have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow rather than otherwise to existing mankind! Conscientious readers, who would represent to themselves the vanished scene at Reinsberg, in this point more especially, must make an effort.

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him; but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, That here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind; which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other, no pathos or complaint, no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labor under: here, in rapid prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious;— here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, STEEL-bright kind of soul; very likely for a King's, if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of Literature too; could have written Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect, in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it, as he did to reigning: done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers, at this day, from his writing. From his NOT having written nothing, he stands lower with the world. Which seems hard measure;—though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. "Nobody in these days," says my poor Friend, "has the least notion of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better probably that King Friedrich had written no Verses; nay I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship any good!" Which may be truer than it seems. Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes,—they are thought very fine: but it is good, on various accounts, to keep them rather silent; strictly unvoiced, except on call of real business; so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of themselves! Most things do not ripen at all except underground. And it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you SPEAK of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of by-standers, there is the LESS chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life.—If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency; and were not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense. Not much more to him

than speaking with a will; than fantasizing on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found a certain leakage of verses, which he was prompt to utter;—and the case at Reinsberg, or afterwards, is not so serious as we might imagine.

PINE'S HORACE; AND THE ANTI-MACHIAVEL.

In late months Friedrich had conceived one notable project; which demands a word in this place. Did modern readers ever hear of "John Pine, the celebrated English Engraver"? John Pine, a man of good scholarship, good skill with his burin, did "Tapestries of the House of Lords," and other things of a celebrated nature, famous at home and abroad: but his peculiar feat, which had commended him at Reinsberg, was an Edition of HORACE: exquisite old FLACCUS brought to perfection, as it were; all done with vignettes, classical borderings, symbolic marginal ornaments, in fine taste and accuracy, the Text itself engraved; all by the exquisite burin of Pine. ["London, 1737" (*Biographie Universelle*, xxxiv. 465).] This Edition had come out last year, famous over the world; and was by and by, as rumor bore, to be followed by a VIRGIL done in the like exquisite manner.

The Pine HORACE, part of the Pine VIRGIL too, still exist in the libraries of the curious; and are doubtless known to the proper parties, though much forgotten by others of us. To Friedrich, scanning the Pine phenomenon with interest then brand-new, it seemed an admirable tribute to classical genius; and the idea occurred to him, "Is not there, by Heaven's blessing, a living genius, classical like those antique Romans, and worthy of a like tribute?" Friedrich's idea was, That Voltaire being clearly the supreme of Poets, the HENRIADE, his supreme of Poems, ought to be engraved like FLACCUS; text and all, with vignettes, tail-pieces, classical borderings beautifully symbolic and exact; by the exquisite burin of Pine. Which idea the young hero-worshipper, in spite of his finance-difficulties, had resolved to realize; and was even now busy with it, since his return from Loo. "Such beautiful enthusiasm," say some readers; "and in behalf of that particular demi-god!" Alas, yes; to Friedrich he was the best demi-god then going; and Friedrich never had any doubt about him.

For the rest, this heroic idea could not realize itself; and we are happy to have nothing more to do with Pine or the HENRIADE. Correspondences were entered into with Pine, and some pains taken: Pine's high prices were as nothing; but Pine was busy with his VIRGIL; probably, in fact, had little stomach for the HENRIADE; "could not for seven years to come enter upon it:" so that the matter had to die away; and nothing came of it but a small DISSERTATION, or Introductory Essay, which the Prince had got ready,—which is still to be found printed in Voltaire's Works [*OEuvres*, xiii. 393–402.] and in Friedrich's, if anybody now cared much to read it. *Preuss says it was finished, "the 10th August, 1739;" and that minute fact in Chronology, with the above tale of Hero-worship hanging to it, will suffice my readers and me.*

But there is another literary project on hand, which did take effect;—much worthy of mention, this year; the whole world having risen into such a Chorus of TE DEUM at sight of it next year. In this year falls, what at any rate was a great event to Friedrich, as literary man: the printing of his first Book,— assiduous writing of it with an eye to print. The Book is that "celebrated ANTI-MACHIAVEL," ever-praiseworthy Refutation of Machiavel's PRINCE; concerning which there are such immensities of Voltaire Correspondence, now become, like the Book itself, inane to all readers. This was the chosen soul's employment of Friedrich, the flower of life to him, at Reinsberg, through the yea? 1739. It did not actually get to press till Spring 1740; nor actually come out till Autumn,—by which time a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and circumstances: but we may as well say here what little is to be said of it for modern readers.

"The Crown-Prince, reading this bad Book of Machiavel's, years ago, had been struck, as all honest souls, especially governors or apprentices to governing, must be, if they thought of reading such a thing, with its badness, its falsity, detestability; and came by degrees, obliquely fishing out Voltaire's opinion as he went along, on the notion of refuting Machiavel; and did refute him, the best he could. Set down, namely, his own earnest contradiction to such ungrounded noxious doctrines; elaborating the same more and more into clear logical utterance; till it swelled into a little Volume; which, so excellent was it, so important to mankind, Voltaire and friends were clear for publishing. Published accordingly it was; goes through the press next Summer (1740), under Voltaire's anxious superintendence: [Here, gathered from Friedrich's Letters to Voltaire, is the Chronology of the little Enterprise:—

1738, MARCH 21, JUNE 17, "Machiavel a baneful man," thinks Friedrich. "Ought to be refuted by somebody?" thinks he (date not known).

1739, MARCH 22, Friedrich thinks of doing it himself. Has done it, DECEMBER 4;——"a Book which ought to

be printed," say Voltaire and the literary visitors.

1740, APRIL 26, Book given up to Voltaire for printing. Printing finished; Book appears, "end of SEPTEMBER," when a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and position.] for the Prince has at length consented; and Voltaire hands the Manuscript, with mystery yet with hints, to a Dutch Bookseller, one Van Duren at the Hague, who is eager enough to print such an article. Voltaire himself—such his magnanimous friendship, especially if one have Dutch Lawsuits, or business of one's own, in those parts —takes charge of correcting; lodges himself in the 'Old Court' (Prussian Mansion, called VIEILLE COUR, at the Hague, where 'Luiscius,' figuratively speaking, may 'get an alms' from us); and therefrom corrects, alters; corresponds with the Prince and Van Duren, at a great rate. Keeps correcting, altering, till Van Duren thinks he is spoiling it for sale;—and privately determines to preserve the original Manuscript, and have an edition of that, with only such corrections as seem good to Van Duren. A treasonous step on this mule of a Bookseller's part, thinks Voltaire; but mulishly persisted in by the man. Endless correspondence, to right and left, ensues; intolerably wearisome to every reader. And, in fine, there came out, in Autumn next,"—the Crown-Prince no longer a Crown-Prince by that time, but shining conspicuous under Higher Title,— "not one ANTI-MACHIAVEL only, but a couple or a trio of ANTI-MACHIAVELS; as printed 'at the Hague;' as reprinted 'at London' or elsewhere; the confused Bibliography of which has now fallen very insignificant. First there was the Voltaire text, Authorized Edition, 'end of September, 1740;' then came, in few weeks, the Van Duren one; then, probably, a third, combining the two, the variations given as foot-notes:—in short, I know not how many editions, translations, printings and reprintings; all the world being much taken up with such a message from the upper regions, and eager to read it in any form.

"As to Friedrich himself, who of course says nothing of the ANTI-MACHIAVEL in public, he privately, to Voltaire, disowns all these editions; and intends to give a new one of his own, which shall be the right article; but never did it, having far other work cut out for him in the months that came. But how zealous the worlds humor was in that matter, no modern reader can conceive to himself. In the frightful Compilation called HELDEN-GESCHICHTE, which we sometimes cite, there are, excerpted from the then 'Bibliotheques' (NOUVELLE BIBLIOTHEQUE and another; shining Periodicals of the time, now gone quite dead), two 'reviews' of the ANTI-MACHIAVEL, which fill modern readers with amazement: such a DOMINE DIMITTAS chanted over such an article!—These details, in any other than the Biographical point of view, are now infinitely unimportant."

Truly, yes! The Crown-Prince's ANTI-MACHIAVEL, final correct edition (in two forms, Voltaire's as corrected, and the Prince's own as written), stands now in clear type; [Preuss, Oeuvres de Frederic, viii. 61–163.] and, after all that jumble of printing and counter-printing, we can any of us read it in a few hours; but, alas, almost none of us with the least interest, or, as it were, with any profit whatever. So different is present tense from past, in all things, especially in things like these! It is sixscore years since the ANTI-MACHIAVEL appeared. The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and everybody) stepping forth to say with conviction, That Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the "born servant of his People" (DOMESTIQUE Friedrich once calls it), rather than otherwise: this, naturally enough, rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day; and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone! Alas, in these sixscore years, it has been found so easy to profess and speak, even with sincerity! The actual Hero-Kings were long used to be silent; and the Sham-Hero kind grow only the more desperate for us, the more they speak and profess!—This ANTI-MACHIAVEL of Friedrich's is a clear distinct Treatise; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Machiavel. Nay it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair: but that is all the conquest we get of it, in these days. Treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

Perhaps indeed mankind is getting weary of the question altogether. Machiavel himself one now reads only by compulsion. "What is the use of arguing with anybody that can believe in Machiavel?" asks mankind, or might well ask; and, except for Editorial purposes, eschews any ANTI-MACHIAVEL; impatient to be rid of bane and antidote both. Truly the world has had a pother with this little Nicolo Machiavelli and his perverse little Book:—pity almost that a Friedrich Wilhelm, taking his rounds at that point of time, had not had the "refuting" of him;

Friedrich Wilhelm's method would have been briefer than Friedrich's! But let us hope the thing is now, practically, about completed. And as to the other question, "Was the Signor Nicolo serious in this perverse little Book; or did he only do it ironically, with a serious inverse purpose?" we will leave that to be decided, any time convenient, by people who are much at leisure in the world!—

The printing of the ANTI-MACHIAVEL was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history; yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations: and afterwards there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, "Is this King an ANTI-Machiavel, then? Pfui!" Of which,—though Voltaire's voice, too, was heard in it, in angry moments,—we shall say nothing: the reader, looking for himself, will judge by and by. And herewith enough of the ANTI-MACHIAVEL. Composition of ANTI-MACHIAVEL and speculation of the Pine HENRIADE lasted, both of them, all through this Year 1739, and farther: from these two items, not to mention any other, readers can figure sufficiently how literary a year it was.

FRIEDRICH IN PREUSSEN AGAIN; AT THE STUD OF TRAKEHNEN. A TRAGICALLY GREAT EVENT COMING ON.

In July this year the Crown-Prince went with Papa on the Prussian Review-journey. ["Set out, 7th July" (OEuvres, xxvii. part 1st, 67 n.)] Such attendance on Review-journeys, a mark of his being well with Papa, is now becoming usual; they are agreeable excursions, and cannot but be instructive as well. On this occasion, things went beautifully with him. Out in those grassy Countries, in the bright Summer, once more he had an unusually fine time;—and two very special pleasures befell him. First was, a sight of the Emigrants, our Salzburgers and other, in their flourishing condition, over in Lithuania yonder. Delightful to see how the waste is blossoming up again; busy men, with their industries, their steady pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful: horse-droves, cattle-herds, waving cornfields;—a very "SCHMALZGRUBE (Butter-pit)" of those Northern parts, as it is since called. [Busching, Erdbeschreibung, ii. 1049.] The Crown-Prince's own words on this matter we will give; they are in a Letter of his to Voltaire, perhaps already known to some readers;—and we can observe he writes rather copiously from those localities at present, and in a cheerful humor with everybody.

"INSTERBURG, 27th JULY, 1739 (Crown-Prince to Voltaire). ... Prussian Lithuania is a Country a hundred and twenty miles long, by from sixty to forty broad; ["Miles ENGLISH," we always mean, UNLESS it was ravaged by Pestilence at the beginning of this Century; and they say three hundred thousand people died of disease and famine." Ravaged by Pestilence and the neglect of King Friedrich I.; till my Father, once his hands were free, made personal survey of it, and took it up, in earnest.

"Since that time," say twenty years ago, "there is no expense that the King has been afraid of, in order to succeed in his salutary views. He made, in the first place, regulations full of wisdom; he rebuilt wherever the Pestilence had desolated: thousands of families, from the ends of Europe," seventeen thousand Salzburgers for the last item, "were conducted hither; the Country re-peopled itself; trade began to flourish again;—and now, in these fertile regions, abundance reigns more than it ever did.

"There are above half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania; there are more towns than there ever were, more flocks than formerly, more wealth and more productiveness than in any other part of Germany. And all this that I tell you of is due to the King alone: who not only gave the orders, but superintended the execution of them; it was he that devised the plans, and himself got them carried to fulfilment; and spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises nor recompenses, to secure happiness and life to this half-million of thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and felicity in the world.

"I hope this detail does not weary you. I depend on your humanity extending itself to your Lithuanian brethren, as well as to your French, English, German, or other,—all the more as, to my great astonishment, I passed through villages where you hear nothing spoken but French.—I have found something so heroic, in the generous and laborious way in which the King addressed himself to making this desert flourish with inhabitants and happy industries and fruits, that it seemed to me you would feel the same sentiments in learning the circumstances of such a re-establishment. "I daily expect news of you from Enghien [in those Dutch-Lawsuit Countries]. ... The divine Emilie; ... the Duke [D'Aremberg, Austrian Soldier, of convivial turn,—remote Welsh-Uncle to a certain little Prince de Ligne, now spinning tops in those parts; [Born 23d May, 1735, this latter little Prince; lasted till 13th December, 1814 ("DANSE, MAIS IL NE MARCHE PAS").] not otherwise

interesting], whom Apollo contends for against Bacchus. ... Adieu. NE M'OUBLIEZ PAS, MON CHER AMI." [OEuvres, xxi. 304, 305.]

This is one pleasant scene, to the Crown-Prince and us, in those grassy localities. And now we have to mention that, about a fortnight later, at Königsberg one day, in reference to a certain Royal Stud or Horse-breeding Establishment in those same Lithuanian regions, there had a still livelier satisfaction happened him; satisfaction of a personal and filial nature. The name of this Royal Stud, inestimable on such ground, is Trakehnen,—lies south of Tilsit, in an upper valley of the Pregel river;—very extensive Horse-Establishment, "with seven farms under it," say the Books, and all "in the most perfect order," they need hardly add, Friedrich Wilhelm being master of it. Well, the Royal Party was at Königsberg, so far on the road homewards again from those outlying parts, when Friedrich Wilhelm said one day to his Son, quite in a cursory manner, "I give thee that Stud of Trakehnen; thou must go back and look to it;" which struck Fritz quite dumb at the moment.

For it is worth near upon 2,000 pounds a year (12,000 thalers); a welcome new item in our impoverished budget; and it is an undeniable sign of Papa's good-humor with us, which is more precious still. Fritz made his acknowledgments, eloquent with looks, eloquent with voice, on coming to himself; and is, in fact, very proud of his gift, and celebrates it to his Wilhelmina, to Camas and others who have a right to know such a thing. Grand useful gift; and handed over by Papa grandly, in three business words, as if it had been a brace of game: "I give it thee, Fritz!" A thing not to be forgotten. "At bottom, Friedrich Wilhelm was not avaricious" (not a miser, only a man grandly abhorring waste, as the poor vulgar cannot do), "not avaricious," says Pollnitz once; "he made munificent gifts, and never thought of them more." This of Trakehnen,—perhaps there might be a whiff of coming Fate concerned in it withal: "I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee anything, poor Fritz!" To the Prince and us it is very beautiful; a fine effulgence of the inner man of Friedrich Wilhelm. The Prince returned to Trakehnen, on this glad errand; settled the business details there; and, after a few days, went home by a route of his own;—well satisfied with this Prussian- Review journey, as we may imagine.

+++++SEE EARLIER--- Prussian Review-journey (placing of hyphen)

One sad thing there was, though Friedrich did not yet know how sad, in this Review-journey: the new fit of illness that overtook his Majesty. From Pollnitz, who was of the party, we have details on that head. In his Majesty's last bad illness, five years ago, when all seemed hopeless, it appears the surgeons had relieved him,—in fact recovered him, bringing off the bad humors in quantity,—by an incision in the foot or leg. In the course of the present fatigues, this old wound broke out again; which of course stood much in the way of his Majesty; and could not be neglected, as probably the causes of it were. A regimental surgeon, Pollnitz says, was called in; who, in two days, healed the wound,—and declared all to be right again; though in fact, as we may judge, it was dangerously worse than before. "All well here," writes Friedrich; "the King has been out of order, but is now entirely recovered (TOUT A FAIT REMIS)." ["Königsberg, 30th July, 1739," to his Wife (*OEuvres*, xxvi. 6).]

Much reviewing and heavy business followed at Königsberg;—gift of Trakehnen, and departure of the Crown-Prince for Trakehnen, winding it up. Directly on the heel of which, his Majesty turned homewards, the Crown-Prince not to meet him till once at Berlin again. Majesty's first stage was at Pillau, where we have been. At Pillau, or next day at Dantzig, Pollnitz observed a change in his Majesty's humor, which had been quite sunshiny all this journey hitherto. At Dantzig Pollnitz first noticed it; but at every new stage it grew worse, evil accidents occurring to worsen it; and at Berlin it was worst of all;—and, alas, his poor Majesty never recovered his sunshine in this world again! Here is Pollnitz's account of the journey homewards:—

"Till now," till Pillau and Dantzig, "his Majesty had been in especially good humor; but in Dantzig his cheerfulness forsook him;—and it never came back. He arrived about ten at night in that City [Wednesday, 12th August, or thereby]; slept there; and was off again next morning at five. He drove only thirty miles this day; stopped in Lupow [coast road through Pommern], with Herr von Grumkow [the late Grumkow's Brother], Kammer President in this Pommern Province. From Lupow he went to a poor Village near Belgard, EIGHTY miles farther;—last village on the great road, Belgard lying to left a little, on a side road;—"and stayed there overnight.

"At Belgard, next morning, he reviewed the Dragoon Regiment von Platen; and was very ill content with it. And nobody, with the least understanding of that business, but must own that never did Prussian Regiment

manoeuvre worse. Conscious themselves how bad it was, they lost head, and got into open confusion. The King did all that was possible to help them into order again. He withdrew thrice over, to give the Officers time to recover themselves; but it was all in vain. The King, contrary to wont, restrained himself amazingly, and would not show his displeasure in public. He got into his carriage, and drove away with the Furst of Anhalt," Old Dessauer, "and Von Winterfeld," Captain in the Giant Regiment, "who is now Major-General von Winterfeld; [Major-General since 1743, of high fame; fell in fight, 7th September, 1757.] not staying to dine with General von Platen, as was always his custom with Commandants whom he had reviewed. He bade Prince Wilhelm and the rest of us stay and dine; he himself drove away,"—towards the great road again, and some uncertain lodging there.

"We stayed accordingly; and did full justice to the good cheer,"— though poor Platen would certainly look flustered, one may fancy. "But as the Prince was anxious to come up with his Majesty again, and knew not where he would meet him, we had to be very swift with the business.

"We found the King with Anhalt and Winterfeld, by and by; sitting in a village, in front of a barn, and eating a cold pie there, which the Furst of Anhalt had chanced to have with him; his Majesty, owing to what he had seen on the parade-ground, was in the utmost ill-humor (HOCHST UBLER LAUNE). Next day, Saturday, he went a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles; and arrived in Berlin at ten at night. Not expected there till the morrow; so that his rooms were locked,—her Majesty being over in Monbijou, giving her children a Ball;" [Pollnitz, ii. 534–537.]—and we can fancy what a frame of mind there was!

Nobody, not at first even the Doctors, much heeded this new fit of illness; which went and came: "changed temper," deeper or less deep gloom of "bad humor," being the main phenomenon to by-standers. But the sad truth was, his Majesty never did recover his sunshine; from Pillau onwards he was slowly entering into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse; and his journeyings and reviewings in this world were all done. Ten months hence, Pollnitz and others knew better what it had been!—

Chapter VII. LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG: TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

Friedrich had not been long home again from Trakehnen and Preussen, when the routine of things at Reinsberg was illuminated by Visitors, of brilliant and learned quality; some of whom, a certain Signor Algarotti for one, require passing mention here. Algarotti, who became a permanent friend or satellite, very luminous to the Prince, and was much about him in coming years, first shone out upon the scene at this time,—coming unexpectedly, and from the Eastward as it chanced.

On his own score, Algarotti has become a wearisome literary man to modern readers: one of those half-remembered men; whose books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it you when given. Treatises, of a serious nature, ON THE OPERA; setting forth, in earnest, the potential "moral uses" of the Opera, and dedicated to Chatham; *Newtonianismo per le Donne* (Astronomy for Ladies): the mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us; and we cannot, without effort, nor with it, recall the brilliancy of Algarotti and them to his contemporary world.

Algarotti was a rich Venetian Merchant's Son, precisely about the Crown-Prince's age; shone greatly in his studies at Bologna and elsewhere; had written Poesies (RIME); written especially that *Newtonianism for the Dames* (equal to Fontenelle, said Fame, and orthodox Newtonian withal, not heterodox or Cartesian); and had shone, respected, at Paris, on the strength of it, for three or four years past: friend of Voltaire in consequence, of Voltaire and his divine Emilie, and a welcome guest at Cirey; friend of the cultivated world generally, which was then laboring, divine Emilie in the van of it, to understand Newton and be orthodox in this department of things. Algarotti did fine Poesies, too, once and again; did Classical Scholarships, and much else: everywhere a clear-headed, methodically distinct, concise kind of man. A high style of breeding about him, too; had powers of pleasing, and used them: a man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there; keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies,—really with considerable prudence, first and last.

He is somewhat of the Bielfeld type; a Merchant's Son, we observe, like Bielfeld; but a Venetian Merchant's, not a Hamburg's; and also of better natural stuff than Bielfeld. Concentrated himself upon his task with more seriousness, and made a higher thing of it than Bielfeld; though, after all, it was the same task the two had. Alas, our "Swan of Padua" (so they sometimes called him) only sailed, paddling grandly, no-whither,—as the Swan-Goose of the Elbe did, in a less stately manner! One cannot well bear to read his Books. There is no light upon Friedrich to tempt us; better light than Bielfeld's there could have been, and much of it: but he prudently, as well as proudly, forbore such topics. He approaches very near fertility and geniality in his writings, but never reaches it. Dilettantism become serious and strenuous, in those departments—Well, it was beautiful to young Friedrich and the world at that time, though it is not to us!—Young Algarotti, twenty-seven this year, has been touring about as a celebrity these four years past, on the strength of his fine manners and *Newtonianism for the Dames*.

It was under escort of Baltimore, "an English Milord," recommended from Potsdam itself, that Algarotti came to Reinsberg; the Signor had much to do with English people now and after. Where Baltimore first picked him up, I know not: but they have been to Russia together; Baltimore by twelve years the elder of the two: and now, getting home towards England again, they call at Reinsberg in the fine Autumn weather;—and considerably captivate the Crown-Prince, Baltimore playing chief, in that as in other points. The visit lasted five days: [20th-25th September, 1739 (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xiv. p. xiv).] there was copious speech on many things;—discussion about Printing of the ANTI MACHIAVEL; Algarotti to get it printed in England, Algarotti to get Pine and his Engraved HENRIADE put under way; neither of which projects took effect;—readers can conceive what a charming five days these were. Here, in the Crown-Prince's own words, are some brief glimmerings which will suffice us:—

REINSBERG, 25th SEPT. 1739 (Crown-Prince to Papa). ... that "nothing new has occurred in the Regiment, and we have few sick. Here has the English Milord, who was at Potsdam, passing through [stayed five days, though we call it passing, and suppress the Algarotti, Baltimore being indeed chief]. He is gone towards Hamburg, to take ship for England there. As I heard that my Most All-gracious Father wished I should show him

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courtesy, I have done for him what I could. The Prince of Mirow has also been here,"— our old Strelitz friend. Of Baltimore nothing more to Papa. But to another Correspondent, to the good Suhm (who is now at Petersburg, and much in our intimacy, ready to transact loans for us, translate Wolf, or do what is wanted), there is this passage next day:—

REINSBERG, 26th SEPTEMBER, 1739 (to Suhm). "We have had Milord Baltimore here, and the young Algarotti; both of them men who, by their accomplishments, cannot but conciliate the esteem and consideration of all who see them. We talked much of you [Suhm], of Philosophy, of Science, Art; in short, of all that can be included in the taste of cultivated people (HONNETES GENS)." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvi. 378.] And again to another, about two weeks hence:—

REINSBERG, 10th OCTOBER, 1739 (to Voltaire). "We have had Milord Baltimore and Algarotti here, who are going back to England. This Milord is a very sensible man (HOMME TRESSENSE); who possesses a great deal of knowledge, and thinks, like us, that sciences can be no disparagement to nobility, nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admired the genius of this ANGLAIS, as one does a fine face through a crape veil. He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; and as for his English, he pronounces it so quick, there is no possibility of following him. He calls a Russian 'a mechanical animal.' He says 'Petersburg is the eye of Russia, with which it keeps civilized countries in sight; if you took this eye from it, Russia would fall again into barbarism, out of which it is just struggling.' [Ib. xxi. 326, 327.] ... Young Algarotti, whom you know, pleased me beyond measure. He promised that he"—But Baltimore, promise or not, is the chief figure at present.

Evidently an original kind of figure to us, CET ANGLAIS. And indeed there is already finished a rhymed EPISTLE to Baltimore; *Epitre sur la Liberte* (copy goes in that same LETTER, for Voltaire's behoof), which dates itself likewise October 10th; beginning,— "*L'esprit libre, Milord, qui regne en Angleterre,*" which, though it is full of fine sincere sentiments, about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch.

What Baltimore said in answer to the EPITRE, we do not know; probably not much: it does not appear he ever saw or spoke to Friedrich a second time. Three weeks after, Friedrich writing to Algarotti, has these words: "I pray you make my friendships to Milord Baltimore, whose character and manner of thinking I truly esteem. I hope he has, by this time, got my EPITRE on the English Liberty of Thought." [29th October 1739, To Algarotti in London (*OEuvres*, xviii. 5).] And so Baltimore passes on, silent in History henceforth,—though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times, as a kind of type-figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun's disk, I have made some inquiry about Baltimore; but found very little;—perhaps enough:—

"He was Charles, Sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears; Sixth, and last but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Calvert (1618–1624), who colonized Maryland; last of them (1774) was the Son of this Charles; something of a fool, to judge by the face of him in Portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that Seventh Baltimore, printed one or two little Volumes "now of extreme rarity"—cannot be too rare); and winded up by standing an ugly Trial at Kingston Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate female). After which he retired to Naples, and there ended, 1774, the last of these Milords. [Walpole (by Park), *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (London, 1806), v. 278.]

"He of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles; but his Son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, age forty at this time, had travelled about the Continent a good deal: once, long ago, we imagined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) lounging about Luneville and Lorraine, along with Lyttelton, in the Congress-of-Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough, he got appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Fred; who was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people. In which situation Charles Sixth Baron Baltimore continued all his days after; and might have risen by means of Fred, as he was anxious enough to do, had both of them lived; but they both died; Baltimore first, in 1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent laborer in the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore,—who, drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting out Bubb, and stands too well with our Royal Master, one secretly fears! Baltimore's finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; mostly an Absentee; Irish Estates not managed in the first style, while one is busy in the Fred vineyard! 'The best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge,' Walpole calls him once: 'but not capable of conducting a party.'" [Walpole's *Letters to Mann* (London, 1843), ii. 175; 27th January, 1747. See ib. i. 82.] Oh no;—and died,

at any rate, Spring 1751: [*Peerage of Ireland* (London, 1768), ii. 172–174.] and we will not mention him farther.

BIELFELD, WHAT HE SAW AT REINSBERG AND AROUND.

Directly on the rear of these fine visitors, came, by invitation, a pair of the Korn's–Hotel people; Masonic friends; one of whom was Bielfeld, whose dainty Installation Speech and ways of procedure had been of promise to the Prince on that occasion. "Baron von Oberg" was the other:—Hanoverian Baron: the same who went into the Wars, and was a "General von Oberg" twenty years hence? The same or another, it does not much concern us. Nor does the visit much, or at all; except that Bielfeld, being of writing nature, professes to give ocular account of it. Honest transcript of what a human creature actually saw at Reinsberg, and in the Berlin environment at that date, would have had a value to mankind: but Bielfeld has adopted the fictitious form; and pretty much ruined for us any transcript there is. Exaggeration, gesticulation, fantastic uncertainty afflict the reader; and prevent comfortable belief, except where there is other evidence than Bielfeld's.

At Berlin the beautiful straight streets, Linden Avenues (perhaps a better sample than those of our day), were notable to Bielfeld; bridges, statues very fine; grand esplanades, and such military drilling and parading as was never seen. He had dinner– invitations, too, in quantity; likes this one and that (all in prudent asterisks),—likes Truchsess von Waldburg very much, and his strange mode of bachelor housekeeping, and the way he dines and talks among his fellow–creatures, or sits studious among his Military Books and Paper–litters. But all is loose far–off sketching, in the style of *Anacharsis the Younger*; and makes no solid impression.

Getting to Reinsberg, to the Town, to the Schloss, he crosses the esplanade, the moat; sees what we know, beautiful square Mansion among its woods and waters;—and almost nothing that we do not know, except the way the moat–bridge is lighted: "Bridge furnished," he says, "with seven Statues representing the seven Planets, each holding in her hand a glass lamp in the form of a globe;"—which is a pretty object in the night–time. The House is now finished; Knobelsdorf rejoicing in his success; Pesne and others giving the last touch to some ceilings of a sublime nature. On the lintel of the gate is inscribed FREDERICO TRANQUILLITATEM COLENTI (To Friedrich courting Tranquillity). The gardens, walks, hermitages, grottos, are very spacious, fine: not yet completed,— perhaps will never be. A Temple of Bacchus is just now on hand, somewhere in those labyrinthic woods: "twelve gigantic Satyrs as caryatides, crowned by an inverted Punch–bowl for dome;" that is the ingenious Knobelsdorf's idea, pleasant to the mind. Knobelsdorf is of austere aspect; austere, yet benevolent and full of honest sagacity; the very picture of sound sense, thinks Bielfeld. M. Jordan is handsome, though of small stature; agreeable expression of face; eye extremely vivid; brown complexion, bushy eyebrows as well as beard are black. [Bielfeld (abridged), i. 45.]

Or did the reader ever hear of "M. Fredersdorf," Head Valet at this time? Fredersdorf will become, as it were, Privy–Purse, House–Friend, and domestic Factotum, and play a great part in coming years. "A tall handsome man;" much "silent sense, civility, dexterity;" something "magnificently clever in him," thinks Bielfeld (now, or else twenty years afterwards); whom we can believe. [Ib. p. 49.] He was a gift from General Schwerin, this Fredersdorf; once a Private in Schwerin's regiment, at Frankfurt– on–Oder,—excellent on the flute, for one quality. Schwerin, who had an eye for men, sent him to Friedrich, in the Custrin time; hoping he might suit in fluting and otherwise. Which he conspicuously did. Bielfeld's account, we must candidly say, appears to be an afterthought; but readers can make their profit of it, all the same.

As to the Crown–Prince and Princess, words fail to express their gracious perfections, their affabilities, polite ingenuities:— Bielfeld's words do give us some pleasant shadowy conceivability of the Crown–Princess:—

"Tall, and perfect in shape; bust such as a sculptor might copy; complexion of the finest; features ditto; nose, I confess, smallish and pointed, but excellent of that kind; hair of the supremest flaxen, 'shining' like a flood of sunbeams, when the powder is off it. A humane ingenuous Princess; little negligences in toilet or the like, if such occur, even these set her off, so ingenuous are they. Speaks little; but always to the purpose, in a simple, cheerful and wise way. Dances beautifully; heart (her soubrette assures me) is heavenly;—and 'perhaps no Princess living has a finer set of diaonds.'"

Of the Crown–Princess there is some pleasant shadow traced as on cobweb, to this effect. But of the Crown–Prince there is no forming the least conception from what he says:—this is mere cobweb with Nothing elaborately painted on it. Nor do the portraits of the others attract by their verisimilitude. Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance; the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle; who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else: he "whirls in with uproar (FRACAS) like Boreas in the Ballet;" fowling–piece on shoulder,

and in his "dressing-gown" withal, which is still stranger; snatches off Bielfeld, unknown till that moment, to sit by him while dressing; and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and indeed almost ground-and-lofty tumbling, for accompaniment, "talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, Architecture, Literature, and the Art of War," while he dresses. This gentleman was once Colonel in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army; is now fairly turned of forty, and has been in troubles: we hope he is not LIKE in the Bielfeld Portrait;—otherwise, how happy that we never had the honor of knowing him! Indeed, the Crown-Prince's Household generally, as Bielfeld paints it in flourishes of panegyric, is but unattractive; barren to the modern on-looker; partly the Painter's blame, we doubt not. He gives details about their mode of dining, taking coffee, doing concert; —and describes once an incidental drinking-bout got up aforethought by the Prince; which is probably in good part fiction, though not ill done. These fantastic sketchings, rigorously winnowed into the credible and actual, leave no great residue in that kind; but what little they do leave is of favorable and pleasant nature.

Bielfeld made a visit privately to Potsdam, too; saw the Giants drill; made acquaintance with important Captains of theirs (all in ASTERISKS) at Potsdam; with whom he dined, not in a too credible manner, and even danced. Among the asterisks, we easily pick out Captain Wartensleben (of the Korn's-Hotel operation), and Winterfeld, a still more important Captain, whom we saw dining on cold pie with his Majesty, at a barn-door in Pommern, not long since. Of the Giants, or their life at Potsdam, Bielfeld's word is not worth hearing,—worth suppressing rather; his knowledge being so small, and hung forth in so fantastic a way. This transient sight he had of his Majesty in person; this, which is worth something to us,—fact being evidently lodged in it, "After church-parade," Autumn Sunday afternoon (day uncertain, Bielfeld's date being fictitious, and even impossible), Majesty drove out to Wusterhausen, "where the quantities of game surpass all belief;" and Bielfeld had one glimpse of him:—

"I saw his Majesty only, as it were, in passing. If I may judge by his Portraits, he must have been of a perfect beauty in his young time; but it must be confessed there is nothing left of it now. His eyes truly are fine; but the glance of them is terrible: his complexion is composed of the strongest tints of red, blue, yellow, green,"—not a lovely complexion at all; "big head; the thick neck sunk between the shoulders; figure short and heavy (COURTE ET RAMASSE)." [Bielfeld, p. 35.]

"Going out to Wusterhausen," then, that afternoon, "October, 1739." How his Majesty is crushed down; quite bulged out of shape in that sad way, by the weight of time and its pressures: his thoughts, too, most likely, of a heavy-laden and abstruse nature! The old Pfalz Controversy has misgone with him: Pfalz, and so much else in the world;—the world in whole, probably enough, near ending to him; the final shadows, sombre, grand and mournful, closing in upon him!

TURK WAR ENDS; SPANISH WAR BEGINS. A WEDDING IN PETERSBURG.

Last news come to Potsdam in these days is, The Kaiser has ended his disastrous Turk War; been obliged to end it; sudden downbreak, and as it were panic terror, having at last come upon his unfortunate Generals in those parts. Duke Franz was passionate to be out of such a thing; Franz, General Neipperg and others; and now, "2d September, 1739," like lodgers leaping from a burning house, they are out of it. The Turk gets Belgrade itself, not to mention wide territories farther east,—Belgrade without shot fired;—nay the Turk was hardly to be kept from hanging the Imperial Messenger (a General Neipperg, Duke Franz's old Tutor, and chief Confidant, whom we shall hear more of elsewhere), whose passport was not quite right on this occasion!—Never was a more disgraceful Peace. But also never had been worse fighting; planless, changeful, powerless, melting into futility at every step:—not to be mended by imprisonments in Gratz, and still harsher treatment of individuals. "Has all success forsaken me, then, since Eugene died?" said the Kaiser; and snatched at this Turk Peace; glad to have it, by mediation of France, and on any terms.

Has not this Kaiser lost his outlying properties at a fearful rate? Naples is gone; Spanish Bourbon sits in our Naples; comparatively little left for us in Italy. And now the very Turk has beaten us small; insolently fillips the Imperial nose of us,— threatening to hang our Neipperg, and the like. Were it not for Anne of Russia, whose big horse-whip falls heavy on this Turk, he might almost get to Vienna again, for anything we could do! A Kaiser worthy to be pitied;—whom Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, does honestly pity. A Kaiser much beggared, much disgraced, in late years; who has played a huge life-game so long, diplomatizing, warring; and, except the Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, has nothing to retire upon.

The Russians protested, with astonishment, against such Turk Peace on the Kaiser's part. But there was no

help for it. One ally is gone, the Kaiser has let go this Western skirt of the Turk; and "Thamas Kouli Khan" (called also Nadir Shah, famed Oriental slasher and slayer of that time) no longer stands upon the Eastern skirt, but "has entered India," it appears: the Russians—their cash, too, running low—do themselves make peace, "about a month after;" restoring Azoph and nearly all their conquests; putting off the ruin of the Turk till a better time.

War is over in the East, then; but another in the West, England against Spain (Spain and France to help), is about beginning. Readers remember how Jenkins's Ear re-emerged, Spring gone a year, in a blazing condition? Here, through SYLVANUS URBAN himself, are two direct glimpses, a twelve-month nearer hand, which show us how the matter has been proceeding since:—

"LONDON, 19th FEBRUARY, 1739. The City Authorities,"—laying or going to lay "the foundation of the Mansion-House" (Edifice now very black in our time), and doing other things of little moment to us, "had a Masquerade at the Guildhall this night. There was a very splendid appearance at the Masquerade; but among the many humorous and whimsical characters, what seemed most to engage attention was a Spaniard, who called himself 'Knight of the Ear;' as Badge of which Order he wore on his breast the form of a Star, with its points tinged in blood; and on the body of it an Ear painted, and in capital letters the word JENKINS encircling it. Across his shoulder there hung, instead of ribbon, a large Halter; which he held up to several persons dressed as English Sailors, who seemed in great terror of him, and falling on their knees suffered him to rummage their pockets; which done, he would insolently dismiss them with strokes of his halter. Several of the Sailors had a bloody Ear hanging down from their heads; and on their hats were these words, EAR FOR EAR; on others, NO SEARCH OR NO TRADE; with the like sentences." [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739, p. 103;—our DATES, as always, are N. 8.] The conflagration evidently going on; not likely to be damped down again, by ministerial art!—

"LONDON, 19th MARCH, 1739." Grand Debate in Parliament, on the late "Spanish Convention," pretended Bargain of redress lately got from Spain: Approve the Convention, or Not approve? "A hundred Members were in the House of Commons before seven, this morning; and four hundred had taken their seat by ten; which is an unheard-of thing. Prince of Wales," Fred in person, "was in the gallery till twelve at night, and had his dinner sent to him. Sir Robert Walpole rose: 'Sir, the great pains that have been taken to influence all ranks and degrees of men in this Nation—... But give me leave to'"—apply a wet cloth to Honorable Gentlemen. Which he does, really with skill and sense. France and the others are so strong, he urges; England so unprepared; Kaiser at such a pass; 'War like to be, about the Palatinate Dispute [our friend Friedrich Wilhelm's]: Where is England to get, allies?'—and hours long of the like sort. A judicious wet cloth; which proved unavailing.

For "William Pitts" (so they spell the great Chatham that is to be) was eloquent on the other side: "Despairing Merchants," "Voice of England," and so on. And the world was all in an inflamed state. And Mr. Pulteney exclaimed: Palatinate? Allies? "We need no allies; the case of Mr. Jenkins will raise us volunteers everywhere!" And in short,—after eight months more of haggling, and applying wet cloths,—Walpole, in the name of England, has to declare War against Spain; ["3d November (23d October), 1739."] the public humor proving unquenchable on that matter. War; and no Peace to be, "till our undoubted right," to roadway on the oceans of this Planet, become permanently manifest to the Spanish Majesty.

Such the effect of a small Ear, kept about one in cotton, from ursine piety or other feelings. Has not Jenkins's Ear re-emerged, with a vengeance? It has kindled a War: dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire,—as will be too evident in the sequel! The EAR OF JENKINS is a singular thing. Might have mounted to be a constellation, like BERENICE'S HAIR, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of poetic turn! Enough of IT, for the time being.—

This Summer, Anton Ulrich, at Petersburg, did wed his Serene Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias: "July 14th, 1739,"—three months before that Drive to Wusterhausen, which we saw lately. Little Anton Ulrich, Cadet of Brunswick; our Friedrich's Brother-in-Law;—a noticeably small man in comparison to such bulk of destiny, thinks Friedrich, though the case is not without example! [A Letter of his to Suhm; touching on Franz of Lorraine and this Anton Ulrich.]

"Anton Ulrich is now five-and-twenty," says one of my Notebooks; "a young gentleman of small stature, shining courage in battle, but somewhat shy and bashful; who has had his troubles in Petersburg society, till the trial came,—and will have. Here are the stages of Anton Ulrich's felicity:—

"WINTER, 1732–1733. He was sent for to Petersburg (his Serene Aunt the German Kaiserinn, and Kaiser

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Karl's diplomatists, suggesting it there), with the view of his paying court to the young Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias, of whom we have often heard. February, 1733, he arrived on this errand;—not approved of at all by the Mecklenburg Princess, by Czarina Anne or anybody there: what can be done with such an uncomfortable little creature? They gave him the Colonelcy of Cuirassiers: 'Drill there, and endure.'

"SPRING, 1737. Much—enduring, diligently drilling, for four years past, he went this year to the Turk War under Munnich;—much pleased Munnich, at Oczakow and elsewhere; who reports in the War— Office high things of him. And on the whole,—the serene Vienna people now again bestirring themselves, with whom we are in copartnery in this Turk business,—little Anton Ulrich is encouraged to proceed. Proceeds; formally demands his Mecklenburg Princess; and,

"JULY 14th, 1739, weds her; the happiest little man in all the Russias, and with the biggest destiny, if it prosper. Next year, too, there came a son and heir; whom they called Iwan, in honor of his Russian Great—grandfather. Shall we add the subsequent felicities of Anton Ulrich here; or wait till another opportunity?"

Better wait. This is all, and more than all, his Prussian Majesty, rolling out of Wusterhausen that afternoon, ever knew of them, or needed to know!—

Chapter VIII. DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

At Wusterhausen, this Autumn, there is game as usual, but little or no hunting for the King. He has to sit drearily within doors, for most part; listening to the rustle of falling leaves, to dim Winter coming with its rains and winds. Field-sports are a rumor from without: for him now no joyous sow-baiting, deer-chasing;— that, like other things, is past.

In the beginning of November, he came to Berlin; was worse there, and again was better;—strove to do the Carnival, as had been customary; but, in a languid, lamed manner. One night he looked in upon an evening-party which General Schulenburg was giving: he returned home, chilled, shivering; could not, all night, be brought to heat again. It was the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to. [Pollnitz (ii. 538); who gives no date.] Lieutenant-General Schulenburg: the same who doomed young Friedrich to death, as President of the Court-Martial; and then wrote the Three Letters about him which we once looked into: illuminates himself in this manner in Berlin society,— Carnival season, 1740, weather fiercely cold. Maypole Schulenburg the lean Aunt, Ex-Mistress of George I., over in London,—I think she must now be dead? Or if not dead, why not! Memory, for the tenth time, fails me, of the humanly unmemorable, whom perhaps even flunkies should forget; and I will try it no more. The stalwart Lieutenant-General will reappear on us once, twice at the utmost, and never again. He gave the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm is in truth very ill; tosses about all day, in and out of bed,—bed and wheeled-chair drearily alternating; suffers much;—and again, in Diplomatic circles, the rumors are rife and sinister. Ever from this chill at Schulenburg's the medicines did him no good, says Pollnitz: if he rallied, it was the effect of Nature, and only temporary. He does daily, with punctuality, his Official business; perhaps the best two hours he has of the four-and-twenty, for the time hangs heavy on him. His old Generals sit round his bed, talking, smoking, as it was five years ago; his Feekin and his Children much about him, out and in: the heavy-laden, weary hours roll round as they can. In general there is a kind of constant Tabaks-Collegium, old Flans, Camas, Hacke, Pollnitz, Derschau, and the rest by turns always there; the royal Patient cannot be left alone, without faces he likes: other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man; and will smart for it if they enter, —"At sight of HIM every pain grows painfuler!"—the poor King being of poetic temperament, as we often say. Friends are encouraged to smoke, especially to keep up a stream of talk; if at any time he fall into a doze and they cease talking, the silence will awaken him.

He is worst off in the night; sleep very bad: and among his sore bodily pains, ennui falls very heavy to a mind so restless. He can paint, he can whittle, chisel: at last they even mount him a table, in his bed, with joiner's tools, mallets, glue-pots, where he makes small carpentry,—the talk to go on the while;—often at night is the sound of his mallet audible in the Palace Esplanade; and Berlin townfolk pause to listen, with many thoughts of a sympathetic or at least inarticulate character: "HM, WEH, IHRO MAJESTAT: ACH GOTT, pale Death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings!" [Pollnitz, ii. 539.] Reverend Herr Roloff, whom they call Provost (PROBST, Chief Clergyman) Roloff, a pious honest man and preacher, he, I could guess, has already been giving spiritual counsel now and then; later interviews with Roloff are expressly on record: for it is the King's private thought, ever and anon borne in upon him, that death itself is in this business.

Queen and Children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, nor even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses, and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his Father; shudders at the thought of losing HIM. And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought; which the filial heart disowns, with a kind of horror, "Down, thou impious thought!"—We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him; to believe that real danger is still distant. His demeanor, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural; altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden: let us help to bear his burdens;— let us hope the crisis is still far off!—

Once, on a favorable evening, probably about the beginning of April, when he felt as if improving, Friedrich Wilhelm resolved to dress, and hold Tobacco-Parliament again in a formal manner, Let us look in there, through

the eyes of Pollnitz, who was of it, upon the last Tobacco-Parliament:—

"A numerous party; Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs and commandants of the Berlin Garrison are there; the old circle full; social human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the King. He does not himself smoke on this occasion; but he is unusually lively in talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and the Tobacco circle was proceeding through its phases, successful beyond common. All at once the Crown-Prince steps in; direct from Reinsberg: [12th April, 1740? (*OEuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 29); Pollnitz is dateless] an unexpected pleasure. At sight of whom the Tobacco circle, taken on the sudden, simultaneously started up, and made him a bow. Rule is, in Tobacco-Parliament you do not rise—for anybody; and they have risen. Which struck the sick heart in a strange painful way. 'Hm, the Rising Sun?' thinks he; 'Rules broken through, for the Rising Sun. But I am not dead yet, as you shall know!' ringing for his servants in great wrath; and had himself rolled out, regardless of protestations and excuses. 'Hither, you Hacke!' said he.

"Hacke followed; but it was only to return on the instant, with the King's order, 'That you instantly quit the Palace, all of you, and don't come back!' Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of no effect, or of less; they had to go, on those terms; and Pollnitz, making for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was twitched by a Gens-d'arme, 'No admittance!' And it was days before the matter would come round again, under earnest protestations from the one side, and truculent rebukes from the other." [Pollnitz (abridged), ii. 50.] Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty; and what a time in those localities!

With the bright spring weather he seemed to revive; towards the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, everybody thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month that he went; he said, "Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam, then (ICH WERDE IN POTSDAM STERBEN)!" The May-flowers came late; the weather was changeful, ungenial for the sick man: this winter of 1740 had been the coldest on record; it extended itself into the very summer; and brought great distress of every kind;—of which some oral rumor still survives in all countries. Friedrich Wilhelm heard complaints of scarcity among the people; admonitions to open his Corn-granaries (such as he always has in store against that kind of accident); but he still hesitated and refused; unable to look into it himself, and fearing deceptions.

For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world,—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kingdom, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King "never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?" To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head, "Did I behave ill, then; did I ever do injustice?" Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. "He had no trial; but was there any doubt he had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not MANIER (good manners) to hang a nobleman!" Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well,—is there anything more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!"—Much oppression, forcing men to build in Berlin.— "Oppression? was it not their benefit, as well as Berlin's and the Country's? I had no interest in it other. Derschau, you who managed it?" and his Majesty turned to Derschau. For all the smoking generals and company are still here; nor will his Majesty consent to dismiss them from the presence and be alone with Roloff: "What is there to conceal? They are people of honor, and my friends." Derschau, whose feats in the building way are not unknown even to us, answers with a hard face, It was all right and orderly; nothing out of square in his building operations. To which Roloff shakes his head: "A thing of public notoriety, Herr General."—"I will prove everything before a Court," answers the Herr General with still harder face; Roloff still austere shaking his head. Hm!—And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to

be forgiven? "Well, I will, I do; you Feekin, write to your Brother (unforgivablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him."—Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff.—"No, after I am dead," persists the Son of Nature,—that will be safer! [Wrote accordingly, "not able to finish without many tears;" honest sensible Letter (though indifferently spelt), "Berlin, 1st June, 1740;"—lies now in State–Paper Office: "ROYAL LETTERS, vol. xciv., Prussia, 1689–1777."] An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, "You (ER, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man." [*Notata ex ore Roloffi* ("found among the Seckendorf Papers," no date but "May 1740"), in Forster, ii. 154, 155; in a fragmentary state: completed in Pollnitz, ii. 545–549.]

Roloff, I perceive, had several Dialogues with the King; and stayed in Potsdam some days for that object. The above bit of jotting is from the Seckendorf Papers (probably picked up by Seckendorf Junior), and is dated only "May." Of the two Potsdam Preachers, one of whom is "Oesfeld, Chaplain of the Giant Grenadiers," and the other is "Cochius, Calvinist Hofprediger," each published on his own score some Notes of dialogue and circumstance; [Cochius the HOFPPREDIGER'S (Calvinist Court– Chaplain's) ACCOUNT of his Interviews (first of them "Friday, 27th May, 1740, about 9 P.M."); followed by ditto from Oesfeld (Chaplain of the Giants), who usually accompanied Cochius,—are in Seyfarth, *Geschichte Friedrich des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1783–1788), i. (Beilage) 24–40. Seyfarth was "Regiments– Auditor" in Halle: his Work, solid though stupid, consists nearly altogether of multifarious BEYLAGEN (Appendices) and NOTES; which are creditably accurate, and often curious; and, as usual, have no Index for an unfortunate reader.] which are to the same effect, so far as they concern us; and exhibit the same rugged Son of Nature, looking with all his eyesight into the near Eternity, and sinking in a human and not inhuman manner amid the floods of Time. "Wa, Wa, what great God is this, that pulls down the strength of the strongest Kings!"—

The poor King's state is very restless, fluctuates from day to day; he is impatient of bed; sleeps very ill; is up whenever possible; rolls about in his wheeled–chair, and even gets into the air: at one time looking strong, as if there were still months in him, and anon sunk in fainting weakness, as if he had few minutes to live. Friedrich at Reinsberg corresponds very secretly with Dr. Eller; has other friends at Potsdam whose secret news he very anxiously reads. To the last he cannot bring himself to think it serious." [Letter to Eller, 25th May, 1740 (*OEuvres*), xvi. 184.]

On Thursday, 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive! The step may have danger, too; but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied; the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his Father in his ROLLWAGEN (wheeled–chair),—not dying; but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has; whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom, of English and other Horses, are without parallel in those parts. Without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing, this blessed Mayday! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming, or otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in History (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! It was a scene to make all by–standers and even Philips weep.—Probably the emotion hurt the old King; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral; a rude characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows. Too long and rude for reprinting here. [Copy of it, in Seyfarth (ubi supra), i. 19–24. Translated in Mauvillon (ii. 432–437); in

He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort; with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired, "NICHT PLACKEREN"), so many cannon–salvos;— and no fuss or flaunting ceremony: simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout

piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements; he views it from time to time; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it: "I shall sleep right well there," he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness: the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door; this detachment is to fall—in here, that there, in the attitude of "cover arms" (musket inverted under left arm); and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding wounded); a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort. Good Son of Nature: a dumb Poet, as I say always; most dumb, but real; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times. It was on this same Friday night that Cochius was first sent for; Cochius, and Oesfeld with him, "about nine o'clock."

For the next three days (Saturday to Monday) when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: "Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!" And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavored to talk a little, could at least smoke, and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his Successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, "Pray for me; BETET BETET." And more than once, in deep tone: "Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!" The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words, "Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go,"—"No," said he "always with vivacity," at this passage; "not quite nakid, I shall have my uniform on:" Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. "The late Graf Alexander von Wartenberg"—Captain Wartenberg, whom we know, and whose opportunities—"was wont to relate this." [Busching (in 1786), *Beitrag*, iv. 100.]

Tuesday, 31st May, "about one in the morning," Cochius was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. "I can remember nothing," said the King; "I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers."—"Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart," said Cochius; and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. "Fare you well," said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; "most likely we shall not meet again in this world." Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: "Poor little Ferdinand, adieu, then, my little child!" This is the Father of that fine Louis Ferdinand, who was killed at Jena; concerning whom Berlin, in certain emancipated circles of it, still speaks with regret. He, the Louis Ferdinand, had fine qualities; but went far a-roving, into radicalism, into romantic love, into champagne; and was cut down on the threshold of Jena, desperately fighting,—perhaps happily for him.

From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. "Feekin, O my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!" The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pollnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pollnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled—chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: "'It is over (DAS IST VOLLBRACHT),' said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his nightcap, and a blue mantle thrown round him." He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble; many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Furst of Anhalt-Dessau my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfulest of Adjutant—Generals, take each of you

a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb-show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: "You have chosen the very worst," said Friedrich Wilhelm: "Take that other, I will warrant him a good one!" The grim old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. "Nay, nay, my friend," Friedrich Wilhelm said, "this is a debt we have all to pay."

The Official people, Queen, Friedrich, Minister Boden, Minister Podewils, and even Pollnitz, being now all present, Friedrich Wilhelm makes his Declaration, at considerable length; old General Bredow repeating it aloud, [Pollnitz, ii. 561.] sentence by sentence, the King's own voice being too weak; so that all may hear: "That he abdicates, gives up wholly, in favor of his good Son Friedrich; that foreign Ambassadors are to be informed; that you are all to be true and loyal to my Son as you were to me"—and what else is needful. To which the judicious Podewils makes answer, "That there must first be a written Deed of his high Transaction executed, which shall be straightway set about; the Deed once executed, signed and sealed,—the high Royal will, in all points, takes effect." Alas, before Podewils has done speaking, the King is like falling into a faint; does faint, and is carried to bed: too unlikely any Deed of Abdication will be needed.

Ups and downs there still were; sore fluctuating labor, as the poor King struggles to his final rest, this morning. He was at the window again, when the WACHT-PARADE (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for the last time. [Pauli, viii. 280.] After which, new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about eleven o'clock, when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed; Cochius prays with fervor, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. "Not so loud!" says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: "O vanity! O vanity!" said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. "Pray for me, pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour!" he often said. His pains, his weakness are great; the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time, he called for a mirror: that is certain:—rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: "Not so worn out as I thought," is Pollnitz's account, and the likeliest;—though perhaps he said several things, "ugly face," "as good as dead already;" and continued the inspection for some moments. [Pollnitz, ii. 564; Wilhelmina, ii. 321.] A grim, strange thing.

"Feel my pulse, Pitsch," said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: "tell me how long this will last."—"Alas, not long," answered Pitsch.—"Say not, alas; but how do you (He) know?"—"The pulse is gone!"—"Impossible," said he, lifting his arm: "how could I move my fingers so, if the pulse were gone?" Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (DU BIST MEIN GEWINN)." These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room, when the faint had deepened into death; and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labors, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff;—I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's—Digester, Truculent—Charlatan and other species of "Kings," alone attainable for the sunk flunky populations of an Era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm, to guide it on the road BACK from Orcus a little? "Would give," I have written; but alas, it ought to have been "SHOULD give." What THEY "would" give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballot-boxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downwards and upwards! —Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died; age fifty-two, coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

On Saturday, 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin, on a raised place in the middle of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him: at his feet, on a black-velvet TABOURET (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries; Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit. A

grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on the face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night, the coffin—lid is screwed down: twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; four—and—twenty Corporals with wax torches, four—and—twenty Sergeants with inverted halberds lowered; certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers; these perform the actual burial,—carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists. [Pauli, viii. 281.] It is the end of the week, and the actual burial is done,—hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

Filial piety by no means intends to defraud a loved Father of the Spartan ceremonial contemplated as obsequies by him: very far from it. Filial piety will conform to that with rigor; only adding what musical and other splendors are possible, to testify his love still more. And so, almost three weeks hence, on the 23d of the month, with the aid of Dresden Artists, of Latin Cantatas and other pomps (not inexcusable, though somewhat out of keeping), the due Funeral is done, no Corpse but a Wax Effigy present in it;— and in all points, that of the Potsdam Grenadiers not forgotten, there was rigorous conformity to the Instruction left. In all points, even to the extensive funeral dinner, and drinking of the appointed cask of wine, "the best cask in my cellar." Adieu, O King.

The Potsdam Grenadiers fired their three volleys (not "PLACKERING," as I have reason to believe, but well); got their allowance, dinner—liquor, and appointed coin of money: it was the last service required of them in this world. That same night they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them, at a stroke; and ceased to exist as Potsdam Grenadiers. Colonels, Captains, all the Officers known to be of merit, were advanced, at least transferred. Of the common men, a minority, of not inhuman height and of worth otherwise, were formed into a new Regiment on the common terms: the stupid splay—footed eight—feet mass were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions; Irish Kirkman, and a few others neither knock—kneed nor without head, were appointed HEYDUCS, that is, porters to the King's or other Palaces; and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner.

Here are still two things capable of being fished up from the sea of nugatory matter; and meditated on by readers, till the following Books open.

The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now rapt away forever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory,—the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong!— this, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the HISTORY of his Father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: "We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father." [*OEuvres*, i. 174 (*Memoires de Brandebourg*: finished about 1747).] All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown—Prince, Crown—Prince no longer; "embraces his knees;" offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation;—hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In your posts I have no thought of making change: in your posts, yes;—and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the King that is sovereign!" Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pollnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, "half—dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself." "These huzzaings only tell me what I have lost!" said the new King.—"HE was in great suffering," suggested Pollnitz; "he is now at rest." "True, he suffered; but he was here with us: and now—!" [Ranke (ii. 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still, in manuscript, of Pollnitz's *Memoiren*.

END OF BOOK X-----

BOOK XI. FRIEDRICH TAKES THE REINS IN HAND. June–December, 1740.

Chapter I. PHENOMENA OF FRIEDRICH'S ACCESSION.

In Berlin, from Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, day of the late King's death, till the Thursday following, the post was stopped and the gates closed; no estafette can be despatched, though Dickens and all the Ambassadors are busy writing. On the Thursday, Regiments, Officers, principal Officials having sworn, and the new King being fairly in the saddle, estafettes and post-boys shoot forth at the top of their speed; and Rumor, towards every point of the compass, apprises mankind what immense news there is. [Dickens (in State- Paper Office), 4th June, 1740.]

A King's Accession is always a hopeful phenomenon to the public; more especially a young King's, who has been talked of for his talents and aspirings,—for his sufferings, were it nothing more, —and whose ANTI-MACHIAVEL is understood to be in the press. Vaguely everywhere there has a notion gone abroad that this young King will prove considerable. Here at last has a Lover of Philosophy got upon the throne, and great philanthropies and magnanimities are to be expected, think rash editors and idle mankind. Rash editors in England and elsewhere, we observe, are ready to believe that Friedrich has not only disbanded the Potsdam Giants; but means to "reduce the Prussian Army one half" or so, for ease (temporary ease which we hope will be lasting) of parties concerned; and to go much upon emancipation, political rose-water, and friendship to humanity, as we now call it.

At his first meeting of Council, they say, he put this question, "Could not the Prussian Army be reduced to 45,000?" The excellent young man. To which the Council had answered, "Hardly, your Majesty! The Julich-and-Berg affair is so ominous hitherto!" These may be secrets, and dubious to people out of doors, thinks a wise editor; but one thing patent to the day was this, surely symbolical enough: On one of his Majesty's first drives to Potsdam or from it, a thousand children,—in round numbers a thousand of them, all with the RED STRING round their necks, and liable to be taken for soldiers, if needed in the regiment of their Canton,— "a thousand children met this young King at a turn of his road; and with shrill unison of wail, sang out: "Oh, deliver us from slavery,"—from the red threads, your Majesty. Why should poor we be liable to suffer hardship for our Country or otherwise, your Majesty! Can no one else be got to do it? sang out the thousand children. And his Majesty assented on the spot, thinks the rash editor. [*Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1740), x. 318; Newspapers, "Goose, Madam?" exclaimed a philanthropist projector once, whose scheme of sweeping chimneys by pulling a live goose down through them was objected to: "Goose, Madam? You can take two ducks, then, if you are so sorry for the goose!"—Rash editors think there is to be a reign of Astraea Redux in Prussia, by means of this young King; and forget to ask themselves, as the young King must by no means do, How far Astraea may be possible, for Prussia and him?

At home, too, there is prophesying enough, vague hope enough, which for most part goes wide of the mark. This young King, we know, did prove considerable; but not in the way shaped out for him by the public;—it was in far other ways! For no public in the least knows, in such cases: nor does the man himself know, except gradually and if he strive to learn. As to the public,— "Doubtless," says a friend of mine, "doubtless it was the Atlantic Ocean that carried Columbus to America; lucky for the Atlantic, and for Columbus and us: but the Atlantic did not quite vote that way from the first; nay ITS votes, I believe, were very various at different stages of the matter!" This is a truth which kings and men, not intending to be drift-logs or waste brine obedient to the Moon, are much called to have in mind withal, from perhaps an early stage of their voyage.

Friedrich's actual demeanor in these his first weeks, which is still decipherable if one study well, has in truth a good deal of the brilliant, of the popular-magnanimous; but manifests strong solid quality withal, and a head steadier than might have been expected. For the Berlin world is all in a rather Auroral condition; and Friedrich too is,—the chains suddenly cut loose, and such hopes opened for the young man. He has great things ahead; feels in himself great things, and doubtless exults in the thought of realizing them. Magnanimous enough, popular, hopeful enough, with Voltaire and the highest of the world looking on:— but yet he is wise, too; creditably aware that there are limits, that this is a bargain, and the terms of it inexorable. We discern with pleasure the old veracity of character shining through this giddy new element; that all these fine procedures are at least unaffected, to a singular degree true, and the product of nature, on his part; and that, in short, the complete respect for Fact, which

used to be a quality of his, and which is among the highest and also rarest in man, has on no side deserted him at present.

A trace of airy exuberance, of natural exultancy, not quite repressible, on the sudden change to freedom and supreme power from what had gone before: perhaps that also might be legible, if in those opaque bead-rolls which are called Histories of Friedrich anything human could with certainty be read! He flies much about from place to place; now at Potsdam, now at Berlin, at Charlottenburg, Reinsberg; nothing loath to run whither business calls him, and appear in public: the gazetteer world, as we noticed, which has been hitherto a most mute world, breaks out here and there into a kind of husky jubilation over the great things he is daily doing, and rejoices in the prospect of having a Philosopher King; which function the young man, only twenty-eight gone, cannot but wish to fulfil for the gazetteers and the world. He is a busy man; and walks boldly into his grand enterprise of "making men happy," to the admiration of Voltaire and an enlightened public far and near.

Bielfeld speaks of immense concourses of people crowding about Charlottenburg, to congratulate, to solicit, to tell us how he himself had to lodge almost in outhouses, in that royal village of hope, His emotions at Reinsberg, and everybody's, while Friedrich Wilhelm lay dying, and all stood like greyhounds on the slip; and with what arrow-swiftness they shot away when the great news came: all this he has already described at wearisome length, in his fantastic semi-fabulous way. [Bielfeld, i. 68-77; ib. 81.] Friedrich himself seemed moderately glad to see Bielfeld; received his high-flown congratulations with a benevolent yet somewhat composed air; and gave him afterwards, in the course of weeks, an unexpectedly small appointment: To go to Hanover, under Truchsess von Waldburg, and announce our Accession. Which is but a simple, mostly formal service; yet perhaps what Bielfeld is best equal to.

The Britannic Majesty, or at least his Hanover people have been beforehand with this civility; Baron Munchhausen, no doubt by orders given for such contingency, had appeared at Berlin with the due compliment and condolence almost on the first day of the New Reign; first messenger of all on that errand; Britannic Majesty evidently in a conciliatory humor,—having his dangerous Spanish War on hand. Britannic Majesty in person, shortly after, gets across to Hanover; and Friedrich despatches Truchsess, with Bielfeld adjoined, to return the courtesy.

Friedrich does not neglect these points of good manners; along with which something of substantial may be privately conjoined. For example, if he had in secret his eye on Julich and Berg, could anything be fitter than to ascertain what the French will think of such an enterprise? What the French; and next to them what the English, that is to say, Hanoverians, who meddle much in affairs of the Reich. For these reasons and others he likewise, probably with more study than in the Bielfeld case, despatches Colonel Camas to make his compliment at the French Court, and in an expert way take soundings there. Camas, a fat sedate military gentleman, of advanced years, full of observation, experience and sound sense,—"with one arm, which he makes do the work of two, and nobody can notice that the other arm resting in his coat-breast is of cork, so expert is he,"—will do in this matter what is feasible; probably not much for the present. He is to call on Voltaire, as he passes, who is in Holland again, at the Hague for some months back; and deliver him "a little cask of Hungary Wine," which probably his Majesty had thought exquisite. Of which, and the other insignificant passages between them, we hear more than enough in the writings and correspondences of Voltaire about this time.

In such way Friedrich disposes of his Bielfelds; who are rather numerous about him now and henceforth. Adventurers from all quarters, especially of the literary type, in hopes of being employed, much hovered round Friedrich through his whole reign. But they met a rather strict judge on arriving; it cannot be said they found it such a Goshen as they expected.

Favor, friendly intimacy, it is visible from the first, avails nothing with this young King; beyond and before all things he will have his work done, and looks out exclusively for the man ablest to do it. Hence Bielfeld goes to Hanover, to grin out euphuisms, and make graceful courtbows to our sublime little Uncle there. On the other hand, Friedrich institutes a new Knighthood, ORDER OF MERIT so called; which indeed is but a small feat, testifying mere hope and exuberance as yet; and may even be made worse than nothing, according to the Knights he shall manage to have. Happily it proved a successful new Order in this last all-essential particular; and, to the end of Friedrich's life, continued to be a great and coveted distinction among the Prussians.

Beyond doubt this is a radiant enough young Majesty; entitled to hope, and to be the cause of hope. Handsome, to begin with; decidedly well-looking, all say, and of graceful presence, though hardly five feet

seven, and perhaps stouter of limb than the strict Belvedere standard. [Height, it appears, was five feet five inches (Rhenish), which in English measure is five feet seven or a hair's-breadth less. Preuss, twice over, by a mistake unusual with him, gives "five feet two inches three lines" as the correct cipher (which it is of NAPOLEON'S measure in FRENCH feet); then settles on the above dimensions from unexceptionable authority (Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 18; Preuss, *Fredrich der Grosse*, i. 39 and 419).] Has a fine free expressive face; nothing of austerity in it; not a proud face, or not too proud, yet rapidly flashing on you all manner of high meanings. [Wille's Engraving after Pesne (excellent, both Picture and Engraving) is reckoned the best Likeness in that form.] Such a man, in the bloom of his years; with such a possibility ahead, and Voltaire and mankind waiting applaudive!—Let us try to select, and extricate into coherence and visibility out of those Historical dust-heaps, a few of the symptomatic phenomena, or physiognomic procedures of Friedrich in his first weeks of Kingship, by way of contribution to some Portraiture of his then inner-man.

FRIEDRICH WILL MAKE MEN HAPPY: CORN-MAGAZINES.

On the day after his Accession, Officers and chief Ministers taking the Oath, Friedrich, to his Officers, "on whom he counts for the same zeal now which he had witnessed as their comrade," recommends mildness of demeanor from the higher to the lower, and that the common soldier be not treated with harshness when not deserved: and to his Ministers he is still more emphatic, in the like or a higher strain. Officially announcing to them, by Letter, that a new Reign has commenced, he uses these words, legible soon after to a glad Berlin public: "Our grand care will be, To further the Country's well-being, and to make every one of our subjects (EINEN JEDEN UNSERER UNTERTHANEN) contented and happy. Our will is, not that you strive to enrich Us by vexation of Our subjects; but rather that you aim steadily as well towards the advantage of the Country as Our particular interest, forasmuch as We make no difference between these two objects," but consider them one and the same. This is written, and gets into print within the month; and his Majesty, that same day (Wednesday, 2d June), when it came to personal reception, and actual taking of the Oath, was pleased to add in words, which also were printed shortly, this comfortable corollary: "My will henceforth is, If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my Countries should seem to go against each other,—in that case, my will is, That the latter always be preferred." [Dickens, Despatch, 4th June, 1740: Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840), p. 325;—quoting from the Berlin Newspapers of 28th June and 2d July, 1740.]

This is a fine dialect for incipient Royalty; and it is brand-new at that time. It excites an admiration in the then populations, which to us, so long used to it and to what commonly comes of it, is not conceivable at once. There can be no doubt the young King does faithfully intend to develop himself in the way of making men happy; but here, as elsewhere, are limits which he will recognize ahead, some of them perhaps nearer than was expected.

Meanwhile his first acts, in this direction, correspond to these fine words. The year 1740, still grim with cold into the heart of summer, bids fair to have a late poor harvest, and famine threatens to add itself to other hardships there have been. Recognizing the actualities of the case, what his poor Father could not, he opens the Public Granaries,—a wise resource they have in Prussian countries against the year of scarcity;—orders grain to be sold out, at reasonable rates, to the suffering poor; and takes the due pains, considerable in some cases, that this be rendered feasible everywhere in his dominions. "Berlin, 2d June," is the first date of this important order; fine program to his Ministers, which, we read, is no sooner uttered, than some performance follows. An evident piece of wisdom and humanity; for which doubtless blessings of a very sincere kind rise to him from several millions of his fellow-mortals.

Nay furthermore, as can be dimly gathered, this scarcity continuing, some continuous mode of management was set on foot for the Poor; and there is nominated, with salary, with outline of plan and other requisites, as "Inspector of the Poor," to his own and our surprise, M. Jordan, late Reader to the Crown-Prince, and still much the intimate of his royal Friend. Inspector who seems to do his work very well. And in the November coming this is what we see: "One thousand poor old women, the destitute of Berlin, set to spin," at his Majesty's charges; vacant houses, hired for them in certain streets and suburbs, have been new-planked, partitioned, warmed; and spinning is there for any diligent female soul. There a thousand of them sit, under proper officers, proper wages, treatment;—and the hum of their poor spindles, and of their poor inarticulate old hearts, is a comfort, if one chance to think of it.—Of "distressed needlewomen" who cannot sew, nor be taught to do it; who, in private truth, are mutinous maid-servants come at last to the net upshot of their anarchies; of these, or of the like incurable phenomena, I hear nothing in Berlin; and can believe that, under this King, Indigence itself may still have

something of a human aspect, not a brutal or diabolic as is commoner in some places.—This is one of Friedrich's first acts, this opening of the Corn-magazines, and arrangements for the Destitute; [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 367. Rodenbeck, *Tagebuch aus Friedrichs des Grossen Regentenleben* (Berlin, 1840), i. 2, 26 (2d June, October, 1740): a meritorious, laborious, though essentially chaotic Book, unexpectedly futile of result to the reader; settles for each Day of Friedrich's Reign, so far as possible, where Friedrich was and what doing; fatally wants all index as usual.] and of this there can be no criticism. The sound of hungry pots set boiling, on judicious principles; the hum of those old women's spindles in the warm rooms: gods and men are well pleased to hear such sounds; and accept the same as part, real though infinitesimally small, of the sphere-harmonies of this Universe!

ABOLITION OF LEGAL TORTURE.

Friedrich makes haste, next, to strike into Law-improvements. It is but the morrow after this of the Corn-magazines, by KABINETS-ORDRE (Act of Parliament such as they can have in that Country, where the Three Estates sit all under one Three-cornered Hat, and the debates are kept silent, and only the upshot of them, more or less faithfully, is made public),—by Cabinet Order, 3d June, 1740, he abolishes the use of Torture in Criminal Trials. [Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840,—a minor Book of Preuss's), p. 340. Rodenbeck, i. 14 ("3d June").] Legal Torture, "Question" as they mildly call it, is at an end from this date. Not in any Prussian Court shall a "question" try for answer again by that savage method. The use of Torture had, I believe, fallen rather obsolete in Prussia; but now the very threat of it shall vanish,—the threat of it, as we may remember, had reached Friedrich himself, at one time. Three or four years ago, it is farther said, a dark murder happened in Berlin: Man killed one night in the open streets; murderer discoverable by no method,—unless he were a certain CANDIDATUS of Divinity to whom some trace of evidence pointed, but who sorrowfully persisted in absolute and total denial. This poor Candidatus had been threatened with the rack; and would most likely have at length got it, had not the real murderer been discovered,—much to the discredit of the rack in Berlin. This Candidatus was only threatened; nor do I know when the last actual instance in Prussia was; but in enlightened France, and most other countries, there was as yet no scruple upon it. Barbier, the Diarist at Paris, some time after this, tells us of a gang of thieves there, who were regularly put to the torture; and "they blabbed too, ILS ONT JASE," says Barbier with official jocosity. [Barbier, *Journal Historique du Regne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1849), ii. 338 (date "Dec. 1742").]

Friedrich's Cabinet Order, we need not say, was greeted everywhere, at home and abroad, by three rounds of applause;—in which surely all of us still join; though the PER CONTRA also is becoming visible to some of us, and our enthusiasm grows less complete than formerly. This was Friedrich's first step in Law-Reform, done on his fourth day of Kingship. A long career in that kind lies ahead of him; in reform of Law, civil as well as criminal, his efforts ended with life only. For his love of Justice was really great; and the mendacities and wiggeries, attached to such a necessary of life as Law, found no favor from him at any time.

WILL HAVE PHILOSOPHERS ABOUT HIM, AND A REAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

To neglect the Philosophies, Fine Arts, interests of Human Culture, he is least of all likely. The idea of building up the Academy of Sciences to its pristine height, or far higher, is evidently one of those that have long lain in the Crown-Prince's mind, eager to realize themselves. Immortal Wolf, exiled but safe at Marburg, and refusing to return in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, had lately dedicated a Book to the Crown-Prince; indicating that perhaps, under a new Reign, he might be more persuadable. Friedrich makes haste to persuade; instructs the proper person, Reverend Herr Reinbeck, Head of the Consistorium at Berlin, to write and negotiate. "All reasonable conditions shall be granted" the immortal Wolf,—and Friedrich adds with his own hand as Postscript: "I request you (IHN) to use all diligence about Wolf. A man that seeks truth, and loves it, must be reckoned precious in any human society; and I think you will make a conquest in the realm of truth if you persuade Wolf hither again." [In *OEuvres de Frederic* (xxvii. ii. 185), the Letter given.] This is of date June 6th; not yet a week since Friedrich came to be King. The Reinbeck-Wolf negotiation which ensued can be read in Busching by the curious. [Busching's *Beitrag* (? Freiherr von Wolf), i. 63–137.] It represents to us a croaky, thrifty, long-headed old Herr Professor, in no haste to quit Marburg except for something better: "obliged to wear woollen shoes and leggings;" "bad at mounting stairs;" and otherwise needing soft treatment. Willing, though with caution, to work at an Academy of Sciences;—but dubious if the French are so admirable as they seem to themselves in such operations. Veteran Wolf, one dimly begins to learn, could himself build a German Academy of Sciences, to some purpose, if encouraged! This latter was probably the stone of stumbling in that direction. Veteran Wolf did not get

to be President in the New Academy of Sciences; but was brought back, "streets all in triumph," to his old place at Halle; and there, with little other work that was heard of, but we hope in warm shoes and without much mounting of stairs, lived peaceably victorious the rest of his days. Friedrich's thoughts are not of a German home-built Academy, but of a French one: and for this he already knows a builder; has silently had him in his eye, these two years past,—Voltaire giving hint, in the LETTER we once heard of at Loo. Builder shall be that sublime Maupertuis; scientific lion of Paris, ever since his feat in the Polar regions, and the charming Narrative he gave of it. "What a feat, what a book!" exclaimed the Parisian cultivated circles, male and female, on that occasion; and Maupertuis, with plenty of bluster in him carefully suppressed, assents in a grandly modest way. His Portraits are in the Printshops ever since; one very singular Portrait, just coming out (at which there is some laughing): a coarse-featured, blustering, rather triumphant-looking man, blustering, though finely complacent for the nonce; in copious dressing—gown and fur cap; comfortably SQUEEZING the Earth and her meridians flat (as if HE had done it), with his left hand; and with the other, and its outstretched finger, asking mankind, "Are not you aware, then?"— "Are not we!" answers Voltaire by and by, with endless waggeries upon him, though at present so reverent. Friedrich, in these same days, writes this Autograph; which who of men or lions could resist?

TO MONSIEUR DE MAUPERTUIS, at Paris.

(No date;—datable, June, 1740.)

"My heart and my inclination excited in me, from the moment I mounted the throne, the desire of having you here, that you might put our Berlin Academy into the shape you alone are capable of giving it. Come, then, come and insert into this wild crab-tree the graft of the Sciences, that it may bear fruit. You have shown the Figure of the Earth to mankind; show also to a King how sweet it is to possess such a man as you.

"Monsieur de Maupertuis,—votre tres-affectionne

"FEDERIC" (SIC). [*OEuvres*, xvii. i. 334. The fantastic "Federic," instead of "Frederic," is, by this time, the common signature to French Letters.]

This Letter—how could Maupertuis prevent some accident in such a case?—got into the Newspapers; glorious for Friedrich, glorious for Maupertuis; and raised matters to a still higher pitch. Maupertuis is on the road, and we shall see him before long.

AND EVERY ONE SHALL GET TO HEAVEN IN HIS OWN WAY.

Here is another little fact which had immense renown at home and abroad, in those summer months and long afterwards.

June 22d, 1740, the GEISTLICHE DEPARTEMENT (Board of Religion, we may term it) reports that the Roman-Catholic Schools, which have been in use these eight years past, for children of soldiers belonging to that persuasion, "are, especially in Berlin, perverted, directly in the teeth of Royal Ordinance, 1732, to seducing Protestants into Catholicism;" annexed, or ready for annexing, "is the specific Report of Fiscal-General to this effect:"—upon which, what would it please his Majesty to direct us to do?

His Majesty writes on the margin these words, rough and ready, which we give with all their grammatical blotches on them; indicating a mind made up on one subject, which was much more dubious then, to most other minds, than it now is:—

"Die Religionen Musen (MUSSEN) alle Tollerirt (TOLERIRT) werden, und Mus (MUSS) der Fiscal nuhr (NUR) das Auge darauf haben, das (DASS) keine der andern abrug Tuhe (ABBRUCH THUE), den (DENN) hier mus (MUSS) ein jeder nach seiner Fasson Selich (FACON SELIG) werden." [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 333; Rodenbeck, IN DIE.

Which in English might run as follows:—

"All Religions must be tolerated (TOLLERATED), and the Fiscal must have an eye that none of them make unjust encroachment on the other; for in this Country every man must get to Heaven in his own way."

Wonderful words; precious to the then leading spirits, and which (the spelling and grammar being mended) flew abroad over all the world: the enlightened Public everywhere answering his Majesty, once more, with its loudest "Bravissimo!" on this occasion. With what enthusiasm of admiring wonder, it is now difficult to fancy, after the lapse of sixscore years! And indeed, in regard to all these worthy acts of Human Improvement which we are now concerned with, account should be held (were it possible) on Friedrich's behalf how extremely original, and bright with the splendor of new gold, they then were: and how extremely they are fallen dim, by general circulation, since that. Account should be held; and yet it is not possible, no human imagination is adequate to it,

in the times we are now got into.

FREE PRESS, AND NEWSPAPERS THE BEST INSTRUCTORS.

Toleration, in Friedrich's spiritual circumstances, was perhaps no great feat to Friedrich: but what the reader hardly expected of him was Freedom of the Press, or an attempt that way! From England, from Holland, Friedrich had heard of Free Press, of Newspapers the best Instructors: it is a fact that he hastens to plant a seed of that kind at Berlin; sets about it "on the second day of his reign," so eager is he. Berlin had already some meagre INTELLIGENZ-BLATT (Weekly or Thrice-Weekly Advertiser), perhaps two; but it is a real Newspaper, frondent with genial leafy speculation, and food for the mind, that Friedrich is intent upon: a "Literary-Political Newspaper," or were it even two Newspapers, one French, one German; and he rapidly makes the arrangements for it; despatches Jordan, on the second day, to seek some fit Frenchman. Arrangements are soon made: a Bookselling Printer, Haude, Bookseller once to the Prince-Royal,—whom we saw once in a domestic flash-of-lightning long ago, [Antea, Book vi. c. 7.]—is encouraged to proceed with the improved German article, MERCURY or whatever they called it; vapid Formey, a facile pen, but not a forcible, is the Editor sought out by Jordan for the French one. And, in short, No. 1 of Formey shows itself in print within a month; ["2d July, 1740:" Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 330; and Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 107, rectified by the exact Herr Preuss.] and Haude and he, Haude picking up some grand Editor in Hamburg, do their best for the instruction of mankind.

In not many months, Formey, a facile and learned but rather vapid gentleman, demitted or was dismissed; and the Journals coalesced into one, or split into two again; and went I know not what road, or roads, in time coming,—none that led to results worth naming. Freedom of the Press, in the case of these Journals, was never violated, nor was any need for violating it. General Freedom of the Press Friedrich did not grant, in any quite Official or steady way; but in practice, under him, it always had a kind of real existence, though a fluctuating, ambiguous one. And we have to note, through Friedrich's whole reign, a marked disinclination to concern himself with Censorship, or the shackling of men's poor tongues and pens; nothing but some officious report that there was offence to Foreign Courts, or the chance of offence, in a poor man's pamphlet, could induce Friedrich to interfere with him or it,—and indeed his interference was generally against his Ministers for having wrong informed him, and in favor of the poor Pamphleteer appealing at the fountain-head. [Anonymous (Laveaux), *Vie de Frederic II., Roi de Prusse* (Strasbourg, 1787), iv. 82. A worthless, now nearly forgotten Book; but competent on this point, if on any; Laveaux (a handy fellow, fugitive Ex-Monk, with fugitive Ex-Nun attached) having lived much at Berlin, always in the pamphleteering line.] To the end of his life, disgusting Satires against him, *Vie Privée* by Voltaire, *Matinees du Roi de Prusse*, and still worse Lies and Nonsenses, were freely sold at Berlin, and even bore to be printed there, Friedrich saying nothing, caring nothing. He has been known to burn Pamphlets publicly,—one Pamphlet we shall ourselves see on fire yet;—but it was without the least hatred to them, and for official reasons merely. To the last, he would answer his reporting Ministers, "LE PRESSE EST LIBRE (Free press, you must consider)!"—grandly reluctant to meddle with the press, or go down upon the dogs barking at his door. Those ill effects of Free Press (first stage of the ill effects) he endured in this manner; but the good effects seem to have fallen below his expectation. Friedrich's enthusiasm for freedom of the press, prompt enough, as we see, never rose to the extreme pitch, and it rather sank than increased as he continued his experiences of men and things. This of Formey and the two Newspapers was the only express attempt he made in that direction; and it proved a rather disappointing one. The two Newspapers went their way thenceforth, Friedrich sometimes making use of them for small purposes, once or twice writing an article himself, of wildly quizzical nature, perhaps to be noticed by us when the time comes; but are otherwise, except for chronological purposes, of the last degree of insignificance to gods or men.

"Freedom of the Press," says my melancholic Friend, "is a noble thing; and in certain Nations, at certain epochs, produces glorious effects,—chiefly in the revolutionary line, where that has grown indispensable. Freedom of the Press is possible, where everybody disapproves the least abuse of it; where the 'Censorship' is, as it were, exercised by all the world. When the world (as, even in the freest countries, it almost irresistibly tends to become) is no longer in a case to exercise that salutary function, and cannot keep down loud unwise speaking, loud unwise persuasion, and rebuke it into silence whenever printed, Freedom of the Press will not answer very long, among sane human creatures: and indeed, in Nations not in an exceptional case, it becomes impossible amazingly soon!"—

All these are phenomena of Friedrich's first week. Let these suffice as sample, in that first kind. Splendid

indications surely; and shot forth in swift enough succession, flash following flash, upon an attentive world. Betokening, shall we say, what internal sea of splendor, struggling to disclose itself, probably lies in this young King; and how high his hopes go for mankind and himself? Yes, surely;—and introducing, we remark withal, the "New Era," of Philanthropy, Enlightenment and so much else; with French Revolution, and a "world well suicided" hanging in the rear! Clearly enough, to this young ardent Friedrich, foremost man of his Time, and capable of DOING its inarticulate or dumb aspirings, belongs that questionable honor; and a very singular one it would have seemed to Friedrich, had he lived to see what it meant!

Friedrich's rapidity and activity, in the first months of his reign, were wonderful to mankind; as indeed through life he continued to be a most rapid and active King. He flies about; mustering Troops, Ministerial Boards, passing Edicts, inspecting, accepting Homages of Provinces;—decides and does, every day that passes, an amazing number of things. Writes many Letters, too; finds moments even for some verses; and occasionally draws a snatch of melody from his flute.

His Letters are copiously preserved; but, as usual, they are in swift official tone, and tell us almost nothing. To his Sisters he writes assurances; to his friends, his Suhms, Duhan, Voltaires, eager invitations, general or particular, to come to him. "My state has changed," is his phrase to Voltaire and other dear intimates; a tone of pensiveness, at first even of sorrow and pathos traceable in it; "Come to me,"—and the tone, in an old dialect, different from Friedrich's, might have meant, "Pray for me." An immense new scene is opened, full of possibilities of good and bad. His hopes being great, his anxieties, the shadow of them, are proportionate. Duhan (his good old Tutor) does arrive, Algarotti arrives, warmly welcomed, both: with Voltaire there are difficulties; but surely he too will, before long, manage to arrive. The good Suhm, who had been Saxon Minister at Petersburg to his sorrow this long while back, got in motion soon enough; but, alas, his lungs were ruined by the Russian climate, and he did not arrive. Something pathetic still in those final LETTERS of Suhm. Passionately speeding on, like a spent steed struggling homeward; he has to pause at Warsaw, and in a few days dies there,—in a way mournful to Friedrich and us! To Duhan, and Duhan's children afterwards, he was punctually, not too lavishly, attentive; in like manner to Suhm's Nephews, whom the dying man had recommended to him.—We will now glance shortly at a second and contemporaneous phasis of Friedrich's affairs.

INTENDS TO BE PRACTICAL WITHAL, AND EVERY INCH A KING.

Friedrich is far indeed from thinking to reduce his Army, as the Foreign Editor imagines. On the contrary, he is, with all industry, increasing it. He changed the Potsdam Giants into four regiments of the usual stature; he is busy bargaining with his Brother-in-law of Brunswick, and with other neighbors, for still new regiments;—makes up, within the next few months, Eight Regiments, an increase of, say, 16,000 men. It would appear he means to keep an eye on the practicalities withal; means to have a Fighting-Apparatus of the utmost potentiality, for one thing.! Here are other indications.

We saw the Old Dessauer, in a sad hour lately, speaking beside the mark; and with what Olympian glance, suddenly tearless, the new King flashed out upon him, knowing nothing of "authority" that could reside in any Dessauer. Nor was that a solitary experience; the like befell wherever needed. Heinrich of Schwedt, the Ill Margraf, advancing with jocose countenance in the way of old comradeship, in those first days, met unexpected rebuff, and was reduced to gravity on the sudden: "JETZT BIN ICH KONIG,—My Cousin, I am now King!" a fact which the Ill Margraf could never get forgotten again. Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, too, the didactic Schulenburg, presuming, on old familiarity, and willing to wipe out the misfortune of having once condemned us to death, which nobody is now upbraiding him with, rushes up from Landsberg, unbidden, to pay his congratulations and condolences, driven by irresistible exuberance of loyalty: to his astonishment, he is reminded (thing certain, manner of the thing not known), That an Officer cannot quit his post without order; that he, at this moment, ought to be in Landsberg! [Stenzel, iv. 41; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*; Schulenburg has a hard old military face; but here is a young face too, which has grown unexpectedly rigorous. Fancy the blank look of little Schulenburg; the light of him snuffed out in this manner on a sudden. It is said he had thoughts of resigning, so indignant was he: no doubt he went home to Landsberg gloomily reflective, with the pipe-clay of his mind in such a ruinous condition. But there was no serious anger, on Friedrich's part; and he consoled his little Schulenburg soon after, by expediting some promotion he had intended him. "Terribly proud young Majesty this," exclaim the sweet voices. And indeed, if they are to have a Saturnian Kingdom, by appearance it will be on conditions only!

Anticipations there had been, that old unkindnesses against the Crown-Prince, some of which were cruel enough, might be remembered now: and certain people had their just fears, considering what account stood against them; others, VICE VERSA, their hopes. But neither the fears nor the hopes realized themselves; especially the fears proved altogether groundless. Derschau, who had voted Death in that Copenick Court-Martial, upon the Crown-Prince, is continued in his functions, in the light of his King's countenance, as if nothing such had been. Derschau, and all others so concerned; not the least question was made of them, nor of what they had thought or had done or said, on an occasion once so tragically vital to a certain man.

Nor is reward much regulated by past services to the Crown-Prince, or even by sufferings endured for him. "Shocking ingratitude.!" exclaim the sweet voices here too,—being of weak judgment, many of them! Poor Katte's Father, a faithful old Soldier, not capable of being more, he does, rather conspicuously, make Feldmarschall, make Reichsgraf; happy, could these honors be a consolation to the old man. The Munchows of Custrin,—readers remember their kindness in that sad time; how the young boy went into petticoats again, and came to the Crown-Prince's cell with all manner of furnishings,—the Munchows, father and sons, this young gentleman of the petticoats among them, he took immediate pains to reward by promotion: eldest son was advanced into the General Directorium; two younger sons, to Majorship, to Captaincy, in their respective Regiments; him of the petticoats "he had already taken altogether to himself," [Preuss, i. 66.] and of him we shall see a glimpse at Wilhelmina's shortly, as a "milkbeard (JEUNE MORVEUX)" in personal attendance on his Majesty. This was a notable exception. And in effect there came good public service, eminent some of it, from these Munchows in their various departments. And it was at length perceived to have been, in the main, because they were of visible faculty for doing work that they had got work to do; and the exceptional case of the Munchows became confirmatory of the rule.

Lieutenant Keith, again, whom we once saw galloping from Wesel to save his life in that bad affair of the Crown-Prince's and his, was nothing like so fortunate. Lieutenant Keith, by speed on that Wesel occasion, and help of Chesterfield's Secretary, got across to England; got into the Portuguese service; and has there been soldiering, very silently, these ten years past,—skin and body safe, though his effigy was cut in four quarters and nailed to the gallows at Wesel;—waiting a time that would come. Time being come, Lieutenant Keith hastened home; appealed to his effigy on the gallows;—and was made a Lieutenant-Colonel merely, with some slight appendages, as that of STALLMEISTER (Curator of the Stables) and something else; income still straitened, though enough to live upon. [Preuss, *Friedrich mit Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 281.] Small promotion, in comparison with hope, thought the poor Lieutenant; but had to rest satisfied with it; and struggle to understand that perhaps he was fit for nothing bigger, and that he must exert himself to do this small thing well. Hardness of heart in high places! Friedrich, one is glad to see, had not forgotten the poor fellow, could he have done better with him. Some ten years hence, quite incidentally, there came to Keith, one morning, a fine purse of money from his Majesty, one pretty gift in Keith's experience;—much the topic in Berlin, while a certain solemn English gentleman happened to be passing that way (whom we mean to detain a little by and by), who reports it for us with all the circumstances. [Sir Jonas Hanway, *Travels*, (London, 1753), ii. 202. Date of the Gift is 1750.]

Lieutenant Spaen too had got into trouble for the Crown-Prince's sake, though we have forgotten him again; had "admitted Katte to interviews," or we forget what;—had sat his "year in Spandau" in consequence; been dismissed the Prussian service, and had taken service with the Dutch. Lieutenant Spaen either did not return at all, or disliked the aspects when he did, and immediately withdrew to Holland again. Which probably was wise of him. At a late period, King Friedrich, then a great King, on one of his Cleve Journeys, fell in with Spaen; who had become a Dutch General of rank, and was of good manners and style of conversation: King Friedrich was charmed to see him; became his guest for the night; conversed delightfully with him, about old Prussian matters and about new; and in the colloquy never once alluded to that interesting passage in his young life and Spaen's. [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 178.] Hard as polished steel! thinks Spaen perhaps; but, if candid, must ask himself withal, Are facts any softer, or the Laws of Kingship to a man that holds it? —Keith silently did his Lieutenant-Colonelcy with the appendages, while life lasted: of the Page Keith, his Brother, who indeed had blabbed upon the Prince, as we remember, and was not entitled to be clamorous, I never heard that there was any notice taken; and figure him to myself as walking with shouldered firelock, a private Fusileer, all his life afterwards, with many reflections on things bygone. [These and the other Prussian Keiths are all of Scotch extraction; the Prussians, in natural German fashion, pronounce their name KAH-IT (English "KITE" with

nothing of the Y in it), as may be worth remembering in a more important instance.]

Old friendship, it would seem, is without weight in public appointments here: old friends are somewhat astonished to find this friend of theirs a King every inch! To old comrades, if they were useless, much more if they were worse than useless, how disappointing! "One wretched Herr [name suppressed, but known at the time, and talked of, and whispered of], who had, like several others, hoping to rise that way, been industrious in encouraging the Crown-Prince's vices as to women, was so shocked at the return he now met, that in despair he hanged himself in LobeJun" (Lobegun, Magdeburg Country): here is a case for the humane! [Kuster, *Characterzuge des von Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), p. 63.]

Friend Keyserling himself, "Caesarion" that used to be, can get nothing, though we love him much; being an idle topsy-turvy fellow with revenues of his own. Jordan, with his fine-drawn wit, French logics, LITERARY TRAVELS, thin exactitude; what can be done for Jordan? Him also his new Majesty loves much; and knows that, without some official living, poor Jordan has no resource. Jordan, after some waiting and survey, is made "Inspector of the Poor;"—busy this Autumn looking out for vacant houses, and arrangements for the thousand spinning women;—continues to be employed in mixed literary services (hunting up of Formey, for Editor, was one instance), and to be in much real intimacy. That also was perhaps about the real amount of amiable Jordan. To get Jordan a living by planting him in some office which he could not do; to warm Jordan by burning our royal bed for him: that had not entered into the mind of Jordan's royal friend. The Munchows he did promote; the Finks, sons of his Tutor Finkenstein: to these and other old comrades, in whom he had discovered fitness, it is no doubt abundantly grateful to him to recognize and employ it. As he notably does, in these and in other instances. But before all things he has decided to remember that he is King; that he must accept the severe laws of that trust, and do IT, or not have done anything. An inverse sign, pointing in the same way, is the passionate search he is making in Foreign Countries for such men as will suit him. In these same months, for example, he bethinks him of two Counts Schmettau, in the Austrian Service, with whom he had made acquaintance in the Rhine Campaign; of a Count von Rothenburg, whom he saw in the French Camp there; and is negotiating to have them if possible. The Schmettaus are Prussian by birth, though in Austrian Service; them he obtains under form of an Order home, with good conditions under it; they came, and proved useful men to him. Rothenburg, a shining kind of figure in Diplomacy as well as Soldiership, was Alsatian German, foreign to Prussia; but him too Friedrich obtained, and made much of, as will be notable by and by. And in fact the soul of all these noble tendencies in Friedrich, which surely are considerable, is even this, That he loves men of merit, and does not love men of none; that he has an endless appetite for men of merit, and feels, consciously and otherwise, that they are the one thing beautiful, the one thing needful to him.

This, which is the product of all fine tendencies, is likewise their centre or focus out of which they start again, with some chance of fulfilment;—and we may judge in how many directions Friedrich was willing to expand himself, by the multifarious kinds he was inviting, and negotiating for. Academicians,—and not Maupertuis only, but all manner of mathematical geniuses (Euler whom he got, 's Gravesande, Muschenbroek whom he failed of); and Literary geniuses innumerable, first and last. Academicians, Musicians, Players, Dancers even; much more Soldiers and Civil-Service men: no man that carries any honest "CAN DO" about with him but may expect some welcome here. Which continued through Friedrich's reign; and involved him in much petty trouble, not always successful in the lower kinds of it. For his Court was the cynosure of ambitious creatures on the wing, or inclined for taking wing: like a lantern kindled in the darkness of the world; —and many owls impinged upon him; whom he had to dismiss with brevity.

Perhaps it had been better to stand by mere Prussian or German merit, native to the ground? Or rather, undoubtedly it had! In some departments, as in the military, the administrative, diplomatic, Friedrich was himself among the best of judges: but in various others he had mainly (mainly, by no means blindly or solely) to accept noise of reputation as evidence of merit; and in these, if we compute with rigor, his success was intrinsically not considerable. The more honor to him that he never wearied of trying. "A man that does not care for merit," says the adage, "cannot himself have any." But a King that does not care for merit, what shall we say of such a King!—

BEHAVIOR TO HIS MOTHER; TO HIS WIFE.

One other fine feature, significant of many, let us notice: his affection for his Mother. When his Mother addressed him as "Your Majesty," he answered, as the Books are careful to tell us: "Call me Son; that is the Title

of all others most agreeable to me!" Words which, there can be no doubt, came from the heart. Fain would he shoot forth to greatness in filial piety, as otherwise; fain solace himself in doing something kind to his Mother. Generously, lovingly; though again with clear view of the limits. He decrees for her a Title higher than had been customary, as well as more accordant with his feelings; not "Queen Dowager," but "Her Majesty the Queen Mother." He decides to build her a new Palace; "under the Lindens" it is to be, and of due magnificence: in a month or two, he had even got bits of the foundation dug, and the Houses to be pulled down bought or bargained for; [Rodenbeck, p. 15 (30th June–23d Aug. 1740); and correct Stenzel (iv. 44).]—which enterprise, however, was renounced, no doubt with consent, as the public aspects darkened. Nothing in the way of honor, in the way of real affection heartily felt and demonstrated, was wanting to Queen Sophie in her widowhood. But, on the other hand, of public influence no vestige was allowed, if any was ever claimed; and the good kind Mother lived in her Monbijou, the centre and summit of Berlin society; and restricted herself wisely to private matters. She has her domesticities, family affections, readings, speculations; gives evening parties at Monbijou. One glimpse of her in 1742 we get, that of a perfectly private royal Lady; which though it has little meaning, yet as it is authentic, coming from Busching's hand, may serve as one little twinkle in that total darkness, and shall be left to the reader and his fancy:—

A Count Henkel, a Thuringian gentleman, of high speculation, high pietistic ways, extremely devout, and given even to writing of religion, came to Berlin about some Silesian properties,—a man I should think of lofty melancholic aspect; and, in severe type, somewhat of a lion, on account of his Book called "DEATH—BED SCENES, in four Volumes." Came to Berlin; and on the 15th August, 1742, towards evening (as the ever-punctual Busching looking into Henkel's Papers gives it), "was presented to the Queen Mother; who retained him to supper; supper not beginning till about ten o'clock. The Queen Mother was extremely gracious to Henkel; but investigated him a good deal, and put a great many questions," not quite easy to answer in that circle, "as, Why he did not play? What he thought of comedies and operas? What Preachers he was acquainted with in Berlin? Whether he too was a Writer of Books? [covertly alluding to the DEATH—BED SCENES, notes Busching]. And abundance of other questioning. She also recounted many fantastic anecdotes (VIEL ABENTEUERLICHES) about Count von Zinzendorf [Founder of HERNNHUTH, far-shining spiritual Paladin of that day, whom her Majesty thinks rather a spiritual Quixote]; and declared that they were strictly true." [Busching's *Beitrag*e, iv. 27.] Upon which, EXIT Henkel, borne by Busching, and our light is snuffed out.

This is one momentary glance I have met with of Queen Sophie in her Dowager state. The rest, though there were seventeen years of it in all, is silent to mankind and me; and only her death, and her Son's great grief about it, so great as to be surprising, is mentioned in the Books.

Actual painful sorrow about his Father, much more any new outburst of weeping and lamenting, is not on record, after that first morning. Time does its work; and in such a whirl of occupations, sooner than elsewhere: and the loved Dead lie silent in their mausoleum in our hearts,—serenely sad as Eternity, not in loud sorrow as of Time. Friedrich was pious as a Son, however he might be on other heads. To the last years of his life, as from the first days of his reign, it was evident in what honor he held Friedrich Wilhelm's memory; and the words "my Father," when they turned up in discourse, had in that fine voice of his a tone which the observers noted. "To his Mother he failed no day, when in Berlin, however busy, to make his visit; and he never spoke to her, except hat in hand."

With his own Queen, Friedrich still consorts a good deal, in these first times; is with her at Charlottenburg, Berlin, Potsdam, Reinsberg, for a day or two, as occasion gives; sometimes at Reinsberg for weeks running, in the intervals of war and business: glad to be at rest amid his old pursuits, by the side of a kind innocent being familiar to him. So it lasts for a length of time. But these happy intervals, we can remark, grow rarer: whether the Lady's humor, as they became rarer, might not sink withal, and produce an acceleration in the rate of decline? She was thought to be capable of "pouting (FAIRE LA FACHEE)," at one period! We are left to our guesses; there is not anywhere the smallest whisper to guide us. Deep silence reigns in all Prussian Books.—To feel or to suspect yourself neglected, and to become MORE amiable thereupon (in which course alone lies hope), is difficult for any Queen! Enough, we can observe these meetings, within two or three years, have become much rarer; and perhaps about the end of the third or fourth year, they altogether cease; and pass merely into the formal character. In which state they continued fixed, liable to no uncertainty; and were transacted, to the end of Friedrich's life, with inflexible regularity as the annual reviews were. This is a curious section of his life; which there will be other

opportunities of noticing. But there is yet no thought of it anywhere, nor for years to come; though fables to the contrary were once current in Books. [Laveaux,

NO CHANGE IN HIS FATHER'S METHODS OR MINISTRIES.

In the old mode of Administration, in the Ministries, Government Boards, he made no change. These administrative methods of his wise Father's are admirable to Friedrich, who knows them well; and they continue to be so. These men of his Father's, them also Friedrich knows, and that they were well chosen. In methods or in men, he is inclined to make the minimum of alteration at present. One Finance Hofrath of a projecting turn, named Eckart, who had abused the last weak years of Friedrich Wilhelm, and much afflicted mankind by the favor he was in: this Eckart Friedrich appointed a commission to inquire into; found the public right in regard to Eckart, and dismissed him with ignominy, not with much other punishment. Minister Boden, on the contrary, high in the Finance Department, who had also been much grumbled at, Friedrich found to be a good man: and Friedrich not only retained Boden, but advanced him; and continued to make more and more use of him in time coming. His love of perfection in work done, his care of thrift, seemed almost greater than his late Father's had been,—to the disappointment of many. In the other Departments, Podewils, Thulmeyer and the rest went on as heretofore;—only in general with less to do, the young King doing more himself than had been usual. Valori, "MON GROS VALORI (my fat Valori)," French Minister here, whom we shall know better, writes home of the new King of Prussia: "He begins his government, as by all appearance he will carry it on, in a highly satisfactory way: everywhere traits of benevolence, sympathy for his subjects, respect shown to the memory of the Deceased," [*Memoires des Negociations du Marquis de Valori* (a Paris, 1820), i. 20 ("June 13th, 1740"). A valuable Book, which we shall often have to quote: edited in a lamentably ignorant manner.]—no change made, where it evidently is not for the better.

Friedrich's "Three principal Secretaries of State," as we should designate them, are very remarkable. Three Clerks he found, or had known of, somewhere in the Public Offices; and now took, under some advanced title, to be specially his own Private Clerks: three vigorous long-headed young fellows, "Eichel, Schuhmacher, Lautensack" the obscure names of them; [Rodenbeck, 15th June, 1740.] out of whom, now and all along henceforth, he got immensities of work in that kind. They lasted all his life; and, of course, grew ever more expert at their function. Close, silent; exact as machinery: ever ready, from the smallest clear hint, marginal pencil-mark, almost from a glance of the eye, to clothe the Royal Will in official form, with the due rugged clearness and thrift of words. "Came punctually at four in the morning in summer, five in winter;" did daily the day's work; and kept their mouths well shut. A very notable Trio of men; serving his Majesty and the Prussian Nation as Principal Secretaries of State, on those cheap terms;—nay almost as Houses of Parliament with Standing Committees and appendages, so many Acts of Parliament admittedly rather wise, being passed daily by his Majesty's help and theirs!—Friedrich paid them rather well; they saw no society; lived wholly to their work, and to their own families. Eichel alone of the three was mentioned at all by mankind, and that obscurely; an "abstruse, reserved, long-headed kind of man;" and "made a great deal of money in the end," insinuates Busching, [*Beitrag*, v. 238, no friend of Friedrich's or his.

In superficial respects, again, Friedrich finds that the Prussian King ought to have a King's Establishment, and maintain a decent splendor among his neighbors,—as is not quite the case at present. In this respect he does make changes. A certain quantity of new Pages, new Goldsticks; some considerable, not too considerable, new furbishing of the Royal Household,—as it were, a fair coat of new paint, with gilding not profuse,—brought it to the right pitch for this King, About "a hundred and fifty" new figures of the Page and Goldstick kind, is the reckoning given. [*Helden Geschichte*, i. 353.] So many of these; and there is an increase of 16,000 to one's Army going on: that is the proportion noticeable. In the facts as his Father left them Friedrich persisted all his life; in the semblances or outer vestures he changed, to this extent for the present.—These are the Phenomena of Friedrich's Accession, noted by us.

Readers see there is radiance enough, perhaps slightly in excess, but of intrinsically good quality, in the Aurora of this new Reign. A brilliant valiant young King; much splendor of what we could call a golden or soft nature (visible in those "New-Era" doings of his, in those strong affections to his Friends); and also, what we like almost better in him, something of a STEEL- BRIGHT or stellar splendor (meaning, clearness of eyesight, intrepidity, severe loyalty to fact),—which is a fine addition to the softer element, and will keep IT and its philanthropies and magnanimities well under rule. Such a man is rare in this world; how extremely rare such a

man born King! He is swift and he is persistent; sharply discerning, fearless to resolve and perform; carries his great endowments lightly, as if they were not heavy to him. He has known hard misery, been taught by stripes; a light stoicism sits gracefully on him.

"What he will grow to?" Probably to something considerable. Very certainly to something far short of his aspirations; far different from his own hopes; and the world's concerning him. It is not we, it is Father Time that does the controlling and fulfilling of our hopes; and strange work he makes of them and us. For example, has not Friedrich's grand "New Era," inaugurated by him in a week, with the leading spirits all adoring, issued since in French Revolution and a "world well suicided,"—the leading spirits much thrown out in consequence! New Era has gone to great lengths since Friedrich's time; and the leading spirits do not now adore it, but yawn over it, or worse! Which changes to us the then aspect of Friedrich, and his epoch and his aspirations, a good deal.—On the whole, Friedrich will go his way, Time and the leading spirits going theirs; and, like the rest of us, will grow to what he can. His actual size is not great among the Kingdoms: his outward resources are rather to be called small. The Prussian Dominion at that date is, in extent, about four-fifths of an England Proper, and perhaps not one-fifth so fertile: subject Population is well under Two Millions and a Half; Revenue not much above One Million Sterling, [The exact statistic cipher is, at Friedrich's Accession: PRUSSIAN TERRITORIES, 2,275 square miles German (56,875 English); POPULATION, 2,240,000; ANNUAL REVENUE, 7,371,707 thalers 7 groschen (1,105,756 pounds without the pence). See Preuss, *Buch fur Jedermann*, i. 49; Stenzel, iii. 692; small, were not thrift such a VECTIGAL.

This young King is magnanimous; not much to be called ambitious, or not in the vulgar sense almost at all,—strange as it may sound to readers. His hopes at this time are many;—and among them, I perceive, there is not wanting secretly, in spite of his experiences, some hope that he himself may be a good deal "happier" than formerly. Nor is there any ascetic humor, on his part, to forbid trial. He is much determined to try. Probably enough, as we guess and gather, his agreeablest anticipations, at this time, were of Reinsberg: How, in the intervals of work well done, he would live there wholly to the Muses; have his chosen spirits round him, his colloquies, his suppers of the gods. Why not? There might be a King of Intellects conceivable withal; protecting, cherishing, practically guiding the chosen Illuminative Souls of this world. A new Charlemagne, the smallest new Charlemagne of Spiritual type, with HIS Paladins round him; how glorious, how salutary in the dim generations now going!—These too were hopes which proved signally futile. Rigorous Time could not grant these at all;—granted, in his own hard way, other things instead. But, all along, the Life-element, the Epoch, though Friedrich took it kindly and never complained, was ungenial to such a man.

"Somewhat of a rotten Epoch, this into which Friedrich has been born, to shape himself and his activities royal and other!"— exclaims Smelfungus once: "In an older earnest Time, when the eternally awful meanings of this Universe had not yet sunk into dubieties to any one, much less into levities or into mendacities, into huge hypocrisies carefully regulated,—so luminous, vivid and ingenuous a young creature had not wanted divine manna in his Pilgrimage through Life. Nor, in that case, had he come out of it in so lean a condition. But the highest man of us is born brother to his Contemporaries; struggle as he may, there is no escaping the family likeness. By spasmodic indignant contradiction of them, by stupid compliance with them,—you will inversely resemble, if you do not directly; like the starling, you can't get out!—Most surely, if there do fall manna from Heaven, in the given Generation, and nourish in us reverence and genial nobleness day by day, it is blessed and well. Failing that, in regard to our poor spiritual interests, there is sure to be one of two results: mockery, contempt, disbelief, what we may call SHORT-DIET to the length of very famine (which was Friedrich's case); or else slow-poison, carefully elaborated and provided by way of daily nourishment.

"Unhappy souls, these same! The slow-poison has gone deep into them. Instead of manna, this long while back, they have been living on mouldy corrupt meats sweetened by sugar-of-lead; or perhaps, like Voltaire, a few individuals prefer hunger, as the cleaner alternative; and in contemptuous, barren, mocking humor, not yet got the length of geniality or indignation, snuff the east-wind by way of spiritual diet. Pilgriming along on such nourishment, the best human soul fails to become very ruddy!— Tidings about Heaven are fallen so uncertain, but the Earth and her joys are still Interesting: 'Take to the Earth and her joys;— let your soul go out, since it must; let your five senses and their appetites be well alive.' That is a dreadful 'Sham-Christian Dispensation' to be born under! You wonder at the want of heroism in the Eighteenth Century. Wonder rather at the degree of heroism it had; wonder how many souls there still are to be met with in it of some effective capability, though

dieting in that way,—nothing else to be had in the shops about. Carterets, Belleisles, Friedrichs, Voltaires; Chathams, Franklins, Choiseuls: there is an effective stroke of work, a fine fire of heroic pride, in this man and the other; not yet extinguished by spiritual famine or slow—poison; so robust is Nature the mighty Mother!—

"But in general, that sad Gospel, 'Souls extinct, Stomachs well alive!' is the credible one, not articulately preached, but practically believed by the abject generations, and acted on as it never was before. What immense sensualities there were, is known; and also (as some small offset, though that has not yet begun in 1740) what immense quantities of Physical Labor and contrivance were got out of mankind, in that Epoch and down to this day. As if, having lost its Heaven, it had struck desperately down into the Earth; as if it were a BEAVER—kind, and not a mankind any more. We had once a Barbaossa; and a world all grandly true. But from that to Karl VI., and HIS Holy Romish Reich in such a state of 'Holiness'—!" I here cut short my abstruse Friend.

Readers are impatient to have done with these miscellaneous preludings, and to be once definitely under way, such a Journey lying ahead. Yes, readers; a Journey indeed! And, at this point, permit me to warn you that, where the ground, where Dryasdust and the Destinies, yield anything humanly illustrative of Friedrich and his Work, one will have to linger, and carefully gather it, even as here. Large tracts occur, bestrewn with mere pedantisms, diplomatic cobwebberies, learned marine—stores, and inhuman matter, over which we shall have to skip empty—handed: this also was among the sad conditions of our Enterprise, that it has to go now too slow and again too fast; not in proportion to natural importance of objects, but to several inferior considerations withal. So busy has perverse Destiny been on it; perverse Destiny, edacious Chance;—and the Dryasdusts, too, and Nightmares, in Prussia as elsewhere, we know how strong they are!

Friedrich's character in old age has doubtless its curious affinities, its disguised identities, with these prognostic features and indications of his youth: and to our readers,—if we do ever get them to the goal, of seeing Friedrich a little with their own eyes and judgments,—there may be pleasant contrasts and comparisons of that kind in store, one day. But the far commoner experience (which also has been my own),—here is Smelfungus's stern account of that:—

"My friend, you will be luckier than I, if, after ten years, not to say, in a sense, twenty years, thirty years, of reading and rummaging in those sad Prussian Books, ancient and new (which often are laudably authentic, too, and exact as to details), you can gather any character whatever of Friedrich, in any period of his life, or conceive him as a Human Entity at all! It is strange, after such thousand—fold writing, but it is true, his History is considerably unintelligible to mankind at this hour; left chaotic, enigmatic, in a good many points,—the military part of it alone being brought to clearness, and rendered fairly conceivable and credible to those who will study. And as to the Man himself, or what his real Physiognomy can have been—! Well, it must be owned few men were of such RAPIDITY of face and aspect; so difficult to seize the features of. In his action, too, there was such rapidity, such secrecy, suddenness: a man that could not be read, even by the candid, except as in flashes of lightning. And then the anger of by—standers, uncandid, who got hurt by him; the hasty malevolences, the stupidities, the opacities: enough, in modern times, what is saying much, perhaps no man's motives, intentions, and procedure have been more belied, misunderstood, misrepresented, during his life. Nor, I think, since that, have many men fared worse, by the Limner or Biographic class, the favorable to him and the unfavorable; or been so smeared of and blotched of, and reduced to a mere blur and dazzlement of cross—lights, incoherences, incredibilities, in which nothing, not so much as a human nose, is clearly discernible by way of feature!"—
Courage, reader, nevertheless; on the above terms let us march according to promise.

Chapter II. THE HOMAGINGS.

Young Friedrich, as his Father had done, considers it unnecessary to be crowned. Old Friedrich, first of the name, and of the King series, we did see crowned, with a pinch of snuff tempering the solemnities. That Coronation once well done suffices all his descendants hitherto. Such an expense of money,—of diluted mendacity too! Such haranguing, gesturing, symbolic fudging, all grown half false:—avoid lying, even with your eyes, or knees, or the coat upon your back, so far as you easily can!

Nothing of Coronation: but it is thought needful to have the HULDIGUNGEN (Homagings) done, the Fealties sworn; and the young Majesty in due course goes about, or gives directions, now here now there, in his various Provinces, getting that accomplished. But even in that, Friedrich is by no means strait-laced or punctilious; does it commonly by Deputy: only in three places, Königsberg, Berlin, Cleve, does he appear in person. Mainly by deputy; and always with the minimum of fuss, and no haranguing that could be avoided. Nowhere are the old STANDE (Provincial Parliaments) assembled, now or afterwards: sufficient for this and for every occasion are the "Permanent Committees of the STANDE;" nor is much speaking, unessential for despatch of business, used to these.

"STANDE—of Ritterschaft mainly, of Gentry small and great— existed once in all those Countries, as elsewhere," says one Historian; "and some of them, in Preussen, for example, used to be rather loud, and inclined to turbulence, till the curb, from a judicious bridle-hand, would admonish them. But, for a long while past,—especially since the Great Elector's time, who got an 'Excise Law' passed, or the foundations of a good Excise Law laid; [Preuss, iv. 432; and *Thronbesteigung*, pp. 379–383.] and, what with Excise, what with Domain-Farms, had a fixed Annual Budget, which he reckoned fair to both parties,—they have been dying out for want of work; and, under Friedrich Wilhelm, may be said to have gone quite dead. What work was left for them? Prussian Budget is fixed, many things are fixed: why talk of them farther? The Prussian King, nothing of a fool like certain others,"—which indeed is the cardinal point, though my Author does not say so,—"is respectfully aware of the facts round him; and can listen to the rumors too, so far as he finds good. The King sees himself terribly interested to get into the right course in all things, and avoid the wrong one! Probably he does, in his way, seek 'wise Advice concerning the arduous matters of the Kingdom;' nay I believe he is diligent to have it of the wisest:—who knows if STANDE would always give it wiser; especially STANDE in the haranguing condition?"—Enough, they are not applied to. There is no Freedom in that Country. "No Freedom to speak of," continues he: "but I do a little envy them their Fixed Budget, and some other things. What pleasure there can be in having your household arrangements tumbled into disorder every new Year, by a new-contrived scale of expenses for you, I never could ascertain!"—

Friedrich is not the man to awaken Parliamentary sleeping-dogs well settled by his Ancestors. Once or twice, out of Preussen, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, there was heard some whimper, which sounded like the beginning of a bark. But Friedrich Wilhelm was on the alert for it: Are you coming in with your NIE POZWALAM (your LIBERUM VETO), then? None of your Polish vagaries here. "TOUT LE PAYS SERA RUINE (the whole Country will be ruined)," say you? (Such had been the poor Marshal or Provincial SPEAKER'S Remonstrance on one occasion): "I don't believe a word of that. But I do believe the Government by JUNKERS [Country Squires] and NIE POZWALAM will be ruined,"—as it is fully meant to be! "I am establishing the King's Sovereignty like a rock of bronze (ICH STABILIRE DIE SOUVERAINETAT WIE EINEN ROCHER VON BRONZE)," some extremely strong kind of rock! [Forster, b. iii. (*Urkundenbuch*, i. 50); Preuss, iv. 420 n. "NIE POZWALAM" (the formula of LIBERUM VETO) signifies "I Don't Permit!"] This was one of Friedrich Wilhelm's marginalia in response to such a thing; and the mutinous whimper died out again. Parliamentary Assemblages are sometimes Collective Wisdoms, but by no means always so. In Magdeburg we remember what trouble Friedrich Wilhelm had with his unreasonable Ritters. Ritters there, in their assembled capacity, had the Reich behind them, and could not be dealt with like Preussen: but Friedrich Wilhelm, by wise slow methods, managed Magdeburg too, and reduced it to silence, or to words necessary for despatch of business.

In each Province, a Permanent Committee—chosen, I suppose, by King and Knights assenting; chosen I know not how, but admitted to be wisely chosen—represents the once Parliament or STANDE; and has its potency for

doing good service in regard to all Provincial matters, from roads and bridges upwards, and is impotent to do the least harm. Roads and bridges, Church matters, repartition of the Land-dues, Army matters,—in fact they are an effective non-haranguing Parliament, to the King's Deputy in every such Province; well calculated to illuminate and forward his subaltern AMTmen and him. Nay, we observe it is oftenest in the way of gifts and solacements that the King articulately communicates with these Committees or their Ritterschafts. Projects for Draining of Bogs, for improved Highways, for better Husbandry; loans granted them, Loan-Banks established for the Province's behoof:—no need of parliamentary eloquence on such occasions, but of something far different.

It is from this quiescent, or busy but noiseless kind of STANDE and Populations that Friedrich has his HULDIGUNG to take;—and the operation, whether done personally or by deputy, must be an abundantly simple one. He, for his part, is fortunate enough to find everywhere the Sovereignty ESTABLISHED; "rock of bronze" not the least shaken in his time. He will graciously undertake, by Written Act, which is read before the STANDE, King or King's Deputy witnessing there, "To maintain the privileges" of his STANDE and Populations; the STANDE answer, on oath, with lifted hand, and express invocation of Heaven, That they will obey him as true subjects; And so—doubtless with something of dining superadded, but no whisper of it put on record—the HULDIGUNG will everywhere very quietly transact itself.

The HULDIGUNG itself is nothing to us, even with Friedrich there, —as at Konigsberg, Berlin, Cleve, the three exceptional places. To which, nevertheless, let us briefly attend him, for the sake of here and there some direct glimpse we may get of the then Friedrich's actual physiognomy and ways. Other direct view, or the chance of such, is not conceded us out of those sad Prussian Books; which are very full on this of the HULDIGUNG, if silent on so many other points. [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 382.]

FRIEDRICH ACCEPTS THE HOMAGES, PERSONALLY, IN THREE PLACES.

To Konigsberg is his first excursion on this errand. Preussen has perhaps, or may be suspected of having, some remnants of sour humors left in it, and remembrances of STANDE with haranguings and even mutinies: there if anywhere the King in person may do good on such an occasion, He left Berlin, July 7th, bound thitherward; here is Note of that first Royal Tour,—specimen of several hundreds such, which he had to do in the course of the next forty-five years.

"Friend Algarotti, charming talker, attended him; who else, official and non-official, ask not. The Journey is to be circuitous; to combine various businesses, and also to have its amusements. They went by Custrin; glancing at old known Country, which is at its greenest in this season. By Custrin, across the Neumark, into Pommern; after that by an intricate winding route; reviewing regiments, inspecting garrisons, now here now there; doing all manner of inspections; talking I know not what; oftenest lodging with favored Generals, if it suited. Distance to Konigsberg, by the direct road, is about 500 miles; by this winding one, it must have been 800: Journey thither took nine days in all. Obliquely through Pommern, almost to the coast of the Baltic; their ultimatum there a place called Coslin, where they reviewed with strictness,—omitting Colberg, a small Sea-Fortress not far rearward, time being short. Thence into West-Preussen, into Polish Territory, and swiftly across that; keeping Dantzig and its noises wide enough to the left: one night in Poland; and the next they are in Ost-Preussen, place called Liebstadt,—again on home-ground, and diligently reviewing there.

"The review at Liebstadt is remarkable in this, That the regiments, one regiment especially, not being what was fit, a certain Grenadier-Captain got cashiered on the spot; and the old Commandant himself was soon after pensioned, and more gently sent his ways. So strict is his Majesty. Contrariwise, he found Lieutenant-General von Katte's Garrison, at Angerburg, next day, in a very high perfection; and Colonel Posadowsky's regiment specially so; with which latter gentleman he lodged that night, and made him farther happy by the ORDER OF MERIT: Colonel Posadowsky, Garrison of Angerburg, far off in East-Preussen, Chevalier of the Order of Merit henceforth, if we ever meet him again. To the good old Lieutenant-General von Katte, who no doubt dined with them, his Majesty handed, on the same occasion, a Patent of Feldmarschall;—intends soon to make him Graf; and did it, as readers know. Both Colonel and General attended him thenceforth, still by a circuitous route, to Konigsberg, to assist in the solemnities there. By Gumbinnen, by Trakehnen,—the Stud of Trakehnen: that also his Majesty saw, and made review of; not without emotion, we can fancy, as the sleek colts were trotted out on those new terms! At Trakehnen, Katte and the Colonel would be his Majesty's guests, for the night they stayed. This is their extreme point eastward; Konigsberg now lies a good way west of them. But at Trakehnen they turn; and, Saturday, 16th July, 1740, after another hundred miles or so, along the pleasant valley of the Pregel, get to

Konigsberg: ready to begin business on Monday morning,—on Sunday if necessary." [From Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, pp. 382, 385; Rodenbeck, p. 16;

On Sunday there did a kind of memorability occur: The HULDIGUNGS— PREDIGT (Homage Sermon)—by a reverend Herr Quandt, chief Preacher there. Which would not be worth mentioning, except for this circumstance, that his Majesty exceedingly admired Quandt, and thought him a most Demosthenic genius, and the best of all the Germans. Quandt's text was in these words: "*Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou Son of Jesse; Peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee.*" [*First Chronicles*, xii. 18.] Quandt began, in a sonorous voice, raising his face with respectful enthusiasm to the King, "Thine are we, O Friedrich, and on thy side, thou Son of Friedrich Wilhelm;" and so went on: sermon brief, sonorous, compact, and sticking close to its text. Friedrich stood immovable, gazing on the eloquent Demosthenic Quandt, with admiration heightened by surprise;—wrote of Quandt to Voltaire; and, with sustained enthusiasm, to the Public long afterwards; and to the end of his days was wont to make Quandt an exception, if perhaps almost the only one, from German barbarism, and disharmony of mind and tongue. So that poor Quandt cannot ever since get entirely forgotten, but needs always to be raked up again, for this reason when others have ceased: an almost melancholy adventure for poor Quandt and Another!—

The HULDIGUNG was rather grand; Harangue and Counter—harangue permitted to the due length, and proper festivities following: but the STANDE could not manage to get into vocal covenanting or deliberating at all; Friedrich before leaving Berlin had answered their hint or request that way, in these words: "We are likewise graciously inclined to give to the said STANDE, before their Homaging, the same assurance which they got from our Herr Father's Majesty, who is now with God,"—general assurance that their, and everybody's, "Rights shall be maintained [as we see they are],— with which, it is hoped (HOFFENTLICH), they will be content, and get to peace upon this matter (SICH DABEI BERUHIGEN WERDEN)." [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 380.] It will be best for them!

Friedrich gave away much corn here; that is, opened his Corn— Granaries, on charitable terms, and took all manner of measures, here as in other places, for relief of the scarcity there was. Of the illuminations, never so grand, the reader shall hear nothing. A "Torch—Procession of the Students" turned out a pretty thing:—Students marching with torches, with fine wind—music, regulated enthusiasm, fine succinct address to his Majesty; and all the world escorting, with its "Live Forever!" Friedrich gave the Students "a TRINK—GELAG (Banquet of Liquors)," how arranged I do not know: and to the Speaker of the Address, a likely young gentleman with VON to his name, he offered an Ensigny of Foot ("in Camas's Fusileer Regiment,"—Camas now gone to Paris, embassying), which was joyfully accepted. Joyfully accepted;—and it turned out well for all parties; the young gentleman having risen, where merit was the rule of rising, and become Graf and Lieutenant—General, in the course of the next fifty years. [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 387.]

Huldigung and Torch—Procession over, the Royal Party dashed rapidly off, next morning (21st July), homewards by the shortest route; and, in three days more, by Frankfurt—on—Oder (where a glimpse of General Schwerin, a favorite General, was to be had), were safe in Berlin; received with acclamation, nay with "blessings and even tears" some say, after this pleasant Fortnight's Tour. General Schwerin, it is rumored, will be made Feldmarschall straightway, the Munchows are getting so promoted as we said; edicts are coming out, much business speeding forward, and the tongues of men keep wagging.

Berlin HULDIGUNG— and indeed, by Deputy, that of nearly all the other Towns—was on Tuesday, August 2d. At Berlin his Majesty was present in the matter: but, except the gazing multitudes, and hussar regiments, ranked in the Schloss—Platz and streets adjoining, there was little of notable in it; the upholstery arrangements thrifty in the extreme. His Majesty is prone to thrift in this of the Huldigung, as would appear; perhaps regarding the affair as scenic merely. Here, besides this of Berlin, is another instance just occurring. It appears, the Quedlinburg people, shut out from the light of the actual Royal Countenance, cannot do their Homaging by Deputy, without at least a Portrait of the King and of the Queen: How manage? asks the Official Person. "Have a Couple of Daubs done in Berlin, three guineas apiece; send them these," answers the King! ["*On doit faire barbouiller de mauvaises copies a Berlin, la piece a 20 ecus.* {end italic>—FR." Preuss, ii. (*Urkundenbuch*, s. 222).]

Here in the Berlin Schloss, scene the Large Hall within doors, there is a "platform raised three steps; and on this, by way of a kind of throne, an arm—chair covered with old black velvet;" the whole surmounted by a canopy

also of old black velvet: not a sublime piece of upholstery; but reckoned adequate. Friedrich mounted the three steps; stood before the old chair, his Princes standing promiscuously behind it; his Ritters in quantity, in front and to right and left, on the floor. Some Minister of the Interior explains suitably, not at too great length, what they are met for; some junior Official, junior but of quality, responded briefly, for himself and his order, to the effect, "Yea, truly:" the HULDIGUNGENS-URKUNDE (Deed of Homage) was then read by the proper Clerk, and the Ritters all swore; audibly, with lifted hands. This is the Ritter Huldigung.

His Majesty then steps out to the Balcony, for Oath and Homage of the general Population. General population gave its oath, and "three great shouts over and above." "ES LEBE DER KONIG!" thrice, with all their throats. Upon which a shower of Medals, "Homage-Medals," gold and silver (quantity not mentioned) rained down upon them, in due succession; and were scrambled for, in the usual way. "His Majesty," they write, and this is perhaps the one point worth notice, "his Majesty, contrary to custom and to etiquette, remained on the Balcony, some time after the ceremony, perhaps a full half-hour;"—silent there, "with his look fixed attentively on the immeasurable multitude before the Schloss; and seemed sunk in deep reflection (BETRACHTUNG):"—an almost awfully eloquent though inarticulate phenomenon to his Majesty, that of those multitudes scrambling and huzzaing there! [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 389.]

These, with the Cleve one, are all the Hornagings Friedrich was personally present at; the others he did by Deputy, all in one day (2d August); and without fuss. Scenic matters these; in which, except where he can, as in the Konigsberg case, combine inspections and grave businesses with them, he takes no interest. However, he is now, for the sake chiefly of inspections and other real objects, bent on a Journey to Cleve;—the fellow of that to Konigsberg: Konigsberg, Preussen, the easternmost outlying wing of his long straggling Dominions; and then Cleve-Julich, its counterpart on the southwestern side,—there also, with such contingencies hanging over Cleve-Julich, it were proper to make some mustering of the Frontier garrisons and affairs. [In regard to the Day of HULDIGUNG at Cleve, which happily is not of the least moment to us, Preuss (*Thronbesteigung*, p. 390) and *Helden-Geschichte*, (i. 423) seem to be in flat contradiction.] His Majesty so purposes: and we purpose again to accompany,—not for inspection and mustering, but for an unexpected reason. The grave Journey to Cleve has an appendage, or comic side-piece, hanging to it; more than one appendage; which the reader must not miss!—Before setting out, read these two Fractions, snatched from the Diplomatist Wastebag; looking well, we gain there some momentary view of Friedrich on the business side. Of Friedrich, and also of Another:—

Sunday, 14th August, 1740, Dickens, who has been reporting hitherto in a favorable, though in a languid exoteric manner, not being in any height of favor, England or he,—had express Audience of his Majesty; being summoned out to Potsdam for that end: "Sunday evening, about 7 P.M."—Majesty intending to be off on the Cleve Journey to-morrow. Let us accompany Dickens. Readers may remember, George II. has been at Hanover for some weeks past; Bielfeld diligently grinning euphemisms and courtly graciousities to him; Truchsess hinting, on opportunity, that there are perhaps weighty businesses in the rear; which, however, on the Britannic side, seem loath to start. Britannic Majesty is much at a loss about his Spanish War, so dangerous for kindling France and the whole world upon him. In regard to which Prussia might be so important, for or against.—This, in compressed form, is what Dickens witnesses at Potsdam that Sunday evening from 7 P.M.:—

"Audience lasted above an hour: King turned directly upon business; wishes to have 'Categorical Answers' as to Three Points already submitted to his Britannic Majesty's consideration. Clear footing indispensable between us. What you want of me? say it, and be plain. What I want of you is, These three things:—

"1. Guarantee for Julich and Berg. All the world knows WHOSE these Duchies are. Will his Britannic Majesty guarantee me there? And if so, How, and to what lengths, will he proceed about it?

"2. Settlement about Ost-Friesland. Expectancy of Ost-Friesland soon to fall heirless, which was granted me long since, though Hanover makes haggings, counter-claimings: I must have some Settlement about that.

"3. The like about those perplexities in Mecklenburg. No difficulty there if we try heartily, nor is there such pressing haste about it.

"These are my three claims on England; and I will try to serve England as far in return, if it will tell me how. 'Ah, beware of throwing yourself into the arms of France!' modestly suggests Dickens.—'Well, if France will guarantee me those Duchies, and you will not do anything?' answers his Majesty with a fine laugh: 'England I consider my most natural friend and ally; but I must know what there is to depend on there. Princes are ruled by their interest; cannot follow their feelings. Let me have an explicit answer; say, at Wesel, where I am to be on the

24th," ten days hence. Britannic Majesty is at Hanover, and can answer within that time. "This he twice told me, 'Wesel, 24th,' in the course of our interview. Permit me to recommend the matter to your Lordship,"— my Lord Harrington, now attending the Britannic Majesty.

"During the whole audience," adds Dickens, "the King was in extreme good humor; and not only heard with attention all the considerations I offered, but was not the least offended at any objections I made to what he said. It is undoubtedly the best way to behave with frankness to him." These last are Dickens's own words; let them modestly be a memorandum to your Lordship. This King goes himself direct to the point; and straightforwardness, as a primary condition, will profit your Lordship with him. [Dickens (in State-Paper Office, 17th August, 1740).]

Most true advice, this;—and would perhaps be followed, were it quite easy! But things are very complicated. And the Britannic Majesty, much plagued with Spanish War and Parliamentary noises in that unquiet Island, is doubtless glad to get away to Hanover for a little; and would fain be on holiday in these fine rural months. Which is not well possible either. Jenkins's Ear, rising at last like a fiery portent, has kindled the London Fog over yonder, in a strange way, and the murky stagnancy is all getting on fire; the English intent, as seldom any Nation was, to give the Spaniards an effectual beating. Which they hope they can,—though unexpected difficulties will occur. And, in the mean while, what a riddle of potentialities for his poor Majesty to read, and pick his way from!—

Bielfeld, in spite of all this, would fain be full of admiration for the Britannic Majesty. Confesses he is below the middle size, in fact a tiny little creature, but then his shape is perfect; leg much to be commended,—which his Majesty knows, standing always with one leg slightly advanced, and the Order of the Garter on it, that mankind may take notice. Here is Bielfeld's description faithfully abridged:—

"Big blue eyes, perhaps rather of parboiled character, though proud enough; eyes flush with his face or more, rather IN RELIEF than on a level with it,"—A FLEUR DE TETE, after the manner of a fish, if one might say so, and betokening such an intellect behind them! "Attitude constrained, leg advanced in that way; his courtiers call it majestic. Biggish mouth, strictly shut in the crescent or horse-shoe form (FERMEE EN CROISSANT); curly wig (A NOEUDS, reminding you of lamb's-wool, color not known); eyebrows, however, you can see are ashy-blond; general tint is fundamentally livid; but when in good case, the royal skin will take tolerably bright colors (PREND D'ASSEZ BELLES COULEURS). As to the royal mind and understanding, what shall Bielfeld say? That his Majesty sometimes makes ingenious and just remarks, and is laudably serious at all times, and can majestically hold his tongue, and stand with advanced leg, and eyes rather more than flush. Sense of his dignity is high, as it ought to be; on great occasions you see pride and a kind of joy mantling in the royal countenance. Has been known to make explosions, and to be very furious to Prince Fred and others, when pricked into:—but, my friend, what mortal is exempt from failings? Majesty reads the English Newspapers every morning in bed, which are often biting. Majesty has his Walmoden, a Hanoverian Improper Female, Countess of Yarmouth so called; quiet, autumnal, fair complexioned, stupid; who is much a comfort to him. She keeps out of mischief, political or other; and gives Bielfeld a gracious nod now and then." [Bielfeld, i. 158.] Harrington is here too;—and Britannic Majesty and he are busy governing the English Nation on these terms.— We return now to the Prussian Majesty.

About six weeks after that of Dickens,—Cleve Journey and much else now ended,—Praetorius the Danish Envoy, whom we slightly knew at Reinsberg once, gives this testimony; writing home to an Excellency at Copenhagen, whose name we need not inquire into:—

"To give your Excellency a just idea of the new Government here, I must observe that hitherto the King of Prussia does as it were everything himself; and that, excepting the Finance Minister von Boden, who preaches frugality, and finds for that doctrine uncommon acceptance, almost greater even than in the former reign, his Majesty allows no counselling from any Minister; so that Herr von Podewils, who is now the working hand in the department of Foreign Affairs, has nothing given him to do but to expedite the orders he receives from the Cabinet, his advice not being asked upon any matter; and so it is with the other Ministers. People thought the loss of Herr von Thulmeyer," veteran Foreign Minister whom we have transiently heard of in the Double-Marriage time, and perhaps have even seen at London or elsewhere, [Died 4th August (Rodenbeck, p. 20).] "would be irreparable; so expert was he, and a living archive in that business: however, his post seems to have vanished with himself. His salary is divided between Herr von Podewils," whom the reader will sometimes hear of again, "Kriegsrath (Councillor of War) von Ilgen," son of the old gentleman we used to know, "and Hofrath Sellentin

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who is RENDANT OF THE LEGATIONS–KASSE" (Ambassadors' Paymaster, we could guess, Ambassador Body having specialty of cash assigned it, comparable with the specialty of value received from it, in this strict frugal Country),--neither of which two latter names shall the reader be troubled with farther. "A good many resolutions, and responses by the King, I have seen: they combine laconic expression with an admirable business eye (GESCHAFTSBLICK). Unhappily,"--at least for us in the Diplomatic line, for your Excellency and me unhappily,--"there is nobody about the King who possesses his complete confidence, or whom we can make use of in regard to the necessary introductions and preliminary movements. Hereby it comes that,--as certain things can only be handled with cautious foresight and circumlocution, and in the way of beginning wide,--an Ambassador here is more thrown out of his course than in any other Court; and knows not, though his object were steadily in sight, what road to strike into for getting towards it." [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 377 (2d October, 1740).]

Chapter III. FRIEDRICH MAKES AN EXCURSION, NOT OF DIRECT SORT INTO THE CLEVE COUNTRIES.

King Friedrich did not quite keep his day at Wesel; indeed this 24th was not the first day, but the last of several, he had appointed to himself for finis to that Journey in the Cleve Countries; Journey rather complex to arrange. He has several businesses ahead in those parts; and, as usual, will group them with good judgment, and thrift of time. Not inspections merely, but amusements, meetings with friends, especially French friends: the question is, how to group them with skill, so that the necessary elements may converge at the right moment, and one shot kill three or four birds. This is Friedrich's fine way, perceptible in all these Journeys. The French friends, flying each on his own track, with his own load of impediments, Voltaire with his Madame for instance, are a difficult element in such problem; and there has been, and is, much scheming and corresponding about it, within the last month especially.

Voltaire is now at Brussels, with his Du Chatelet, prosecuting that endless "lawsuit with the House of Honsbruck,"—which he, and we, are both desirous to have done with. He is at the Hague, too, now and then; printing, about to print, the ANTI-MACHIAVEL; corresponding, to right and left, quarrelling with Van Duren the Printer; lives, while there, in the VIEILLE COUR, in the vast dusky rooms with faded gilding, and grand old Bookshelves "with the biggest spider-webs in Europe." Brussels is his place for Law- Consultations, general family residence; the Hague and that old spider-web Palace for correcting Proof-sheets; doing one's own private studies, which we never quite neglect. Fain would Friedrich see him, fain he Friedrich; but there is a divine Emilie, there is a Maupertuis, there are—In short, never were such difficulties, in the cooking of an egg with water boiling; and much vain correspondence has already been on that subject, as on others equally extinct. Correspondence which is not pleasant reading at this time; the rather as no reader can, without endless searching, even understand it. Correspondence left to us, not in the cosmic, elucidated or legible state; left mainly as the Editorial rubbish-wagons chose to shoot it; like a tumbled quarry, like the ruins of a sacked city;—avoidable by readers who are not forced into it! [Herr Preuss's edition (*OEuvres de Frederic*, vols. xxi. xxii. xxiii.) has come out since the above was written: it is agreeably exceptional; being, for the first time, correctly printed, and the editor himself having mostly understood it,—though the reader still cannot, on the terms there allowed.] Take the following select bricks as sample, which are of some use; the general Heading is,

KING FRIEDERIC TO M. DE VOLTAIRE (at the Hague, or at Brussels).

"CHARLOTTENBURG, 12th JUNE, 1740.—... My dear Voltaire, resist no longer the eagerness I have to see you. Do in my favor whatever your humanity allows. In the end of August, I go to Wesel, and perhaps farther. Promise that you will come and join me; for I could not live happy, nor die tranquil, without having embraced you! Thousand compliments to the Marquise," divine Emilie. "I am busy with both hands [Corn-Magazines, Free Press, Abolition of Torture, and much else]; working at the Army with the one hand, at the People and the Fine Arts with the other."

"BERLIN, 5th AUGUST, 1740.—... I will write to Madame du Chatelet, in compliance with your wish:" mark it, reader. "To speak to you frankly concerning her journey, it is Voltaire, it is you, it is my Friend that I desire to see; and the divine Emilie with all her divinity is only the Accessory of the Apollo Newtonized.

"I cannot yet say whether I shall travel [incognito into foreign parts a little] or not travel;" there have been rumors, perhaps private wishes; but—... "Adieu, dear friend; sublime spirit, first-born of thinking beings. Love me always sincerely, and be persuaded that none can love and esteem you more than I. VALE. FEDERIC."

"BERLIN, 6th AUGUST [which is next day].—You will have received a Letter from me dated yesterday; this is the second I write to you from Berlin; I refer you to what was in the other. If it must be (FAUT) that Emilie accompany Apollo, I consent; but if I could see you alone, that is what I would prefer. I should be too much dazzled; I could not stand so much splendor all at once; it would overpower me. I should need the veil of Moses to temper the united radiance of your two divinities." ... In short, don't bring her, if you please.

"REMUSBERG [poetic for REINSBERG], 8th AUGUST, 1740.—... My dear Voltaire, I do believe Van Duren costs you more trouble and pains than you had with HENRI QUATRE. In versifying the Life of a Hero, you wrote the history of your own thoughts; but in coercing a scoundrel you fence with an enemy who is not

worthy of you." To punish him, and cut short his profits, "PRINT, then, as you wish [your own edition of the ANTI-MACCHIAVEL, to go along with his, and trip the feet from it]. FAITES ROULER LA PRESSE; erase, change, correct; do as you see best; your judgment about it shall be mine."—"In eight days I leave for [where thinks the reader? "DANTZIG" deliberately print all the Editors, careful Preuss among them; overturning the terrestrial azimuths for us, and making day night!]"—for Leipzig, and reckon on being at Frankfurt on the 22d. In case you could be there, I expect, on my passage, to give you lodging! At Cleve or in Holland, I depend for certain on embracing you." [Preuss, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. pp. 5, 19–21; Voltaire, *OEuvres*, lxxii. 226, (not worth citing, in comparison).]

Intrinsically the Friedrich correspondence at this time, with Voltaire especially, among many friends now on the wing towards Berlin and sending letters, has,—if you are forced into struggling for some understanding of it, and do get to read parts of it with the eyes of Friedrich and Voltaire,—has a certain amiability; and is nothing like so waste and dreary as it looks in the chaotic or sacked-city condition. Friedrich writes with brevity, oftenest on practicalities (the ANTI-MACCHIAVEL, the coming Interview, and the like), evidently no time to spare; writes always with considerable sincerity; with friendliness, much admiration, and an ingenuous vivacity, to M. de Voltaire. Voltaire, at his leisure in Brussels or the Old Palace and its spider-webs, writes much more expansively; not with insincerity, he either;—with endless airy graciousities, and ingenious twirls, and touches of flattering uncton, which latter, he is aware, must not be laid on too thick. As thus:—

In regard to the ANTI-MACCHIAVEL,—Sire, deign to give me your permissions as to the scoundrel of a Van Duren; well worth while, Sire,—"IT is a monument for the latest posterity; the only Book worthy of a King for these fifteen hundred years."

This is a strongish trowelful, thrown on direct, with adroitness; and even this has a kind of sincerity. Safer, however, to do it in the oblique or reflex way,—by Ambassador Camas, for example:—

"I will tell you boldly, Sir [you M. de Camas], I put more value on this Book (ANTI-MACCHIAVEL) than on the Emperor Julian's CAESAR, or on the MAXIMS of Marcus Aurelius,"—I do indeed, having a kind of property in it withal! [Voltaire, *OEuvres*, lxxii. 280 (to Camas, 18th October, 1740).]

In fact, Voltaire too is beautiful, in this part of the Correspondence; but much in a twitter,—the Queen of Sheba, not the sedate Solomon, in prospect of what is coming. He plumes himself a little, we perceive, to his d'Argentals and French Correspondents, on this sublime intercourse he has got into with a Crowned Head, the cynosure of mankind:—Perhaps even you, my best friend, did not quite know me, and what merits I had! Plumes himself a little; but studies to be modest withal; has not much of the peacock, and of the turkey has nothing, to his old friends. All which is very naive and transparent; natural and even pretty, on the part of M. de Voltaire as the weaker vessel.— For the rest, it is certain Maupertuis is getting under way at Paris towards the Cleve rendezvous. Brussels, too, is so near these Cleve Countries; within two days' good driving:—if only the times and routes would rightly intersect?

Friedrich's intention is by no means for a straight journey towards Cleve: he intends for Baireuth first, then back from Baireuth to Cleve,—making a huge southward elbow on the map, with Baireuth for apex or turning-point:—in this manner he will make the times suit, and have a convergence at Cleve. To Baireuth;—who knows if not farther? All summer there has gone fitfully a rumor, that he wished to see France; perhaps Paris itself incognito? The rumor, which was heard even at Petersburg, [Raumer's *Beitrag* (English Translation, London, 1837), p. 15 (Finch's Despatch, 24th June, 1740).] is now sunk dead again; but privately, there is no doubt, a glimpse of the sublime French Nation would be welcome to Friedrich. He could never get to Travelling in his young time; missed his Grand Tour altogether, much as he wished it; and he is capable of pranks!—Enough, on Monday morning, 15th August, 1740, [Rodenbeck, p. 15, slightly in error: see Dickens's Interview, supra, p. 187.] Friedrich and Suite leave Potsdam; early enough; go, by Leipzig, by the route already known to readers, through Coburg and the Voigtland regions; Wilhelmina has got warning, sits eagerly expecting her Brother in the Hermitage at Baireuth, gladdest of shrill sisters; and full of anxieties how her Brother would now be. The travelling party consisted, besides the King, of seven persons: Prince August Wilhelm, King's next Brother, Heir-apparent if there come no children, now a brisk youth of eighteen; Leopold Prince of Anhalt–Dessau, Old Dessauer's eldest, what we may call the "Young Dessauer;" Colonel von Borck, whom we shall hear of again; Colonel von Stille, already heard of (grave men of fifty, these two); milk-beard Munchow, an Adjutant, youngest of the promoted Munchows; Algarotti, indispensable for talk; and Fredersdorf, the House–Steward and domestic

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Factotum, once Private in Schwerin's Regiment, whom Bielfeld so admired at Reinsberg, foreseeing what he would come to. One of Friedrich's late acts was to give Factotum Fredersdorf an Estate of Land (small enough, I fancy, but with country-house on it) for solace to the leisure of so useful a man,—studious of chemistry too, as I have heard. Seven in all, besides the King. [Rodenbeck, p. 19 (and for Chamberlain Fredersdorf's estate, p. 15).] Direct towards Baireuth, incognito, and at the top of their speed. Wednesday, 17th, they actually arrive. Poor Wilhelmina, she finds her Brother changed; become a King in fact, and sternly solitary; alone in soul, even as a King must be! [Wilhelmina, ii. 322, 323.]—

"Algarotti, one of the first BEAUX-ESPRITS of this age," as Wilhelmina defines him,—Friend Algarotti, the young Venetian gentleman of elegance, in dusky skin, in very white linen and frills, with his fervid black eyes, "does the expenses of the conversation." He is full of elegant logic, has speculations on the great world and the little, on Nature, Art, Papistry, Anti-Papistry, and takes up the Opera in an earnest manner, as capable of being a school of virtue and the moral sublime. His respectable Books on the Opera and other topics are now all forgotten, and crave not to be mentioned. To me he is not supremely beautiful, though much the gentleman in manners as in ruffles, and ingeniously logical:—rather yellow to me, in mind as in skin, and with a taint of obsolete Venetian Macassar. But to Friedrich he is thrice-dear; who loves the Sharp faceted cut of the man, and does not object to his yellow or Extinct-Macassar qualities of mind. Thanks to that wandering Baltimore for picking up such a jewel and carrying him Northward! Algarotti himself likes the North: here in our hardy climates,—especially at Berlin, and were his loved Friedrich NOT a King,—Algarotti could be very happy in the liberty allowed. At London, where there is no King, or none to speak of, and plenty of free Intelligences, Carterets, Lytteltons, young Pitts and the like, he is also well, were it not for the horrid smoke upon one's linen, and the little or no French of those proud Islanders.

Wilhelmina seems to like him here; is glad, at any rate, that he does the costs of conversation, better or worse. In the rest is no hope. Stille, Borck are accomplished military gentlemen; but of tacit nature, reflective, practical, rather than discursive, and do not waste themselves by incontinence of tongue. Stille, by his military Commentaries, which are still known to soldiers that read, maintains some lasting remembrance of himself: Borck we shall see engaged in a small bit of business before long. As to Munchow, the JEUNE MORVEUX of an Adjutant, he, though his manners are well enough, and he wears military plumes in his hat, is still an unfledged young creature, "bill still yellow," so to speak;— and marks himself chiefly by a visible hankering after that troublesome creature Marwitz, who is always coquetting. Friedrich's conversation, especially to me Wilhelmina, seems "GUINDE, set on stilts," likewise there are frequent cuts of banter in him; and it is painfully evident he distinguishes my Sister of Anspach and her foolish Husband, whom he has invited over hither in a most eager manner, beyond what a poor Wilhelmina with her old love can pretend to. Patience, my shrill Princess, Beauty of Baireuth and the world; let us hope all will come right again! My shrill Princess—who has a melodious strength like that of war-fifes, too—knows how to be patient; and veils many things, though of a highly unhypocritical nature.

These were Three great Days at Baireuth; Wilhelmina is to come soon, and return the visit at Berlin. To wait upon the King, known though incognito, "the Bishop of Bamberg" came driving over: [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 419.] Schonborn, Austrian Kanzler, or who? His old City we once saw (and plenty of hanged malefactors swinging round it, during that JOURNEY TO THE REICH);—but the Bishop himself never to our knowledge, Bishop being absent then, I hope it is the same Bishop of Bamberg, whom a Friend of Busching's, touring there about that same time, saw dining in a very extraordinary manner, with medieval trumpeters, "with waiters in spurs and buff-belts;" [Busching's *Beitrag*; —Schlosser (*History of the Eighteenth Century*) also quotes the scene.] if it is not, I have not the slightest shadow of acquaintance with him,— there have been so many Bishops of Bamberg with whom one wishes to have none! On the third day Friedrich and his company went away, towards Wurzburg; and Wilhelmina was left alone with her reflections. "I had had so much to say to him; I had got nothing said at all:" alas, it is ever so. "The King was so changed, grown so much bigger (GRANDI), you could not have known him again;" stands finely erect and at full breadth, every inch a King; his very stature, you would say, increased.—Adieu, my Princess, pearl of Princesses; all readers will expect your return-visit at Berlin, which is to be soon.

FRIEDRICH STRIKES OFF TO THE LEFT, AND HAS A VIEW OF STRASBURG FOR TWO DAYS.

Through Wurzburg, Frankfurt-on-Mayn, speeds Friedrich;— Wilhelmina and mankind understand that it is

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homewards and to Cleve; but at Frankfurt, in deepest privacy, there occurs a sudden whirl southward,—up the Rhine—Valley; direct towards Strasburg, for a sight of France in that quarter! So has Friedrich decided,— not quite suddenly, on new Letters here, or new computations about Cleve; but by forethought taken at Baireuth, as rather appears. From Frankfurt to Strasburg, say 150 miles; from Strasburg home, is not much farther than from Frankfurt home: it can be done, then; husht!

The incognito is to be rigorous: Friedrich becomes COMTE DUFOUR, a Prussian—French gentleman; Prince August Wilhelm is Graf von Schaffgotsch, Algarotti is Graf von Pfuhl, Germans these two; what Leopold, the Young Dessauer, called himself,—still less what the others, or whether the others were there at all, and not shoved on, direct towards Wesel, out of the way as is likelier,— can remain uncertain to readers and me. From Frankfurt, then, on Monday morning, 22d August, 1740, as I compute, through old known Philipsburg Campaign country, and the lines of Ettlingen and Stollhofen; there the Royal Party speeds eagerly (weather very bad, as appears): and it is certain they are at Kehl on Tuesday evening; looking across the long Rhine Bridge, Strasburg and its steeples now close at hand.

This looks to be a romantic fine passage in the History of the young King;—though in truth it is not, and proves but a feeble story either to him or us. Concerning which, however, the reader, especially if he should hear that there exists precise Account of it, Two Accounts indeed, one from the King's own hand, will not fail of a certain craving to become acquainted with details. This craving, foolish rather than wise, we consider it thriftiest to satisfy at once; and shall give the King's NARRATIVE entire, though it is a jingling lean scraggy Piece, partly rhyme, "in the manner of Bachaumont and La Chapelle;" written at the gallop, a few days hence, and despatched to Voltaire:—"You," dear Voltaire, "wish to know what I have been about, since leaving Berlin; annexed you will find a description of it," writes Friedrich. [*OEuvres*, xxii. 25 (Wesel, 2d September, 1740).] Out of Voltaire's and other people's waste—baskets, it has at length been fished up, patch by patch, and pasted together by victorious modern Editors; and here it is again entire. The other Narrative, which got into the Newspapers soon after, is likewise of authentic nature,—Fassmann, our poor old friend, confirming it, if that were needful,—and is happily in prose. [Given in *Helden—Geschichte*, i. 420—423;—see likewise Fassmann's *Merkwürdigster Regierungs—Antritt* (poor old Book on FRIEDRICH'S ACCESSION); Preuss (*Thronbesteigung*, pp. 395—400); Holding these two Pieces well together, and giving the King's faithfully translated, in a complete state, it will be possible to satisfy foolish cravings, and make this Strasburg Adventure luminous enough.

KING FRIEDRICH TO VOLTAIRE (from Wesel, 2d September, 1740),

CHIEFLY IN DOGGEREL, CONCERNING THE RUN TO STRASBURG. Part of it, incorrect, in Voltaire, *OEuvres* (scandalous Piece now called *Memoires*, once *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*), ii. 24—26; finally, in Preuss, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xiv. 156—161, the real and complete affair, as fished up by victorious Preuss and others.

"I have just finished a Journey, intermingled with singular adventures, sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse. You know I had set out for Baireuth,"—BRUXELLES the beautiful French Editor wrote, which makes Egyptian darkness of the Piece!—"to see a Sister whom I love no less than esteem. On the road [thither or thence; or likeliest, THERE], Algarotti and I consulted the map, to settle our route for returning by Wesel. Frankfurt—on—Mayn comes always as a principal stage;—Strasburg was no great roundabout: we chose that route in preference. The INCOGNITO was decided, names pitched upon [Comte Dufour, and the others]; story we were to tell: in fine, all was arranged and concerted to a nicety as well as possible. We fancied we should get to Strasburg in three days [from Baireuth].

But Heaven, which disposes of all things, Differently regulated this thing. With lank—sided coursers, Lineal descendants from Rosinante, With ploughmen in the dress of postilions, Blockheads of impertinent nature; Our carriages sticking fast a hundred times in the road, We went along with gravity at a leisurely pace, Knocking against the crags. The atmosphere in uproar with loud thunder, The rain—torrents streaming over the Earth Threatened mankind with the Day of Judgment [VERY BAD WEATHER], And in spite of our impatience, Four good days are, in penance, Lost forever in these jumbings.

Mais le ciel, qui de tout dispose, Regla differemment la chose. Avec de coursiers efflanques, En ligne droites issus de Rosinante, Et des paysans en postillons masques, Duteurs de race impertinente, Notre carrosse en cent lieux accroche, Nous allions gravement, d'une allure indolente, Gravitant contre les rochers. Les airs emus par le

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broyant tonnerre, Les torrents d'eau repandus sur la terre, Du dernier jour menacaiement les humains; Et malgre notre impatience, Quatre bons jours en penitence Sont pour jamais perdus dans les charraains.

"Had all our fatalities been limited to stoppages of speed on the journey, we should have taken patience; but, after frightful roads, we found lodgings still frightfuler.

For greedy landlords Seeing us pressed by hunger Did, in a more than frugal manner, In their infernal hovels, Poisoning instead of feeding, Steal from us our crowns. O age different [in good cheer] from that of Lucullus!

Car des hotes interesses, De la faim nous voyant presses, D'une facon plus que frugale, Dans une chaumiere infernale, En nous empoisonnant, Nous volaient nos ecus. O siecle different des temps de Lucullus!

"Frightful roads; short of victual, short of drink: nor was that all. We had to undergo a variety of accidents; and certainly our equipage must have had a singular air, for in every new place we came to, they took us for something different.

Some took us for Kings, Some for pickpockets well disguised; Others for old acquaintances. At times the people crowded out, Looked us in the eyes, Like clowns impertinently curious. Our lively Italian [Algarotti] swore; For myself I took patience; The young Count [my gay younger Brother, eighteen at present]

quizzed and frolicked; The big Count [Heir—apparent of Dessau] silently swung his head, Wishing this fine Journey to France, In the bottom of his heart, most christianly at the Devil.

Les uns nous prenaient pour des rois, D'autres pour des filous courtois, D'autres pour gens de connaissance; Parfois le peuple s'atroupait, Entre les yeux nous regardait En badauds curieux, remplis d'impertinence. Notre vif Italien jurait, Pour moi je prenais patience, Le jeune Comte folatrait, Le grand Comte se dandinait, Et ce beau voyage de France Dans le fond de son coeur chretienement damnait.

"We failed not, however, to struggle gradually along; at last we arrived in that Stronghold, where [as preface to the War of 1734, known to some of us]—

Where the garrison, too supple, Surrendered so piteously After the first blurt of explosion From the cannon of the French.

Ou a garnison, troupe flasque, Se rendit si piteusement Apres la premiere bourasque Du canon francais foudroyant.

You recognize Kehl in this description. It was in that fine Fortress,—where, by the way, the breaches are still lying unrepaired [Reich being a slow corpus in regard to such things], —that the Postmaster, a man of more foresight than we, asked If we had got passports?

No, said I to him; of passports We never had the whim. Strong ones I believe it would need To recall, to our side of the limit, Subjects of Pluto King of the Dead: But, from the Germanic Empire Into the gallant and cynical abode Of Messieurs your pretty Frenchmen,— A jolly and beaming air, Rubicund faces, not ignorant of wine, These are the passports which, legible if you look on us, Our troop produces to you for that end.

Non, lui dis-je, des passe-ports Nous n'eumes jamais la folie. Il en faudrait, je crois, de forts Pour ressusciter a la vie De chez Pluton le roi des morts; Mais de l'empire germanique Au sejour galant et cynique De Messieurs vos jolis Francais, Un air rebondissant et frais, Une face rouge et bachique, Sont les passe-ports qu'en nos traits Vous produit ici notre clique.

"No, Messieurs, said the provident Master of Passports; no salvation without passport. Seeing then that Necessity had got us in the dilemma of either manufacturing passports ourselves or not entering Strasburg, we took the former branch of the alternative and manufactured one;—in which feat, the Prussian arms, which I had on my seal, were marvellously furthersome."

This is a fact, as the old Newspapers and confirmatory Fassmann more directly apprise us. "The Landlord [or Postmaster] at Kehl, having signified that there was no crossing without Passport," Friedrich, at first, somewhat taken aback, bethought him of his watch—seal with the Royal Arms on it; and soon manufactured the necessary Passport, signeted in due form;—which, however, gave a suspicion to the Innkeeper as to the quality of his Guest. After which, Tuesday evening, 23d August, "they at once got across to Strasburg," says my Newspaper Friend, "and put up at the SIGN OF THE RAVEN, there." Or in Friedrich's own jingle:—

"We arrived at Strasburg; and the Custom—house corsair, with his inspectors, seemed content with our evidences.

These scoundrels spied us, With one eye reading our passport, With the other ogling our purse. Gold, which was always a resource, Which brought, Jove to the enjoyment Of Danae whom he caressed; Gold, by which

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Caesar governed The world happy under his sway; Gold, more a divinity than Mars or Love; Wonder-working Gold introduced us That evening, within the walls of Strasburg." [Given thus far, with several slight errors, in Voltaire, ii. 24–26;—the remainder, long unknown, had to be fished up, patch by patch (Preuss, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xiv. 159–161).]

Ces scelerats nous epiaient, D'un oeil le passe-port lisaient, De l'autre lorgnaient notre bourse. L'or, qui toujours fut de ressource, Par lequel Jupin jouissait De Danae, qu'il caressait; L'or, par qui Cesar gouvernait Le monde heureux sous son empire; L'or, plus dieu que Mars et l'Amour, Le soir, dans les murs de Strasbourg.

Sad doggerel; permissible perhaps as a sample of the Friedrich manufacture, surely not otherwise! There remains yet more than half of it; readers see what their foolish craving has brought upon them! Doggerel out of which no clear story, such story as there is, can be had; though, except the exaggeration and contortion, there is nothing of fiction in it. We fly to the Newspaper, happily at least a prose composition, which begins at this point; and shall use the Doggerel henceforth as illustration only or as repetition in the Friedrich-mirror, of a thing OTHERWISE made clear to us:—

Having got into Strasburg and the RAVEN HOTEL; Friedrich now on French ground at last, or at least on Half-French, German-French, is intent to make the most of circumstances. The Landlord, with one of Friedrich's servants, is straightway despatched into the proper coffee-houses to raise a supper-party of Officers; politely asks any likely Officer, "If he will not do a foreign Gentleman [seemingly of some distinction, signifies Boniface] the honor to sup with him at the Raven?"—"No, by Jupiter!" answer the most, in their various dialects: "who is he that we should sup with him?" Three, struck by the singularity of the thing, undertake; and with these we must be content. Friedrich—or call him M. le Comte Dufour, with Pfuhl, Schaffgotsch and such escort as we see—politely apologizes on the entrance of these officers: "Many pardons, gentlemen, and many thanks. Knowing nobody; desirous of acquaintance:—since you are so good, how happy, by a little informality, to have brought brave Officers to keep me company, whom I value beyond other kinds of men!"

The Officers found their host a most engaging gentleman: his supper was superb, plenty of wine, "and one red kind they had never tasted before, and liked extremely;"—of which he sent some bottles to their lodging next day. The conversation turned on military matters, and was enlivened with the due sallies. This foreign Count speaks French wonderfully; a brilliant man, whom the others rather fear: perhaps something more than a Count? The Officers, loath to go, remembered that their two battalions had to parade next morning, that it was time to be in bed: "I will go to your review," said the Stranger Count: the delighted Officers undertake to come and fetch him, they settle with him time and method; how happy!

On the morrow, accordingly, they call and fetch him; he looks at the review; review done, they ask him to supper for this evening: "With pleasure!" and "walks with them about the Esplanade, to see the guard march by." Before parting, he takes their names, writes them in his tablets; says, with a smile, "He is too much obliged ever to forget them." This is Wednesday, the 24th of August, 1740; Field-Marshal Broglio is Commandant in Strasburg, and these obliging Officers are "of the regiment Piedmont,"—their names on the King's tablets I never heard mentioned by anybody (or never till the King's Doggerel was fished up again). Field-Marshal Broglio my readers have transiently seen, afar off;—"galloping with only one boot," some say "almost in his shirt," at the Ford of Secchia, in those Italian campaigns, five years ago, the Austrians having stolen across upon him:—he had a furious gallop, with no end of ridicule, on that occasion; is now Commandant here; and we shall have a great deal more to do with him within the next year or two.

"This same day, 24th, while I [the Newspaper volunteer Reporter or Own Correspondent, seemingly a person of some standing, whose words carry credibility in the tone of them] was with Field-Marshal Broglio our Governor here, there came two gentlemen to be presented to him; 'German Cavaliers' they were called; who, I now find, must have been the Prince of Prussia and Algarotti. The Field-Marshal,"—a rather high-stalking white-headed old military gentleman, bordering on seventy, of Piedmontese air and breed, apt to be sudden and make flounderings, but the soul of honor, "was very polite to the two Cavaliers, and kept them to dinner. After dinner there came a so-styled 'Silesian Nobleman,' who likewise was presented to the Field-Marshal, and affected not to know the other two: him I now find to have been the Prince of Anhalt."

Of his Majesty's supper with the Officers that Wednesday, we are left to think how brilliant it was: his Majesty, we hear farther, went to the Opera that night,—the Polichinello or whatever the "Italian COMODIE" was;—"and a little girl came to his box with two lottery-tickets fifteen pence each, begging the foreign

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Gentleman for the love of Heaven to buy them of her; which he did, tearing them up at once, and giving the poor creature four ducats," equivalent to two guineas, or say in effect even five pounds of the present British currency. The fame of this foreign Count and his party at The Raven is becoming very loud over Strasburg, especially in military circles. Our volunteer Own Correspondent proceeds (whom we mean to contrast with the Royal Doggerel by and by):---

"Next morning," Thursday, 25th August, "as the Marshal with above two hundred Officers was out walking on the Esplanade, there came a soldier of the Regiment Luxemburg, who, after some stiff fugging motions, of the nature of salutation partly, and partly demand for privacy, intimated to the Marshal surprising news: That the Stranger in The Raven was the King of Prussia in person; he, the soldier, at present of the Regiment Luxemburg, had in other days, before he deserted, been of the Prussian Crown-Prince's regiment; had consequently seen him in Berlin, Potsdam and elsewhere a thousand times and more, and even stood sentry where he was: the fact is beyond dispute, your Excellency! said this soldier."---Whew!

Whereupon a certain Colonel, Marquis de Loigle, with or without a hint from Broglio, makes off for The Raven; introduces himself, as was easy; contrives to get invited to stay dinner, which also was easy. During dinner the foreign Gentleman expressed some wish to see their fortress. Colonel Loigle sends word to Broglio; Broglio despatches straightway an Officer and fine carriage: "Will the foreign Gentleman do me the honor?" The foreign Gentleman, still struggling for incognito, declines the uppermost seat of honor in the carriage; the two Officers, Loigle and this new one, insist on taking the inferior place. Alas, the incognito is pretty much out. Calling at some coffee-house or the like on the road, a certain female, "Madame de Fienne," named the foreign Gentleman "Sire,"---which so startled him that, though he utterly declined such title, the two Officers saw well how it was.

"After survey of the works, the two attendant Officers had returned to the Field-Marshal; and about 4 P.M. the high Stranger made appearance there. But the thing had now got wind, 'King of Prussia here incognito!' The place was full of Officers, who came crowding about him: he escaped deftly into the Marechal's own Cabinet; sat there, an hour, talking to the Marechal [little admiring the Marechal's talk, as we shall find], still insisting on the incognito,"---to which Broglio, put out in his high paces by this sudden thing, and apt to flounder, as I have heard, was not polite enough to conform altogether. "What shall I do, in this sudden case?" poor Broglio is thinking to himself: "must write to Court; perhaps try to detain---?" Friedrich's chief thought naturally is, One cannot be away out of this too soon. "Sha'n't we go to the Play, then, Monsieur le Marechal? Play-hour is come!"--- Own Correspondent of the Newspaper proceeds:---

"The Marechal then went to the Play, and all his Officers with him; thinking their royal prize was close at their heels. Marechal and Officers fairly ahead, coast once clear, their royal prize hastened back to The Raven, paid his bill; hastily summoning Schaffgotsch and the others within hearing; shot off like lightning; and was seen in Strasburg no more. Algarotti, who was in the box with Broglio, heard the news in the house; regretful rumor among the Officers, 'He is gone!' In about a quarter of an hour Algarotti too slipped out; and vanished by extra post"--- straight towards Wesel; but could not overtake the King (whose road, in the latter part of it, went zigzag, on business as is likely), nor see him again till they met in that Town. [From *Helden-Geschichte* (i. 420-424),

This is the Prose Truth of those fifty or eight-and-forty hours in Strasburg, which were so mythic and romantic at that time. Shall we now apply to the Royal Doggerel again, where we left off, and see the other side of the picture? Once settled in The Raven, within Strasburg's walls, the Doggerel continues:---

"You fancy well that there was now something to exercise my curiosity; and what desire I had to know the French Nation in France itself.

There I saw at length those French, Of whom you have sung the glories; A people despised by the English, Whom their sad rationality fills with black bile; Those French, whom our Germans reckon all to be destitute of sense; Those French, whose History consists of Love-stories, I mean the wandering kind of Love, not the constant; Foolish this People, headlong, high-going, Which sings beyond endurance; Lofty in its good fortune, crawling in its bad; Of an un pitying extent of babble, To hide the vacancy of its ignorant mind. Of the Trifling it is a tender lover; The Trifling alone takes possession of its brain. People flighty, indiscreet, imprudent, Turning like the weathercock to every wind. Of the ages of the Caesars those of the Louises are the shadow; Paris is the ghost, of Rome, take it how you will. No, of those vile French you are not one: You think; they do not think at all.

La je vis enfin ces Francais Dont vous avez chante la gloire; Peuple meprise' des Anglais, Que leur triste

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raison rempli de bile noire; Ces Francais, que nos Allemands Pensent tous prives de bon sens; Ces Francais, dont l'amour pourrait dicter l'histoire, Je dis l'amour volage, et non l'amour constant; Ce peuple fou, brusque et galant, Chansonnier insupportable, Superbe en sa fortune, en son malheur rampant, D'un bavardage impitoyable, Pour cacher le creux d'un esprit ignorant, Tendre amant de la bagatelle, Elle entre seule en sa cervelle; Leger, indiscret, imprudent, Comme une girouette il revire a tout vent. Des siecles des Cesars ceux des Louis sont l'ombre; Rome efface Paris en tout sens, en tout point. Non, des vils Francais vous n'etes pas du nombre; Vous pensez, ils ne pensent point.

"Pardon, dear Voltaire, this definition of the French; at worst, it is only of those in Strasburg I speak. To scrape acquaintance, I had to invite some Officers on our arrival, whom of course I did not know.

Three of them came at once, Gayer, more content than Kings; Singing with rusty voice. In verse, their amorous exploits, Set to a hornpipe.

Trois d'eux s'en vinrent a la fois, Plus gais, plus contents que des rois, Chantant d'une voix enrouee, En vers, leurs amoureux exploits, Ajustes sur une bourree.

"M. de la Crochardiere and M. Malosa [two names from the tablets, third wanting] had just come from a dinner where the wine had not been spared.

Of their hot friendship I saw the flame grow, The Universe would have taken us for perfect friends: But the instant of good-night blew out the business; Friendship disappeared without regrets, With the games, the wine, the table and the viands.

De leur chaude amitie je vis croitre le flamme, L'univers nous eut pris pour des amis parfaits; Mais l'instant des adieux en detruisit la trame, L'amitie disparut, ssns causer des regrets, Avec le jeu, le vin, et la table, et les mets.

"Next day, Monsieur the Gouverneur of the Town and Province, Marechal of France, Chevalier of the Orders of the King, --Marechal Duc de Broglio, in fact," who was surprised at Secchia in the late War,--

This General always surprised. Whom with regret, young Louis [your King] Saw without breeches in Italy ["With only one boot," was the milder rumor; which we adopted (supra, vol. vi. p. 472), but this sadder one, too, was current; and "Broglio's breeches," or the vain aspiration after them, like a vanished ghost of breeches, often enough turn up in the old Pamphlets.] Galloping to hide away his life From the Germans, unpolite fighters;--

Ce general toujours surpris, Qu'a regret le jeune Louis Vit sans culottes en Italie, Courir pour dérober sa vie Aux Germains, guerriers impolis.

this General wished to investigate your Comte Dufour,--foreign Count, who the instant he arrives sets about inviting people to supper that are perfect strangers. He took the poor Count for a sharper; and prudently advised M. de la Crochardiere not to be duped by him. It was unluckily the good Marechal that proved to be duped.

He was born for surprise. His white hair, his gray beard, Formed a reverend exterior. Outsides are often deceptive: He that, by the binding, judges Of a Book and its Author May, after a page of reading, Chance to recognize his mistake.

Il etait ne pour la surprise. Ses cheveux blancs, sa barbe grise, Formaient un sage exterieur. Le dehors est souvent trompeur; Qui juge par la reliure D'un ouvrage et de son auteur Dans une page de lecture Peut reconnaitre son erreur.

"That was my own experience; for of wisdom I could find nothing except in his gray hair and decrepit appearance. His first opening betrayed him; no great well of wit this Marechal,

Who, drunk with his own grandeur, Informs you of his name and his titles, And authority as good as unlimited. He cited to me all the records Where his name is registered, Babbled about his immense power, About his valor, his talents So salutary to France;-- He forgot that, three years ago [Six to a nearness,--"15th September, 1734," if your Majesty will be exact.] Men did not praise his prudence.

Qui, de sa grandeur enivre; Decline son nom et ses titres, Et son pouvoir a rien borne. Il me cita tous les registres Ou son nom est enregistre; Bavard de son pouvoir immense, De sa valeur, de ces talents Si salutaires a la France: Il oubliait, passe trois ans, Qu'on ne louait pas sa prudence.

"Not satisfied with seeing the Marechal, I saw the guard mounted

By these Frenchmen, burning with glory, Who, on four sous a day, Will make of Kings and of Heroes the memory flourish: Slaves crowned by the hands of Victory, Unlucky herds whom the Court Tinkles hither and thither by the sound of fife and drum.

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A ces Francais brulants de gloire, Dotes de quatre sous par jour, Qui des rois, des heros font fleurir la memoire, Esclaves couronnees des mains de la victoire, Troupeaux malheureux que la cour Dirige au seul bruit du tambour.

"That was my fated term. A deserter from our troops got eye on me, recognised me and denounced me.

This wretched gallows-bird got eye on me; Such is the lot of all earthly things; And so of our fine mystery The whole secret came to light."

Ce malheureux pendard me vit, C'est le sort de toutes les choses; Ainsi de motre pot aux roses Tout le secret se decouvrit.

Well; we must take this glimpse, such as it is, into the interior of the young man,—fine buoyant, pungent German spirit, roadways for it very bad, and universal rain—torrents falling, yet with coruscations from a higher quarter;—and you can forget, if need be, the "Literature" of this young Majesty, as you would a staccato on the flute by him! In after months, on new occasion rising, "there was no end to his gibings and bitter pleasantries on the ridiculous reception Broglio had given him at Strasburg," says Valori, [*Memoires*, i. 88.]—of which this Doggerel itself offers specimen.

"Probably the weakest Piece I ever translated?" exclaims one, who has translated several such. Nevertheless there is a straggle of pungent sense in it,—like the outskirts of lightning, seen in that dismally wet weather, which the Royal Party had. Its wit is very copious, but slashy, bantery, and proceeds mainly by exaggeration and turning topsy-turvy; a rather barren species of wit. Of humor, in the fine poetic sense, no vestige. But there is surprising veracity,—truthfulness unimpeachable, if you will read well. What promptitude, too;—what funds for conversation, when needed! This scraggy Piece, which is better than the things people often talk to one another, was evidently written as fast as the pen could go.—"It is done, if such a Hand could have DONE it, in the manner of Bachaumont and La Chapelle," says Voltaire scornfully, in that scandalous VIE PRIVEE;—of which phrase this is the commentary, if readers need one:—

"Some seventy or eighty years before that date, a M. Bachaumont and a M. la Chapelle, his intimate, published, in Prose skipping off into dancings of Verse every now and then, 'a charming RELATION of a certain VOYAGE or Home Tour' (whence or whither, or correctly when, this Editor forgets), ["First printed in 1665," say the Bibliographies; "but known to La Fontaine some time before." Good!—Bachaumont, practically an important and distinguished person, not literary by trade, or indeed otherwise than by ennui, was he that had given (some fifteen years before) the Nickname FRONDE (Bickering of Schoolboys) to the wretched Historical Object which is still so designated in French annals.] which they had made in partnership. 'RELATION' capable still of being read, if one were tolerably idle;—it was found then to be charming, by all the world; and gave rise to a new fashion in writing; which Voltaire often adopts, and is supremely good at; and in which Friedrich, who is also fond of it, by no means succeeds so well."

Enough, Friedrich got to Wesel, back to his business, in a day or two; and had done, as we forever have, with the Strasburg Escapade and its Doggerel.

FRIEDRICH FINDS M. DE MAUPERTUIS; NOT YET M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Friedrich got to Wesel on the 29th; found Maupertuis waiting there, according to appointment: an elaborately polite, somewhat sublime scientific gentleman; ready to "engraft on the Berlin crab-tree," and produce real apples and Academics there, so soon as the King, the proprietor, may have leisure for such a thing. Algarotti has already the honor of some acquaintance with Maupertuis. Maupertuis has been at Brussels, on the road hither; saw Voltaire and even Madame,—which latter was rather a ticklish operation, owing to grudges and tiffs of quarrel that had risen, but it proved successful under the delicate guidance of Voltaire. Voltaire is up to oiling the wheels: "There you are, Monsieur, like the [don't name What, though profane Voltaire does, writing to Maupertuis a month ago]—Three Kings running after you!" A new Pension to you from France; Russia outbidding France to have you; and then that LETTER of Friedrich's, which is in all the Newspapers: "Three Kings,"—you plainly great man, Trismegistus of the Sciences called Pure! Madame honors you, has always done: one word of apology to the high female mind, it will work wonders; —come now! [Voltaire, *OEuvres*, lxxii. 217, 216, 230 (Hague, 21st July, 1740, and Brussels, 9th Aug.

No reader guesses in our time what a shining celestial body the Maupertuis, who is now fallen so dim again, then was to mankind. In cultivated French society there is no such lion as M. Maupertuis since he returned from flattening the Earth in the Arctic regions. "The Exact Sciences, what else is there to depend on?" thinks French

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cultivated society: "and has not Monsieur done a feat in that line?" Monsieur, with fine ex-military manners, has a certain austere gravity, reticent loftiness and polite dogmatism, which confirms that opinion. A studious ex-military man,—was Captain of Dragoons once, but too fond of study,—who is conscious to himself, or who would fain be conscious, that he is, in all points, mathematical, moral and other, the man. A difficult man to live with in society. Comes really near the limit of what we call genius, of originality, poetic greatness in thinking;—but never once can get fairly over said limit, though always struggling dreadfully to do so. Think of it! A fatal kind of man; especially if you have made a lion of him at any time. Of his envies, deep-hidden splenetic discontents and rages, with Voltaire's return for them, there will be enough to say in the ulterior stages. He wears—at least ten years hence he openly wears, though I hope it is not yet so flagrant—"a red wig with yellow bottom (CRINIÈRE JAUNE);" and as Flattener of the Earth, is, with his own flattish red countenance and impregnable stony eyes, a man formidable to look upon, though intent to be amiable if you do the proper homage. As to the quarrel with Madame take this Note; which may prove illustrative of some things by and by:—

Maupertuis is well known at Cirey; such a lion could not fail there. All manner of Bernouillis, Clairauts, high mathematical people, are frequent guests at Cirey: revered by Madame,—who indeed has had her own private Professor of Mathematics; one König from Switzerland (recommended by those Bernouillis), diligently teaching her the Pure Sciences this good while back, not without effect; and has only just parted with him, when she left on this Brussels expedition. A BON GARÇON, Voltaire says; though otherwise, I think, a little noisy on occasion. There has been no end of Madame's kindness to him, nay to his Brother and him,—sons of a Theological Professorial Syriac-Hebrew kind of man at Berne, who has too many sons;—and I grieve to report that this heedless König has produced an explosion in Madame's feelings, such as little beseemed him. On the road to Paris, namely, as we drove hitherward to the Honsbruck Lawsuit by way of Paris, in Autumn last, there had fallen out some dispute, about the monads, the VIS VIVA, the infinitely little, between Madame and König; dispute which rose CRESCENDO in disharmonious duet, and "ended," testifies M. de Voltaire, "in a scene TRESDESAGREABLE." Madame, with an effort, forgave the thoughtless fellow, who is still rather young, and is without malice. But thoughtless König, strong in his opinion about the infinitely little, appealed to Maupertuis: "Am not I right, Monsieur?" "HE is right beyond question!" wrote Maupertuis to Madame; "somewhat dryly," thinks Voltaire: and the result is, there is considerable rage in one celestial mind ever since against another male one in red wig and yellow bottom; and they are not on speaking terms, for a good many months past. Voltaire has his heart sore ("J'EN AI LE COEUR PERÇÉ") about it, needs to double-dose Maupertuis with flattery; and in fact has used the utmost diplomacy to effect some varnish of a reconciliation as Maupertuis passed on this occasion. As for König, who had studied in some Dutch university, he went by and by to be Librarian to the Prince of Orange; and we shall not fail to hear of him again,—once more upon the infinitely little. [From *Oeuvres de Voltaire*, ii. 126, lxxii. (20, 216, 230), lxxiii. (229–239),

Voltaire too, in his way, is fond of these mathematical people; eager enough to fish for knowledge, here as in all elements, when he has the chance offered: this is much an interest of his at present. And he does attain sound ideas, outlines of ideas, in this province,—though privately defective in the due transcendence of admiration for it;—was wont to discuss cheerily with König, about VIS VIVA, monads, gravitation and the infinitely little; above all, bows to the ground before the red-wigged Bashaw, Flattener of the Earth, whom for Madame's sake and his own he is anxious to be well with. "Fall on your face nine times, ye esoteric of only Impure Science!"—intimates Maupertuis to mankind. "By all means!" answers M. de Voltaire, doing it with alacrity; with a kind of loyalty, one can perceive, and also with a hypocrisy grounded on love of peace. If that is the nature of the Bashaw, and one's sole mode of fishing knowledge from him, why not? thinks M. de Voltaire. His patience with M. de Maupertuis, first and last, was very great. But we shall find it explode at length, a dozen years hence, in a conspicuous manner!—

"Maupertuis had come to us to Cirey, with Jean Bernouilli," says Voltaire; "and thenceforth Maupertuis, who was born the most jealous of men, took me for the object of this passion, which has always been very dear to him." [VIE PRIVÉE.] Husht, Monsieur!— Here is a poor rheumatic kind of Letter, which illustrates the interim condition, after that varnish of reconciliation at Brussels:—

VOLTAIRE TO M. DE MAUPERTUIS (at Wesel, waiting for the King,
or with him rather).

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"BRUSSELS, 29th August (1740), *3d year since the world flattened*. "How the Devil, great Philosopher, would you have had me write to you at Wesel? I fancied you gone from Wesel, to seek the King of Sages on his Journey somewhere. I had understood, too, they were so delighted to have you in that fortified lodge (BOUGE FORTIFIE) that you must be taking pleasure there, for he that gives pleasure gets it.

"You have already seen the jolly Ambassador of the amiablest Monarch in the world,"—Camas, a fattish man, on his road to Versailles (who called at Brussels here, with fine compliments, and a keg of Hungary Wine, as YOU may have heard whispered). "No doubt M. de Camas is with you. For my own share, I think it is after you that he is running at present. But in truth, at the hour while I say this, you are with the King;"—a lucky guess; King did return to Wesel this very day. "The Philosopher and the Prince perceive already that they are made for each other. You and M. Algarotti will say, FACIAMUS HIC TRIA TABERNACULA: as to me, I can only make DUO TABERNACULA,"—profane Voltaire!

"Without doubt I would be with you if I were not at Brussels; but my heart is with you all the same; and is the subject, all the same, of a King who is, formed to reign over every thinking and feeling being. I do not despair that Madame du Chatelet will find herself somewhere on your route: it will be a scene in a fairy tale;—she will arrive with a SUFFICIENT REASON [as your Leibnitz says] and with MONADS. She does not love you the less though she now believes the universe a PLENUM, and has renounced the notion of VOID. Over her you have an ascendant which you will never lose. In fine, my dear Monsieur, I wish as ardently as she to embrace you the soonest possible. I recommend myself to your friendship in the Court, worthy of you, where you now are."—TOUT A VOUS, somewhat rheumatic! [Voltaire, lxxii. p. 243.]

Always an anxious almost tremulous desire to conciliate this big glaring geometrical bully in red wig. Through the sensitive transparent being of M. de Voltaire, you may see that feeling almost painfully busy in every Letter he writes to the Flattener of the Earth.

Chapter IV. VOLTAIRE'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH FRIEDRICH.

At Wesel, in the rear of all this travelling and excitement, Friedrich falls unwell; breaks down there into an aguish feverish distemper, which, for several months after, impeded his movements, would he have yielded to it. He has much business on hand, too,—some of it of prickly nature just now;—but is intent as ever on seeing Voltaire, among the first things. Diligently reading in the Voltaire–Friedrich Correspondence (which is a sad jumble of misdates and opacities, in the common editions), [Preuss (the recent latest Editor, and the only well-informed one, as we said) prints with accuracy; but cannot be read at all (in the sense of UNDERSTOOD) without other light.] this of the aguish condition frequently turns up; "Quartan ague," it seems; occasionally very bad; but Friedrich struggles with it; will not be cheated of any of his purposes by it.

He had a busy fortnight here; busier than we yet imagine. Much employment there naturally is of the usual Inspection sort; which fails in no quarter of his Dominions, but which may be particularly important here, in these disputed Berg–Julich Countries, when the time of decision falls. How he does his Inspections we know;—and there are still weightier matters afoot here, in a silent way, of which we shall have to speak before long, and all the world will speak. Business enough, parts of it grave and silent, going on, and the much that is public, miscellaneous, small: done, all of it, in a rapid–punctual precise manner;—and always, after the crowded day, some passages of Supper with the Sages, to wind up with on melodious terms. A most alert and miscellaneous busy young King, in spite of the ague.

It was in these Cleve Countries, and now as probably as afterwards, that the light scene recorded in Laveaux's poor HISTORY, and in all the Anecdote–Books, transacted itself one day. Substance of the story is true; though the details of it go all at random,—somewhat to this effect:—

"Inspecting his Finance Affairs, and questioning the parties interested, Friedrich notices a certain Convent in Cleve, which appears to have, payable from the Forest–dues, considerable revenues bequeathed by the old Dukes, 'for masses to be said on their behalf.' He goes to look at the place; questions the Monks on this point, who are all drawn out in two rows, and have broken into TE–DEUM at sight of him: 'Husht! You still say those Masses, then?' 'Certainly, your Majesty!'—'And what good does anybody get of them?' 'Your Majesty, those old Sovereigns are to obtain Heavenly mercy by them, to be delivered out of Purgatory by them.'—'Purgatory? It is a sore thing for the Forests, all this while! And they are not yet out, those poor souls, after so many hundred years of praying?' Monks have a fatal apprehension, No. 'When will they be out, and the thing complete?' Monks cannot say. 'Send me a courier whenever it is complete!' sneers the King, and leaves them to their TE–DEUM." [C. Hildebrandt's Modern Edition of the (mostly dubious) *Anekdoten und Charakterzuge aus dem Leben Friedrichs des Grossen* (and a very ignorant and careless Edition it is; 6 vols. 12mo, Halberstadt, 1829), ii. 160; Laveaux (whom we already cited), *Vie de Frederic*; Nicolai's *Anekdoten* alone, which are not included in this Hildebrandt Collection, are of sure authenticity; the rest, occasionally true, and often with a kind of MYTHIC truth in them worth attending to, are otherwise of all degrees of dubiety, down to the palpably false and absurd.]

Mournful state of the Catholic Religion so called! How long must these wretched Monks go on doing their lazy thrice–deleterious torpid blasphemy; and a King, not histrionic but real, merely signify that he laughs at them and it? Meseems a heavier whip than that of satire might be in place here, your Majesty? The lighter whip is easier;—Ah yes, undoubtedly! cry many men. But horrible accounts are running up, enough to sink the world at last, while the heavier whip is lazily withheld, and lazy blasphemy, fallen torpid, chronic, and quite unconscious of being blasphemous, insinuates itself into the very heart's–blood of mankind! Patience, however; the heavy whip too is coming,—unless universal death be coming. King Friedrich is not the man to wield such whip. Quite other work is in store for King Friedrich; and Nature will not, by any suggestion of that terrible task, put him out in the one he has. He is nothing of a Luther, of a Cromwell; can look upon fakirs praying by their rotatory calabash, as a ludicrous platitude; and grin delicately as above, with the approval of his wiser contemporaries. Speed to him on his own course!

What answer Friedrich found to his English proposals,—answer due here on the 24th from Captain Dickens,—I do not pointedly learn; but can judge of it by Harrington's reply to that Despatch of Dickens's, which entreated candor and open dealing towards his Prussian Majesty. Harrington is at Herrenhausen, still with the

Britannic Majesty there; both of them much at a loss about their Spanish War, and the French and other aspects upon it: "Suppose his Prussian Majesty were to give himself to France against us!" We will hope, not. Harrington's reply is to the effect, "Hum, drum:—Berg and Julich, say you? Impossible to answer; minds not made up here:—What will his Prussian Majesty do for US?" Not much, I should guess, till something more categorical come from you! His Prussian Majesty is careful not to spoil anything by over-haste; but will wait and try farther to the utmost, Whether England or France is the likelier bargain for him.

Better still, the Prussian Majesty is intent to do something for himself in that Berg–Julich matter: we find him silently examining these Wesel localities for a proper "entrenched Camp," Camp say of 40,000, against a certain contingency that may be looked for. Camp which will much occupy the Gazetteers when they get eye on it. This is one of the concerns he silently attends to, on occasion, while riding about in the Cleve Countries. Then there is another small item of business, important to do well, which is now in silence diligently getting under way at Wesel; which also is of remarkable nature, and will astonish the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles. This is the affair with the Bishop of Liege, called also the Affair of Herstal, which his Majesty has had privately laid up in the corner of his mind, as a thing to be done during this Excursion. Of which the reader shall hear anon, to great lengths, —were a certain small preliminary matter, Voltaire's Arrival in these parts, once off our hands.

Friedrich's First Meeting with Voltaire! These other high things were once loud in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles, and had no doubt they were the World's History; and now they are sunk wholly to the Nightmares, and all mortals have forgotten them,—and it is such a task as seldom was to resuscitate the least memory of them, on just cause of a Friedrich or the like, so impatient are men of what is putrid and extinct:—and a quite unnoticed thing, Voltaire's First Interview, all readers are on the alert for it, and ready to demand of me impossibilities about it! Patience, readers. You shall see it, without and within, in such light as there was, and form some actual notion of it, if you will co-operate. From the circum-ambient inanity of Old Newspapers, Historical shot-rubbish, and unintelligible Correspondences, we sift out the following particulars, of this First Meeting, or actual Osculation of the Stars.

The Newspapers, though their eyes were not yet of the Argus quality now familiar to us, have been intent on Friedrich during this Baireuth–Cleve Journey, especially since that sudden eclipse of him at Strasburg lately; forming now one scheme of route for him, now another; Newspapers, and even private friends, being a good deal uncertain about his movements. Rumor now ran, since his reappearance in the Cleve Countries, that Friedrich meant to have a look at Holland before going home, And that had, in fact, been a notion or intention of Friedrich's. "Holland? We could pass through Brussels on the way, and see Voltaire!" thought he.

In Brussels this was, of course, the rumor of rumors. As Voltaire's Letters, visibly in a twitter, still testify to us. King of Prussia coming! Madame du Chatelet, the "Princess Tour" (that is, Tour—and–Taxis), all manner of high Dames are on the tiptoe. Princess Tour hopes she shall lodge this unparalleled Prince in her Palace: "You, Madame?" answers the Du Chatelet, privately, with a toss of her head: "His Majesty, I hope, belongs more to M. de Voltaire and me: he shall lodge here, please Heaven!" Voltaire, I can observe, has sublime hostelry arrangements chalked out for his Majesty, in case he go to Paris; which he does n't, as we know. Voltaire is all on the alert, awake to the great contingencies far and near; the Chatelet–Voltaire breakfast–table,—fancy it on those interesting mornings, while the post comes round! [Voltaire, xxii. 238–256 (Letters 22d August–22d September, 1740).]

Alas, in the first days of September,—Friedrich's Letter is dated "Wesel, 2d" (and has the STRASBURD DOGGEREL enclosed in it),—the Brussels Postman delivers far other intelligence at one's door; very mortifying to Madame: "That his Majesty is fallen ill at Wesel; has an aguish fever hanging on him, and only hopes to come:" VOILA, Madame!—Next Letter, Wesel, Monday, 5th September, is to the effect: "Do still much hope to come; to-morrow is my trembling day; if that prove to be off!"—Out upon it, that proves not to be off; that is on: next Letter, Tuesday, September 6th, which comes by express (Courier dashing up with it, say on the Thursday following) is,—alas, Madame!—here it is:—

KING FRIEDRICH TO M. DE VOLTAIRE AT BRUSSELS.

"WESEL, 6th September, 1740. "MY DEAR VOLTAIRE,—In spite of myself, I have to yield to the Quartan Fever, which is more tenacious than a Jansenist; and whatever desire I had of going to Antwerp and Brussels, I find myself not in a condition to undertake such a journey without risk. I would ask of you, then, if the road from

Brussels to Cleve would not to you seem too long for a meeting; it is the one means of seeing you which remains to me. Confess that I am unlucky; for now when I could dispose of my person, and nothing hinders me from seeing you, the fever gets its hand into the business, and seems to intend disputing me that satisfaction.

"Let us deceive the fever, my dear Voltaire; and let me at least have the pleasure of embracing you. Make my best excuses [polite, rather than sincere] to Madame the MARQUISE, that I cannot have the satisfaction of seeing her at Brussels. All that are about me know the intention I was in; which certainly nothing but the fever could have made me change.

"Sunday next I shall be at a little Place near Cleve,"—Schloss of Moyland, which, and the route to which, this Courier can tell you of;—"where I shall be able to possess you at my ease. If the sight of you don't cure me, I will send for a Confessor at once. Adieu; you know my sentiments and my heart. [Preuss, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 27.] FREDERIC."

After which the Correspondence suddenly extinguishes itself; ceases for about a fortnight,—in the bad misdated Editions even does worse;—and we are left to thick darkness, to our own poor shifts; Dryasdust being grandly silent on this small interest of ours. What is to be done?

PARTICULARS OF FIRST INTERVIEW, ON SEVERE SCRUTINY.

Here, from a painful Predecessor whose Papers I inherit, are some old documents and Studies on the subject,—sorrowful collection, in fact, of what poor sparks of certainty were to be found hovering in that dark element;—which do at last (so luminous are certainties always, or "sparks" that will shine steady) coalesce into some feeble general twilight, feeble but indubitable; and even show the sympathetic reader how they were searched out and brought together. We number and label these poor Patches of Evidence on so small a matter; and leave them to the curious:—

No. 1. DATE OF THE FIRST INTERVIEW. It is certain Voltaire did arrive at the little Schloss of Moyland, September 11th, Sunday night,—which is the "Sunday" just specified in Friedrich's Letter. Voltaire had at once decided on complying,—what else?— and lost no time in packing himself: King's Courier on Thursday late; Voltaire on the road on Saturday early, or the night before. With Madame's shrill blessing (not the most musical in this vexing case), and plenty of fuss. "Was wont to travel in considerable style," I am told; "the innkeepers calling him "Your Lordship (M. LE COMTE)." Arrives, sure enough, Sunday night; old Schloss of Moyland, six miles from Cleve; "moonlight," I find,—the Harvest Moon. Visit lasted three days. [Rodenbeck, p. 21; Preuss,

No. 2. VOLTAIRE'S DRIVE THITHER. Schloss Moyland: How far from Brussels, and by what route? By Louvain, Tillemont, Tongres to Maestricht; then from Maestricht up the Maas (left bank) to Venlo, where cross; through Geldern and Goch to Cleve: between the Maas and Rhine this last portion. Flat damp country; tolerably under tillage; original constituents bog and sand. Distances I guess to be: To Tongres 60 miles and odd; to Maestricht 12 or 15, from Maestricht 75; in all 150 miles English. Two days' driving? There is equinoctial moon, and still above twelve hours of sunlight for "M. le Comte."

No. 3. OF THE PLACE WHERE. Voltaire, who should have known, calls it "PETIT CHATEAU DE MEUSE;" which is a Castle existing nowhere but in Dreams. Other French Biographers are still more imaginary. The little Schloss of Moyland—by no means "Meuse," nor even MORS, which Voltaire probably means in saying CHATEAU DE MEUSE—was, as the least inquiry settles beyond question, the place where Voltaire and Friedrich first met. Friedrich Wilhelm used often to lodge there in his Cleve journeys: he made thither for shelter, in the sickness that overtook him in friend Ginkel's house, coming home from the Rhine Campaign in 1734; lay there for several weeks after quitting Ginkel's. Any other light I can get upon it, is darkness visible. Busching pointedly informs me, [*Erdbeschreibung*, v. 659, 677.] "It is a Parish [or patch of country under one priest], and Till AND it are a Jurisdiction" (pair of patches under one court of justice):—which does not much illuminate the inquiring mind. Small patch, this of Moyland, size not given; "was bought," says he, "in 1695, by Friedrich afterwards First King, from the Family of Spaen,"—we once knew a Lieutenant Spaen, of those Dutch regions,—"and was named a Royal Mansion ever thereafter." Who lived in it; what kind of thing was it, is it? ALTUM SILENTIUM, from Busching and mankind. Belonged to the Spaens, fifty years ago;—some shadow of our poor banished friend the Lieutenant resting on it? Dim enough old Mansion, with "court" to it, with modicum of equipment; lying there in the moonlight;—did not look sublime to Voltaire on stepping out. So that all our knowledge reduces itself to this one point: of finding Moyland in the Map, with DATE, with REMINISCENCE to us, hanging by it henceforth! Good. [Stieler's *Deutschland* (excellent Map in 25 Pieces), Piece 12.—Till is a mile

or two northeast from Moyland; Moyland about 5 or 6 southeast from Cleve.]

Mors—which is near the Town of Ruhrort, about midway between Wesel and Dusseldorf—must be some forty miles from Moyland, forty-five from Cleve; southward of both. So that the place, "A DEUX LIEUES DE CLEVES," is, even by Voltaire's showing, this Moyland; were there otherwise any doubt upon it. "CHATEAU DE MEUSE"—hanging out a prospect of MORS to us—is bad usage to readers. Of an intelligent man, not to say a Trismegistus of men, one expects he will know in what town he is, after three days' experience, as here. But he does not always; he hangs out a mere "shadow of Mars by moonlight," till we learn better. Duvernet, his Biographer, even calls it "SLEUS-MEUSE;" some wonderful idea of Sluices and a River attached to it, in Duvernet's head! [Duvernet (2d FORM of him,—that is, *Vie de Voltaire* par T. J. D. V.), p. 117.]

WHAT VOLTAIRE THOUGHT OF THE INTERVIEW TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARDS

Of the Interview itself, with general bird's-eye view of the Visit combined (in a very incorrect state), there is direct testimony by Voltaire himself. Voltaire himself, twenty years after, in far other humor, all jarred into angry sarcasm, for causes we shall see by and by,—Voltaire, at the request of friends, writes down, as his Friedrich Reminiscences, that scandalous VIE PRIVEE above spoken of, a most sad Document; and this is the passage referring to "the little Place in the neighborhood of Cleve," where Friedrich now waited for him: errors corrected by our laborious Friend. After quoting something of that Strasburg Doggerel, the whole of which is now too well known to us, Voltaire proceeds:—

"From Strasburg he," King Friedrich, "went to see his Lower German Provinces; he said he would come and see me incognito at Brussels. We prepared a fine house for him,"—were ready to prepare such hired house as we had for him, with many apologies for its slight degree of perfection (ERROR FIRST),—"but having fallen ill in the little Mansion-Royal of Meuse (CHATEAU DE MEUSE), a couple of leagues from Cleve,"—fell ill at Wesel; and there is no Chateau de MEUSE in the world (ERRORS 2d AND 3d),—"he wrote to me that he expected I would make the advances. I went, accordingly, to present my profound homages. Maupertuis, who already had his views, and was possessed with the rage of being President to an Academy, had of his own accord,"—no, being invited, and at my suggestion (ERROR 4th),—"presented himself there; and was lodged with Algarotti and Keyserling [which latter, I suppose, had come from Berlin, not being of the Strasburg party, he] in a garret of this Palace.

"At the door of the court, I found, by way of guard, one soldier. Privy-Councillor Rambonet, Minister of State—[very subaltern man; never heard of him except in the Herstal Business, and here] was walking in the court; blowing in his fingers to keep them warm." Sunday night, 11th September, 1740; world all bathed in moonshine; and mortals mostly shrunk into their huts, out of the raw air. "He" Rambonet "wore big linen ruffles at his wrists, very dirty [visibly so in the moonlight? ERROR 5th extends AD LIBITUM over all the following details]; a holed hat; an old official periwig,"—ruined into a totally unsymmetric state, as would seem,—"one side of which hung down into one of his pockets, and the other scarcely crossed his shoulder. I was told, this man was now intrusted with an affair of importance here; and that proved true,"—the Herstal Affair.

"I was led into his Majesty's apartment. Nothing but four bare walls there. By the light of a candle, I perceived, in a closet, a little truckle-bed two feet and a half broad, on which lay a man muffled up in a dressing-gown of coarse blue duffel: this was the King, sweating and shivering under a wretched blanket there, in a violent fit of fever. I made my reverence, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his chief physician. The fit over, he dressed himself, and took his place at table. Algarotti, Keyserling, Maupertuis, and the King's Envoy to the States-General"—one Rasfeld (skilled in HERSTAL matters, I could guess),—"we were of this supper, and discussed, naturally in a profound manner, the Immortality of the Soul, Liberty, Fate, the Androgynes of Plato [the ANDROGYNOI, or Men-Women, in Plato's CONVIVIUM; by no means the finest symbolic fancy of the divine Plato],—and other small topics of that nature." [Voltaire, *OEuvres*, (Piece once called VIE PRIVEE), ii. 26, 27.]

This is Voltaire's account of the Visit,—which included three "Suppers," all huddled into one by him here;—and he says nothing more of it; launching off now into new errors, about HERSTAL, the ANTI-MACHIAVEL, and so forth: new and uglier errors, with much more of mendacity and serious malice in them, than in this harmless half-dozen now put on the score against him.

Of this Supper-Party, I know by face four of the guests: Maupertuis, Voltaire, Algarotti, Keyserling;—Rasfeld, Rambonet can sit as simulacra or mute accompaniment. Voltaire arrived on Sunday

evening; stayed till Wednesday. Wednesday morning, 14th of the month, the Party broke up: Voltaire rolling off to left hand, towards Brussels, or the Hague; King to right, on inspection business, and circuitously homewards. Three Suppers there had been, two busy Days intervening; discussions about Fate and the Androgynoi of Plato by no means the one thing done by Voltaire and the rest, on this occasion. We shall find elsewhere, "he declaimed his MAHOMET" (sublime new Tragedy, not yet come out), in the course of these three evenings, to the "speechless admiration" of his Royal Host, for one; and, in the daytime, that he even drew his pen about the Herstal Business, which is now getting to its crisis, and wrote one of the Manifestoes, still discoverable. And we need not doubt, in spite of his now sneering tone, that things ran high and grand here, in this paltry little Schloss of Moyland; and that those three were actually Suppers of the Gods, for the time being.

"Councillor Rambonet," with the holed hat and unsymmetric wig, continues Voltaire in the satirical vein, "had meanwhile mounted a hired hack (CHEVAL DE LOUAGE;" mischievous Voltaire, I have no doubt he went on wheels, probably of his own): "he rode all night; and next morning arrived at the gates of Liege; where he took Act in the name of the King his Master, whilst 2,000 men of the Wesel Troops laid Liege under contribution. The pretext of this fine Marching of Troops,"—not a pretext at all, but the assertion, correct in all points, of just claims long trodden down, and now made good with more spirit than had been expected,—"was certain rights which the King pretended to, over a suburb of Liege. He even charged me to work at a Manifesto; and I made one, good or bad; not doubting but a King with whom I supped, and who called me his friend, must be in the right. The affair soon settled itself by means of a million of ducats,"—nothing like the sum, as we shall see,—"which he exacted by weight, to clear the costs of the Tour to Strasburg, which, according to his complaint in that Poetic Letter [Doggerel above given], were so heavy."

That is Voltaire's view; grown very corrosive after Twenty Years. He admits, with all the satire: "I naturally felt myself attached to him; for he had wit, graces; and moreover he was a King, which always forms a potent seduction, so weak is human nature. Usually it is we of the writing sort that flatter Kings: but this King praised me from head to foot, while the Abbe Desfontaines and other scoundrels (GREDINS) were busy defaming me in Paris at least once a week."

WHAT VOLTAIRE THOUGHT OF THE INTERVIEW AT THE TIME.

But let us take the contemporary account, which also we have at first hand; which is almost pathetic to read; such a contrast between ruddy morning and the storms of the afternoon! Here are two Letters from Voltaire; fine transparent human Letters, as his generally are: the first of them written directly on getting back to the Hague, and to the feeling of his eclipsed condition.

VOLTAIRE TO M. DE MAUPERTUIS (with the King).

"THE HAGUE, 18th September, 1740. "I serve you, Monsieur, sooner than I promised; and that is the way you ought to be served. I send you the answer of M. Smith,"— probably some German or Dutch SCHMIDT, spelt here in English, connected with the Sciences, say with water-carriage, the typographies, or one need not know what; "you will see where the question stands. "When we both left Cleve,"—14th of the month, Wednesday last; 18th is Sunday, in this old cobwebby Palace, where I am correcting ANTI-MACHIAVEL,—"and you took to the right,"—King, homewards, got to HAM that evening,—"I could have thought I was at the Last Judgment, where the Bon Dieu separates the elect from the damned. DIVUS FREDERICUS said to you, 'Sit down at my right hand in the Paradise of Berlin;' and to me, 'Depart, thou accursed, into Holland.'

"Here I am accordingly in this phlegmatic place of punishment, far from the divine fire which animates the Friedrichs, the Maupertuis, the Algarottis. For God's love, do me the charity of some sparks in these stagnant waters where I am,"—stiffening, cooling,— "stupefying to death. Instruct me of your pleasures, of your designs. You will doubtless see M. de Valori,"—readers know de Valori; his Book has been published; edited, as too usual, by a Human Nightmare, ignorant of his subject and indeed of almost all other things, and liable to mistakes in every page; yet partly readable, if you carry lanterns, and love "MON GROS VALORI:"— "offer him, I pray you, my respects. If I do not write to him, the reason is, I have no news to send: I should be as exact as I am devoted, if my correspondence could be useful or agreeable to him.

"Won't you have me send you some Books? If I be still in Holland when your orders come, I will obey in a moment. I pray you do not forget me to M. de Keyserling,"—Caesarion whom we once had at Cirey; a headlong dusky little man of wit (library turned topsy-turvy, as Wilhelmina called him), whom we have seen.

"Tell me, I beg, if the enormous monad of Volfius—[Wolf, would the reader like to hear about him? If so, he

has only to speak!] is arguing at Marburg, at Berlin, or at Hall [HALLE, which is a very different place].

"Adieu, Monsieur: you can address your orders to me 'At the Hague:' they will be forwarded wherever I am; and I shall be, anywhere on earth,—Yours forever (A VOUS POUR JAMAIS)." [Voltaire, lxxii. 252.]

Letter Second, of which a fragment may be given, is to one Cideville, a month later; all the more genuine as there was no chance of the King's hearing about this one. Cideville, some kind of literary Advocate at Rouen (who is wearisomely known to the reader of Voltaire's Letters), had done, what is rather an endemical disorder at this time, some Verses for the King of Prussia, which he wished to be presented to his Majesty. The presentation, owing to accidents, did not take place; hear how Voltaire, from his cobweb Palace at the Hague, busy with ANTI-MACHIAVEL, Van Duren and many other things,—18th October, 1740, on which day we find him writing many Letters,—explains the sad accident:—

VOLTAIRE TO M. DE CIDEVILLE (at Rouen).

"AT THE HAGUE, KING OF PRUSSIA'S PALACE, 18th October, 1740.

"... This is my case, dear Cideville. When you sent me, enclosed in your Letter, those Verses (among which there are some of charming and inimitable turn) for our Marcus Aurelius of the North, I did well design to pay my court to him with them. He was at that time to have come to Brussels incognito: we expected him there; but the Quartan Fever, which unhappily he still has, deranged all his projects. He sent me a courier to Brussels,"— mark that point, my Cideville;—"and so I set out to find him in the neighborhood of Cleve.

"It was there I saw one of the amiablest men in the world, who forms the charm of society, who would be everywhere sought after if he were not King; a philosopher without austerity; full of sweetness, complaisance and obliging ways (AGREMENS); not remembering that he is King when he meets his friends; indeed so completely forgetting it that he made me too almost forget it, and I needed an effort of memory to recollect that I here saw sitting at the foot of my bed a Sovereign who had an Army of 100,000 men. That was the moment to have read your amiable Verses to him:"—yes; but then?—"Madame du Chatelet, who was to have sent them to me, did not, NE L'A PA FAIT." Alas, no, they are still at Brussels, those charming Verses; and I, for a month past, am here in my cobweb Palace! But I swear to you, the instant I return to Brussels, I, [Voltaire, lxii. 282.]

Finally, here is what Friedrich thought of it, ten days after parting with Voltaire. We will read this also (though otherwise ahead of us as yet); to be certified on all sides, and sated for the rest of our lives, concerning the Friedrich-Voltaire First Interview.

KING FRIEDRICH TO M. JORDAN (at Berlin).

POTSDAM, 24th September, 1740.

"Most respectable Inspector of the poor, the invalids, orphans, crazy people and Bedlams,—I have read with mature meditation the very profound Jordanic Letter which was waiting here;"—and do accept your learned proposal.

"I have seen that Voltaire whom I was so curious to know; but I saw him with the Quartan hanging on me, and my mind as unstrung as my body. With men of his kind one ought not to be sick; one ought even to be specially well, and in better health than common, if one could.

"He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildness of Pliny, the wisdom of Agrippa; he combines, in short, what is to be collected of virtues and talents from the three greatest men of Antiquity. His intellect is at work incessantly; every drop of ink is a trait of wit from his pen. He declaimed his MAHOMET to us, an admirable Tragedy which he has done,"—which the Official people smelling heresies in it ("toleration," "horrors of fanaticism," and the like) will not let him act, as readers too well know:—"he transported us out of ourselves; I could only admire and hold my tongue. The Du Chatelet is lucky to have him: for of the good things he flings out at random, a person who had no faculty but memory might make a brilliant Book. That Minerva has just published her Work on PHYSICS: not wholly bad. It was Konig"—whom we know, and whose late tempest in a certain teapot—"that dictated the theme to her: she has adjusted, ornamented here and there with some touch picked from Voltaire at her Suppers. The Chapter on Space is pitiable; the"—in short, she is still raw in the Pure Sciences, and should have waited. ...

"Adieu, most learned, most scientific, most profound Jordan,—or rather most gallant, most amiable, most jovial Jordan;—I salute thee, with assurance of all those old feelings which thou hast the art of inspiring in every one that knows thee. VALE.

"I write the moment of my arrival: be obliged to me, friend; for I have been working, I am going to work still,

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like a Turk, or like a Jordan." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvii. 71.]

This is hastily thrown off for Friend Jordan, the instant after his Majesty's circuitous return home. Readers cannot yet attend his Majesty there, till they have brought the Affair of Herstal, and other remainders of the Cleve Journey, along with them.

Chapter V. AFFAIR OF HERSTAL.

This Rambonet, whom Voltaire found walking in the court of the old Castle of Moyland, is an official gentleman, otherwise unknown to History, who has lately been engaged in a Public Affair; and is now off again about it, "on a hired hack" or otherwise,—with very good instructions in his head. Affair which, though in itself but small, is now beginning to make great noise in the world, as Friedrich wends homewards out of his Cleve Journey. He has set it fairly alight, Voltaire and he, before quitting Moyland; and now it will go of itself. The Affair of Herstal, or of the Bishop of Liege; Friedrich's first appearance on the stage of politics. Concerning which some very brief notice, if intelligible, will suffice readers of the present day.

Herstal, now called Herstal, was once a Castle known to all mankind; King Pipin's Castle, who styled himself "Pipin of Herstal," before he became King of the Franks and begot Charlemagne. It lies on the Maas, in that fruitful Spa Country; left bank of the Maas, a little to the north of Liege; and probably began existence as a grander place than Liege (LUTTICH), which was, at first, some Monastery dependent on secular Herstal and its grandeurs:—think only how the race has gone between these two entities; spiritual Liege now a big City, black with the smoke of forges and steam-mills; Herstal an insignificant Village, accidentally talked of for a few weeks in 1740, and no chance ever to be mentioned again by men.

Herstal, in the confused vicissitudes of a thousand years, had passed through various fortunes, and undergone change of owners often enough. Fifty years ago it was in the hands of the Nassau-Orange House; Dutch William, our English Protestant King, who probably scarce knew of his possessing it, was Lord of Herstal till his death. Dutch William had no children to inherit Herstal: he was of kinship to the Prussian House, as readers are aware; and from that circumstance, not without a great deal of discussion, and difficult "Division of the Orange Heritage," this Herstal had, at the long last, fallen to Friedrich Wilhelm's share; it and Neuchatel, and the Cobweb Palace, and some other places and pertinents.

For Dutch William was of kin, we say; Friedrich I. of Prussia, by his Mother the noble Wife of the Great Elector, was full cousin to Dutch William: and the Marriage Contracts were express,—though the High Mightinesses made difficulties, and the collateral Orange branches were abundantly reluctant, when it came to the fulfilling point. For indeed the matter was intricate. Orange itself, for example, what was to be done with the Principality of Orange? Clearly Prussia's; but it lies imbedded deep in the belly of France, that will be a Caesarean-Operation for you! Had not Neuchatel happened just then to fall home to France (or in some measure to France) and be heirless, Prussia's Heritage of Orange would have done little for Prussia! Principality of Orange was, by this chance, long since, mainly in the First King's time, got settled: [Neuchatel, 3d November, 1707, to Friedrich I., natives preferring him to "Fifteen other Claimants;" Louis XIV. loudly protesting: not till Treaty of Utrecht (14th March 1713, first month of Friedrich Wilhelm's reign) would Louis XIV., on cession of Orange, consent and sanction.] but there needed many years more of good waiting, and of good pushing, on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; and it was not till 1732 that Friedrich Wilhelm got the Dutch Heritages finally brought to the square: Neuchatel and Valengin, as aforesaid, in lieu of Orange; and now furthermore, the Old Palace at Loo (that VIEILLE COUR and biggest cobwebs), with pertinents, with Garden of Honslardik; and a string of items, bigger and less, not worth enumerating. Of the items, this Herstal was one;—and truly, so far as this went, Friedrich Wilhelm often thought he had better never have seen it, so much trouble did it bring him.

HOW THE HERSTALLERS HAD BEHAVED TO FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

The Herstal people, knowing the Prussian recruiting system and other rigors, were extremely unwilling to come under Friedrich Wilhelm's sway, could they have helped it. They refused fealty, swore they never would swear: nor did they, till the appearance, or indubitable foreshine, of Friedrich Wilhelm's bayonets advancing on them from the East, brought compliance. And always after, spite of such quasi-fealty, they showed a pig-like obstinacy of humor; a certain insignificant, and as it were impertinent, deep-rooted desire to thwart, irritate and contradict the said Friedrich Wilhelm. Especially in any recruiting matter that might arise, knowing that to be the weak side of his Prussian Majesty. All this would have amounted to nothing, had it not been that their neighbor, the Prince Bishop of Liege, who imagined himself to have some obscure claims of sovereignty over Herstal, and thought the present a good opportunity for asserting these, was diligent to aid and abet the Herstal people in such

their mutinous acts. Obscure claims; of which this is the summary, should the reader not prefer to skip it:—

"The Bishop of Liege's claims on Herstal (which lie wrapt from mankind in the extensive jungle of his law-pleadings, like a Bedlam happily fallen extinct) seem to me to have grown mainly from two facts more or less radical.

"FACT FIRST. In Kaiser Barbarossa's time, year 1171, Herstal had been given in pawn to the Church of Liege, for a loan, by the then proprietor, Duke of Lorraine and Brabant. Loan was repaid, I do not learn when, and the Pawn given back; to the satisfaction of said Duke, or Duke's Heirs; never quite to the satisfaction of the Church, which had been in possession, and was loath to quit, after hoping to continue. 'Give us back Herstal; it ought to be ours!' Unappeasable sigh or grumble to this effect is heard thenceforth, at intervals, in the Chapter of Liege, and has not ceased in Friedrich's time. But as the world, in its loud thoroughfares, seldom or never heard, or could hear, such sighing in the Chapter, nothing had come of it,—till—

"FACT SECOND. In Kaiser Karl V.'s time, the Prince Bishop of Liege happened to be a Natural Son of old Kaiser Max's;—and had friends at headquarters, of a very choice nature. Had, namely, in this sort, Kaiser Karl for Nephew or Half-Nephew; and what perhaps was still better, as nearer hand, had Karl's Aunt, Maria Queen of Hungary, then Governess of the Netherlands, for Half-Sister. Liege, in these choice circumstances, and by other good chances that turned up, again got temporary clutch or half-clutch of Herstal, for a couple of years (date 1546–1548, the Prince of Orange, real proprietor, whose Ancestor had bought it for money down, being then a minor); once, and perhaps a second time in like circumstance; but had always to renounce it again, when the Prince of Orange came to maturity. And ever since, the Chapter of Liege sighs as before, 'Herstal is perhaps in a sense ours. We had once some kind of right to it!'—sigh inaudible in the loud public thoroughfares. That is the Bishop's claim. The name of him, if anybody care for it, is 'Georg Ludwig, titular COUNT OF BERG,' now a very old man: Bishop of Liege, he, and has been snatching at Herstal again, very eagerly by any skirt or tagrag that might happen to fly loose, these eight years past, in a rash and provoking manner; [*Delices du Pais de Liege* (Liege, 1738); *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 57–62.]—age eighty-two at present; poor old fool, he had better have sat quiet. There lies a rod in pickle for him, during these late months; and will be surprisingly laid on, were the time come!"

"I have Law Authority over Herstal, and power of judging there in the last appeal," said this Bishop:—"You!" thought Friedrich Wilhelm, who was far off, and had little time to waste.— "Any Prussian recruiter that behaves ill, bring him to me!" said the Bishop, who was on the spot. And accordingly it had been done; one notable instance two years ago: a Prussian Lieutenant locked in the Liege jail, on complaint of riotous Herstal; thereupon a Prussian Officer of rank (Colonel Kreutzen, worthy old Malplaquet gentleman) coming as Royal Messenger, not admitted to audience, nay laid hold of by the Liege bailiff instead; and other unheard-of procedures. [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63–73.] So that Friedrich Wilhelm had nothing but trouble with this petty Herstal, and must have thought his neighbor Bishop a very contentious high-flying gentleman, who took great liberties with the Lion's whiskers, when he had the big animal at an advantage.

The episcopal procedures, eight years ago, about the First Homaging of Herstal, had been of similar complexion; nor had other such failed in the interim, though this last outrage exceeded them all. This last began in the end of 1738; and span itself out through 1739, when Friedrich Wilhelm lay in his final sickness, less able to deal with it than formerly. Being a peaceable man, unwilling to awaken conflagrations for a small matter, Friedrich Wilhelm had offered, through Kreutzen on this occasion, to part with Herstal altogether; to sell it, for 100,000 thalers, say 16,000 pounds, to the high-flying Bishop, and honestly wash his hands of it. But the high-flying Bishop did not consent, gave no definite answer; and so the matter lay,—like an unsettled extremely irritating paltry little matter,—at the time Friedrich Wilhelm died.

The Gazetteers and public knew little about these particulars, or had forgotten them again; but at the Prussian Court they were in lively remembrance. What the young Friedrich's opinion about them had been we gather from this succinct notice of the thing, written seven or eight years afterwards, exact in all points, and still carrying a breath of the old humor in it. "A miserable Bishop of Liege thought it a proud thing to insult the late King. Some subjects of Herstal, which belongs to Prussia, had revolted; the Bishop gave them his protection. Colonel Kreutzen was sent to Liege, to compose the thing by treaty; credentials with him, full power, and all in order. Imagine it, the Bishop would not receive him! Three days, day after day, he saw this Envoy apply at his Palace, and always denied him entrance. These things had grown past endurance." [Preuss, *OEuvres (Memoires de*

Brandebourg), end italic> ii. 53.] And Friedrich had taken note of Herstal along with him, on this Cleve Journey; privately intending to put Herstal and the high-flying Bishop on a suitabler footing, before his return from those countries.

For indeed, on Friedrich's Accession, matters had grown worse, not better. Of course there was Fealty to be sworn; but the Herstal people, abetted by the high-flying Bishop, have declined swearing it. Apology for the past, prospect of amendment for the future, there is less than ever. What is the young King to do with this paltry little Hamlet of Herstal? He could, in theory, go into some Reichs-Hofrath, some Reichs-Kammergericht (kind of treble and tenfold English Court-of-Chancery, which has lawsuits 250 years old),--if he were a theoretic German King. He can plead in the Diets, and the Wetzlar Reichs-Kammergericht without end: "All German Sovereigns have power to send their Ambassador thither, who is like a mastiff chained in the back-yard [observes Friedrich elsewhere] with privilege of barking at the Moon,"--unrestricted privilege of barking at the Moon, if that will avail a practical man, or King's Ambassador. Or perhaps the Bishop of Liege will bethink him, at last, what considerable liberty he is taking with some people's whiskers? Four months are gone; Bishop of Liege has not in the least bethought him: we are in the neighborhood in person, with note of the thing in our memory.

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE ROD OUT OF PICKLE.

Accordingly the Rath Rambonet, whom Voltaire found at Moyland that Sunday night, had been over at Liege; went exactly a week before; with this message of very peremptory tenor from his Majesty:--

TO THE PRINCE BISHOP OF LIEGE.

"WESEL, 4th September, 1740.

"MY COUSIN,--Knowing all the assaults (ATTEINTES) made by you upon my indisputable rights over my free Barony of Herstal; and how the seditious ringleaders there, for several years past, have been countenanced (BESTARKET) by you in their detestable acts of disobedience against me,--I have commanded my Privy Councillor Rambonet to repair to your presence, and in my name to require from you, within two days, a distinct and categorical answer to this question: Whether you are still minded to assert your pretended sovereignty over Herstal; and whether you will protect the rebels at Herstal, in their disorders and abominable disobedience?

"In case you refuse, or delay beyond the term, the Answer which I hereby of right demand, you will render yourself alone responsible, before the world, for the consequences which infallibly will follow. I am, with much consideration,-- My Cousin,--

"Your very affectionate Cousin,

"FRIEDRICH." [Helden-Geschichte, ii. 75, 111.]

Rambonet had started straightway for Liege, with this missive; and had duly presented it there, I guess on the 7th,--with notice that he would wait forty-eight hours, and then return with what answer or no-answer there might be. Getting no written answer, or distinct verbal one; getting only some vague mumblement as good as none, Rambonet had disappeared from Liege on the 9th; and was home at Moyland when Voltaire arrived that Sunday evening,--just walking about to come to heat again, after reporting progress to the above effect.

Rambonet, I judge, enjoyed only one of those divine Suppers at Moyland; and dashed off again, "on hired hack" or otherwise, the very next morning; that contingency of No-answer having been the anticipated one, and all things put in perfect readiness for it. Rambonet's new errand was to "take act," as Voltaire calls it, "at the Gates of Liege,"--to deliver at Liege a succinct Manifesto, Pair of Manifestoes, both in Print (ready beforehand), and bearing date that same Sunday, "Wesel, 11th September;" much calculated to amaze his Reverence at Liege. Succinct good Manifestoes, said to be of Friedrich's own writing; the essential of the two is this:--

Exposition of the Reasons which have induced his Majesty the King of Prussia to make just Reprisals on the Prince Bishop of Liege.

"His Majesty the King of Prussia, being driven beyond bounds by the rude proceedings of the Prince Bishop of Liege, has with regret seen himself forced to recur to the Method of Arms, in order to repress the violence and affront which the Bishop has attempted to put upon him. This resolution has cost his Majesty much pain; the rather as he is, by principle and disposition, far remote from whatever could have the least relation to rigor and severity.

"But seeing himself compelled by the Bishop of Liege to take new methods, he had no other course but to maintain the justice of his rights (LA JUSTICE DE SES DROITS), and demand reparation for the indignity done

upon his Minister Von Kreuzen, as well as for the contempt with which the Bishop of Liege has neglected even to answer the Letter of the King.

"As too much rigor borders upon cruelty, so too much patience resembles weakness. Thus, although the King would willingly have sacrificed his interests to the public peace and tranquillity, it was not possible to do so in reference to his honor; and that is the chief motive which has determined him to this resolution, so contrary to his intentions.

"In vain has it been attempted, by methods of mildness, to come to a friendly agreement: it has been found, on the contrary, that the King's moderation only increased the Prince's arrogance; that mildness of conduct on one side only furnished resources to pride on the other; and that, in fine, instead of gaining by soft procedure, one was insensibly becoming an object of vexation and disdain.

"There being no means to have justice but in doing it for oneself, and the King being Sovereign enough for such a duty,—he intends to make the Prince of Liege feel how far he was in the wrong to abuse such moderation so unworthily. But in spite of so much unhandsome behavior on the part of this Prince, the King will not be inflexible; satisfied with having shown the said Prince that he can punish him, and too just to overwhelm him. FREDERIC. "WESEL, September 11th, 1740." [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 77. Said to be by Friedrich himself (Stenzel, iv. 59).]

Whether Rambonet insinuated his Paper-Packet into the Palace of Seraing, left it at the Gate of Liege (fixed by nail, if he saw good), or in what manner he "took act," I never knew; and indeed Rambonet vanishes from human History at this point: it is certain only that he did his Formality, say two days hence;—and that the Fact foreshadowed by it is likewise in the same hours, hour after hour, getting steadily done.

For the Manifestoes printed beforehand, dated Wesel, 11th September, were not the only thing ready at Wesel; waiting, as on the slip, for the contingency of No-answer. Major-General Borck, with the due Battalions, squadrons and equipments, was also ready. Major-General Borck, the same who was with us at Baireuth lately, had just returned from that journey, when he got orders to collect 2,000 men, horse and foot, with the due proportion of artillery, from the Prussian Garrisons in these parts; and to be ready for marching with them, the instant the contingency of No-answer arrives,—Sunday, 11th, as can be foreseen. Borck knows his route: To Maaseyk, a respectable Town of the Bishop's, the handiest for Wesel; to occupy Maaseyk and the adjoining "Counties of Lotz and Horn;" and lie there at the Bishop's charge till his Reverence's mind alter.

Borck is ready, to the last pontoon, the last munition-loaf; and no sooner is signal given of the No-answer come, than Borck, that same "Sunday, 11th," gets under way; marches, steady as clock-work, towards Maaseyk (fifty miles southwest of him, distance now lessening every hour); crosses the Maas, by help of his pontoons; is now in the Bishop's Territory, and enters Maaseyk, evening of "Wednesday, 14th,"—that very day Voltaire and his Majesty had parted, going different ways from Moyland; and probably about the same hour while Rambonet was "taking act at the Gate of Liege," by nail-hammer or otherwise. All goes punctual, swift, cog hitting pinion far and near, in this small Herstal Business; and there is no mistake made, and a minimum of time spent.

Borck's management was throughout good: punctual, quietly exact, polite, mildly inflexible. Fain would the Maaseyk Town-Baths have shut their gates on him; desperately conjuring him, "Respite for a few hours, till we send to Liege for instructions!" But it was to no purpose. "Unbolt, IHR HERREN; swift, or the petard will have to do it!" Borck publishes his Proclamation, a mild-spoken rigorous Piece; signifies to the Maaseyk Authorities, That he has to exact a Contribution of 20,000 thalers (3,000 pounds) here, Contribution payable in three days; that he furthermore, while he continues in these parts, will need such and such rations, accommodations, allowances,—"fifty LOUIS (say guineas) daily for his own private expenses," one item;—and, in mild rhadamanthine language, waves aside all remonstrance, refusal or delay, as superfluous considerations: Unless said Contribution and required supplies come in, it will be his painful duty to bring them in. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 427; ii. 113.]

The high-flying Bishop, much astonished, does now eagerly answer his Prussian Majesty, "Was from home, was ill, thought he had answered; is the most ill-used of Bishops;" and other things of a hysteric character. [Ib. ii. 85, 86 (date, 16th September).] And there came forth, as natural to the situation, multitudinous complainings, manifestosings, applications to the Kaiser, to the French, to the Dutch, of a very shrieky character on the Bishop of Liege's part; sparingly, if at all noticed on Friedrich's: the whole of which we shall consider ourselves free to leave undisturbed in the rubbish-abysse, as henceforth conceivable to the reader. "SED SPEM STUPENDE

FEFELLIT EVENTUS," shrieks the poor old Bishop, making moan to the Kaiser: "ECCE ENIM, PRAEMISSA DUNTAXAT UNA LITERA, one Letter," and little more, "the said King of Borussia has, with about 2,000 horse and foot, and warlike engines, in this month of September, entered the Territory of Liege;" [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 88.] which is an undeniable truth, but an unavailing. Borck is there, and "2,000 good arguments with him," as Voltaire defines the phenomenon. Friedrich, except to explain pertinently what my readers already know, does not write or speak farther on the subject; and readers and he may consider the Herstal Affair, thus set agoing under Borck's auspices, as in effect finished; and that his Majesty has left it on a satisfactory footing, and may safely turn his back on it, to wait the sure issue at Berlin before long.

WHAT VOLTAIRE THOUGHT OF HERSTAL.

Voltaire told us he himself "did one Manifesto, good or bad," on this Herstal business:—where is that Piece, then, what has become of it? Dig well in the realms of Chaos, rectifying stupidities more or less enormous, the Piece itself is still discoverable; and, were pieces by Voltaire much a rarity instead of the reverse, might be resuscitated by a good Editor, and printed in his WORKS. Lies buried in the lonesome rubbish—mountains of that *Helden-Geschichte*, —let a SISTE VIATOR, scratched on the surface, mark where. [Ib. ii. 98–98.] Apparently that is the Piece by Voltaire? Yes, on reading that, it has every internal evidence; distinguishes itself from the surrounding pieces, like a slab of compact polished stone, in a floor rammed together out of ruinous old bricks, broken bottles and mortar—dust;—agrees, too, if you examine by the microscope, with the external indications, which are sure and at last clear, though infinitesimally small; and is beyond doubt Voltaire's, if it were now good for much.

It is not properly a Manifesto, but an anonymous memoir published in the Newspapers, explaining to impartial mankind, in a legible brief manner, what the old and recent History of Herstal, and the Troubles of Herstal, have been, and how chimerical and "null to the extreme of nullity (NULLES DE TOUT NULLITE)" this poor Bishop's pretensions upon it are. Voltaire expressly piques himself on this Piece; [Letter to Friedrich: dateless, datable "soon after 17th September;" which the rash dark Editors have by guess misdated "August;" or, what was safer for them, omitted it altogether. *Oeuvres de Voltaire* (Paris, 1818, 40 vols.) gives the Letter, xxxix. 442 (see also *ibid.* 453, 463); later Editors, and even Preuss, take the safer course.] brags also how he settled "M. de Fenelon [French Ambassador at the Hague], who came to me the day before yesterday," much out of square upon the Herstal Business, till I pulled him straight. And it is evident (beautifully so, your Majesty) how Voltaire busied himself in the Gazettes and Diplomatic circles, setting Friedrich's case right; Voltaire very loyal to Friedrich and his Liege Cause at that time;—and the contrast between what his contemporary Letters say on the subject, and what his ulterior Pasquil called VIE PRIVEE says, is again great.

The dull stagnant world, shaken awake by this Liege adventure, gives voice variously; and in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic circles it is much criticised, by no means everywhere in the favorable tone at this first blush of the business. "He had written an ANTI-Machiavel," says the Abbe St. Pierre, and even says Voltaire (in the PASQUIL, not the contemporary LETTERS), "and he acts thus!" Truly he does, Monsieur de Voltaire; and all men, with light upon the subject, or even with the reverse upon it, must make their criticisms. For the rest, Borck's "2,000 arguments" are there; which Borck handles well, with polite calm rigor: by degrees the dust will fall, and facts everywhere be seen for what they are.

As to the high-flying Bishop, finding that hysterics are but wasted on Friedrich and Borck, and produce no effect with their 2,000 validities, he flies next to the Kaiser, to the Imperial Diet, in shrill-sounding Latin obtestations, of which we already gave a flying snatch: "Your HUMILISSIMUS and FIDELISSIMUS VASSALLUS, and most obsequient Servant, Georgius Ludovicus; meek, modest, and unspeakably in the right: Was ever Member of the Holy Roman Empire so snubbed, and grasped by the windpipe, before? Oh, help him, great Kaiser, bid the iron gripe loosen itself!" [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii, 86–116.] The Kaiser does so, in heavy Latin rescripts, in German DEHORTATORIUMS more than one, of a sulky, imperative, and indeed very lofty tenor; "Let Georgius Ludovicus go, foolish rash young Dilection (LIEBDEN, not MAJESTY, we ourselves being the only Majesty), and I will judge between you; otherwise—!" said the Kaiser, ponderously shaking his Olympian wig, and lifting his gilt cane, or sceptre of mankind, in an Olympian manner. Here are some touches of his second sublimest DEHORTATORIUM addressed to Friedrich, in a very compressed state: [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 127; a FIRST and milder (*ibid.* 73).]—

We Karl the Sixth, Kaiser of (TITLES ENOUGH), ... "Considering these, in the Holy Roman Reich, almost

unheard-of violent Doings (THATLICHKEITEN), which We, in Our Supreme-Judge Office, cannot altogether justify, nor will endure ... We have the trust that you yourself will magnanimously see How evil counsellors have misled your Dilection to commence your Reign, not by showing example of Obedience to the Laws appointed for all members of the Reich, for the weak and for the strong alike, but by such Doings (THATHANDLUNGEN) as in all quarters must cause a great surprise.

"We give your Dilection to know, therefore, That you must straightway withdraw those troops which have broken into the Liege Territory; make speedy restitution of all that has been extorted; —especially General von Borck to give back at once those 50 louis d'or daily drawn by him, to renounce his demand of the 20,000 thalers, to make good all damage done, and retire with his whole military force (MILITZ) over the Liege boundaries;—and in brief, that you will, by law or arbitration, manage to agree with the Prince Bishop of Liege, who wishes it very much. These things We expect from your Dilection, as Kurfurst of Brandenburg, within the space of Two Months from the Issuing of this; and remain,"— Yours as you shall demean yourself,—KARL.

"Given at Wien, 4th of October, 1740."—The last Dehortatorium ever signed by Karl VI. In two weeks after he ate too many mushrooms,—and immense results followed!

Dehortatoriums had their interest, at Berlin and elsewhere, for the Diplomatic circles; but did not produce the least effect on Borck or Friedrich; though Friedrich noted the Kaiser's manner in these things, and thought privately to himself, as was evident to the discerning, "What an amount of wig on that old gentleman!" A notable Kaiser's Ambassador, Herr Botta, who had come with some Accession compliments, in these weeks, was treated slightly by Friedrich; hardly admitted to Audience; and Friedrich's public reply to the last Dehortatorium had almost something of sarcasm in it: Evil counsellors yourself, Most Dread Kaiser! It is you that are "misled by counsellors, who might chance to set Germany on fire, were others as unwise as they!" Which latter phrase was remarkable to mankind.—There is a long account already run up between that old gentleman, with his Seckendorfs, Grumkows, with his dull insolencies, wiggeries, and this young gentleman, who has nearly had his heart broken and his Father's house driven mad by them! Borck remains at his post; rations duly delivered, and fifty louis a day for his own private expenses; and there is no answer to the Kaiser, or in sharp brief terms (about "chances of setting Germany on fire"), rather worse than none.

Readers see, as well as Friedrich did, what the upshot of this affair must be;—we will now finish it off, and wash our hands of it, before following his Majesty to Berlin. The poor Bishop had applied, shrieking, to the French for help;—and there came some colloquial passages between Voltaire and Fenelon, if that were a result. He had shrieked in like manner to the Dutch, but without result of any kind traceable in that quarter: nowhere, except from the Kaiser, is so much as a DEHORTATORIUM to be got. Whereupon the once high-flying, now vainly shrieking Bishop discerns clearly that there is but one course left,—the course which has lain wide open for some years past, had not his flight gone too high for seeing it. Before three weeks are over, seeing how Dehortatoriums go, he sends his Ambassadors to Berlin, his apologies, proposals: [Ambassadors arrived 28th September; last Dehortatorium not yet out. Business was completed 20th October (Rodenbeck, IN DIEBUS).] "Would not your Majesty perhaps consent to sell this Herstal, as your Father of glorious memory was pleased to be willing once?"—

Friedrich answers straightway to the effect: "Certainly! Pay me the price it was once already offered for: 100,000 thalers, PLUS the expenses since incurred. That will be 180,000 thalers, besides what you have spent already on General Borck's days' wages. To which we will add that wretched little fraction of Old Debt, clear as noon, but never paid nor any part of it; 60,000 thalers, due by the See of Liege ever since the Treaty of Utrecht; 60,000, for which we will charge no interest: that will make 240,000 thalers,—36,000 pounds, instead of the old sum you might have had it at. Produce that cash; and take Herstal, and all the dust that has risen out of it, well home with you." [Stenzel, iv. 60, who counts in gulden, and is not distinct.] The Bishop thankfully complies in all points; negotiation speedily done ("20th Oct." the final date): Bishop has not, I think, quite so much cash on hand; but will pay all he has, and 4 per centum interest till the whole be liquidated. His Ambassadors "get gold snuffboxes;" and return mildly glad!

And thus, in some six weeks after Borck's arrival in those parts, Borck's function is well done. The noise of Gazettes and Diplomatic circles lays itself again; and Herstal, famous once for King Pipin, and famous again for King Friedrich, lapses at length into obscurity, which we hope will never end. Hope;—though who can say? ROUCOUX, quite close upon it, becomes a Battle-ground in some few years; and memorabilities go much at

random in this world!

Chapter VI. RETURNS BY HANOVER; DOES NOT CALL ON HIS ROYAL UNCLE THERE.

Friedrich spent ten days on his circuitous journey home; considerable inspection to be done, in Minden, Magdeburg, not to speak of other businesses he had. The old Newspapers are still more intent upon him, now that the Herstal Affair has broken into flame: especially the English Newspapers; who guess that there are passages of courtship going on between great George their King and him. Here is one fact, correct in every point, for the old London Public: "Letters from Hanover say, that the King of Prussia passed within a small distance of that City the 16th inst. N.S., on his return to Berlin, but did not stop at Herrenhausen;"—about which there has been such hoping and speculating among us lately. [*Daily Post*, 22d September, 1740; other London Newspapers from July 31st downwards.] A fact which the extinct Editor seems to meditate for a day or two; after which he says (partly in ITALICS), opening his lips the second time, like a Friar Bacon's Head significant to the Public: "Letters from Hanover tell us that the Interview, which it was said his Majesty was to have with the King of Prussia, did not take place, for certain PRIVATE REASONS, which our Correspondent leaves us to guess at!"

It is well known Friedrich did not love his little Uncle, then or thenceforth; still less his little Uncle him: "What is this Prussia, rising alongside of us, higher and higher, as if it would reach our own sublime level!" thinks the little Uncle to himself. At present there is no quarrel between them; on the contrary, as we have seen, there is a mutual capability of helping one another, which both recognize; but will an interview tend to forward that useful result? Friedrich, in the intervals of an ague, with Herstal just broken out, may have wisely decided, No. "Our sublime little Uncle, of the waxy complexion, with the proudly staring fish-eyes,—no wit in him, not much sense, and a great deal of pride,—stands dreadfully erect, 'plumb and more,' with the Garter-leg advanced, when one goes to see him; and his remarks are not of an entertaining nature. Leave him standing there: to him let Truchsess and Bielfeld suffice, in these hurries, in this ague that is still upon us." Upon which the dull old Newspapers, Owls of Minerva that then were, endeavor to draw inferences. The noticeable fact is, Friedrich did, on this occasion, pass within a mile or two of his royal Uncle, without seeing him; and had not, through life, another opportunity; never saw the sublime little man at all, nor was again so near him.

I believe Friedrich little knows the thick-coming difficulties of his Britannic Majesty at this juncture; and is too impatient of these laggard procedures on the part of a man with eyes A FLEUR-DE-TETE. Modern readers too have forgotten Jenkins's Ear; it is not till after long study and survey that one begins to perceive the anomalous profundities of that phenomenon to the poor English Nation and its poor George II.

The English sent off, last year, a scanty Expedition, "six ships of the line," only six, under Vernon, a fiery Admiral, a little given to be fiery in Parliamentary talk withal; and these did proceed to Porto-Bello on the Spanish Main of South America; did hurl out on Porto-Bello such a fiery destructive deluge, of gunnery and bayonet-work, as quickly reduced the poor place to the verge of ruin, and forced it to surrender with whatever navy, garrison, goods and resources were in it, to the discretion of fiery Vernon,—who does not prove implacable, he or his, to a petitioning enemy. Yes, humble the insolent, but then be merciful to them, say the admiring Gazetteers. "The actual monster," how cheering to think, "who tore off Mr. Jenkins's Ear, was got hold of [actual monster, or even three or four different monsters who each did it, the "hold got" being mythical, as readers see], and naturally thought he would be slit to ribbons; but our people magnanimously pardoned him, magnanimously flung him aside out of sight;" [*Gentleman's Magazine*, x. 124, 145 (date of the Event is 3d December N.S., 1739).] impossible to shoot a dog in cold blood. Whereupon Vernon returned home triumphant; and there burst forth such a jubilation, over the day of small things, as is now astonishing to think of. Had the Termagant's own Thalamus and Treasury been bombarded suddenly one night by red-hot balls, Madrid City laid in ashes, or Baby Carlos's Apanage extinguished from Creation, there could hardly have been greater English joy (witness the "Porto-Bellos" they still have, new Towns so named); so flamy is the murky element growing on that head. And indeed had the cipher of tar-barrels burnt, and of ale-barrels drunk, and the general account of wick and tallow spent in illuminations and in aldermanic exertions on the matter, been accurately taken, one doubts if Porto-Bello sold, without shot fired, to the highest bidder, at its floweriest, would have covered such a sum. For they are a singular Nation, if stirred up from their stagnancy; and are much in earnest about this Spanish War.

It is said there is now another far grander Expedition on the stocks: military this time as well as naval, intended for the Spanish Main;—but of that, for the present, we will defer speaking. Enough, the Spanish War is a most serious and most furious business to those old English; and, to us, after forced study of it, shines out like far-off conflagration, with a certain lurid significance in the then night of things. Night otherwise fallen dark and somniferous to modern mankind. As Britannic Majesty and his Walpoles have, from the first, been dead against this Spanish War, the problem is all the more ominous, and the dreadful corollaries that may hang by it the more distressing to the royal mind.

For example, there is known, or as good as known, to be virtually some Family Compact, or covenanted Brotherhood of Bourbonism, French and Spanish: political people quake to ask themselves, "How will the French keep out of this War, if it continue any length of time? And in that case, how will Austria, Europe at large? Jenkins's Ear will have kindled the Universe, not the Spanish Main only, and we shall be at a fine pass!" The Britannic Majesty reflects that if France take to fighting him, the first stab given will probably be in the accessiblest quarter and the intensely most sensitive,—our own Electoral Dominions where no Parliament plagues us, our dear native country, Hanover. Extremely interesting to know what Friedrich of Prussia will do in such contingency?

Well, truly it might have been King George's best bargain to close with Friedrich; to guarantee Julich and Berg, and get Fredrich to stand between the French and Hanover; while George, with an England behind him, in such humor, went wholly into that Spanish Business, the one thing needful to them at present. Truly; but then again, there are considerations: "What is this Friedrich, just come out upon the world? What real fighting power has he, after all that ridiculous drilling and recruiting Friedrich Wilhelm made? Will he be faithful in bargain; is not, perhaps, from of old, his bias always toward France rather? And the Kaiser, what will the Kaiser say to it?" These are questions for a Britannic Majesty! Seldom was seen such an insoluble imbroglio of potentialities; dangerous to touch, dangerous to leave lying;—and his Britannic Majesty's procedures upon it are of a very slow intricate sort; and will grow still more so, year after year, in the new intricacies that are coming, and be a weariness to my readers and me. For observe the simultaneous fact. All this while, Robinson at Vienna is dunning the Imperial Majesty to remember old Marlborough days and the Laws of Nature; and declare for us against France, in case of the worst. What an attempt! Imperial Majesty has no money; Imperial Majesty remembers recent days rather, and his own last quarrel with France (on the Polish— Election score), in which you Sea—Powers cruelly stood neuter! One comfort, and pretty much one only, is left to a nearly bankrupt Imperial heart; that France does at any rate ratify Pragmatic Sanction, and instead of enemy to that inestimable Document has become friend,—if only she be well let alone. "Let well alone," says the sad Kaiser, bankrupt of heart as well as purse: "I have saved the Pragmatic, got Fleury to guarantee it; I will hunt wild swine and not shadows any more: ask me not!" And now this Herstal business; the Imperial Dehortatoriums, perhaps of a high nature, that are like to come? More hopeless proposition the Britannic Majesty never made than this to the Kaiser. But he persists in it, orders Robinson to persist; knocks at the Austrian door with one hand, at the Prussian or Anti—Austrian with the other; and gazes, with those proud fish— eyes, into perils and potentialities and a sea of troubles. Wearisome to think of, were not one bound to it! Here, from a singular CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, not yet got into print, are two Excerpts; which I will request the reader to try if he can take along with him, in view of much that is Coming:—

1. A JUST WAR.—"This War, which posterity scoffs at as the WAR OF JENKINS'S EAR, was, if we examine it, a quite indispensable one; the dim much—bewildered English, driven into it by their deepest instincts, were, in a chaotic inarticulate way, right and not wrong in taking it as the Commandment of Heaven. For such, in a sense, it was; as shall by and by appear. Not perhaps since the grand Reformation Controversy, under Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth, had there, to this poor English People (who are essentially dumb, inarticulate, from the weight of meaning they have, notwithstanding the palaver one hears from them in certain epochs), been a more authentic cause of War. And, what was the fatal and yet foolish circumstance, their Constitutional Captains, especially their King, would never and could never regard it as such; but had to be forced into it by the public rage, there being no other method left in the case.

"I say, a most necessary War, though of a most stupid appearance; such the fatality of it:—begun, carried on, ended, as if by a People in a state of somnambulism! More confused operation never was. A solid placid People, heavily asleep (and snoring much, shall we say, and inarticulately grunting and struggling under indigestions,

Constitutional and other? Do but listen to the hum of those extinct Pamphlets and Parliamentary Oratories of theirs!),—yet an honestly intending People; and keenly alive to any commandment from Heaven, that could pierce through the thick skin of them into their big obstinate heart. Such a commandment, then and there, was that monition about Jenkins's Ear. Upon which, so pungent was it to them, they started violently out of bed, into painful sleep—walking; and went, for twenty years and more, clambering and sprawling about, far and wide, on the giddy edge of precipices, over house—tops and frightful cornices and parapets; in a dim fulfilment of the said Heaven's command. I reckon that this War, though there were intervals, Treaties of Peace more than one, and the War had various names,—did not end till 1763. And then, by degrees, the poor English Nation found that (at, say, a thousand times the necessary expense, and with imminent peril to its poor head, and all the bones of its body) it had actually succeeded,—by dreadful exertions in its sleep! This will be more apparent by and by; and may be a kind of comfort to the sad English reader, drearily surveying such somnambulisms on the part of his poor ancestors."

2. TWO DIFFICULTIES.—"There are Two grand Difficulties in this Farce—Tragedy of a war; of which only one, and that not the worst of the Pair, is in the least surmised by the English hitherto. Difficulty First, which is even worse than the other, and will surprisingly attend the English in all their Wars now coming, is: That their fighting—apparatus, though made of excellent material, cannot fight,—being in disorganic condition; one branch of it, especially the 'Military' one as they are pleased to call it, being as good as totally chaotic, and this in a quiet habitual manner, this long while back. With the Naval branch it is otherwise; which also is habitual there. The English almost as if by nature can sail, and fight, in ships; cannot well help doing it. Sailors innumerable are bred to them; they are planted in the Ocean, opulent stormy Neptune clipping them in all his moods forever: and then by nature, being a dumb, much—enduring, much—reflecting, stout, veracious and valiant kind of People, they shine in that way of life, which specially requires such. Without much forethought, they have sailors innumerable, and of the best quality. The English have among them also, strange as it may seem to the cursory observer, a great gift of organizing; witness their Arkwrights and others: and this gift they may often, in matters Naval more than elsewhere, get the chance of exercising. For a Ship's Crew, or even a Fleet, unlike a land Army, is of itself a unity, its fortunes disjoined, dependent on its own management; and it falls, moreover, as no land army can, to the undivided guidance of one man,—who (by hypothesis, being English) has now and then, from of old, chanced to be an organizing man; and who is always much interested to know and practise what has been well organized. For you are in contact with verities, to an unexampled degree, when you get upon the Ocean, with intent to sail on it, much more to fight on it;—bottomless destruction raging beneath you and on all hands of you, if you neglect, for any reason, the methods of keeping it down, and making it float you to your aim!

The English Navy is in tolerable order at that period. But as to the English Army,—we may say it is, in a wrong sense, the wonder of the world, and continues so throughout the whole of this History and farther! Never before, among the rational sons of Adam, were Armies sent out on such terms,—namely without a General, or with no General understanding the least of his business. The English have a notion that Generalship is not wanted; that War is not an Art, as playing Chess is, as finding the Longitude, and doing the Differential Calculus are (and a much deeper Art than any of these); that War is taught by Nature, as eating is; that courageous soldiers, led on by a courageous Wooden Pole with Cocked—hat on it, will do very well. In the world I have not found opacity of platitude go deeper among any People. This is Difficulty First, not yet suspected by an English People, capable of great opacity on some subjects.

"Difficulty Second is, That their Ministry, whom they had to force into this War, perhaps do not go zealously upon it. And perhaps even, in the above circumstances, they totally want knowledge how to go upon it, were they never so zealous; Difficulty Second might be much helped, were it not for Difficulty First. But the administering of War is a thing also that does not come to a man like eating.—This Second Difficulty, suspicion that Walpole and perhaps still higher heads want zeal, gives his Britannic Majesty infinite trouble; and"—

—And so, in short, he stands there, with the Garter—leg advanced, looking loftily into a considerable sea of troubles,—that day when Friedrich drove past him, Friday, 16th September, 1740, and never came so near him again.

The next business for Friedrich was a Visit at Brunswick, to the Affinities and Kindred, in passing; where also was an important little act to be done: Betrothal of the young Prince, August Wilhelm, Heir—Presumptive whom we saw in Strasburg, to a Princess of that House, Louisa Amelia, younger Sister of Friedrich's own Queen. A

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modest promising arrangement; which turned out well enough,—though the young Prince, Father to the Kings that since are, was not supremely fortunate otherwise. [Betrothal was 20th September, 1740; Marriage, 5th January, 1742 (Buchholz, i. 207).] After which, the review at Magdeburg; and home on the 24th, there to "be busy as a Turk or as a M. Jordan,"—according to what we read long since.

Chapter VII. WITHDRAWS TO REINSBERG, HOPING A PEACEABLE WINTER.

By this Herstal token, which is now blazing abroad, now and for a month to come, it can be judged that the young King of Prussia intends to stand on his own footing, quite peremptorily if need be; and will by no means have himself led about in Imperial harness, as his late Father was. So that a dull Public (Herrenhausen very specially), and Gazetteer Owls of Minerva everywhere, may expect events. All the more indubitably, when that spade-work comes to light in the Wesel Country. It is privately certain (the Gazetteers not yet sure about it, till they see the actual spades going), this new King does fully intend to assert his rights on Berg-Julich; and will appear there with his iron ramrods, the instant old Kur-Pfalz shall decease, let France and the Kaiser say No to it or say Yes. There are, in fact, at a fit place, "Buderich in the neighborhood of Wesel," certain rampart-works, beginnings as of an Entrenched Camp, going on;—"for Review purposes merely," say the Gazetteers, IN ITALICS. Here, it privately is Friedrich's resolution, shall a Prussian Army, of the due strength (could be well-nigh 100,000 strong if needful), make its appearance, directly on old Kur-Pfalz's decease, if one live to see such event. [Stenzel, iv. 61.] France and the Kaiser will probably take good survey of that Buderich phenomenon before meddling.

To do his work like a King, and shun no peril and no toil in the course of what his work may be, is Friedrich's rule and intention. Nevertheless it is clear he expects to approve himself magnanimous rather in the Peaceable operations than in the Warlike; and his outlooks are, of all places and pursuits, towards Reinsberg and the Fine Arts, for the time being. His Public activity meanwhile they describe as "prodigious," though the ague still clings to him; such building, instituting, managing: Opera-House, French Theatre, Palace for his Mother;—day by day, many things to be recorded by Editor Formey, though the rule about them here is silence except on cause.

No doubt the ague is itself privately a point of moment. Such a vexatious paltry little thing, in this bright whirl of Activities, Public and other, which he continues managing in spite of it; impatient to be rid of it. But it will not go: there IT reappears always, punctual to its "fourth day,"—like a snarling street-dog, in the high Ball-room and Work-room. "He is drinking Pymont water;" has himself proposed Quinquina, a remedy just come up, but the Doctors shook their heads; has tried snatches of Reinsberg, too short; he intends soon to be out there for a right spell of country, there to be "happy," and get quit of his ague. The ague went,—and by a remedy which surprised the whole world, as will be seen!

WILHELMINA'S RETURN-VISIT.

Monday, 17th October, came the Baireuth Visitors; Wilhelmina all in a flutter, and tremor of joy and sorrow, to see her Brother again, her old kindred and the altered scene of things. Poor Lady, she is perceptibly more tremulous than usual; and her Narrative, not in dates only, but in more memorable points, dances about at a sad rate; interior agitations and tremulous shrill feelings shivering her this way and that, and throwing things topsy-turvy in one's recollection. Like the magnetic needle, shaky but steadfast (AGITEE MAI CONSTANTE). Truer nothing can be, points forever to the Pole; but also what obliquities it makes; will shiver aside in mad escapades, if you hold the paltriest bit of old iron near it,—paltriest clack of gossip about this loved Brother of mine! Brother, we will hope, silently continues to be Pole, so that the needle always comes back again; otherwise all would go to wreck. Here, in abridged and partly rectified form, are the phenomena witnessed:—

"We arrived at Berlin the end of October [Monday, 17th, as above said]. My younger Brothers, followed by the Princes of the Blood and by all the Court, received us at the bottom of the stairs. I was led to my apartment, where I found the Reigning Queen, my Sisters [Ulrique, Amelia], and the Princesses [of the Blood, as above, Schwedt and the rest]. I learned with much chagrin that the King was ill of tertian ague [quartan; but that is no matter]. He sent me word that, being in his fit, he could not see me; but that he depended on having that pleasure to-morrow. The Queen Mother, to whom I went without delay, was in a dark condition; rooms all hung with their lugubrious drapery; everything yet in the depth of mourning for my Father. What a scene for me! Nature has her rights; I can say with truth, I have almost never in my life been so moved as on this occasion." Interview with Mamma—we can fancy it—"was of the most touching." Wilhelmina had been absent eight years. She scarcely

knows the young ones again, all so grown;—finds change on change: and that Time, as he always is, has been busy. That night the Supper-Party was exclusively a Family one.

Her Brother's welcome to her on the morrow, though ardent enough, she found deficient in sincerity, deficient in several points; as indeed a Brother up to the neck in business, and just come out of an ague-fit, does not appear to the best advantage. Wilhelmina noticed how ill he looked, so lean and broken-down (MAIGRE ET DEFAIT) within the last two months; but seems to have taken no account of it farther, in striking her balances with Friedrich. And indeed in her Narrative of this Visit, not, we will hope, in the Visit itself, she must have been in a high state of magnetic deflection,—pretty nearly her maximum of such, discoverable in those famous MEMOIRS,—such a tumult is there in her statements, all gone to ground—and—lofty tumbling in this place; so discrepant are the still ascertainable facts from this topsy-turvy picture of them, sketched by her four years hence (in 1744). The truest of magnetic needles; but so sensitive, if you bring foreign iron near it!

Wilhelmina was loaded with honors by an impartial Berlin Public that is Court Public; "but, all being in mourning, the Court was not brilliant. The Queen Mother saw little company, and was sunk in sorrow;—had not the least influence in affairs, so jealous was the new King of his Authority,—to the Queen Mother's surprise," says Wilhelmina. For the rest, here is a King "becoming truly unpopular [or, we fancy so, in our deflected state, and judging by the rumor of cliques]; a general discontent reigning in the Country, love of his subjects pretty much gone; people speaking of him in no measured terms [in certain cliques]. Cares nothing about those who helped him as Prince Royal, say some; others complain of his avarice [meaning steady vigilance in outlay] as surpassing the late King's; this one complained of his violences of temper (EMPORTEMENS); that one of his suspicions, of his distrust, his haughtinesses, his dissimulation" (meaning polite impenetrability when he saw good). Several circumstances, known to Wilhelmina's own experience, compel Wilhelmina's assent on those points. "I would have spoken to him about them, if my Brother of Prussia [young August Wilhelm, betrothed the other day] and the Queen Regnant had not dissuaded me. Farther on I will give the explanation of all this,"—never did it anywhere. "I beg those who may one day read these MEMOIRS, to suspend their judgment on the character of this great Prince till I have developed it." [Wilhelmina, ii. 326.] O my Princess, you are true and bright, but you are shrill; and I admire the effect of atmospheric electricity, not to say, of any neighboring marine-store shop, or miserable bit of broken pan, on one of the finest magnetic needles ever made and set trembling!

Wilhelmina is incapable of deliberate falsehood; and this her impression or reminiscence, with all its exaggeration, is entitled to be heard in evidence so far. From this, and from other sources, readers will assure themselves that discontents were not wanting; that King Friedrich was not amiable to everybody at this time,—which indeed he never grew to be at any other time. He had to be a King; that was the trade he followed, not the quite different one of being amiable all round. Amiability is good, my Princess; but the question rises, "To whom?—for example, to the young gentleman who shot himself in Lobegun?" There are young gentlemen and old sometimes in considerable quantities, to whom, if you were in your duty, as a King of men (or even as a "King of one man and his affairs," if that is all your kingdom), you should have been hateful instead of amiable! That is a stern truth; too much forgotten by Wilhelmina and others. Again, what a deadening and killing circumstance is it in the career of amiability, that you are bound not to be communicative of your inner man, but perpetually and strictly the reverse! It may be doubted if a good King can be amiable; certainly he cannot in any but the noblest ages, and then only to a select few. I should guess Friedrich was at no time fairly loved, not by those nearest to him. He was rapid, decisive; of wiry compact nature; had nothing of his Father's amplitudes, simplicities; nothing to sport with and fondle, far from it. Tremulous sensibilities, ardent affections; these we clearly discover in him, in extraordinary vivacity; but he wears them under his polished panoply, and is outwardly a radiant but metallic object to mankind. Let us carry this along with us in studying him; and thank Wilhelmina for giving us hint of it in her oblique way.—Wilhelmina's love for her Brother rose to quite heroic pitch in coming years, and was at its highest when she died. That continuation of her MEMOIRS in which she is to develop her Brother's character, was never written: it has been sought for in modern times; and a few insignificant pages, with evidence that there is not, and was not, any more, are all that has turned up. [Pertz, *Ueber die Denkwürdigkeiten der Markgräfin von Bayreuth* (Paper read in the *Akademie der Wissenschaften*, Berlin, 25th April, 1850).

Incapable of falsity prepense, we say; but the known facts, which stand abundantly on record if you care to search them out, are merely as follows: Friedrich, with such sincerity as there might be, did welcome Wilhelmina

on the morrow of her arrival; spoke of Reinsberg, and of air and rest, and how pleasant it would be; rolled off next morning, having at last gathered up his businesses, and got them well in hand, to Reinsberg accordingly; whither Wilhelmina, with the Queen Regnant and others of agreeable quality, followed in two days; intending a long and pleasant spell of country out there. Which hope was tolerably fulfilled, even for Wilhelmina, though there did come unexpected interruptions, not of Friedrich's bringing.

UNEXPECTED NEWS AT REINSBERG.

Friedrich's pursuits and intended conquests, for the present, are of peaceable and even gay nature. French Theatre, Italian Opera—House, these are among the immediate outlooks. Voltaire, skilled in French acting, if anybody ever were, is multifariously negotiating for a Company of that kind,—let him be swift, be successful. [Letters of Voltaire (PASSIM, in these months).] An Italian Opera there shall be; the House is still to be built: Captain Knobelsdorf, who built Reinsberg, whom we have known, is to do it. Knobelsdorf has gone to Italy on that errand; "went by Dresden, carefully examining the Opera—House there, and all the famed Opera—Houses on his road." Graun, one of the best judges living, is likewise off to Italy, gathering singers. Our Opera too shall be a successful thing, and we hope, a speedy. Such are Friedrich's outlooks at this time.

A miscellaneous pleasant company is here; Truchsess and Bielfeld, home from Hanover, among them; Wilhelmina is here;—Voltaire himself perhaps coming again. Friedrich drinks his Pymont waters; works at his public businesses all day, which are now well in hand, and manageable by couriers; at evening he appears in company, and is the astonishment of everybody; brilliant, like a new—risen sun, as if he knew of no illness, knew of no business, but lived for amusement only. "He intends Private Theatricals withal, and is getting ready Voltaire's MORT DE CESAR." [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 415.] These were pretty days at Reinsberg. This kind of life lasted seven or eight weeks, —in spite of interruptions of subterranean volcanic nature, some of which were surely considerable. Here, in the very first week, coming almost volcanically, is one, which indeed is the sum of them all.

Tuesday forenoon, 25th October, 1740, Express arrives at Reinsberg; direct from Vienna five days ago; finds Friedrich under eclipse, hidden in the interior, laboring under his ague—fit: question rises, Shall the Express be introduced, or be held back? The news he brings is huge, unexpected, transcendent, and may agitate the sick King. Six or seven heads go wagging on this point,—who by accident are namable, if readers care: "Prince August Wilhelm," lately betrothed; "Graf Truchsess," home from Hanover; "Colonel Graf von Finkenstein," old Tutor's Son, a familiar from boyhood upwards; "Baron Pollnitz" kind of chief Goldstick now, or Master of the Ceremonies, not too witty, but the cause of wit; "Jordan, Bielfeld," known to us; and lastly, "Fredersdorf," Major—domo and Factotum, who is grown from Valet to be Purse—Keeper, confidential Manager, and almost friend,— a notable personage in Friedrich's History. They decide, "Better wait!"

They wait accordingly; and then, after about an hour, the trembling—fit being over, and Fredersdorf having cautiously precluded a little, and prepared the way, the Despatch is delivered, and the King left with his immense piece of news. News that his Imperial Majesty Karl VI. died, after short illness, on Thursday, the 20th last. Kaiser dead: House of Hapsburg, and its Five Centuries of tough wrestling, and uneasy Dominancy in this world, ended, gone to the distaff:—the counter—wrestling Ambitions and Cupidities not dead; and nothing but Pragmatic Sanction left between the fallen House and them! Friedrich kept silence; showed no sign how transfixed he was to hear such tidings; which, he foresaw, would have immeasurable consequences in the world.

One of the first was, that it cured Friedrich of his ague. It braced him (it, and perhaps "a little quinquina which he now insisted on") into such a tensity of spirit as drove out his ague like a mere hiccough; quite gone in the course of next week; and we hear no more of that importunate annoyance. He summoned Secretary Eichel, "Be ready in so many minutes hence;" rose from his bed, dressed himself; [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 416.]—and then, by Eichel's help, sent off expresses for Schwerin his chief General, and Podewils his chief Minister. A resolution, which is rising or has risen in the Royal mind, will be ready for communicating to these Two by the time they arrive, on the second day hence. This done, Friedrich, I believe, joined his company in the evening; and was as light and brilliant as if nothing had happened.

Chapter VIII. THE KAISER'S DEATH.

The Kaiser's death came upon the Public unexpectedly; though not quite so upon observant persons closer at hand. He was not yet fifty-six out; a firm-built man; had been of sound constitution, of active, not intemperate habits: but in the last six years, there had come such torrents of ill luck rolling down on him, he had suffered immensely, far beyond what the world knew of; and to those near him, and anxious for him, his strength seemed much undermined. Five years ago, in summer 1735, Robinson reported, from a sure hand: "Nothing can equal the Emperor's agitation under these disasters [brought upon him by Fleury and the Spaniards, as after-clap to his Polish-Election feat]. His good Empress is terrified, many times, he will die in the course of the night, when singly with her he gives a loose to his affliction, confusion and despair." Sea-Powers will not help; Fleury and mere ruin will engulf! "What augments this agitation is his distrust in every one of his own Ministers, except perhaps Bartenstein," [Robinson to Lord Warrington, 5th July, 1735 (in State-Paper Office).]—who is not much of a support either, though a gnarled weighty old stick in his way ("Professor at Strasburg once"): not interesting to us here. The rest his Imperial Majesty considers to be of sublimated blockhead type, it appears. Prince Eugene had died lately, and with Eugene all good fortune.

And then, close following, the miseries of that Turk War, crashing down upon a man! They say, Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, nominal Commander in those Campaigns, with the Seckendorfs and Wallises under him going such a road, was privately eager to have done with the Business, on any terms, lest the Kaiser should die first, and leave it weltering. No wonder the poor Kaiser felt broken, disgusted with the long Shadow-Hunt of Life; and took to practical field-sports rather. An Army that cannot fight, War-Generals good only to be locked in Fortresses, an Exchequer that has no money; after such wagging of the wigs, and such Privy-Councillings and such War-Councillings:—let us hunt wild swine, and not think of it! That, thank Heaven, we still have; that, and Pragmatic Sanction well engrossed, and generally sworn to by mankind, after much effort!—

The outer Public of that time, and Voltaire among them more deliberately afterwards, spoke of "mushrooms," an "indigestion of mushrooms;" and it is probable there was something of mushrooms concerned in the event. Another subsequent Frenchman, still more irreverent, adds to this of the "excess of mushrooms," that the Kaiser made light of it. "When the Doctors told him he had few hours to live, he would not believe it; and bantered his Physicians on the sad news. 'Look me in the eyes,' said he; 'have I the air of one dying? When you see my sight growing dim, then let the sacraments be administered, whether I order or not.'" Doctors insisting, the Kaiser replied: "'Since you are foolish fellows, who know neither the cause nor the state of my disorder, I command that, once I am dead, you open my body, to know what the matter was; you can then come and let me know!'" [*Anecdotes Germaniques* (Paris, 1769), p. 692.]—in which also there is perhaps a glimmering of distorted truth, though, as Monsieur mistakes even the day ("18th October," says he, not 20th), one can only accept it as rumor from the outside. Here, by an extremely sombre domestic Gentleman of great punctuality and great dulness, are the authentic particulars, such as it was good to mention in Vienna circles. [(Anonymous) *Des Romischen Kaisers Carl VI. Leben und Thaten* (Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1741), pp. 220–227.] An extremely dull Gentleman, but to appearance an authentic; and so little defective in reverence that he delicately expresses some astonishment at Death's audacity this year, in killing so many Crowned Heads. "This year 1740," says he, "though the weather throughout Europe had been extraordinarily fine," or fine for a cold year, "had already witnessed several Deaths of Sovereigns: Pope Clement XII., Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, the Queen Dowager of Spain [Termagant's old stepmother, not Termagant's self by a great way]. But that was not enough: unfathomable Destiny ventured now on Imperial Heads (WAGTE SICH AUCH AN KAISER-KRONEN): Karl VI., namely, and Russia's great, Monarchess;"—an audacity to be remarked. Of Russia's great Monarchess (Czarina Anne, with the big cheek) we will say nothing at present; but of Karl VI. only,—abridging much, and studying arrangement.

"Thursday, October 13th, returning from Halbthurn, a Hunting Seat of his," over in Hungary some fifty miles, "to the Palace Favorita at Vienna, his Imperial Majesty felt slightly indisposed,"—indigestion of mushrooms or whatever it was: had begun AT Halbthurn the night before, we rather understand, and was the occasion of his leaving. "The Doctors called it cold on the stomach, and thought it of no consequence. In the night of Saturday, it became alarming;" inflammation, thought the Doctors, inflammation of the liver, and used their potent appliances,

which only made the danger come and go; "and on the Tuesday, all day, the Doctors did not doubt his Imperial Majesty was dying. ["Look me in the eyes; pack of fools; you will have to dissect me, you will then know:" Any truth in all that? No matter.]

"At noon of that Tuesday he took the Sacrament, the Pope's Nuncio administering. His Majesty showed uncommonly great composure of soul, and resignation to the Divine Will;" being indeed "certain,"—so he expressed it to "a principal Official Person sunk in grief" (Bartenstein, shall we guess?), who stood by him—"certain of his cause," not afraid in contemplating that dread Judgment now near: "Look at me! A man that is certain of his cause can enter on such a Journey with good courage and a composed mind (MIT GUTEM UND DELASSENEM MUTH)." To the Doctors, dubitating what the disease was, he said, "If Gazelli" my late worthy Doctor, "were still here, you would soon know; but as it is, you will learn it when you dissect me;"—and once asked to be shown the Cup where his heart would lie after that operation.

"Sacrament being over," Tuesday afternoon, "he sent for his Family, to bless them each separately. He had a long conversation with Grand Duke Franz," titular of Lorraine, actual of Tuscany, "who had assiduously attended him, and continued to do so, during the whole illness." The Grand Duke's Spouse,—Maria Theresa, the noble-hearted and the overwhelmed; who is now in an interesting state again withal; a little Kaiserkin (Joseph II.) coming in five months; first child, a little girl, is now two years old;—"had been obliged to take to bed three days ago; laid up of grief and terror (VOR SCHMERZEN UND SCHRECKEN), ever since Sunday the 16th. Nor would his Imperial Majesty permit her to enter this death-room, on account of her condition, so important to the world; but his Majesty, turning towards that side where her apartment was, raised his right hand, and commanded her Husband, and the Archduchess her younger Sister, to tell his Theresa, That he blessed her herewith, notwithstanding her absence." Poor Kaiser, poor Theresa! "Most distressing of all was the scene with the Kaiserin. The night before, on getting knowledge of the sad certainty, she had fainted utterly away (STARKE OHNMACHT), and had to be carried into the Grand Duchess's [Maria Theresa's] room. Being summoned now with her Children, for the last blessing, she cried as in despair, 'Do not leave me, Your Dilection, do not (ACH EUER LIEBDEN VERLASSEN MICH DOCH NICHT)!" Poor good souls! "Her Imperial Majesty would not quit the room again, but remained to the last.

"Wednesday, 19th, all day, anxiety, mournful suspense;" poor weeping Kaiserin and all the world waiting; the Inevitable visibly struggling on. "And in the night of that day [night of 19th–20th Oct., 1740], between one and two in the morning, Death snatched away this most invaluable Monarch (DEN PREISWURDIGSTEN MONARCHEN) in the 66th year of his life;" and Kaiser Karl VI., and the House of Hapsburg and its Five tough Centuries of good and evil in this world had ended. The poor Kaiserin "closed the eyes" that could now no more behold her; "kissed his hands, and was carried out more dead than alive." [Anonymous, UT SUPRA, pp. 220–227.—Adelung, *Pragmatische Staatsgeschichte* (Gotha, 1762–1767), ii. 120. JOHANN CHRISTOPH Adelung; the same who did the DICTIONARY and many other deserving Books; here is the precise Title: "*Pragmatische Staatsgeschichte Europens*," that is, "Documentary History of Europe, from Kaiser Karl's Death, 1740, till Peace of Paris, 1763." A solid, laborious and meritorious Work, of its kind; extremely extensive (9 vols. 4to, some of which are double and even treble), mostly in the undigested, sometimes in the quite uncooked or raw condition; perhaps about a fifth part of it consists of "Documents" proper, which are shippable. It cannot help being dull, waste, dreary, but is everywhere intelligible (excellent Indexes too),—and offers an unhappy reader by far the best resource attainable for survey of that sad Period.]

A good affectionate Kaiserin, I do believe; honorable, truthful, though unwitty of speech, and converted by Grandpapa in a peculiar manner, For her Kaiser too, after all, I have a kind of love. Of brilliant articulate intellect there is nothing; nor of inarticulate (as in Friedrich Wilhelm's case) anything considerable: in fact his Shadow-Hunting, and Duelling with the Termagant, seemed the reverse of wise. But there was something of a high proud heart in it, too, if we examine; and even the Pragmatic Sanction, though in practice not worth one regiment of iron ramrods, indicates a profoundly fixed determination, partly of loyal nature, such as the gods more or less reward. "He had been a great builder," say the Histories; "was a great musician, fit to lead orchestras, and had composed an Opera,"—poor Kaiser. There came out large traits of him, in Maria Theresa again, under an improved form, which were much admired by the world. He looks, in his Portraits, intensely serious; a handsome man, stoically grave; much the gentleman, much the Kaiser or Supreme Gentleman. As, in life and fact, he was; "something solemn in him, even when he laughs," the people used to say. A man honestly doing his very best

with his poor Kaisership, and dying of chagrin by it. "On opening the body, the liver-region proved to be entirely deranged; in the place where the gall-bladder should have been, a stone of the size of a pigeon's egg was found grown into the liver, and no gall-bladder now there."

That same morning, with earliest daylight, "Thursday, 20th, six A.M.," Maria Theresa is proclaimed by her Heralds over Vienna: "According to Pragmatic Sanction, Inheritress of all the," ---Sovereign Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, for chief items. "At seven her Majesty took the Oath from the Generals and Presidents of Tribunals,---said, through her tears, 'All was to stand on the old footing, each in his post,'"---and the other needful words. Couriers shoot forth towards all Countries;---one express courier to Regensburg, and the enchanted Wiggeries there, to say That a new Kaiser will be needed; REICHS-Vicar or Vicars (Kur-Sachsen and whoever more, for they are sometimes disagreed about it) will have to administer in the interim.

A second courier we saw arrive at Reinsberg; he likewise may be important. The Bavarian Minister, Karl Albert Kur-Baiern's man, shot off his express, like the others; answer is, by return of courier, or even earlier (for a messenger was already on the road), Make protest! "We Kur-Baiern solemnly protest against Pragmatic Sanction, and the assumption of such Titles by the Daughter of the late Kaiser. King of Bohemia, and in good part even of Austria, it is not you, Madam, but of right WE; as, by Heaven's help, it is our fixed resolution to make good!" Protest was presented, accordingly, with all the solemnities, without loss of a moment. To which Bartenstein and the Authorities answered "Pooh-pooh," as if it were nothing. It is the first ripple of an immeasurable tide or deluge in that kind, threatening to submerge the new Majesty of Hungary;---as had been foreseen at Reinsberg; though Bartenstein and the Authorities made light of it, answering "Pooh-pooh," or almost "Ha-ha," for the present.

Her Hungarian Majesty's chief Generals, Seckendorf, Wallis, Neipperg, sit in their respective prison-wards at this time (from which she soon liberates them): Kur-Baiern has lodged protest; at Reinsberg there will be an important resolution ready:---and in the Austrian Treasury (which employs 40,000 persons, big and little) there is of cash or available, resource, 100,000 florins, that is to say, 10,000 pounds net. [Mailath, *Geschichte des Oestreichischen Kaiserstaats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 8.] And unless Pragmatic sheepskin hold tighter than some persons expect, the affairs of Austria and of this young Archduchess are in a threatening way.

His Britannic Majesty was on the road home, about Helvoetsluys or on the sea for Harwich, that night the Kaiser died; of whose illness he had heard nothing. At London, ten days after, the sudden news struck dismally upon his Majesty and the Political Circles there: "No help, then, from that quarter, in our Spanish War; perhaps far other than help!"---Nay, certain Gazetteers were afraid the grand new Anti-Spanish Expedition itself, which was now, at the long last, after such confusions and delays, lying ready, in great strength, Naval and Military, would be countermanded,---on Pragmatic-Sanction considerations, and the crisis probably imminent. [London Newspapers (31st Oct.-6th Nov., 1740). But it was not countermanded; it sailed all the same, "November 6th" (seventh day after the bad news); and made towards ---Shall we tell the reader, what is Officially a dead secret, though by this time well guessed at by the Public, English and also Spanish?---towards Carthage, to reinforce fiery Vernon, in the tropical latitudes; and overset Spanish America, beginning with that important Town!

Commodore Anson, he also, after long fatal delays, is off, several weeks ago; [29th (18th) September, 1740.] round Cape Horn; hoping (or perhaps already not hoping) to co-operate from the Other Ocean, and be simultaneous with Vernon,---on these loose principles of keeping time! Commodore Anson does, in effect, make a Voyage which is beautiful, and to mankind memorable; but as to keeping tryst with Vernon, the very gods could not do it on those terms!

Chapter IX. RESOLUTION FORMED AT REINSBERG IN CONSEQUENCE.

Thursday, 27th October, two days after the Expresses went for them, Schwerin and Podewils punctually arrived at Reinsberg. They were carried into the interior privacies, "to long conferences with his Majesty that day, and for the next four days; Majesty and they even dining privately together;" grave business of state, none guesses how grave, evidently going on. The resolution Friedrich laid before them, fruit of these two days since the news from Vienna, was probably the most important ever formed in Prussia, or in Europe during that Century: Resolution to make good our Rights on Silesia, by this great opportunity, the best that will ever offer. Resolution which had sprung, I find, and got to sudden fixity in the head of the young King himself; and which met with little save opposition from all the other sons of Adam, at the first blush and for long afterwards. And, indeed, the making of it good (of it, and of the immense results that hung by it) was the main business of this young King's Life henceforth; and cost him Labors like those of Hercules, and was in the highest degree momentous to existing and not yet existing millions of mankind,—to the readers of this History especially.

It is almost touching to reflect how unexpectedly, like a bolt out of the blue, all this had come upon Friedrich; and how it upset his fine program for the winter at Reinsberg, and for his Life generally. Not the Peaceable magnanimities, but the Warlike, are the thing appointed Friedrich this winter, and mainly henceforth. Those "GOLDEN or soft radiances" which we saw in him, admirable to Voltaire and to Friedrich, and to an esurient philanthropic world,—it is not those, it is "the STEEL—BRIGHT or stellar kind," that are to become predominant in Friedrich's existence: grim hail—storms, thunders and tornado for an existence to him, instead of the opulent genialities and halcyon weather, anticipated by himself and others! Indisputably enough to us, if not yet to Friedrich, "Reinsberg and Life to the Muses" are done. On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see, miraculous Opportunity, rushing hitherward,—swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods: dare you clutch HIM by the thundermane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course rather? Be immediate about it, then; the time is now, or else never!—No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous King, less sensible to the perils, and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been.

Schwerin and Podewils were, no doubt, astonished to learn what the Royal purpose was; and could not want for commonplace objections many and strong, had this been the scene for dwelling on them, or dressing them out at eloquent length. But they knew well this was not the scene for doing more than, with eloquent modesty, hint them; that the Resolution, being already taken, would not alter for commonplace; and that the question now lying for honorable members was, How to execute it? It is on this, as I collect, that Schwerin and Podewils in the King's company did, with extreme intensity, consult during those four days; and were, most probably, of considerable use to the King, though some of their modifications adopted by him turned out, not as they had predicted, but as he. On all the Military details and outlines, and on all the Diplomacies of this business, here are two Oracles extremely worth consulting by the young King.

To seize Silesia is easy: a Country open on all but the south side; open especially on our side, where a battalion of foot might force it; the three or four fortresses, of which only two, Glogau and Neisse, can be reckoned strong, are provided with nothing as they ought to be; not above 3,000 fighting men in the whole Province, and these little expecting fight. Silesia can be seized: but the maintaining of it?—We must try to maintain it, thinks Friedrich.

At Reinsberg it is not yet known that Kur—Baier has protested; but it is well guessed he means to do so, and that France is at his back in some sort. Kur—Baier, probably Kur—Sachsen, and plenty more, France being secretly at their back. What low condition Austria stands in, all its ready resources run to the lees, is known; and that France, getting lively at present with its Belleisles and adventurous spirits not restrainable by Fleury, is always on the watch to bring Austria lower; capable, in spite of Pragmatic Sanction, to snatch the golden moment, and spring hunter—like on a moribund Austria, were the hunting—dogs once out and in cry. To Friedrich it seems unlikely the Pragmatic Sanction will be a Law of Nature to mankind, in these circumstances. His opinion is, "the old political system has expired with the Kaiser." Here is Europe, burning in one corner of it by Jenkins's Ear, and

such a smoulder of combustible material awakening nearer hand: will not Europe, probably, blaze into general War; Pragmatic Sanction going to waste sheepskin, and universal scramble ensuing? In which he who has 100,000 good soldiers, and can handle them, may be an important figure in urging claims, and keeping what he has got hold of!—

Friedrich's mind, as to the fact, is fixed: seize Silesia we will: but as to the manner of doing it, Schwerin and Podewils modify him. Their counsel is: "Do not step out in hostile attitude at the very first, saying, 'These Duchies, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, Jagerndorf, are mine, and I will fight for them;' say only, 'Having, as is well known, interests of various kinds in this Silesia, I venture to take charge of it in the perilous times now come, and will keep it safe for the real owner.' Silesia seized in this fashion," continue they, "negotiate with the Queen of Hungary; offer her help, large help in men and money, against her other enemies; perhaps she will consent to do us right?"— "She never will consent," is Friedrich's opinion. "But it is worth trying?" urge the Ministers.—"Well," answers Friedrich, "be it in that form; that is the soft-spoken cautious form: any form will do, if the fact be there." That is understood to have been the figure of the deliberation in this conclave at Reinsberg, during the four days. [Stenzel (from what sources he does not clearly say, no doubt from sources of some authenticity) gives this as summary of it, iv. 61–65.] And now it remains only to fix the Military details, to be ready in a minimum of time; and to keep our preparations and intentions in impenetrable darkness from all men, in the interim. Adieu, Messieurs.

And so, on the 1st of November, fifth morning since they came, Schwerin and Podewils, a world of new business silently ahead of them, return to Berlin, intent to begin the same. All the Kings will have to take their resolution on this matter; wisely, or else unwisely. King Friedrich's, let it prove the wisest or not, is notably the rapidest,—complete, and fairly entering upon action, on November 1st. At London the news of the Kaiser's death had arrived the day before; Britannic Majesty and Ministry, thrown much into the dumps by it, much into the vague, are nothing like so prompt with their resolution on it. Somewhat sorrowfully in the vague. In fact, they will go jumbling hither and thither for about three years to come, before making up their minds to a resolution: so intricate is the affair to the English Nation and them! Intricate indeed; and even imaginary,—definable mainly as a bottomless abyss of nightmare dreams to the English Nation and them! Productive of strong somnambulisms, as my friend has it!—

MYSTERY IN BERLIN, FOR SEVEN WEEKS, WHILE THE PREPARATIONS GO ON; VOLTAIRE VISITS FRIEDRICH TO DECIPHER IT, BUT CANNOT.

Podewils and Schwerin gone, King Friedrich, though still very busy in working-hours, returns to his society and its gayeties and brilliancies; apparently with increased appetite after these four days of abstinence. Still busy in his working-hours, as a King must be; couriers coming and going, hundreds of businesses despatched each day; and in the evening what a relish for society,—Praetorius is quite astonished at it. Music, dancing, play-acting, suppers of the gods, "not done till four in the morning sometimes," these are the accounts Praetorius hears at Berlin. "From all persons who return from Reinsberg," writes he, "the unanimous report is, That the King works, the whole day through, with an assiduity that is unique; and then, in the evening, gives himself to the pleasures of society, with a vivacity of mirth and sprightly humor which makes those Evening-Parties charming." [Excerpt, in Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 418.] So it had to last, with frequent short journeys on Friedrich's part, and at last with change to Berlin as head-quarters, for about seven weeks to come,—till the beginning of December, and the day of action, namely. A notable little Interim in Friedrich's History and that of Europe.

Friedrich's secret, till almost the very end, remained impenetrable; though, by degrees, his movements excited much guessing in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic world everywhere. Military matters do seem to be getting brisk in Prussia; arsenals much astir; troops are seen mustering, marching, plainly to a singular degree. Marching towards the Austrian side, towards Silesia, some note. Yes; but also towards Cleve, certain detachments of troops are marching,—do not men see? And the Intrenchment at Buderich in those parts, that is getting forward withal,—though privately there is not the least prospect of using it, in these altered circumstances. Friedrich already guesses that if he could get Silesia, so invaluable on the one skirt of him, he will probably have to give up his Berg-Julich claims on the other; I fancy he is getting ready to do so, should the time come for such alternative. But he labors at Buderich, all the same, and "improves the roads in that quarter,"—which at least may help to keep an inquisitive public at bay. These are seven busy weeks on Friedrich's part, and on the world's:

constant realities of preparation, on the one part, industriously veiled; on the other part, such shadows, guessings, spyings, spectral movements above ground and below; Diplomatic shadows fencing, Gazetteer shadows rumoring;—dreams of a world as if near awakening to something great! "All Officers on furlough have been ordered to their posts," writes Bielfeld, on those vague terms of his: "On arriving at Berlin, you notice a great agitation in all departments of the State. The regiments are ordered to prepare their equipages, and to hold themselves in readiness for marching. There are magazines being formed at Frankfurt—on—Oder and at Crossen,"—handy for Silesia, you would say? "There are considerable trains of Artillery getting ready, and the King has frequent conferences with his Generals." [Bielfeld, i. 165 (Berlin, 30th November, is the date he puts to it.)] The authentic fact is: "By the middle of November, Troops, to the extent of 30,000 and more, had got orders to be ready for marching in three weeks hence; their public motions very visible ever since, their actual purpose a mystery to all mortals except three.

Towards the end of November, it becomes the prevailing guess that the business is immediate, not prospective; that Silesia may be in the wind, not Julich and Berg. Which infinitely quickens the shadowy rumorings and Diplomatic fencings of mankind. The French have their special Ambassador here; a Marquis de Beauvau, observant military gentleman, who came with the Accession Compliment some time ago, and keeps his eyes well open, but cannot see through mill—stones. Fleury is intensely desirous to know Friedrich's secret; but would fain keep his own (if he yet have one), and is himself quite tacit and reserved. To Fleury's Marquis de Beauvau Friedrich is very gracious; but in regard to secrets, is for a reciprocal procedure. Could not Voltaire go and try? It is thought Fleury had let fall some hint to that effect, carried by a bird of the air. Sure enough Voltaire does go; is actually on visit to his royal Friend; "six days with him at Reinsberg;" perhaps near a fortnight in all (20 November— 2 December or so), hanging about those Berlin regions, on the survey. Here is an unexpected pleasure to the parties;—but in regard to penetrating of secrets, an unproductive one!

Voltaire's ostensible errand was, To report progress about the ANTI—MACHIABEL, the Van Duren nonsense; and, at any rate, to settle the Money—accounts on these and other scores; and to discourse Philosophies, for a day or two, with the First of Men. The real errand, it is pretty clear, was as above. Voltaire has always a wistful eye towards political employment, and would fain make himself useful in high quarters. Fleury and he have their touches of direct Correspondence now and then; and obliquely there are always intermediates and channels. Small hint, the slightest twinkle of Fleury's eyelashes, would be duly speeded to Voltaire, and set him going. We shall see him expressly missioned hither, on similar errand, by and by; though with as bad success as at present.

Of this his First Visit to Berlin, his Second to Friedrich, Voltaire in the *VIE PRIVEE* says nothing. But in his *SIECLE DE LOUIS XV.* he drops, with proud modesty, a little foot—note upon it: "The Author was with the King of Prussia at that time; and can affirm that Cardinal de Fleury was totally astray in regard to the Prince he had now to do with." To which a DATE slightly wrong is added; the rest being perfectly correct. [*OEuvres* (Siccle de Louis XV., c. 6), xxviii. 74.] No other details are to be got anywhere, if they were of importance; the very dates of it in the best Prussian Books are all slightly awry. Here, by accident, are two poor flint—sparks caught from the dust whirlwind, which yield a certain sufficing twilight, when put in their place; and show us both sides of the matter, the smooth side and the seamy:—

1. FRIEDRICH TO ALGAROTTI, AT BERLIN. From "Reinsberg, 21st Nov.," showing the smooth side.

"MY DEAR SWAN OF PADUA,—Voltaire has arrived; all sparkling with new beauties, and far more sociable than at Cleve. He is in very good humor; and makes less complaining about his ailments than usual. Nothing can be more frivolous than our occupations here:" mere verse—making, dancing, philosophizing, then card—playing, dining, flirting; merry as birds on the bough (and Silesia invisible, except to oneself and two others). [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 25.]

2. FRIEDRICH TO JORDAN, AT BERLIN. "RUPPIN, 28th November. "... Thy Miser [Voltaire, now gone to Berlin, of whom Jordan is to send news, as of all things else], thy Miser shall drink to the lees of his insatiable desire (SIC) to enrich himself: he shall have the 3,000 thalers (450 pounds). He was with me six days: that will be at the rate of 500 thalers (75 pounds) a day. That is paying dear for one's merry—andrew (C'EST BIEN PAYER UN FOU); never had court—fool such wages before." [Ib. xvii. 72. Particulars of the money—payment (travelling expenses chiefly, rather exorbitant, and THIS journey added to the list; and no whisper of the considerable Van—Duren moneys, and copyright of ANTI—MACHIABEL, in abatement) are in Rodenbeck, i. 27. Exact sum paid is 3,300 thalers; 2,000 a good while ago, 1,300 at this time, which settles the greedy bill.]

Which latter, also at first hand, shows us the seamy side. And here, finally, with date happily appended, is a poetic snatch, in Voltaire's exquisite style, which with the response gives us the medium view:—

VOLTAIRE'S ADIEU ("*Billet de Conge*, 2 December, 1740").

"Non, malgre vos vertus, non, malgre vos appas,

Mon ame n'est point satisfaite;

Non, vous n'etes qu'une coquette, Qui subjuguez les coeurs, et ne rous donnez pas."

FRIEDRICH'S RESPONSE.

"Mon ame sent le prix de vos divins appas; Mais ne presumez point qu'elle soit satisfaite. Traitre, vous me quittez pour suivre une coquette;

Moi je ne vous quitterais pas." [*OEuvres de Frederic* (xiv. 167); *OEuvres de Voltaire*;

—Meaning, perhaps, in brief English: V. "Ah, you are but a beautiful coquette; you charm away our hearts, and do not give your own [won't tell me your secret at all]!" F. "Treacherous Lothario, it is you that quit me for a coquette [your divine Emilie; and won't stay here, and be of my Academy]; but however—!" Friedrich looked hopefully on the French, but could not give his secret except by degrees and with reciprocity. Some days hence he said to Marquis de Beauvau, in the Audience of leave, a word which was remembered.

VIEW OF FRIEDRICH BEHIND THE VEIL.

As to Friedrich himself, since about the middle of November his plans seem to have been definitely shaped out in all points; Troops so many, when to be on march, and how; no important detail uncertain since then. November 17th, he jots down a little Note, which is to go to Vienna, were the due hour come, by a special Ambassador, one Count Gotter, acquainted with the ground there; and explain to her Hungarian Majesty, what his exact demands are, and what the exact services he will render. Of which important little Paper readers shall hear again. Gotter's demands are at first to be high: Our Four Duchies, due by law so long; these and even more, considering the important services we propose; this is to be his first word;—but, it appears, he is privately prepared to put up with Two Duchies, if he can have them peaceably: Duchies of Sagan and Glogau, which are not of the Four at all, but which lie nearest us, and are far below the value of the Four, to Austria especially. This intricate point Friedrich has already settled in his mind. And indeed it is notably the habit of this young King to settle matters with himself in good time: and in regard to all manner of points, he will be found, on the day of bargaining about them, to have his own resolution formed and definitely fixed;—much to his advantage over conflicting parties, who have theirs still flying loose.

Another thing of much concernment is, To secure himself from danger of Russian interference. To this end he despatches Major Winterfeld to Russia, a man well known to him;—day of Winterfeld's departure is not given; day of his arrival in Petersburg is "19th December" just coming. Russia, at present, is rather in a staggering condition; hopeful for Winterfeld's object. On the 28th of October last, only eight days after the Kaiser, Czarina Anne of Russia, she with the big cheek, once of Courland, had died; "audacious Death," as our poor friend had it, "venturing upon another Crowned Head" there. Bieren her dear Courlander, once little better than a Horse-groom, now Duke of Courland, Quasi-Husband to the late Big Cheek, and thereby sovereign of Russia, this long while past, is left Official Head in Russia. Poor little Anton Ulrich and his august Spouse, well enough known to us, have indeed produced a Czar Iwan, some months ago, to the joy of mankind: but Czar Iwan is in his cradle: Father and Mother's function is little other than to rock the cradle of Iwan; Bieren to be Regent and Autocrat over him and them in the interim. To their chagrin, to that of Feldmarschall Munnich and many others: the upshot of which will be visible before long. Czarina Anne's death had seemed to Friedrich the opportune removal of a dangerous neighbor, known to be in the pay of Austria: here now are new mutually hostile parties springing up; chance, surely, of a bargain with some of them? He despatches Winterfeld on this errand;—probably the fittest man in Prussia for it. How soon and perfectly Winterfeld succeeded, and what Winterfeld was, and something of what a Russia he found it, we propose to mention by and by.

These, and all points of importance, Friedrich has settled with himself some time ago. What his own private thoughts on the Silesian Adventure are, readers will wish to know, since they can at first hand. Hear Friedrich himself, whose veracity is unquestionable to such as know anything of him:—

"This Silesian Project fulfilled all his (the King's) political views,"—summed them all well up into one head. "It was a means of acquiring reputation; of increasing the power of the State; and of terminating what concerned that long-litigated question of the Berg-Julich Succession;"—can be sure of getting that, at lowest; intends to

give that up, if necessary.

"Meanwhile, before entirely determining, the King weighed the risks there were in undertaking such a War, and the advantages that were to be hoped from it. On one side, presented itself the potent House of Austria, not likely to want resources with so many vast Provinces under it; an Emperor's Daughter attacked, who would naturally find allies in the King of England, in the Dutch Republic, and so many Princes of the Empire who had signed the Pragmatic Sanction." Russia was—or had been, and might again be—in the pay of Vienna. Saxony might have some clippings from Bohemia thrown to it, and so be gained over. Scanty Harvest, 1740, threatened difficulties as to provisioning of troops. "The risks were great. One had to apprehend the vicissitudes of war. A single battle lost might be decisive. The King had no allies; and his troops, hitherto without experience, would have to front old Austrian soldiers, grown gray in harness, and trained to war by so many campaigns.

"On the other side were hopeful considerations,"—four in number: FIRST, Weak condition of the Austrian Court, Treasury empty, War-Apparatus broken in pieces; inexperienced young Princess to defend a disputed succession, on those terms. SECOND, There WILL be allies; France and England always in rivalry, both meddling in these matters, King is sure to get either the one or the other.— THIRD, Silesian War lies handy to us, and is the only kind of Offensive War that does; Country bordering on our frontier, and with the Oder running through it as a sure high-road for everything. FOURTH, "What suddenly turned the balance," or at least what kept it steady in that posture,— "news of the Czarina's death arrives:" Russia has ceased to count against us; and become a manageable quantity. On, therefore!—

"Add to these reasons," says the King, with a candor which has not been well treated in the History Books, "Add to these reasons, an Army ready for acting; Funds, Supplies all found [lying barrelled in the Schloss at Berlin];—and perhaps the desire of making oneself a name," from which few of mortals able to achieve it are exempt in their young time: "all this was cause of the War which the King now entered upon." [*OEuvres de Frederic (Histoire de mon Temps)*, i. 128.]

"Desire to make himself a name; how shocking!" exclaim several Historians. "Candor of confession that he may have had some such desire; how honest!" is what they do not exclaim. As to the justice of his Silesian Claims, or even to his own belief about their justice, Friedrich affords not the least light which can be new to readers here. He speaks, when business requires it, of "those known rights" of his, and with the air of a man who expects to be believed on his word; but it is cursorily, and in the business way only; and there is not here or elsewhere the least pleading:—a man, you would say, considerably indifferent to our belief on that head; his eyes set on the practical merely. "Just Rights? What are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing!"—

We must add two Notes, two small absinthine drops, bitter but wholesome, administered by him to the Old Dessauer, whose gloomy wonder over all this military whirl of Prussian things, and discontent that he, lately the head authority, has never once been spoken to on it, have been great. Guessing, at last, that it was meant for Austria, a Power rather dear to Leopold, he can suppress himself no longer; but breaks out into Cassandra prophesyings, which have piqued the young King, and provoke this return:—

1. "REINSBERG, 24th November, 1740.—I have received your Letter, and seen with what inquietude you view the approaching march of my Troops. I hope you will set your mind at ease on that score; and wait with patience what I intend with them and you. I have made all my dispositions; and Your Serenity will learn, time enough, what my orders are, without disquieting yourself about them, as nothing has been forgotten or delayed."—FRIEDRICH.

Old Dessauer, cut to the bone, perceives he will have to quit that method and never resume it; writes next how painful it is to an old General to see himself neglected, as if good for nothing, while his scholars are allowed to gather laurels. Friedrich's answer is of soothing character:—

2. "BERLIN, 2d DECEMBER, 1740.—You may be assured I honor your merits and capacity as a young Officer ought to honor an old one, who has given the world so many proofs of his talent (DEXTERITAT); nor will I neglect Your Serenity on any occasion when you can help me by your good Counsel and co-operation." But it is a mere "bagatelle" this that I am now upon; though, next year, it may become serious.

For the rest, Saxony being a neighbor whose intentions one does not know, I have privately purposed Your Serenity should keep an outlook that way, in my absence. Plenty of employment coming for Your Serenity. "But as to this present Expedition, I reserve it for myself alone; that the world may not think the King of Prussia

marches with a Tutor to the Field."—FRIEDRICH. [Orlich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i. 38, 39.]

And therewith Leopold, eagerly complying, has to rest satisfied; and beware of too much freedom with this young King again.

"Berlin, December 2d," is the date of that last Note to the Dessauer; date also of Voltaire's ADIEU with the RESPONSE;— on which same day, "Friday, December 2d," as I find from the Old Books, his Majesty, quitting the Reinsberg sojourn, "had arrived in Berlin about 2 P.M.; accompanied by Prince August Wilhelm [betrothed at Brunswick lately]; such a crowd on the streets as if they had never seen him before." He continued at Berlin or in the neighborhood thenceforth. Busy days these; and Berlin a much whispering City, as Regiment after Regiment marches away. King soon to follow, as is thought,— "who himself sometimes deigns to take the Regiments into highest own eyeshine, HOCHST–EIGENEN AUGENSCHEN" (that is, to review them), say the reverential Editors. December 6th—But let us follow the strict sequence of Phenomena at Berlin.

EXCELLENCY BOTTA HAS AUDIENCE; THEN EXCELLENCY DICKENS, AND OTHERS: DECEMBER 6th, THE MYSTERY IS OUT.

Of course her Hungarian Majesty, and her Bartensteins and Ministries, heard enough of those Prussian rumors, interior Military activities, and enigmatic movements; but they seem strangely supine on the matter; indeed, they seem strangely supine on such matters; and lean at ease upon the Sea–Powers, upon Pragmatic Sanction and other Laws of Nature. But at length even they become painfully interested as to Friedrich's intentions; and despatch an Envoy to sift him a little: an expert Marchese di Botta, Genoese by birth, skilful in the Russian and other intricacies; who was here at Berlin lately, doing the Accession Compliment (rather ill received at that time), and is fit for the job. Perhaps Botta will penetrate him? That is becoming desirable, in spite of the gay Private Theatricals at Reinsberg, and the Berlin Carnival Balls he is so occupied with.

England is not less interested, and the diligent Sir Guy is doing his best; but can make out nothing satisfactory;—much the reverse indeed; and falls into angry black anticipations. "Nobody here, great or small," says his Excellency, "dares make any representation to this young Prince against the measures he is pursuing; though all are sensible of the confusion which must follow. A Prince who had the least regard to honor, truth and justice, could not act the part he is going to do." Alas, no, Excellency Dickens! "But it is plain his only view was, to deceive us all, and conceal for a while his ambitious and mischievous designs." [Despatch, 29th November–3d December, 1740: Raumer, p. 58.] "Never was such dissimulation!" exclaims the Diplomatic world everywhere, being angered at it, as if it were a vice on the part of a King about to invade Silesia. Dissimulation, if that mean mendacity, is not the name of the thing; it is the art of wearing a polite cloak of darkness, and the King is little disturbed what name they call it.

Botta did not get to Berlin till December 1st, had no Audience till the 5th;—by which time it is becoming evident to Excellency Dickens, and to everybody, that Silesia is the thing meant. Botta hints as much in that first Audience, December 5th: "Terrible roads, those Silesian ones, your Majesty!" says Botta, as if historically merely, but with a glance of the eye. "Hm," answers his Majesty in the same tone, "the worst that comes of them is a little mud!"—Next day, Dickens had express Audience, "Berlin, Tuesday 6th:" a smartish, somewhat flurried Colloquy with the King; which, well abridged, may stand as follows:—

DICKENS. ... "Indivisibility of the Austrian Monarchy, Sire!"— KING. "Indivisibility? What do you mean?"—DICKENS. "The maintenance of the Pragmatic Sanction."—KING. "Do you intend to support it? I hope not; for such is not my intention." (There is for you!) ...

DICKENS. "England and Holland will much wonder at the measures your Majesty was taking, at the moment when your Majesty proposed to join with them, and were making friendly proposals!" (Has been a deceitful man, Sir Guy, at least an impenetrable;—but this latter is rather strong on your part!) "What shall I write to England?" ("When I mentioned this," says Dickens, "the King grew red in the face," eyes considerably flashing, I should think.)

KING. "You can have no instructions to ask that question! And if you had, I have an answer ready for you. England has no right to inquire into my designs. Your great Sea–Armaments, did I ask you any questions about them? No; I was and am silent on that head; only wishing you good luck, and that you may not get beaten by the Spaniards." (Dickens hastily draws in his rash horns again; after a pass or two, King's natural color returns.) ...

KING. "Austria as a Power is necessary against the Turks. But in Germany, what need of Austria being so

superlative? Why should not, say, Three Electors united be able to oppose her? ... Monsieur, I find it is your notion in England, as well as theirs in France, to bring other Sovereigns under your tutorage, and lead them about. Understand that I will not be led by either. ... Tush, YOU are like the Athenians, who, when Philip of Macedon was ready to invade them, spent their time in haranguing!"

DICKENS. ... "Berg and Julich, if we were to guarantee them?"— KING. "Hm. Don't so much mind that Rhine Country: difficulties there,—Dutch always jealous of one. But, on the other Frontier, neither England nor Holland could take umbrage,"—points clearly to Silesia, then, your Excellency Dickens? [Raumer, (from State-Paper Office), pp. 63, 64.]

Alas, yes! Troops and military equipments are, for days past, evidently wending towards Frankfurt, towards Crossen, and even the Newspapers now hint that something is on hand in that quarter. Nay, this same day, TUESDAY, 6th DECEMBER, there has come out brief Official Announcement, to all the Foreign Ministers at Berlin, Excellency Dickens among them, "That his Royal Majesty, our most all-gracious Herr, has taken the resolution to advance a Body of Troops into Schlesien,"—rather out of friendly views towards Austria (much business lying between us about Schlesien), not out of hostile views by any means, as all Excellencies shall assure their respective Courts. [Copy of the Paper in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 447.] Announcement which had thrown the Excellency Dickens into such a frame of mind, before he got his Audience to-day!—

SATURDAY following, which was December 10th, Marquis de Beauvau had his Audience of leave; intending for Paris shortly: Audience very gracious; covertly hinting, on both sides, more than it said; ending in these words, on the King's side, which have become famous: "Adieu, then, M. le Marquis. I believe I am going to play your game; if the aces fall to me, we will share (*Je vais, je crois, jouer votre jeu: si les as me viennent, nous partagerons!*)" [Voltaire, *OEuvres (Siecle de Louis XV., c. 6)*, xxviii. 74.]

To Botta, all this while, Friedrich strove to be specially civil; took him out to Charlottenburg, that same Saturday, with the Queen and other guests; but Botta, and all the world, being now certain about Silesia, and that no amount of mud, or other terror on the roads, would be regarded, Botta's thoughts in this evening party are not of cheerful nature. Next day, Sunday, December 11th, he too gets his Audience of leave; and cannot help bursting out, when the King plainly tells him what is now afoot, and that the Prussian Ambassador has got instructions what to offer upon it at Vienna. "Sire, you are going to ruin the House of Austria," cried Botta, "and to plunge yourself into destruction (VOUS ABIMER) at the same time!"—"Depends on the Queen," said Friedrich, "to accept the Offers I have made her." Botta sank silent, seemed to reflect, but gathering himself again, added with an ironical air and tone of voice, "They are fine Troops, those of yours, Sire. Ours have not the same splendor of appearance; but they have looked the wolf in the face. Think, I conjure you, what you are getting into!" Friedrich answered with vivacity, a little nettled at the ironical tone of Botta, and his mixed sympathy and menace: "You find my troops are beautiful; perhaps I shall convince you they are good too." Yes, Excellency Botta, goodish troops; and very capable "to look the wolf in the face,"—or perhaps in the tail too, before all end! "Botta urged and entreated that at least there should be some delay in executing this project. But the King gave him to understand that it was now too late, and that the Rubicon was passed." [Friedrich's own Account (*OEuvres*, ii. 57).]

The secret is now out, therefore; Invasion of Silesia certain and close at hand. "A day or two before marching," may have been this very day when Botta got his audience, the King assembled his Chief Generals, all things ready out in the Frankfurt-Crossen region yonder; and spoke to them as follows; briefly and to the point:—

"Gentlemen, I am undertaking a War, in which I have no allies but your valor and your good-will. My cause is just; my resources are what we ourselves can do; and the issue lies in Fortune. Remember continually the glory which your Ancestors acquired in the plains of Warsaw, at Fehrbellin, and in the Expedition to Preussen [across the Frische Haf on ice, that time]. Your lot is in your own hands: distinctions and rewards wait upon your fine actions which shall merit them.

"But what need have I to excite you to glory? It is the one thing you keep before your eyes; the sole object worthy of your labors. We are going to front troops who, under Prince Eugene, had the highest reputation. Though Prince Eugene is gone, we shall have to measure our strength against brave soldiers: the greater will be the honor if we can conquer. Adieu, go forth. I will follow you straightway to the rendezvous of glory which awaits us." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii.58.]

MASKED BALL, AT BERLIN, 12th–13th DECEMBER.

On the evening of Monday, 12th, there was, as usual, Masked (or Half–Masked) Ball, at the Palace. As usual; but this time it has become mentionable in World–History. Bielfeld, personally interested, gives us a vivid glance into it;—which, though pretending to be real and contemporaneous, is unfortunately MYTHICAL only, and done at a great interval of years (dates, and even slight circumstances of fact, refusing to conform);—which, however, for the truth there is in it, we will give, as better than nothing. Bielfeld's pretended date is, "Berlin, 15th December;" should have been 14th,—wrong by a day, after one's best effort!

"BERLIN, 15th DECEMBER, 1740. As for me, dear Sister, I am like a shuttlecock whom the Kings of Prussia and of England hit with their rackets, and knock to and fro. The night before last, I was at the Palace Evening Party (ASSEMBLEE); which is a sort of Ball, where you go in domino, but without mask on the face. The Queen was there, and all the Court. About eight o'clock the King also made his appearance. His Majesty, noticing M. de G——[that is DE GUIDIKEN, or Guy Dickens], English Minister, addressed him; led him into the embrasure of a window, and talked alone with him for more than an hour [uncertain, probably apocryphal this]. I threw, from time to time, a stolen glance at this dialogue, which appeared to me to be very lively. A moment after, being just dancing with Madame the Countess de—THREE ASTERISKS,—I felt myself twitched by the domino; and turning, was much surprised to see that it was the King; who took me aside, and said, 'Are your boots oiled (VOS BOTTES SONT—ELLES GRAISSIES, Are you ready for a journey)?' I replied, 'Sire, they will always be so for your Majesty's service.'—'Well, then, Truchsess and you are for England; the day after to—morrow you go. Speak to M. de Podewils!'—This was said like a flash of lightning. His Majesty passed into another apartment; and I, I went to finish my minuet with the Lady; who had been not less astonished to see me disappear from her eyes, in the middle of the dance, than I was at what the King said to me." [Bielfeld, i. 167, 168.] Next morning, I—

The fact is, next morning, Truchsess and I began preparation for the Court of London,—and we did there, for many months afterwards, strive our best to keep the Britannic Majesty in some kind of tune, amid the prevailing discord of events;—fact interesting to some. And the other fact, interesting to everybody, though Bielfeld has not mentioned it, is, That King Friedrich, the same next morning, punctually "at the stroke of 9," rolled away Frankfurt—ward,—into the First Silesian War! Tuesday, "13th December, this morning, the King, privately quitting the Ball, has gone [after some little snatch of sleep, we will hope] for Frankfurt, to put himself at the head of his Troops." [Dickens (in State–Paper Office), 13th December, 1740; see also *Helden–Geschichte*, i. 452; Bellona his companion for long years henceforth, instead of Minerva and the Muses, as he had been anticipating.

Hereby is like to be fulfilled (except that Friedrich himself is perhaps this "little stone") what Friedrich prophesied to his Voltaire, the day after hearing of the Kaiser's death: "I believe there will, by June next, be more talk of cannon, soldiers, trenches, than of actresses, and dancers for the ballet. This small Event changes the entire system of Europe. It is the little stone which Nebuchadnezzar saw, in his dream, loosening itself, and rolling down on the Image made of Four Metals, which it shivers to ruin." [Friedrich to Voltaire, busy gathering actors at that time, 26th October, 1740 (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 49).]

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

**BOOK XII. FIRST SILESIAN WAR, AWAKENING A GENERAL EUROPEAN
ONE, BEGINS. December, 1740–May, 1741.**

Chapter I. OF SCHLESIIEN, OR SILESIA.

Schlesien, what we call Silesia, lies in elliptic shape, spread on the top of Europe, partly girt with mountains, like the crown or crest to that part of the Earth;—highest table-land of Germany or of the Cisalpine Countries; and sending rivers into all the seas. The summit or highest level of it is in the southwest; longest diameter is from northwest to southeast. From Crossen, whither Friedrich is now driving, to the Jablunka Pass, which issues upon Hungary, is above 250 miles; the AXIS, therefore, or longest diameter, of our Ellipse we may call 230 English miles;—its shortest or conjugate diameter, from Friedland in Bohemia (Wallenstein's old Friedland), by Breslau across the Oder to the Polish Frontier, is about 100. The total area of Schlesien is counted to be some 20,000 square miles, nearly the third of England Proper.

Schlesien—will the reader learn to call it by that name, on occasion? for in these sad Manuscripts of ours the names alternate —is a fine, fertile, useful and beautiful Country. It leans sloping, as we hinted, to the East and to the North; a long curved buttress of Mountains ("RIESENGBIRGE, Giant Mountains," is their best-known name in foreign countries) holding it up on the South and West sides. This Giant-Mountain Range,—which is a kind of continuation of the Saxon-Bohemian "Metal Mountains (ERZGEBIRGE)" and of the straggling Lausitz Mountains, to westward of these, —shapes itself like a bill-hook (or elliptically, as was said): handle and hook together may be some 200 miles in length. The precipitous side of this is, in general, turned outwards, towards Bohmen, Mahren, Ungarn (Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, in our dialects); and Schlesien lies inside, irregularly sloping down, towards the Baltic and towards the utmost East, From the Bohemian side of these Mountains there rise two Rivers: Elbe, tending for the West; Morawa for the South;—Morawa, crossing Moravia, gets into the Donau, and thence into the Black-Sea; while Elbe, after intricate adventures among the mountains, and then prosperously across the plains, is out, with its many ships, into the Atlantic. Two rivers, we say, from the Bohemian or steep side: and again, from the Silesian side, there rise other two, the Oder and the Weichsel (VISTULA); which start pretty near one another in the Southeast, and, after wide windings, get both into the Baltic, at a good distance apart.

For the first thirty, or in parts, fifty miles from the Mountains, Silesia slopes somewhat rapidly; and is still to be called a Hill-country, rugged extensive elevations diversifying it: but after that, the slope is gentle, and at length insensible, or noticeable only by the way the waters run. From the central part of it, Schlesien pictures itself to you as a plain; growing ever flatter, ever sandier, as it abuts on the monotonous endless sand-flats of Poland, and the Brandenburg territories; nothing but Boundary Stones with their brass inscriptions marking where the transition is; and only some Fortified Town, not far off, keeping the door of the Country secure in that quarter.

On the other hand, the Mountain part of Schlesien is very picturesque; not of Alpine height anywhere (the Schnee-Koppe itself is under 5,000 feet), so that verdure and forest wood fail almost nowhere among the Mountains; and multiplex industry, besung by rushing torrents and the swift young rivers, nestles itself high up; and from wheat husbandry, madder and maize husbandry, to damask-weaving, metallurgy, charcoal-burning, tar-distillery, Schlesien has many trades, and has long been expert and busy at them to a high degree. A very pretty Ellipsis, or irregular Oval, on the summit of the European Continent;—"like the palm of a left hand well stretched out, with the Riesengebirge for thumb!" said a certain Herr to me, stretching out his arm in that fashion towards the northwest. Palm, well stretched out, measuring 250 miles; and the crossway 100. There are still beavers in Schlesien; the Katzbach River has gold grains in it, a kind of Pactolus not now worth working; and in the scraggy lonesome pine-woods, grimy individuals, with kindled mounds of pine-branches and smoke carefully kept down by sods, are sweating out a substance which they inform you is to be tar.

HISTORICAL EPOCHS OF SCHLESIIEN;—AFTER THE QUADS AND MARCHMEN.

Who first lived in Schlesien, or lived long since in it, there is no use in asking, nor in telling if one knew. "The QUADI and the Lygii," says Dryasdust, in a groping manner: Quadi and consorts, in the fifth or sixth Century, continues he with more confidence, shifted Rome-ward, following the general track of contemporaneous mankind; weak remnant of Quadi was thereupon overpowered by Slavic populations, and their Country became Polish, which the eastern rim of it still essentially is. That was the end of the Quadi in those parts, says History. But they cannot speak nor appeal for themselves; History has them much at discretion. Rude burial urns, with a

handful of ashes in them, have been dug up in different places; these are all the Archives and Histories the Quadi now have. It appears their name signifies WICKED. They are those poor Quadi (WICKED PEOPLE) who always go along with the Marcomanni (MARCHMEN), in the bead-roll Histories one reads; and I almost guess they must have been of the same stock: "Wickeds and Borderers;" considered, on both sides of the Border, to belong to the Dangerous Classes in those times. Two things are certain: First, QUAD and its derivatives have, to this day, in the speech of rustic Germans, something of that meaning,—"nefarious," at least "injurious," "hateful, and to be avoided:" for example, QUADdel, "a nettle-burn;" QUETSchen, "to smash" (say, your thumb while hammering); And then a second thing: The Polish equivalent word is ZLE (Busching says ZLEXI); hence ZLEzien, SCHLESien, meaning merely BADland, QUADland, what we might call DAMAGitia, or Country where you get into Trouble. That is the etymology, or what passes for such. As to the History of Schlesien, hitherwards of these burial urns dug up in different places, I notice, as not yet entirely buriable, Three Epochs.

FIRST EPOCH; CHRISTIANITY: A.D. 966. Introduction of Christianity; to the length of founding a Bishopric that year, so hopeful were the aspects; "Bishopric of Schmogger" (SchMAGram, dim little Village still discoverable on the Polish frontier, not far from the Town of Namslau); Bishopric which, after one removal farther inward, got across the Oder, to "WRUTISLAV," which we now call Breslau; and sticks there, as Bishopric of Breslau, to this day. Year 966: it was in Adalbert, our Prussian Saint and Missionary's younger time. Preaching, by zealous Polacks, must have been going on, while Adalbert, Bright in Nobleness, was studying at Magdeburg, and ripening for high things in the general estimation. This was a new gift from the Polacks, this of Christianity; an infinitely more important one than that nickname of "ZLEZIEN," or "DAMAGitia," stuck upon the poor Country, had been.

SECOND EPOCH; GET GRADUALLY CUT LOOSE FROM POLAND: A.D. 1139–1159. Twenty years of great trouble in Poland, which were of lasting benefit to Schlesien. In 1139 the Polack King, a very potent Majesty whom we could name but do not, died; and left his Dominions shared by punctual bequest among his five sons. Punctual bequest did avail: but the eldest Son (who was King, and had Schlesien with much else to his share) began to encroach, to grasp; upon which the others rose upon him, flung him out into exile; redivided; and hoped now they might have quiet. Hoped, but were disappointed; and could come to no sure bargain for the next twenty years,—not till "the eldest brother," first author of these strifes, "died an exile in Holstein," or was just about dying, and had agreed to take Schlesien for all claims, and be quiet thenceforth.

His, this eldest's, three Sons did accordingly, in 1159, get Schlesien instead of him; their uncles proving honorable. Schlesien thereby was happy enough to get cut loose from Poland, and to continue loose; steering a course of its own;—parting farther and farther from Poland and its habits and fortunes. These three Sons, of the late Polish Majesty who died in exile in Holstein, are the "Piaſt Dukes," much talked of in Silesian Histories: of whose merits I specify this only, That they so soon as possible strove to be German. They were Progenitors of all the "Piaſt Dukes," Proprietors of Schlesien thenceforth, till the last of them died out in 1675,—and a certain ERBVERBRUDERUNG they had entered into could not take effect at that time. Their merits as Sovereign Dukes seem to have been considerable; a certain piety, wisdom and nobleness of mind not rare among them; and no doubt it was partly their merit, if partly also their good luck, that they took to Germany, and leant thitherward; steering looser and looser from Poland, in their new circumstances. They themselves by degrees became altogether German; their Countries, by silent immigration, introduction of the arts, the composures and sobrieties, became essentially so. On the eastern rim there is still a Polack remnant, its territories very sandy, its condition very bad; remnant which surely ought to cease its Polack jargon, and learn some dialect of intelligible Teutsch, as the first condition of improvement. In all other parts Teutsch reigns; and Schlesien is a green abundant Country; full of metallurgy, damask-weaving, grain-husbandry.— instead of gasconade, gilt anarchy, rags, dirt, and NIE POZWALAM.

A.D. 1327; GET COMPLETELY CUT LOOSE. The Piaſt Dukes, who soon ceased to be Polish, and hung rather upon Bohemia, and thereby upon Germany, made a great step in that direction, when King Johann, old ICH-DIEN whom we ought to recollect, persuaded most of them, all of them but two, "PRETIO AC PRECE," to become Feudatories (Quasi- Feudatories, but of a sovereign sort) to his Crown of Bohemia. The two who stood out, resisting prayer and price, were the Duke of Jauer and the Duke of Schweidnitz,—lofty-minded gentlemen, perhaps a thought too lofty. But these also Johann's son, little Kaiser Karl IV., "marrying their heiress," contrived to bring in;—one fruitful adventure of little Karl's, among the many wasteful he made, in the German Reich.

Schlesien is henceforth a bit of the Kingdom of Bohemia; indissolubly hooked to Germany; and its progress in the arts and composures, under wise Piasts with immigrating Germans, we guess to have become doubly rapid. [Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, viii. 725; Hubner, t. 94.]

THIRD EPOCH; ADOPT THE REFORMATION: A.D. 1414–1517. Schlesien, hanging to Bohemia in this manner, extensively adopted Huss's doctrines; still more extensively Luther's; and that was a difficult element in its lot, though, I believe, an unspeakably precious one. It cost above a Century of sad tumults, Zisca Wars; nay above two Centuries, including the sad Thirty–Years War;—which miseries, in Bohemia Proper, were sometimes very sad and even horrible. But Schlesien, the outlying Country, did, in all this, suffer less than Bohemia Proper; and did NOT lose its Evangelical Doctrine in result, as unfortunate Bohemia did, and sink into sluttish "fanatical torpor, and big Crucifixes of japanned Tin by the wayside," though in the course of subsequent years, named of Peace, it was near doing so. Here are the steps, or unavailing counter–steps, in that latter direction:—

A.D. 1537. Occurred, as we know, the ERBVERBRUDERUNG; Duke of Liegnitz, and of other extensive heritages, making Deed of Brotherhood with Kur–Brandenburg;—Deed forbidden, and so far as might be, rubbed out and annihilated by the then King of Bohemia, subsequently Kaiser Ferdinand I., Karl V.'s Brother. Duke of Liegnitz had to give up his parchments, and become zero in that matter: Kur–Brandenburg entirely refused to do so; kept his parchments, to see if they would not turn to something.

A.D. 1624. Schlesien, especially the then Duke of Liegnitz (great–grandson of the ERBVERBRUDERUNG one), and poor Johann George, Duke of Jagerndorf, cadet of the then Kur–Brandenburg, went warmly ahead into the Winter–King project, first fire of the Thirty–Years War; sufferings from Papal encroachment, in high quarters, being really extreme. Warmly ahead; and had to smart sharply for it;—poor Johann George with forfeiture of Jagerndorf, with REICHES–ACHT (Ban of the Empire), and total ruin; fighting against which he soon died. Act of Ban and Forfeiture was done tyrannously, said most men; and it was persisted in equally so, till men ceased speaking of it;—Jagerndorf Duchy, fruit of the Act, was held by Austria, ever after, in defiance of the Laws of the Reich. Religious Oppression lay heavy on Protestant Schlesien thenceforth; and many lukewarm individualities were brought back to Orthodoxy by that method, successful in the diligent skilled hands of Jesuit Reverend Fathers, with fiscals and soldiers in the rear of them.

A.D. 1648. Treaty of Westphalia mended much of this, and set fair limits to Papist encroachment;—had said Treaty been kept: but how could it? By Orthodox Authority, auxious to recover lost souls, or at least to have loyal subjects, it was publicly kept in name; and tacitly, in substance, it was violated more and more. Of the "Blossoming of Silesian Literature," spoken of in Books; of the Poet Opitz, Poets Logan, Hoffmannswaldau, who burst into a kind of Song better or worse at this Period, we will remember nothing; but request the reader to remember it, if he is tunelessly given, or thinks it a good symptom of Schlesien.

A.D. 1707. Treaty of Altranstadt: between Kaiser Joseph I. and Karl XII. Swedish Karl, marching through those parts,—out of Poland, in chase of August the Physically Strong, towards Saxony, there to beat him soft,—was waited upon by Silesian Deputations of a lamentable nature; was entreated, for the love of Christ and His Evangel, to "Protect us poor Protestants, and get the Treaty of Westphalia observed on our behalf, and fair–play shown!" Which Karl did; Kaiser Joseph, with such weight of French War lying on him, being much struck with the tone of that dangerous Swede. The Pope rebuked Kaiser Joseph for such compliance in the Silesian matter: "Holy Father," answered this Kaiser (not of distinguished orthodoxy in the House), "I am too glad he did not ask me to become Lutheran; I know not how I should have helped myself!" [Pauli, *Allgemeine Preussische Staats–Geschichte* (viii. 298–592); Busching, *Erdbeschreibung* (viii. 700–739); Wuttke, *Friedrichs des Grossen Besitzergreifung von Schlesien* (Seizure of Silesia by Friedrich, 2 vols. Leipzig, 1843), I mention only lest ingenuous readers should be tempted by the Title to buy it. Wuttke begins at the Creation of the World; and having, in two heavy volumes, at last struggled down close TO the BESITZERGREIFUNG or Seizure in question, calls halt; and stands (at ease, we will hope) immovably there for the seventeen years since.]

These are the Three Epochs;—most things, in respect of this Third or Reformation Epoch, stepping steadily downward hitherto. As to the Fourth Epoch, dating "13th Dec. 1740," which continues, up to our day and farther, and is the final and crowning Epoch of Silesian History,—read in the following Chapters.

Chapter II. FRIEDRICH MARCHES ON GLOGAU.

At what hour Friedrich ceased dancing on that famous Ball-night of Bielfeld's, and how long he slept after, or whether at all, no Bielfeld even mythically says: but next morning, as is patent to all the world, Tuesday, 13th December, 1740, at the stroke of nine, he steps into his carriage; and with small escort rolls away towards Frankfurt-on-Oder; [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 452; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 456.] out upon an Enterprise which will have results for himself and others.

Two youngish military men, Adjutant-Generals both, were with him, Wartensleben, Borck; both once fellow Captains in the Potsdam Giants, and much in his intimacy ever since. Wartensleben we once saw at Brunswick, on a Masonic occasion; Borck, whom we here see for the first time, is not the Colonel Borck (properly Major-General) who did the Herstal Operation lately; still less is he the venerable old Minister, Marlborough Veteran, and now Field-Marshal Borck, whom Hotham treated with, on a certain occasion. There are numerous Borcks always in the King's service; nor are these three, except by loose cousinry, related to one another. The Borcks all come from Stettin quarter; a brave kindred, and old enough,—“Old as the Devil, DAS IST SO OLD ALS DE BORCKEN UND DE DUWEL,” says the Pomeranian Proverb;— the Adjutant-General, a junior member of the clan, chances to be the notablest of them at this moment. Wartensleben, Borck, and a certain Colonel von der Golz, whom also the King much esteems, these are his company on this drive. For escort, or guard of honor out of Berlin to the next stages, there is a small body of Hussars, Life-guard and other Cavalry, “perhaps 500 horse in all.”

They drive rapidly, through the gray winter; reach Frankfurt-on-Oder, sixty miles or more; where no doubt there is military business waiting. They are forward, on the morrow, for dinner, forty miles farther, at a small Town called Crossen, which looks over into Silesia; and is, for the present, headquarters to a Prussian Army, standing ready there and in the environs. Standing ready, or hourly marching in, and rendezvousing; now about 28,000 strong, horse and foot. A Rearguard of Ten or Twelve Thousand will march from Berlin in two days, pause hereabouts, and follow according to circumstances: Prussian Army will then be some 40,000 in all. Schwerin has been Commander, manager and mainspring of the business hitherto: henceforth it is to be the King; but Schwerin under him will still have a Division of his own.

Among the Regiments, we notice “Schulenburg Horse-Grenadiers,” —come along from Landsberg hither, these Horse-Grenadiers, with little Schulenburg at the head of them;—“Dragoon Regiment Bayreuth,” “Lifeguard Carbineers,” “Derschau of Foot;” and other Regiments and figures slightly known to us, or that will be better known. [List in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 453.] Rearguard, just getting under way at Berlin, has for leaders the Prince of Holstein-Beck (“Holstein-VAISSELLE,” say wags, since the Principality went all to SILVER-PLATE) and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, whom we called the Young Dessauer, on the Strasburg Journey lately: Rearguard, we say, is of 12,000; main Army is 28,000; Horse and Foot are in the proportion of about 1 to 3. Artillery “consists of 20 three-pounders; 4 twelve-pounders; 4 howitzers (HAUBITZEN); 4 big mortars, calibre fifty pounds; and of Artillerymen 166 in all.”

With this Force the young King has, on his own basis (pretty much in spite of all the world, as we find now and afterwards), determined to invade Silesia, and lay hold of the Property he has long had there;—not computing, for none can compute, the sleeping whirlwinds he may chance to awaken thereby. Thus lightly does a man enter upon Enterprises which prove unexpectedly momentous, and shape the whole remainder of his days for him; crossing the Rubicon as it were in his sleep. In Life, as on Railways at certain points, —whether you know it or not, there is but an inch, this way or that, into what tram you are shunted; but try to get out of it again! “The man is mad, CET HOMME-LA EST FOL!” said Louis XV. when he heard it. [Raumer, *Beitrag* (English Translation, called *Frederick II. and his Times; from British Museum and State-Paper Office*: —a very indistinct poor Book, in comparison with what it might have been), p. 73 (24th Dec. 1740).]

FRIEDRICH AT CROSSEN, AND STILL IN HIS OWN TERRITORY, 14th–16th DECEMBER;—STEPS INTO SCHLESSEN.

At all events, the man means to try;—and is here dining at Crossen, noon of Wednesday, the 14th; certain important persons, —especially two Silesian Gentlemen, deputed from Grunberg, the nearest Silesian Town, who

have come across the border on business,—having the honor to dine with him. To whom his manner is lively and affable; lively in mood, as if there lay no load upon his spirits. The business of these two Silesian Gentlemen, a Baron von Hocke one of them, a Baron von Kestlitz the other, was To present, on the part of the Town and Amt of Grunberg, a solemn Protest against this meditated entrance on the Territory of Schlesien; Government itself, from Breslau, ordering them to do so. Protest was duly presented; Friedrich, as his manner is, and continues to be on his march, glances politely into or at the Protest; hands it, in silence, to some page or secretary to deposit in the due pigeon-hole or waste-basket; and invites the two Silesian Gentlemen to dine with him; as, we see, they have the honor to do. "He (ER) lives near Grunberg, then, Mein Herr von Hocke?" "Close to it, IHRO MAJESTAT. My poor mansion, Schloss of Deutsch-Kessel, is some fifteen miles hence; how infinitely at your Majesty's service, should the march prove inevitable, and go that way!"—"Well, perhaps!" I find Friedrich did dine, the second day hence, with one of these Gentlemen; and lodged with the other. Government at Breslau has ordered such Protest, on the part of the Frontier populations and Official persons: and this is all that comes of it.

During these hours, it chanced that the big Bell of Crossen dropped from its steeple,—fulness of time, or entire rottenness of axle-tree, being at last completed, at this fateful moment. Perhaps an ominous thing? Friedrich, as Caesar and others have done, cheerfully interprets the omen to his own advantage: "Sign that the High is to be brought low!" says Friedrich. Were the march—routes, wagon—trains, and multifarious adjustments perfect to the last item here at Crossen, he will with much cheerfulness step into Silesia, independent of all Grunberg Protests and fallen Bells.

On the second day he does actually cross; "the regiments marching in, at different points; some reaching as far as 25 miles in." It is Friday, 16th December, 1740; there has a game begun which will last long! They went through the Village of Lasgen; that was the first point of Silesian ground ("Circle of Schwiebus," our old friend, is on the left near by); and "Schwerin's Regiment was the foremost." Others cross more to the left or right; "marching through the Village of Lessen," and other dim Villages and little Towns, round and beyond Grunberg; all regiments and divisions bearing upon Grunberg and the Great Road; but artistically portioned out,—several miles in breadth (for the sake of quarters), and, as is generally the rule, about a day's march in length. This evening nearly the whole Army was on Silesian ground.

Printed "Patent" or Proclamation, briefly assuring all Silesians, of whatever rank, condition or religion, "That we have come as friends to them, and will protect all persons in their privileges, and molest no peaceable mortal," is posted on Church—doors, and extensively distributed by hand. Soldiers are forbidden, "under penalty of the rods," Officers under that of "cassation with infamy," to take anything, without first bargaining and paying ready money for it. On these terms the Silesian villages cheerfully enough accept their new guests, interesting to the rural mind; and though the billeting was rather heavy, "as many as 24 soldiers to a common Farmer (GARTNER)," no complaints were made. In one Schloss, where the owners had fled, and no human response was to be had by the wayworn—soldiery, there did occur some breakages and impatient kickings about; which it grieved his Majesty to hear of, next morning;—in one, not in more.

Official persons, we perceive, study to be absolutely passive. This was the Burgermeister's course at Grunberg to—night; Grunberg, first Town on the Frontier, sets an example of passivity which cannot be surpassed. Prussian troops being at the Gate of Grunberg, Burgermeister and adjuncts sitting in a tacit expectant condition in their Town—hall, there arrives a Prussian Lieutenant requiring of the Burgermeister the Key of said Gate. "To deliver such Key? Would to God I durst, Mein Herr Lieutenant; but how dare I! There is the Key lying: but to GIVE it—You are not the Queen of Hungary's Officer, I doubt?"—The Prussian Lieutenant has to put out hand, and take the Key; which he readily does. And on the morrow, in returning it, when the march recommences, there are the same phenomena: Burgermeister or assistants dare not for the life of them touch that Key: It lay on the table; and may again, in the course of Providence, come to lie!—The Prussian Lieutenant lays it down accordingly, and hurries out, with a grin on his face. There was much small laughter over this transaction; Majesty himself laughing well at it. Higher perfection of passivity no Burgermeister could show.

The march, as readers understand, is towards Glogau; a strongish Garrison Town, now some 40 miles ahead; the key of Northern Schlesien. Grunberg (where my readers once slept for the night, in the late King's time, though they have forgotten it) is the first and only considerable Town on the hither side of Glogau. On to Glogau, I rather perceive, the Army is in good part provisioned before starting: after Glogau,—we must see. Bread—wagons, Baggage—wagons, Ammunition—and—Artillery wagons, all is in order; Army artistically

portioned out. That is the form of march; with Glogau ahead. King, as we said above, dines with his Baron von Hocke, at the Schloss of Deutsch-Kessel, short way beyond Grunberg, this first day: but he by no means loiters there;—cuts across, a dozen miles westward, through a country where his vanguard on its various lines of march ought to be arriving;—and goes to lodge, at the Schloss of Schweinitz, with his other Baron, the Von Kestlitz of Wednesday at Crossen. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 459.] This is Friday, 16th December, his first night on Silesian ground.

WHAT GLOGAU, AND THE GOVERNMENT AT Breslau, DID UPON IT.

Silesia, in the way of resistance, is not in the least prepared for him. A month ago, there were not above 3,000 Austrian Foot and 600 Horse in the whole Province: neither the military Governor Count Wallis, nor the Imperial Court, nor any Official Person near or far, had the least anticipation of such a Visit. Count Wallis, who commands in Glogau, did in person, nine or ten days ago, as the rumors rose ever higher, run over to Crossen; saw with his eyes the undeniable there; and has been zealously endeavoring ever since, what he could, to take measures. Wallis is now shut in Glogau; his second, the now Acting Governor, General Browne, a still more reflective man, is doing likewise his utmost; but on forlorn terms, and without the least guidance from Court. Browne has, by violent industry, raked together, from Mahren and the neighboring countries, certain fractions which raise his Force to 7,000 Foot: these he throws, in small parties, into the defensible points; or, in larger, into the Chief Garrisons. New Cavalry he cannot get; the old 600 Horse he keeps for himself, all the marching Army he has. [Particulars in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 465; total of Austrian Force seems to be 7,800 horse and foot.]

Fain would he get possession of Breslau, and throw in some garrison there; but cannot. Neither he nor Wallis could compass that. Breslau is a City divided against itself, on this matter; full of emotions, of expectations, apprehensions for and against. There is a Supreme Silesian Government (OBER-AMT "Head-Office," kind of Austrian Vice-Royalty) in Breslau; and there is, on Breslau's own score, a Town-Rath; strictly Catholic both these, Vienna the breath of their nostrils. But then also there are forty-four Incorporated Trades; Oppressed Protestant in Majority; to whom Vienna is not breath, but rather the want of it. Lastly, the City calls itself Free; and has crabb'd privileges still valid; a "JUS PROESIDIUM" (or right to be one's own garrison) one of them, and the most inconvenient just now. Breslau is a REICH-STADT; in theory, sovereign member of the Reich, and supreme over its own affairs, even as Austria itself:—and the truth is, old Theory and new Fact, resolved not to quarrel, have lapsed into one another's arms in a quite inextricable way, in Breslau as elsewhere! With a Head Government which can get no orders from Vienna, the very Town-Rath has little alacrity, inclines rather to passivity like Grunberg; and a silent population threatens to become vocal if you press upon it.

Breslau, that is to say the OBER-AMT there, has sent courier on courier to Vienna for weeks past: not even an answer;—what can Vienna answer, with Kur-Baiern and others threatening war on it, and only 10,000 pounds in its National Purse? Answer at last is, "Don't bother! Danger is not so near. Why spend money on couriers, and get into such a taking?" General Wallis came to Breslau, after what he had seen at Crossen; and urged strongly, in the name of self-preservation, first law of Nature, to get an Austrian real Garrison introduced; wished much (horrible to think of!) "the suburbs should be burnt, and better ramparts raised:" but could not succeed in any of these points, nor even mention some of them in a public manner. "You shall have a Protestant for commandant," suggested Wallis; "there is Count von Roth, Silesian-Lutheran, an excellent Soldier!"—"Thanks," answered they, "we can defend ourselves; we had rather not have any!" And the Breslau Burghers have, accordingly, set to drill themselves; are bringing out old cannon in quantity; repairing breaches; very strict in sentry-work: "Perfectly able to defend our City,—so far as we see good!"— Tuesday last, December 13th (the very day Friedrich left Berlin), as this matter of the Garrison, long urged by the Ober-Amt, had at last been got agreed to by the Town-Rath, "on proviso of consulting the Incorporated Trades", or at least consulting their Guild-Masters, who are usually a silent folk,—the Guild-Masters suddenly became in part vocal; and their forty-four Guilds unusually so:—and there was tumult in Breslau, in the Salz-Ring (big central Square or market-place, which they call RING) such as had not been; idle population, and guild-brethren of suspicious humor, gathering in multitudes into and round the fine old Town-hall there; questioning, answering, in louder and louder key; at last bellowing quite in alt; and on the edge of flaming into one knew not what: [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 469.]—till the matter of Austrian Garrison (much more, of burning the suburbs!) had to be dropt; settled in what way we see.

Head Government (OBER-AMT) has, through its Northern official people, sent Protest, strict order to the Silesian Population to look sour on the Prussians:—and we saw, in consequence, the two Silesian Gentlemen did

dine with Friedrich, and he has returned their visits; and the Mayor of Grunberg would not touch his keys. Head Government is now redacting a "Patent," or still more solemn Protest of its own; which likewise it will affix in the Salz-Ring here, and present to King Friedrich: and this—except "despatching by boat down the river a great deal of meal to Glogau", which was an important quiet thing, of Wallis's enforcing—is pretty much all it can do. No Austrian Garrison can be got in ("Perfectly able to defend ourselves!")—let Government and Wallis or Browne contrive as they may. And as to burning the suburbs, better not whisper of that again. Breslau feels, or would fain feel itself "perfectly able;"—has at any rate no wish to be bombarded; and contains privately a great deal of Protestant humor. Of all which, Friedrich, it is not doubted, has notice more or less distinct; and quickens his march the more.

General Browne is at present in the Southern parts; an able active man and soldier; but, with such a force what can he attempt to do? There are three strong places in the Country, Glogau, then Brieg, both on the Oder river; lastly Neisse, on the Neisse river, a branch of the Oder (one of the FOUR Neisse rivers there are in Germany, mostly in Silesia,—not handy to the accurate reader of German Books). Browne is in Neisse; and will start into a strange stare when the flying post reaches him: Prussians actually on march! Debate with them, if debate there is to be, Browne himself must contrive to do; from Breslau, from Vienna, no Government Supreme or Subordinate can yield his 8,000 and him the least help.

Glogau, as we saw, means to defend itself; at least, General Wallis the Commandant, does, in spite of the Glogau public; and is, with his whole might, digging, palisading, getting in meal, salt meat and other provender;—likewise burning suburbs, uncontrollable he, in the small place; and clearing down the outside edifices and shelters, at a diligent rate. Yesterday, 15th December, he burnt down the "three Oder-Mills, which lie outside the big suburban Tavern, also the ZIEGEL-SCHEUNE (Tile-Manufactory)," and other valuable buildings, careless of public lamentation,—fire catching the Town itself, and needing to be quenched again. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 473-475.] Nay, he was clear for burning down, or blowing up, the Protestant Church, indispensable sacred edifice which stands outside the walls: "Prussians will make a block-house of it!" said Wallis. A chief Protestant, Baron von Something, begged passionately for only twelve hours of respite,—to lay the case before his Prussian Majesty. Respite conceded, he and another chief Protestant had posted off accordingly; and did the next morning (Friday, 16th), short way from Crossen, meet his Majesty's carriage; who graciously pulled up for a few instants, and listened to their story. "MEINE HERREN, you are the first that ask a favor of me on Silesian ground; it shall be done you!" said the King; and straightway despatched, in polite style, his written request to Wallis, engaging to make no military use whatever of said Church, "but to attack by the other side, if attack were necessary." Thus his Majesty saved the Church of Glogau; which of course was a popular act. Getting to see this Church himself a few days hence, he said, "Why, it must come down at any rate, and be rebuilt; so ugly a thing!"

Wallis is making strenuous preparation; forces the inhabitants, even the upper kinds of them, to labor day and night by relays, in his rampartings, palisadings; is for burning all the adjacent Villages,—and would have done it, had not the peasants themselves turned out in a dangerous state of mind. He has got together about 1,000 men. His powder, they say, is fifty years old; but he has eatable provender from Breslau, and means to hold out to the utmost. Readers must admit that the Austrian military, Graf von Wallis to begin with,—still more, General Browne, who is a younger man and has now the head charge,—behave well in their present forsaken condition. Wallis (Graf FRANZ WENZEL this one, not to be confounded with an older Wallis heard of in the late Turk War) is of Scotch descent,—as all these Wallises are; "came to Austria long generations ago; REICHSGRAFS since 1612:"—Browne is of Irish; age now thirty-five, ten years younger than Wallis. Read this Note on the distinguished Browne:—

"A German-Irish Gentleman, this General (ultimately Fieldmarshal) Graf von Browne; one of those sad exiled Irish Jacobites, or sons of Jacobites, who are fighting in foreign armies; able and notable men several of them, and this Browne considerably the most so. We shall meet him repeatedly within the next eighteen years. Maximilian-Ulysses Graf von Browne: I said he was born German; Basel his birthplace (23d October, 1705), Father also a soldier: he must not be confounded with a contemporary Cousin of his, who is also 'Fieldmarshal Browne,' but serves in Russia, Governor of Riga for a long time in the coming years. This Austrian General, Fieldmarshal Browne, will by and by concern us somewhat; and the reader may take note of him.

"Who the Irish Brothers Browne, the Fathers of these Marshals Browne, were? I have looked in what Irish

Peerages and printed Records there were, but without the least result. One big dropsical Book, of languid quality, called *King James's Irish Army—List*, has multitudes of Brownes and others, in an indistinct form; but the one Browne wanted, the one Lacy, almost the one Lally, like the part of HAMLET, are omitted. There are so many Irish in the like case with these Brownes. A Lacy we once slightly saw or heard of; busy in the Polish—Election time,— besieging Dantzic (investing Dantzic, that Munnich might besiege it);—that Lacy, 'Governor of Riga,' whom the RUSSIAN Browne will succeed, is also Irish: a conspicuous Russian man; and will have a Son Lacy, conspicuous among the Austrians. Maguires, Ogilvies (of the Irish stock), Lieutenants 'Fitzgerald;' very many Irish; and there is not the least distinct account to be had of any of them." [For Browne see "Anonymous of Hamburg" (so I have had to label a J.F.S. *Geschichte des* —in fact, History of Seven—Years War, in successive volumes, done chiefly by the scissors; Leipzig and Frankfurt, 1759, et seqq.), i. 123—131 n.: elaborate Note of eight pages there; intimating withal that he, J.F.S., wrote the "*Life of Browne*," a Book I had in vain sought for; and can now guess to consist of those same elaborate eight pages, PLUS water and lathering to the due amount. Anonymous "of Hamburg" I call my J.F.S.,—having fished him out of the dust—abysses in that City: a very poor take; yet worth citing sometimes, being authentic, as even the darkest Germans generally are.—For a glimpse of LACY (the Elder Lacy) see Busching, *Beitrage*, vi. 162.—For WALLIS (tombstone Note on Wallis) see (among others who are copious in that kind of article, and keep large sacks of it, in admired disorder) Anonymous Seyfarth, *Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1784—1788), i. 112 n.; and Anonymous, *Leben der Marie Theresie* (Leipzig, 1781), 27 n.: laboriously authentic Books both; essentially DICTIONARIES,—stuffed as into a row of blind SACKS.]

Let us attend his Majesty on the next few marches towards Glogau, to see the manner of the thing a little; after which it will behoove us to be much more summary, and stick by the main incidents.

MARCH TO WEICHAU (SATURDAY, 17th, AND STAY SUNDAY THERE); TO MILKAU (MONDAY, 19th); GET TO HERRENDORF, WITHIN SIGHT OF GLOGAU, DECEMBER 22d.

Friedrich's march proceeds with speed and regularity. Strict discipline is maintained; all things paid for, damage carefully avoided: "We come, not as invasive enemies of you or of the Queen of Hungary, but as protective friends of Silesia and of her Majesty's rights there;—her Majesty once allowing us (as it is presumable she will) our own rights in this Province, no man shall meddle with hers, while we continue here." To that effect runs the little "Patent," or initiatory Proclamation, extensively handed out, and posted in public places, as was said above; and the practice is conformable. To all men, coming with Protests or otherwise, we perceive, the young King is politeness itself; giving clear answer, and promise which will be kept, on the above principle. Nothing angers him except that gentlemen should disbelieve, and run away. That a mansion be found deserted by its owners, is the one evil omen for such mansion. Thus, at the Schloss of Weichau (which is still discoverable on the Map, across the "Black Ochel" and the "White," muddy streams which saunter eastward towards, the Oder there, nothing yet running westward for the Bober, our other liminary river), next night after Schweinitz, second night in Silesia, there was no Owner to be met with; and the look of his Majesty grew FINSTER (dark); remembering what had passed yesternight, in like case, at that other Schloss from which the owner with his best portable furniture had vanished. At which Schloss, as above noticed, some disorders were committed by angry parties of the march;—doors burst open (doors standing impudently dumb to the rational proposals made them!), inferior remainders of furniture smashed into firewood, and the like,—no doubt to his Majesty's vexation. Here at Weichau stricter measures were taken: and yet difficulties, risks were not wanting; and the AMTMANN (Steward of the place) got pulled about, and once even a stroke or two. Happily the young Herr of Weichau appeared in person on the morrow, hearing his Majesty was still there: "Papa is old; lives at another Schloss; could not wait upon your Majesty; nor, till now, could I have that honor."—"Well; lucky that you have come: stay dinner!" Which the young Count did, and drove home in the evening to reassure Papa; his Majesty continuing there another night, and the risk over. [*Helden—Geschichte*, i. 459.]

This day, Sunday, 18th, the Army rests; their first Sunday in Silesia, while the young Count pays his devoir: and here in Weichau, as elsewhere, it is in the Church, Catholic nearly always, that the Heretic Army does its devotions, safe from weather at least: such the Royal Order, they say; which is taken note of, by the Heterodox and by the Orthodox. And ever henceforth, this is the example followed; and in all places where there is no Protestant Church and the Catholics have one, the Prussian Army—Chaplain assembles his buff—belted audience in the latter: "No offence, Reverend Fathers, but there are hours for us, and hours for you; and such is the King's

Order." There is regular divine-service in this Prussian Army; and even a good deal of inarticulate religion, as one may see on examining.

Country Gentlemen, Town Mayors and other civic Authorities, soon learn that on these terms they are safe with his Majesty; march after march he has interviews with such, to regulate the supplies, the necessities and accidents of the quartering of his Troops. Clear, frank, open to reasonable representation, correct to his promise; in fact, industriously conciliatory and pacificatory: such is Friedrich to all Silesian men. Provincial Authorities, who can get no instructions from Head-quarters; Vienna saying nothing, Breslau nothing, and Deputy-Governor Browne being far south in Neisse,—are naturally in difficulties: How shall they act? Best not to act at all, if one can help it; and follow the Mayor of Grunberg's unsurpassable pattern!—

"These Silesians," says an Excerpt I have made, "are still in majority Protestant; especially in this Northern portion of the Province; they have had to suffer much on that and other scores; and are secretly or openly in favor of the Prussians. Official persons, all of the Catholic creed, have leant heavy, not always conscious of doing it, against Protestant rights. The Jesuits, consciously enough, have been and are busy with them; intent to recall a Heretic Population by all methods, fair and unfair. We heard of Charles XII.'s interference, three-and-thirty years ago; and how the Kaiser, hard bested at that time, had to profess repentance and engage for complete amendment. Amendment did, for the moment, accordingly take place. Treaty of Westphalia in all its stipulations, with precautionary improvements, was re-enacted as Treaty of Altranstadt; with faithful intention of keeping it too, on Kaiser Joseph's part, who was not a superstitious man: 'Holy Father, I was too glad he did not demand my own conversion to the Protestant Heresy, bested as I am,—with Louis Quatorze and Company upon the neck of me!' Some improvement of performance, very marked at first, did ensue upon this Altranstadt Treaty. But the sternly accurate Karl of Sweden soon disappeared from the scene; Kaiser Joseph of Austria soon disappeared; and his Brother, Karl VI., was a much more orthodox person.

"The Austrian Government, and Kaiser Karl's in particular, is not to be called an intentionally unjust one; the contrary, I rather find; but it is, beyond others, ponderous; based broad on such multiplex formalities, old habitudes; and GRAVITATION has a great power over it. In brief, Official human nature, with the best of Kaisers atop, flagitated continually by Jesuit Confessors, does throw its weight on a certain side: the sad fact is, in a few years the brightness of that Altranstadt improvement began to wax dim; and now, under long Jesuit manipulation, Silesian things are nearly at their old pass; and the patience of men is heavily laden. To see your Chapel made a Soldiers' Barrack, your Protestant School become a Jesuit one,—Men did not then think of revolting under injuries; but the poor Silesian weaver, trudging twenty miles for his Sunday sermon; and perceiving that, unless their Mother could teach the art of reading, his boys, except under soul's peril, would now never learn it: such a Silesian could not want for reflections. Voiceless, hopeless, but heavy; and dwelling secretly, as under nightmare, in a million hearts. Austrian Officiality, wilfully unjust, or not wilfully so, is admitted to be in a most heavy-footed condition; can administer nothing well. Good Government in any kind is not known here: Possibly the Prussian will be better; who can say?

"The secret joy of these populations, as Friedrich advances among them, becomes more and more a manifest one. Catholic Officials do not venture on any definite hope, or definite balance of hope and fear, but adopt the Mayor of Grunberg's course, and study to be passive and silent. The Jesuit-Priest kind are clear in their minds for Austria; but think, Perhaps Prussia itself will not prove very tyrannous? At all events, be silent; it is unsafe to stir. We notice generally, it is only in the Southern or Mountain regions of Silesia, where the Catholics are in majority, that the population is not ardently on the Prussian side. Passive, if they are on the other side; accurately passive at lowest, this it is prescribed all prudent men to be."

On the 18th, while divine service went on at Weichau, there was at Breslau another phenomenon observable. Provincial Government in Breslau had, at length, after intense study, and across such difficulties as we have no idea of, got its "Patent," or carefully worded Protestation against Prussia, brought to paper; and does, this day, with considerable solemnity, affix it to the Rathhaus door there, for the perusal of mankind; despatching a Copy for his Prussian Majesty withal, by two Messengers of dignity. It has needed courage screwed to the sticking-place to venture on such a step, without instruction from Head-quarters; and the utmost powers of the Official mind have been taxed to couch this Document in language politely ambiguous, and yet strong enough;—too strong, some of us now think it. In any case, here it now is; Provincial Government's bolt, so to speak, is shot. The affixing took place under dark weather-symptoms; actual outburst of thunder and rain at the

moment, not to speak of the other surer omens. So that, to the common mind at Breslau, it did not seem there would much fruit come of this difficult performance. Breslau is secretly a much-agitated City; and Prussian Hussar Parties, shooting forth to great distances ahead, were, this day for the first time, observed within sight of it.

And on the same Sunday we remark farther, what is still more important: Herr von Gotter, Friedrich's special Envoy to Vienna, has his first interview with the Queen of Hungary, or with Grand-Duke Franz the Queen's Husband and Co-Regent; and presents there, from Friedrich's own hand, written we remember when, brief distinct Note of his Prussian Majesty's actual Proposals and real meaning in regard to this Silesian Affair. Proposals anxiously conciliatory in tone, but the heavy purport of which is known to us: Gotter had been despatched, time enough, with these Proposals (written above a month ago); but was instructed not to arrive with them, till after the actual entrance into Silesia. And now the response to them is---? As good as nothing; perhaps worse. Let that suffice us at present. Readers, on march for Glogau, would grudge to pause over State-papers, though we shall have to read this of Friedrich's at some freer moment.

Monday, 19th, before daybreak, the Army is astir again, simultaneously wending forward; spread over wide areas, like a vast cloud (potential thunder in it) steadily advancing on the winds. Length of the Army, artistically portioned out, may be ten or fifteen miles, breadth already more, and growing more; Schwerin always on the right or western wing, close by the Bober River as yet, through Naumburg and the Towns on that side,---Liegnitz and other important Towns lying ahead for Schwerin, still farther apart from the main Body, were Glogau once settled.

So that the march is in two Columns; Schwerin, with the westernmost small column, intending towards Liegnitz, and thence ever farther southward, with his right leaning on the high lands which rise more and more into mountains as you advance. Friedrich himself commands the other column, has his left upon the Oder, in a country mounting continually towards the South, but with less irregularity of level, and generally flat as yet. From beginning to end, the entire field of march lies between the Oder and its tributary the Bober; climbing slowly towards the sources of both. Which two rivers, as the reader may observe, form here a rectangular or trapezoidal space, ever widening as we go southward. Both rivers, coming from the Giant Mountains, hasten directly north; but Oder, bulging out easterly in his sandy course, is obliged to turn fairly westward again; and at Glogau, and a good space farther, flows in that direction;---till once Bober strikes in, almost at right angles, carrying Oder with HIM, though he is but a branch, straight northward again. Northward, but ever slower, to the swollen Pommern regions, and sluggish exit into the Baltic there.

One of the worst features is the state of the weather. On Sunday, at Breslau, we noticed thunder bursting out on an important occasion; "ominous," some men thought;---omen, for one thing, that the weather was breaking. At Weichau, that same day, rain began, ---the young Herr of Weichau, driving home to Papa from dinner with Majesty, would get his share of it;---and on Monday, 19th, there was such a pour of rain as kept most wayfarers, though it could not the Prussian Army, within doors. Rain in plunges, fallen and falling, through that blessed day; making roads into mere rivers of mud. The Prussian hosts marched on, all the same. Head-quarters, with the van of the wet Army, that night, were at Milkau;---from which place we have a Note of Friedrich's for Friend Jordan, perhaps producible by and by. His Majesty lodged in some opulent Jesuit Establishment there. And indeed he continued there, not idle, under shelter, for a couple of days. The Jesuits, by their two head men, had welcomed him with their choicest smiles; to whom the King was very gracious, asking the two to dinner as usual, and styling them "Your Reverence." Willing to ingratiate himself with persons of interest in this Country; and likes talk, even with Jesuits of discernment.

On the morrow (20th), came to him, here at Milkau,--- probably from some near stage, for the rain was pouriug worse than ever,---that Breslau "Patent," or strongish Protestation, by its two Messengers of dignity. The King looked over it "without visible anger" or change of countenance; "handed it," we expressly see, "to a Page to reposit" in the proper waste-basket;---spoke politely to the two gentlemen; asked each or one of them, "Are you of the Ober-Amt at Breslau, then?"---using the style of ER (He).---"No, your Majesty; we are only of the Land-Stande" (Provincial Parliament, such as it is). "Upon which [do you mark!] his Majesty became still more polite; asked them to dinner, and used the style of SIE." For their PATENT, now lying safe in its waste-basket, he gave them signed receipt; no other answer.

Rain still heavier, rain as of Noah, continued through this Tuesday, and for days afterwards: but the Prussian hosts, hastening towards Glogau, marched still on. This Tuesday's march, for the rearward of the Army, 10,000

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

foot and 2,000 horse; march of ten hours long, from Weichau to the hamlet Milkau (where his Majesty sits busy and affable),—is thought to be the wettest on record. Waters all out, bridges down, the Country one wild lake of eddying mud. Up to the knee for many miles together; up to the middle for long spaces; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper, where your bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched through it, as if they had been slate or iron. Rank and file, nobody quitted his rank, nobody looked sour in the face; they took the pouring of the skies, and the red seas of terrestrial liquid, as matters that must be; cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches (tobacco, I consider, would not burn); and swashed unweariedly forward. Ten hours some of them were out, their march being twenty or twenty-five miles; ten to fifteen was the average distance come. Nor, singular to say, did any loss occur; except of ALMOST one poor Army-Chaplain, and altogether of one poor Soldier's Wife;—sank dangerously both of them, beyond redemption she, taking the wrong side of some bridge-parapet. Poor Soldier's Wife, she is not named to me at all; and has no history save this, and that "she was of the regiment Bredow." But I perceive she washed herself away in a World-Transaction; and there was one rough Bredower, who probably sat sad that night on getting to quarters. His Majesty surveyed the damp battalions on the morrow (21st), not without sympathy, not without satisfaction; allowed them a rest-day here at Milkau, to get dry and bright again; and gave them "fifteen thalers a company," which is about ninepence apiece, with some words of praise. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i.482.]

Next day, Thursday, 22d, his Majesty and they marched on to Herrendorf; which is only five miles from Glogau, and near enough for Head-quarters, in the now humor of the place. Wallis has his messenger at Herrendorf, "Sorry to warn your Majesty, That if there be the least hostility committed, I shall have to resist it to the utmost." Head-quarters continue six days at Herrendorf, Army (main body, or left Column, of the Army) cantoned all round, till we consider what to do.

As to the right Column, or Schwerin's Division, that, after a rest-day or two, gathers itself into more complete separation here, tucking in its eastern skirts; and gets on march again, by its own route. Steadily southward;—and from Liegnitz, and the upland Countries, there will be news of Schwerin and it before long. Rain ending, there ensued a ringing frost;—not favorable for Siege-operations on Glogau:—and Silesia became all of flinty glass, with white peaks to the Southwest, whither Schwerin is gone.

Chapter III. PROBLEM OF GLOGAU.

Friedrich was over from Herrendorf with the first daylight, "reconnoitring Glogau, and rode up to the very glaxis;" scanning it on all sides. [Ib. i. 484.] Since Wallis is so resolute, here is an intricate little problem for Friedrich, with plenty of corollaries and conditions hanging to it. Shall we besiege Glogau, then? We have no siege-cannon here. Time presses, Breslau and all things in such crisis; and it will take time. By what methods COULD Glogau be besieged?—Readers can consider what a blind many-threaded coil of things, heaping itself here in wide welters round Glogau, and straggling to the world's end, Friedrich has on hand: probably those six days, of Head-quarters at Herrendorf, were the busiest he had yet had.

One thing is evident, there ought to be siege-cannon got straightway; and, still more immediate, the right posts and battering-places should be ready against its coming.—"Let the Young Dessauer with that Rearguard, or Reserve of 10,000, which is now at Crossen, come up and assist here," orders Friedrich; "and let him be swift, for the hours are pregnant!" On farther reflection, perhaps on new rumors from Breslau, Friedrich perceives that there can be no besieging of Glogau at this point of time; that the Reserve, Half of the Reserve, must be left to "mask" it; to hold it in strict blockade, with starvation daily advancing as an ally to us, and with capture by bombarding possible when we like. That is the ultimate decision;—arrived at through a welter of dubieties, counterpoisings and perilous considerations, which we now take no account of. A most busy week; Friedrich incessantly in motion, now here now there; and a great deal of heavy work got well and rapidly done. The details of which, in these exuberant Manuscripts, would but weary the reader. Choosing of the proper posts and battering-places (post "on the other side of the River," "on this side of it," "on the Island in the middle of it"), and obstinate intrenching and preparing of the same in spite of frost; "wooden bridge built" farther up; with "regulation of the river-boats, the Polish Ferry," and much else: all this we omit; and will glance only at one pregnant point, by way of sample:—

... "Most indispensable of all, the King has to provide Subsistences:—and enters now upon the new plan, which will have to be followed henceforth. The Provincial Chief-men (LANDES-AELTESTEN, Land's-ELDESTS, their title) are summoned, from nine or ten Circles which are likely to be interested: they appear punctually, and in numbers,—lest contumacy worsen the inevitable. King dines them, to start with; as many as 'ninety-five covers,'—day not given, but probably one of the first in Herrendorf: not Christmas itself, one hopes!

"Dinner done, the ninety-five Land's-Eldest are instructed by proper parties, What the Infantry's ration is, in meat, in bread, exact to the ounce; what the Cavalry's is, and that of the Cavalry's Horse. Tabular statement, succinct, correct, clear to the simplest capacity, shows what quantities of men on foot, and of men on horseback, or men with draught-cattle, will march through their respective Circles; Lands-Eldests conclude what amount of meal and butcher's-meat it will be indispensable to have in readiness;—what Lands-Eldest can deny the fact? These Papers still exist, at least the long-winded Summary of them does: and I own the reading of it far less insupportable than that of the mountains of Proclamatory, Manifesto and Diplomatic matter. Nay it leaves a certain wholesome impression on the mind, as of business thoroughly well done; and a matter, capable, if left in the chaotic state, of running to all manner of depths and heights, compendiously forced to become cosmic in this manner.

"These Lands-Eldest undertake, in a mildly resigned or even hopeful humor. They will manage as required, in their own Circles; will communicate with the Circles farther on; and everywhere the due proviants, prestations, furtherances, shall be got together by fair apportionment on the Silesian Community, and be punctually ready as the Army advances. Book-keeping there is to be, legible record of everything; on all hands 'quittance' for everything furnished; and a time is coming, when such quittance, presented by any Silesian man, will be counted money paid by him, and remitted at the next tax-day, or otherwise made good. Which promise also was accurately kept, the hoped-for time having come. It must be owned the Prussian Army understands business; and, with brevity, reduces to a minimum its own trouble, and that of other people, non-fighters, who have to do with it. Non-fighters, I say; to fighters we hope it will give a respectable maximum of trouble when applied to!" [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 492-499.]

The Gotter Negotiation at Vienna, which we saw begin there that wet Sunday, is now fast ending, as good as ended; without result except of a negative kind. Gotter's Proposals,—would the reader wish to hear these Proposals, which were so intensely interesting at one time? They are fivefold; given with great brevity by Friedrich, by us with still greater:— 1. "Will fling myself heartily into the Austrian scale, and endeavor for the interest of Austria in this Pragmatic matter, with my whole strength against every comer. 2. "Will make treaty with Vienna, with Russia and the Sea-Powers, to that effect. 3. "Will help by vote, and with whole amount of interest will endeavor, to have Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen's Husband, chosen Kaiser; and to maintain such choice against all and sundry. Feel myself strong enough to accomplish this result; and may, without exaggeration, venture to say it shall be done. 4. "To help the Court of Vienna in getting its affairs into good order and fencible condition,—will present to it, on the shortest notice, Two Million Gulden (200,000 pounds) ready money."— Infinitely welcome this Fourth Proposition; and indeed all the other Three are welcome: but they are saddled with a final condition, which pulls down all again. This, which is studiously worded, politely evasive in phrase, and would fain keep old controversies asleep, though in substance it is so fatally distinct,—we give in the King's own words: 5. "For such essential services as those to which I bind myself by the above very onerous conditions, I naturally require a proportionate recompense; some suitable assurance, as indemnity for all the dangers I risk, and for the part (ROLE) I am ready to play: in short, I require hereby the entire and complete cession of all Silesia, as reward for my labors and dangers which I take upon myself in this course now to be entered upon for the preservation and renown of the House of Austria;"—Silesia all and whole; and we say nothing of our "rights" to it; politely evasive to her Hungarian Majesty, though in substance we are so fatally distinct. [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 451; "from Olenschlager, *Geschichte des Interegni* [Frankfurt, 1746], i. 134."]

These were Friedrich's Proposals; written down with his own hand at Reinsberg, five or six weeks ago (November 17th is the date of it); in what mood, and how wrought upon by Schwerin and Podewils, we saw above. Gotter has fulfilled his instructions in regard to this important little Document; and now the effect of it is—? Gotter can report no good effect whatever. "Be cautious," Friedrich instructs him farther; "modify that Fifth Proposal; I will take less than the whole, 'if attention is paid to my just claims on Schlesien.'" To that effect writes Friedrich once or twice. But it is to no purpose; nor can Gotter, with all his industry, report other than worse and worse. Nay, he reports before long, not refusal only, but refusal with mockery: "How strange that his Prussian Majesty, whose official post in Germany, as Kur- Brandenburg and Kaiser's Chamberlain, has been to present ewer and towel to the House of Austria, should now set up for prescribing rules to it!" A piece of wit, which could not but provoke Friedrich; and warn him that negotiation on this matter might as well terminate. Such had been his own thought, from the first; but in compliance with Schwerin and Podewils he was willing to try.

Better for Maria Theresa, and for all the world how much better, could she have accepted this Fifth Proposition! But how could she, —the high Imperial Lady, keystone of Europe, though by accident with only a few pounds of ready money at present? Twenty years of bitter fighting, and agony to herself and all the world, were necessary first; a new Fact of Nature having turned up, a new European Kingdom with real King to it; NOT recognizable as such, by the young Queen of Hungary or by any other person, till it do its proofs.

WHAT BERLIN IS SAYING; WHAT FRIEDRICH IS THINKING.

What Friedrich's own humor is, what Friedrich's own inner man is saying to him, while all the world so babbles about his Silesian Adventure? Of this too there are, though in diluted state, some glimmerings to be had,—chiefly in the Correspondence with Jordan.

Ingenuous Jordan, Inspector of the Poor at Berlin,—his thousand old women at their wheels humming pleasantly in the background of our imaginations, though he says nothing of that,—writes twice a week to his Majesty: pleasant gossipy Letters, with an easy respectfulness not going into sycophancy anywhere; which keep the campaigning King well abreast of the Berlin news and rumors: something like the essence of an Old Newspaper; not without worth in our present Enterprise. One specimen, if we had room!

JORDAN TO THE KING (successively from Berlin,—somewhat abridged.)

No. 1. "BERLIN, 14th DECEMBER, 1740 [day after his Majesty left]. Everybody here is on tiptoe for the Event; of which both origin and end are a riddle to the most. I am charmed to see a part of your Majesty's Dominions in a state of Pyrrhonism; the disease is epidemical here at present. Those who, in the style of theologians, consider themselves entitled to be certain, maintain That your Majesty is expected with religious

impatience by the Protestants, and that the Catholics hope to see themselves delivered from a multitude of imposts which cruelly tear up the beautiful bosom of their Church. You cannot but succeed in your valiant and stoical Enterprise, since both religion and worldly interest rank themselves under your flag.

"Wallis," Austrian Commandant in Glogau, "they say, has punished a Silesian Heretic of enthusiastic turn, as blasphemer, for announcing that a new Messiah is just coming. I have a taste for that kind of martyrdom. Critical persons consider the present step as directly opposed to certain maxims in the ANTI-MACCHIAVEL.

"The word MANIFESTO—[your Majesty's little PATENT on entering Silesia, which no reader shall be troubled with at present]—is the burden of every conversation. there is a short Piece of the kind to come out to-day, by way of preface to a large complete exposition, which a certain Jurisconsult is now busy with. People crowd to the Bookshops for it, as if looking out for a celestial phenomenon that had been predicted.—This is the beginning of my Gazette; can only come out twice a week, owing to the arrangement of the Posts. Friday, the day your Majesty crosses into Silesia, I shall spend in prayer and devotional exercises: Astronomers pretend that Mars will that day enter"—no matter what.

NOTE, The above Manifesto rumor is correct; Jurisconsult is ponderous Herr Ludwig, Kanzler (Chancellor) of Halle University, monster of law-learning,—who has money also, and had to help once with a House in Berlin for one Nussler, a son-in-law of his, transiently known to us;—ponderous Ludwig, matchless or difficult to match in learning of this kind, will write ample enough Deductions (which lie in print still, to the extent of tons' weight), and explain the ERBVERBRUDERUNG and violence done upon it, so that he who runs may read. Postpone him to a calmer time.

No. 2. "BERLIN, SATURDAY, 17th DECEMBER. Manifesto has appeared," —can be seen, under thick strata of cobwebs, in many Books; [In *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 448, 453 (what Jordan now alludes to); IB. 559–592 ("Deduction" itself, Ludwig in all his strength, some three weeks hence; in OLENSCHLAGER (doubtless); in is not worth reading now: Incontestable rights which our House has for ages had on Schlesien, and which doubtless the Hungarian Majesty will recognize; not the slightest injury intended, far indeed from that; and so on!—"people are surprised at its brevity; and, studying it as theologians do a passage of Scripture, can make almost nothing of it. Clear as crystal, says one; dexterously obscure by design, says another.

"Rumor that the Grand-Duke of Lorraine," Maria Theresa's Husband, "was at Reinsberg incognito lately," Grand-Duke a concerting party, think people looking into the thing with strong spectacles on their nose! "M. de Beauvau [French Ambassador Extraordinary, to whom the aces were promised if they came] said one thing that surprised me: 'What put the King on taking this step, I do not know; but perhaps it is not such a bad one.' Surprising news that the Elector of Saxony, King of Poland, is fallen into inconsolable remorse for changing his religion [to Papistry, on Papa's hest, many long years ago] and that it is not to the Pope, but to the King of Prussia, that he opens his heart to steady his staggering orthodoxy." Very astonishing to Jordan. "One thing is certain, all Paris rings with your Majesty's change of religion" (over to Catholicism, say those astonishing people, first conjurers of the universe)!

No. 3. "BERLIN, 20th DECEMBER. M. de Beauvau," French Ambassador, "is gone. Ended, yesterday, his survey of the Cabinet of Medals; charmed with the same: charmed too, as the public is, with the rich present he has got from said Cabinet [coronation medal or medals in gold, I could guess]: people say the King of France's Medal given to our M. de Camas is nothing to it.

"Rumor of alliance between your Majesty and France with Sweden," —premature rumor. Item, "Queen of Hungary dead in child-birth;" —ditto with still more emphasis! "The day before yesterday, in all churches, was prayer to Heaven for success to your Majesty's arms; interest of the Protestant religion being the one cause of the War, or the only one assigned by the reverend gentlemen. At sound of these words, the zeal of the people kindles: 'Bless God for raising such a Defender! Who dared suspect our King's indifference to Protestantism?'"

A right clever thing this last (O LE BEAU COUP D'ETAT)! exclaims Jordan,—though it is not clever or the contrary, not being dramatically prearranged, as Jordan exults to think. Jordan, though there are dregs of old devotion lying asleep in him, which will start into new activity when stirred again, is for the present a very unbelieving little gentleman, I can perceive.—This is the substance of public rumor at Berlin for one week. Friedrich answers:—

TO M. JORDAN, AT BERLIN.

"QUARTER AT MILKAU, TOWARDS GLOGAU, 19th DECEMBER, 1740 [comfortable

Jesus—Establishment at Milkau, Friedrich just got in, out of the rain].—Seigneur Jordan, thy Letter has given me a deal of pleasure in regard to all these talkings thou reportest. To-morrow [not to-morrow, nor next day; wet troops need a rest] I arrive at our last station this side Glogau, which place I hope to get in a few days. All favors my designs: and I hope to return to Berlin, after executing them gloriously and in a way to be content with. Let the ignorant and the envious talk; it is not they that shall ever serve as loadstar to my designs; not they, but Glory [LA GLOIRE; Fame, depending not on them]: with the love of that I am penetrated more than ever; my troops have their hearts big with it, and I answer to thee for success. Adieu, dear Jordan. Write me all the ill that the public says of thy Friend, and be persuaded that I love and will esteem thee always."—F.

JORDAN TO THE KING.

No. 4; "BERLIN, 24th DECEMBER. Your Majesty's Letter fills me with joy and contentment. The Town declared your Majesty to be already in Breslau; founding on some Letter to a Merchant here. Ever since they think of your Majesty acting for Protestantism, they make you step along with strides of Achilles to the ends of Silesia.— Foreign Courts are all rating their Ambassadors here for not finding you out.

"Wolf," his negotiations concluded at last, "has entered Halle almost like the triumphant Entry to Jerusalem. A concourse of pedants escorted him to his house. Lange [his old enemy, who accused him of Atheism and other things] has called to see him, and loaded him with civilities, to the astonishment of the old Orthodox." There let him rest, well buttoned in gaiters, and avoiding to mount stairs. ... "Madame de Roucoules has sent me the three objects adjoined, for your Majesty's behoof,"—woollen achievements, done by the needle, good against the winter weather for one she nursed. The good old soul. Enough now, of Jordan. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvii. 75–78.]

Voltaire, who left Berlin 2d or 3d December, seems to have been stopt by overflow of rivers about Cleve, then to have taken boat; and is, about this very time, writing to Friedrich "from a vessel on the Coasts of Zealand, where I am driven mad." (Intends, privately, for Paris before long, to get his MAHOMET acted, if possible.) To Voltaire, here is a Note coming:

KING TO H. DE VOLTAIRE (at Brussels, if once got thither).

"QUARTER OF HERRENDORF IN SILESIA, 23d December, 1740.

"MY DEAR VOLTAIRE,—I have received two of your Letters; but could not answer sooner; I am like Charles Twelfth's Chess-King, who was always kept on the move. For a fortnight past, we have been continually afoot and under way, in such weather as you never saw.

"I am too tired to reply to your charming Verses; and shivering too much with cold to taste all the charm of them: but that will come round again. Do not ask poetry from a man who is actually doing the work of a wagoner, and sometimes even of a wagoner stuck in the mud. Would you like to know my way of life? We march from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. I dine then; afterwards I work, I receive tiresome visits; with these comes a detail of insipid matters of business. 'Tis wrong-headed men, punctiliously difficult, who are to be set right; heads too hot which must be restrained, idle fellows that must be urged, impatient men that must be rendered docile, plunderers to restrain within the bounds of equity, babblers to hear babbling, dumb people to keep in talk: in fine, one has to drink with those that like it, to eat with those that are hungry; one has to become a Jew with Jews, a Pagan with Pagans.

"Such are my occupations;—which I would willingly make over to another, if the Phantom they call Fame (GLOIRE) did not rise on me too often. In truth, it is a great folly, but a folly difficult to cast away when once you are smitten by it. [Phantom of GLOIRE somewhat rampant in those first weeks; let us see whether it will not lay itself again, forevermore, before long!]

"Adieu, my dear Voltaire; may Heaven preserve from misfortune the man I should so like to sup with at night, after fighting in the morning! The Swan of Padua [Algarotti, with his big hook-nose and dusky solemnly greedy countenance] is going, I think, to Paris, to profit by my absence; the Philosopher Geometer [big Maupertuis, in red wig and yellow frizzles, vainest of human kind] is squaring curves; poor little Jordan [with the kindly hazel eyes, and pen that pleasantly gossips to us] is doing nothing, or probably something near it. Adieu once more, dear Voltaire; do not forget the absent who love you. FREDERIC." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 57.]

SCHWERIN AT LIEGNITZ; FRIEDRICH HUSHES UP THE GLOGAU PROBLEM, AND STARTS WITH HIS BEST SPEED FOR BRESLAU.

Meanwhile, on the Western road, and along the foot of the snowy peaks over yonder, Schwerin with the small

Right column is going prosperously forwards. Two columns always, as the reader recollects,—two parallel military currents, flowing steadily on, shooting out estafettes, or horse-parties, on the right and left; steadily submerging all Silesia as they flow forward. Left column or current is in slight pause at Glogau here; but will directly be abreast again. On Tuesday, 27th, Schwerin is within wind of Liegnitz; on Wednesday morning, while the fires are hardly lighted, or the smoke of Liegnitz risen among the Hills, Schwerin has done his feat with the usual deftness: Prussian grenadiers came softly on the sentry, softly as a dream; but with sudden levelling of bayonets, sudden beckoning, "To your Guard-house!"—and there, turn the key upon his poor company and him. Whereupon the whole Prussian column marches in; tramp tramp, without music, through the streets: in the Market-place they fold themselves into a ranked mass, and explode into wind-harmony and rolling of drums. Liegnitz, mostly in nightcap, looks cautiously out of window: it is a deed done, IHR HERREN; Liegnitz ours, better late than never; and after so many years, the King has his own again. Schwerin is sumptuously lodged in the Jesuits, Palace: Liegnitz, essentially a Protestant Town, has many thoughts upon this event, but as yet will be stingy of speaking them.

Thus is Liegnitz managed. A pleasant Town, amid pleasant hills on the rocky Katzbach; of which swift stream, and other towns and passes on it, we shall yet hear more. Population, silently industrious in weaving and otherwise, is now above 14,000; was then perhaps about half that number. Patiently inarticulate, by no means bright in speech or sentiment; a much-enduring, steady-going, frugal, pious and very desirable people.

The situation of Breslau, all this while, is very critical. Much bottled emotion in the place; no Austrian Garrison admissible; Authorities dare not again propose such a thing, though Browne is turning every stone for it,—lest the emotion burst bottle, and take fire. I have dim account that Browne has been there, has got 300 Austrian dragoons into the Dom Insel (CATHEDRAL ISLAND; "Not in the City, you perceive!" says General Browne: "no, separated by the Oder, on both sides, from the rest of the City; that stately mass of edifices, and good military post");—and had hoped to get the suburbs burnt, after all. But the bottled emotion was too dangerous. For, underground, there are ANTI-Brownes: one especially; a certain busy Deblin, Shoemaker by craft, whom Friedrich speaks of, but gives no name to; this zealous Cordwainer, Deblin, and he is not the only individual of like humor, operates on the guild-brothers and lower populations: [Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 469; *OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 61.] things seem to be looking worse and worse for the Authorities, in spite of General Browne and his activities and dragoons.

What the issue will be? Judge if Friedrich wished the Young Dessauer come! Friedrich's Hussar parties (or Schwerin's, instructed by Friedrich) go to look if the Breslau suburbs are burnt. Far from it, if Friedrich knew;—the suburbs merely sit quaking at such a proposal, and wish the Prussians were here. "But there is time ahead of us," said everybody at Breslau; "Glogau will take some sieging!" Browne, in the course of a day or two,—guessing, I almost think, that Glogau was not to be besieged,—ranked his 300 Austrian dragoons, and rode away; sending the Austrian State-Papers, in half a score of wagons, ahead of him. "Archives of Breslau!" cried the general population, at sight of these wagons; and largely turned out, with emotion again like to unbottle itself. "Mere Tax-Ledgers, and records of the Government Offices; come and convince yourselves!" answered the Authorities. And the ten wagons went on; calling at Ohlau and Brieg, for farther lading of the like kind. Which wagons the Prussian light-horse chased, but could not catch. On to Mahren went these Archive-wagons; to Brunn, far over the Giant Mountains;—did not come back for a long while, nor to their former Proprietor at all. Tuesday, 27th, Leopold the Young Dessauer does finally arrive, with his Reserve, at Glogau: never man more welcome; such a fermentation going on at Breslau,—known to Friedrich, and what it will issue in, if he delay, not known. With despatch, Leopold is put into his charge; posts all yielded to him; orders given,—blockade to be strictness itself, but no fighting if avoidable; "starvation will soon do it, two months at most," hopes Friedrich, too sanguine as it proved:—and with earliest daylight on the 28th, Friedrich's Army, Friedrich himself in the van as usual, is on march again; at its best speed for Breslau. Read this Note for Jordan:—

FRIEDRICH TO M. JORDAN, AT BERLIN.

"HERRENDORF, 27th Dec. 1740.

"SIEUR JORDAN,—I march to-morrow for Breslau; and shall be there in four days [three, it happened; there rising, as would seem, new reason for haste]. You Berliners [of the 24th last] have a spirit of prophecy, which goes beyond me. In fine, I go my road; and thou wilt shortly see Silesia ranked in the list of our Provinces. Adieu; this is all I have time to tell thee. Religion [Silesian Protestantism, and Breslau's Cordwainer], religion and our

brave soldiers will do the rest.

"Tell Maupertuis I grant those Pensions he proposes for his Academicians; and that I hope to find good subjects for that dignity in the Country where I am, withal. Give him my compliments.

FREDERIC."

The march was of the swiftest,—swifter even than had been expected;—which, as Silesia is all ringing glass, becomes more achievable than lately. But certain regiments outdid themselves in marching; "in three marches, near upon seventy miles,"—with their baggage jingling in due proximity. Through Glasersdorf, thence through Parchwitz, Neumarkt, Lissa, places that will be better known to us;—on Saturday, last night of the Year, his Majesty lodged at a Schloss called Pilsnitz, five miles to west of Breslau; and van-ward regiments, a good few, quartered in the Western and Southern suburbs of Breslau itself; suburbs decidedly glad to see them, and escape conflagration. The Town-gates are hermetically shut;—plenty of emotion bottled in the 100,000 hearts within. The sentries on the walls presented arms; nay, it is affirmed, some could not help exclaiming, "WILKOMMEN, IHR LIEBEN HERREN (Welcome, dear Sirs)!" [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 534.]

Colonel Posadowsky (active Horse Colonel whom we have seen before, who perhaps has been in Breslau before) left orders "at the Scultet Garden-House," that all must be ready and the rooms warmed, his Majesty intending to arrive here early on the morrow. Which happened accordingly; Majesty alighting duly at said Garden-House, near by the Schweidnitz Gate,—I fancy almost before break of day.

Chapter IV. Breslau UNDER SOFT PRESSURE.

The issue of this Breslau transaction is known, or could be stated in few words; nor is the manner of it such as would, for Breslau's sake, deserve many. But we are looking into Friedrich, wish to know his manners and aspects: and here, ready to our hand, a Paper turns up, compiled by an exact person with better leisure than ours, minutely detailing every part of the affair. This Paper, after the question, Burn or insert? is to have the lot of appearing here, with what abridgments are possible:—

"SUNDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1741. The King having established himself in Herr Scultet's Garden-House, not far from the Schweidnitz Gate, there began a delicate and great operation. The Prussians, in a soft cautious manner, in the gray of the morning, push out their sentries towards the three Gates on this side of the Oder; seize any 'Excise House,' or the like, that may be fit for a post; and softly put 'twenty grenadiers' in it. All this before sunrise. Breslau is rigidly shut; Breslau thought always it could stand upon its guard, if attacked;—is now, in Official quarters, dismally uncertain if it can; general population becoming certain that it cannot, and waiting anxious on the development of this grand drama.

"About 7 A.M. a Prussian subaltern advancing within cry of the Schweidnitz Gate, requests of the Town-guard there, To send him out a Town-Officer. Town-Officer appears; is informed, 'That Colonels Posadowsky and Borck, Commissioners or plenipotentiary Messengers from his Prussian Majesty, desire admittance to the Chief Magistrate of Breslau, for the purpose of signifying what his Prussian Majesty's instructions are.' Town-Officer bows, and goes upon his errand. Town-Officer is some considerable time before he can return; City Authorities being, as we know, various, partly Imperial, partly Civic; elderly; and some of them gone to church,— for matins, or to be out of the way. However, he does at last return; admits the two Colonels, and escorts them honorably, to the Chief RATHS-SYNDIC (Lord-Mayor) old Herr von Gutzmar's; where the poor old "President of the OBER AMT" (Von Schaffgotsch the name of this latter) is likewise in attendance.

"Prussian Majesty's proposals are of the mildest sort: 'Nothing demanded of Breslau but the plainly indispensable and indisputable, That Prussia be in it what Austria has been. In all else, STATUS QUO. Strict neutrality to Breslau, respect for its privileges as a Free City of the Reich; protection to all its rights and privileges whatsoever. Shall be guarded by its own Garrison; no Prussian soldier to enter except with sidearms; only 30 guards for the King's person, who will visit the City for a few days;—intends to form a Magazine, with guard of 1,000 men, but only outside the City: no requisitions; ready money for everything. Chief Syndic Gutzmar and President Schaffgotsch shall consider these points.' [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 537.] Syndic and President answer, Surely! Cannot, however, decide till they have assembled the Town-Rath; the two Herren Colonels will please to be guests of Breslau, and lodge in the City till then.

"And they lodged, accordingly, in the 'GROSSE RING' (called also SALZ-RING, big Central Square, where the Rathhaus is); and they made and received visits,—visited especially the Chief President's Office, the Ober-Amt, and signified there, that his Prussian Majesty's expectation was, They would give some account of that rather high Proclamation or 'Patent' they had published against him the other day, amid thunder and lightning here, and what they now thought would be expedient upon it? All in grave official terms, but of such a purport as was not exhilarating to everybody in those Ober-Amt localities.

"MONDAY MORNING, 2d JANUARY. The Rath is assembled; and consults,— consults at great length. RATH-House and Syndic Gutzmar, in such crisis, would fain have advice from AMT-House or President Schaffgotsch; but can get none: considerable coming and going between them: at length, about 3 in the afternoon, the Treaty is got drawn up; is signed by the due Breslau hands, and by the two Prussian Colonels,—which latter ride out with it, about 4 of the clock; victorious after thirty hours. Straight towards the Scultet Garden ride they; Town-guard presenting Arms, at the Schweidnitz Gate; nay Town-band breaking out into music, which is never done but to Ambassadors and high people. By thirty hours of steady soft pressure, they have brought it thus far.

"Friedrich had waited patiently all Sunday, keeping steady guard at the Gates; but on Monday, naturally, the thirty hours began to hang heavy: at all events, he perceived that it would be well to facilitate conclusions a little from without. Breslau stands on the West, more strictly speaking, on the South side of the Oder, which makes an

elbow here, and thus bounds it, or mostly bounds it, on two sides. The big drab-colored River spreads out into Islands, of a confused sort, as it passes; which are partly built upon, and constitute suburbs of the Town,—stretching over, here and there, into straggles of farther suburb beyond the River, where a road with its bridge happens to cross for the Eastern parts. The principal of these Islands is the DOM INSEL,"—known to General Browne and us,—“on which is the Cathedral, and the CLOSE with rich Canons and their edifices; Island filled with strong high architecture; and a superior military post.

"Friedrich has already as good as possessed himself of the three landward Gates, which look to the south and to the west; the riverward gates, or those on the north and the east, he perceives that it were good now also to have; these, and even perhaps something more? 'Gather all the river-boats, make a bridge of them across the Oder; push across 400 men:' this is done on Monday morning, under the King's own eye. This done, 'March up to that riverward Gate, and also to that other, in a mild but dangerous-looking manner; hew the beams of said Gate in two; start the big locks; fling wide open said Gate and Gates:' this too is done; Town-guard looking mournfully on. This done, 'March forward swiftly, in two halves, without beat of drum,—whitherward you know!'

"Those three hundred Austrian Dragoons, we saw them leave the Dom Island, three days ago; there are at present only Six Men, of the BISHOP'S Guard, walking under arms there,—at the end of the chief bridge, on the Townward side of their Dom Island. See, Prussian caps and muskets, ye six men under arms! The six men clutch at their drawbridge, and hastily set about hoisting:—alas, another Prussian corps, which has come privately by the eastern (or Country-ward) Bridge, King himself with it, taps them on the shoulder at this instant; mildly constrains the six into their guard-house: the drawbridge falls; 400 Prussian grenadiers take quiet possession of the Dom Island: King may return to the Scultet Garden, having quickened the lazy hours in this manner. To such of the Canons as he came upon, his Majesty was most polite; they most submissive. The six soldiers of the drawbridge, having spoken a little loud,—still more a too zealous beef-eater of old Schaffgotsch's found here, who had been very loud,—were put under arrest; but more for form's sake; and were let go, in a day or two."

Nothing could be gentler on Friedrich's part, and on that of his two Colonels, than this delicate operation throughout:— and at 4 P.M., after thirty hours of waiting, it is done, and nobody's skin scratched. Old Syndic Gutzmar, and the Town-Rath, urged by perils and a Town Population who are Protestant, have signed the Surrender with good-will, at least with resignation, and a feeling of relief. The Ober-Amt Officials have likewise had to sign; full of all the silent spleen and despondency which is natural to the situation: spleen which, in the case of old Schaffgotsch, weak with age, becomes passionately audible here and there. He will have to give account of that injurious Proclamation, or Queen's "Patent," to this King that has now come.

KING ENTERS BRESLAW; STAYS THERE, GRACIOUS AND VIGILANT, FOUR DAYS (Jan. 2d–6th, 1741).

In the Royal Entrance which took place next day, note these points. Syndic Gutzmar and the Authorities came out, in grand coaches, at 8 in the morning; had to wait awhile; the King, having ridden away to look after his manifold affairs, did not get back till 10. Town Guard and Garrison are all drawn out; Gates all flung open, Prussian sentries withdrawn from them, and from the Excise-houses they had seized: King's Kitchen-and-Proviant Carriages (four mules to each, with bells, with uncommonly rich housings): King's Body-Coach very grand indeed, and grandly escorted, the Thirty Body-guards riding ahead; but nothing in it, only a most superfine cloak "lined wholly with ermine" flung upon the seat. Other Coaches, more or less grandly escorted; Head Cup-bearers, Seneschals, Princes, Margraves:—but where is the King? King had ridden away, a second time, with chief Generals, taking survey of the Town Walls, round as far as the ZIEGEL-THOR (Tile-Gate, extreme southeast, by the river-edge): he has thus made the whole circuit of Breslau;—unwearied in picking up useful knowledge, "though it was very cold," while that Procession of Coaches went on.

At noon, his Majesty, thrifty of time, did enter: on horseback, Schwerin riding with him; behind him miscellaneous chief Officers; Borck and Posadowsky among others; some miscellany of Page-people following. With this natural escort, he rode in; Town-Major (Commandant of Town-guard), with drawn sword going ahead;—King wore his usual Cocked Hat, and practical Blue Cloak, both a little dimmed by service: but his gray horse was admirable; and four scarlet Footmen, grand as galloon and silver fringe could make them, did the due magnificence in dress. He was very gracious; saluting to this side and to that, where he noticed people of condition in the windows. "Along Schweidnitz Street, across the Great Ring, down Albrecht Street." He alighted,

to lodge, at the Count-Schlegenberg House; which used to be the Austrian Cardinal von Sinzendorf Primate of Silesia's hired lodging,—Sinzendorf's furniture is put gently aside, on this new occasion. King came on the balcony; and stood there for some minutes, that everybody might see him. The "immense shoutings," Dryasdust assures me, have been exaggerated; and I am warned not to believe the KRIEGS-FAMA such and such a Number, except after comparing it with him.—That day there was dinner of more than thirty covers, Chief Syndic Gutzmar and other such guests; but as to the viands, says my friend, these, owing to the haste, were nothing to speak of. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 545–548.]

Dinner, better and better ordered, King more and more gracious, so it continued all the four days of his Majesty's stay:—on the second day he had to rise suddenly from table, and leave his guests with an apology; something having gone awry, at one of the Gates. Awry there, between the Town Authorities and a General Jeetz of his,—who is on march across the River at this moment (on what errand we shall hear), and a little mistakes the terms. His Majesty puts Jeetz right; and even waits, till he sees his Brigade and him clear across. A junior Schaffgotsch, [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 159.] not the inconsolable Schaffgotsch senior, but his Nephew, was one of the guests this second day; an ecclesiastic, but of witty fashionable type, and I think a very worthless fellow, though of a family important in the Province. Dinner falls about noon; does not last above two hours or three, so that there is space for a ride ("to the Dom," the first afternoon, "four runners" always), and for much indoor work, before the supper-hour.

As the Austrian Authorities sat silent in their place, and gave no explanation of that "Patent," affixed amid thunder and lightning, —they got orders from his Majesty to go their ways next day; and went. In behalf of old President von Schaffgotsch, a chief of the Silesian Nobility, and man much loved, the Breslau people, and men from every guild and rank of society, made petition That, he should be allowed to continue in his Town House here. Which "first request of yours" his Majesty, with much grace, is sorry to be obliged to refuse. The suppressed, and insuppressible, weak indignation of old Schaffgotsch is visible on the occasion; nor, I think, does Friedrich take it ill; only sends him out of the way with it, for the time. The Austrian Ober-Amt vanished bodily from Breslau in this manner; and never returned. Proper "War-Commission (FELD-KRIEGS-COMMISSARIAT)," with Munchow, one of those skilful Custrin Munchows, at the top of it, organized itself instead; which, almost of necessity, became Supreme Government in a City ungoverned otherwise:—and truly there was little regret of the Ober-Amt, in Breslau; and ever less, to a marked extent, as the years went on.

On the 5th of January (fourth and last night here), his Majesty gave a grand Ball. Had hired, or Colonel Posadowsky instead of him had hired, the Assembly Rooms (REDOUTEN-SAAL), for the purpose: "Invite all the Nobility high and low;"—expense by estimate is a ducat (half-guinea) each; do it well, and his Majesty will pay. About 6 in the evening, his Majesty in person did us the honor to drive over; opened the Ball with Madam the Countess von Schlegenberg (I should guess, a Dowager Lady), in whose house he lodges. I am not aware that his Majesty danced much farther; but he was very condescending, and spoke and smiled up and down;—till, about 10 P.M., an Officer came in with a Letter. Which Letter his Majesty having read, and seemingly asked a question or two in regard to, put silently in his pocket, as if it were a finished thing. Nevertheless, after a few minutes, his Majesty was found to have silently withdrawn; and did not return, not even to supper. Perceiving which, all the Prussian official people gradually withdrew; though the dancing and supping continued not the less, to a late hour. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 557.]

"Open the Austrian Mail-bag (FELLEISEN); see a little what they are saying over there!" Such order had evidently been given, this night. In consequence of which, people wrote by Dresden, and not the direct way, in future; wishing to avoid that openable FELLEISEN. Next morning, January 6th, his Majesty had left for Ohlau,—early, I suppose; though there proved to be nothing dangerous ahead there, after all.

Chapter V. FRIEDRICH PUSHES FORWARD TOWARDS BRIEG AND NEISSE.

Ohlau is a pleasant little Town, two marches southeast of Breslau; with the Ohlau River on one side, and the Oder on the other; capable of some defence, were there a garrison. Brieg the important Fortress, still on the Oder, is some fifteen miles beyond Ohlau; after which, bending straight south and quitting Oder, Neisse the still more important may be thirty miles:—from Breslau to Neisse, by this route (which is BOW, not STRING), sixty-five or seventy miles. One of my Topographers yields this Note, if readers care for it:—

"Ohlau River, an insignificant drab-colored stream, rises well south of Breslau, about Strehlen; makes, at first, direct eastward towards the Oder; and then, when almost close upon it, breaks off to north, and saunters along, irregularly parallel to Oder, for twenty miles farther, before it can fall fairly in. To this circumstance both Breslau and a Town of Ohlau owe their existence; Towns, both of them, 'between the waters,' and otherwise well seated; Ohlau sheltering itself in the attempted outfall of its little river; Breslau clustering itself about the actual outfall: both very defensible places in the old rude time, and good for trade in all times. Both Oder and Ohlau Rivers have split and spread themselves into islands and deltas a good deal, at their place of meeting; and even have changed their courses, and cut out new channels for themselves, in the sandy country; making a very intricate watery network of a site for Breslau: and indeed the Ohlau River here, for centuries back, has been compelled into wide meanderings, mere filling of rampart-ditches, so that it issues quite obscurely, and in an artificial engineered condition, at Breslau."

Ohlau had been expected to make some defence; General Browne having thrown 300 men into it, and done what he could for the works. And Ohlau did at first threaten to make some; but thought better of it overnight, and in effect made none; but was got (morning of January 9th) on the common terms, by merely marching up to it in minatory posture. "Prisoners of War, if you make resistance; Free Withdrawal [Liberty to march away, arms shouldered, and not serve against us for a year], if you have made none:" this is the common course, where there are Austrian Soldiers at all; the course where none are, and only a few Syndics sit, with their Town-Key laid on the table, a prey to the stronger hand, we have already seen.

From Ohlau, proper Detachment, under General Kleist, is pushed forward to summon Brieg; Jeetz from the other side of the river (whom we saw crossing at Breslau the other day, interrupting his Majesty's dinner) is to co-operate with Kleist in that enterprise, —were the Country once cleared on his, Jeetz's, east side of Oder; especially were Namslau once had, a small Town and Castle over there, which commands the Polish and Hungarian road. Friedrich's hopes are buoyant; Schwerin is swiftly rolling forward to rightward, nothing resisting him; Detachment is gone from Schwerin, over the Hills, to Glatz (the GRAFSCHAFT, or County Glatz, an Appendage to Schlesien), under excellent guidance; under guidance, namely, of Colonel Camas, who has just come home from his Parisian Embassy, and got launched among the wintry mountains, on a new operation,—which, however, proves of non-effect for the present. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 678; Orlich, *Geschichte der beiden Schlesischen Kriege*, i. 49.]

Indeed, it is observable that southward of Breslau, the dispute, what dispute there can be, properly begins; and that General Browne is there, and shows himself a shining man in this difficult position. It must be owned, no General could have made his small means go farther. Effective garrisons, 1,600 each, put into Brieg and Neisse; works repaired, magazines collected, there and elsewhere; the rest of his poor 7,000 thriftily sprinkled about, in what good posts there are, and "capable of being got together in six hours:" a superior soldier, this Browne, though with a very bad task; and seems to have inspired everybody with something of his own temper. So that there is marching, detaching, miscellaneous difficulty for Friedrich in this quarter, more than had been expected. If the fate of Brieg and Neisse be inevitable, Browne does wonders to delay it.

Of the Prussian marches in these parts, recorded by intricate Dryasdust, there was no point so notable to me as this unrecorded one: the Stone Pillar which, I see, the Kleist Detachment was sure to find, just now, on the march from Ohlau to Brieg; last portion of that march, between the village of Briesen and Brieg. The Oder, flowing on your left hand, is hereabouts agreeably clothed with woods: the country, originally a swamp, has been drained, and given to the plough, in an agreeable manner; and there is an excellent road paved with solid

whinstone,—quarried in Strehlen, twenty miles away, among the Hills to the right yonder, as you may guess;—road very visible to the Prussian soldier, though he does not ask where quarried. These beautiful improvements, beautiful humanities, —were done by whom? "Done in 1584," say the records, by "George the Pious;" Duke of Liegnitz, Brieg and Wohlau; 156 years ago. "Pious" his contemporaries called this George;—he was son of the ERBVERBRUDERUNG Duke, who is so important to us; he was grandfather's grandfather of the last Duke of all; after whom it was we that should have got these fine Territories; they should all have fallen to the Great Elector, had not the Austrian strong hand provided otherwise. George did these plantations, recoveries to the plough; made this perennial whinstone road across the swamps; upon which, notable to the roughest Prussian (being "twelve feet high by eight feet square"), rises a Hewn Mass with this Inscription on it,—not of the name or date of George; but of a thought of his, which is not without a pious beauty to me:— *Straverunt alii nobis, nos Posteritati; Omnibus at Christus stravit ad asra viam*. Others have made roads for us; we make them for still others: Christ made a road to the stars for us all. [Zollner, *Briefe uber Schlesien*, i. 175; Hubner, i. t. 101.]

I know not how many Brandenburgers of General Kleist's Detachment, or whether any, read this Stone; but they do all rustle past it there, claiming the Heritage of this Pious George; and their mute dim interview with him, in this manner, is a thing slightly more memorable than orders of the day, at this date.

It was on the 11th, two days after Ohlau, that General Kleist summoned Brieg; and Brieg answered resolutely, No. There is a garrison of 1,600 here, and a proper magazine: nothing for it but to "mask" Brieg too; Kleist on this side the River, Jeetz on that, —had Jeetz once done with Namslau, which he has not by any means. Namslau's answer was likewise stiffly in the negative; and Jeetz cannot do Namslau, at least not the Castle, all at once; having no siege-cannon. Seeing such stiffness everywhere, Friedrich writes to Glogau, to the Young Dessauer, "Siege-artillery hither! Swift, by the Oder; you don't need it where you are!" and wishes it were arrived, for behoof of Neisse and these stiff humors.

FRIEDRICH COMES ACROSS TO OTTMACHAU; SITS THERE, IN SURVEY OF NEISSE, TILL HIS CANNON COME.

The Prussians met with serious resistance, for the first time (9th January, same day when Ohlau yielded), at a place called Ottmachau; a considerable little Town and Castle on the Neisse River, not far west of Neisse Town, almost at the very south of Silesia. It lay on the route of Schwerin's Column; long distances ahead of Liegnitz, —say, by straight highway a hundred miles;—during which, to right and to left, there had been nothing but submission hitherto. No resistance was expected here either, for there was not hope in any; only that Browne had been here; industrious to create delay till Neisse were got fully ready. He is, by every means, girding up the loins of Neisse for a tight defence; has put 1,600 men into it, with proper stores for them, with a resolute skilful Captain at the top of them: assiduous Browne had been at Ottmachau, as the outpost of Neisse, a day or two before; and, they say, had admonished them "Not to yield on any terms, for he would certainly come to their relief." Which doubtless he would have done, had it been in his power; but how, except by miracle, could it be? On the 9th of January, when Schwerin comes up, Browne is again waiting hereabouts. Again in defensive posture, but without force to undertake anything; stands on the Southern Uplands, with Bohmen and Mahren and the Giant Mountains at his back;—stands, so to speak, defensive at his own House-door, in this manner; and will have, after SEEING Ottmachau's fate and Neisse's, to duck in with a slam! At any rate, he had left these Towns in the above firm humor, screwed to the sticking-place; and had then galloped else-whither to screw and prepare.

And so the Ottmachau Austrians, "260 picked grenadiers" (400 dragoons there also at first were, who, after flourishing about on the outskirts as if for fighting, rode away), fire "DESPERAT," says my intricate friend; [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 672–677; *Orlich*, i. 50.] *entirely refusing terms from Schwerin; kill twelve of his people (Major de Rege, distinguished Engineer Major, one of them): so that Schwerin has to bring petards upon them, four cannon upon them; and burst in their Town Gate, almost their Castle Gate, and pretty much their Castle itself;—wasting three days of his time upon this paltry matter. Upon which they do signify a willingness for "Free Withdrawal."* "No, IHR HERREN" answers, Schwerin; "not now; after such mad explosion. His Majesty will have to settle it." Majesty, who is by this time not far off, comes over to Ottmachau (January 12th); gives words of rebuke, rebuke not very inexorable; and admits them Prisoners of War. "The officers were sent to Custrin, common men to Berlin;" the usual arrangement in such case. Ottmachau Town belongs to the Right Reverend von Sinzendorf, Bishop of Breslau, and Primate; whose especial Palace is in Neisse; though he "commonly sends his refractory Priests to do their penance in the Schloss at Ottmachau here,"—and, I should

say, had better himself make terms, and come out hitherward, under present aspects.

Friedrich continues at Ottmachau; head-quarters there thenceforth, till he see Neisse settled. On the morrow, 13th he learns that the Siege Artillery is at Grotkau; well forward towards Neisse; halfway between Brieg and it. Same day, Colonel Camas returns to him out of Glatz; five of his men lost; and reports That Browne has had the roads torn up, that Glatz is mere ice and obstruction, and that nothing can be made of it at this season. Good news alternating with not so good.

The truth is, Friedrich has got no Strong Place in Schlesien; all strengths make unexpected defence; paltry little Namslau itself cannot be quite taken, Castle cannot, till Jeetz gets his siege-artillery,--which does not come along so fast as that to Neisse does. Here is an Excerpt from my Dryasdust, exact though abridged, concerning Jeetz:--

"JANUARY 24th, 1741. Prussians, masters of the Town for a couple of weeks back, have got into the Church at Namslau, into the Cloister; are preparing plank floors for batteries, cutting loop-holes; diligent as possible,--siege-guns now at last just coming. The Castle fires fiercely on them, makes furious sallies, steals six of our oxen,--makes insolent gestures from the walls; at least one soldier does, this day. 'Sir, may I give that fellow a shot?' asks the Prussian sentry. 'Do, then,' answers his Major: 'too insolent that one!' And the sentry explodes on him; brings him plunging down, head foremost (HERUNTER PURZELTE); the too insolent mortal, silent enough thenceforth." [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 703.]--Jeetz did get his cannon, though not till now, this very day I think; and then, in a couple of days more, Jeetz finished off Namslau ("officers to Custrin, Common men to Berlin"); and thereupon blockades the Eastern side of Brieg, joining hands with Kleist on the Western: whereby Brieg, like Glogau, is completely masked,--till the season mend.

Friedrich, now that his artillery is come, expects no difficulty with Neisse. A "paltry hamlet (BICOQUE)" he playfully calls it; and, except this, Silesia is now his. Neisse got (which would be the desirable thing), or put under "mask" as Glogau is, and as Brieg is being, Austria possesses not an inch of land within these borders. Here are some Epistolary snatches; still in the light style, not to say the flimsy and uplifted; but worth giving, so transparent are they; off hand, like words we had heard his Majesty SPEAK, in his high mood:--

KING TO M. JORDAN, AT BERLIN (two successive Letters).

1. "OTTMACHAU, 14th JANUARY, 1741 [second day after our arrival there]. My dear Monsieur Jordan, my sweet Monsieur Jordan, my quiet Monsieur Jordan, my good, my benign, my pacific, my humanest Monsieur Jordan,--I announce to Thy Serenity the conquest of Silesia; I warn thee of the bombardment of Neisse [just getting ready], and I prepare thee for still more important projects; and instruct thee of the happiest successes that the womb of Fortune ever bore.

"This ought to suffice thee. Be my Cicero as to the justice of my cause, and I will be thy Caesar as to the execution. Adieu: thou knowest whether I am not, with the most cordial regard, thy faithful friend.--F."

2. "OTTMACHAU, 17th JANUARY, 1741. I have the honor to inform your Humanity that we are christianly preparing to bombard Neisse; and that if the place will not surrender of good-will, needs must that it be beaten to powder (NECESSITE SERA DE L'ABIMER). For the rest, our affairs go the best in the world; and soon thou wilt hear nothing more of us. For in ten days it will all be over; and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and hearing you, in about a fortnight.

"I have seen neither my Brother [August Wilhelm, not long ago at Strasburg with us, and betrothed since then] nor Keyserling: I left them at Breslau, not to expose them to the dangers of war. They perhaps will be a little angry; but what can I do?--The rather as, on this occasion, one cannot share in the glory, unless one is a mortar!

"Adieu, M. le Conseiller [Poor's--RATH, so styled]. Go and amuse yourself with Horace, study Pausanias, and be gay over Anacreon. As to me, who for amusement have nothing but merlons, fascines and gabions, [Merlons are mounds of earth placed behind the solid or blind parts of the parapet (that is, between the embrasures) of a Fortification; fascines are bundles of brushwood for filling up a ditch; gabions, baskets filled with earth to be ranged in defence till you get trenches dug.] I pray God to grant me soon a pleasanter and peacefuller occupation, and you health, satisfaction and whatever your heart desires.--F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvii. 84.]

KING FRIEDRICH TO M. LE COMTE ALGAROTTI (gone on a journey).

"OTTMACHAU, 17th JANUARY, 1741 [same day as the above to Jordan]. I have begun to settle the Figure

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of Prussia: the outline will not be altogether regular; for the whole of Silesia is taken, except one miserable hamlet (BICOQUE), which perhaps I shall have to keep blockaded till next spring.

"Up to this time, the whole conquest has cost only Twenty Men, and Two Officers, one of whom is the poor De Rege, whom you have seen at Berlin,"—De Rege, Engineer Major, killed here at Ottmachau, in Schwerin's late tussle.

"You are greatly wanting to me here. So soon as you have talked that business over, write to me about it. [What is the business? Whither is the dusky Swan of Padua gone?] In all these three hundred miles I have found no human creature comparable to the Swan of Padua. I would willingly give ten cubic leagues of ground for a genius similar to yours. But I perceive I was about entreating you to return fast, and join me again,—while you are not yet arrived where your errand was. Make haste to arrive, then; to execute your commission, and fly back to me. I wish you had a Fortunatus Hat; it is the only thing defective in your outfit.

"Adieu, dear Swan of Padua: think, I pray you, sometimes of those who are getting themselves cut in slices [ECHINER, chined] for the sake of glory here, and above all do not forget your friends who think a thousand times of you. "FREDERIC." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 28.]

The object of the dear Swan's journey, or even the whereabouts of it, cannot be discovered without difficulty; and is not much worth discovering. "Gone to Turin," we at last make out, "with secret commissions:" [Denina, *La Prusse Litteraire* (Berlin, 1790), i. 198. A poor vague Book; only worth consulting in case of extremity.] desirable to sound the Sardinian Majesty a little, who is Doorkeeper of the Alps, between France and Austria, and opens to the best bidder? No great things of a meaning in this mission, we can guess, or Algarotti had not gone upon it,—though he is handy, at least, for keeping it unnoticed by the Gazetteer species. Nor was the Swan successful, it would seem; the more the pity for our Swan! However, he comes back safe; attends Friedrich in Silesia; and in the course of next month readers will see him, if any reader wished it.

Chapter VI. NEISSE IS BOMBARDED.

Neisse, which Friedrich calls a paltry hamlet (BICOQUE) is a pleasant strongly fortified Town, then of perhaps 6 or 8,000 inhabitants, now of double that number; stands on the right or south bank of the Neisse,—at this day, on both banks. Pleasant broad streets, high strong houses, mostly of stone. Pleasantly encircled by green Hills, northward buttresses of the Giant Mountains; itself standing low and level, on rich ground much inclined to be swampy. A lesser river, Biele, or Bielau, coming from the South, flows leisurely enough into the Neisse,—filling all the Fortress ditches, by the road. Orchard—growth and meadow—growth are lordly (HERRLICH); a land rich in fruit, and flowing with milk and honey. Much given to weaving, brewing, stocking—making; and, moreover, trades greatly in these articles, and above all in Wine. Yearly on St. Agnes Day, "21st January, if not a Sunday," there is a Wine—fair here; Hungarian, of every quality from Tokay downward, is gathered here for distribution into Germany and all the Western Countries. While you drink your Tokay, know that it comes through Neisse. St. Agnes Day falls but unhandily this year; and I think the Fair will, as they say, AUSBLEIBEN, or not be held.

Neisse is a Nest of Priests (PFAFFEN—NEST), says Friedrich once; which came in this way. About 600 years ago, an ill—conditioned Heir—Apparent of the Liegnitz Sovereign to whom it then belonged, quarrelled with his Father, quarrelled slightly with the Universe; and, after moping about for some time, went into the Church. Having Neisse for an apanage already his own, he gave it to the Bishop of Breslau; whose, in spite of the old Father's protestings, it continued, and continues. Bishops of Breslau are made very grand by it; Bishops of Breslau have had their own difficulties here. Thus once (in our Perkin—Warbeck time, A.D. 1497), a Duke of Oppeln, sitting in some Official Conclave or meeting of magnates here,—zealous for country privilege, and feeling himself insufferably put upon,—started up, openly defiant of Official men; glaring wrathfully into Duke Casimir of Teschen (Bohemian—Austrian Captain of Silesia), and into the Bishop of Breslau himself; nay at last, flashed out his sword upon those sublime dignitaries. For which, by and by, he had to lay his head on the block, in the great square here; and died penitent, we hope.

This place, my Dryasdust informs me, had many accidents by floodage and by fire; was seized and re—seized in the Thirty—Years War especially, at a great rate: Saxon Arnheim, Austrian Holk, Swedish Torstenson; no end to the battering and burning poor Neisse had, to the big ransoms "in new Reichs—thalers and 300 casks of wine." But it always rebuilt itself, and began business again. How happy when it could get under some effectual Protector, of the Liegnitz line, of the Austrian—Bohemian line, and this or the other battering, just suffered, was to be the last for some time!—Here again is a battering coming on it; the first of a series that are now imminent.

The reader is requested to look at Neisse; for besides the Tokay wine, there will things arrive there.—Neisse River, let us again mention, is one of four bearing that name, and all belonging to the Oder:—could not they be labelled, then, or NUMBERED, in some way? This Neisse, which we could call Neisse the FIRST (and which careful readers may as well make acquaintance with on their Map, where too they will find Neisse the SECOND, "the WUTHENDE or Roaring Neisse," and two others which concern us less), rises in the "Western Snow—Mountains (SCHNEEGEBIRGE)," Southwestern or Glatz district of the Giant Mountains; drains Glatz County and grows big there; washes the Town of Glatz; then eastward by Ottmachau, by Neisse Town; whence turning rather abruptly north or northeast, it gets into the Oder not far south of Brieg.

Neisse as a Place of Arms, the chief Fortress of Silesia and the nearest to Austria, is extremely desirable for Friedrich; but there is no hope of it without some kind of Siege; and Friedrich determines to try in that way. From Ottmachau, accordingly, and from the other sides, the Siege—Artillery being now at hand, due force gathers itself round Neisse, Schwerin taking charge; and for above a week there is demonstrating and posting, summoning and parleying; and then, for three days, with pauses intervening, there is extremely furious bombardment, red—hot at times: "Will you yield, then?"—with steady negative from Neisse. Friedrich's quarter is at Ottmachau, twelve miles off; from which he can ride over, to see and superintend. The fury of his bombardment, which naturally grieved him, testifies the intensity of his wish. But it was to no purpose. The Commandant, Colonel von Roth (the same who was proposed for Breslau lately, a wise head and a stout, famed in defences) had "poured water on his ramparts," after well repairing them,—made his ramparts all ice and glass;—and done much else. Would the

reader care to look for a moment? Here, from our waste Paper-masses, is abundance, requiring only to be abridged:—

"JANUARY, 1741: MONDAY, 9th—WEDNESDAY, 11th. Monday, 9th, day when that sputter at Ottmachau began,—Prussian light-troops appeared transiently on the heights about Neisse, for the first time. Directly on sight of whom, Commandant Roth assembled the Burghers of the place; took a new Oath of Fidelity from one and all; admonished them to do their utmost, as they should see him do. The able-bodied and likeliest of them (say about 400) he has had arranged into Militia Companies, with what drill there could be in the interim; and since his coming, has employed every moment in making ready. Wednesday, 11th, he locks all the Gates, and stands strictly on his guard. The inhabitants are mostly Catholic; with sumptuous Bishops of Breslau, with KREUZHERREN (imaginary Teutsch or other Ritters with some reality of money), with Jesuit Dignitaries, Church and Quasi-Church Officialities, resident among them: population, high and low, is inclined by creed to the Queen of Hungary. Commandant Roth has only 1,200 regular soldiers; at the outside 1,600 men under arms: but he has gunpowder, he has meal; experience also and courage; and hopes these may suffice him for a time. One of the most determined Commandants; expert in the defence of strong places. A born Silesian (not Saxon, as some think),—and is of the Augsburg Confession; but that circumstance is not important here, though at Breslau Browne thought it was.

"THURSDAY, 12th. The Prussians, in regular force, appear on the Kaninchen Berg (Cony Hill, so called from its rabbits), south of the River, evidently taking post there. Roth fires a signal shot; the Southern Suburbs of Neisse, as preappointed, go up in flame; crackle high and far; in a lamentable manner (ERBARMLICH), through the grim winter air." This is the day Friedrich came over to Ottmachau, and settled the sputter there.

"Next day, and next again, the same phenomena at Neisse; the Prussians edging ever nearer, building their batteries, preparing to open their cannonade. Whereupon Roth burns the remaining Suburbs, with lamentable crackle; on all sides now are mere ashes. Bishop's Mill, Franciscan Cloister, Bishop's Pleasure-garden, with its summer-houses; Bishop's Hospital, and several Churches: Roth can spare none of these things, with the Prussians nestling there. Surely the Bishop himself, respectable Cardinal Graf von Sinzendorf, had better get out of these localities while time yet is?" "Saturday, 14th," that was the day Friedrich, at Ottmachau, wrote as above to Jordan (Letter No. 1), while the Neisse Suburbs crackled lamentably, twelve miles off, "Schwerin gets order to break up, in person, from Ottmachau to-morrow, and begin actual business on the Kaninchen Hill yonder.

"SUNDAY, 15th. Schwerin does; marches across the River; takes post on the south side of Neisse: notable to the Sunday rustics. Nothing but burnt villages and black walls for Schwerin, in that Cony-Hill quarter, and all round; and Roth salutes him with one twenty-four pounder, which did no hurt. And so the cannonade begins, Sunday, 15th; and intermittently, on both sides of the River, continues, always bursting out again at intervals, till Wednesday; a mere preliminary cannonade on Schwerin's part; making noise, doing little hurt: intended more to terrify, but without effect that way on Roth or the Townsfolk. The poor Bishop did, on the second day of it, come out, and make application to Schwerin; was kindly conducted to his Majesty, who happened to be over there; was kept to dinner; and easily had leave to retire to Freywalde, a Country-House he has, in the safe distance. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 683.] There let him be quiet, well out of these confused batterings and burnings of property.

"His Majesty's Head-quarter is at Ottmachau, but in two hours he can be here any day; and looks into everything; sorry that the cannonade does not yet answer. And remnants of suburbs are still crackling into flame; high Country-Houses of Kreuzherren, of Jesuits; a fanatic people seemingly all set against us. 'If Neisse will not yield of good-will, needs is it must be beaten to powder,' wrote his Majesty to Jordan in these circumstances, as we read above. Roth is sorry to observe, the Prussians have still one good Bishop's-mansion, in a place called the Karlau (Karl-Meadow), with the Bishop's winter fuel all ready stacked there; but strives to take order about the same.

"WEDNESDAY, 18th. This day two provocations happened. First, in the morning by his Majesty's order, Colonel Borck (the same we saw at Herstal) had gone with a Trumpeter towards Roth; intending to inform Roth how mild the terms would be, how terrible the penalty of not accepting them. But Roth or Roth's people singularly disregard Borck and his Parley Trumpet; answer its blasts by musketry; fire upon it, nay again fire worse when it advances a step farther; on these terms Borck and Trumpet had to return. Which much angered his Majesty at Ottmachau that evening; as was natural. Same evening, our fine quarters in the Karlau crackled up in flame, the

Bishop's winter firewood all along with it: this was provocation second. Roth had taken order with the Karlau; and got a resolute Butcher to do the feat, under pretext of bringing us beef. It is piercing cold; only blackened walls for us now in the Karlau or elsewhere. His Majesty, naturally much angered, orders for the morrow a dose of bomb-shells and red-hot balls. Plant a few mortars on the North side too, orders his Majesty.

"THURSDAY, 19th. Accordingly, by 8 of the clock, cannon batteries reawaken with a mighty noise, and red-hot balls are noticeable; and at 10 the actual bombarding bursts out, terrible to hear and see;—first shell falling in Haubitz the Clothier's shop, but being happily got under. Roth has his City Militia companies, organized with water-hose for quenching of the red-hot balls: in which they became expert. So that though the fire caught many houses, they always put it out. Late in the night, hearing no word from Roth, the Prussians went to bed.

"FRIDAY, 20th. Still no word; on which, about 4 P.M., the Prussian batteries awaken again: volcanic torrent of red-hot shot and shells, for seven hours; still no word from Roth. About 11 at night his Majesty again sends a Drum (Parley Trumpet or whatever it is) to the Gate; formally summons Roth; asks him, 'If he has well considered what this can lead to? Especially what he, Roth, meant by firing on our first Trumpet on Wednesday last?' Roth answered, 'That as to the Trumpet, he had not heard of it before. On the other hand, that this mode of sieging by red-hot balls seems a little unusual; for the rest, that he has himself no order or intention but that of resisting to the last.' Some say the Drum hereupon by order talked of 'pounding Neisse into powder, mere child's-play hitherto;' to which Roth answered only by respectful dumb-show.

"SATURDAY, 21st—MONDAY, 23d. Midnight of Friday—Saturday, on this answer coming, the fire-volcanoes open again;—nine hours long; shells, and red-hot material, in terrible abundance. Which hit mostly the churches, Jesuits' Seminariums and Collegiums; but produced no change in Roth. From 9 A.M. the batteries are silent. Silent still, next morning: Divine Service may proceed, if it like. But at 4 of the afternoon, the batteries awaken worse than ever; from seven to nine bombs going at once. Universal rage, of noise and horrid glare, making night hideous, till 10 of the clock; Roth continuing inflexible. This is the last night of the Siege."

Friedrich perceived that Roth would not yield; that the utter smashing-down of Neisse might more concern Friedrich than Roth; —that, in fine, it would be better to desist till the weather altered. Next day, "Monday, 23d, between noon and 1 o'clock," the Prussians drew back;—converted the siege into a blockade. Neisse to be masked, like Brieg and Glogau (Brieg only half done yet, Jeetz without cannon till to-morrow, 24th, and little Namslau still gesticulating): "The only thing one could try upon it was bombardment. A Nest of Priests (PFAFFEN-NEST); not many troops in it: but it cannot well be forced at present. If spring were here, it will cost a fortnight's work." [FRIEDRICH TO THE OLD DESSAUER: Fraction of Letter (Ottmachau, 16th—21st January, 1741) cited by Orlich, i. 51;—from the Dessau Archives, where Herr Orlich has industriously been. To all but strictly military people these pieces of Letters are the valuable feature of Orlich's Book; and a general reader laments that it does not all consist of such, properly elucidated and labelled into accessibility.]

A noisy business; "King's high person much exposed: a bombardier and then a sergeant were killed close by him, though in all he lost only five men." [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 680—690.]

BROWNE VANISHES IN A SLIGHT FLASH OF FIRE.

Browne all this while has hung on the Mountain-side, witnessing these things; sending stores towards Glatz southwestward, and "ruining the ways" behind them; waiting what would become of Neisse. Neisse done, Schwerin is upon him; Browne makes off Southeastward, across the Mountains, for Moravia and home; Schwerin following hard. At a little place called Gratz, [The name, in old Slavic speech, signifies TOWN; and there are many GRATZES: KONIGINgratz (QUEEN'S, which for brevity is now generally called KONIGSgratz, in Bohemia); Gratz in Styria; WINDISCHgratz (Wendish-town); on the Moravian border, Browne faced round, tried to defend the Bridge of the Oppa, sharply though without effect; and there came (January 25th) a hot sputter between them for a few minutes:—after which Browne vanished into the interior, and we hear, in these parts, comparatively little more of him during this War. Friend and foe must admit that he has neglected nothing; and fairly made the best of a bad business here. He is but an interim General, too; his Successor just coming; and the Vienna Board of War is frequently troublesome,—to whose windy speculations Browne replies with sagacious scepticism, and here and there a touch of veiled sarcasm, which was not likely to conciliate in high places. Had her Hungarian Majesty been able to retain Browne in his post, instead of poor Neipperg who was sent instead, there might have been a considerably different account to give of the sequel. But Neipperg was Tutor (War-Tutor) to the Grand-Duke; Browne is still of young standing (age only thirty-five), with a touch of veiled

sarcasm; and things must go their course.

In Schlesien, Schwerin is now to command in chief; the King going off to Berlin for a little, naturally with plenty of errand there. The Prussian Troops go into Winter-quarters; spread themselves wide; beset the good points, especially the Passes of the Hills,— from Jagerndorf, eastward to the Jablunka leading towards Hungary; —nay they can, and before long do, spread into the Moravian Territories, on the other side; and levy contributions, the Queen proving unreasonable.

It was Monday, 23d, when the Siege of Neisse was abandoned: on Wednesday, Friedrich himself turns homeward; looks into Schweidnitz, looks into Liegnitz; and arrives at Berlin as the week ends,—much acclamation greeting him from the multitude. Except those three masked Fortresses, capable of no defence to speak of, were Winter over, Silesia is now all Friedrich's,—has fallen wholly to him in the space of about Seven Weeks. The seizure has been easy; but the retaining of it, perhaps he himself begins to see more clearly, will have difficulties! From this point, the talk about GLOIRE nearly ceases in his Correspondence. In those seven weeks he has, with GLOIRE or otherwise, cut out for himself such a life of labor as no man of his Century had.

Chapter VII. AT VERSAILLES, THE MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY CHANGES HIS SHIRT, AND BELLEISLE IS SEEN WITH PAPERS.

While Friedrich was so busy in Silesia, the world was not asleep around him; the world never is, though it often seems to be, round a man and what action he does in it. That Sunday morning, First Day of the Year 1741, in those same hours while Friedrich, with energy, with caution, was edging himself into Breslau, there went on in the Court of Versailles an interior Phenomenon; of which, having by chance got access to it face to face, we propose to make the reader participant before going farther.

Readers are languidly aware that phenomena do go on round their Friedrich; that their busy Friedrich, with his few Voltaires and renowned persons, are not the only population of their Century, by any means. Everybody is aware of that fact; yet, in practice, almost everybody is as good as not aware; and the World all round one's Hero is a darkness, a dormant vacancy. How strange when, as here, some Waste-paper spill (so to speak) turns up, which you can KINDLE; and, by the brief flame of it, bid a reader look with his own eyes!--From Herr Doctor Busching, who did the GEOGRAPHY and about a Hundred other Books,--a man of great worth, almost of genius, could he have elaborated his Hundred Books into Ten (or distilled, into flasks of aqua-vitae, what otherwise lies tumbling as tanks of mash and wort, now run very sour and mal-odorous);-- it is from Herr Busching that we gain the following rough Piece, illuminative if one can kindle it:--

The Titular-Herr Baron Anton von Geusau, a gentleman of good parts, scholastic by profession, and of Protestant creed, was accompanying as Travelling Tutor, in those years, a young Graf von Reuss. Graf von Beuss is one of those indistinct Counts Reuss, who always call themselves "Henry;" and, being now at the eightieth and farther, with uncountable collateral Henrys intertwined, are become in effect anonymous, or of nomenclature inscrutable to mankind. Nor is the young one otherwise of the least interest to us;--except that Herr Anton, the Travelling Tutor, punctually kept a Journal of everything. Which Journal, long afterwards, came into the hands of Busching, also a punctual man; and was by him abridged, and set forth in print in his *Beitrag*. Offering at present a singular daguerrotype glimpse of the then actual world, wherever Graf von Reuss and his Geusau happened to be. Nine-tenths of it, even in Busching's Abridgment, are now fallen useless and wearisome; but to one studying the days that then were, even the effete commonplace of it occasionally becomes alive again. And how interesting to catch, here and there, a Historical Figure on these conditions; Historical Figure's very self, in his work-day attitude; eating his victuals; writing, receiving letters, talking to his fellow-creatures; unaware that Posterity, miraculously through some chink of the Travelling Tutor's producing, has got its eye upon him.

"SUNDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1741, Geusau and his young Gentleman leave Paris, at 5 in the morning, and drive out to Versailles; intending to see the ceremonies of New-year's day there. Very wet weather it had been, all Wednesday, and for days before; [See in *Barbier* (ii. 283 et seq.) what terrible Noah-like weather it had been; big houses, long in soak, tumbling down at last into the Seine; CHASSE of St. Genevieve brought out (two days ago), December 30th, to try it by miracle; but on this Sunday, New-year's morning, all is ice and glass; and they slid about painfully by lamplight,--with unroughened horses, and on the Hilly or Meudon road, having chosen that as fittest, the waters being out;--not arriving at Court till 9. Nor finding very much to comfort them, except on the side of curiosity, when there. Ushers, INTRODUCTEURS, Cabinet Secretaries, were indeed assiduous to oblige; and the King's Levee will be: but if you follow it, to the Chapel Royal to witness high mass, you must kneel at elevation of the host; and this, as reformed Christians, Reuss and his Tutor cannot undertake to do. They accept a dinner invitation (12 the hour) from some good Samaritan of Quality; and, for sights, will content themselves with the King's Levee itself, and generally with what the King's Antechamber and the OEil-de-Boeuf can exhibit to them. The Most Christian King's Levee [LEVER, literally here his Getting out of Bed] is a daily miracle of these localities, only grander on New-year's day; and it is to the following effect:--

"Till Majesty please to awaken, you saunter in the Salle des Ambassadeurs; whole crowds jostling one another there; gossiping together in a diligent, insipid manner;" gossip all reported; snatches of which have acquired a certain flavor by long keeping;-- which the reader shall imagine. "Meanwhile you keep your eye on the Grate of the Inner Court, which as yet is only ajar, Majesty inaccessible as yet. Behold, at last, Grate opens itself wide; sign that Majesty is out of bed; that the privileged of mankind may approach, and see the miracles." Geusau

continues, abridged by Busching and us:—

"The whole Assemblage passed now into the King's Anteroom; had to wait there about half an hour more, before the King's bedroom was opened. But then at last, lo you,—there is the King, visible to Geusau and everybody, washing his hands.' Which effected itself in this way: 'The King was seated; a gentleman-in-waiting knelt, before him, and held the Ewer, a square vessel silver-gilt, firm upon the King's breast; and another gentleman-in-waiting poured water on the King's hands.' Merely an official washing, we perceive; the real, it is to be hoped, had, in a much more effectual way, been going on during the half-hour just elapsed. After washing, the King rose for an instant; had his dressing-gown, a grand yellow silky article with silver flowerings, pulled off, and flung round his loins; upon which he sat down again, and,"—observe it, ye privileged of mankind,—"the Change of Shirt took place! 'They put the clean shirt down over his head,' says Anton, (and plucked up the dirty one from within, so that of the naked skin you saw little or nothing.'" Here is a miracle worth getting out of bed to look at!

"His Majesty now quitted chair and dressing-gown; stood up before the fire; and, after getting on the rest of his clothing, which, on account of Czarina Anne's death [readers remember that], was of violet or mourning color, he had the powder-mantle thrown round him, and sat down at the Toilette to have his hair frizzled. The Toilette, a table with white cover shoved into the middle of the room, had on it a mirror, a powder-knife, and"—no mortal cares what. "The King," what all mortals note, as they do the heavenly omens, "is somewhat talky; speaks sometimes with the Dutch Ambassador, sometimes with the Pope's Nuncio, who seems a jocosely kind of gentleman; sometimes with different French Lords, and at last with the Cardinal Fleury also,—to whom, however, he does not look particularly gracious,"—not particularly this time. These are the omens; happy who can read them!—Majesty then did his morning-prayer, assisted only by the common Almoners-in-waiting (Cardinal took no hand, much less any other); Majesty knelt before his bed, and finished the business 'in less than six seconds.' After which mankind can ebb out to the Anteroom again; pay their devoir to the Queen's Majesty, which all do; or wait for the Transit to Morning Chapel, and see Mesdames of France and the others flitting past in their sedans.

"Queen's Majesty was already altogether dressed," says Geusau, almost as if with some disappointment; "all in black; a most affable courteous Majesty; stands conversing with the Russian Ambassador, with the Dutch ditto, with the Ladies about her, and at last, 'in a friendly and merry tone,' with old Cardinal Fleury. Her Ladies, when the Queen spoke with them, showed no constraint at all; leant loosely with their arms on the fire-screens, and took things easy. Mesdames of France"—Geusau saw Mesdames. Poor little souls, they are the LOQUE, the COCHON (Rag, Pig, so Papa would call them, dear Papa), who become tragically visible again in the Revolution time:—all blooming young children as yet (Queen's Majesty some thirty-seven gone), and little dreaming what lies fifty years ahead! King Louis's career of extraneous gallantries, which ended in the Parc-aux-Cerfs, is now just beginning: think of that too; and of her Majesty's fine behavior under it; so affable, so patient, silent, now and always!—"In a little while, their Majesties go along the Great Gallery to Chapel;" whither the Protestant mind cannot with comfort accompany. [Busching, *Beitrag*, ii. 59–78.]

This is the daily miracle done at Versailles to the believing multitude; only that on New-year's day, and certain supreme occasions, the shirt is handed by a Prince of the Blood, and the towel for drying the royal hands by a ditto, with other improvements; and the thing comes out in its highest power of effulgence,—especially if you could see high mass withal. In the Antechamber and (OEil-de-Boeuf, Geusau, among hundreds of phenomena fallen dead to us, saw the Four following, which have still some life:— 1. Many Knights of the Holy Ghost (CHEVALIERS DU SAINT ESPRIT) are about; magnificently piebald people, indistinct to us, and fallen dead to us: but there, among the company, do not we indisputably see, "in full Cardinal's costume," Fleury the ancient Prime Minister talking to her Majesty? Blandly smiling; soft as milk, yet with a flavor of alcoholic wit in him here and there. That is a man worth looking at, had they painted him at all. Red hat, red stockings; a serenely definite old gentleman, with something of prudent wisdom, and a touch of imperceptible jocosity at times; mildly inexpugnable in manner: this King, whose Tutor he was twenty years ago, still looks to him as his father; Fleury is the real King of France at present. His age is eighty-seven gone; the King's is thirty (seven years younger than his Queen): and the Cardinal has red stockings and red hat; veritably there, successively in both Antechambers, seen by Geusau, January 1st, 1741: that is all I know. 2. The Prince de Clermont, a Prince of the Blood, "handed the shirt," TESTE Geusau. Some other Prince, notable to Geusau, and to us nameless, had the honor of the

"towel:" but this Prince de Clermont, a dissolute fellow of wasted parts, kind of Priest, kind of Soldier too, is seen visibly handing the shirt there;—whom the reader and I, if we cared about it, shall again see, getting beaten by Prince Ferdinand, at Crefeld, within twenty years hence. These are points first and second, slightly noticeable, slightly if at all.

Of the actual transit to high mass, transit very visible in the Great Gallery or OEil-de-Boeuf, why should a human being now say anything? Queen, poor Stanislaus's Daughter, and her Ladies, in their sublime sedans, one flood of jewels, sail first; next sails King Louis, shirt warm on his back, with "thirty-four Chevaliers of the Holy Ghost" escorting; next "the Dauphin" (Boy of eleven, Louis XVI.'s. Father), and "Mesdames of France, with"—but even Geusau stops short. Protestants cannot enter that Chapel, without peril of idolatry; wherefore Geusau and Pupil kept strolling in the general (OEil-de-Boeuf,—and "the Dutch Ambassador approved of it," he for one. And here now is another point, slightly noticeable:— 3. High mass over, his Majesty sails back from Chapel, in the same magnificently piebald manner; and vanishes into the interior; leaving his Knights of the Holy Ghost, and other Courtier multitude, to simmer about, and ebb away as they found good. Geusau and his young Reuss had now the honor of being introduced to various people; among others "to the Prince de Soubise." Prince de Soubise: frivolous, insignificant being; of whom I have no portrait that is not nearly blank, and content to be so;—though Herr von Geusau would have one, with features and costume to it, when he heard of the Beating at Rossbach, long after! Prince de Soubise is pretty much a blank to everybody:—and no sooner are we loose of him, than (what every reader will do well to note) 4. Our Herren Travellers are introduced to a real Notability: Monseigneur, soon to be Marechal, the Comte de Belleisle; whom my readers and I are to be much concerned with, in time coming. "A tall lean man (LANGER HAGERER MANN), without much air of quality," thinks Geusau; but with much swift intellect and energy, and a distinguished character, whatever Geusau might think. "Comte de Belleisle was very civil; but apologized, in a courtly and kind way, for the hurry he was in; regretting the impossibility of doing the honors to the Comte de Reuss in this Country,—his, Belleisle's, Journey into Germany, which was close at hand, overwhelming him with occupations and engagements at present. And indeed, even while he spoke to us," says Geusau, "all manner of Papers were put into his hand." [Busching, ii. 79; see Barbier, ii. 282, 287.]

"Journey to Germany, Papers put into his hand:" there is perhaps no Human Figure in the world, this Sunday (except the one Figure now in those same moments over at Breslau, gently pressing upon the locked Gates there), who is so momentous for our Silesian Operations; and indeed he will kindle all Europe into delirium; and produce mere thunder and lightning, for seven years to come,— with almost no result in it, except Silesia! A tall lean man; there stands he, age now fifty-six, just about setting out on such errand. Whom one is thankful to have seen for a moment, even in that slight manner.

OF BELLEISLE AND HIS PLANS.

Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet, Comte de Belleisle, is Grandson of that Intendant Fouquet, sumptuous Financier, whom Louis XIV. at last threw out, and locked into the Fortress of Pignerol, amid the Savoy Alps, there to meditate for life, which lasted thirty years longer. It was never understood that the sumptuous Fouquet had altogether stolen public moneys, nor indeed rightly what he had done to merit Pignerol; and always, though fallen somehow into such dire disfavor, he was pitied and respected by a good portion of the public. "Has angered Colbert," said the public; "dangerous rivalry to Colbert; that is what has brought Pignerol upon him." Out of Pignerol that Fouquet never came; but his Family bloomed up into light again; had its adventures, sometimes its troubles, in the Regency time, but was always in a rising way:—and here, in this tall lean man getting papers put into his hand, it has risen very high indeed. Going as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Germanic Diet, "to assist good neighbors, as a neighbor and Most Christian Majesty should, in choosing their new Kaiser to the best advantage:" that is the official color his mission is to have. Surely a proud mission;—and Belleisle intends to execute it in a way that will surprise the Germanic Diet and mankind. Privately, Belleisle intends that he, by his own industries, shall himself choose the right Kaiser, such Kaiser as will suit the Most Christian Majesty and him; he intends to make a new French thing of Germany in general; and carries in his head plans of an amazing nature! He and a Brother he has, called the Chevalier de Belleisle, who is also a distinguished man, and seconds M. le Comte with eloquent fire and zeal in all things, are grandsons of that old Fouquet, and the most shining men in France at present. France little dreams how much better it perhaps were, had they also been kept safe in Pignerol!—

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The Count, lean and growing old, is not healthy; is ever and anon tormented, and laid up for weeks, with rheumatisms, gouts and ailments: but otherwise he is still a swift ardent elastic spirit; with grand schemes, with fiery notions and convictions, which captivate and hurry off men's minds more than eloquence could, so intensely true are they to the Count himself;—and then his Brother the Chevalier is always there to put them into the due language and logic, where needed. [Voltaire, xxviii. 74; xxix. 392; A magnanimous high-flown spirit; thought to be of supreme skill both in War and in Diplomacy; fit for many things; and is still full of ambition to distinguish himself, and tell the world at all moments, "ME VOILA; World, I too am here!"—His plans, just now, which are dim even to himself, except on the hither skirt of them, stretch out immeasurable, and lie piled up high as the skies. The hither skirt of them, which will suffice the reader at present, is:—

That your Grand-Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, shall in no wise, as the world and Duke Franz expect, be the Kaiser chosen. Not he, but another who will suit France better: "Kur-Sachsen perhaps, the so-called King of Poland? Or say it were Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, the hereditary friend and dependent of France? We are not tied to a man: only, at any and at all rates, not Grand-Duke Franz." This is the grand, essential and indispensable point, alpha and omega of points; very clear this one to Belleisle,—and towards this the first steps, if as yet only the first, are also clear to him. Namely that "the 27th of February next",—which is the time set by Kur-Mainz and the native Officials for the actual meeting of their Reichstag to begin Election Business, will be too early a time; and must be got postponed. [Adelung, ii. 185 ("27th February— 1st March, 1741, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn," appointed by Kur-Mainz "Arch-Chancellor of the REICH," under date November 3d, 1740);— ib. 236 ("Delay for a month or two," suggests Kur-Pfalz, on January 12th, seconded by others in the French interest);— upon which the appointment, after some arguing, collapsed into the vague, and there ensued delay enough; actual Election not till January 24th, 1742.] Postponed; which will be possible, perhaps for long; one knows not for how long: that is a first step definitely clear to Belleisle. Towards which, as preliminary to it and to all the others in a dimmer state, there is a second thing clear, and has even been officially settled (all but the day): That, in the mean while, and surely the sooner the better, he, Belleisle, Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary to the Reichstag coming,—do, in his most dazzling and persuasive manner, make a Tour among German Courts. Let us visit, in our highest and yet in our softest splendor, the accessible German Courts, especially the likely or well-disposed: Mainz, Koln, Trier, these, the three called Spiritual, lie on our very route; then Pfalz, Baiern, Sachsen:—we will tour diligently up and down; try whether, by optic machinery and art-magic of the mind, one cannot bring them round.

In all these preliminary steps and points, and even in that alpha and omega of excluding Grand-Duke Franz, and getting a Kaiser of his own, Belleisle succeeded. With painful results to himself and to millions of his fellow-creatures, to readers of this History, among others. And became in consequence the most famous of mankind; and filled the whole world with rumor of Belleisle, in those years.—A man of such intrinsic distinction as Belleisle, whom Friedrich afterwards deliberately called a great Captain, and the only Frenchman with a genius for war; and who, for some time, played in Europe at large a part like that of Warwick the Kingmaker: how has he fallen into such oblivion? Many of my readers never heard of him before; nor, in writing or otherwise, is there symptom that any living memory now harbors him, or has the least approach to an image of him! "For the times are babbly," says Goethe, "And then again the times are dumb:—

*Denn geschwatzig sind die Zeiten,
Und sie sind auch wieder stumm."*

Alas, if a man sow only chaff, in never so sublime a manner, with the whole Earth and the long-eared populations looking on, and chorally singing approval, rendering night hideous,—it will avail him nothing. And that, to a lamentable extent, was Belleisle's case. His scheme of action was in most felicitously just accordance with the national sense of France, but by no means so with the Laws of Nature and of Fact; his aim, grandiose, patriotic, what you will, was unluckily false and not true. How could "the times" continue talking of him? They found they had already talked too much. Not to say that the French Revolution has since come; and has blown all that into the air, miles aloft,—where even the solid part of it, which must be recovered one day, much more the gaseous, which we trust is forever irrecoverable, now wanders and whirls; and many things are abolished, for the present, of more value than Belleisle!—

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For my own share, being, as it were, forced accidentally to look at him again, I find in Belleisle a really notable man; far superior to the vulgar of noted men, in his time or ours. Sad destiny for such a man! But when the general Life—element becomes so unspeakably phantasmal as under Louis XV., it is difficult for any man to be real; to be other than a play—actor, more or less eminent, and artistically dressed. Sad enough, surely, when the truth of your relation to the Universe, and the tragically earnest meaning of your Life, is quite lied out of you, by a world sunk in lies; and you can, with effort, attain to nothing but to be a more or less splendid lie along with it! Your very existence all become a vesture, a hypocrisy, and hearsay; nothing left of you but this sad faculty of sowing chaff in the fashionable manner! After Friedrich and Voltaire, in both of whom, under the given circumstances, one finds a perennial reality, more or less,— Belleisle is next; none FAILS to escape the mournful common lot by a nearer miss than Belleisle.

Beyond doubt, there are in this man the biggest projects any French head has carried, since Louis XIV. with his sublime periwig first took to striking the stars. How the indolent Louis XV. and the pacific Fleury have been got into this sublimely adventurous mood? By Belleisle chiefly, men say;—and by King Louis's first Mistresses, blown upon by Belleisle; poor Louis having now, at length, left his poor Queen to her reflections, and taken into that sad line, in which by degrees he carried it so far. There are three of them, it seems;—the first female souls that could ever manage to kindle, into flame or into smoke: in this or any other kind, that poor torpid male soul: those Mailly Sisters, three in number (I am shocked to hear), successive, nay in part simultaneous! They are proud women, especially the two younger; with ambition in them, with a bravura magnanimity, of the theatrical or operatic kind; of whom Louis is very fond. "To raise France to its place, your Majesty; the top of the Universe, namely!" "Well; if it could be done,—and quite without trouble?" thinks Louis. Bravura magnanimity, blown upon by Belleisle, prevails among these high Improper Females, and generally in the Younger Circles of the Court; so that poor old Fleury has had no choice but to obey it or retire. And so Belleisle stalks across the OEil—de—Boeuf in that important manner, visibly to Geusau; and is the shining object in Paris, and much the topic there at present.

A few weeks hence, he is farther—a little out of the common turn, but not beyond his military merits or capabilities—made Marechal de France; [*Fastes de Louis XV.*, i. 356 (12th February, 1741).] by way of giving him a new splendor in the German Political World, and assisting in his operations there, which depend much upon the laws of vision. French epigrams circulate in consequence, and there are witty criticisms; to which Belleisle, such a dusky world of Possibility lying ahead, is grandly indifferent. Marechal de France;—and Geusau hears (what is a fact) that there are to be "thirty young French Lords in his suite;" his very "Livery," or mere plush retinue, "to consist of 110 persons;" such an outfit for magnificence as was never seen before. And in this equipment, "early in March" (exact day not given), magnificence of outside corresponding to grandiosity of faculty and idea, Belleisle, we shall find, does practically set off towards Germany;—like a kind of French Belus, or God of the Sun; capable to dazzle weak German Courts, by optical machinery, and to set much rotten thatch on fire!—

"There are curious daguerrotype glimpses of old Paris to be found in that Notebook of Geusau's", says another Excerpt; "which come strangely home to us, like reality at first—hand;—and a rather unexpected Paris it is, to most readers; many things then alive there, which are now deep underground. Much Jansenist Theology afloat; grand French Ladies piously eager to convert a young Protestant Nobleman like Reuss; sublime Dorcases, who do not rouge, or dress high, but eschew the evil world, and are thrifty for the Poor's sake, redeeming the time. There is a Cardinal de Polignac, venerable sage and ex—political person, of astonishing erudition, collector of Antiques (with whom we dined); there is the Chevalier Ramsay, theological Scotch Jacobite, late Tutor of the young Turenne. So many shining persons, now fallen indistinct again. And then, besides gossip, which is of mild quality and in fair proportion,—what talk, casuistic and other, about the Moral Duties, the still feasible Pieties, the Constitution Unigenitus! All this alive, resonant at dinner—tables of Conservative stamp; the Miracles of Abbe Paris much a topic there:—and not a whisper of Infidel Philosophies; the very name of Voltaire not once mentioned in the Reuss section of Parisian things.

"There is rumor now and then of a 'Comte de Rothenbourg,' conspicuous in the Parisian circles; a shining military man, but seemingly in want of employment; who has lost in gambling, within the last four years, upwards of 50,000 pounds (1,300,000 livres, the exact cipher given). This is the Graf von Rothenburg whom Friedrich made acquaintance with, in the Rhine Campaign six years ago, and has ever since had in his eye;—whom, in a

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few weeks hence, Friedrich beckons over to him into the Prussian States: 'Hither, and you shall have work!' Which Rothenburg accepts; with manifold advantage to both parties:—one of Friedrich's most distinguished friends for the rest of his life.

"Of Cardinal Polignac there is much said, and several dinners with him are transacted, dialogue partly given: a pious wise old gentleman really, in his kind (age now eighty-four); looking mildly forth upon a world just about to upset itself and go topsy-turvy, as he sees it will. His ANTI-LUCRETIUS was once such a Poem!—but we mention him here because his fine Cabinet of Antiques came to Berlin on his death, Friedrich purchasing; and one often hears of it (if one cared to hear) from the Prussian Dryasdust in subsequent years. [Came to Charlottenburg, August, 1742 (old Polignac had died November last, ten months after those Geusau times): cost of the Polignac Cabinet was 40,000 thalers (6,000 pounds) say some, 90,000 livres (under 4,000 pounds) say others; cheap at either price;— and, by chance, came opportunely, "a fire having just burnt down the Academy Edifice," and destroyed much ware of that kind. Rodenbeck, i. 73; Seyfarth (Anonymous), *Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern*, i. 236.]

"Of Friedrich's unexpected Invasion of Silesia there are also talkings and surmisings, but in a mild indifferent tone, and much in the vague. And in the best-informed circles it is thought Belleisle will manage to HAVE Grand-Duke Franz, the Queen of Hungary's Husband, chosen Kaiser, and, in some mild good way, put an end to all that;—which is far indeed from Belleisle's intention!

Chapter VIII. PHENOMENA IN PETERSBURG.

I know not whether Major Winterfeld, who was sent to Petersburg in December last, had got back to Berlin in February, now while Friedrich is there: but for certain the good news of him had, That he had been completely successful, and was coming speedily, to resume his soldier duties in right time. As Winterfeld is an important man (nearly buried into darkness in the dull Prussian Books), let us pause for a moment on this Negotiation of his;—and on the mad Russian vicissitudes which preceded and followed, so far as they concern us. Russia, a big demi-savage neighbor next door, with such caprices, such humors and interests, is always an important, rather delicate object to Friedrich; and Fortune's mad wheel is plunging and canting in a strange headlong way there, of late. Czarina Anne, we know, is dead; the Autocrat of All the Russias following the Kaiser of the Romans within eight days. Iwan, her little Nephew, still in swaddling-clothes, is now Autocrat of All the Russias if he knew it, poor little red-colored creature; and Anton Ulrich and his Mecklenburg Russian Princess— But let us take up the matter where our Notebooks left it, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time:—

"Czarina Anne with the big cheek," continues that Notebook, [Supra, p. 129.] "was extremely delighted to see little Iwan; but enjoyed him only two months; being herself in dying circumstances. She appointed little Iwan her Successor, his Mother and Father to be Guardians over him; but one Bieren (who writes himself Biron, and "Duke of Courland," being Czarina's Quasi-Husband these many years) to be Guardian, as it were, over both them and him. Such had been the truculent insatiable Bieren's demand on his Czarina. 'You are running on your destruction,' said she, with tears; but complied, as she had been wont.

"Czarina Anne died 28th October, 1740; leaving a Czar in his cradle; little Czar Iwan of two months, with Mother and Father to preside over him, and to be themselves presided over by Bieren, in this manner. [Mannstein, pp. 264–267 (28th October, by Russian or Old Style, is "17th;" we TRANSLATE, in this and other cases, Russian or English, into New Style, unless the contrary is indicated). This was the first great change for Anton Ulrich; but others greater are coming. Little Anton, readers know, is Friedrich's Brother-in-law, much patronized by Austria; Anton's spouse is the Half-Russian Princess Catherine of Mecklenburg (now wholly Russian, and called Princess Anne), whom Friedrich at one time thought of applying for, in his distress about a Wife. These two, will they side with Prussia, will they side with Austria? It was hardly worth inquiry, had not Fortune's wheel made suddenly a great cant, and pitched them to the top, for the time being.

"Bieren lasted only twenty days. He was very high and arbitrary upon everybody; Anne and Anton Ulrich suffering naturally most from him. They took counsel with Feldmarschall Munnich on the matter; who, after study, declared it a remediable case. Friday, 18th November, Munnich had, by invitation, to dine with Duke Bieren; Munnich went accordingly that day, and dined; Duke looking a little flurried, they say: and the same evening, dinner being quite over, and midnight come, Munnich had his measures all taken, soldiers ready, warrant in hand;—and arrested Bieren in his bed; mere Siberia, before sunrise, looming upon Bieren. Never was such a change as this from 18th day to 19th with a supreme Bieren. Our friend Mannstein, excellent punctual Aide-de-Camp of Munnich, was the executor of the feat; and has left punctual record of it, as he does of everything,——what Bieren said, and what Madam Bieren, who was a little obstreperous on the occasion. [Mannstein, p. 268.] What side Anton Ulrich and Spouse will take in a quarrel between Prussia and Austria, is now well worth asking.

"Anton Ulrich and Wife Anne, that is to say, 'Regent Anne' and 'Generalissimo Anton Ulrich,' now ruled, with Munnich for right-hand man; and these were high times for Anton Ulrich, Generalissimo and Czar's-Father; who indeed was modest, and did not often interfere in words, though grieved at the foolish ways his Wife had. An indolent flabby kind of creature, she, unfit for an Autocrat; sat in her private apartments, all in a huddle of undress; had foolish notions,——especially had soubrettes who led her about by the ear. And then there was a 'Princess Elizabeth,' Cousin-german of Regent Anne,——daughter, that is to say, last child there now was, of Peter the Great and his little brown Catherine: ——who should have been better seen to. Harmless foolish Princess, not without cunning; young, plump, and following merely her flirtations and her orthodox devotions; very orthodox and soft, but capable of becoming dangerous, as a centre of the disaffected. As 'Czarina Elizabeth' before long, and ultimately as 'INFAME CATIN DU NORD, she——" But let us not anticipate!

It was in this posture of affairs, about a month after it had begun, that Winterfeld arrived in Petersburg; and addressed himself to Munnich, on the Prussian errand. Winterfeld was Munnich's Son-in-law (properly stepson-in-law, having married Munnich's stepdaughter, a Fraulein von Malzahn, of good Prussian kin); was acquainted with the latitudes and longitudes here, and well equipped for the operation in hand. To Madam Munnich, once Madam Malzahn, his Mother-in-law, he carried a diamond ring of 1,200 pounds, "small testimony of his Prussian Majesty's regard to so high a Prussian Lady;" to Munnich's Son and Madam's a present of 3,000 pounds on the like score: and the wheels being oiled in this way, and the steam so strong (son Winterfeld an ardent man, father Munnich the like, supreme in Russia, and the thing itself a salutary thing), the diplomatic speed obtained was great. Winterfeld had arrived in Petersburg December 19th: Treaty of Alliance to the effect, "Firm friends and good neighbors, we Two, Majesties of Prussia and of All the Russias; will help each the other, if attacked, with 12,000 men,"—was signed on the 27th: whole Transaction, so important to Friedrich, complete in eight days. Austrian Botta, directly on the heel of those unsatisfactory Dialogues about Silesian roads, about troops that were pretty, but had never looked the wolf in the face,—had rushed off, full speed, for Petersburg, in hopes of running athwart such a Treaty as Winterfeld's, and getting one for Austria instead. But he arrived too late; and perhaps could have done nothing had he been in time. Botta tried his utmost for years afterwards, above ground and below, to obstruct and reverse this thing; but it was to no purpose, and even to less; and only, in result, brought Botta himself into flagrant diplomatic trouble and scandal; which made noise enough in the then Gazetteer world, and was the finale of Botta's Russian efforts, [Adelung, iii. ii. 289; Mannstein, p. 375 ("Lapuschin Plot," of Botta's raising, found out "August, 1743;"— Botta put in arrest, though not worth mentioning now. The Russian Notebook continues:—

"Munnich, supreme in Russia since Bieren's removal, had wise counsels for the Regent Anne and her Husband; though perhaps, being a high old military gentleman, he might be somewhat abrupt in his ways. And there were domestic Ostermanns, foreign Bottas, La Chetardies, and dangerous Intriguers and Opposition figures, to improve any grudge that might arise. Sure enough, in March, 1741, Feldmarschall Munnich was forbid the Court (some Ostermann succeeding him there): 'Ever true to your Two Highnesses, though no longer needed;'—and withdrew, in a lofty friendly strain; his Son continuing at Court, though Papa had withdrawn. Supreme Munnich had lasted about four months; Supreme Bieren hardly three weeks;—and Siberia is still agape.

"Munnich being gone to his own Town-Mansion, and Regent Anne sitting in hers in a huddle of undress; little accessible to her long-headed melancholic Ostermann, and too accessible to her Livonian maid: with poor little Anton Ulrich pouting and remonstrating, but unable to help,—this state of matters, with such intrigues undermining it, could not last forever. And had not Princess Elizabeth been of indolent luxurious nature, intent upon her prayers and flirtations, it would have ended sooner even than it did. Princess Elizabeth had a Surgeon called L'Estoc; a Marquis de la Chetardie, a high-flown French Excellency (who used to be at Berlin, to our young Friedrich's delight), was her—What shall I say? La Chetardie himself had no scruple to say it! These two plotted for her; these were ready,—could she have been got ready; which was not so easy. Regent Anne had her suspicions; but the Princess was so indolent, so good: at last, when directly taxed with such a thing, the Princess burst into ingenuous weeping; quite disarmed Regent Anne's suspicions;—but found she had now better take L'Estoc's advice, and proceed at once. Which she did.

"And so, on the morrow morning, 5th December, 1741, by aid of the Preobrazinsky Regiment, and the motions usual on such occasions,— in fact by merely pulling out the props from an undermined state of matters,—she reduced said state gently to ruin, ready for carting to Siberia, like its foregoers; and was hereby Czarina of All the Russias, prosperously enough for the rest of her life. Twenty years or rather more. An indolent, orthodox, plump creature, disinclined to cruelty; 'not an ounce of nun's flesh in her composition,' said the wits. She maintained the Friedrich Treaty, indignant at Botta and his plots; was well with Friedrich, or might have been kept so by management, for there was no cause of quarrel, but the reverse, between the Countries,—could Friedrich have held his witty tongue, when eavesdroppers were by. But he could not always; though he tried. And sarcastic quizzing (especially if it be truth too), on certain female topics, what Improper Female, Czarina of All the Russias, could stand it? The history is but a distressing one, a disgusting one, in human affairs. Elizabeth was orthodox, too, and Friedrich not, 'the horrid man!' The fact is,—fact dismally indubitable, though it is huddled into discreet dimness, and all details of it (as to what Friedrich's witticisms were, and the like) are refused us in the Prussian Books,—indignation, owing to such dismal cause, became fixed hate on the Czarina's part, and there

followed terrible results at last: A Czarina risen to the cannibal pitch upon a man, in his extreme need;—'INFAME CATIN DU NORD,' thinks the man! Friedrich's wit cost him dear; him, and half a million others still dearer, twenty years hence."—Till which time we will gladly leave the Czarina and it.

Major von Winterfeld had been in Russia before this; and had wooed his fair Malzahn there. He is the same Winterfeld whom we once saw dining by the wayside with the late Friedrich Wilhelm, on that last Review—Journey his Majesty made. A Captain in the Potsdam Giants at that time; always in great favor with the late King; and in still greater with the present,—who finds in him, we can dimly discover, and pretty much in him alone, a soul somewhat like his own; the one real "peer" he had about him. A man of little education; bred in camps; yet of a proud natural eminency, and rugged nobleness of genius and mind. Let readers mark this fiery hero—spirit, lying buried in those dull Books, like lightning among clay. Here is another anecdote of his Russian business:—

"Winterfeld had gone, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, with a party of Prussian drill—sergeants for Petersburg [year not given]; and duly delivered them there. He naturally saw much of Feldmarschall Munnich, naturally saw the Step—daughter of the Feldmarschall, a shining beauty in Petersburg; Winterfeld himself a man of shining gifts, and character; and one of the handsomest tall men in the world. Mutual love between the Fraulein and him was the rapid result. But how to obtain marriage? Winterfeld cannot marry, without leave had of his superiors: you, fair Malzahn, are Hof—Dame of Princess Elizabeth, all your fortune the jewels you wear; and it is too possible she will not let you go!

"They agreed to be patient, to be silent; to watch warily till Winterfeld got home to Prussia, till the Fraulein Malzahn could

also contrive to get home. Winterfeld once home, and the King's consent had, the Fraulein applied to Princess Elizabeth for leave of absence: 'A few months, to see my friends in Deutschland, your Highness!' Princess Elizabeth looked hard at her; answered evasively this and that. At last, being often importuned, she answered plainly, 'I almost feel convinced thou wilt never come back!' Protestations from the Fraulein were not wanting:—'Well then,' said Elizabeth, 'if thou art so sure of it, leave me thy jewels in pledge. Why not?' The poor Fraulein could not say why; had to leave her jewels, which were her whole fine fortune, 'worth 100,000 rubles' (20,000 pounds); and is now the brave Wife of Winterfeld;—but could never, by direct entreaty or circuitous interest and negotiation, get back the least item of her jewels. Elizabeth, as Princess and as Czarina, was alike deaf on that subject. Now or henceforth that proved an impossible private enterprise for Winterfeld, though he had so easily succeeded in the public one." [Retzow, *Charakteristik des siebenjahrigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), i. 45 n.]

The new Czarina was not unmerciful. Munnich and Company were tried for life; were condemned to die, and did appear on the scaffold (29th January, 1742), ready for that extreme penalty; but were there, on the sudden, pardoned or half—pardoned by a merciful new Czarina, and sent to Siberia and outer darkness. Whither Bieren had preceded them. To outer darkness also, though a milder destiny had been intended them at first, went Anton Ulrich and his Household. Towards native Germany at first; they had got as far as Riga on the way to Germany, but were detained there, for a long while (owing to suspicions, to Botta Plots, or I know not what), till finally they were recalled into Russian exile. Strict enough exile, seclusion about Archangel and elsewhere; in convents, in obscure uncomfortable places:—little Iwan, after vicissitudes, even went underground; grew to manhood, and got killed (partly by accident, not quite by murder), some twenty—three years hence, in his dungeon in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, below the level of the Ladoga waters there. Unluckier Household, which once seemed the luckiest of the world, was never known. Canted suddenly, in this way, from the very top of Fortune's wheel to the very bottom; never to rise more;—and did not even die, at least not all die, for thirty or forty years after. [Anton Ulrich, not till 15th May, 1775 (two Daughters of his went, after this, to "Horstens, a poor Country— House in Jutland," whither Catherine II. had manumitted them, with pension;—she had wished Anton Ulrich to go home, many years before; but he would not, from shame).—Iwan had perished 5th August, 1764 (Catherine II. blamed for his death, but without cause); Iwan's Mother, Princess Anne, (mercifully) 18th March, 1746. See Russian Histories, TOOKE, CASTERA, of which, except MANNSTEIN, is good for much, or to be trusted without scrutiny.]

This is the Chetardie—L'Estoc conspiracy, of 5th December, 1741; the pitching up of Princess Elizabeth, and the pitching down of Anton Ulrich and his Munnichs, who had before pitched Bieren down. After which, matters

remained more stationary at Petersburg: Czarina Elizabeth, fat indolent soul, floated with a certain native buoyancy, with something of bulky steadiness, in the turbid plunge of things, and did not sink. On the contrary, her reign, so called, was prosperous, though stupid; her big dark Countries, kindled already into growth, went on growing rather. And, for certain, she herself went on growing, in orthodox devotions of spiritual type (and in strangely heterodox ditto of NONspiritual!); in indolent mansuetudes (fell rages, if you cut on the RAWS at all!); in perpetual incongruity; and, alas, at last, in brandy-and-water, --till, as "INFAME CATIN DU NORD," she became terribly important to some persons!

At her accession, and for two years following, Czarina Elizabeth, in spite of real disinclination that way, had a War on her hands: the Swedish War (August, 1741--August, 1743), which, after long threatening on the Swedish side, had broken out into unwelcome actuality, in Anton Ulrich's time; and which could not, with all the Czarina's industry, be got rid of or staved off; Sweden being bent upon the thing, reason or no reason. War not to be spoken of, except on compulsion, in the most voluminous History! It was the unwisest of wars, we should say, and in practice probably the contemptiblest; if there were not one other Swedish War coming, which vies with it in these particulars, of which we shall be obliged to speak, more or less, at a future stage. Of this present Russian--Swedish war, having happily almost nothing to do with it, we can, except in the way of transient chronology, refrain altogether from speaking or thinking.

Poor Sweden, since it shot Karl XII. in the trenches at Fredericshall, could not get a King again; and is very anarchic under its Phantasm King and free National Palaver,--Senate with subaltern Houses;--which generally has French gold in its pocket, and noise instead of wisdom in its head. Scandalous to think of or behold. The French, desirous to keep Russia in play during these high Belleisle adventures now on foot, had, after much eggng, bribing, flattering, persuaded vain Sweden into this War with Russia. "At Narva they were 80,000, we 8,000; and what became of them!" cry the Swedes always. Yes, my friends, but you had a Captain at Narva; you had not yet shot your Captain when you did Narva! "Faction of Hats," "Faction of Caps" (that is, NIGHT-caps, as being somnolent and disinclined to France and War): seldom did a once-valiant far-shining Nation sink to such depths, since they shot their Captain, and said to Anarchy, "THOU art Captaincy, we see, and the Divine thing!" Of the Wars and businesses of such a set of mortals let us shun speaking, where possible.

Mannstein gives impartial account, pleasantly clear and compact, to such as may be curious about this Swedish--Russian War; and, in the didactic point of view, it is not without value. To us the interesting circumstance is, that it does not interfere with our Silesian operations at all; and may be figured as a mere accompaniment of rumbling discord, or vacant far-off noise, going on in those Northern parts,--to which therefore we hope to be strangers in time coming. Here are some dates, which the reader may take with him, should they chance to illustrate anything:--

"AUGUST 4th, 1741. The Swedes declare War: 'Will recover their lost portions of Finland, will,' They had long been meditating it; they had Turk negotiations going on, diligent emissaries to the Turk (a certain Major Sinclair for one, whom the Russians waylaid and assassinated to get sight of his Papers) during the late Turk--Russian War; but could conclude nothing while that was in activity; concluded only after that was done,--striking the iron when grown COLD. A chief point in their Manifesto was the assassination of this Sinclair; scandal and atrocity, of which there is no doubt now the Russians were guilty. Various pretexts for the War:--prime movers to it, practically, were the French, intent on keeping Russia employed while their Belleisle German adventure went on, and who had even bargained with third parties to get up a War there, as we shall see.

"SEPTEMBER 3d, 1741. At Wilmanstrand,--key of Wyborg, their frontier stronghold in Finland, which was under Siege,--the Swedes (about 5,000 of them, for they had nothing to live upon, and lay scattered about in fractions) made fight, or skirmish, against a Russian attacking party: Swedes, rather victorious on their hill-top, rushed down; and totally lost their bit of victory, their Wilmanstrand, their Wyborg, and even the War itself;--for this was, in literal truth, the only fighting done by them in the entire course of it, which lasted near two years more. The rest of it was retreat, capitulation, loss on loss without stroke struck; till they had lost all Finland, and were like to lose Sweden itself,--Dalecarlian mutiny bursting out ('Ye traitors, misgovernors, worthy of death!'), with invasive Danes to rear of it;--and had to call in the very Russians to save them from worse. Czarina Elizabeth at the time of her accession, six months after Wilmanstrand, had made truce, was eager to make peace: 'By no means!' answered Sweden, taking arms again, or rather taking legs again; and rushing ruin-ward, at the old rate, still without stroke.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

"JUNE 28th, 1743. They did halt; made Peace of Abo (Truce and Preliminaries signed there, that day: Peace itself, August 17th); Czarina magnanimously restoring most of their Finland (thinking to herself, 'Not done enough for me yet; cook it a little yet!');— and settling who their next King was to be, among other friendly things. And in November following, Keith, in his Russian galleys, with some 10,000 Russians on board, arrived in Stockholm; protective against Danes and mutinous Dalecarles: stayed there till June of next year, 1744." [Adelung, ii. 445. Mannstein, pp. 297 (Wilmanstrand Affair, himself present), 365 (Peace), 373 (Keith's RETURN with his galleys). Comte de Hordt (present also, on the Swedish side, and subsequently a Soldier of Friedrich's) *Memoires* (Berlin, 1789), i. 18–88. The murder of Sinclair (done by "four Russian subalterns, two miles from Naumberg in Silesia, 17th June, 1739, about 7 P.M.") is amply detailed from Documents, in a late Book: Weber, *Aus Vier Jahrhunderten* (Leipzig, 1858), i. 274–279.] Is not this a War!

On the Russian side, General Keith, under Field-marshal Lacy as chief in command (the same Keith whom we saw at Oczakow under Munnich, some time ago), had a great deal of the work and management; which was of a highly miscellaneous kind, commanding fleets of gunboats, and much else; and readers of MANNSTEIN can still judge,—much more could King Friedrich, earnestly watching the affair itself as it went on,—whether Keith did not do it in a solid and quietly eminent and valiant manner. Sagacious, skilful, imperturbable, without fear and without noise; a man quietly ever ready. He had quelled, once, walking direct into the heart of it, a ferocious Russian mutiny, or uproar from below, which would have ruined everything in few minutes more. [Mannstein, p. 130 (no date, April–May, 1742.) He suffered, with excellent silence, now and afterwards, much ill-usage from above withal;—till Friedrich himself, in the third year hence, was lucky enough to get him as General. Friedrich's Sister Ulrique, the marriage of Princess Ulrique,—that also, as it chanced, had something to do with this Peace of Abo. But we anticipate too far.

Chapter IX. FRIEDRICH RETURNS TO SILESIA.

Friedrich stayed only three weeks at home; moving about, from Berlin to Potsdam, to Reinsberg and back: all the gay world is in Berlin, at this Carnival time; but Friedrich has more to do with business, of a manifold and over-earnest nature, than with Carnival gayeties. French Valori is here, "my fat Valori," who is beginning to be rather a favorite of Friedrich's: with Excellency Valori, and with the other Foreign Excellencies, there was diplomatic passaging in these weeks; and we gather from Valori, in the inverse way (Valori fallen sulky), that it was not ill done on Friedrich's part. He had some private consultation with the Old Dessauer, too; "probably on military points," thinks Valori. At least there was noticed more of the drill-sergeant than before, in his handling of the Army, when he returned to Silesia, continues the sulky one. "Troops and generals did not know him again,"—so excessively strict was he grown, on the sudden. And truly "he got into details which were beneath, not only a Prince who has great views, but even a simple Captain of Infantry,"—according to my (Valori's) military notions and experiences! [Valori, i. 99.]—

The truth is, Friedrich begins to see, more clearly than he did with GLOIRE dazzling him, that his position is an exceedingly grave one, full of risk, in the then mood and condition of the world; that he, in the whole world, has no sure friend but his Army; and that in regard to IT he cannot be too vigilant! The world is ominous to this youngest of the Kings more than to another. Sounds as of general Political Earthquake grumble audibly to him from the deeps: all Europe likely, in any event, to get to loggerheads on this Austrian Pragmatic matter; the Nations all watching HIM, to see what he will make of it:—fugleman he to the European Nations, just about bursting up on such an adventure. It may be a glorious position, or a not glorious; but, for certain, it is a dangerous one, and awfully solitary!—

Fuglemen the world and its Nations always have, when simultaneously bent any-whither, wisely or unwisely; and it is natural that the most adventurous spirit take that post. Friedrich has not sought the post; but following his own objects, has got it; and will be ignominiously lost, and trampled to annihilation under the hoofs of the world, if he do not mind! To keep well ahead;—to be rapid as possible; that were good:—to step aside were still better! And Friedrich we find is very anxious for that; "would be content with the Duchy of Glogau, and join Austria;" but there is not the least chance that way. His Special Envoy to Vienna, Gotter, and along with him Borck the regular Minister, are come home; all negotiation hopeless at Vienna; and nothing but indignant war—preparation going on there, with the most animated diligence, and more success than had seemed possible. That is the law of Friedrich's Silesian Adventure: "Forward, therefore, on these terms; others there are not: waste no words!" Friedrich recognizes to himself what the law is; pushes stiffly forward, with a fine silence on all that is not practical, really with a fine steadiness of hope, and audacity against discouragements. Of his anxieties, which could not well be wanting, but which it is royal to keep strictly under lock and key, of these there is no hint to Jordan or to anybody; and only through accidental chinks, on close scrutiny, can we discover that they exist. Symptom of despondency, of misgiving or repenting about his Enterprise, there is none anywhere, Friedrich's fine gifts of SILENCE (which go deeper than the lips) are noticeable here, as always; and highly they availed Friedrich in leading his life, though now inconvenient to Biographers writing of the same!—

It was not on matters of drill, as Valori supposes, that Friedrich had been consulting with the Old Dessauer: this time it was on another matter. Friedrich has two next Neighbors greatly interested, none more so, in the Pragmatic Question: Kur-Sachsen, Polish King, a foolish greedy creature, who is extremely uncertain about his course in it (and indeed always continued so, now against Friedrich, now for him, and again against); and Kur-Hanover, our little George of England, whose course is certain as that of the very stars, and direct against Friedrich at this time, as indeed, at all times not exceptional, it is apt to be. Both these Potentates must be attended to, in one's absence; method to be gentle but effectual; the Old Dessauer to do it:—and this is what these consultings had turned upon; and in a month or two, readers, and an astonished Gazetteer world, will see what comes of them.

It was February 19th when Friedrich left Berlin; the 21st he spends at Glogau, inspecting the Blockade there, and not ill content with the measures taken: "Press that Wallis all you can," enjoins he: "Hunger seems to be slow about it! Summon him again, were your new Artillery come up; threaten with bombardment; but spare the Town,

if possible. Artillery is coming: let us have done here, and soon!" Next day he arrives, not at Breslau as some had expected, but at Schweidnitz sideways; a strong little Town, at least an elaborately fortified, of which we shall hear much in time coming. It lies a day's ride west of Breslau: and will be quieter for business than a big gazing Capital would be,—were Breslau even one's own city; which it is not, though perhaps tending to be. Breslau is in transition circumstances at present; a little uncertain WHOSE it is, under its Munchows and new managers: Breslau he did not visit at all on this occasion. To Schweidnitz certain new regiments had been ordered, there to be disposed of in reinforcing: there, "in the Count Hoberg's Mansion," he principally lodges for six weeks to come; shooting out on continual excursions; but always returning to Schweidnitz, as the centre, again.

Algarotti, home from Turin (not much of a success there, but always melodious for talk), had travelled with him; Algarotti, and not long after, Jordan and Maupertuis, bear him company, that the vacant moments too be beautiful. We can fancy he has a very busy, very anxious, but not an unpleasant time. He goes rapidly about, visiting his posts,—chiefly about the Neisse Valley; Neisse being the prime object, were the weather once come for siege-work. He is in many Towns (specified in RODENBECK and the Books, but which may be anonymous here); doubtless on many Steeples and Hill-tops; questioning intelligent natives, diligently using his own eyes: intent to make personal acquaintance with this new Country,—where, little as he yet dreams of it, the deadly struggles of his Life lie waiting him, and which he will know to great perfection before all is done!

Neisse lies deep enough in Prussian environment; like Brieg, like Glogau, strictly blockaded; our posts thereabouts, among the Mountains, thought to be impregnable. Nevertheless, what new thing is this? Here are swarms of loose Hussar-Pandour people, wild Austrian Irregulars, who come pouring out of Glatz Country; disturbing the Prussian posts towards that quarter; and do not let us want for Small War (KLEINE KRIEG) so called. General Browne, it appears, is got back to Glatz at this early season, he and a General Lentulus busy there; and these are the compliments they send! A very troublesome set of fellows, infesting one's purlieus in winged predatory fashion; swooping down like a cloud of vulturous harpies on the sudden; fierce enough, if the chance favor; then to wing again, if it do not. Communication, especially reconnoitring, is not safe in their neighborhood. Prussian Infantry, even in small parties, generally beats them; Prussian Horse not, but is oftener beaten,—not drilled for this rabble and their ways. In pitched fight they are not dangerous, rather are despicable to the disciplined man; but can, on occasion, do a great deal of mischief.

Thus, it was not long after Friedrich's coming into these parts, when he learnt with sorrow that a Body of "500 Horse and 500 Foot" (or say it were only 300 of each kind, which is the fact [Orlich, i. 79; *OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 68.]) had eluded our posts in the Mountains, and actually got into Neisse. "The Foot will be of little consequence," writes Friedrich; "but the Horse, which will disturb our communications, are a considerable mischief." This was on the 5th of March. And about a week before, on the 27th of February, there had well-nigh a far graver thing befallen,—namely the capture of Friedrich himself, and the sudden end of all these operations.

SKIRMISH OF BAUMGARTEN, 27th FEBRUARY, 1741.

In most of the Anecdote-Books there used to figure, and still does, insisting on some belief from simple persons, a wonderful Story in very vague condition: How once "in the Silesian Wars," the King, in those Upper Neisse regions, in the Wartha district between Glatz and Neisse, was, one day, within an inch of being taken,—clouds of Hussars suddenly rising round him, as he rode reconnoitring, with next to no escort, only an adjutant or so in attendance. How he shot away, keeping well in the shade; and erelong whisked into a Convent or Abbey, the beautiful Abbey of Kamenz in those parts; and found Tobias Stusche, excellent Abbot of the place, to whom he candidly disclosed his situation. How the excellent Tobias thereupon instantly ordered the bells to be rung for a mass extraordinary, Monks not knowing why; and, after bells, made his appearance in high costume, much to the wonder of his Monks, with a SECOND Abbot, also in high costume, but of shortish stature, whom they never saw before or after. Which two Abbots, or at least Tobias, proceeded to do the so-called divine office there and then; letting loose the big chant especially, and the growl of organs, in a singularly expressive manner. How the Pandours arrived in clouds meanwhile; entered, in searching parties, more or less reverent of the mass; searched high and low; but found nothing, and were obliged to take Tobias's blessing at last, and go their ways. How the Second Abbot thereupon swore eternal friendship with Tobias, in the private apartments; and rode off as—as a rescued Majesty, determined to be more cautious in Pandour Countries for the future! [Hildebrandt, *Anekdoten*, i. 1-7. Pandour proper is a FOOT-soldier (tall raw-boned ill-washed biped, in copious Turk breeches, rather barish in the top parts of him; carries a very long musket, and has several pistols and butcher's-

knives stuck in his girdle): specifically a footman; but readers will permit me to use him withal, as here, in the generic sense.]— Which story, as to the body of it, is all myth; though, as is oftenest the case, there lies in it some soul of fact too. The History—Books, which had not much heeded the little fact, would have nothing to do with this account of it. Nevertheless the people stuck to their Myth; so that Dryasdust (in punishment for his sinful blindness to the human and divine significance of facts) was driven to investigate the business; and did at last victoriously bring it home to the small occurrence now called SKIRMISH OF BAUMGARTEN, which had nearly become so great in the History of the World,—to the following effect.

There are two Valleys with roads that lead from that Southwest quarter of Silesia towards Glatz, each with a little Town at the end of it, looking up into it: Wartha the name of the one: Silberberg that of the other. Through the Wartha Valley, which is southernmost, young Neisse River comes rushing down,—the blue mountains thereabouts very pretty, on a clear spring day, says my touring friend. Both at Wartha, and at Silberberg the little Town which looks into the mouth of the northernmost Valley, the Prussians have a post. Old Derschau, Malplaquet Derschau, with headquarters at Frankenstein, some seven or eight miles nearer Schweidnitz, has not failed in that precaution. Friedrich wished to visit Silberberg and Wartha; set out accordingly, 27th February, with small escort, carelessly as usual: the Pandour people had wind of it; knew his habits on such occasions; and, gliding through other roadless valleys, under an adventurous Captain, had determined to whirl him off. And they were in fact not far from succeeding, had not a mistake happened.

Silberberg, and Wartha the southernmost, which stands upon the Neisse River (rushing out there into the plainer country), are each about seven or eight miles from Frankenstein, the Head—quarters; and there are relays of posts, capable of supporting one another, all the way from Frankenstein to each. Friedrich rode to Silberberg first; examined the post, found it right; then rode across to Wartha, seven or eight miles southward; examined Wartha likewise; after which, he sat down to dinner in that little Town, with an Officer or two for company,—having, I suppose, found all right in both the posts. In the way hither, he had made some change in the relay arrangements, which at first involved some diminution of his own escort, and then some marching about and redistributing: so that, externally, it seemed as if the Principal Relay—party were now marching on Baumgarten, an intermediate Village,—at least so the Pandour Captain understands the movements going on; and crouches into the due thickets in consequence, not doubting but the King himself is for Baumgarten, and will be at hand presently. Principal relay—party, a squadron of Schulenburg's Dragoons, with a stupid Major over them, is not quite got into Baumgarten, when "with horrible cries the Pandour Captain with about 500 horse," plunges out of cover, direct upon the throat of it: and Friedrich, at Wartha, is but just begun dining when tumult of distant musketry breaks in upon him. With Friedrich himself, at this time, as I count, there might be 150 Horse; in Wartha post itself are at least "forty hussars and fifty foot." By no means "nothing but a single adjutant," as the Myth bears.

The stupid Major ought to have beaten this rabble, though above two to one of him. But he could not, though he tried considerably; on the contrary, he was himself beaten; obliged to make off, leaving "ten dragoons killed, sixteen prisoners, one standard and two kettle—drums:"—victory and all this plunder, ye Pandour gentry; but evidently no King. The Pandour gentry, on the instant, made off too, alarm being abroad; got into some side—valley, with their prisoners and drum—and—standard honors, and vanished from view of mankind.

Friedrich had started from dinner; got his escort under way, with the forty hussars and the fifty foot, and what small force was attainable; and hurried towards the scene. He did see, by the road, another strongish party of Pandours; dashed them across the Neisse River out of sight;—but, getting to Baumgarten, found the field silent, and ten dead men upon it. "I always told you those Schulenburg Dragoons were good for nothing!" writes he to the Old Dessauer; but gradually withal, on comparing notes, finds what a danger he had run, and how rash and foolish he had been. "An ETOURDERIE (foolish trick)," he calls it, writing to Jordan; "a black eye;" and will avoid the like. Vienna got its two kettle—drums and flag; extremely glad to see them; and even sang TE—DEUM upon them, to general edification. [Orlich, i. 62—64.] This is the naked primordial substance out of which the above Myth grew to its present luxuriance in the popular imagination. Place, the little Village of Baumgarten; day, 27th February, 1741. Of Tobias Stusche or the Convent of Kamenz, not one authentic word on this occasion. Tobias did get promotions, favors in coming years: a worthy Abbot, deserving promotion on general grounds; and master of a Convent very picturesque, but twelve miles from the present scene of action.

ASPECTS OF BRESLAU.

Friedrich avoided visiting Breslau, probably for the reasons above given; though there are important interests of his there, especially his chief Magazine; and issues of moment are silently working forward. Here are contemporary Excerpts (in abridged form), which are authentic, and of significance to a lively reader:—

"BRESLAU, MIDDLE OF JANUARY, 1741. The Prussian Envoy, Herr von Gotter, had appeared here, returning from Vienna; Gotter, and then Borck, who made no secret in Breslau society, That not the slightest hope of a peaceable result existed, as society might have flattered itself; but that war and battle would have to decide this matter. A Saxon Ambassador was also here, waiting some time; message thought to be insignificant:—probably some vague admonitory stuff again from Kur-Sachsen (Polish King, son of August the Strong, a very insignificant man), who acts as REICHS-VICARIUS in those Northern parts." For the reader is to know, there are Reichs-Vicars more than one (nay more than two on this occasion, with considerable jarring going on about them); and I could say much about their dignities, limits, duties, [Adelung, ii. 143, Kohler, *Reichs-Historie*, pp. 585-589.]—if indeed there were any duties, except dramatic ones! But the Reich itself, and Vicarship along with it, are fallen into a nearly imaginary condition; and the Regensburg Diet (not Princes now, but mere Delegates of Princes, mostly Bombazine People), which, "ever since 1663," has sat continual, instead of now and then, is become an Enchanted Piggery, strange to look upon, under those earnest stars. "As King Friedrich did not call at Greslau," after those Neisse bombardments, but rolled past, straight homewards, the three Excellencies all departed,—Borck and Gotter to Berlin, the Saxon home again with his insignificant message.

"JANUARY 19th. Schwerin too was here in the course of the winter, to see how the magazines and other war-preparations were going on: Breslau outwardly and inwardly is whirling with business, and offers phenomena. For instance, it is known that the Army-Chest, heaps of silver and gold in it, lies in the Scultet Garden-House, where the King lodged; and that only one sentry walks there, and that in the guard-house itself, which is some way off, there are only thirty men. January 19th, about 9 of the clock, [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 700.] alarm rises, That 2,000 DIEBS-GESINDEL (Collective Thief-rabble of Breslau and dependencies) are close by; intending a stroke upon said Garden-House and Army-Chest! Perhaps this rumor sprang of its own accord; —or perhaps not quite? It had been very rife; and ran high; not without remonstrances in Town-Hall, and the like, which we can imagine. Issue was, The Officer on post at Scultet's loaded his treasure in carts; conveyed it, that same night, to the interior of the City, in fact to the OBERAMTS-HAUS (Government-House that was); —which doubtless was a step in the right direction. For now the Two Feld-Kriegs-Commissariat Gentlemen (one of whom is the expert Munchow, son of our old Custrin friend), supreme Prussian Authorities here, do likewise shift out of their inns; and take old Schaffgotsch's apartments in the same Oberamts-Haus; mutely symboling that perhaps THEY are likely to become a kind of Government. And the reader can conceive how, in such an element, the function of governing would of itself fall more and more into their hands. They were consummately polite, discreet, friendly towards all people; and did in effect manage their business, tax-gatherings in money and in kind, with a perfection and precision which made the evil a minimum.

"FEBRUARY 17th. ... This day also, there arrived at Breslau, by boat up the Oder, ten heavy cannon, three mortars, and ammunition of powder, bombshells, balls, as much as loaded fifty wagons; the whole of which were, in like manner, forwarded to Ohlau. This day, as on other days before and after. Great Magazines forming here; the Military chiefly at Ohlau; at Breslau the Provender part,—and this latter under noteworthy circumstances. In the Dom-Island, namely; which is definable (in a case of such necessity) as being 'outside the walls.' Especially as the Reverend Fathers have mostly glided into corners, and left the place vacant. In the Dom-Island, it certainly is; and such a stock,—all bought for money down, and spurred forward while the roads were under frost,—'such a stock as was not thought to be in all Silesia,' says exaggerative wonder. The vacant edifices in the Dom-Island are filled to the neck with meal and corn; the Prussian brigade now quartering there ('without the walls,' in a sense) to guard the same. And in the Bishop's Garden [poor Sinzendorf, far enough away and in no want of it just now] are mere hay-mows, bigger than houses: who can object,—in a case of necessity? No man, unless he politically meddle, is meddled with; politically meddling, you are at once picked up; as one or two are,—clapped into gentle arrest, or, like old Schaffgotsch, and even Sinzendorf before long, requested to leave the Country till it get settled. Rigor there is, but not intentional injustice on Munchow's part, and there is a studious avoidance of harsh manner.

"FEBRUARY-MARCH. Considerable recruiting in Schlesien: six hundred recruits have enlisted in Breslau alone. Also his Prussian Majesty has sent a supply of Protestant Preachers, ordained for the occasion, to minister

where needed;—which is piously acknowledged as a godsend in various parts of Silesia. Twelve came first, all Berliners; soon afterwards, others from different parts, till, in the end, there were about Sixty in all. Rigorous, punctilious avoidance of offence to the Catholic minorities, or of whatever least thing Silesian Law does not permit, is enjoined upon them; 'to preach in barns or town-halls, where by Law you have no Church.' Their salary is about 30 pounds a year; they are all put under supervision of the Chaplain of Margraf Karl's Regiment" (a judicious Chaplain, I have no doubt, and fit to be a Bishop); and so far as appears, mere benefit is got of them by Schlesien as well as by Friedrich, in this function. Friedrich is careful to keep the balance level between Catholic and Protestant; but it has hung at such an angle, for a long while past! In general, we observe the Catholic Dignitaries, and the zealous or fanatic of that creed, especially the Jesuits, are apt to be against him: as for the non-fanatic, they expect better government, secular advantage; these latter weigh doubtfully, and with less weight whichever way. In the general population, who are Protestant, he recognizes friends;—and has sent them Sixty Preachers, which by Law was their due long since. Here follow two little traits, comic or tragi-comic, with which we can conclude:—

"Detached Jesuit parties, here and there, seem to have mischief in hand in a small way, encouraging deserters and the like;—and we keep an eye on them. No discontent elsewhere, at least none audible; on the contrary, much enlisting on the part of the Silesian youth, with other good symptoms. But in the Dom, there is, singular to say, a Goblin found walking, one night;—advancing, not with airs from Heaven, upon the Prussian sentry there! The Prussian sentry handles arms; pokes determinedly into the Goblin, and finding him solid, ever more determinedly, till the Goblin shrieked 'Jesus Maria!' and was hauled to the Guard-house for investigation." A weak Goblin; doubtless of the valet kind; worth only a little whipping; but testifies what the spirit is.

"Another time, two deserter Frenchmen getting hanged [such the law in aggravated cases], certain polite Jesuits, who had by permission been praying and extreme-unctioning about them, came to thank the Colonel after all was over. Colonel, a grave practical man, needs no 'thanks;' would, however, 'advise your Reverences to teach your people that perjury is not permissible, that an oath sworn ought to be kept;' and in fine 'would advise you Holy Fathers hereabouts, and others, to have a care lest you get into'—And twitching his reins, rode away without saying into what." [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 723.]

AUSTRIA IS STANDING TO ARMS.

Schwerin has been doing his best in this interim; collecting magazines with double diligence while the roads are hard, taking up the Key-positions far and wide, from the Jablunka round to the Frontier Valleys of Glatz again. He was through Jablunka, at one time; on into Mahren, as far as Olmutz; levying contributions, emitting patents: but as to intimidating her Hungarian Majesty, if that was the intention, or changing her mind at all, that is not the issue got. Austria has still strength, and Pragmatic Sanction and the Laws of Nature have! Very fixed is her Hungarian Majesty's determination, to part with no inch of Territory, but to drive the intrusive Prussians home well punished.

How she has got the funds is, to this day, a mystery;—unless George and Walpole, from their Secret-Service Moneys, have smuggled her somewhat. For the Parliament is not sitting, and there will be such jargonings, such delays: a preliminary 100,000 pounds, say by degrees 200,000 pounds,—we should not miss it, and in her Majesty's hands it would go far! Hints in the English Dryasdust we have; but nothing definite; and we are left to our guesses. [Tindal (XX. 497) says expressly 200,000 pounds, but gives no date or other particular.] A romantic story, first set current by Voltaire, has gone the round of the world, and still appears in all Histories: How in England there was a Subscription set on foot for her Hungarian Majesty; outcome of the enthusiasm of English Ladies of quality,—old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough putting down her name for 40,000 pounds, or indeed putting down the ready sum itself; magnanimous veteran that she was. Voltaire says, omitting date and circumstance, but speaking as if it were indubitable, and a thing you could see with eyes: "The Duchess of Marlborough, widow of him who had fought for Karl VI. [and with such signal returns of gratitude from the said Karl VI.], assembled the principal Ladies of London; who engaged to furnish 100,000 pounds among them; the Duchess herself putting down [EN DEPOSA, tabling IN CORPORE] 40,000 pounds of it. The Queen of Hungary had the greatness of soul to refuse this money;—needing only, as she intimated, what the Nation in Parliament assembled might please to offer her." [Voltaire, *OEuvres (Siecle de Louis XV.*, c. 6), xxviii. 79.]

One is sorry to run athwart such a piece of mutual magnanimity; but the fact is, on considering a little and asking evidence, it turns out to be mythical. One Dilworth, an innocent English soul (from whom our grandfathers

used to learn ARITHMETIC, I think), writing on the spot some years after Voltaire, has this useful passage: "It is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders. Voltaire was misinformed; and would perhaps learn, by a second inquiry, a truth less splendid and amusing. A Contribution was, by News-writers upon their own authority, fruitlessly proposed. It ended in nothing: the Parliament voted a supply;"—that did it, Mr. Dilworth; supplies enough, and many of them! "Fruitlessly, by News-writers on their own authority;" that is the sad fact. [*The Life and Heroick Actions of Frederick III.* (SIC, a common blunder), by W. H. Dilworth, M.A. (London, 1758), p. 25. A poor little Book, one of many coming out on that subject just then (for a reason we shall see on getting thither); which contains, of available now, the above sentence and no more. Indeed its brethren, one of them by Samnel Johnson (IMPRANSUS, the imprisoned giant), do not even contain that, and have gone wholly to zero.— Neither little Dilworth nor big Voltaire give the least shadow of specific date; but both evidently mean Spring, 1742 (not 1741).]

It is certain, little George, who considers Pragmatic Sanction as the Keystone of Nature in a manner, has been venturing far deeper than purse for that adorable object; and indeed has been diving, secretly, in muddier waters than we expected, to a dangerous extent, on behalf of it, at this very time. In the first days of March, Friedrich has heard from his Minister at Petersburg of a DETESTABLE PROJECT, [Orlich, i. 83 (scrap of Note to Old Dessauer; no date allowed us; "early in March").]—project for "Partitioning the Prussian Kingdom," no less; for fairly cutting into Friedrich, and paring him down to the safe pitch, as an enemy to Pragmatic and mankind. They say, a Treaty, Draught of a Treaty, for that express object, is now ready; and lies at Petersburg, only waiting signature. Here is a Project! Contracting parties (Russian signature still wanting) are: Kur-Sachsen; her Hungarian Majesty; King George; and that Regent Anne (MRS. Anton Ulrich, so to speak), who sits in a huddle of undress, impatient of Political objects, but sensible to the charms of handsome men. To the charms of Count Lynar, especially: the handsomest of Danish noblemen (more an ancient Roman than a Dane), whom the Polish Majesty, calculating cause and effect, had despatched to her, with that view, in the dead of winter lately. To whom she has given ear;—dismissing her Munnich, as we saw above;—and is ready for signing, or perhaps has signed! [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 68.] Friedrich's astonishment, on hearing of this "detestable Project," was great. However, he takes his measures on it;—right lucky that he has the Old Dessauer, and machinery for acting on Kur-Sachsen and the Britannic Majesty. "Get your machinery in gear!" is naturally his first order. And the Old Dessauer does it, with effect: of which by and by.

Never did I hear, before or since, of such a plunge into the muddy unfathomable, on the part of little George, who was an honorable creature, and dubitative to excess: and truly this rash plunge might have cost him dear, had not he directly scrambled out again. Or did Friedrich exaggerate to himself his Uncle's real share in the matter? I always guess, there had been more of loose talk, of hypothesis and fond hope, in regard to George's share, than of determinate fact or procedure on his own part. The transaction, having had to be dropped on the sudden, remains somewhat dark; but, in substance, it is not doubtful; [Tindal, xx. 497.] and Parliament itself took afterwards to poking into it, though with little effect. Kur-Sachsen's objects in the adventure were of the earth, earthy; but on George's part it was pure adoration of Pragmatic Sanction, anxiety for the Keystone of Nature, and lest Chaos come again. In comparison with such transcendent divings, what is a little Secret-Service money!—

The Count Lynar of this adventure, who had well-nigh done such a feat in Diplomacy, may turn up transiently again. A conspicuous, more or less ridiculous person of those times. Busching (our Geographical friend) had gone with him, as Excellency's Chaplain, in this Russian Journey; which is a memorable one to Busching; and still presents vividly, through his Book, those haggard Baltic Coasts in midwinter, to readers who have business there. Such a journey for grimness of outlook, upon pine-tufts and frozen sand; for cold (the Count's very tobacco-pipe freezing in his mouth), for hardship, for bad lodging, and extremity of dirt in the unfreezable kinds, as seldom was. They met, one day on the road, a Lord Hyndford, English Ambassador just returning from Petersburg, with his fourgons and vehicles, and arrangements for sleep and victual, in an enviably luxurious condition,—whom we shall meet, to our cost. They saw, in the body, old Field-marshal Lacy, and dined with him, at Riga; who advised brandy schnapps; a recipe rejected by Busching. And other memorabilia, which by accident hang about this Lynar. [Busching, *Beitrag*, vi. 132-164.]— All through Regent Anne's time he continued a dangerous object to Friedrich; and it was a relief when Elizabeth CATIN became Autocrat, instead of Deshabille Anne and her Lynar. Adieu to him, for fifteen years or more.

Of Friedrich's military operations, of his magazines, posts, diligent plannings and galloping about, in those

weeks; of all this the reader can form some notion by looking on the map and remembering what has gone before: but that subterranean growling which attended him, prophetic of Earthquake, that universal breaking forth of Bedlams, now fallen so extinct, no reader can imagine. Bedlams totally extinct to everybody; but which were then very real, and raged wide as the world, high as the stars, to a hideous degree among the then sons of men;—unimaginable now by any mortal.

And, alas, this is one of the grand difficulties for my readers and me; Friedrich's Life—element having fallen into such a dismal condition. Most dismal, dark, ugly, that Austrian—Succession Business, and its world—wide battlings, throttlings and intriguings: not Dismal Swamp, under a coverlid of London Fog, could be uglier! A Section of "History" so called, which human nature shrinks from; of which the extant generation already knows nothing, and is impatient of hearing anything! Truly, Oblivion is very due to such an Epoch: and from me far be it to awaken, beyond need, its sordid Bedlams, happily extinct. But without Life—element, no Life can be intelligible; and till Friedrich and one or two others are extricated from it, Dismal Swamp cannot be quite filled in. Courage, reader!—Our Constitutional Historian makes this farther reflection:—

"English moneys, desperate Russian intrigues, Treaties made and Treaties broken—If instead of Pragmatic Sanction with eleven Potentates guaranteeing, Maria Theresa had at this time had 200,000 soldiers and a full treasury (as Prince Eugene used to advise the late Kaiser), how different might it have been with her, and with the whole world that fell upon one another's throats in her quarrel! Some eight years of the most disastrous War; and except the falling of Silesia to its new place, no result gained by it. War at any rate inevitable, you object? English—Spanish War having been obliged to kindle itself; French sure to fall in, on the Spanish side; sure to fall upon Hanover, so soon as beaten at sea, and thus to involve all Europe? Well, it is too likely. But, even in that case, the poor English would have gone upon their necessary Spanish War, by the direct road and with their eyes open, instead of somnambulating and stumbling over the chimney—tops; and the settlement might have come far sooner, and far cheaper to mankind. —Nay, we are to admit that the new place for Silesia was, likewise, the place appointed it by just Heaven; and Friedrich's too was a necessary War. Heaven makes use of Shadow—hunting Kaisers too; and its ways in this mad world are through the great Deep."

THE YOUNG DESSAUER CAPTURES GLOGAU (MARCH 9th); THE OLD DESSAUER, BY HIS CAMP OF GOTTIN (APRIL 2d), CHECKMATES CERTAIN DESIGNING PERSONS.

Money somewhere her Hungarian Majesty has got; that is one thing evident. She has an actual Army on foot, "drawn out of Italy," or whence she could; formidable Army, says rumor, and getting well equipped;—and here are the Pandour Precursors of it, coming down like storm—clouds through the Glatz valleys;—nearly finishing the War for her at a stroke, the other day, had accident favored;—and have thrown reinforcement of 600 into Neisse. Friedrich is not insensible to these things; and amid such alarms from far and from near, is becoming eager to have, at least, Glogau in his hand. Glogau, he is of opinion, could now, and should, straightway be done.

Glogau is not a strong place; after all the repairing, it could stand little siege, were we careless of hurting it. But Wallis is obstinate; refuses Free Withdrawal; will hold out to the uttermost, though his meal is running low. He pretends there is relief coming; relief just at hand; and once, in midnight time, "lets off a rocket and fires six guns," alarming Prince Leopold as if relief were just in the neighborhood. A tough industrious military man; stiff to his purpose, and not without shift.

Friedrich thinks the place might be had by assault: "Open trenches; set your batteries going, which need not injure the Town; need only alarm Wallis, and TERRIFY it; then, under cover of this noise and feint of cannonading, storm with vigor." Leopold, the Young Dessauer, is cautious; wants petards if he must storm, wants two new battalions if he must open trenches;—he gets these requisites, and is still cunctatory. Friedrich has himself got the notion, "from clear intelligence," true or not, that relief to Glogau is actually on way; and under such imminences, Russian and other, in so ticklish a state of the world, he becomes more and more impatient that this thing were done. In the first week of March, still hurrying about on inspection—business, he writes, from four or five different places ("Mollwitz near Brieg" is one of them, a Village we shall soon know better), Note after Note to Leopold; who still makes difficulties, and is not yet perfect to the last finish in his preparations. "Preparations!" answers Friedrich impatiently (date MOLLWITZ, 5th MARCH, the third or fourth impatient Note he has sent); and adds, just while quitting Mollwitz for Ohlau, this Postscript in his own hand:—

P.S. "I am sorry you have not understood me! They have, in Bohmen, a regular enterprise on hand for the rescue of Glogau. I have Infantry enough to meet them; but Cavalry is quite wanting. You must therefore, without

delay, begin the siege. Let us finish there, I pray you!" [Orlich, i. 70.]

And next day, Monday 6th, to cut the matter short, he despatches his General-Adjutant Goltz in person (the distance is above seventy miles), with this Note wholly in autograph, which nothing vocal on Leopold's part will answer:--

"OHLAU, 6th MARCH. As I am certainly informed that the Enemy will make some attempt, I hereby with all distinctness command, That, so soon as the petards are come [which they are], you attack Glogau. And you must make your Arrangement (DISPOSITION) for more than one attack; so that if one fail, the other shall certainly succeed. I hope you will put off no longer;--otherwise the blame of all the mischief that might arise out of longer delay must lie on you alone." [Ib. i. 71.]

Goltz arrived with this emphatic Piece, Tuesday Evening, after his course of seventy miles: this did at last rouse our cautious Young Dessauer; and so there is next obtainable, on much compression, the following authentic Excerpt:--

"GLOGAU, 8th MARCH, 1741. His Durchlaucht the Prince Leopold summoned all the Generals at noon; and informed them That, this very night, Glogau must be won. He gave them their Instructions in writing: where each was to post himself; with what detachments; how to proceed. There are to be three Attacks: one up stream, coming on with the River to its right; one down stream, River to its left; and a third from the landward side, perpendicular to the other two. The very captains that shall go foremost are specified; at what hour each is to leave quarters, so that all be ready simultaneously, waiting in the posts assigned;--against what points to advance out of these, and storm Rampart and Wall. Places, times, particulars, everything is fixed with mathematical exactitude: 'Be steady, be correct, especially be silent; and so far as Law of Nature will permit, be simultaneous! When the big steeple of Glogau peals Midnight,--Forward, with the first stroke; with the second, much more with the twelfth stroke, be one and all of you, in the utmost silence, advancing! And, under pain of death, two things: Not one shot till you are in; No plundering when you are.'--In this manner is the silent three-sided avalanche to be let go. Whereupon", says my Dryasdust, "the Generals retired; and had, for one item, their fire-arms all cleaned and new-loaded." [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 823; ii. 165.]

Without plans of Glogau, and more detail and study than the reader would consent to, there can no Narrative be given. Glogau has Ramparts, due Ring-fence, palisaded and repaired by Wallis; inside of this is an old Town-Wall, which will need petards: there are about 1,000 men under Wallis, and altogether on the works, not to count a mortar or two, fifty-eight big guns. The reader must conceive a poor Town under blockade, in the wintry night-time, with its tough Count Wallis; ill-off for the necessaries of life; Town shrouded in darkness, and creeping quietly to its bed. This on the one hand: and on the other hand, Prussian battalions marching up, at 10 o'clock or later, with the utmost softness of step; "taking post behind the ordinary field-watches;" and at length, all standing ranked, in the invisible dark; silent, like machinery, like a sleeping avalanche: Husht!-- No sentry from the walls dreams of such a thing. "Twelve!" sings out the steeple of Glogau; and in grim whisper the word is, "VORWARDS!" and the three-winged avalanche is in motion.

They reach their glacises, their ditches, covered ways, correct as mathematics; tear out chevaux-de-frise, hew down palisades, in the given number of minutes: Swift, ye Regiment's-carpenters; smite your best! Four cannon-shot do now boom out upon them; which go high over their heads, little dreaming how close at hand they are. The glacis is thirty feet high, of stiff slope, and slippery with frost: no matter, the avalanche, led on by Leopold in person, by Margraf Karl the King's Cousin, by Adjutant Goltz and the chief personages, rushes up with strange impetus; hews down a second palisade; surges in;--Wallis's sentries extinct, or driven to their main guards. There is a singular fire in the besieging party. For example, Four Grenadiers,--I think of this First Column, which succeeded sooner, certainly of the Regiment Glasenapp,--four grenadiers, owing to slippery or other accidents, in climbing the glacis, had fallen a few steps behind the general body; and on getting to the top, took the wrong course, and rushed along rightward instead of leftward. Rightward, the first thing they come upon is a mass of Austrians still ranked in arms; fifty-two men, as it turned out, with their Captain over them. Slight stutter ensues on the part of the Four Grenadiers; but they give one another the hint, and dash forward: "Prisoners?" ask they sternly, as if all Prussia had been at their rear. The fifty-two, in the darkness, in the danger and alarm, answer "Yes."--"Pile arms, then!" Three of the grenadiers stand to see that done; the fourth runs off for force, and happily gets back with it before the comedy had become tragic for his comrades. "I must make acquaintance with these four men," writes Friedrich, on hearing of it; and he did reward them by present, by

promotion to sergeantcy (to ensigncy one of them), or what else they were fit for. Grenadiers of Glasenapp: these are the men Friedrich heard swearing—in under his window, one memorable morning when he burst into tears! At half—past Twelve, the Ramparts, on all sides, are ours.

The Gates of the Town, under axe and petard, can make little resistance, to Leopold's Column or the other two. A hole is soon cut in the Town—Gate, where Leopold is; and gallant Wallis, who had rallied behind it, with his Artillery—General and what they could get together, fires through the opening, kills four men; but is then (by order, and not till then) fired upon, and obliged to draw back, with his Artillery—General mortally hurt. Inside he attempts another rally, some 200 with him; and here and there perhaps a house—window tries to give shot; but it is to no purpose, not the least stand can be made. Poor Wallis is rapidly swept back, into the Market—place, into the Main Guard—house; and there piles arms: "Glogau yours, Ihr Herren, and we prisoners of War!" The steeple had not yet quite struck One. Here has been a good hour's—work!

Glogau, as in a dream, or half awake, and timidly peeping from behind window—curtains, finds that it is a Town taken. Glogau easily consoles itself, I hear, or even is generally glad; Prussian discipline being so perfect, and ingress now free for the necessaries of life. There was no plundering; not the least insult: no townsman was hurt; not even in houses where soldiers had tried firing from windows. The Prussian Battalions rendezvous in the Market—place, and go peaceably about their patrolling, and other business; and meddle with nothing else. They lost, in killed, ten men; had of killed and wounded, forty—eight; the Austrians rather more. [Orlich, i. 75, 78; *Helden—Geschichte*, i. 829; irreconcilable otherwise, in some slight points.] Wallis was to have been set free on parole; but was not,—in retaliation for some severity of General Browne's in the interim (picking up of two Silesian Noblemen, suspected of Prussian tendency, and locking them in Brunn over the Hills),—and had to go to Berlin, till that was repaired. To the wounded Artillery—General there was every tenderness shown, but he died in few days.—The other Prisoners were marched to the Custrin—Stettin quarter; "and many of them took Prussian service."

And this is the Scalade of Glogau: a shining feat of those days; which had great rumor in the Gazettes, and over all the then feverish Nations, though it has now fallen dim again, as feats do. Its importance at that time, its utility to Friedrich's affairs, was undeniable; and it filled Friedrich with the highest satisfaction, and with admiration to overflowing. Done 9th March, 1741; in one hour, the very earliest of the day.

Goltz posted back to Schweidnitz with the news; got thither about 5 P.M.; and was received, naturally, with open arms. Friedrich in person marched out, next morning, to make FEU—DE—JOIE and TE—DEUM—ing;—there was Royal Letter to Leopold, which flamed through all the Newspapers, and can still be read in innumerable Books; Letter omissible in this place. We remark only how punctual the King is, to reward in money as well as praise, and not the high only, but the low that had deserved: to Prince Leopold he presents 2,000 pounds; to each private soldier who had been of the storm, say half a guinea,—doubling and quadrupling, in the special cases, to as high as twenty guineas, of our present money. To the old Gazetteers, and their readers everywhere, this of Glogau is a very effulgent business; bursting out on them, like sudden Bude—light, in the uncertain stagnancy and expectancy of mankind. Friedrich himself writes of it to the Old Dessauer:—

"The more I think of the Glogau business, the more important I find it. Prince Leopold has achieved the prettiest military stroke (DIE SCHONSTE ACTION) that has been done in this Century. From my heart I congratulate you on having such a Son. In boldness of resolution, in plan, in execution, it is alike admirable; and quite gives a turn to my affairs." [Date, 13th March, 1741 (Orlich, i. 77).]

And indeed, it is a perfect example of Prussian discipline, and military quality in all kinds; such as it would be difficult to match elsewhere. Most potently correct; coming out everywhere with the completeness and exactitude of mathematics; and has in it such a fund of martial fire, not only ready to blaze out (which can be exemplified elsewhere), but capable of bottling itself IN, and of lying silently ready. Which is much rarer; and very essential in soldiering! Due a little to the OLD Dessauer, may we not say, as well as to the Young? Friedrich Wilhelm is fallen silent; but his heavy labors, and military and other drillings to Prussian mankind, still speak with an audible voice.

About three weeks after this of Glogau, Leopold the Old Dessauer, over in Brandenburg, does another thing which is important to Friedrich, and of great rumor in the world. Steps out, namely, with a force of 36,000 men, horse, foot and artillery, completely equipped in all points; and takes Camp, at this early season, at a place called Gottin, not far from Magdeburg, handy at once for Saxony and for Hanover; and continues there

encamped,—"merely for review purposes." Readers can figure what an astonishment it was to Kur–Sachsen and British George; and how it struck the wind out of their Russian Partition–Dream, and awoke them to a sense of the awful fact!—Capable of being slit in pieces, and themselves partitioned, at a day's warning, as it were! It was on April 2d, that Leopold, with the first division of the 36,000, planted his flag near Götting. No doubt it was the "detestable Project" that had brought him out, at so early a season for tent–life, and nobody could then guess why. He steadily paraded here, all summer; keeping his 36,000 well in drill, since there was nothing else needed of him.

The Camp at Götting flamed greatly abroad through the timorous imaginations of mankind, that Year; and in the Newspapers are many details of it. And, besides the important general fact, there is still one little point worth special mention: namely, that old Field–marshal Katte (Father of poor Lieutenant Katte whom we knew) was of it; and perhaps even got his death by it: "Chief Commander of the Cavalry here," such honor had he; but died at his post, in a couple of months, "at Reckahn, May 31st;" [*Militair–Lexikon*, ii. 254.] poor old gentleman, perhaps unequal to the hardships of field–life at so early a season of the year.

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE FIELD, WITH SOME POMP; GOES INTO THE MOUNTAINS, —BUT COMES FAST BACK.

At Glogau there was Homaging, on the very morrow after the storm; on the second day, the superfluous regiments marched off: no want of vigorous activity to settle matters on their new footing there. General Kalkstein (Friedrich's old Tutor, whom readers have forgotten again) is to be Commandant of Glogau; an office of honor, which can be done by deputy except in cases of real stress. The place is to be thoroughly new–fortified,—which important point they commit to Engineer Wallrave, a strong–headed heavy–built Dutch Officer, long since acquired to the service, on account of his excellence in that line; who did, now and afterwards, a great deal of excellent engineering for Friedrich; but for himself (being of deep stomach withal, and of life too dissolute) made a tragic thing of it ultimately. As will be seen, if we have leisure.

In seven or eight days, Prince Leopold having wound up his Glogau affairs, and completed the new preliminaries there, joins the King at Schweidnitz. In the highest favor, as was natural. Kalkstein is to take a main hand in the Siege of Neisse; for which operation it is hoped there will soon be weather, if not favorable yet supportable. What of the force was superfluous at Glogau had at once marched off, as we observed; and is now getting re–distributed where needful. There is much shifting about; strengthening of posts, giving up of posts: the whole of which readers shall imagine for themselves,—except only two points that are worth remembering: FIRST, that Kalkstein with about 12,000 takes post at Grotkau, some twenty–five miles north of Neisse, ready to move on, and open trenches, when required: and SECOND, that Holstein–Beck gets posted at Frankenstein (chief place of that Baumgarten Skirmish), say thirty–five miles west–by–north of Neisse; and has some 8 or 10,000 Horse and Foot thereabouts, spread up and down,—who will be much wanted, and not procurable, on an occasion that is coming.

Friedrich has given up the Jablunka Pass; called in the Jablunka and remoter posts; anxious to concentrate, before the Enemy get nigh. That is the King's notion; and surely a reasonable one; the AREA of the Prussian Army, as I guess it from the Maps, being above 2,000 square miles, beginning at Breslau only, and leaving out Glogau. Schwerin thinks differently, but without good basis. Both are agreed, "The Austrian Army cannot take the field till the forage come," till the new grass spring, which its cavalry find convenient. That is the fair supposition; but in that both are mistaken, and Schwerin the more dangerously of the two.—Meanwhile, the Pandour swarms are observably getting riper, and of stormier quality; and they seem to harbor farther to the East than formerly, and not to come all out of Glatz. Which perhaps are symptomatic circumstances? The worst effect of these preliminary Pandour clouds is, Your scout–service cannot live among them; they hinder reconnoitring, and keep the Enemy veiled from you. Of that sore mischief Friedrich had, first and last, ample experience at their hands! This is but the first instalment of Pandours to Friedrich; and the mere foretaste of what they can do in the veiling way.

Behind the Mountains, in this manner, all is inane darkness to Friedrich and Schwerin. They know only that Neipperg is rendezvousing at Olmutz; and judge that he will still spend many weeks upon it; the real facts being: That Neipperg—"who arrived in Olmutz on the 10th of March," the very day while Glogau was homaging—has been, he and those above him and those under him, driving preparations forward at a furious rate. That Neipperg held —I think at Steinberg his hithermost post, some twenty miles hither of Olmutz—a Council of War, "all the

Generals and even Lentulus from Glatz, present at it," day not given; where the unanimous decision was, "March straightway; save Neisse, since Glogau is gone!"—and in fine, That on the 26th, Neipperg took the road accordingly, "in spite of furious snow blowing in his face;" and is ever since (30,000 strong, says rumor, but perhaps 10,000 of them mere Pandours) unweariedly climbing the Mountains, laboriously jingling forward with his heavy guns and ammunition—wagons; "contending with the steep snowy icy roads;" intent upon saving Neisse. This is the fact; profoundly unknown to Friedrich and Schwerin; who will be much surprised, when it becomes patent to them at the wrong time.

SCHWEIDNITZ, 27th MARCH. This day Friedrich, with considerable apparatus, pomp and processional cymballing, greatly the reverse of his ulterior use and wont in such cases, quitted Schweidnitz and his Algarottis; solemnly opening Campaign in this manner; and drove off for Ottmachau, having work there for to-morrow.

The Siege of Neisse is now to proceed forthwith; trenches to be opened April 4th. Friedrich is still of opinion, that his posts lie too wide apart; that especially Schwerin, who is spread among the Hills in Jagerndorf Country, ought to come down, and take closer order for covering the siege. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 70.] Schwerin answers, That if the King will spare him a reinforcement of eight squadrons and nine battalions (say 1,200 Horse, 9,000 Foot), he will maintain himself where he is, and no Enemy shall get across the Mountains at all. That is Schwerin's notion; who surely is something of a judge. Friedrich assents; will himself conduct the reinforcement to Schwerin, and survey matters, with his own eyes, up yonder. Friedrich marches from Ottmachau, accordingly, 29th March;—Kalkstein, Holstein-Beck, and others are to be rendezvoused before Neisse, in the interim; trenches ready for opening on the sixth day hence;—and in this manner, climbs these Mountains, and sees Jagerndorf Country for the first time.

Beautiful blue world of Hills, ridge piled on ridge behind that Neisse region; fruitful valleys lapped in them, with grim stone Castles and busy little Towns disclosing themselves as we advance: that is Jagerndorf Country,—which Uncle George of Anspach, hundreds of years ago, purchased with his own money; which we have now come to lay hold of as his Heir! Friedrich, I believe, thinks little of all this, and does not remember Uncle George at all. But such are the facts; and the Country, regarded or not, is very blue and beautiful, with the Spring sun shining on it; or with the sudden Spring storms gathering wildly on the peaks, as if for permanent investiture, but vanishing again straightway, leaving only a powdering of snow.

He met Schwerin at Neustadt, half-way to Jagerndorf; whither they proceeded next day. "What news have you of the Enemy?" was Friedrich's first question. Schwerin has no news whatever; only that the Enemy is far off, hanging in long thin straggle from Olmutz westward. "I have a spy out," said Schwerin; "but he has not returned yet,"—nor ever will, he might have added. If diligent readers will now take to their Map, and attend day by day, an invincible Predecessor has compelled what next follows into human intelligibility, and into the Diary Form, for their behoof;—readers of an idler turn can skip: but this confused hurry-scurry of marches issues in something which all will have to attend to.

"JAGERNDORF, 2d APRIL, 1741. This is the day when the Old Dessauer makes appearance with the first brigades of his Camp at Gottin. Friedrich is satisfied with what he has seen of Jagerndorf matters; and intends returning towards Neisse, there to commence on the 4th. He is giving his final orders, and on the point of setting off, when—Seven Austrian Deserters, 'Dragoons of Lichtenstein,' come in; and report, That Neipperg's Army is within a few miles! And scarcely had they done answering and explaining, when sounds rise of musketry and cannon, from our outposts on that side; intimating that here is Neipperg's Army itself. Seldom in his life was Friedrich in an uglier situation. In Jagerndorf, an open Town, are only some three or four thousand men, 'with three field-pieces, and as much powder as will charge them forty times.' Happily these proved only the Pandour outskirts of Neipperg's Army, scouring about to reconnoitre, and not difficult to beat; the real body of it is ascertained to be at Freudenthal, fifteen miles to westward, southwestward; making towards Neisse, it is guessed, by the other or western road, which is the nearer to Glatz and to the Austrian force there.

"Had Neipperg known what was in Jagerndorf—! But he does not know. He marches on, next morning, at his usual slow rate; wide clouds of Pandours accompanying and preceding him; skirmishing in upon all places [upon Jagerndorf, for instance, though fifteen miles wide of their road], to ascertain if Prussians are there. One can judge whether Friedrich and Schwerin were thankful when the huge alarm produced nothing! 'The mountain,' as Friedrich says, 'gave birth to a mouse;'—nay it was a 'mouse' of essential vital use to Friedrich and Schwerin; a warning, That they must instantly collect themselves, men and goods; and begone one and all out of these parts,

double—quick towards Neisse. Not now with the hope of besieging Neisse,—far from that;—but of getting their wide—scattered posts together thereabouts, and escaping destruction in detail!

"APRIL 4th, HEAD—QUARTERS NEUSTADT. By violent exertion, with the sacrifice only of some remote little storehouses, all is rendezvoused at Jagerndorf, within two days; and this day they march; King and vanguard reaching Neustadt, some twenty—five miles forward, some twenty still from Neisse. At Neustadt, the posts that had stood in that neighborhood are all assembled, and march with the King to—morrow. Of Neipperg, except by transitory contact with his Pandour clouds, they have seen nothing: his road is pretty much parallel to theirs, and some fifteen miles leftward, Glatzward; goes through Zuckmantel, Ziegenhals, straight upon Neisse. [Zuckmantel, "Twitch—Cloak," occurs more than once as a Town's name in those regions: name which, says my Dryasdust without smile visible, it got from robberies done on travellers, "twitchings of your cloak," with stand—and—deliver, as you cross those wild mountain spaces. (Zeiller, *Beschreibung des Konigreichs Boheim*, Frankfurt, 1650;—a rather worthless old Book, like the rest of Zeiller's in that kind.)] Neipperg's men are wearied with the long climb out of Mahren; and he struggles towards Neisse as the first object;—holding upon Glatz and Lentulus with his left. Numerous orders have been speeded from the King's quarters, at Jagerndorf, and here at Neustadt; order especially to Holstein—Beck at Frankenstein, and to Kalkstein at Grotkau, How they are to unite, first with one another; and then to cross Neisse River, and unite with the King,—to which end there is already a Bridge laid for them, or about to be laid in good time.

"APRIL 5th, HEAD—QUARTERS STEINAU. Steinau is a little Town twenty miles east of Neisse, on the road to Kosel [strongish place, on the Oder, some forty miles farther east]: here Friedrich, with the main body, take their quarters; rearguard being still at Neustadt. Temporary Bridge there is, ready or all but ready, at Sorgau [twelve miles to north of us, on our left]: by this Kalkstein, with his 10,000, comes punctually across; while other brigades from the Kosel side are also punctual in getting in; which is a great comfort: but of Holstein—Beck there is no vestige, nor did there ever appear any. Holstein, 'whom none of the repeated orders sent him could reach,' says Friedrich, 'remained comfortably in his quarters; and looked at the Enemy rushing past him to right and left, without troubling his head with them.' [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 70.] The too easy—minded Holstein! Austrian Deserters inform us, That General Neipperg arrived to—day with his Army in Neisse; and has there been joined by Lentulus with the Glatz force, chiefly cavalry, a good many thousands. We may be attacked, then, this very night, if they are diligent? Friedrich marks out ground and plan in such case, and how and where each is to rank himself. There came nothing of attack; but the poor little Village of Steinau, with so many troops in it and baggage—drivers stumbling about, takes fire; burns to ashes; 'and we had great difficulty in saving the artillery and powder through the narrow streets, with the houses all burning on each hand.'" Fancy it,—and the poor shrieking inhabitants; gone to silence long since with their shrieks, not the least whisper left of them. "The Prussians bivouac on the field, each in the place that has been marked out. Night extremely cold."

In this poor Steinau was a Schloss, which also went up in fire; disclosing certain mysteries of an almost mythical nature to the German Public. It was the Schloss of a Graf von Callenberg, a dreadful old Dowager of Medea—Messalina type, who "always wore pistols about her;" pistols, and latterly, with more and more constancy, a brandy—bottle;—who has been much on the tongues of men for a generation back. Herr Nussler (readers recollect shifty Nussler) knew her, in the way of business, at one time; with pity, if also with horror. Some weeks ago, she was, by the Austrian Commandant at Neisse, summoned out of this Schloss, as in correspondence with Prussian Officers: peasants breaking in, tied her with ropes to the bed where she was; put bed and her into a farm—cart, and in that scandalous manner delivered her at Neisse to the Commandant; by which adventure, and its rages and unspeakabilities, the poor old Callenberg is since dead. And now the very Schloss is dead; and there is finis to a human dust—vortex, such as is sometimes noisy for a time. Perhaps Nussler may again pass that way, if we wait. [Busching, *Beitrag*, ii.273 et seqq.]

"APRIL 6th, HEAD—QUARTERS FRIEDLAND. To Friedland on the 6th.,—and do not, as expected, get away next morning. Friedland is ten miles down the Neisse, which makes a bend of near ninety degrees opposite Steinau; and runs thence straight north for the Oder, which it reaches some dozen miles or more above Brieg. Both Steinau and Friedland are a good distance from the River; Friedland, the nearer of the two, with Sorgau Bridge direct west of it, is perhaps eight miles from that important structure. There, being now tolerably rendezvoused, and in strength for action, Friedrich purposes to cross Neisse River to—morrow; hoping perhaps to meet Holstein—Beck, and incorporate him; anxious, at any rate, to get between the Austrians and Ohlau, where his

heavy Artillery, his Ammunition, not to mention other indispensables, are lying. The peculiarity of Neipperg at this time is, that the ground he occupies bears no proportion to the ground he commands. His regular Horse are supposed to be the best in the world; and of the Pandour kind, who live, horse and man, mainly upon nothing (which means upon theft), his supplies are unlimited. He sits like a volcanic reservoir, therefore, not like a common fire of such and such intensity and power to burn;—casts the ashes of him, on all sides, to many miles distance.

"FRIDAY 7th APRIL, FRIEDLAND (still Head-quarters). Unluckily, on trying, there is no passage to be had at Sorgau. The Officer on charge there still holds the Bridge, but has been obliged to break away the farther end of it; 'Lentulus and Dragoons, several thousands strong' (such is the report), having taken post there. Friedrich commands that the Bridge be reinstated; field-pieces to defend it; Prince Leopold to cross, and clear the ways. All Friday, Friedrich waiting at Friedland, was spent in these details. Leopold in due force started for Sorgau, himself with Cavalry in the van; Leopold did storm across, and go charging and fencing, some space, on the other side; but, seeing that it was in truth Lentulus, and Dragoons without limit, had to send report accordingly; and then to wind himself to this side again, on new order from the King. What is to be done, then? Here is no crossing. Friedrich decides to go down the River; he himself to Lowen, perhaps near twenty miles farther down, but where there is a Bridge and Highway leading over; Prince Leopold, with the heavier divisions and baggages, to Michelau, some miles nearer, and there to build his pontoons and cross. Which was effected, with success. And so,

"SATURDAY, 8th APRIL, With great punctuality, the King and Leopold met at Michelau, both well across the Neisse. Here on pontoons, Leopold had got across about noon; and precisely as he was finishing, the King's Column, which had crossed at Lowen, and come up the left bank again, arrived. The King, much content with Leopold's behavior, nominates him General of Infantry, a stage higher in promotion, there and then. Brieg Blockade is, as natural, given up; the Blockading Body joining with the King, this morning, while he passed that way. From Holstein-Beck not the least whisper,—nor to him, if we knew it.

"Neipperg has quitted Neisse; but walks invisible within clouds of Pandours; nothing but guessing as to Neipperg's motions. Rightly swift, and awake to his business, Neipperg might have done, might still do, a stroke upon us here. But he takes it easy; marches hardly five miles a day, since he quitted Neisse again. From Michelau, Friedrich for his part turns southwestward, in quest of Holstein and other interests; marches towards Grotkau, not intending much farther that night. Thick snow blowing in their faces, nothing to be seen ahead, the Prussian column tramps along. [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, ii. 156.] In Leipe, a little Hamlet sideways of the road, short way from Grotkau, our Hussar Vanguard had found Austrian Hussars; captured forty, and from them learned that the Austrian Army is in Grotkau; that they took Grotkau half an hour before, and are there! A poor Lieutenant Mitschepfal (whom I think Friedrich used to know in Reinsberg) lay in Grotkau, 'with some sixty recruits and deserters,' says Friedrich,—and with several hundreds of camp-laborers (intended for the trenches, which will not now be opened):—Mitschepfal made a stout defence; but, after three hours of it, had to give in: and there is nothing now for us at Grotkau. 'Halt,' therefore! Neipperg is evidently pushing towards Ohlau, towards Breslau, though in a leisurely way; there it will behoove us to get the start of him, if humanly possible: To the right about, therefore, without delay! The Prussians re-pass Leipe (much to the wonder of its simple people); get along, some seven miles farther, on the road for Ohlau; and quarter, that night, in what handy villages there are; the King's Corps in two Villages, which he calls 'Pogrel and Alsen,'"—which are to be found still on the Map as "Pogarell and Alzenau," on the road from Lowen towards Ohlau.

This is the end of that March into the Mountains, with Neisse Siege hanging triumphant ahead. These are the King's quarters, this wintry Spring night, Saturday, 8th April, 1741; and it is to be guessed there is more of care than of sleep provided for him there. Seldom, in his life, was Friedrich in a more critical position; and he well knows it, none better. And could have his remorse upon it,—were these of the least use in present circumstances. Here are two Letters which he wrote that night; veiling, we perceive, a very grim world of thoughts; betokening, however, a mind made up. Jordan, Prince August Wilhelm Heir-Apparent, and other fine individuals who shone in the Schweidnitz circle lately, are in Breslau, safe sheltered against this bad juncture; Maupertuis was not so lucky as to go with them.

THE KING TO PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM (in Breslau).

"POGARELL, 8th April, 1741.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,---The Enemy has just got into Silesia; we are not more than a mile (QUART DE MILLE) from them. To-morrow must decide our fortune.

"If I die, do not forget a Brother who has always loved you very tenderly. I recommend to you my most dear Mother, my Domestics, and my First Battalion [LIFEGUARD OF FOOT, men picked from his own old Ruppin Regiment and from the disbanded Giants, star of all the Battalions]. [See Preuss, i. 144, iv. 309; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin*, iii, 1252.] Eichel and Schuhmacher [Two of the Three Clerks] are informed of all my testamentary wishes. Remember me always, you; but console yourself for my death: the glory of the Prussian Arms, and the honor of the House have set me in action, and will guide me to my last moment. You are my sole Heir: I recommend to you, in dying, those whom I have the most loved during my life: Keyserling, Jordan, Wartensleben; Hacke, who is a very honest man; Fredersdorf [Factotum], and Eichel, in whom you may place entire confidence. I bequeath 8,000 crowns (1,200 pounds, which I have with me, to my Domestics; but all that I have elsewhere depends on you. To each of my Brothers and Sisters make a present in my name; a thousand affectionate regards (AMITIES ET COMPLIMENTS) to my Sister of Baireuth. You know what I think on their score; and you know better than I could tell you, the tenderness and all the sentiments of most inviolable friendship with which I am, dearest Brother,

"Your faithful Brother and Servant till death,

"FEDERIC." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 85; List of

Friedrich's Testamentary arrangements in Note there,---Six in all, at different times, besides this.]

THE KING TO M. JORDAN (in Breslau).

"POGARELL, 8th April, 1741.

"My DEAR JORDAN,---We are going to fight to-morrow. Thou knowest the chances of war; the life of Kings not more regarded than that of private people. I know not what will happen to me.

"If my destiny is finished, remember a friend, who loves thee always tenderly: if Heaven prolong my days, I will write to thee after to-morrow, and thou wilt hear of our victory. Adieu, dear friend; I shall love thee till death.

"FEDERIC." [Ib. xvii. 98.]

The King, we incidentally discover somewhere, "had no sleep that night;" none, "nor the next night either,"---such a crisis coming, still not come.

Chapter X. BATTLE OF MOLLWITZ.

"To-morrow," Sunday, did not prove the Day of Fight, after all. Being a day of wild drifting snow, so that you could not see twenty paces, there was nothing for it but to sit quiet. The King makes all his dispositions; sketches out punctually, to the last item, where each is to station himself, how the Army is to advance in Four Columns, ready for Neipperg wherever he may be,—towards Ohlau at any rate, whither it is not doubted Neipperg is bent. These snowy six-and-thirty hours at Pogarell were probably, since the Custrin time, the most anxious of Friedrich's life.

Neipperg, for his part, struggles forward a few miles, this Sunday, April 9th; the Prussians rest under shelter in the wild weather. Neipperg's head-quarters, this night, are a small Village or Hamlet, called Mollwitz: there and in the adjacent Hamlets, chiefly in Laugwitz and Gruningen, his Army lodges itself:—he is now fairly got between us and Ohlau,—if, in the blowing drift, we knew it, or he knew it. But, in this confusion of the elements, neither party knows of the other: Neipperg has appointed that to-morrow, Monday, 10th, shall be a rest-day:—appointment which could by no means be kept, as it turned out!

Friedrich had despatched messengers to Ohlau, that the force there should join him; messengers are all captured. The like message had already gone to Brieg, some days before, and the Blockading Body, a good few thousand strong, quitted Brieg, as we saw, and effected their junction with him. All day, this Sunday, 9th, it still snows and blows; you cannot see a yard before you. No hope now of Holstein-Beck. Not the least news from any quarter; Ohlau uncertain, too likely the wrong way: What is to be done? We are cut off from our Magazines, have only provision for one other day. "Had this weather lasted," says an Austrian reporter of these things, "his Majesty would have passed his time very ill." [*Feldzuge der Preussen* (the complete Title is, *Sammlung ungedruckter Nachrichten so die Geschichte der Feldzuge der Preussen von 1740 bis 1779 erläutern*, or in English words, *Collection of unprinted Narratives which elucidate the Prussian Campaigns from 1740 to 1779*: 5 vols. Dresden, 1782-1785), i. 33. Excellent Narratives, modest, brief, effective (from Private Diaries and the like; many of them given also in SEYFARTH); well worth perusal by the studious military man, and creditably characteristic of the Prussian writers of them and actors in them.]

Of the Battle of Mollwitz, as indeed of all Friedrich's Battles, there are ample accounts new and old, of perfect authenticity and scientific exactitude; so that in regard to military points the due clearness is, on study, completely attainable. But as to personal or human details, we are driven back upon a miscellany of sources; most of which, indeed all of which except Nicolai, when he sparingly gives us anything, are of questionable nature; and, without intending to be dishonest, do run out into the mythical, and require to be used with caution. The latest and notabest of these, in regard to Mollwitz, is the pamphlet of a Dr. Fuchs; from which, in spite of its amazing quality, we expect to glean a serviceable item here and there. [*Jubelschrift zur Feier (Centenary) der Schlacht bei Mollwitz, 10 April, 1741*, von Dr. Medicinæ Fuchs (Brieg, 10th April, 1841).] It is definable as probably the most chaotic Pamphlet ever written; and in many places, by dint of uncorrected printing, bad grammar, bad spelling, bad sense, and in short, of intrinsic darkness in so vivacious a humor, it has become abstruse as Sanscrit; and really is a sharp test of what knowledge you otherwise have of the subject. Might perhaps be used in that way, by the Examining Military Boards, in Prussia and elsewhere, if no other use lie in it? Fuchs's own contributions, mere ignorance, folly and credulity, are not worth interpreting: but he has printed, and in the same abstruse form, one or two curious Parish Manuscripts, particularly a "HISTORY" of this War, privately jotted down by the then Schoolmaster of Mollwitz, a good simple accurate old fellow-creature; through whose eyes it is here and there worth while to look. In regard to Fuchs himself, a late Tourist says:—

"This 'Centenary-Celebration Pamphlet' (Celebration itself, so obtuse was the Country, did not take effect) was by a zealous, noisy but not wise, old Medical Gentleman of these parts, called Dr. Fuchs (FOX); who had set his heart on raising, by subscription, a proper National Monument on the Field of Mollwitz, and so closing his old career. Subscriptions did not take, in that April, 1841, nor in the following months or twelve-months: the zealous Doctor, therefore, indignantly drew his own purse; got a big Obelisk of Granite hewn ready, with suitable Inscription on it; carted his big Obelisk from the quarries of Strehlen; assembled the Country round it, on Mollwitz Field; and passionately discoursed and pleaded, That at least the Country should bring

block-and-tackle, with proper framework, and set up this Obelisk on the pedestal he had there built for it. The Country listened cheerfully (for the old Doctor was a popular man, clever though flighty); but the Country was again obtuse in the way of active furtherance, and would not even bring block-and-tackle. The old Doctor had to answer, 'Well, then!' and go on his way on more serious errands. The cattle have much undermined, and rubbed down, his poor Pedestal, which is of rubble-work; his Obelisk still lies mournfully horizontal, uninjured;—and really ought to be set up, by some parish-rate, or effort of the community otherwise." [Tourist's Note (Brieg, 1858).]

From the old Mollwitz Schoolmaster we distil the following:—

"MOLLWITZ, SUNDAY, 9th APRIL. Country for two days back: was in new alarm by the Austrian Garrison of Brieg now left at liberty, who sallied out upon the Villages about, and plundered black-cattle, sheep, grain, and whatever they could come at. But this day (Sunday) in Mollwitz the whole Austrian Army was upon us. First, there went 300 Hussars through the Village to Gruningen, who quartered themselves there; and rushed hither and thither into houses, robbing and plundering. From one they took his best horses, from another they took linen, clothes, and other furnitures and victual. General Neuburg [Neipperg] halted here at Mollwitz, with the whole Army; before the Village, in mind to quarter. And quarter was settled, so that a BAUER [Plough-Farmer] got four to five companies to lodge, and a GARTNER [Spade-Farmer] two or three hundred cavalry. The houses were full of Officers, the GARTE [Garths] and the Fields full of horsemen and baggage; and all round, you saw nothing but fires burning; the ZAUNE [wooden railings] were instantly torn down for firewood; the hay, straw, barley and haver, were eaten away, and brought to nothing; and everything from the barns was carried out. And, as the whole Army could not lodge itself with us, 1,100 Infantry quartered at Laugwitz; Barzdorf got 400 Cavalry; and this day, nobody knew what would come of it." [Extract in FUCHS, p. 6.]

Monday morning, the Prussians are up betimes; King Friedrich, as above noted, had not, or had hardly at all, slept during those two nights, such his anxieties. This morning, all is calm, sleeked out into spotless white; Pogarell and the world are wrapt as in a winding-sheet, near two feet of snow on the ground. Air hard and crisp; a hot sun possible about noon season. "By daybreak" we are all astir, rendezvousing, ranking,—into Four Columns; ready to advance in that fashion for battle, or for deploying into battle, wherever the Enemy turn up. The orders were all given overnight, two nights ago; were all understood, too, and known to be rhadamanthine; and, down to the lowest pioneer, no man is uncertain what to do. If we but knew where the Enemy is; on which side of us; what doing, what intending?

Scouts, General-Adjutants are out on the quest; to no purpose hitherto. One young General-Adjutant, Saldern, whose name we shall know again, has ridden northward, has pulled bridle some way north of Pogarell; hangs, gazing diligently through his spy-glass, there;—can see nothing but a Plain of silent snow, with sparse bearding of bushes (nothing like a hedge in these countries), and here and there a tree, the miserable skeleton of a poplar:— when happily, owing to an Austrian Dragoon—Be pleased to accept (in abridged form) the poor old Schoolmaster's account of a small thing:—

"Austrian Dragoon of the regiment Althan, native of Kriesewitz in this neighborhood, who was billeted in Christopher Schonwitz's, had been much in want of a clean shirt, and other interior outfit; and had, last night, imperatively despatched the man Scholzke, a farm-servant of the said Christopher's, off to his, the Dragoon's, Father in Kriesewitz, to procure such shirt or outfit, and to return early with the same; under penalty of—Scholzke and his master dare not think under what penalty. Scholzke, floundering homewards with the outfit from Kriesewitz, flounders at this moment into Saldern's sphere of vision: 'Whence, whither?' asks Saldern: 'Dost thou know where the Austrians are?' (RECHT GUT: in Mollwitz, whither I am going!' Saldern takes him to the King,—and that was the first clear light his Majesty had on the matter." [Fuchs, pp. 6, 7.] That or something equivalent, indisputably was; Saldern and "a Peasant," the account of it in all the Books.

The King says to this Peasant, "Thou shalt ride with me to-day!" And Scholzke, Ploschke others call him,—heavy-footed rational biped knowing the ground there practically, every yard of it,—did, as appears, attend the King all morning; and do service, that was recognizable long years afterwards. "For always," say the Books, "when the King held review here, Ploschke failed not to make appearance on the field of Pogarell, and get recognition and a gift from his Majesty."

At break of day the ranking and arranging began. Pogarell clock is near striking ten, when the last squadron or battalion quits Pogarell; and the Four Columns, punctiliously correct, are all under way. Two on each side of

Ohlau Highway; steadily advancing, with pioneers ahead to clear any obstacle there may be. Few obstacles; here and there a little ditch (where Ploschke's advice may be good, under the sleek of the snow), no fences, smooth wide Plain, nothing you would even call a knoll in it for many miles ahead and around. Mollwitz is some seven miles north from Pogarell; intermediate lie dusty fractions of Villages more than one; two miles or more from Mollwitz we come to Pampitz on our left, the next considerable, if any of them can be counted considerable.

"All these Dorfs, and indeed most German ones," says my Tourist, "are made on one type; an agglomerate of dusty farmyards, with their stalls and barns; all the farmyards huddled together in two rows; a broad negligent road between, seldom mended, never swept except by the elements. Generally there is nothing to be seen, on each hand, but thatched roofs, dead clay walls and rude wooden gates; sometimes a poor public-house, with probable beer in it; never any shop, nowhere any patch of swept pavement, or trim gathering-place for natives of a social gossipy turn: the road lies sleepy, littery, good only for utilitarian purposes. In the middle of the Village stands Church and Churchyard, with probably some gnarled trees around it: Church often larger than you expected; the Churchyard, always fenced with high stone-and-mortar wall, is usually the principal military post of the place. Mollwitz, at the present day, has something of whitewash here and there; one of the farmer people, or more, wearing a civilized prosperous look. The belfry offers you a pleasant view: the roofs and steeples of Brieg, pleasantly visible to eastward; villages dotted about, Laugwitz, Barzdorf, Hermsdorf, clear to your inquiring; and to westward, and to southward, tops of Hill-country in the distance. Westward, twenty miles off, are pleasant Hills; and among them, if you look well, shadowy Town-spires, which you are assured are Strehlen, a place also of interest in Friedrich's History.—Your belfry itself, in Mollwitz, is old, but not unsound; and the big iron clock grunts heavily at your ear, or perhaps bursts out in a too deafening manner, while you study the topographies. Pampitz, too, seems prosperous, in its littery way; the Church is bigger and newer,"—owing to an accident we shall hear of soon;—"Country all about seems farmed with some industry, but with shallow ploughing; liable to drought. It is very sandy in quality; shorn of umbrage; painfully naked to an English eye." That is the big champaign, coated with two feet of snow, where a great Action is now to go forward.

Neipperg, all this while, is much at his ease on this white resting-day, He is just sitting down to dinner at the Dorfschulze's (Village Provost, or miniature Mayor of Mollwitz), a composed man; when—rockets or projectiles, and successive anxious sputterings from the steeple-tops of Brieg, are hastily reported: what can it mean? Means little perhaps;—Neipperg sends out a Hussar party to ascertain, and composedly sets himself to dine. In a little while his Hussar party will come galloping back, faster than it went; faster and fewer;—and there will be news for Neipperg during dinner! Better here looking out, though it was a rest-day?—

The truth is, the Prussian advance goes on with punctilious exactitude, by no means rapidly. Colonel Count van Rothenburg,— the same whom we lately heard of in Paris as a miracle of gambling, —he now here, in a new capacity, is warily leading the Vanguard of Dragoons; warily, with the Four Columns well to rear of him: the Austrian Hussar party came upon Rothenburg, not two miles from Mollwitz; and suddenly drew bridle. Them Rothenburg tumbles to the right-about, and chases;—finds, on advancing, the Austrian Army totally unaware. It is thought, had Rothenburg dashed forward, and sent word to the rearward to dash forward at their swiftest, the Austrian Army might have been cut in pieces here, and never have got together to try battle at all. But Rothenburg had no orders; nay, had orders Not to get into fighting;—nor had Friedrich himself, in this his first Battle, learned that feline or leonine promptitude of spring which he subsequently manifested. Far from it! Indeed this punctilious deliberation, and slow exactitude as on the review-ground, is wonderful and noteworthy at the first start of Friedrich;—the faithful apprentice-hand still rigorous to the rules of the old shop. Ten years hence, twenty years hence, had Friedrich found Neipperg in this condition, Neipperg's account had been soon settled!— Rothenburg drove back the Hussars, all manner of successive Hussar parties, and kept steadily ahead of the main battle, as he had been bidden.

Pampitz Village being now passed, and in rear of them to left, the Prussian Columns halt for some instants; burst into field-music; take to deploying themselves into line. There is solemn wheeling, shooting out to right and left, done with spotless precision: once in line,—in two lines, "each three men deep," lines many yards apart,—they will advance on Mollwitz; still solemnly, field-music guiding, and banners spread. Which will be a work of time. That the King's frugal field-dinner was shot away, from its camp-table near Pampitz (as Fuchs has heard), is evidently mythical; and even impossible, the Austrians having yet no cannon within miles of him; and being intent on dining comfortably themselves, not on firing at other people's dinners.

Fancy Neipperg's state of mind, busy beginning dinner in the little Schulze's, or Town-Provost's house, when the Hussars dashed in at full gallop, shouting "DER FEIND, The Enemy! All in march there; vanguard this side of Pampitz; killed forty of us!"—Quick, your Plan of Battle, then? Whitherward; How; What? answer or perish! Neipperg was infinitely struck; dropt knife and fork: "Send for Romer, General of the Horse!" Romer did the indispensable: a swift man, not apt to lose head. Romer's battle-plan, I should hope, is already made; or it will fare ill with Neipperg and him. But beat, ye drummers; gallop, ye aides-de-camp as for life! The first thing is to get our Force together; and it lies scattered about in three other Villages besides Mollwitz, miles apart. Neipperg's trumpets clangor, his aides-de-camp gallop: he has his left wing formed, and the other parts in a state of rapid genesis, Horse and Foot pouring in from Laugwitz, Barzdorf, Gruningen, before the Prussians have quite done deploying themselves, and got well within shot of him. Romer, by birth a Saxon gentleman, by all accounts a superior soldier and excellent General of Horse, commands this Austrian left wing, General Goldlein, [(Anonymous) MARIA THERESA (already cited), p. 8 n.] a Swiss veteran of good parts, presiding over the Infantry in that quarter. Neipperg himself, were he once complete, will command the right wing.

Neipperg is to be in two lines, as the Prussians are, with horse on each wing, which is orthodox military order. His length of front, I should guess, must have been something better than two English miles: a sluggish Brook, called of Laugwitz, from the Village of that name which lies some way across, is on his right hand; sluggish, boggy; stagnating towards the Oder in those parts:— improved farming has, in our time, mostly dried the strip of bog, and made it into coarse meadow, which is rather a relief amid the dry sandy element. Neipperg's right is covered by that. His left rests on the Hamlet of Gruningen, a mile-and-half northeast of Mollwitz;—meant to have rested on Hermsdorf nearly east, but the Prussians have already taken that up. The sun coming more and more round to west of south (for it is now past noon) shines right in Neipperg's face, and is against him: how the wind is, nobody mentions,—probably there was no wind. His regular Cavalry, 8,600, outnumbered twice or more that of the Prussians, not to mention their quality; and he has fewer Infantry, somewhat in proportion;— the entire force on each side is scarcely above 20,000, the Prussians slightly in majority by count. In field-pieces Neipperg is greatly outnumbered; the Prussians having about threescore, he only eighteen. [Kausler, *Atlas der merkwurdigsten Schlachten*, p. 232.] And now here ARE the Prussians, close upon our left wing, not yet in contact with the right,—which in fact is not yet got into existence;—thank Heaven they have not come before our left got into existence, as our right (if you knew it) has not yet quite finished doing!—

The Prussians, though so ready for deploying, have had their own difficulties and delays. Between the boggy Brook of Laugwitz on their left, and the Village of Hermsdorf, two miles distant, on which their right wing is to lean, there proves not to be room enough; [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 73.] and then, owing to mistake of Schulenburg (our old pipe-clay friend, who commands the right wing of Horse here, and is not up in time), there is too much room. Not room enough, for all the Infantry, we say: the last three Battalions of the front line therefore, the three on the utmost right, wheel round, and stand athwart; EN POTENCE (as soldiers say), or at right angles to the first line; hanging to it like a kind of lid in that part,—between Schulenburg and them,—had Schulenburg come up. Thus are the three battalions got rid of at least; "they cap the First Prussian line rectangularly, like a lid," says my authority,—lid which does not reach to the Second Line by a good way. This accidental arrangement had material effects on the right wing. Unfortunate Schulenburg did at last come up:—had he miscalculated the distances, then? Once on the ground, he will find he does not reach to Hermsdorf after all, and that there is now too much room! What his degree of fault was I know not; Friedrich has long been dissatisfied with these Dragoons of Schulenburg; "good for nothing, I always told you" (at that Skirmish of Baumgarten): and now here is the General himself fallen blundering!—In respect of Horse, the Austrians are more than two to one; to make out our deficiency, the King, imitating something he had read about Gustavus Adolphus, intercalates the Horse- Squadrons, on each wing, with two Battalions of Grenadiers, and SO lengthens them;—"a manoeuvre not likely to be again imitated," he admits.

All these movements and arrangements are effected above a mile from Mollwitz, no enemy yet visible. Once effected, we advance again with music sounding, sixty pieces of artillery well in front,— steady, steady!—across the floor of snow which is soon beaten smooth enough, the stage, this day, of a great adventure. And now there is the Enemy's left wing, Romer and his Horse; their right wing wider away, and not yet, by a good space, within cannon-range of us. It is towards Two of the afternoon; Schulenburg now on his ground, laments that he will not reach to Hermsdorf;—but it may be dangerous now to attempt repairing that error? At Two of the clock, being

now fairly within distance, we salute Romer and the Austrian left, with all our sixty cannon; and the sound of drums and clarinets is drowned in universal artillery thunder. Incessant, for they take (by order) to "swift-shooting," which is almost of the swiftness of musketry in our Prussian practice; and from sixty cannon, going at that rate, we may fancy some effect. The Austrian Horse of the left wing do not like it; all the less as the Austrians, rather short of artillery, have nothing yet to reply with.

No Cavalry can stand long there, getting shivered in that way; in such a noise, were there nothing more. "Are we to stand here like milestones, then, and be all shot without a stroke struck?" "Steady!" answers Romer. But nothing can keep them steady: "To be shot like dogs (WIE HUNDE)! For God's sake (URN GOTTES WILLEN), lead us forward, then, to have a stroke at them!"—in tones ever more plangent, plaintively indignant; growing ungovernable. And Romer can get no orders; Neipperg is on the extreme right, many things still to settle there; and here is the cannon-thunder going, and soon their very musketry will open. And—and there is Schulenburg, for one thing, stretching himself out eastwards (rightwards) to get hold of Hermsdorf; thinking this an opportunity for the manoeuvre. "Forward!" cries Romer; and his thirty Squadrons, like bottled whirlwind now at last let loose, dash upon Schulenburg's poor ten (five of them of Schulenburg's own regiment,—who are turned sideways too, trotting towards Hermsdorf, at the wrong moment,—and dash them into wild ruin. That must have been a charge! That was the beginning of hours of chaos, seemingly irretrievable, in that Prussian right wing.

For the Prussian Horse fly wildly; and it is in vain to rally. The King is among them; has come in hot haste, conjuring and commanding; poor Schulenburg addresses his own regiment, "Oh, shame, shame! shall it be told, then?" rallies his own regiment, and some others; charges fiercely in with them again; gets a sabre-slash across the face,—does not mind the sabre-slash, small bandaging will do;—gets a bullet through the head (or through the heart, it is not said which); [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 899.] and falls down dead; his regiment going to the winds again, and HIS care of it and of other things concluding in this honorable manner. Nothing can rally that right wing; or the more you rally, the worse it fares: they are clearly no match for Romer, these Prussian Horse. They fly along the front of their own First Line of Infantry, they fly between the two Lines; Romer chasing,—till the fire of the Infantry (intolerable to our enemies, and hitting some even of our fugitive friends) repels him. For the notable point in all this was the conduct of the Infantry; and how it stood in these wild vortexes of ruin; impregnable, immovable, as if every man of it were stone; and steadily poured out deluges of fire,—"five Prussian shots for two Austrian:"—such is perfect discipline against imperfect; and the iron ramrod against the wooden.

The intolerable fire repels Romer, when he trenches on the Infantry: however, he captures nine of the Prussian sixty guns; has scattered their Horse to the winds; and charges again and again, hoping to break the Infantry too,—till a bullet kills him, the gallant Romer; and some other has to charge and try. It was thought, had Goldlein with his Austrian Infantry advanced to support Romer at this juncture, the Battle had been gained. Five times, before Romer fell and after, the Austrians charged here; tried the Second Line too; tried once to take Prince Leopold in rear there. But Prince Leopold faced round, gave intolerable fire; on one face as on the other, he, or the Prussian Infantry anywhere, is not to be broken. "Prince Friedrich", one of the Margraves of Schwedt, King's Cousin, whom we did not know before, fell in these wild rallyings and wrestlings; "by a cannon-ball, at the King's hand," not said otherwise where. He had come as Volunteer, few weeks ago, out of Holland, where he was a rising General: he has met his fate here,—and Margraf Karl, his Brother, who also gets wounded, will be a mournful man to-night.

The Prussian Horse, this right wing of it, is a ruined body; boiling in wild disorder, flooding rapidly away to rearward,—which is the safest direction to retreat upon. They "sweep away the King's person with them," say some cautious people; others say, what is the fact, that Schwerin entreated, and as it were commanded, the King to go; the Battle being, to all appearance, irretrievable. Go he did, with small escort, and on a long ride,—to Oppeln, a Prussian post, thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a Bridge over the Oder and a safe country beyond. So much is indubitable; and that he despatched an Aide-de-camp to gallop into Brandenburg, and tell the Old Dessauer, "Bestir yourself! Here all seems lost!"—and vanished from the Field, doubtless in very desperate humor. Upon which the extraneous world has babbled a good deal, "Cowardice! Wanted courage: Haha!" in its usual foolish way; not worth answer from him or from us. Friedrich's demeanor, in that disaster of his right wing, was furious despair rather; and neither Schulenburg nor Margraf Friedrich, nor any of the captains, killed or left living, was supposed to have sinned by "cowardice" in a visible degree!—

Indisputable it is, though there is deep mystery upon it, the King vanishes from Mollwitz Field at this point for sixteen hours, into the regions of Myth, "into Fairyland," as would once have been said; but reappears unharmed in to-morrow's daylight: at which time, not sooner, readers shall hear what little is to be said of this obscure and much-disfigured small affair. For the present we hasten back to Mollwitz,—where the murderous thunder rages unabated all this while; the very noise of it alarming mankind for thirty miles round. At Breslau, which is thirty good miles off, horrible dull grumble was heard from the southern quarter ("still better, if you put a staff in the ground, and set your ear to it"); and from the steeple-tops, there was dim cloudland of powder-smoke discernible in the horizon there. "At Liegnitz," which is twice the distance, "the earth sensibly shook," [*Helden-Geschichte*; and Jordan's Letter, *infra*.]—at least the air did, and the nerves of men.

"Had Goldlein but advanced with his Foot, in support of gallant Romer!" say the Austrian Books. But Goldlein did not advance; nor is it certain he would have found advantage in so doing: Goldlein, where he stands, has difficulty enough to hold his own. For the notable circumstance, miraculous to military men, still is, How the Prussian Foot (men who had never been in fire, but whom Friedrich Wilhelm had drilled for twenty years) stand their ground, in this distraction of the Horse. Not even the two outlying Grenadier Battalions will give way: those poor intercalated Grenadiers, when their Horse fled on the right and on the left, they stand there, like a fixed stone-dam in that wild whirlpool of ruin. They fix bayonets, "bring their two field-pieces to flank" (Winterfeld was Captain there), and, from small arms and big, deliver such a fire as was very unexpected. Nothing to be made of Winterfeld and them. They invincibly hurl back charge after charge; and, with dogged steadiness, manoeuvre themselves into the general Line again; or into contact with the three superfluous Battalions, arranged EN POTENCE, whom we heard of. Those three, ranked athwart in this right wing ("like a lid," between First Line and second), maintained themselves in like impregnable fashion,—Winterfeld commanding;—and proved unexpectedly, thinks Friedrich, the saving of the whole. For they also stood their ground immovable, like rocks; steadily spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm upon them, fruitless: "Steady, MEINE KINDER; fix bayonets, handle ramrods! There is the Horse-deluge thundering in upon you; reserve your fire, till you see the whites of their eyes, and get the word; then give it them, and again give it them: see whether any man or any horse can stand it!"

Neipperg, soon after Romer fell, had ordered Goldlein forward: Goldlein with his Infantry did advance, gallantly enough; but to no purpose. Goldlein was soon shot dead; and his Infantry had to fall back again, ineffectual or worse. Iron ramrods against wooden; five shots to two: what is there but falling back? Neipperg sent fresh Horse from his right wing, with Berlichingen, a new famed General of Horse; Neipperg is furiously bent to improve his advantage, to break those Prussians, who are mere musketeers left bare, and thinks that will settle the account: but it could in no wise be done. The Austrian Horse, after their fifth trial, renounce charging; fairly refuse to charge any more; and withdraw dispirited out of ball-range, or in search of things not impracticable. The Hussar part of them did something of plunder to rearward;—and, besides poor Maupertuis's adventure (of which by and by), and an attempt on the Prussian baggage and knapsacks, which proved to be "too well guarded,"—"burnt the Church of Pampitz," as some small consolation. The Prussians had stript their knapsacks, and left them in Pampitz: the Austrians, it was noticed, stript theirs in the Field; built walls of them, and fired behind, the same, in a kneeling, more or less protected posture,—which did not avail them much.

In fact, the Austrian Infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it: neither Infantry nor Cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. In spite of their knapsack walls, various regiments have shrunk out of ball-range; and several cannot, by any persuasion, be got to come into it again. Others, who do reluctantly advance,—see what a figure they make; man after man edging away as he can, so that the regiment "stands forty to eighty men deep, with lanes through it every two or three yards;" permeable everywhere to Cavalry, if we had them; and turning nothing to the Enemy but color-sergeants and bare poles of a regiment! And Romer is dead, and Goldlein of the Infantry is dead. And on their right wing, skirted by that marshy Brook of Laugwitz,—Austrian right wing had been weakened by detachments, when Berlichingen rode off to succeed Romer,—the Austrians are suffering: Posadowsky's Horse (among whom is Rothenburg, once vanguard), strengthened by remnants who have rallied here, are at last prospering, after reverses. And the Prussian fire of small arms, at such rate, has lasted now for five hours. The Austrian Army, becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough.

These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition, too, he knows is running scarce, and

fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges:—Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little; breaks forth into universal field-music, and with banners spread, starts in mass wholly, "Forwards!" Forwards towards these Austrians and the setting sun.

An intelligent Austrian Officer, writing next week from Neisse, [*Feldzuge der Preussen* (above cited), i. 38.] confesses he never saw anything more beautiful. "I can well say, I never in my life saw anything more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow-straight, and their front like a line (SCHNURGLEICH), as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder." Grand picture indeed; but not to be enjoyed as a Work of Art, for it is coming upon us! "The spirits of our Army sank altogether", continues he; "the Foot plainly giving way, Horse refusing to come forward, all things wavering towards dissolution:"—so that Neipperg, to avoid worse, gives the word to go;—and they roll off at double-quick time, through Mollwitz, over Laugwitz Bridge and Brook, towards Grotkau by what routes they can. The sun is just sunk; a quarter to eight, says the intelligent Austrian Officer,—while the Austrian Army, much to its amazement, tumbles forth in this bad fashion.

They had lost nine of their own cannon, and all of those Prussian nine which they once had, except one: eight cannon MINUS, in all. Prisoners of them were few, and none of much mark: two Field-marshals, Romer and Goldlein, lie among the dead; four more of that rank are wounded. Four standards too are gone; certain kettle-drums and the like trophies, not in great number. Lieutenant-General Browne was of these retreating Austrians; a little fact worth noting: of his actions this day, or of his thoughts (which latter surely must have been considerable), no hint anywhere. The Austrians were not much chased; though they might have been,—fresh Cavalry (two Ohlau regiments, drawn hither by the sound [Interesting correct account of their movements and adventures this day and some previous days, in Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, ii. 142–148.] having hung about to rear of them, for some time past; unable to get into the Fight, or to do any good till now. Schwerin, they say, though he had two wounds, was for pursuing vigorously: but Leopold of Anhalt over-persuaded him; urged the darkness, the uncertainty. Berlichingen, with their own Horse, still partly covered their rear; and the Prussians, Ohlauers included, were but weak in that branch of the service. Pursuit lasted little more than two miles, and was never hot. The loss of men, on both sides, was not far from equal, and rather in favor of the Austrian side:—Austrians counted in killed, wounded and missing, 4,410 men; Prussians 4,613; [Orlich, i. 108; Kansler, p. 235, correct; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 895, incorrect.]—but the Prussians bivouacked on the ground, or quartered in these Villages, with victory to crown them, and the thought that their hard day's work had been well done. Besides Margraf Friedrich, Volunteer from Holland, there lay among the slain Colonel Count von Finkenstein (Old Tutor's Son), King's friend from boyhood, and much loved. He was of the six whom we saw consulting at the door at Reinsberg, during a certain ague-fit; and he now rests silent here, while the matter has only come thus far.

Such was Mollwitz, the first Battle for Silesia; which had to cost many Battles first and last. Silesia will be gained, we can expect, by fighting of this kind in an honest cause. But here is something already gained, which is considerable, and about which there is no doubt. A new Military Power, it would appear, has come upon the scene; the Gazetteer—and-Diplomatic world will have to make itself familiar with a name not much heard of hitherto among the Nations. "A Nation which can fight," think the Gazetteers; "fight almost as the very Swedes did; and is led on by its King too,—who may prove, in his way, a very Charles XII., or small Macedonia's Madman, for aught one knows?" In which latter branch of their prognostic the Gazetteers were much out.—

The Fame of this Battle, which is now so sunk out of memory, was great in Europe; and struck, like a huge war-gong, with long resonance, through the general ear. M. de Voltaire had run across to Lille in those Spring days: there is a good Troop of Players in Lille; a Niece, Madame Denis, wife of some Military Commissariat Denis, important in those parts, can lodge the divine Emilie and me;—and one could at last see MAHOMET, after five years of struggling, get upon the boards, if not yet in Paris by a great way, yet in Lille, which is something. MAHOMET is getting upon the boards on those terms; and has proceeded, not amiss, through an Act or two, when a Note from the King of Prussia was handed to Voltaire, announcing the victory of Mollwitz. Which delightful Note Voltaire stopt the performance till he read to the Audience: "Bravissimo!" answered the Audience. "You will see," said M. de Voltaire to the friends about him, "this Piece at Mollwitz will make mine succeed:" which proved to be the fact. [Voltaire, *OEuvres (Vie Privee)*, ii. 74.] For the French are Anti-Austrian; and smell great things in the wind. "That man is mad, your Most Christian Majesty?" "Not quite; or at any rate not mad only!" think Louis and his Belleisles now.

Dimly poring in those old Books, and squeezing one's way into face-to-face view of the extinct Time, we begin to notice what a clangorous rumor was in Mollwitz to the then generation of mankind;—betokening many things; universal European War, as the first thing. Which duly came to pass; as did, at a slower rate, the ulterior thing, not yet so apparent, that indeed a new hour had struck on the Time Horologe, that a New Epoch had risen. Yes, my friends. New Charles XII. or not, here truly has a new Man and King come upon the scene: capable perhaps of doing something? Slumberous Europe, rotting amid its blind pedantries, its lazy hypocrisies, conscious and unconscious: this man is capable of shaking it a little out of its stupid refuges of lies, and ignominious wrappages and bed-clothes, which will be its grave-clothes otherwise; and of intimating to it, afar off, that there is still a Veracity in Things, and a Mendacity in Sham-Things, and that the difference of the two is infinitely more considerable than was supposed.

This Mollwitz is a most deliberate, regulated, ponderously impressive (GRAVITATISCH) Feat of Arms, as the reader sees; done all by Regulation methods, with orthodox exactitude; in a slow, weighty, almost pedantic, but highly irrefragable manner. It is the triumph of Prussian Discipline; of military orthodoxy well put in practice: the honest outcome of good natural stuff in those Brandenburgers, and of the supreme virtues of Drill. Neipperg and his Austrians had much despised Prussian soldiering: "Keep our soup hot," cried they, on running out this day to rank themselves; "hot a little, till we drive these fellows to the Devil!" That was their opinion, about noon this day: but that is an opinion they have renounced for all remaining days and years.—It is a Victory due properly to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old Dessauer, who are far away from it. Friedrich Wilhelm, though dead, fights here, and the others only do his bidding on this occasion. His Son, as yet, adds nothing of his own; though he will ever henceforth begin largely adding,—right careful withal to lose nothing, for the Friedrich Wilhelm contribution is invaluable, and the basis of everything;— but it is curious to see in what contrast this first Battle of Friedrich's is with his latter and last ones.

Considering the Battle of Mollwitz, and then, in contrast, the intricate Pragmatic Sanction, and what their consequences were and their antecedents, it is curious once more! This, then, is what the Pragmatic Sanction has come to? Twenty years of world-wide diplomacy, cunningly devised spider-threads overnetting all the world, have issued here. Your Congresses of Cambray, of Soissons, your Grumkow-Seckendorf Machiavelisms, all these might as well have lain in their bed. Real Pragmatic Sanction would have been, A well-trained Army and your Treasury full. Your Treasury is empty (nothing in it but those foolish 200,000 English guineas, and the passionate cry for more): and your Army is not trained as this Prussian one; cannot keep its ground against this one. Of all those long-headed Potentates, simple Friedrich Wilhelm, son of Nature, who had the honesty to do what Nature taught him, has come out, gainer. You all laughed at him as a fool: do you begin to see now who was wise, who fool? He has an Army that "advances on you with glittering musketry, steady as on the parade-ground, and pours out fire like one continuous thunder-peal;" so that, strange as it seems, you find there will actually be nothing for you but—taking to your heels, shall we say?—rolling off with despatch, as second-best! These things are of singular omen. Here stands one that will avenge Friedrich Wilhelm,—if Friedrich Wilhelm were not already sufficiently avenged by the mere verdict of facts, which is palpably coming out, as Time peels the wiggeries away from them more and more. Mollwitz and such places are full of veracity; and no head is so thick as to resist conviction in that kind.

OF FRIEDRICH'S DISAPPEARANCE INTO FAIRYLAND, IN THE INTERIM; AND OF MAUPERTUIS'S SIMILAR ADVENTURE.

Of the King's Flight, or sudden disappearance into Fairyland, during this first Battle, the King himself, who alone could have told us fully, maintained always rigorous silence, and nowhere drops the least hint. So that the small fact has come down to us involved in a great bulk of fabulous cobwebs, mostly of an ill-natured character, set agoing by Voltaire, Valori and others {which fabulous process, in the good-natured form, still continues itself}; and, except for Nicolai's good industry (in his ANEKDOTEN-Book), we should have difficulty even in guessing, not to say understanding, as is now partly possible. The few real particulars —and those do verify themselves, and hang perfectly together, when the big globe of fable is burnt off from them—are to the following effect.

"Battle lost," said Schwerin: "but what is the loss of a Battle to that of your Majesty's own Person? For Heaven's sake, go; get across the Oder; be you safe, till this decide itself!" That was reasonable counsel. If defeated, Schwerin can hope to retreat upon Ohlau, upon Breslau, and save the Magazines. This side the Oder, all

will be movements, a whirlpool of Hussars; but beyond the Oder, all is quiet, open. To Ohlau, to Glogau, nay home to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer with his Camp at Gottin, the road is free, by the other side of the Oder.—Schwerin and Prince Leopold urging him, the King did ride away; at what hour, with what suite, or with what adventures (not mostly fabulous) is not known:—but it was towards Lowen, fifteen miles off (where he crossed Neisse River, the other day); and thence towards Oppeln, on the Oder, eighteen miles farther; and the pace was swift. Leopold, on reflection, ordered off a Squadron of Gens-d'Armes to overtake his Majesty, at Lowen or sooner; which they never did. Passing Pampitz, the King threw Fredersdorf a word, who was among the baggage there: "To Oppeln; bring the Purse, the Privy Writings!" Which Fredersdorf, and the Clerks (and another Herr, who became Nicolai's Father-in-law in after years) did; and joined the King at Lowen; but I hope stopped there.

The King's suite was small, names not given; but by the time he got to Lowen, being joined by cavalry fugitives and the like, it had got to be seventy persons: too many for the King. He selected what was his of them; ordered the gates to be shut behind him on all others, and again rode away. The Leopold Squadron of Gens-d'Armes did not arrive till after his departure; and having here lost trace of him, called halt, and billeted for the night. The King speeds silently to Oppeln on his excellent bay horse, the worse-mounted gradually giving in. At Oppeln is a Bridge over the Oder, a free Country beyond: Regiment La Motte lay, and as the King thinks, still lies in Oppeln;—but in that he is mistaken. Regiment La Motte is with the baggage at Pampitz, all this day; and a wandering Hussar Party, some sixty Austrians, have taken possession of Oppeln. The King, and the few who had not yet broken down, arrive at the Gate of Oppeln, late, under cloud of night: "Who goes?" cried the sentry from within. "Prussians! A Prussian Courier!" answer they;—and are fired upon through the gratings; and immediately draw back, and vanish unhurt into Night again. "Had those Hussars only let him in!" said Austria afterwards: but they had not such luck. It was at this point, according to Valori, that the King burst forth into audible ejaculations of a lamentable nature. There is no getting over, then, even to Brandenburg, and in an insolvent condition. Not open insolvency and bankrupt disgrace; no, ruin, and an Austrian jail, is the one outlook. "O MON DIEU, O God, it is too much (C'EN EST TROP)!" with other the like snatches of lamentation; [Valori, i. 104.] which are not inconceivable in a young man, sleepless for the third night, in these circumstances; but which Valori knows nothing of, except by malicious rumor from the valet class,—who have misinformed Valori about several other points.

The King riding diligently, with or without ejaculations, back towards Lowen, comes at an early hour to the Mill of Hilbersdorf, within a mile-and-half of that place. He alights at the Mill; sends one of his attendants, almost the only one now left, to inquire what is in Lowen. The answer, we know, is: "A squadron of Gens-d'Armes there; furthermore, a Prussian Adjutant come to say, Victory at Mollwitz!" Upon which the King mounts again;—issues into daylight, and concludes these mythical adventures. That "in Lowen, in the shop at the corner of the Market-place, Widow Panzern, subsequently Wife Something-else, made his Majesty a cup of coffee, and served a roast fowl along with it," cannot but be welcome news, if true; and that his Majesty got to Mollwitz again before dark that same "day," [Fuchs, p. 11.] is liable to no controversy.

In this way was Friedrich snatched by Morgante into Fairyland, carried by Diana to the top of Pindus (or even by Proserpine to Tartarus, through a bad sixteen hours), till the Battle whirlwind subsided. Friendly imaginative spirits would, in the antique time, have so construed it: but these moderns were malicious-valetish, not friendly; and wrapped the matter in mere stupid worlds of cobweb, which require burning. Friedrich himself was stone-silent on this matter, all his life after; but is understood never quite to have pardoned Schwerin for the ill-luck of giving him such advice. [Nicolai, ii. 180–195 (the one true account); Laveaux, i. 194; Valori, i. 104; (the myth in various stages). Most distractedly mythical of all, with the truth clear before it, is the latest version, just come out, in *Was sich die Schlesier vom alten Fritz erzahlen* (Brieg, 1860), pp. 113–125.]

Friedrich's adventure is not the only one of that kind at Mollwitz; there is another equally indubitable,—which will remain obscure, half-mythical to the end of the world. The truth is, that Right Wing of the Prussian Army was fallen chaotic, ruined; and no man, not even one who had seen it, can give account of what went on there. The sage Maupertuis, for example, had climbed some tree or place of impregnability ("tree" Voltaire calls it, though that is hardly probable), hoping to see the Battle there. And he did see it, much too clearly at last! In such a tide of charging and chasing, on that Right Wing and round all the Field in the Prussian rear; in such wide bickering and boiling of Horse-currents,—which fling out, round all the Prussian rear quarters, such a spray of

Austrian Hussars for one element,—Maupertuis, I have no doubt, wishes much he were at home, doing his sines and tangents. An Austrian Hussar-party gets sight of him, on his tree or other standpoint (Voltaire says elsewhere he was mounted on an ass, the malicious spirit!)—too certain, the Austrian Hussars got sight of him: his purse, gold watch, all he has of movable is given frankly; all will not do. There are frills about the man, fine laces, cloth; a goodish yellow wig on him, for one thing:—their Slavonic dialect, too fatally intelligible by the pantomime accompanying it, forces sage Maupertuis from his tree or standpoint; the big red face flurried into scarlet, I can fancy; or scarlet and ashy—white mixed; and—Let us draw a veil over it! He is next seen shirtless, the once very haughty, blustery, and now much—humiliated man; still conscious of supreme acumen, insight and pure science; and, though an Austrian prisoner and a monster of rags, struggling to believe that he is a genius and the Trismegistus of mankind. What a pickle! The sage Maupertuis, as was natural, keeps passionately asking, of gods and men, for an Officer with some tincture of philosophy, or even who could speak French. Such Officer is at last found; humanely advances him money, a shirt and suit of clothes; but can in nowise dispense with his going to Vienna as prisoner. Thither he went accordingly; still in a mythical condition. Of Voltaire's laughing, there is no end; and he changes the myth from time to time, on new rumors coming; and there is no truth to be had from him. [Voltaire, *OEuvres (Vie Prive)*, ii. 33–34; and see his LETTERS for some were after the event.]

This much is certain: at Vienna, Maupertuis, prisoner on parole, glided about for some time in deep eclipse, till the Newspapers began babbling of him. He confessed then that he was Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth; but for the rest, "told rather a blind story about himself," says Robinson; spoke as if he had been of the King's suite, "riding with the King," when that Hussar accident befell;—rather a blind story, true story being too sad. The Vienna Sovereignities, in the turn things had taken, were extremely kind; Grand-Duke Franz handsomely pulled out his own watch, hearing what road the Maupertuis one had gone; dismissed the Maupertuis, with that and other gifts, home:—to Brittany (not to Prussia), till times calmed for engrafting the Sciences. [*Helden- Geschichte*, i. 902; Robinson's Despatch (Vienna, 22d April, 1741, n.s.); Voltaire, *ubi supra*.]

On Wednesday, Friedrich writes this Note to his Sister; the first utterance we have from him since those wild roamings about Opeeln and Hilbersdorf Mill:—

KING TO WILHELMINA (at Baireuth; two days after Mollwitz).

"OHLAU, 12th April, 1741.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I have the satisfaction to inform you that we have yesterday [day before yesterday; but some of us have only had one sleep!] totally beaten the Austrians. They have lost more than 5,000 men, killed, wounded and prisoners. We have lost Prince Friedrich, Brother of Margraf Karl; General Schulenburg, Wartensleben of the Carabineers, and many other Officers. Our troops did miracles; and the result shows as much. It was one of the rudest Battles fought within memory of man.

"I am sure you will take part in this happiness; and that you will not doubt of the tenderness with which I am, my dearest Sister,— Yours wholly, FEDERIC." [*OEuvres*, xxvii. i. 101.]

And on the same day there comes, from Breslau, Jordan's Answer to the late anxious little Note from Pogarell; anxieties now gone, and smoky misery changed into splendor of flame:

JORDAN TO THE KING (finds him at Ohlau).

"BRESLAU, 11th April, 1741. "SIRE,—Yesterday I was in terrible alarms. The sound of the cannon heard, the smoke of powder visible from the steeple-tops here; all led us to suspect that there was a Battle going on. Glorious confirmation of it this morning! Nothing but rejoicing among all the Protestant inhabitants; who had begun to be in apprehension, from the rumors which the other party took pleasure in spreading. Persons who were in the Battle cannot enough celebrate the coolness and bravery of your Majesty. For myself, I am at the overflowing point. I have run about all day, announcing this glorious news to the Berliners who are here. In my life I have never felt a more perfect satisfaction.

"M. de Camas is here, very ill for the last two days; attack of fever—the Doctor hopes to bring him through,"—which proved beyond the Doctor: the good Camas died here three days hence (age sixty—three); an excellent German—Frenchman, of much sense, dignity and honesty; familiar to Friedrich from infancy onwards, and no doubt regretted by him as deserved. The Widow Camas, a fine old Lady, German by birth, will again come in view. Jordan continues:—

"One finds, at the corner of every street, an orator of the Plebs celebrating the warlike feats of your Majesty's troops. I have often, in my idleness, assisted at these discourses: not artistic eloquence, it must be owned, but

spurting rude from the heart. ..." Jordan adds in his next Note: "This morning (14th) I quitted M. de Camas; who, it is thought, cannot last the day. I have hardly left him during his illness:" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvii. 99.]—and so let that scene close.

Neipperg, meanwhile, had fallen back on Neisse; taken up a strong encampment in that neighborhood; he lies thereabouts all summer; stretched out, as it were, in a kind of vigilant dog—sleep on the threshold, keeping watch over Neisse, and tries fighting no more at this time, or indeed ever after, to speak of. And always, I think, with disadvantage, when he does try a little. He had been Grand—Duke Franz's Tutor in War—matters; had got into trouble at Belgrade once before, and was almost hanged by the Turks. George II. had occasionally the benefit of him, in coming years. Be not too severe on the poor man, as the Vienna public was; he had some faculty, though not enough. "Governor of Luxemburg," before long: there, for most part, let him peacefully drill, and spend the remainder of his poor life. Friedrich says, neither Neipperg nor himself, at this time, knew the least of War; and that it would be hard to settle which of them made the more blunders in their Silesian tussle.

Friedrich, in about three weeks hence, was fully ready for opening trenches upon Brieg; did open trenches, accordingly, by moonlight, in a grand nocturnal manner (as readers shall see anon); and, by vigorous cannonading,—Marechal de Belleisle having come, by this time, to enjoy the fine spectacle,—soon got possession of Brieg, and held it thenceforth. Neisse now alone remained, with Neipperg vigilantly stretched upon the threshold of it. But the Marechal de Belleisle, we say, had come; that was the weighty circumstance. And before Neisse can be thought of, there is a whole Europe, bickering aloft into conflict; embattling itself from end to end, in sequel of Mollwitz Battle; and such a preliminary sea of negotiating, diplomatic finessing, pulse—feeling, projecting and palavering, with Friedrich for centre all summer, as—as I wish readers could imagine without my speaking of it farther! But they cannot.

Chapter XI. THE BURSTING FORTH OF BEDLAM: BELLEISLE AND THE BREAKERS OF PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

The Battle of Mollwitz went off like a signal-shot among the Nations; intimating that they were, one and all, to go battling. Which they did, with a witness; making a terrible thing of it, over all the world, for above seven years to come. Foolish Nations; doomed to settle their jarring accounts in that terrible manner! Nay, the fewest of them had any accounts, except imaginary ones, to settle there at all; and they went into the adventure GRATIS, spurred on by spectralities of the sick brain, by phantasms of hope, phantasms of terror; and had, strictly speaking, no actual business in it whatever.

Not that Mollwitz kindled Europe; Europe was already kindled for some two years past;—especially since the late Kaiser died, and his Pragmatic Sanction was superadded to the other troubles afoot. But ever since that Image of JENKINS'S EAR had at last blazed up in the slow English brain, like a fiery constellation or Sign in the Heavens, symbolic of such injustices and unendurabilities, and had lighted the Spanish-English War, Europe was slowly but pretty surely taking fire. France "could not see Spain humbled," she said: England (in its own dim feeling, and also in the fact of things) could not do at all without considerably humbling Spain. France, endlessly interested in that Spanish-English matter, was already sending out fleets, firing shots,—almost, or altogether, putting forth her hand in it. "In which case, will not, must not, Austria help us?" thought England,—and was asking, daily, at Vienna (with intense earnestness, but without the least result), through Excellency Robinson there, when the late Kaiser died. Died, poor gentleman;—and left his big Austrian Heritages lying, as it were, in the open market-place; elaborately tied by diplomatic packthread and Pragmatic Sanction; but not otherwise protected against the assembled cupidities of mankind! Independently of Mollwitz, or of Silesia altogether, it was next to impossible that Europe could long avoid blazing out; especially unless the Spanish-English quarrel got quenched, of which there was no likelihood.

But if not as cause, then as signal, or as signal and cause together (which it properly was), the Battle of Mollwitz gave the finishing stroke, and set all in motion. This was "the little stone broken loose from the mountain;" this, rather than the late Kaiser's Death, which Friedrich defined in that manner. Or at least, this was the first LEAP it took; hitting other stones big and little, which again hit others with their leaping and rolling,—till the whole mountain-side is in motion under law of gravity, and you behold one wide stone-torrent thundering towards the valleys; shivering woods, farms, habitations clean away with it: fatal to any Image of composite Clay and Brass which it may meet!

There is, accordingly, from this point, a change in Friedrich's Silesian Adventure; which becomes infinitely more complicated for him,—and for those that write of him, no less! Friedrich's business henceforth is not to be done by direct fighting, but rather by waiting to see how, and on what side, others will fight: nor can we describe or understand Friedrich's business, except as in connection with the immense, obsolete, and indeed delirious Phenomenon called Austrian-Succession War, upon which it is difficult to say any human word. If History, driven upon Dismal Swamp with its horrors and perils, can get across unsunk, she will be lucky!

For, directly on the back of Mollwitz, there ensued, first, an explosion of Diplomatic activity such as was never seen before; Excellencies from the four winds taking wing towards Friedrich; and talking and insinuating, and fencing and fugling, after their sort, in that Silesian Camp of his, the centre being there. A universal rookery of Diplomats;—whose loud cackle and cawing is now as if gone mad to us; their work wholly fallen putrescent and avoidable, dead to all creatures. And secondly, in the train of that, there ensued a universal European War, the French and the English being chief parties in it; which abounds in battles and feats of arms, spirited but delirious, and cannot be got stilled for seven or eight years to come; and in which Friedrich and his War swim only as an intermittent Episode henceforth. What to do with such a War; how extricate the Episode, and leave the War lying? The War was at first a good deal mad; and is now, to men's imagination, fallen wholly so; who indeed have managed mostly to forget it; only the Episode (reduced thereby to an UNintelligible state) retaining still some claims on them.

It is singular into what oblivion the huge Phenomenon called Austrian-Succession War has fallen; which, within a hundred years ago or little more, filled all mortal hearts! The English were principals on one side; did

themselves fight in it, with their customary fire, and their customary guidance ("courageous Wooden Pole with Cocked Hat," as our friend called it); and paid all the expenses, which were extremely considerable, and are felt in men's pockets to this day: but the English have more completely forgotten it than any other People. "Battle of Dettingen, Battle of Fontenay, —what, in the Devil's name, were we ever doing there?" the impatient Englishman asks; and can give no answer, except the general one: "Fit of insanity; DELIRIUM TREMENS, perhaps FURENS;— don't think of it!" Of Philippi and Arbela educated Englishmen can render account; and I am told young gentlemen entering the Army are pointedly required to say who commanded at Aigos-Potamos and wrecked the Peloponnesian War: but of Dettingen and Fontenoy, where is the living Englishman that has the least notion, or seeks for any? The Austrian-Succession War did veritably rage for eight years, at a terrific rate, deforming the face of Earth and Heaven; the English paying the piper always, and founding their National Debt thereby:—but not even that could prove mnemonic to them; and they have dropped the Austrian-Succession War, with one accord, into the general dustbin, and are content it should lie there. They have not, in their language, the least approach to an intelligible account of it: How it went on, whitherward, whence; why it was there at all,—are points dark to the English, and on which they do not wish to be informed. They have quitted the matter, as an unintelligible huge English-and-Foreign Delirium (which in good part it was); Delirium unintelligible to them; tedious, not to say in parts, as those of the Austrian Subsidies, hideous and disgusting to them; happily now fallen extinct; and capable of being skipped, in one's inquiries into the wonders of this England and this World. Which, in fact, is a practical conclusion not so unwise as it looks.

"Wars are not memorable," says Sauerteig, "however big they may have been, whatever rages and miseries they may have occasioned, or however many hundreds of thousands they may have been the death of,—except when they have something of World-History in them withal. If they are found to have been the travail-throes of great or considerable changes, which continue permanent in the world, men of some curiosity cannot but inquire into them, keep memory of them. But if they were travail-throes that had no birth, who of mortals would remember them? Unless perhaps the feats of prowess, virtue, valor and endurance, they might accidentally give rise to, were very great indeed. Much greater than the most were, which came out in that Austrian-Succession case! Wars otherwise are mere futile transitory dust-whirlwinds stilled in blood; extensive fits of human insanity, such as we know are too apt to break out;—such as it rather beseems a faithful Son of the House of Adam NOT to speak about again; as in houses where the grandfather was hanged, the topic of ropes is fitly avoided.

"Never again will that War, with its deliriums, mad outlays of blood, treasure, and of hope and terror, and far-spread human destruction, rise into visual life in any imagination of living man. In vain shall Dryasdust strive: things mad, chaotic and without ascertainable purpose or result, cannot be fixed into human memories. Fix them there by never so many Documentary Histories, elaborate long-eared Pedantries, and cunning threads, the poor human memory has an alchemy against such ill usage;—it forgets them again; grows to know them as a mere torpor, a stupidity and horror, and instinctively flies from Dryasdust and them."

Alive to any considerable degree, in the poor human imagination, this Editor does not expect or even wish the Austrian-Succession War to be. Enough for him if it could be understood sufficiently to render his poor History of Friedrich intelligible. For it enwraps Friedrich like a world-vortex henceforth; modifies every step of his existence henceforth; and apart from it, there is no understanding of his business or him. "So much as sticks to Friedrich:" that was our original bargain! Assist loyally, O reader, and we will try to make the indispensable a minimum for you.

WHO WAS TO BLAME FOR THE AUSTRIAN-SUCCESSION WAR?

The first point to be noted is, Where did it originate? To which the answer mainly is, With that lean Gentleman whom we saw with Papers in the OEil-de-Boeuf on New-year's day last. With Monseigneur the Marechal de Belleisle principally; with the ambitious cupidities and baseless vanities of the French Court and Nation, as represented by Belleisle. George II.'s Spanish War, if you will examine, had a real necessity in it. Jenkins's Ear was the ridiculous outside figure this matter had: Jenkins's Ear was one final item of it; but the poor English People, in their wrath and bellowings about that small item, were intrinsically meaning: "Settle the account; let us have that account cleared up and liquidated; it has lain too long!" And seldom were a People more in the right, as readers shall yet see.

The English-Spanish War had a basis to stand on in this Universe. The like had the Prussian-Austrian one; so all men now admit. If Friedrich had not business there, what man ever had in an enterprise he ventured on?

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Friedrich, after such trial and proof as has seldom been, got his claims on Schlesien allowed by the Destinies. His claims on Schlesien;—and on infinitely higher things; which were found to be his and his Nation's, though he had not been consciously thinking of them in making that adventure. For, as my poor Friend insists, there ARE Laws valid in Earth and in Heaven; and the great soul of the world is just. Friedrich had business in this War; and Maria Theresa VERSUS Friedrich had likewise cause to appear in court, and do her utmost pleading against him.

But if we ask, What Belleisle or France and Louis XV. had to do there? the answer is rigorously, Nothing. Their own windy vanities, ambitions, sanctioned not by fact and the Almighty Powers, but by phantasm and the babble of Versailles; transcendent self-conceit, intrinsically insane; pretensions over their fellow-creatures which were without basis anywhere in Nature, except in the French brain alone: it was this that brought Belleisle and France into a German War. And Belleisle and France having gone into an Anti-Pragmatic War, the unlucky George and his England were dragged into a Pragmatic one,—quitting their own business, on the Spanish Main, and hurrying to Germany,—in terror as at Doomsday, and zeal to save the Keystone of Nature these. That is the notable point in regard to this War: That France is to be called the author of it, who, alone of all the parties, had no business there whatever. And the wages due to France for such a piece of industry,—the reader will yet see what wages France and the other parties got, at the tail of the affair. For that too is apparent in our day.

We have often said, the Spanish-English War was itself likely to have kindled Europe; and again Friedrich's Silesian War was itself likely,—France being nearly sure to interfere. But if both these Wars were necessary ones, and if France interfered in either of them on the wrong side, the blame will be to France, not to the necessary Wars. France could, in no way, have interfered in a more barefacedly unjust and gratuitous manner than she now did; nor, on any terms, have so palpably made herself the author of the conflagration of deliriums that ensued for above Seven years henceforth. Nay for above Twenty years,—the settlement of this Silesian Pragmatic-Antipragmatic matter (and of Jenkins's Ear, incidentally, ALONG with this!) not having fairly completed itself till 1763.

HOW BELLEISLE MADE VISIT TO TEUTSCHLAND; AND THERE WAS NO FIT HENRY THE FOWLER TO WELCOME HIM.

It is very wrong to keep Enchanted Wiggeries sitting in this world, as if they were things still alive! By a species of "conservatism," which gets praised in our Time, but which is only a slothful cowardice, base indifference to truth, and hatred to trouble in comparison with lies that sit quiet, men now extensively practise this method of procedure;—little dreaming how bad and fatal it at all times is. When the brains are out, things really ought to die; —no matter what lovely things they were, and still affect to be, the brains being out, they actually ought in all cases to die, and with their best speed get buried. Men had noses, at one time; and smelt the horror of a deceased reality fallen putrid, of a once dear verity become mendacious, phantasmal; but they have, to an immense degree, lost that organ since, and are now living comfortably cheek-by-jowl with lies. Lies of that sad "conservative" kind,—and indeed of all kinds whatsoever: for that kind is a general mother; and BREEDS, with a fecundity that is appalling, did you heed it much!—

It was pity that the "Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch by Nation," had not got itself buried some ages before. Once it had brains and life, but now they were out. Under the sway of Barbarossa, under our old anti-chaotic friend Henry the Fowler, how different had it been! No field for a Belleisle to come and sow tares in; no rotten thatch for a French Sun-god to go sailing about in the middle of, and set fire to! Henry, when the Hungarian Pan-Slavonic Savagery came upon him, had got ready in the interim; and a mangy dog was the "tribute" he gave them; followed by the due extent of broken crowns, since they would not be content with that. That was the due of Belleisle too,—had there been a Henry to meet him with it, on his crossing the marches, in Trier Country, in Spring, 1741: "There, you anarchic Upholstery-Belus, fancying yourself God of the Sun; there is what Teutschland owes you. Go home with that; and mind your own business, which I am told is plentiful, if you had eye for it!"

But the sad truth is, for above Four Centuries now,—and especially for Three, since little Kaiser Karl IV. "gave away all the moneys of it," in his pressing occasions, this Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch by Nation, has been more and ever more becoming an imaginary quantity; the Kaisership of it not capable of being worn by anybody, except a Hapsburger who had resources otherwise his own. The fact is palpable. And Austria, and Anti-Reformation Entity, "conservative" in that bad sense, of slothfully abhorring trouble in comparison with lies, had not found the poison more mal-odorous in this particular than in many others. And had cherished its "Holy Romish Reich" grown UNholy, phantasmal, like so much else in Austrian things; and had held firm grip of

it, these Three Hundred years; and found it a furthersome and suitable thing, though sensible it was more and more becoming an Enchanted Wiggery pure and simple. Nor have the consequences failed; they never do. Belleisle, Louis XIV., Henri II., Francois I.: it is long since the French have known this state of matters; and been in the habit of breaking in upon it, fomenting internal discontents, getting up unjust Wars,—with or without advantage to France, but with endless disadvantage to Germany. Schmalkaldic War; Thirty—Years War; Louis XIV.'s Wars, which brought Alsace and the other fine cuttings; late Polish—Election War, and its Lorraine; Austrian— Succession War: many are the wars kindled on poor Teutschland by neighbor France; and large is the sum of woes to Europe and to it, chargeable to that score. Which appears even yet not to be completed?—Perhaps not, even yet. For it is the penalty of being loyal to Enchanted Wiggeries; of living cheek—by—jowl with lies of a peaceable quality, and stuffing your nostrils, and searing your soul, against the accursed odor they all have!—For I can assure you the curse of Heaven does dwell in one and all of them; and the son of Adam cannot too soon get quit of their bad partnership, cost him what it may.

Belleisle's Journey as Sun—god began in March,——"end of March, 1741," no date of a day to be had for that memorable thing:—and he went gyrating about, through the German Courts, for almost a year afterwards; his course rather erratic, but always in a splendor as of Belus, with those hundred and thirty French Lords and Valets, and the glory of Most Christian King irradiating him. Very diligent for the first six months, till September or October next, which we may call his SEED—TIME; and by no means resting after nine or twelve months, while the harrowing and hoeing went on. In January, 1742, he had the great satisfaction to see a Bavarian Kaiser got, instead of an Austrian; and everywhere the fruit of his diligent husbandry begin to BEARD fairly above ground, into a crop of facts (like armed men from dragon's teeth), and "the pleasure of the"— WHOM was it the pleasure of?—"prosper in his hands." Belleisle was a pretty man; but I doubt it was not "the Lord" he was doing the pleasure of, on this occasion, but a very Different Personage, disguised to resemble him in poor Belleisle's eyes!—

Austria was not dangerous to France in late times, and now least of all; how far from it,—humbled by the loss of Lorraine; and now as it were bankrupt, itself in danger from all the world. And France, so far as express Treaties could bind a Nation, was bound to maintain Austria in its present possessions. The bitter loss of Lorraine had been sweetened to the late Kaiser by that solitary drop of consolation;—as his Failure of a Life had been, poor man: "Failure the most of me has been; but I have got Pragmatic Sanction, thanks to Heaven, and even France has signed it!" Loss of Lorraine, loss of Elsass, loss of the Three Bishoprics; since Karl V.'s times, not to speak of earlier, there has been mere loss on loss:—and now is the time to consummate it, think Belleisle and France, in spite of Treaties.

Towards humbling or extinguishing Austria, Belleisle has two preliminary things to do: FIRST, Break the Pragmatic Sanction, and get everybody to break it; SECOND, Guide the KAISERWAHL (Election of a Kaiser), so that it issue, not in Grand—Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's Husband, as all expect it will, but in another party friendly to France:—say in Karl Albert of Bavaria, whose Family have long been good clients of ours, dependent on us for a living in the Political World. Belleisle, there is little doubt, had from the first cast his eye on this unlucky Karl Albert for Kaiser; but is uncertain as to carrying him. Belleisle will take another if he must; Kur—Sachsen, for example;—any other, and all others, only not the Grand—Duke: that is a point already fixed with Belleisle, though he keeps it well in the background, and is careful not to hint it till the time come.

In regard to Pragmatic Sanction, Belleisle and France found no difficulty,—or the difficulty only (which we hope must have been considerable) of eating their own Covenant in behalf of Pragmatic Sanction; and declaring, which they did without visible blush, That it was a Covenant including, if not expressly, then tacitly, as all human covenants do, this clause, "SALVO JURE TERTII (Saving the rights of Third Parties),"—that is, of Electors of Bavaria, and others who may object, against it! O soul of honor, O first Nation of the Universe, was there ever such a subterfuge? Here is a field of flowering corn, the biggest in the world, begirt with elaborate ring—fence, many miles of firm oak—paling pitched and buttressed; —the poor gentleman now dead gave you his Lorraine, and almost his life, for swearing to keep up said paling. And you do keep it up,— all except six yards; through which the biggest team on the highway can drive freely, and the paltriest cadger's ass can step in for a bellyful!

It appears, the first Nation of the Universe had, at an early period of their consultations, hit upon this of SALVO JURE TERTII, as the method of eating their Covenant, before an enlightened public. [20th January, 1741, in their Note of Ceremony, recognizing Maria Theresa as Queen of Hungary, Note which had been due so

very long (ADELUNG, ii. 206), there is ominous silence on Pragmatic Sanction; "beginning of March," there is virtual avowal of SALVO JURE (ib. 279);—open avowal on Belleisle's advent (ib. 305).] And they persisted in it, there being no other for them. An enlightened public grinned sardonically, and was not taken in; but, as so many others were eating their Covenants, under equally poor subterfuges, the enlightened public could not grin long on any individual,—could only gape mutely, with astonishment, on all. A glorious example of veracity and human nobleness, set by the gods of this lower world to their gazing populations, who could read in the Gazettes! What is truth, falsity, human Kingship, human Swindlership? Are the Ten Commandments only a figure of speech, then? And it was some beggarly Attorney—Devil that built this sublunary world and us? Questions might rise; had long been rising;—but now there was about enough, and the response to them was falling due; and Belleisle himself, what is very notable, had been appointed to get ready the response. Belleisle (little as Belleisle dreamt of it, in these high Enterprises) was ushering in, by way of response, a RAGNAROK, or Twilight of the Gods, which, as "French Revolution, or Apotheosis of SANSCULOTTISM," is now well known;—and that is something to consider of!

DOWNBREAK OF PRAGMATIC SANCTION; MANNER OF THE CHIEF ARTISTS IN HANDLING THEIR COVENANTS.

The operation once accomplished on its own Pragmatic Covenant, France found no difficulty with the others. Everybody was disposed to eat his Covenant, who could see advantage in so doing, after that admirable example. The difficulty of France and Belleisle rather was, to keep the hungry parties back: "Don't eat your Covenant TILL the proper time; patience, we say!" A most sad Miscellany of Royalties, coming all to the point, "Will you eat your Covenant, Will you keep it?"—and eating, nearly all; in fact, wholly all that needed to eat.

On the first Invasion of Silesia, Maria Theresa had indignantly complained in every Court; and pointing to Pragmatic Sanction, had demanded that such Law of Nature be complied with, according to covenant. What Maria Theresa got by this circuit of the Courts, everybody still knows. Except England, which was willing, and Holland, which was unwilling, all Courts had answered, more or less uneasily: "Law of Nature,—humph: yes!"—and, far from doing anything, not one of them would with certainty promise to do anything. From England alone and her little King (to whom Pragmatic Sanction is the Palladium of Human Freedoms and the Keystone of Nature) could she get the least help. The rest hung back; would not open heart or pocket; waited till they saw. They do now see; now that Belleisle has done his feat of Covenant—eating!—

Eleven great Powers, some count Thirteen, some Twelve, [Scholl, ii. 286; Adelong, LIST, ii. 127.]—but no two agree, and hardly one agrees with himself;—enough, the Powers of Europe, from Naples and Madrid to Russia and Sweden, have all signed it, let us say a Dozen or a Baker's—Dozen of them. And except our little English Paladin alone, whose interest and indeed salvation seemed to him to lie that way, and who needed no Pragmatic Covenant to guide him, nobody whatever distinguished himself by keeping it. Between December, 1740, when Maria Theresa set up her cries in all Courts, on to April, 1741, England, painfully dragging Holland with her, had alone of the Baker's—Dozen spoken word of disapproval; much less done act of hindrance. Two especially (France and Bavaria, not to mention Spain) had done the reverse, and disowned, and declared against, Pragmatic Sanction. And after the Battle of Mollwitz, when the "little stone" took its first leap, and set all thundering, then came, like the inrush of a fashion, throughout that high Miscellany or Baker's—Dozen, the general eating of Covenants (which was again quickened in August, for a reason we shall see): and before November of that Year, there was no Covenant left to eat. Of the Baker's—Dozen nobody remained but little George the Paladin, dragging Holland painfully along with him;—and Pragmatic Sanction had gone to water, like ice in a June day, and its beautiful crystalline qualities and prismatic colors were forever vanished from the world. Will the reader note a point or two, a personage or two, in this sordid process,—not for the process's sake, which is very sordid and smells badly, but for his own sake, to elucidate his own course a little in the intricacies now coming or come upon him and me?

1. ELECTOR OF BAVARIA.—Karl Albert of Baiern is by some counted as a Signer of the Pragmatic Sanction, and by others not; which occasions that discrepancy of sum—total in the Books. And he did once, in a sense, sign it, he and his Brother of Koln; but, before the late Kaiser's death, he had openly drawn back from it again; and counted himself a Non—signer. Signer or not, he, for his part, lost no moment (but rather the contrary) in openly protesting against it, and signifying that he never would acknowledge it. Of this the reader saw something, at the time of her Hungarian Majesty's Accession. Date and circumstances of it, which deserve

remembering, are more precisely these: October 20th, 1740, Karl Albert's Ambassador, Perusa by name, wrote to Karl from Vienna, announcing that the Kaiser was just dead. From Munchen, on the 21st, Karl Albert, anticipating such an event, but not yet knowing it, orders Perusa, in CASE of the Kaiser's decease, which was considered probable at Munchen, to demand instant audience of the proper party (Kanzler Sinzendorf), and there openly lodge his Protest. Which Perusa did, punctually in all points,—no moment LOST, but rather the contrary, as we said! Let poor Karl Albert have what benefit there is in that fact. He was, of all the Anti- Pragmatic Covenant-Breakers (if he ever fairly were such), the only one that proceeded honorably, openly and at once, in the matter; and he was, of them all, by far the most unfortunate.

This is the poor gentleman whom Belleisle had settled on for being Kaiser. And Kaiser he became; to his frightful sorrow, as it proved: his crown like a crown of burning iron, or little better! There is little of him in the Books, nor does one desire much: a tall aquiline type of man; much the gentleman in aspect; and in reality, of decorous serious deportment, and the wish to be high and dignified. He had a kind of right, too, in the Anti-Pragmatic sense; and was come of Imperial kindred,—Kaiser Ludwig the Bavarian, and Kaiser Rupert of the Pfalz, called Rupert KLEMM, or Rupert Smith's—vice, if any reader now remember him, were both of his ancestors. He might fairly pretend to Kaisership and to Austrian ownership,—had he otherwise been equal to such enterprises. But, in all ambitions and attempts, howsoever grounded otherwise, there is this strict question on the threshold: "Are you of weight for the adventure; are not you far too light for it?" Ambitious persons often slur this question; and get squelched to pieces, by bringing the Twelve Labors of Hercules on Unherculean backs! Not every one is so lucky as our Friedrich in that particular,—whose back, though with difficulty, held out. Which poor Karl Albert's never had much likelihood to do. Few mortals in any age have offered such an example of the tragedies which Ambition has in store for her votaries; and what a matter Hope FULFILLED may be to the unreflecting Son of Adam.

We said, he had a kind of right to Austria, withal. He descended by the female line from Kaiser Ferdinand I. (as did Kur-Sachsen, though by a younger Daughter than Karl Albert's Ancestress); and he appealed to Kaiser Ferdinand's Settlement of the Succession, as a higher than any subsequent Pragmatic could be. Upon which there hangs an incident; still famous to German readers. Karl Albert, getting into Public Argument in this way, naturally instructed Perusa to demand sight of Kaiser Ferdinand's Last Will, the tenor of which was known by authentic Copy in Munchen, if not elsewhere among the kindred. After some delay, Perusa (4th November, 1740), summoning the other excellencies to witness, got sight of the Will: to his horror, there stood, in the cardinal passage, instead of "MUNNLICHE" (male descendants), "EHELICHE" (lawfully begotten descendants),—fatal to Karl Albert's claim! Nor could he PROVE that the Parchment had been scraped or altered, though he kept trying and examining for some days. He withdrew thereupon, by order, straightway from Vienna; testifying in dumb-show what he thought. "It is your Copy that is false," cried the Vienna people: "it has been foisted on you, with this wrong word in it; done by somebody (your friend, the Excellency Herr von Hartmann, shall we guess?), wishing to curry favor with ambitious foolish persons!" Such was the Austrian story. Perhaps in Munchen itself their Copyist was not known;—for aught I learn, the Copy was made long since, and the Copyist dead. Hartmann, named as Copyist by the Vienna people, made emphatic public answer: "Never did I copy it, or see it!" And there rose great argument, which is not yet quite ended, as to the question, "Original falsified, or Copy falsified?"—and the modern vote, I believe, rather clearly is, That the Austrian Officials had done it—in a case of necessity. [Adelung, ii. 150–154 (14th–20th November, 1740), gives the public facts, without commentary. Hormayr (*Anemonen aus dem Tagebuch eines alten Pilgersmannes*, Jena, 1845, i. 162–169,—our old Hormayr of the AUSTRIAN PLUTARCH, but now Anonymous, and in Opposition humor) considers the case nearly proved against Austria, and that Bartenstein and one Bessel, a pillar of the Church, were concerned in it.] Possible? "But you will lose your soul!" said the Parson once to a poor old Gentlewoman, English by Nation, who refused, in dying, to contradict some domestic fiction, to give up some domestic secret: "But you will lose your soul, Madam!"—"Tush, what signifies my poor silly soul compared with the honor of the family?"—

2. KING FRIEDRICH;—King Friedrich may be taken as the Anti- Pragmatic next in order of time. He too lost not a moment, and proceeded openly; no quirking to be charged upon him. His account of himself in this matter always was: "By the Treaty of Wusterhausen, 1726, unquestionably Prussia undertook to guarantee Pragmatic Sanction; the late Kaiser undertaking in return, by the same Treaty, to secure Berg and Julich to Prussia, and to have some progress made in it within six months from signing. And unquestionably also, the late

Kaiser did thereupon, or even had already done, precisely the reverse; namely, secured, so far as in him was possible, Berg and Julich to Kur-Pfalz. Such Treaty, having in this way done suicide, is dead and become zero: and I am free, in respect of Pragmatic Sanction, to do whatever shall seem good to me. My wish was, and would still be, To maintain Pragmatic Sanction, and even to support it by 100,000 men, and secure the Election of the Grand-Duke to the Kaisership,—were my claims on Silesia once liquidated. But these have no concern with Pragmatic Sanction, for or against: these are good against whoever may fall Heir to the House of Austria, or to Silesia: and my intention is, that the strong hand, so long clenched upon my rights, shall open itself by this favorable opportunity, and give them out." That is Friedrich's case. And in truth the jury everywhere has to find,—so soon as instructed, which is a long process in some sections of it (in England, for example),—That Pragmatic Sanction has not, except helpless lamentations, "Alas that YOU should be here to insist upon your rights, and to open fists long closed!"—the least, word to say to Friedrich.

3. TERMAGANT OF SPAIN.—Perhaps the most distracted of the Anti- Pragmatic subterfuges was that used by Spain, when the She-dragon or Termagant saw good to eat her Covenant; which was at a very early stage. The Termagant's poor Husband is a Bourbon, not a Hapsburg at all: "But has not he fallen heir to the Spanish Hapsburgs; become all one as they, an ALTER-EGO of the Spanish Hapsburgs?" asks she. "And the Austrian Hapsburgs being out, do not the Spanish Hapsburgs come in? He, I say, this BOURBON-Hapsburg, he is the real Hapsburg, now that the Austrian Branch is gone; President he of the Golden Fleece [which a certain "Archduchess," Maria Theresa, had been meddling with]; Proprietor, he, of Austrian Italy, and of all or most things Austrian!"—and produces Documentary Covenants of Philip II. with his Austrian Cousins; "to which Philip," said the Termagant, "we Bourbons surely, if you consider it, are Heir and Alter-Ego!" Is not, this a curious case of testamentary right; human greed obliterating personal identity itself?

Belleisle had a great deal of difficulty, keeping the Termagant back till things were ripe. Her hope practically was, Baby Carlos being prosperous King of Naples this long while, to get the Milanese for another Baby she has,—Baby Philip, whom she once thought of making Pope;—and she is eager beyond measure to have a stroke at the Milanese. "Wait!" hoarsely whispers Belleisle to her; and she can scarcely wait. Maria Theresa's Note of Announcement "New Queen of Hungary, may it please you!" the French, as we saw, were very long in answering. The Termagant did not answer it at all; complained on the contrary, "What is this, Madam! Golden Fleece, you?"—and, early in March, informed mankind that she was Spanish Hapsburg, the genuine article; and sent off Excellency Montijos, a little man of great expense, to assist at the Election of a proper Kaiser, and be useful to Belleisle in the great things now ahead. [Spain's Golden-Fleece pretensions, 17th January, 1741 (Adelung, ii. 233, 234); "Publishes at Paris," in March (ib. 293); and on the 23d March accredits Montijos (ib. 293): Italian War, held back by Belleisle and the English Fleets, cannot get begun till October following.]

4. KING OF POLAND.—The most ticklish card in Belleisle's game, and probably the greatest fool of these Anti-Pragmatic Dozen, was Kur-Sachsen, King of Poland. He, like Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, derives from Kaiser Ferdinand, though by a YOUNGER Daughter, and has a like claim on the Austrian Succession; claim nullified, however, by that small circumstance itself, but which he would fain mend by one makeshift or another; and thinks always it must surely be good for something. This is August III., this King of Poland, as readers know; son of August the Strong: Papa made him change to the Catholic religion so called,—for the sake of getting Poland, which proves a very poor possession to him. Who knows what damage the poor creature may have got by that sad operation;—which all Saxony sighed to the heart on hearing of; for it was always hoped he had some real religion, and would deliver them from that Babylonish Captivity again! He married Kaiser Joseph I.'s Daughter,—Maria Theresa's Cousin, and by an Elder Brother;—this, too, ought surely to be something in the Anti-Pragmatic line? It is true, Kur-Baiern has to Wife another Daughter of Kaiser Joseph's; but she is the younger: "I am senior THERE, at least!" thinks the foolish man.

Too true, he had finally, in past years, to sign Pragmatic Sanction; no help for it, no hope without it, in that Polish- Election time. He will have to eat his Covenant, therefore, as the first step in Anti-Pragmatism; and he is extremely in doubt as to the How, sometimes as to the Whether. And shifts and whirls, accordingly, at a great rate, in these months and years; now on Maria Theresa's side, deluded by shadows from Vienna, and getting into Russian Partition-Treaties; anon tickled by Belleisle into the reverse posture; then again reversing. An idle, easy-tempered, yet greedy creature, who, what with religious apostasy in early manhood, what with flaccid ambitions since, and idle gapings after shadows, has lost helm in this world; and will make a very bad voyage for

self and country.

His Palinurus and chief Counsellor, at present and afterwards, is a Count von Bruhl, once page to August the Strong; now risen to such height: Bruhl of the three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes; whom it has grown wearisome even to laugh at. A cunning little wretch, they say, and of deft tongue; but surely among the unwise of all the Sons of Adam in that day, and such a Palinurus as seldom steered before. Kur-Sachsen, being Reichs-Vicar in the Northern Parts,—(Kur-Baiern and Kur-Pfalz, as friends and good Wittelsbacher Cousins surely ought, in a crisis like this, have agreed to be JOINT-Vicars in the Southern Parts, and no longer quarrel upon it),—Kur-Sachsen has a good deal to do in the Election prelude, formalities and prearrangements; and is capable, as Kur-Pfalz and Cousin always are, of serving as chisel to Belleisle's mallet, in such points, which will plentifully turn up.

5. KING OF SARDINIA.—Reichs-Vicar in the Italian Parts is Charles Amadeus King of Sardinia (tough old Victor's Son, whom we have heard of): an office mostly honorary; suitable to the important individual who keeps the Door of the Alps. Charles Amadeus had signed the Pragmatic Sanction; but eats his Covenant, like the others, on example of France;—having, as he now bethinks himself, claims on the Milanese. There are two claimants on the Milanese, then; the Spanish Termagant, and he? Yes; and they will have their difficulties, their extensive tusslings in Italian War and otherwise, to make an adjustment of it; and will give Belleisle (at least the Doorkeeper will) an immensity of trouble, in years coming.

In this way do the Pragmatic people eat their own Covenant, one after the other, and are not ashamed;—till all have eaten, or as good as eaten; and, almost within year and day, Pragmatic Sanction is a vanished quantity; and poor Kaiser Karl's life-labor is not worth the sheepskin and stationery it cost him. History reports in sum, That "nobody kept the Pragmatic Sanction; that the few [strictly speaking, the one] who acted by it, would have done precisely the same, though there had never been such a Document in existence." To George II., it is, was and will be, the Keystone of Nature, the true Anti-French palladium of mankind; and he, dragging the unwilling Dutch after him, will do great things for it: but nobody else does anything at all. Might we hope to bid adieu to it, in this manner, and never to mention it again!—

Document more futile there had not been in Nature, nor will be. Friedrich had not yet fought at Mollwitz in assertion of his Silesian claim, when the poor Pope—poor soul, who had no Covenant to eat, but took pattern by others—claimed, in solemn Allocution, Parma and Piacenza for the Holy See. [Adelung, ii. 376 (5th April, 1741)] All the world is claiming. Of the Court of Wurtemberg and its Protestings, and "extensive Deduction" about nothing at all, we do not speak; [Ib. ii. 195, 403.] nor of Montmorency claiming Luxemburg, of which he is Titular "Duke;" nor of Monsignore di Guastalla claiming Mantua; nor of—In brief, the fences are now down; a broad French gap in those miles of elaborate paling, which are good only as firewood henceforth, and any ass may rush in and claim a bellyful. Great are the works of Belleisle!—

CONCERNING THE IMPERIAL ELECTION (Kaiserwahl) THAT IS TO BE: CANDIDATES FOR KAISERSHIP.

At equal step with the ruining of Pragmatic Sanction goes on that spoiling of Grand-Duke Franz's Election to the Kaisership: these two operations run parallel; or rather, under different forms, they are one and the same operation. "To assist, as a Most Christian neighbor ought, in picking out the fit Kaiser," was Belleisle's ostensible mission; and indeed this does include virtually his whole errand. Till three months after Belleisle's appearance in the business, Grand-Duke Franz never doubted but he should be Kaiser; Friedrich's offers to, help him in it he had scorned, as the offer of a fifth wheel to his chariot, already rushing on with four. "Here is Kur-Bohmen, Austria's own vote," counts the Grand-Duke; "Kur-Sachsen, doing Prussian-Partition Treaties for us; Kur-Trier, our fat little Schonborn, Austrian to the bone; Kur-Mainz, important chairman, regulator of the Conclave; here are Four Electors for us: then also Kur-Pfalz, he surely, in return for the Berg-Julich service; finally, and liable to no question Kur-Hanover, little George of England with his endless guineas and resources, a little Jack-the-Giantkiller, greater than all Giants, Paladin of the Pragmatic and us: here are Six Electors of the Nine. Let Brandenburg and the Bavarian Couple, Kur-Baiern and Kur-Koln, do their pleasure!" This was Grand-Duke Franz's calculation.

By the time Belleisle had been three months in Germany, the Grand-Duke's notion had changed; and he began "applying to the Sea-Powers," "to Russia," and all round. In Belleisle's sixth month, the Grand-Duke, after such demolition of Pragmatic, and such disasters and contradictions as had been, saw his case to be desperate;

though he still stuck to it, Austrian-like,—or rather, Austria for him stuck to it, the Grand-Duke being careless of such things;—and indeed, privately, never did give in, even AFTER the Election, as we shall have to note.

The Reich itself being mainly a Phantasm or Enchanted Wiggery, its "Kaiser-Choosing" (KAISERWAHL),—now getting under way at Frankfurt, with preliminary outskirts at Regensburg, and in the Chancery of Mainz—is very phantasmal, not to say ghastly; and forbidding, not inviting, to the human eye. Nine Kurfursts, Choosers of Teutschland's real Captain, in none of whom is there much thought for Teutschland or its interests,—and indeed in hardly more than One of whom (Prussian Friedrich, if readers will know it) is there the least thought that way; but, in general, much indifference to things divine or diabolic, and thought for one's own paltry profits and losses only! So it has long been; and so it now is, more than usual.—Consider again, are Enchanted Wiggeries a beautiful thing, in this extremely earnest World?—

The Kaiserwahl is an affair depending much on processions, proclamations, on delusions optical, acoustic; on palaverings, manoeuvrings, holdings back, then hasty pushings forward; and indeed is mainly, in more senses than one, under guidance of the Prince of the Power of the Air. Unbeautiful, like a World-Parliament of Nightmares (if the reader could conceive such a thing); huge formless, tongueless monsters of that species, doing their "three readings,"—under Presidency or chief-pipership as above! Belleisle, for his part, is consummately skilful, and manages as only himself could. Keeps his game well hidden, not a hint or whisper of it except in studied proportions; spreads out his lines, his birdlime; tickles, entices, astonishes; goes his rounds, like a subtle Fowler, taking captive the minds of men; a Phoebus-Apollo, god of melody and of the sun, filling his net with birds.

I believe, old Kur-Pfalz, for the sake of French neighborhood, and Berg-and-Julich, were there nothing more, was very helpful to him; —in March past, when the Election was to have been, when it would have gone at once in favor of the Grand-Duke, Kur-Pfalz got the Election "postponed a little." Postponing, procrastinating; then again pushing violently on, when things are ripe: Belleisle has only to give signal to a fit Kur-Pfalz. In all Kurfurst Courts, the French Ambassadors sing diligently to the tune Belleisle sets them; and Courts give ear, or will do, when the charmer himself arrives.

Kur-Sachsen, as above hinted, was his most delicate operation, in the charming or trout-tickling way. And Kur-Sachsen—and poor Saxony, ever since—knows if he did not do it well! "Deduct this Kur-Sachsen from the Austrian side," calculates Belleisle; "add him to ours, it is almost an equality of votes. Kur-Baiern, our own Imperial Candidate; Kur-Koln, his Brother; Kur-Pfalz, by genealogy his Cousin (not to mention Berg-Julich matters); here are three Wittelsbachers, knit together; three sure votes; King Friedrich, Kur-Brandenburg, there is a fourth; and if Kur-Sachsen would join?" But who knows if Kur-Sachsen will! The poor soul has himself thoughts of being Kaiser; then no thoughts, and again some: thoughts which Belleisle knows how to handle. "Yes, Kaiser you, your Majesty; excellent!" And sets to consider the methods: "Hm, ha, hm! Think, your Majesty: ought not that Bohemian Vote to be excluded, for one thing? Kur-Bohmen is fallen into the distaff, Maria Theresa herself cannot vote. Surely question will rise, Whether distaff can, validly, hand it over to distaff's husband, as they are about doing? Whether, in fact, Kur-Bohmen is not in abeyance for this time?" "So!" answered Kur-Sachsen, Reichs-Vicarius. And thereupon meetings were summoned; Nightmare Committees sat on this matter under the Reichs-Vicar, slowly hatching it; and at length brought out, "Kur-Bohmen NOT transferable by the distaff; Kur-Bohmen in abeyance for this time." Greatly to the joy of Belleisle; infinitely to the chagrin of her Hungarian Majesty,—who declared it a crying injustice (though I believe legally done in every point); and by and by, even made it a plea of Nullity, destructive to the Election altogether, when her Hungarian Majesty's affairs looked up again, and the world would listen to Austrian sophistries and obstinacies. This was an essential service from Kur-Sachsen. [Began, indistinctly, "in March" (1741); languid "for some months" (Adelung, ii. 292); "November 4th," was settled in the negative, "Kur-Bohmen not to have a vote" (*Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 47 n.).

After which Kur-Sachsen's own poor Kaisership died away into "Hm, ha, hm!" again, with a grateful Belleisle. Who nevertheless dexterously retained Kur-Sachsen as ally; tickling the poor wretch with other baits. Of the Kaiser he had really meant all along, there was dead silence, except between the parties; no whisper heard, for six months after it had been agreed upon; none, for two or near three months after formal settlement, and signing and sealing. Karl Albert's Treaty with Belleisle was 18th May, 1741; and he did not declare himself a Candidate till 1st-4th July following. [Adelung, ii. 357, 421.] Belleisle understands the Nightmare Parliaments,

the electioneering art, and how to deal with Enchanted Wiggeries. More perfect master, in that sad art, has not turned up on record to one's afflicted mind. Such a Sun-god, and doing such a Scavengerism! Belleisle, in the sixth month (end of August, 1741), feels sure of a majority. How Belleisle managed, after that, to checkmate George of England, and make even George vote for him, and the Kaiserwahl to be unanimous against Grand-Duke Franz, will be seen. Great are Belleisle's doings in this world, if they were useful either to God or man, or to Belleisle himself first of all!--

TEUTSCHLAND TO BE CARVED INTO SOMETHING OF SYMMETRY, SHOULD THE BELLEISLE ENTERPRISES SUCCEED.

Belleisle's schemes, in the rear of all this labor, are grandiose to a degree. Men wonder at the First Napoleon's mad notions in that kind. But no Napoleon, in the fire of the revolutionary element; no Sham-Napoleon, in the ashes of it: hardly a Parisian Journalist of imaginative turn, speculating on the First Nation of the Universe and what its place is,—could go higher than did this grandiose Belleisle; a man with clear thoughts in his head, under a torpid Louis XV. Let me see, thinks Belleisle. Germany with our Bavarian for Kaiser; Germany to be cut into, say, Four little Kingdoms: 1. Bavaria with the lean Kaiserhood; 2. Saxony, fattened by its share of Austria; 3. Prussia the like; 4. Austria itself, shorn down as above, and shoved out to the remote Hungarian parts: VOILA. These, not reckoning Hanover, which perhaps we cannot get just yet, are Four pretty Sovereignties. Three, or Two, of these hireable by gold, it is to be hoped. And will not France have a glorious time of it; playing master of the revels there, egging one against the other! Yes, Germany is then, what Nature designed it, a Province of France: little George of Hanover himself, and who knows but England after him, may one day find their fate inevitable, like the others. O Louis, O my King, is not this an outlook? Louis le Grand was great; but you are likely to be Louis the Grandest; and here is a World shaped, at last, after the real pattern!

Such are, in sad truth, Belleisle's schemes; not yet entirely hatched into daylight or articulation; but becoming articulate, to himself and others, more and more. Reader, keep them well in mind: I had rather not speak of them again. They are essential to our Story; but they are afflictively vain, contrary to the Laws of Fact; and can, now or henceforth, in nowise be. My friend, it was not Beelzebub, nor Mephistopheles, nor Autolyeus-Apollo that built this world and us; it was Another. And you will get your crown well rapped, M. le Marechal, for so forgetting that fact! France is an extremely pretty creature; but this of making France the supreme Governor and God's-Vicerent of Nations, is, was, and remains, one of the maddest notions. France at its ideal BEST, and with a demi-god for King over it, were by no means fit for such function; nay of many Nations is eminently the unfittest for it. And France at its WORST or nearly so, with a Louis XV. over it by way of demi-god --O Belleisle, what kind of France is this; shining in your grandiose imagination, in such contrast to the stingy fact: like a creature consisting of two enormous wings, five hundred yards in potential extent, and no body bigger than that of a common cock, weighing three pounds avoirdupois. Cock with his own gizzard much out of sorts, too!

It was "early in March" [Adelung, ii. 305.] when Belleisle, the Artificial Sun-god, quitted Paris on this errand. He came by the Moselle road; called on the Rhine Kurfursts, Koln, Trier, Mainz; dazzling them, so far as possible, with his splendor for the mind and for the eye. He proceeded next to Dresden, which is a main card: and where there is immense manipulation needed, and the most delicate trout-tickling; this being a skittish fish, and an important, though a foolish. Belleisle was at Dresden when the Battle of Mollwitz fell out: what a windfall into Belleisle's game! He ran across to Friedrich at Mollwitz, to congratulate, to consult,—as we shall see anon.

Belleisle, I am informed, in this preliminary Tour of his, speaks only, or hints only (except in the proper quarters), of Election Business; of the need there perhaps is, on the part of an Age growing in liberal ideas, to exclude the Austrian Grand-Duke; to curb that ponderous, harsh, ungenerous House of Austria, too long lording it over generous Germany; and to set up some better House,—Bavaria, for example; Saxony, for example? Of his plans in the rear of this he is silent; speaks only by hints, by innuendoes, to the proper parties. But ripening or ripe, plans do lie to rear; far-stretching, high-soaring; in part, dark even at Versailles; darkly fermenting, not yet developed, in Belleisle's own head; only the Future Kaiser a luminous fixed point, shooting beams across the grandiose Creation-Process going on there.

By the end of August, 1741, Belleisle had become certain of his game; 24th January, 1742, he saw himself as if winner. Before August, 1741, he had got his Electors manipulated, tickled to his purpose, by the witchery of a Phoebus-Autolycus or Diplomatic Sun-god; majority secured for a Bavarian Kaiser, and against an Austrian one. And in the course of that month,—what was still more considerable!—he was getting, under mild pretexts, about

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a hundred thousand armed Frenchmen gently wafted over upon the soil of Germany. Two complete French Armies, 40,000 each (PLUS their Reserves), one over the Upper Rhine, one over the Lower; about which we shall hear a great deal in time coming! Under mild pretexts: "Peaceable as lambs, don't you observe? Merely to protect Freedom of Election, in this fine neighbor country; and as allies to our Friend of Bavaria, should he chance to be new Kaiser, and to persist in his modest claims otherwise." This was his crowning stroke. Which finished straightway the remnants of Pragmatic Sanction and of every obstacle; and in a shining manner swept the roads clear. And so, on January 24th following, the Election, long held back by Belleisle's manoeuvrings, actually takes effect,—in favor of Karl Albert, our invaluable Bavarian Friend. Austria is left solitary in the Reich; Pragmatic Sanction, Keystone of Nature, which Belleisle and France had sworn to keep in, is openly torn out by Belleisle and by France and the majority of mankind; and Belleisle sees himself, to all appearance, winner.

This was the harvest reaped by Belleisle, within year and day; after endless manoeuvring, such as only a Belleisle in the character of Diplomatic Sun-god could do. Beyond question, the distracted ambitions of several German Princes have been kindled by Belleisle; what we called the rotten thatch of Germany is well on fire. This diligent sowing in the Reich—to judge by the 100,000, armed men here, and the counter hundreds of thousands arming—has been a pretty stroke of dragon's-teeth husbandry on Belleisle's part.

BELLEISLE ON VISIT TO FRIEDRICH; SEES FRIEDRICH BESIEGE BRIEG, WITH EFFECT.

It was April 26th when Marechal de Belleisle, with his Brother the Chevalier, with Valori and other bright accompaniment, arrived in Friedrich's Camp. "Camp of Mollwitz" so named; between Mollwitz and Brieg; where Friedrich is still resting, in a vigilant expectant condition; and, except it be the taking of Brieg, has nothing military on hand. Wednesday, 26th April, the distinguished Excellency—escorted for the last three miles by 120 Horse, and the other customary ceremonies—makes his appearance: no doubt an interesting one to Friedrich, for this and the days next following. Their talk is not reported anywhere: nor is it said with exactitude how far, whether wholly now, or only in part now, Belleisle expounded his sublime ideas to Friedrich; or what precise reception they got. Friedrich himself writes long afterwards of the event; but, as usual, without precision, except in general effect. Now, or some time after, Friedrich says he found Belleisle, one morning, with brow clouded, knit into intense meditation: "Have you had bad news, M. le Marechal?" asks Friedrich. "No, oh no! I am considering what we shall make of that Moravia?"—"Moravia; Hm!" Friedrich suppresses the glance that is rising to his eyes: "Can't you give it to Saxony, then? Buy Saxony into the Plan with it!" "Excellent," answers Belleisle, and unpuckers his stern brow again.

Friedrich thinks highly, and about this time often says so, of the man Belleisle: but as to the man's effulgencies, and wide-winged Plans, none is less seduced by them than Friedrich: "Your chickens are not hatched, M. le Marechal; some of us hope they never will be,—though the incubation-process may have uses for some of us!" Friedrich knows that the Kaisership given to any other than Grand-Duke Franz will be mostly an imaginary quantity. "A grand Symbolic Cloak in the eyes of the vulgar; but empty of all things, empty even of cash, for the last Two Hundred Years: Austria can wear it to advantage; no other mortal. Hang it on Austria, which is a solid human figure,—so." And Friedrich wishes, and hopes always, Maria Theresa will agree with him, and get it for her Husband. "But to hang it on Bavaria, which is a lean bare pole? Oh, M. le Marechal! —And those Four Kingdoms of yours: what a brood of poultry, those! Chickens happily yet UNhatched;—eggs addle, I should venture to hope:—only do go on incubating, M. le Marechal!" That is Friedrich's notion of the thing. Belleisle stayed with Friedrich "a few days," say the Books. After which, Friedrich, finding Belleisle too winged a creature, corresponded, in preference, with Fleury and the Head Sources;—who are always intensely enough concerned about those "aces" falling to him, and how the same are to be "shared." [Details in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 912, 962, 916; in *OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 79, 80;

Instead of parade or review in honor of Belleisle, there happened to be a far grander military show, of the practical kind. The Siege of Brieg, the Opening of the Trenches before Brieg, chanced to be just ready, on Belleisle's arrival:—and would have taken effect, we find, that very night, April 26th, had not a sudden wintry outburst, or "tempest of extraordinary violence," prevented. Next night, night of the 27th–28th, under shine of the full Moon, in the open champaign country, on both sides of the River, it did take effect. An uncommonly fine thing of its sort; as one can still see by reading Friedrich's strict Program for it,—a most minute, precise and all-anticipating Program, which still interests military men, as Friedrich's first Piece in that kind,—and comparing therewith the Narratives of the performance which ensued. [*Ordre und Dispositiones (SIC)*, *wornach*

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sich der General-Lieutenant von Kalckstein bei Eroffnung der Trancheen, (Oeuvres de Frederic, xxx. 39-44): the Program. Helden-Geschichte, i. 916-928: the Narrative.]

Kalkstein, Friedrich's old Tutor, is Captain of the Siege; under him Jeetz, long used to blockading about Brieg. The silvery Oder has its due bridges for communication; all is in readiness, and waiting manifold as in the slip,—and there is Engineer Walrave, our Glogau Dutch friend, who shall, at the right instant, "with his straw-rope (STROHSEIL) mark out the first parallel," and be swift about it! There are 2,000 diggers, with the due implements, fascines, equipments; duly divided, into Twelve equal Parties, and "always two spademen to one pickman " (which indicates soft sandy ground): these, with the escorting or covering battalions, Twelve Parties they also, on both sides of the River, are to be in their several stations at the fixed moments; man, musket, mattock, strictly exact. They are to advance at Midnight; the covering battalions so many yards ahead: no speaking is permissible, nor the least tobacco-smoking; no drum to be allowed for fear of accident; no firing, unless you are fired on. The covering battalions are all to "lie flat, so soon as they get to their ground, all but the Officers and sentries." To rear of these stand Walrave and assistants, silent, with their straw-rope; —silent, then anon swift, and in whisper or almost by dumb-show, "Now, then!" After whom the diggers, fascine-men, workers, each in his kind, shall fall to, silently, and dig and work as for life.

All which is done; exact as clock-work: beautiful to see, or half see, and speak of to your Belleisle, in the serene moonlight! Half an hour's marching, half an hour's swift digging: the Town-clock of Brieg was hardly striking One, when "they had dug themselves in." And, before daybreak, they had, in two batteries, fifty cannon in position, with a proper set of mortars (other side the River),— ready to astonish Piccolomini and his Austrians; who had not had the least whisper of them, all night, though it was full moon. Graf von Piccolomini, an active gallant person, had refused terms, some time before; and was hopefully intent on doing his best. And now, suddenly, there rose round Piccolomini such a tornado of cannonading and bombardment, day after day, always "three guns of ours playing against one of theirs," that his guns got ruined; that "his hay-magazines took fire,"—and the Schloss itself, which was adjacent to them, took fire (a sad thing to Friedrich, who commanded pause, that they might try quenching, but in vain):—and that, in short, Piccolomini could not stand it; but on the 4th of May, precisely after one week's experience, hung out the white flag, and "beat chamade at 3 of the afternoon." He was allowed to march out next morning, with escort to Neisse; parole pledged, Not to serve against us for two years coming.

Friedrich in person (I rather guess, Belleisle not now at his side) saw the Garrison march out;—kept Piccolomini to dinner; a gallant Piccolomini, who had hoped to do better, but could not. This was a pretty enough piece of Siege-practice. Torstenson, with his Swedes, had furiously besieged Brieg in 1642, a hundred years ago; and could do nothing to it. Nothing, but withdraw again, futile; leaving 1,400 of his people dead. Friedrich, the Austrian Garrison once out, set instantly about repairing the works, and improving them into impregnability,—our ugly friend Walrave presiding over that operation too.

Belleisle, we may believe, so long as he continued, was full of polite wonder over these things; perhaps had critical advices here and there, which would be politely received. It is certain he came out extremely brilliant, gifted and agreeable, in the eyes of Friedrich; who often afterwards, not in the very strictest language, calls him a great man, great soldier, and by far the considerablest person you French have. It is no less certain, Belleisle displayed, so far as displayable, his magnificent Diplomatic Ware to the best advantage. To which, we perceive, the young King answered, "Magnificent, indeed!" but would not bite all at once; and rather preferred corresponding with Fleury, on business points, keeping the matter dexterously hanging, in an illuminated element of hope and contingency, for the present.

Belleisle, after we know not how many days, returned to Dresden; perfected his work at Dresden, or shoved it well forward, with "that Moravia" as bait. "Yes, King of Moravia, you, your Polish Majesty, shall be!"—and it is said the simple creature did so style himself, by and by, in certain rare Manifestoes, which still exist in the cabinets of the curious. Belleisle next, after only a few days, went to Munchen; to operate on Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, a willing subject. And, in short, Belleisle whirled along incessantly, torch in hand; making his "circuit of the German Courts,"—details of said circuit not to be followed by us farther. One small thing only I have found rememberable; probably true, though vague. At Munchen, still more out at Nymphenburg, the fine Country-Palace not far off, there was of course long conferencing, long consulting, secret and intense, between Belleisle with his people and Karl Albert with his. Karl Albert, as we know, was himself willing. But a certain

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Baron von Unertl—heavy-built Bavarian of the old type, an old stager in the Bavarian Ministries —was of far other disposition. One day, out at Nymphenburg, Unertl got to the Council-room, while Belleisle and Company were there: Unertl found the apartment locked, absolutely no admittance; and heard voices, the Kurfurst's and French voices, eagerly at work inside. "Admit me, Gracious Herr; UM GOTTES WILLEN, me!" No admission. Unertl, in despair, rushed round to the garden side of the Apartment; desperately snatched a ladder, set it up to the window, and conjured the Gracious Highness: "For the love of Heaven, my ALLERGNADIGSTER, don't! Have no trade with those French! Remember your illustrious Father, Kurfurst Max, in the Eugene- Marlborough time, what a job he made of it, building actual architecture on THEIR big promises, which proved mere acres of gilt balloon!" [Hormayr, *Anemonen* (cited above), ii. 152.] Words terribly prophetic; but they were without effect on Karl Albert.

The rest of Belleisle's inflammatory circuitings and extensive travellings, for he had many first and last in this matter, shall be left to the fancy of the reader. May 18th, he made formal Treaty with Karl Albert: Treaty of Nymphenburg, "Karl Albert to be Kaiser; Bavaria, with Austria Proper added to it, a Kingdom; French armies, French moneys, and other fine items." [Given in Adelung, ii. 359.] Treaty to be kept dead secret; King Friedrich, for the present, would not accede. [Given in Adelung, ii. 421.] June 25th, after some preliminary survey of the place, Belleisle made his Entry into Frankfurt: magnificent in the extreme. And still did not rest there; but had to rush about, back to Versailles, to Dresden, hither, thither: it was not till the last day of July that he fairly took up his abode in Frankfurt; and—the Election eggs, so to speak, being now all laid—set himself to hatch the same. A process which lasted him six months longer, with curious phenomena to mankind. Not till the middle of August did he bring those 80,000 Armed Frenchmen across the Rhine, "to secure peace in those parts, and freedom of voting." Not till November 4th had Kur-Sachsen, with the Nightmares, finished that important problem of the Bohemian Vote, "Bohemian Vote EXCLUDED for this time;"— after which all was ready, though still not in the least hurry. November 20th, came the first actual "Election-Conference (WAHL- CONFERENZ)" in the Romer at Frankfurt; to which succeeded Two Months more of conferrings (upon almost nothing at all): and finally, 24th January, 1742, came the Election itself, Karl Albert the man; poor wretch, who never saw another good day in this world.

Belleisle during those six months was rather high and airy, extremely magnificent; but did not want discretion: "more like a Kurfurst than an Ambassador;" capable of "visiting Kur-Mainz, with servants purposely in OLD liveries,"—where the case needed old, where Kur-Mainz needed snubbing; not otherwise. [Buchholz, ii. 57 n.] "The Marechal de Belleisle," says an Eye-witness, of some fame in those days, "comes out in a variety of parts, among us here; plays now the General, now the Philosopher, now the Minister of State, now the French Marquis;—and does them all to perfection. Surely a master in his art. His Brother the Chevalier is one of the sensiblest and best-trained persons you can see. He has a penetrating intellect; is always occupied, and full of great schemes; and has nevertheless a staid kind of manner. He is one of the most important Personages here; and in all things his Brother's right hand." [Von Loen, *Kleine Schriften* (cited in Adelung, ii. 400).] In Frankfurt, both Belleisle and his Brother were much respected, the Brother especially, as men of dignified behavior and shining qualities; but as to their hundred and thirty French Lords and other Valety, these by their extravagances and excesses (AUSSCHWEIFUNGEN) made themselves extremely detestable, it would appear. [Buchholz, ii. 54; in Adelung, ii. 398 n., a French BROCARD on the subject, of sufficient emphasis.]

Chapter XII. SORROWS OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY.

George II. did not hear of Mollwitz for above a fortnight after it fell out; but he had no need of Mollwitz to kindle his wrath or his activity in that matter. [Mollwitz first heard of in London, April 25th (14th); Subsidy of 300,000 pounds voted same day. *London Gazette* (April 11th–14th, 1741); *Commons Journals*, xxiii. 705.] George II. had seen, all along, with natural manifold aversion and indignation, these high attempts of his Nephew. "Who is this new little King, that will not let himself be snubbed, and laughed at, and led by the nose, as his Father did; but seems to be taking a road of his own, and tacitly defying us all? A very high conduct indeed, for a Sovereign of that magnitude. Aspires seemingly to be the leader among German Princes; to reduce Hanover and us,—us, with the gold of England in our breeches—pocket,—to the second place? A reverend old Bishop of Liege, twitched by the rochet, and shaken hither and thither, like a reverend old clothes—screen, till he agree to stand still and conform. And now a Silesia seized upon; a Pragmatic Sanction kicked to the winds: the whole world to be turned topsy—turvy, and Hanover and us, with our breeches—pocket, reduced to—?"

The emotions, the prognostications, and distracted procedures of his Britannic Majesty, of which we have ourselves seen somewhat, in this fermentation of the elements, are copiously set down for us by the English Dryasdust (mostly in unintelligible form): but, except for sane purposes, one must be careful not to dwell on them, to the sorrow of readers. Seldom was there such a feat of Somnambulism, as that by the English and their King in the next twenty Years. To extract the particle of sanity from it, and see how the poor English did get their own errand done withal, and Jenkins's Ear avenged,—that is the one interesting point; Dryasdust and the Nightmares shall, to all time, be welcome to the others. Here are some Excerpts, a select few; which will perhaps be our readiest expedient. These do, under certain main aspects, shadow forth the intricate posture of King George and his Nation, when Belleisle, as Protagonistes or Chief Bully, stepped down into the ring, in that manner; asking, "Is there an Antagonistes, then, or Chief Defender?" I will label them, number them; and, with the minimum of needful commentary, leave them to imaginative readers.

No. 1. SNATCH OF PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE BY MR. VINER (19th April, 1741).

The fuliginous explosions, more or less volcanic, which went on in Parliament and in English society, against Friedrich's Silesian Enterprise, for long years from this date, are now all dead and avoidable,—though they have left their effects among us to this day. Perhaps readers would like to see the one reasonable word I have fallen in with, of opposite tendency; Mr. Viner's word, at the first starting of that question: plainly sensible word, which, had it been attended to (as it was not), might have saved us so much nonsense, not of idle talk only, but of extremely serious deed which ensued thereupon!

"LONDON, 19th APRIL, 1741. This day [Mollwitz not yet known, Camp of Gottin too well known!] King George, in his own high person, comes down to the House of Lords,—which, like the Other House, is sunk painfully in Walpole Controversies, Spanish—War Controversies, of a merely domestic nature;—and informs both Honorable Houses, with extreme caution, naming nobody, That he much wishes they would think of helping him in these alarming circumstances of the Celestial Balance, ready apparently to go heels uppermost. To which the general answer is, 'Yes, surely!'—with a vote of 300,000 pounds for her Hungarian Majesty, a few days hence. From those continents of Parliamentary tufa, now fallen so waste and mournful, here is one little piece which ought to be extricated into daylight:—

"MR. VINER (on his legs): ... 'If I mistake not the true intention of the Address proposed,' in answer to his Majesty's most gracious Speech from the Throne, 'we are invited to declare that we will oppose the King of Prussia in his attempts upon Silesia: a declaration in which I see not how any man can concur who KNOWS NOT the nature of his Prussian Majesty's Claim, and the Laws of the German Empire [NOR DO I, MR. V.!] It ought therefore, Sir, to have been the first endeavor of those by whom this Address has been so zealously supported, to show that his Prussian Majesty's Claim, so publicly explained [BY KAUZLER LUDWIG, OF HALLE, WHO, IT SEEMS, HAS STAGGERED OR CONVINCED MR. VINER], so firmly urged and so strongly supported, is without foundation and reason, and is only one of those imaginary titles which Ambition may always find to the dominions of another.' (HEAR MR VINER!)" [Tindal, xx. 491, gives the Royal Speech (DATE in a very slobbery condition); see also Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii. 365. Viner's Fragment of a Speech is in Thackeray, *Life of*

Chatham, i. 87.] ...

A most indispensable thing, surely. Which was never done, nor can ever be done; but was assumed as either unnecessary or else done of its own accord, by that Collective Wisdom of England (with a sage George II. at the head of it); who plunged into Dettingen, Fontenoy, Austrian Subsidies, Aix-la-Chapelle, and foundation of the English National Debt, among other strange things, in consequence!—

Upon that of Kanzler Ludwig, and the "so public Explanation" (which we slightly heard of long since), here is another Note,—unless readers prefer to skip it:—

"That the Diplomatic and Political world is universally in travail at this time, no reader need be told; Europe everywhere in dim anxiety, heavy-laden expectation (which to us has fallen so vacant); looking towards inevitable changes and the huge inane. All in travail;—and already uttering printed Manifestoes, Patents, Deductions, and other public travail—SHRIEKS of that kind. Printed; not to speak of the unprinted, of the oral which vanished on the spot; or even of the written which were shot forth by breathless estafettes, and unhappily did not vanish, but lie in archives, still humming upon us, "Won't you read me, then?"—Alas, except on compulsion, No! Life being precious (and time, which is the stuff of life), No!—

"At Reinsberg as elsewhere, at Reinsberg first of all, it had been felt, in October last, that there would be Manifestoes needed; learned Proof, the more irrefragable the better, of our Right to Silesia. It was settled there, Let Ludwig, Kanzler of the University of Halle, do it. [Herr Kanzler Ludwig, monster of Antiquarian, Legal and other Learning there: wealthy, too, and close-fisted; whom we have seen obliged to open his closed fist, and to do building in the Friedrich Strasse, before now; Nussler, his son-in-law, having no money:—as careless readers have perhaps forgotten?] Ludwig set about his new task with a proud joy. Ludwig knows that story, if he know anything. Long years ago he put forth a Chapter upon it; weighty Chapter; in a Book of weight, said Judges;—Book weighing, in pounds avoirdupois and otherwise, none of us now knows what: [Title of this weighty Performance (see Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 432) is, or was (size not given), *Germania Princeps* (Halae, 1702). Preuss says farther, "That Book ii. c. 3 handles the Prussian claims: Jagerndorf being ? 13; Liegnitz, ? 14; Oppeln and Ratibor, ? 16;—and that Ludwig had sent a Copy of this Argument [weighty Performance altogether? Or Book ii. c. 3 of it, which would have had a better chance?] to King Friedrich, on the death of Kaiser Karl VI."]—but, in after years, it used to be said by flatterers of the Kanzler, 'Herr Kanzler, see the effect of Learning. It was you, it was your weighty Book, that caused all this World-tumult, and flung the Nations into one another's hair!' Upon which the old Kanzler would blush: 'You do me too much honor!'

"Ludwig, directly on order given, gathered out his documents again, in the King's name this time; and promised something weighty by New-year's day at latest." Doubtless to the joy of Nussler, who has still no regular appointment, though well deserving one. "And sure enough, on January 7th) at Berlin, 'in three languages,' Ludwig's DEDUCTION had come out; an eager Public waiting for it: [Title is, *Rechtsgegründetes Eigenthum* (in the Latin copies, *Patrimonium*, and *Propriete fondee en Droit* in the French copies) *des* —that is to say, *Legal Right of Propeti*y in the Royal-Electoral House of Brandenburg to the Duchies and Principalities of Jagerndorf, Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau (Berlin, 7th January, 1741).]—and at Berlin it was generally thought to be conclusive. I have looked into Ludwig's Deduction, stern duty urging, in this instance for one: such portions as I read are nothing like so stupid as was expected; and, in fact, are not to be called stupid at all, but fit for their purpose, and moderately intelligible to those who need them,"—which happily we do not in this place.

Judicious Mr. Viner availed nothing against the Proposed Address; any more than he would against the Atlantic Tide, coming in unanimous, under influence of the Moon itself,—as indeed this Address, and the triumphant Subsidy which was voted in the rear of it, may be said to have done. [Coxe, iii. 265.] Subsidy of 300,000 pounds to her Hungarian Majesty; which, with the 200,000 pounds already gone that road, makes a handsome Half-million for the present Year. The first gush of the Britannia Fountain,—which flowed like an Amalthea's Horn for seven years to come; refreshing Austria, and all thirsty Pragmatic Nations, to defend the Keystone of this Universe. Unluckily every guinea of it went, at the same time, to encourage Austria in scorning King Friedrich's offers to it; which perhaps are just offers, thinks Mr. Viner; which once listened to, Pragmatic Sanction would be safe. [Mr. Viner was of Pupham, or Pupholm, in Lincolnshire, for which County he sat then, and for many years before and after,—from about 1713 till 1761, when he died. A solid, instructed man, say his contemporaries. "He was a friend of Bolingbroke's, and had a house near Bolingbroke's Battersea one." He is Great great-grandfather to the present Mr. Viner, and to the Countess de Grey and Ripon; which is an interesting

little fact.]

This Parliament is strong for Pragmatic Sanction, and has high resentments against Walpole; in both which points the New Parliament, just getting elected, will rival and surpass it,— especially in the latter point, that of uprooting Walpole, which the Nation is bent on, with a singular fury. Pragmatic Sanction like to be ruined; and Walpole furiously thrown out: what a pair of sorrows for poor George! During his late Caroline's time, all went peaceably, and that of "governing" was a mere pleasure; Walpole and Caroline cunningly doing that for him, and making him believe he was doing it. But now has come the crisis, the collapse; and his poor Majesty left alone to deal with it!—

No. 2. CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORIAN ON THE PHENOMENON OF WALPOLE IN ENGLAND.

"For above Ten Years, Walpole himself", says my Constitutional Historian (unpublished), "for almost Twenty Years, Walpole virtually and through others, has what they call 'governed' England; that is to say, has adjusted the conflicting Parliamentary Chaos into counterpoise, by what methods he had; and allowed England, with Walpole atop, to jumble whither it would and could. Of crooked things made straight by Walpole, of heroic performance or intention, legislative or administrative, by Walpole, nobody ever heard; never of the least hand-breadth gained from the Night-realm in England, on Walpole's part: enough if he could manage to keep the Parish Constable walking, and himself float atop. Which task (though intrinsically zero for the Community, but all-important to the Walpole, of Constitutional Countries) is a task almost beyond the faculty of man, if the careless reader knew it!

"This task Walpole did,—in a sturdy, deep-bellied, long-headed, John-Bull fashion, not unworthy of recognition. A man of very forcible natural eyesight, strong natural heart,—courage in him to all lengths; a very block of oak, or of oakroot, for natural strength. He was always very quiet with it, too; given to digest his victuals, and be peaceable with everybody. He had one rule, that stood in place of many: To keep out of every business which it was possible for human wisdom to stave aside. 'What good will you get of going into that? Parliamentary criticism, argument and botheration? Leave well alone. And even leave ill alone:—are you the tradesman to tinker leaky vessels in England? You will not want for work. Mind your pudding, and say little!' At home and abroad, that was the safe secret. For, in Foreign Politics, his rule was analogous: 'Mind your own affairs. You are an Island, you can do without Foreign Politics; Peace, keep Peace with everybody: what, in the Devil's name, have you to do with those dog-worryings over Seas? Once more, mind your pudding!' Not so bad a rule; indeed it is the better part of an extremely good one;—and you might reckon it the real rule for a pious Britannic Island (reverent of God, and contemptuous of the Devil) in times of general Down-break and Spiritual Bankruptcy, when quarrellings of Sovereigns are apt to be mere dog-worryings and Devil's work, not good to interfere in.

"In this manner, Walpole, by solid John-Bull faculty (and methods of his own), had balanced the Parliamentary swaggings and clashings, for a great while; and England had jumbled whither it could, always in a stupid, but also in a peaceable way. As to those same 'methods of his own' they were—in fact they were Bribery. Actual purchase of votes by money slipt into the hand. Go straight to the point. 'The direct real method this,' thinks Walpole: 'is there in reality any other?' A terrible question to Constitutional Countries; which, I hear, has never been resolved in the negative, by the modern improvements of science. Changes of form have introduced themselves; the outward process, I hear, is now quite different. According as the fashions and conditions alter,—according as you have a Fourth Estate developed, or a Fourth Estate still in the grub stage and only developing,—much variation of outward process is conceivable.

"But Votes, under pain of Death Official, are necessary to your poor Walpole: and votes, I hear, are still bidden for, and bought. You may buy them by money down (which is felony, and theft simple, against the poor Nation); or by preferments and appointments of the unmeritorious man,—which is felony double-distilled (far deadlier, though more refined), and theft most compound; theft, not of the poor Nation's money, but of its soul and body so far, and of ALL its moneys and temporal and spiritual interests whatsoever; theft, you may say, of collops cut from its side, and poison put into its heart, poor Nation! Or again, you may buy, not of the Third Estate in such ways, but of the Fourth, or of the Fourth and Third together, in other still more felonious and deadly, though refined ways. By doing clap-traps, namely; letting off Parliamentary blue-lights, to awaken the Sleeping Swineries, and charm them into diapason for you,—what a music! Or, without clap-trap or previous felony of your own, you may feloniously, in the pinch of things, make truce with the evident Demagogos, and Son of Nox and of Perdition, who has got 'within those walls' of yours, and is grown important to you by the

Awakened Swineries, risen into alt, that follow him. Him you may, in your dire hunger of votes, consent to comply with; his Anarchies you will pass for him into 'Laws,' as you are pleased to term them;—instead of pointing to the whipping-post, and to his wicked long ears, which are so fit to be nailed there, and of sternly recommending silence, which were the salutary thing.—Buying may be done in a great variety of ways. The question, How you buy? is not, on the moral side, an important one. Nay, as there is a beauty in going straight to the point, and by that course there is likely to be the minimum of mendacity for you, perhaps the direct money-method is a shade less damnable than any of the others since discovered;—while, in regard to practical damage resulting, it is of childlike harmlessness in comparison!

"That was Walpole's method; with this to aid his great natural faculty, long-headed, deep-bellied, suitable to the English Parliament and Nation, he went along with perfect success for ten or twenty years. And it might have been for longer,—had not the English Nation accidentally come to wish, that it should CEASE jumbling NO-whither; and try to jumble SOME-whither, at least for a little while, on important business that had risen for England in a certain quarter. Had it not been for Jenkins's Ear blazing out in the dark English brain, Walpole might have lasted still a long while. But his fate lay there:—the first Business vital to England which might turn up; and this chanced to be the Spanish War. How vital, readers shall see anon. Walpole, knowing well enough in what state his War-apparatus was, and that of all his Apparatuses there was none in a working state, but the Parliamentary one,—resisted the Spanish War; stood in the door against it, with a rhinoceros determination, nay almost something of a mastiff's; resolute not to admit it, to admit death as soon. Doubtless he had a feeling it would be death, the sagacious man;—and such it is now proving; the Walpole Ministry dying by inches from it; dying hard, but irremediably.

"The English Nation was immensely astonished, which Walpole was not, any more than at the other Laws of Nature, to find Walpole's War-apparatus in such a condition. All his Apparatuses, Walpole guesses, are in no better, if it be not the Parliamentary one. The English Nation is immensely astonished, which Walpole again is not, to find that his Parliamentary Apparatus has been kept in gear and smooth-going by the use of OIL: 'Miraculous Scandal of Scandals!' thinks the English Nation. 'Miracle? Law of Nature, you fools!' thinks Walpole. And in fact there is such a storm roaring in England, in those and in the late and the coming months, as threatens to be dangerous to high roofs,—dangerous to Walpole's head at one time. Storm such as had not been witnessed in men's memory; all manner of Counties and Constituencies, with solemn indignation, charging their representatives to search into that miraculous Scandal of Scandals, Law of Nature, or whatever it may be; and abate the same, at their peril.

"To the now reader there is something almost pathetic in these solemn indignations, and high resolves to have Purity of Parliament and thorough Administrative Reform, in spite of Nature and the Constitutional Stars;—and nothing I have met with, not even the Prussian Dryasdust, is so unsufferably wearisome, or can pretend to equal in depth of dull inanity, to ingenuous living readers, our poor English Dryasdust's interminable, often-repeated Narratives, volume after volume, of the debatings and colleaguings, the tossings and tumults, fruitless and endless, in Nation and National Palaver, which ensued thereupon. Walpole (in about a year hence), [February 13th (2d), 1742, quitting the House after bad usage there, said he would never enter it again; nor did: February 22d, resigned in favor of Pulteney and Company (Tindal, xx. 530; Thackeray, i. 45).] though he struck to the ground like a rhinoceros, was got rolled out. And a Successor, and series of Successors, in the bright brand-new state, was got rolled in; with immense shouting from mankind:—but up to this date we have no reason to believe that the Laws of Nature were got abrogated on that occasion, or that the constitutional stars have much altered their courses since."

That Walpole will probably be lost, goes much home to the Royal bosom, in these troublous Spring months of 1741, as it has done and will do. And here, emerging from the Spanish Main just now, is a second sorrow, which might quite transfix the Royal bosom, and drive Majesty itself to despair; awakening such insoluble questions,—furnishing such proof, that Walpole and a good few other persons (persons, and also things, and ideas and practices, deep-rooted in the Country) stand much in need of being lost, if England is to go a good road!

The Spanish War being of moment to us here, we will let our Constitutional Historian explain, in his own dialect, How it was so vital to England; and shall even subjoin what he gives as History of it, such being so admirably succinct, for one quality.

No. 3. OF THE SPANISH WAR, OR THE JENKINS'S-EAR QUESTION.

"There was real cause for a War with Spain. It is one of the few cases, this, of a war from necessity. Spain, by Decree of the Pope,—some Pope long ago, whose name we will not remember, in solemn Conclave, drawing accurately 'his Meridian Line,' on I know not what Telluric or Uranic principles, no doubt with great accuracy 'between Portugal and Spain,'—was proprietor of all those Seas and Continents. And now England, in the interim, by Decree of the Eternal Destinies, had clearly come to have property there, too; and to be practically much concerned in that theoretic question of the Pope's Meridian. There was no reconciling of theory with fact. 'Ours indisputably,' said Spain, with loud articulate voice; 'Holiness the Pope made it ours!'—while fact and the English, by Decree of the Eternal Destinies, had been grumbling inarticulately the other way, for almost two hundred years past, and no result had.

"In Oliver Cromwell's time, it used to be said, 'With Spain, in Europe, there may be peace or war; but between the Tropics it is always war.' A state of things well recognized by Oliver, and acted on, according to his opportunities. No settlement was had in Oliver's brief time; nor could any be got since, when it was becoming yearly more pressing. Bucaniers, desperate naval gentlemen living on BOUCAN, or hung beef; who are also called Flibustiers (FLIBUTIERS, 'Freebooters,' in French pronunciation, which is since grown strangely into FILIBUSTERS, Fillibustiers, and other mad forms, in the Yankee Newspapers now current): readers have heard of those dumb methods of protest. Dumb and furious; which could bring no settlement; but which did astonish the Pope's Decree, slashing it with cutlasses and sea-cannon, in that manner, and circuitously forwarded a settlement. Settlement was becoming yearly more needful: and, ever since the Treaty of Utrecht especially, there had been an incessant haggle going on, to produce one; without the least effect hitherto. What embassings, bargainings, bargain-breakings; what galloping of estafettes; acres of diplomatic paper, now fallen to the spiders, who always privately were the real owners! Not in the Treaty of Utrecht, not in the Congresses of Cambray, of Soissons, Convention of Pardo, by Ripperda, Horace Walpole, or the wagging of wigs, could this matter be settled at all. Near two hundred years of chronic misery;—and had there been, under any of those wigs, a Head capable of reading the Heavenly Mandates, with heart capable of following them, the misery might have been briefly ended, by a direct method. With what immense saving in all kinds, compared with the oblique method gone upon! In quantity of bloodshed needed, of money, of idle talk and estafettes, not to speak of higher considerations, the saving had been incalculable. For it was England's one Cause of War during the Century we are now upon; and poor England's course, when at last driven into it, went ambiguously circling round the whole Universe, instead of straight to the mark. Had Oliver Cromwell lived ten years longer;—but Oliver Cromwell did not live; and, instead of Heroic Heads, there came in Constitutional Wigs, which makes a great difference.

"The pretensions of Spain to keep Half the World locked up in embargo were entirely chimerical; plainly contradictory to the Laws of Nature; and no amount of Pope's Donation Acts, or Ceremonial in Rota or Propaganda, could redeem them from untenability, in the modern days. To lie like a dog in the manger over South America, and say snarling, 'None of you shall trade here, though I cannot!'—what Pope or body of Popes can sanction such a procedure? Had England had a Head, instead of Wigs, amid its diplomats, England, as the chief party interested, would have long since intimated gently to such dog in the manger: 'Dog, will you be so obliging as rise! I am grieved to say, we shall have to do unpleasant things otherwise. Dogs have doors for their hutches: but to pretend barring the Tropic of Cancer,—that is too big a door for any dog. Can nobody but you have business here, then, which is not displeasing to the gods? We bid you rise!' And in this mode there is no doubt the dog, bark and bite as he might, would have ended by rising; not only England, but all the Universe being against him. And furthermore, I compute with certainty, the quantity of fighting needed to obtain such result would, by this mode, have been a minimum. The clear right being there, and now also the clear might, why take refuge in diplomatic wiggeries, in Assiento Treaties, and Arrangements which are NOT analogous to the facts; which are but wigged mendacities, therefore; and will but aggravate in quantity and in quality the fighting yet needed? Fighting is but (as has been well said) a battering out of the mendacities, pretences, and imaginary elements: well battered-out, these, like dust and chaff, fly torrent-wise along the winds, and darken all the sky; but these once gone, there remain the facts and their visible relation to one another, and peace is sure.

"The Assiento Treaty being fixed upon, the English ought to have kept it. But the English did not, in any measure; nor could pretend to have done. They were entitled to supply Negroes, in such and such number, annually to the Spanish Plantations; and besides this delightful branch of trade, to have the privilege of selling certain quantities of their manufactured articles on those coasts; quantities regulated briefly by this stipulation,

That their Assiento Ship was to be of 600 tons burden, so many and no more. The Assiento Ship was duly of 600 tons accordingly, promise kept faithfully to the eye; but the Assiento Ship was attended and escorted by provision-sloops, small craft said to be of the most indispensable nature to it. Which provision-sloops, and indispensable small craft, not only carried merchandise as well, but went and came to Jamaica and back, under various pretexts, with ever new supplies of merchandise; converting the Assiento Ship into a Floating Shop, the Tons burden and Tons sale of which set arithmetic at defiance. This was the fact, perfectly well known in England, veiled over by mere smuggler pretences, and obstinately persisted in, so profitable was it. Perfectly well known in Spain also, and to the Spanish Guarda-Costas and Sea-Captains in those parts; who were naturally kept in a perennial state of rage by it, --and disposed to fly out into flame upon it, when a bad case turned up! Such a case that of Jenkins had seemed to them; and their mode of treating it, by tearing off Mr. Jenkins's Ear, proved to be--bad shall we say, or good?--intolerable to England's thick skin; and brought matters to a crisis, in the ways we saw." ...

The Jenkins's-Ear Question, which then looked so mad to everybody, how sane has it now grown to my Constitutional Friend! In abstruse ludicrous form there lay immense questions involved in it; which were serious enough, certain enough, though invisible to everybody. Half the World lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial-Empire, whose is it to be? Shall Half the World be England's, for industrial purposes; which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the Multiplication-table at least, and other plain Laws? Or shall it be Spain's for arrogant-torpid sham-devotional purposes, contradictory to every Law? The incalculable Yankee Nation itself, biggest Phenomenon (once thought beautifullest) of these Ages,--this too, little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee Nation, shall there not be; shall the New World be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense. Among the then extant Sons of Adam, where was he who could in the faintest degree surmise what issues lay in the Jenkins's-Ear Question? And it is curious to consider now, with what fierce deep-breathed doggedness the poor English Nation, drawn by their instincts, held fast upon it, and would take no denial, as if THEY had surmised and seen. For the instincts of simple guileless persons (liable to be counted STUPID, by the unwary) are sometimes of prophetic nature, and spring from the deep places of this Universe!--My Constitutional Friend entitles his next Section CARTHAGENA; but might more fitly have headed it (for such in reality it is, Carthage proving the evanescent point of that sad business),

SUCCINCT HISTORY OF THE SPANISH WAR, WHICH BEGAN IN 1739; AND ENDED--WHEN DID IT END?

1. WAR, AND PORTO-BELLO (NOVEMBER, 1739--MARCH, 1740).--"November 4th, 1739, War was at length (after above four months' obscure quasi-declaring of it, in the shape of Orders in Council, Letters of Marque, and so on) got openly declared; 'Heralds at Arms at the usual places' blowing trumpets upon it, and reading the royal Manifesto, date of which is five days earlier, 'Kensington, October 30th (19th).' The principal Events that ensue, arrange themselves under Three Heads, this of Porto-Bello being the FIRST; and (by intense smelting) are datable as follows:--[*Gentleman's Magazine*, ix. 551, x. 124, 142, 144, 350; Tindal, xx. 430-433, 442;

"Tuesday Evening, 1st December, 1739, Admiral Vernon, our chosen Anti-Spaniard, finding, a while ago, that he had missed the Azogue Ships on the Coast of Spain, and must try America and the Spanish Main, in that view arrives at Porto-Bello. Next day, December 2d, Vernon attacks Porto-Bello; attacks certain Castles so called, with furious broadsiding, followed by scalading; gets surrender (on the 3d);--seamen have allowance instead of plunder;--blows up what Castles there are; and returns to Port Royal in Jamaica.

"Never-imagined joy in England, and fame to Vernon, when the news came: 'Took it with Six Ships,' cry they; 'the scurvy Ministry, who had heard him, in the fire of Parliamentary debate, say Six, would grant him no more: invincible Vernon!' Nay, next Year, I see, 'London was illuminated on the Anniversary of Porto-Bello:'--day settled in permanence as one of the High-tides of the Calendar, it would appear. And 'Vernon's Birthday' withal--how touching is stupidity when loyal!--was celebrated amazingly in all the chief Towns, like a kind of Christmas, when it came round; Nature having deigned to produce such a man, for a poor Nation in difficulties. Invincible Vernon, it is thought by Gazetteers, 'will look in at Carthage shortly;' much more important Place, where a certain Governor Don Blas has been insolent withal, and written Vernon letters.

"2. PRELIMINARIES TO CARTHAGENA (MARCH--NOVEMBER, 1740).--Monday, 14th March, 1740,

Vernon did, accordingly, look in on Carthagera; [*Gentleman's Magazine*, x. 350.] cast anchor in the shallow waste of surfs there, that Monday; and tried some bombarding, with bomb-ketches and the like, from Thursday till Saturday following. Vernon hopes he did hit the Jesuits' College, South Bastion, Custom-house and other principal edifices; but found that there was no getting near enough on that seaward side. Found that you must force the Interior Harbor,—a big Inland Gulf or Lake, which gushes in by what they call LITTLE-MOUTH (Boca-Chica), and has its Booms, Castles and Defences, which are numerous and strongish;—and that, for this end, you must have seven or eight thousand Land Forces, as well as an addition of Ships. On Saturday Evening, therefore, Vernon calls in his bomb-ketches; sails past, examining these things; and goes forth on other small adventures. For example,—

"Sunday, 3d April, 1740, 'about 10 at night' opens cannonade on Chagres (place often enough taken, by cutlass and pistol, in the Bucanier times); and, on Tuesday, 5th, gets surrender of Chagres: 'Custom-house crammed with goods, which we set fire to.' On news of which, there is again, in England, joy over the day of small things. The poor English People are set on this business of avenging Jenkins's Ear, and of having the Ocean Highway unbarred; and hope always it can be done by the Walpole Apparatuses, which ought to be in working order, and are not. 'Support this hero, you Walpole and Company, in his Carthagera views: it will be better for you!'"

"Walpole and Company, aware of that fact, do take some trouble about it; and now, may not we say, PAULLO MAJORA CANAMUS? All through that Summer, 1740,"—while King Friedrich went rushing about, to Strasburg, to Wesel; doing his Herstals and Practicalities, with a light high hand, in almost an entertaining manner; and intent, still more, on his Voltaires and a Life to the Muses,——"there was, in England, serious heavy tumult of activity, secret and public. In the Dockyards, on the Drill-grounds, what a stir: Camp in the Isle of Wight, not to mention Portsmouth and the Sea-Industries; 6,000 Marines are to be embarked, as well as Land Regiments,—can anybody guess whither? America itself is to furnish 'one Regiment, with Scotch Officers to discipline it,' if they can.

"Here is real haste and effort; but by no means such speed as could be wished; multiplex confusions and contradictions occurring, as is usual, when your machinery runs foul. Nor are the Gazetteers without their guesses, though they study to be discreet. 'Here is something considerable in the wind; a grand idea, for certain;'— and to men of discernment it points surely towards Carthagera and heroic Vernon out yonder? Government is dumb altogether; and lays occasional embargo; trying hard (without success), in the delays that occurred, to keep it secret from Don Blas and others. The outcome of all which was,

"3. CARTHAGERA ITSELF (NOVEMBER, 1740—APRIL, 1741).—On November 6th,—by no means 'July 3d,' as your first fond program bore; which delay was itself likely to be fatal, unless the Almanac, and course of the Tropical Seasons would delay along with you!—we say, On Sunday, 6th November, 1740 [Kaiser Karl's Funeral just over, and great thoughts going on at Reinsberg], Rear-Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle,—so many weeks and months after the set time,—does sail from St. Helen's (guessed, for Carthagera); all people sending blessings with him. Twenty-five big Ships of the Line, with three Half-Regiments on board; fireships, bomb-ketches, in abundance; and eighty Transports, with 6,000 drilled Marines: a Sea-and-Land Force fit to strengthen Hero Vernon with a witness, and realize his Carthagera views. A very great day at Portsmouth and St. Helen's for these Sunday folk. [Tindal, xx. 463 (LISTS, there; date wrong, "31st October," instead of 26th (o.s.),—many things wrong, and all things left loose and flabby, and not right! As is poor Tindal's way).]

"Most obscure among the other items in that Armada of Sir Chaloner's, just taking leave of England; most obscure of the items then, but now most noticeable, or almost alone noticeable, is a young Surgeon's-Mate,—one Tobias Smollett; looking over the waters there and the fading coasts, not without thoughts. A proud, soft-hearted, though somewhat stern-visaged, caustic and indignant young gentleman. Apt to be caustic in speech, having sorrows of his own under lock and key, on this and subsequent occasions. Excellent Tobias; he has, little as he hopes it, something considerable by way of mission in this Expedition, and in this Universe generally. Mission to take Portraiture of English Seamanhood, with the due grimness, due fidelity; and convey the same to remote generations, before it vanish. Courage, my brave young Tobias; through endless sorrows, contradictions, toils and confusions, you will do your errand in some measure; and that will be something!—

"Five weeks before (29th September, 1740, which was also several months beyond time set), there had sailed, strictly hidden by embargoes which were little effectual, another Expedition, all Naval; intended to be subsidiary

to this one: Commodore Anson's, of three inconsiderable Ships; who is to go round Cape Horn, if he can; to bombard Spanish America from the other side; and stretch out a hand to Vernon in his grand Carthagea or ulterior views. Together they may do some execution, if we judge by the old Bucanier and Queen-Elizabeth experiences? Anson's Expedition has become famous in the world, though Vernon got no good of it."

Well! Here truly was a business; not so ill-contrived. Somebody of head must have been at the centre of this: and it might, in result, have astonished the Spaniard, and tumbled him much topsy-turvy in those latitudes,—had the machinery for executing it been well in gear. Under Friedrich Wilhelm's captaincy and management, every person, every item, correct to its time, to its place, to its function, what a thing! But with mere Walpole Machinery: alas, it was far too wide a Plan for Machinery of that kind, habitually out of order, and only used to be as correct as—as it could. Those DELAYS themselves, first to Anson, then to Ogle, since the Tropical Almanac would not delay along with them, had thrown both Enterprises into weather such as all but meant impossibility in those latitudes! This was irremediable;—had not been remediable, by efforts and pushings here and there. The best of management, as under Anson, could not get the better of this; worst of management, as in the other case, was likely to make a fine thing of it! Let us hasten on:—

"January 20th, 1741, We arrive, through much rough weather and other confused hardships, at Port Royal in Jamaica; find Vernon waiting on the slip; the American Regiment, tolerably drilled by the Scotch Lieutenants, in full readiness and equipment; a body of Negroes superadded, by way of pioneer laborers fit for those hot climates. One sad loss there had been on the voyage hither: Land forces had lost their Commander, and did not find another. General Cathcart had died of sickness on the voyage; a Charles Lord Cathcart, who was understood to possess some knowledge of his business; and his Successor, one Wentworth, did not happen to have any. Which was reckoned unlucky, by the more observant. Vernon, though in haste for Carthagea, is in some anxiety about a powerful French Fleet which has been manoeuvring in those waters for some time; intent on no good that Vernon can imagine. The first thing now is, See into that French Fleet. French Fleet, on our going to look in the proper Island, is found to be all off for home; men 'mostly starved or otherwise dead,' we hear; so that now, after this last short delay,—To Carthagea with all sail.

"Wednesday Evening, 15th March, 1741, We anchor in the Playa Grande, the waste surfy Shallow which washes Carthagea seaward: 124 sail of us, big and little. We find Don Blas in a very prepared posture. Don Blas has been doing his best, this twelvemonth past; plugging up that Boca-Chica (LITTLE MOUTH) Ingate, with batteries, booms, great ships; and has castles not a few thereabouts and in the Interior Lake or Harbor; all which he has put in tolerable defence, so far as can be judged: not an inactive, if an insolent Don. We spend the next five days in considering and surveying these Performances of his: What is to be done with them; how, in the first place, we may force Boca-Chica; and get in upon his Interior Castles and him. After consideration, and plan fixed:

"Monday, 20th March, Sir Chaloner, with broadsides, sweeps away some small defences which lie to left of Boca-Chica [to our LEFT, to Boca-Chica's RIGHT, if anybody cares to be particular]. Whereupon the Troops land, some of them that same evening; and, within the next two days, are all ashore, implements, Negroes and the rest; building batteries, felling wood; intent to capture Boca-Chica Castle, and demolish the War-Ships, Booms, and fry of Fascine and other Batteries; and thereby to get in upon Don Blas, and have a stroke at his Interior Castles and Carthagea itself. Till April 5th, here are sixteen days of furious intricate work; not ill done:—the physical labor itself, the building of batteries, with Boca-Chica firing on you over the woods, is scarcely do-able by Europeans in that season; and the Negroes who are able for it, 'fling down their burdens, and scamper, whenever a gun goes off.' Furious fighting, too, there was, by seamen and landsmen; not ill done, considering circumstances.

"On the sixteenth day, April 5th [King Friedrich hurrying from the Mountains that same day, towards Steinau, which took fire with him at night], Boca-Chica Castle and the intricate War-Ships, Booms, and Castles thereabouts (Don Blas running off when the push became intense), are at last got. So that now, through Boca-Chica, we enter the Interior Harbor or Harbors. 'Harbors' which are of wide extent, and deep enough: being in fact a Lake, or rather Pair of Lakes, with Castles (CASTILLO GRANDE, 'Castle Grand,' the chief of them), with War-Ships sunk or afloat, and miscellaneous obstructions: beyond all which, at the farther shore, some five miles off, Carthagea itself does at last lie potentially accessible; and we hope to get in upon Don Blas and it. There ensue five days of intricate sea-work; not much of broadsiding, mainly tugging out of sunk War-Ships,

and the like, to get alongside of Castle Grand, which is the chief obstruction.

"April 10, Castle Grand itself is got; nobody found in it when we storm. Don Blas and the Spaniards seem much in terror; burning any Ships they still have, near Carthagena; as if there were no chance now left." This is the very day of Mollwitz Battle; near about the hour when Schwerin broke into field-music, and advanced with thunderous glitter against the evening sun! "Carthagena Expedition is, at length, fairly in contact with its Problem,—the question rising, 'Do you understand it, then?'"

"Up to this point, mistakes of management had been made good by obstinate energy of execution; clear victory had gone on so far, the Capture of Carthagena now seemingly at hand. One thing was unfortunate: 'the able Mr. Moor [meritorious Captain of Foot, who, by accident, had spent some study on his business], the one real Engineer we had,' got killed in that Boca-Chica struggle: an end to poor Moor! So that the Siege of Carthagena will have to go on WITHOUT Engineer science henceforth. May be important, that,—who knows? Another thing was still more palpably important: Sea-General Vernon had an undisguised contempt for Land-General Wentworth. 'A mere blockhead, whose Brother has a Borough,' thinks Vernon (himself an Opposition Member, of high-sniffing, angry, not too magnanimous turn);—and withdraws now to his Ships; intimating: 'Do your Problem, then; I have set you down beside it, which was my part of the affair!'—Let us give the attack of Fort Lazar, and end this sad business.

"Sunday, 16th April, Wentworth, once master of the Uppermost Lake or Harbor (what the Natives call the SURGIDERO, or Anchorage Proper), had disembarked, high up to the right, a good way south of Carthagena; meaning to attack there—from a certain Fort Lazar, which stands on a Hill between Carthagena and him: this Hill and Fort once his, he has Carthagena under his cannon; Carthagena in his pocket, as it were. 'Fort not to be had without batteries,' thinks Wentworth; though the sickly rainy season has set in. 'Batteries? Scaling-ladders, you mean!' answers Vernon, with undisguised contempt. For the two are, by this time, almost in open quarrel. Wentworth starts building batteries, in spite of the rain-deluges; then stops building;—decides to do it by scalade, after all. And, at two in the morning of this Sunday, April 16th, sets forth, in certain columns,—by roads ill-known, with arrangements that do NOT fit like clock-work,—to storm said Hill and Fort. The English are an obstinate people; and strenuous execution will sometimes amend defects of plan,—sometimes not.

"The obstinate English, nothing in them but sullen fire of valor, which has to burn UNluminous, did, after mistake on mistake, climb the rocks or heights of Lazar Hill, in spite of the world and Don Blas's cannonading; but found, when atop, That Fort Lazar, raining cannon-shot, was still divided from them by chasms; that the scaling-ladders had not come (never did come, owing to indiscipline somewhere),—and that, without wings as of eagles, they could not reach Fort Lazar at all! For about four hours, they struggled with a desperate doggedness, to overcome the chasms, to wrench aside the Laws of Nature, and do something useful for themselves; patiently, though sulkily; regardless of the storm of shot which killed 600 of them, the while. At length, finding the Laws of Nature too strong for them, they descended gloomily: 'in gloomy silence' marched home to their tents again,—in a humor too deep for words.

"Yes; and we find they fell sick in multitudes, that night; and, 'in two days more, were reduced from 6,645 to 3,200 effective;' Vernon, from the sea, looking disdainfully on:—and it became evident that the big Project had gone to water; and that nothing would remain but to return straightway to Jamaica, in bankrupt condition. Which accordingly was set about. And ten days hence (April 26th) the final party of them did get on board,—punctual to take 'three tents,' their last rag of Siege-furniture, along with them; 'lest Don Blas have trophies,' thinks poor Wentworth. And sailed away, with their sad Siege finished in such fashion. Strenuous Siege; which, had the War-Sciences been foolishness, and the Laws of Nature and the rigors of Arithmetic and Geometry been stretchable entities, might have succeeded better!" [Smollett's Account, *Miscellaneous Works* (Edinburgh, 1806), iv. 445–469, is that of a highly intelligent Eye-witness, credible and intelligible in every particular.]

"Evening of April 26th:"—I perceive it was in the very hours while Belleisle arrived in Friedrich's Camp at Mollwitz; eve of that Siege of Brieg, which we saw performing itself with punctual regard to said Laws and rigors, and issuing in so different a manner! Nothing that my Constitutional Historian has said equals in pungent enormity the matter-of-fact Picture, left by Tobias Smollett, of the sick and wounded, in the interim which followed that attempt on Fort Lazar and the Laws of Nature:—

"As for the sick and wounded", says Tobias, "they were, next day, sent on board of the transports and vessels called hospital-ships; where they languished in want of every necessary comfort and accommodation. They were

destitute of surgeons, nurses, cooks and proper provision; they were pent up between decks in small vessels, where they had not room to sit upright; they wallowed in filth; myriads of maggots were hatched in the putrefaction of their sores, which had no other dressing than that of being washed by themselves with their own allowance of brandy; and nothing was heard but groans, lamentations and the language of despair, invoking death to deliver them from their miseries. What served to encourage this despondence, was the prospect of those poor wretches who had strength and opportunity to look around them; for there they beheld the naked bodies of their fellow-soldiers and comrades floating up and down the harbor, affording prey to the carrion-crows and sharks, which tore them in pieces without interruption, and contributing by their stench to the mortality that prevailed.

"This picture cannot fail to be shocking to the humane reader, especially when he is informed, that while those miserable objects cried in vain for assistance, and actually perished for want of proper attendance, every ship of war in the fleet could have spared a couple of surgeons for their relief; and many young gentlemen of that profession solicited their captains in pain for leave to go and administer help to the sick and wounded. The necessities of the poor people were well known; the remedy was easy and apparent; but the discord between the chiefs was inflamed to such a degree of diabolical rancor, that the one chose rather to see his men perish than ask help of the other, who disdained to offer his assistance unasked, though it might have saved the lives of his fellow-subjects." [Smollett, *IBID.* (Anderson's Edition), iv. 466.]

In such an amazing condition is the English Fighting Apparatus under Walpole, being important for England's self only; while the Talking Apparatus, important for Walpole, is in such excellent gearing, so well kept in repair and oil! By Wentworth's blame, who had no knowledge of war; by Vernon's, who sat famous on the Opposition side, yet wanted loyalty of mind; by one's blame and another's, WHOSE it is idle arguing, here is how your Fighting Apparatus performs in the hour when needed. Unfortunate General, or General's Cocked-Hat (a brave heart too, they say, though of brain too vacant, too opaque); unfortunate Admiral (much blown away by vanity, in-nature and Parliamentary wind);--doubly unfortunate Nation, that employs such to lead its armaments! How the English Nation took it? The English Nation has had much of this kind to take, first and last; and apparently will yet have. "Gloomy silence," like that of the poor men going home to their tents, is our only dialect towards it.

This is a dreadful business, this of the wrecked Carthage Expedition; such a force of war-munitions in every kind,-- including the rare kind, human Courage and force of heart, only not human Captaincy, the rarest kind,--as could have swallowed South America at discretion, had there been Captains over it. Has gone blundering down into Orcus and the shark's belly, in that unutterable manner. Might have been didactic to England, more than it was; England's skin being very thick against lessons of that nature. Might have broken the heart of a little Sovereign Gentleman Curator of England, had he gone hypochondriacally into it; which he was far from doing, brisk little Gentleman; looking out else- whither, with those eyes A FLEUR DE TETE, and nothing of insoluble admitted into the brain that dwelt inside.

What became subsequently of the Spanish War, we in vain inquire of History-Books. The War did not die for many years to come, but neither did it publicly live; it disappears at this point: a River Niger, seen once flowing broad enough; but issuing--Does it issue nowhere, then? Where does it issue? Except for my Constitutional Historian, still unpublished, I should never have known where.-- By the time these disastrous Carthage tidings reached England, his Britannic Majesty was in Hanover; involved, he, and all his State doctors, English and Hanoverian, in awful contemplation on Pragmatic Sanction, Kaiserwahl, Celestial Balance, and the saving of Nature's Keystone, should this still prove possible to human effort and contrivance. In which Imminency of Doomsday itself, the small English-Spanish matter, which the Official people, and his Majesty as much as any, had bitterly disliked, was quite let go, and dropped out of view. Forgotten by Official people; left to the dumb English Nation, whose concern it was, to administer as IT could.

Anson--with his three ships gone to two, gone ultimately to one--is henceforth what Spanish War there officially is. Anson could not meet those Vernon-Wentworth gentlemen "from the other side of the Isthmus of Darien," the gentlemen, with their Enterprise, being already bankrupt and away. Anson, with three inconsiderable ships, which rotted gradually into one, could not himself settle the Spanish War: but he did, on his own score, a series of things, ending in beautiful finis of the Acapulco Ship, which were of considerable detriment, and of highly considerable disgrace, to Spain;--and were, and are long likely to be, memorable among the Sea-heroisms of the world. Giving proof that real Captains, taciturn Sons of Anak, are still born in England; and Sea-kings, equal to any that were. Luckily, too, he had some chaplain or ship's-surgeon on board, who saw good to write

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account of that memorable VOYAGE of his; and did it, in brief, perspicuous terms, wise and credible: a real Poem in its kind, or Romance all Fact; one of the pleasantest little Books in the World's Library at this date. Anson sheds some tincture of heroic beauty over that otherwise altogether hideous puddle of mismanagement, platitude, disaster; and vindicates, in a pathetically potential way, the honor of his poor Nation a little.

Apart from Official Anson, the Spanish War fell mainly, we may say, into the hands of--of Mr. Jenkins himself, and such Friends of his, at Wapping, Bristol and the Seaports, as might be disposed to go privateering. In which course, after some crosses at first, and great complaints of losses to Spanish Privateers, Wapping and Bristol did at length eminently get the upper hand; and thus carried on this Spanish War (or Spanish-French, Spain and France having got into one boat), for long years coming; in an entirely inarticulate, but by no means quite ineffectual manner,--indeed, to the ultimate clearance of the Seas from both French and Spaniard, within the next twenty years. Readers shall take this little Excerpt, dated Three Years hence, and set it twinkling in the night of their imaginations:--

BRISTOL, MONDAY, 21st (10th) SEPTEMBER, 1744. ... "Nothing is to be seen here but rejoicings for the number of French prizes brought into this port. Our Sailors are in high spirits, and full of money; and while on shore, spend their whole time in carousing, visiting their mistresses, going to plays, serenading, dressed out with laced hats, tassels (SIC), swords with sword-knots, and every other way of spending their money." [Extract of a Letter from Bristol, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv. 504.]

Carthage, Walpole, Viners: here are Sorrows for a Britannic Majesty;--and these are nothing like all. But poor readers should have some respite; brief breathing-time, were it only to use their pocket-handkerchiefs, and summon new courage!

Chapter XIII. SMALL-WAR: FIRST EMERGENCE OF ZIETHEN THE HUSSAR GENERAL INTO NOTICE.

After Brieg, Friedrich undertook nothing military, except strict vigilance of Neipperg, for a couple of months or more. Military, especially offensive operations, are not the methods just now. Rest on your oars; see how this seething Ocean of European Politics, and Peace or War, will settle itself into currents, into set winds; by which of them a man may steer, who happens to have a fixed port in view. Neipperg, too, is glad to be quiescent; "my Infantry hopelessly inferior," he writes to head-quarters: "Could not one hire 10,000 Saxons, think you,"—or do several other chimerical things, for help? Except with his Pandour people, working what mischief they can, Neipperg does nothing. But this Hungarian rabble is extensively industrious, scouring the country far and wide; and gives a great deal of trouble both to Friedrich and the peaceable inhabitants. So that there is plenty of Small War always going on:—not mentionable here, any passage of it, except perhaps one, at a place called Roths Schloss; which concerns a remarkable Prussian Hussar Major, their famed Ziethen, and is still remembered by the Prussian public.

We have heard of Captain, now Major Ziethen, how Friedrich Wilhelm sent him to the Rhine Campaign, six years ago, to learn the Hussar Art from the Austrians there. One Baronay (BARONIAY, or even BARANYAI, as others write him), an excellent hand, taught him the Art;—and how well he has learned, Baronay now sadly experiences. The affair of Roths Schloss (in abridged form) befell as follows:—

"In these Small-War businesses, Baronay, Austrian Major-General of Hussars, had been exceedingly mischievous hitherto. It was but the other day, a Prussian regular party had to go out upon him, just in time; and to RE-wrench 'sixty cart-loads of meal,' wrenched by him from suffering individuals; with which he was making off to Neisse, when the Prussians [from their Camp of Mollwitz, where they still are] came in sight.

"And now again (May 16th) news is, That Baronay, and 1,400 Hussars with him, has another considerable set of meal-carts,—in the Village of Roths Schloss, about twenty miles southward, Frankenstein way; and means to march with them Neisse-ward to-morrow. Two marches or so will bring him home; if Prussian diligence prevent not. 'Go instantly,' orders Friedrich,—appointing Winterfeld to do it: Winterfeld with 300 dragoons, with Ziethen and Hussars to the amount of 600; which is more than one to two of Austrians.

"Winterfeld and Ziethen march that same day; are in the neighborhood of Roths Schloss by nightfall; and take their measures, —block the road to Neisse, and do other necessary things. And go in upon Baronay next morning, at the due rate, fiery men both of them; sweep poor Baronay away, MINUS the meal; who finds even his road blocked (bridge bursting into cannon-shot upon him, at one point), instead of bridge, a stream, or slow current of quagmire for him,—and is in imminent hazard. Ziethen's behavior was superlative (details of it unintelligible off the ground); and Baronay fled totally in wreck;—his own horse shot, and at the moment no other to be had; swam the quagmire, or swashed through it, 'by help of a tree;" and had a near miss of capture. Recovering himself on the other side, Baronay, we can fancy, gave a grin of various expression, as he got into saddle again: 'The arrow so near killing was feathered from one's own wing, too!'—And indeed, a day or two after, he wrote Ziethen a handsome Letter to that effect." [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 927; Orlich, i. 120. *The Life of General de Zieten* (English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), BY FRAU VON BLUMENTHAL (a vaguish eloquent Lady, but with access to information, being a connection of Z.'s), p. 84.]

Ziethen, for minor good feats, had been made Lieutenant-Colonel, the very day he marched; his Commission dates May 16th, 1741; and on the morrow he handsels it in this pretty manner. He is now forty-two; much held down hitherto; being a man of inarticulate turn, hot and abrupt in his ways,—liable always to multifarious obstruction, and unjust contradiction from his fellow-creatures. But Winterfeld's report on this occasion was emphatic; and Ziethen shoots rapidly up henceforth; Colonel within the year, General in 1744; and more and more esteemed by Friedrich during their subsequent long life together.

Though perhaps the two most opposite men in Nature, and standing so far apart, they fully recognized one another in their several spheres. For Ziethen too had good eyesight, though in abstruse sort:—rugged simple son of the moorlands; nourished, body and soul, on orthodox frugal oatmeal (so to speak), with a large sprinkling of fire and iron thrown in! A man born poor: son of some poor Squirelet in the Ruppın Country;—"used to walk five

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miles into Ruppin on Saturday nights," in early life, "and have his hair done into club, which had to last him till the week following." [*Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 310.] A big-headed, thick-lipped, decidedly ugly little man. And yet so beautiful in his ugliness: wise, resolute, true, with a dash of high uncomplaining sorrow in him;—not the "bleached nigger" at all, as Print-Collectors sometimes call him! No; but (on those oatmeal terms) the Socrates-Odysseus, the valiant pious Stoic, and much-enduring man. One of the best Hussar Captains ever built. By degrees King Friedrich and he grew to be,—with considerable tiffs now and then, and intervals of gloom and eclipse,—what we might call sworn friends. On which and on general grounds, Ziethen has become, like Friedrich himself, a kind of mythical person with the soldiery and common people; more of a demi-god than any other of Friedrich's Captains.

Friedrich is always eagerly in quest of men like Ziethen; specially so at this time. He has meditated much on the bad figure his Cavalry made at Mollwitz; and is already drilling them anew in multiplex ways, during those leisure days he now has,—with evident success on the next trial, this very Summer. And, as his wont is, will not rest satisfied there. But strives incessantly, for a series of summers and years to come, till he bring them to perfection; or to the likeness of his own thought, which probably was not far from that. Till at length it can be said his success became world-famous; and he had such Seidlitzes and Ziethens as were not seen before or since.

END OF BOOK 12-----

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**BOOK XIII. FIRST SILESIAN WAR, LEAVING THE GENERAL EUROPEAN
ONE ABLAZE ALL ROUND, GETS ENDED. May, 1741–July, 1742.**

Chapter I. BRITANNIC MAJESTY AS PALADIN OF THE PRAGMATIC.

Part First of his Britannic Majesty's Sorrows, the Britannic or Domestic Part, is now perhaps conceivable to readers. But as to the Second, the Germanic or Pragmatic Part,—articulate History, after much consideration, is content to renounce attempting these; feels that these will remain forever inconceivable to mankind in the now altered times. So small a gentleman; and he feels, dismally though with heroism, that he has got the axis of the world on his shoulder. Poor Majesty! His eyes, proud as Jove's, are nothing like so perspicacious; a pair of the poorest eyes: and he has to scan with them, and unriddle under pain of death, such a waste of insoluble intricacies, troubles and world-perils as seldom was,—even in Dreams. In fact, it is of the nature of a long Nightmare Dream, all this of the Pragmatic, to his poor Majesty and Nation; and wakeful History must not spend herself upon it, beyond the essential.

May 12th, betimes this Year, his Majesty got across to Hanover, Harrington with him; anxious to contemplate near at hand that Camp of the Old Dessauer's at Gottin, and the other fearful phenomena, French, Prussian and other, in that Country. His Majesty, as natural, was much in Germany in those Years; scanning the phenomena; a long while not knowing what in the world to make of them. Bully Belleisle having stepped into the ring, it is evident, clear as the sun, that one must act, and act at once; but it is a perfect sphinx-enigma to say How. Seldom was Sovereign or man so spurred, and goaded on, by the highest considerations; and then so held down, and chained to his place, by an imbroglio of counter-considerations and sphinx-riddles! Thrice over, at different dates (which shall be given), the first of them this Year, he starts up as in spasm, determined to draw sword, and plunge in; twice he is crushed down again, with sword half drawn; and only the third time (in 1743) does he get sword out, and brandish it in a surprising though useless manner. After which he feels better. But up to that crisis, his case is really tragical,—had idle readers any bowels for him; which they have not! One or two Fractions, snatched from the circumambient Paper Vortex, must suffice us for the indispensable in this place:—

CUNCTATIONS, YET INCESSANT AND UBIQUITOUS ENDEAVORINGS, OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY (1741–1743).

... After the wonderful Russian Partition-Treaty, which his English Walpoles would not hear of,—and which has produced the Camp of Gottin, see, your Majesty!—George does nothing rashly. Far from it: indeed, except it be paying money, he becomes again a miracle of cunctations; and staggers about for years to come, like the—Shall we say, like the White Hanover Horse amid half a dozen sieves of beans? Alas, no, like the Hanover Horse with the shadows of half a dozen Damocles'-swords dangling into the eyes of it;—enough to drive any Horse to its wit's end!—

"To do, to dare," thinks the Britannic Majesty;—yes, and of daring there is a plenty: but, "In which direction? What, How?" these are questions for a fussy little gentleman called to take the world on his shoulders. We suppose it was by Walpole's advice that he gave her Hungarian Majesty that 200,000 pounds of Secret-Service Money; —advice sufficiently Walpolean: "Russian Partition-Treaties; horrible to think of;—beware of these again! Give her Majesty that cash; can be done; it will keep matters afloat, and spoil nothing!" That, till the late Subsidy payable within year and day hence, was all of tangible his Majesty had yet done;—truly that is all her Hungarian Majesty has yet got by hawking the world, Pragmatic Sanction in hand. And if that were the bit of generosity which enabled Neipperg to climb the Mountains and be beaten at Mollwitz, that has helped little! Very big generousities, to a frightful cipher of Millions Sterling through the coming years, will go the same road; and amount also to zero, even for the receiving party, not to speak of the giving! For men and kings are wise creatures.

But wise or unwise, how great are his Britannic Majesty's activities in this Pragmatic Business! We may say, they are prodigious, incessant, ubiquitous. They are forgotten now, fallen wholly to the spiders and the dust-bins;—though Friedrich himself was not a busier King in those days, if perhaps a better directed. It is a thing wonderful to us, but sorrowful and undeniable. We perceive the Britannic Majesty's own little mind pulsing with this Pragmatic Matter, as the biggest volcano would do;—shooting forth dust and smoke (subsidies, diplomatic emissaries, treaties, offers of treaty, plans, foolish futile exertions), at an immense rate. When the Celestial Balances are canting, a man ought to exert himself. But as to this of saving the House of Austria from

France,—surely, your Britannic Majesty, the shortest way to that, if that is so indispensable, were: That the House of Austria should consent to give up its stolen goods, better late than never; and to make this King of Prussia its friend, as he offers to be! Joined with this King, it would manage to give account of France and its balloon projects, by and by. Could your Britannic Majesty but take Mr. Viner's hint; and, in the interim, mind your OWN business!— His Britannic Majesty intends immediate fighting; and, both in England and Hanover, is making preparation loud and great. Nay, he will in his own person fight, if necessary, and rather likes the thought of it: he saw Oudenarde in his young days; and, I am told, traces in himself a talent for Generalship. Were the Britannic Majesty to draw his own puissant sword!—His own puissant purse he has already drawn; and is subsidizing to right and left; knocking at all doors with money in hand, and the question, "Any fighting done here?" In England itself there goes on much drilling, enlisting; camping, proposing to camp; which is noisy enough in the British Newspapers, much more in the Foreign. One actual Camp there was "on Lexden Heath near Colchester," from May till October of this 1741, [Manifold but insignificant details about it, in the old Newspapers of those Months.]—Camp waiting always to be shipped across to the scene of action, but never was:—this actual Camp, and several imaginary ones here, which were alarming to the Continental Gazetteer. In England his Majesty is busy that way; still more among his Hanoverians, now under his own royal eye; and among his Danes and Hessians, whom he has now brought over into Hanover, to combine with the others. Danes and Hessians, 6,000 of each kind, he for some time keeps back in stall, upon subsidy, ready for such an occasion. Their "Camp at Hameln," "Camp at Nienburg" (will, with the Hanoverians, be 30,000 odd); their swashing and blaring about, intending to encamp at Hameln, at Nienburg, and other places, but never doing it, or doing it with any result: this, with the alarming English Camps at Lexden and in Dreamland, which also were void of practical issue, filled Europe with rumor this Summer.—Eager enough to fight; a noble martial ardor in our little Hercules–Atlas! But there lie such enormous difficulties on the threshold; especially these Two, which are insuperable or nearly so.

Difficulty FIRST, is that of the laggard Dutch; a People apt to be heavy in the stern–works. They are quite languid about Pragmatic Sanction, these Dutch; they answer his Britannic Majesty's enthusiasm with an obese torpidity; and hope always they will drift through, in some way; buoyant in their own fat, well ballasted astern; and not need such swimming for life. "What a laggard notion," thinks his Majesty; "notion in ten pair of breeches, so to speak!" This stirring up of the Dutch, which lasts year on year, and almost beats Lord Stair, Lord Carteret, and our chief Artists, is itself a thing like few! One of his Britannic Majesty's great difficulties;—insuperable he never could admit it to be. "Surely you are a Sea–Power, ye valiant Dutch; the OTHER Sea–Power? Bound by Barrier Treaty, Treaty of Vienna, and Law of Nature itself, to rise with us against the fatal designs of France; fatal to your Dutch Barrier, first of all; if the Liberties of Mankind were indifferent to you! How is it that you will not?" The Dutch cannot say how. France rocks them in security, by oily–mouthed Diplomats, Fenelon and others: "Would not touch a stone of your Barrier, for the world, ye admirable Dutch neighbors: on our honor, thrice and four times, No!" They have an eloquent Van Hoey of their own at Paris; renowned in Newspapers: "Nothing but friendship here!" reports Van Hoey always; and the Dutch answer his Britannic Majesty: "Hm, rise? Well then, if we must!"—but sit always still.

Nowhere in Political Mechanics have I seen such a Problem as this of hoisting to their feet the heavy–bottomed Dutch. The cunningest leverage, every sort of Diplomatic block–and–tackle, Carteret and Stair themselves running over to help in critical seasons, is applied; to almost no purpose. Pull long, pull strong, pull all together,—see, the heavy Dutch do stir; some four inches of daylight fairly visible below them: bear a hand, oh, bear a hand!— Pooh, the Dutch flap down again, as low as ever. As low,—unless (by Diplomatic art) you have WEDGED them at the four inches higher; which, after the first time or two, is generally done. At the long last, partially in 1743 (upon which his Britannic Majesty drew sword), completely in 1747, the Dutch were got to their feet;— unfortunately good for nothing when they were! Without them his Britannic Majesty durst not venture. Hidden in those dust–bins, there is nothing so absurd, or which would be so wearisome, did it not at last become slightly ludicrous, as this of hoisting the Dutch.

Difficulty SECOND, which in enormity of magnitude might be reckoned first, as in order of time it ranks both first and last, is: The case of dear Hanover; case involved in mere insolubilities. Our own dear Hanover, which (were there nothing more in it) is liable, from that Camp at Gottin, to be slit in pieces at a moment's warning! No drawing sword against a nefarious Prussia, on those terms. The Camp at Gottin holds George in checkmate. And then finally, in this same Autumn, 1741, when a Maillebois with his 40 or 50,000 French (the Leftward or western

of those Two Belleisle Armies), threatening our Hanover from another side, crossed the Lower Rhine—But let us not anticipate. The case of Hanover, which everybody saw to be his Majesty's vulnerable point, was the constant open door of France and her machinations, and a never-ending theme of angry eloquences in the English Parliament as well.

So that the case of Hanover proved insoluble throughout, and was like a perpetual running sore. Oh the pamphleteerings, the denouncings, the complainings, satirical and elegiac, which grounded themselves on Hanover, the CASE OF THE HANOVER FORCES, and innumerable other Hanoverian cases, griefs and difficulties! So pungently vital to somnambulant mankind at that epoch; to us fallen dead as carrion, and unendurable to think of. My friends, if you send for Gentlemen from Hanover, you must take them with Hanover adhering more or less; and ought not to quarrel with your bargain, which you reckoned so divine! No doubt, it is singular to see a Britannic Majesty neglecting his own Spanish War, the one real business he has at present; and running about over all the world; busy, soul, body and breeches-pocket, in other people's wars; egging on other fighting, whispering every likely fellow he can meet, "Won't you perhaps fight? Here is for you, if so!"—hand to breeches-pocket accompanying the word. But it must be said, and ought to be better known than in our day it is, His Majesty's Ministers, and the English State-Doctors generally, were precisely of the same mind. TO them too the Austrian Quarrel was everything, their own poor Spanish Quarrel nothing; and the complaint they make of his Majesty is rather that he does not rush rapidly enough, with brandished sword, as well as with guineas raining from him, into this one indispensable business. "Owing to his fears for Hanover!" say they, with indignation, with no end of suspicion, angry pamphleteering and covert eloquence, "within those walls" and without.

The suspicion of Hanover's checking his Majesty's Pragmatic velocity is altogether well founded; and there need no more be said on that Hanover score. Be it well understood and admitted, Hanover was the Britannic Majesty's beloved son; and the British Empire his opulent milk-cow. Richest of milk-cows; staff of one's life, for grand purposes and small; beautiful big animal, not to be provoked; but to be stroked and milked:—Friends, if you will do a Glorious Revolution of that kind, and burn such an amount of tar upon it, why eat sour herbs for an inevitable corollary therefrom! And let my present readers understand, at any rate, that,—except in Wapping, Bristol and among the simple instinctive classes (with whom, it is true, go Pitt and some illustrious figures),—political England generally, whatever of England had Parliamentary discourse of reason, and did Pamphlets, Despatches, Harangues, went greatly along with his Majesty in that Pragmatic Business. And be the blame of delirium laid on the right back, where it ought to lie, not on the wrong, which has enough to bear of its own. And go not into that dust-whirlwind of extinct stupidities, O reader:—what reader would, except for didactic objects? Know only that it does of a truth whirl there; and fancy always, if you can, that certain things and Human Figures, a Friedrich, a Chatham and some others, have it for their Life-Element. Which, I often think, is their principal misfortune with Posterity; said Life-Element having gone to such an unutterable condition for gods and men.

"One other thing surprises us in those Old Pamphlets," says my Constitutional Friend: "How the phrase, 'Cause of Liberty' ever and anon turns up, with great though extinct emphasis, evidently sincere. After groping, one is astonished to find it means Support of the House of Austria; keeping of the Hapsburgs entire in their old Possessions among mankind! That, to our great-grandfathers, was the 'Cause of Liberty;'—said 'Cause' being, with us again, Electoral Suffrage and other things; a notably different definition, perhaps still wider of the mark.

"Our great-grandfathers lived in perpetual terror that they would be devoured by France; that French ambition would overset the Celestial Balance, and proceed next to eat the British Nation. Stand upon your guard then, one would have said: Look to your ships, to your defences, to your industries; to your virtues first of all,—your VIRTUTES, manhoods, conformities to the Divine Law appointed you; which are the great and indeed sole strength to any Man or Nation! Discipline yourselves, wisely, in all kinds; more and more, till there be no anarchic fibre left in you. Unanarchic, disciplined at all points, you might then, I should say, with supreme composure, let France, and the whole World at its back, try what they could do upon you and the unique little Island you are so lucky as to live in?—Foolish mortals: what Potentiality of Battle, think you (not against France only, but against Satanas and the Ministers of Chaos generally), would a poor Friedrich Wilhelm, not to speak of better, have got out of such a Possession, had it been his to put in drill! And drill is not of soldiers only; though perhaps of soldiers first and most indispensably of all; since 'without Being,' as my Friend Oliver was wont to say, 'Well-being is not possible.' There is military drill; there is industrial, economic, spiritual; gradually there are all

kinds of drill, of wise discipline, of peremptory mandate become effective everywhere, 'OBEY the Laws of Heaven, or else disappear from these latitudes!' Ah me, if one dealt in day-dreams, and prophecies of an England grown celestial,—celestial she should be, not in gold nuggets, continents all of beef, and seas all of beer, Abolition of Pain, and Paradise to All and Sundry, but in that quite different fashion; and there, I should say, THERE were the magnificent Hope to indulge in! That were to me the 'Cause of Liberty;' and any the smallest contribution towards that kind of 'Liberty ' were a sacred thing!—

"Belleisle again may, if he pleases, call his the Cause of Sovereignty. A Sovereign Louis, it would appear, has not governing enough to do within his own French borders, but feels called to undertake Germany as well;—a gentleman with an immense governing faculty, it would appear? Truly, good reader, I am sick of heart, contemplating those empty sovereign mountebanks, and empty antagonist ditto, with their Causes of Liberty and Causes of Anti-Liberty; and cannot but wish that we had got the ashes of that World-Explosion, of 1789, well riddled and smelted, and the poor World were quit of a great many things!"—

My Constitutional Historian of England, musing on Belleisle and his Anti-Pragmatic industries and grandiosities,——"how Chief-Bully Belleisle stepped down into the ring as a gay Volunteer, and foolish Chief-Defender George had to follow dismally heroic, as a Conscript of Fate,"—drops these words: in regard to the Wages they respectively had:—

"Nations that go into War without business there, are sure of getting business as they proceed; and if the beginning were phantasms,—especially phantasms of the hoping, self-conceited kind,—the results for them are apt to be extremely real! As was the case with the French in this War, and those following, in which his Britannic Majesty played chief counter-tenor. From 1741, in King Friedrich's First War, onwards to Friedrich's Third War, 1756–1763, the volunteer French found a great deal of work lying ready for them,—gratuitous on their part, from the beginning. And the results to them came out, first completely visible, in the World-Miracles of 1789, and the years following!

"Nations, again, may be driven upon War by phantasm TERRORS, and go into it, in sorrow of heart, not gayety of heart; and that is a shade better. And one always pities a poor Nation, in such case;— as the very Destinies rather do, and judge it more mercifully. Nay, the poor bewildered Nation may, among its brain-phantasms, have something of reality and sanity inarticulately stirring it withal. It may have a real ordinance of Heaven to accomplish on those terms:—and IF so, it will sometimes, in the most chaotic circuitous ways, through endless hazards, at a hundred or a hundred thousand times the natural expense, ultimately get it done! This was the case of the poor English in those Wars.

"They were Wars extraneous to England little less than to France; neither Nation had real business in them; and they seem to us now a very mad object on the part of both. But they were not gratuitously gone into, on the part of England; far from that. England undertook them, with its big heart very sorrowful, strange spectralities bewildering it; and managed them (as men do sleep-walking) with a gloomy solidity of purpose, with a heavy-laden energy, and, on the whole, with a depth of stupidity, which were very great. Yet look at the respective net results. France lies down to rot into grand Spontaneous-Combustion, Apotheosis of Sansculottism, and much else; which still lasts, to her own great peril, and the great affliction of neighbors. Poor England, after such enormous stumbling among the chimney-pots, and somnambulism over all the world for twenty years, finds on awakening, that she is arrived, after all, where she wished to be, and a good deal farther! Finds that her own important little errand is somehow or other, done;—and, in short, that 'Jenkins's Ear [as she named the thing] HAS been avenged,' and the Ocean Highways 'opened' and a good deal more, in a most signal way! For the Eternal Providences—little as poor Dryasdust now knows of it, mumbling and maundering that sad stuff of his—do rule; and the great soul of the world, I assure you once more, is JUST. And always for a Nation, as for a man, it is very behooveful to be honest, to be modest, however stupid!"—

By this time, however,—Mollwitz having fallen out, and Belleisle being evidently on the steps,—his Britannic Majesty recognizes clearly, and insists upon it, strengthened by his Harringtons and everybody of discernment, That, nefarious or not, this Friedrich will require to be bargained with. That, far from breaking in upon him, and partitioning him (how far from it!), there is no conceivable method of saving the Celestial Balances till HE be satisfied, in some way. This is the one step his Britannic Majesty has yet made, out of these his choking imbroglios; and truly this is one. Hyndford, his best negotiator, is on the road for Friedrich's Camp; Robinson at Vienna, has been directed to say and insist, "Bargain with that man; he must be bargained with, if our Cause of

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Liberty is to be saved at all?"—

And now, having opened the dust-bin so far, that the reader's fancy might be stirred without affliction to his lungs and eyes, let us shut it down again,—might we but hope forever! That is too fond a hope. But the background or sustaining element made imaginable, the few events deserving memory may surely go on at a much swifter pace.

Chapter II. CAMP OF STREHLEN.

Friedrich's Silesian Camps this Summer, Camp of Strehlen chiefly, were among the strangest places in the world. Friedrich, as we have often noticed, did not much pursue the defeated Austrians, at or near Mollwitz, or press them towards flat ruin in their Silesian business: it is clear he anxiously wished a bargain without farther exasperation; and hoped he might get it by judicious patience. Brieg he took, with that fine outburst of bombardment, which did not last a week: but Brieg once his, he fell quiet again; kept encamping, here there, in that Mollwitz–Neisse region, for above three months to come; not doing much, beyond the indispensable; negotiating much, or rather negotiated with, and waiting on events. [In Camp of Mollwitz (nearer Brieg than the Battle–field was) till 28th May (after the Battle seven weeks); then to Camp at Grotkau (28th May–9th June, twelve days); thence (9th June) to Friedewalde, Herrnsdorf; to Strehlen (21st June–20th August, nine or ten weeks in all). See *Helden–Geschichte*, i. 924, ii. 931; Rodenbeck, *Orlich*,

Both Armies were reinforcing themselves; and Friedrich's, for obvious reasons, in the first weeks especially, became much the stronger. Once in May, and again afterwards, weary of the pace things went at, he had resolved on having Neisse at once; on attacking Neipperg in his strong camp there, and cutting short the tedious janglings and uncertainties. He advanced to Grotkau accordingly, some twelve or fifteen miles nearer Neisse (28th May, --stayed till 9th June), quite within wind of Neipperg and his outposts; but found still, on closer inspection, that he had better wait; --and do so withal at a greater distance from Neipperg and his Pandour Swarms. He drew back therefore to Strehlen, northwestward, rather farther from Neisse than before; and lay encamped there for nine or ten weeks to come. Not till the beginning of August did there fall out any military event (Pandour skirmishing in plenty, hut nothing to call an event); and not till the end of August any that pointed to conclusive results. As it was at Strehlen where mostly these Diplomacies went on, and the Camp of Strehlen was the final and every way the main one, it may stand as the representative of these Diplomating Camps to us, and figure as the sole one which in fact it nearly was.

*Strehlen is a pleasant little Town, nestled prettily among its granite Hills, the steeple of it visible from Mollwitz; some twenty–five miles west of Brieg, some thirty south of Breslau, and about as far northwest of Neisse: there Friedrich and his Prussians lie, under canvas mainly, with outposts and detachments sprinkled about under roofs: --a Camp of Strehlen, more or less imaginable by the reader. And worth his imagining; such a Camp, if not for soldiering, yet for negotiating and wagging of diplomatic wigs, as there never was before. Here, strangely shifted hither, is the centre of European Politics all Summer. From the utmost ends of Europe come Ambassadors to Strehlen: from Spain, France, England, Denmark, Holland, --there are sometimes nine at once, how many successively and in total I never knew. [*Helden–Geschichte*, i. 932.] They lodge generally in Breslau; but are always running over to Strehlen. There sits, properly speaking, the general Secret Parliament of Europe; and from most Countries, except Austria, representatives attend at Strehlen, or go and come between Breslau and Strehlen, submissive to the evils of field–life, when need is. A surprising thing enough to mankind, and big as the world in its own day; though gone now to small bulk, --one Human Figure pretty much all that is left of memorable in it to mankind and us.*

French Belleisle we have seen; who is gone again, long since, on his wide errands; fat Valori too we have seen, who is assiduously here. The other figures, except the English, can remain dark to us. Of Montijos, the eminent Spaniard, a brown little man, magnificent as the Kingdom of the Incas, with half a page of titles (half a peck, five–and–twenty or more, of handles to his little name, if you should ever require it); who, finding matters so backward at Frankfurt, and nothing to do there, has been out, in the interim, touring to while away the tedium; and is here only as sequel and corroboration of Belleisle, --say as bottle–holder, or as high–wrought peacock's–tail, to Belleisle: --of the eminent Montijos I have to record next to nothing in the shape of negotiation ("Treaty" with the Termagant was once proposed by him here, which Friedrich in his politest way declined); and shall mention only, That his domestic arrangements were sumptuous and commodious in the extreme. Let him arrive in the meanest village, destitute of human appliances, and be directed to the hut where he is to lodge, -- straightway from the fourgons and baggage–chests of Montijos is produced, first of all, a round of arras hangings, portable tables, portable stove, gold plate and silver; thus, with wax–lights, wines of richest

vintage, exquisite cookeries, Montijos lodges, a king everywhere, creating an Aladdin's palace everywhere; able to say, like the Sage Bias, *OMNIA MEA NAECUM PORTO*. These things are recorded of Montijos. What he did in the way of negotiation has escaped men's memory, as it could well afford to do.

Of Hyndford's appurtenances for lodging we already had a glimpse, through Busching once;—pointing towards solid dinner—comforts rather than arras hangings; and justifying the English genius in that respect. The weight of the negotiations fell on Hyndford; it is between him and French Valori that the matter lies, Montijos and the others being mere satellites on their respective sides. Much battered upon, this Hyndford, by refractory Hanoverians pitting George as Elector against the same George as King, and egging these two identities to woful battle with each other,—“Lay me at his Majesty's feet” full length, and let his Majesty say which is which, then! A heavy, eating, haggling, unpleasant kind of mortal, this Hyndford; bites and grunts privately, in a stupid ferocious manner, against this young King: “One of the worst of men; who will not take up the Cause of Liberty at all, and is not made in the image of Hyndford at all.” They are dreadfully stiff reading, those Despatches of Hyndford: but they have particles of current news in them; interesting glimpses of that same young King;—likewise of Hyndford, laid at his Majesty's feet, and begging for self and brothers any good benefice that may fall vacant. We can discern, too, a certain rough tenacity and horse—dealer finesse in the man; a broad—based, shrewdly practical Scotch Gentleman, wide awake; and can conjecture that the diplomatic function, in that element, might have been in worse hands. He is often laid metaphorically at the King's feet, King of England's; and haunts personally the King of Prussia's elbow at all times, watching every glance of him, like a British house—dog, that will not be taken in with suspicious travellers, if he can help it; and casting perpetual horoscopes in his dull mind.

Of Friedrich and his demeanor in this strange scene, centre of a World all drawing sword, and jumbling in huge Diplomatic and other delirium about his ears, the reader will desire to see a direct glimpse or two. As to the sad general Imbroglia of Diplomacies which then weltered everywhere, readers can understand that, it has, at this day, fallen considerably obscure (as it deserved to do); and that even Friedrich's share of it is indistinct in parts. The game, wide as Europe, and one of the most intricate ever played by Diplomatic human creatures, was kept studiously dark while it went on; and it has not since been a pleasant object of study. Many of the Documents are still unpublished, inaccessible; so that the various moves in the game, especially what the exact dates and sequence of them were (upon which all would turn), are not completely ascertainable,—nor in truth are they much worth hunting after, through such an element. One thing we could wish to have out of it, the one thing of sane that was in it: the demeanor and physiognomy of Friedrich as there manifested; Friedrich alone, or pretty much alone of all these Diplomatic Conjurers, having a solid veritable object in hand. The rest—the spiders are very welcome to it: who of mortals would read it, were it made never so lucid to him? Such traits of Friedrich as can be sifted out into the conceivable and indubitable state, the reader shall have; the extinct Bedlam, that begirdled Friedrich far and wide, need not be resuscitated except for that object. Of Friedrich's fairness, or of Friedrich's “trickiness, machiavelism and attorneyism,” readers will form their own notion, as they proceed. On one point they will not be doubtful, That here is such a sharpness of steady eyesight (like the lynx's, like the eagle's), and, privately such a courage and fixity of resolution, as are highly uncommon.

April 26th, 1741, in the same days while Belleisle arrived in the Camp at Mollwitz, and witnessed that fine opening of the cannonade upon Brieg, Excellency Hyndford got to Berlin; and on notifying the event, was invited by the King to come along to Breslau, and begin business. England has been profuse enough in offering her “good offices with Austria” towards making a bargain for his Prussian Majesty; but is busy also, at the Hague, concerting with the Dutch “some strong joint resolution,”—resolution, Openly to advise Friedrich to withdraw his troops from Silesia, by way of starting fair towards a bargain. A very strong resolution, they and the Gazetteers think it; and ask themselves, Is it not likely to have some effect? Their High Mightinesses have been screwing their courage, and under English urgency, have decided (April 24th), [*Helden—Geschichte*, i. 964; the *ADVICE* itself, a very mild—spoken Piece, but of riskish nature think the Dutch, is given, *ib.* 965, 966.] “Yes, we will jointly so advise!” and Friedrich has got inkling of it from Rasfeld, his Minister there. Hyndford's first business (were the Dutch Excellency once come up, but those Dutch are always hanging a-sterne!) is to present said “Advice,” and try what will come of that, An “Advice” now fallen totally insignificant to the Universe and to us,—only that readers will wish to see how Friedrich takes it, and if any feature of Friedrich discloses itself in the affair.

EXCELLENCY HYNDFORD HAS HIS FIRST AUDIENCE (Camp of Mollwitz, May 7th); AND FRIEDRICH MAKES A MOST IMPORTANT TREATY, --NOT WITH HYNDFORD.

May 2d, Hyndford arrived in Breslau; and after some preliminary flourishings, and difficulties about post-horses and furnitures in a seat of War, got to Brieg; and thence, May 7th, "to the Camp [Camp of Mollwitz still], which is about an English mile off," -- Podewils escorting him from Brieg, and what we note farther, Pollnitz too; our poor old Pollnitz, some kind of Chief Goldstick, whom we did not otherwise know to be on active duty in those rude scenes. Belleisle had passed through Breslau while Hyndford was there: -- "am unable to inform your Lordship what success he has had." Brieg Siege is done only three days ago; Castle all lying black; and the new trenching and fortifying hardly begun. In a word, May 7th, 1741, "about 11 A.M.," Excellency Hyndford is introduced to the King's Tent, and has his First Audience. Goldstick having done his motions, none but Podewils is left present; who sits at a table, taking notes of what is said. Podewils's Notes are invisible to me; but here, in authentic though carefully compressed state, is Hyndford's minute Narrative: --

Excellency Hyndford mentioned the Instructions he had, as to "good offices," friendship and so forth. "But his Prussian Majesty had hardly patience to hear me out; and said in a passion [we rise, where possible, Hyndford's own wording; readers will allow for the leaden quality in some parts]: --

KING (in a passion). "How is it possible, my Lord, to believe things so contradictory? It is mighty fine all this that you now tell me, on the part of the King of England; but how does it correspond to his last Speech to his Parliament [19th April last, when Mr. Viner was in such minority of one] and to the doings of his Ministers at Petersburg [a pretty Partition-Treaty that; and the Excellency Finch still busy, as I know!] and at the Hague [Excellency Trevor there, and this beautiful Joint-Resolution and Advice which is coming!] to stir up allies against me? I have reason rather to doubt the sincerity of the King of England. They perhaps mean to amuse me. [That is Friedrich's real opinion. [His Letter to Podewils (Ranke, ii. 268).]] But, by God, they are mistaken! I will risk everything rather than abate the least of my pretensions."

Poor Hyndford said and mumbled what he could; knew nothing what instructions Finch had, Trevor had, and --

KING. "My Lord, there seems to be a contradiction in all this. The King of England, in his Letter, tells me you are instructed as to everything; and yet you pretend ignorance! But I am perfectly informed of all. And I should not be surprised if, after all these fine words, you should receive some strong letter or resolution for me," --Joint-Resolution to Advise, for example?

Hyndford, not in the strength of conscious innocence, stands silent; the King, "in his heat of passion," said to Podewils: --

KING TO PODEWILS (on the sudden). "Write down, that my Lord would be surprised [as he should be] to receive such Instructions!" (A mischievous sparkle, half quizzical, half practical, considerably in the Friedrich style.) --Hyndford, "quite struck, my Lord, with this strange way of acting," and of poking into one, protests with angry grunt, and "was put extremely upon my guard." Of course Podewils did not write. ...

HYNDFORD. "Europe is under the necessity of taking some speedy resolution, things are in such a state of crisis. Like a fever in a human body, got to such a height that quinquina becomes necessary.' ... That expression made him smile, and he began to look a little cooler. ... 'Shall we apply to Vienna, your Majesty?'

FRIEDRICH. "Follow your own will in that.'

HYNDFORD. "Would your Majesty consent now to stand by his Excellency Gotter's original Offer at Vienna on your part? Agree, namely, in consideration of Lower Silesia and Breslau, to assist the Queen with all your troops for maintenance of Pragmatic Sanction, and to vote for the Grand-Duke as Kaiser?'

KING. "Yes' [what the reader may take notice of, and date for himself].

HYNDFORD. "What was the sum of money then offered her Hungarian Majesty?'

"King hesitated, as if he had forgotten; Podewils answered, 'Three million florins (300,000 pounds).'

KING. "I should not value the money; if money would content her Majesty, I would give more.' ... Here was a long pause, which I did not break;" --nor would the King. Podewils reminded me of an idea we had been discoursing of together ("on his suggestion, my Lord, which I really think is of importance, and worth your Lordship's consideration"); whereupon, on such hint,

HYNDFORD. "Would your Majesty consent to an Armistice?'

FRIEDRICH. "Yes; but [counts on his fingers, May, June, till he comes to December] not for less than six months,—till December 1st. By that time they could do nothing," the season out by that time.

HYNDFORD. "His Excellency Podewils has been taking notes; if I am to be bound by them, might I first see that he has mistaken nothing?"

KING. "Certainly!"—Podewils's Note—protocol is found to be correct in every point; Hyndford, with some slight flourish of compliments on both sides, bows himself away (invited to dinner, which he accepts, "will surely have that honor before returning to Breslau");—and so the First Audience has ended. [Hyndford's Despatches, Breslau, 5th and 13th May, 1741. Are in State—Paper Office, like the rest of Hyndford's; also in British Museum (Additional MSS. 11,365 the rough draughts of them.) Baronay and Pandours are about,—this is ten days before the Ziethen feat on Baronay;—but no Pandour, now or afterwards, will harm a British Excellency.

These utterances of Friedrich's, the more we examine them by other lights that there are, become the more correctly expressive of what Friedrich's real feelings were on the occasion. Much contrary, perhaps, to expectation of some readers. And indeed we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse and the like, which was once widely current in the world; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking; —there being no such thing as "mendacity" discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself. "Mendacity," my friends? How busy have the Owls been with Friedrich's memory, in different countries of the world;—perhaps even more than their sad wont is in such cases! For indeed he was apt to be of swift abrupt procedure, disregarding of Owleries; and gave scope for misunderstanding in the course of his life. But a veracious man he was, at all points; not even conscious of his veracity; but had it in the blood of him; and never looked upon "mendacity" but from a very great height indeed. He does not, except where suitable, at least he never should, express his whole meaning; but you will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to "finesse,"—do not believe in that either, in the vulgar or bad sense. Truly you will find his finesse is a very fine thing; and that it consists, not in deceiving other people, but in being right himself; in well discerning, for his own behoof, what the facts before him are; and in steering, which he does steadily, in a most vigilant, nimble, decisive and intrepid manner, by monition of the same. No salvation but in the facts. Facts are a kind of divine thing to Friedrich; much more so than to common men: this is essentially what Religion I have found in Friedrich. And, let me assure you, it is an invaluable element in any man's Religion, and highly indispensable, though so often dispensed with! Readers, especially in our time English readers, who would gain the least knowledge about Friedrich, in the extinct Bedlam where his work now lay, have a great many things to forget, and sad strata of Owl—droppings, ancient and recent, to sweep away!—

To Friedrich a bargain with Austria, which would be a getting into port, in compariori to going with the French in that distracted voyage of theirs, is highly desirable. "Shall I join with the English, in hope of some tolerable bargain from Austria? Shall I have to join with the French, in despair of any?" Readers may consider how stringent upon Friedrich that question now was, and how ticklish to solve. And it must be solved soon,—under penalty of "being left with no ally at all" (as Friedrich expresses himself), while the whole world is grouping itself into armed heaps for and against! If the English would but get me a bargain—? Friedrich dare not think they will. Nay, scanning these English incoherences, these contradictions between what they say here and what they do and say elsewhere, he begins to doubt if they zealously wish it,—and at last to believe that they sincerely do not wish it; that "they mean to amuse me" (as he said to Hyndford) —till my French chance too is over. "To amuse me: but, PAR DIEU—!" His Notes to Podewils, of which Ranke, who has seen them, gives us snatches, are vivid in that sense: "I should be ashamed if the cunningest Italian could dupe me; but that a lout of a Hanoverian should do it!"—and Podewils has great difficulty to keep him patient yet a little; Valori being so busy on the other side, and the time so pressing. Here are some dates and some comments, which the reader should take with him;— here is a very strange issue to the Joint—Resolution of a strong nature now on hand!

A few days after that First Audience, Ginkel the Dutch Excellency, with the due Papers in his pocket, did arrive. Excellency Hyndford, who is not without rough insight into what lies under his nose, discovers clearly that the grand Dutch—English Resolution, or Joint—Exhortation to evacuate Silesia, will do nothing but mischief; and (at his own risk, persuading Ginkel also to delay) sends a Courier to England before presenting it. And from England, in about a fortnight, gets for answer, "Do harm, think you? Hm, ha!—Present it, all the same; and modify by assurances afterwards,"—as if these would much avail! This is not the only instance in which St.

James's rejects good advice from its Hyndford; the pity would be greater, were not the Business what it is! Podewils has the greatest difficulty to keep Friedrich quiet till Hyndford's courier get back. And on his getting back with such answer, "Present it all the same," Friedrich will not wait for that ceremony, or delay a moment longer. Friedrich has had his Valori at work, all this while; Valori and Podewils, and endless correspondence and consultation going on; and things hypothetically almost quite ready; so that—

June 5th, 1741, Friedrich, spurring Podewils to the utmost speed, and "ordering secrecy on pain of death," signs his Treaty with France! A kind of provisional off—and—on Treaty, I take it to be; which was never published, and is thought to have had many IFS in it: sigus this Treaty;——and next day (June 6th, such is the impetuosity of haste) instructs his Rasfeld at the Hague, "You will beforehand inform the High Mightinesses, in regard to that Advice of April 24th, which they determined on giving me, through the Excellency Herr von Ginkel along with Excellency Hyndford, That such Advice can, by me, only be considered as a blind complaisance to the Court of Vienna's improper urgencies, improper in such a matter. That for certain I will not quit Silesia till my claims be satisfied. And the longer I am forced to continue warring for them here," wasting more resource and risk upon them, "the higher they will rise!" [Helden—Geschichte, i. 963.] And this is what comes of that terribly courageous Dutch—English "Joint—Resolution of a strong nature;" it has literally cut before the point: the Exhortation is not yet presented, but the Treaty with France is signed in virtue of it!—

Undoubtedly this of June 5th is the most important Treaty in the Austrian—Succession War, and the cardinal element of Friedrich's procedure in that Adventure. And it has never been published; nor, till Herr Professor Ranke got access to the Prussian Archives, has even the date of signing it been rightly known; but is given two or three ways in different express Collections of Treaties. [Scholl, ii. 297 (copying "Flassan, Hist. de la Diplom. Franc. v. 142"), gives "5th July" as the date; Adelung (ii. 357, 390, 441) guesses that it was "in August;" Valori (i. 108), who was himself in it, gives the correct date,——but then his Editor (thought inquiring readers) was such a sloven and ignoramus. See Stenzel, iv. 143; Ranke, ii. 274.] Herr Ranke knows this Treaty, and the correspondences, especially Friedrich's correspondence with Podewils preparatory to it; and speaks, as his wont is, several exact things about it; thanks to him, in the circumstances. I wish it could be made, even with his help, fully intelligible to the reader! For, were the Treaty never so express, surely the mode of keeping it, on both parts, was very strange; and that latter concerns us somewhat.

A very fast—and—loose Treaty, to all appearance! Outwardly it is a mere Treaty of Alliance, each party guaranteeing the other for Fifteen Years; without mention made of the joint Belleisle Adventure now in the wind. But then, like the postscript to a lady's letter, there come "secret articles" bearing upon that essential item: How France, in the course of this current season 1741, is to bring an Army across the Rhine in support of its friend Kur—Baiern VERSUS Austria; is, in the same term of time, to make Sweden declare war on Russia (important for Friedrich, who is never sure a moment that those Russians will not break in upon him); and finally, most important of all, That France "guarantees Lower Silesia with Breslau to his Prussian Majesty." In return for which his Prussian Majesty—will do what? It is really difficult to say what: Be a true ally and second to France in its grand German Adventure? Not at all. Friedrich does not yet know, nor does Belleisle himself quite precisely, what the grand German Adventure is; and Friedrich's wishes never were, nor will be, for the prosperity of that. Support France, at least in its small Bavarian Anti—Austrian Adventure? By no means definitely even that. "Maintain myself in Lower Silesia with Breslau, and fight my best to such end:" really that, you might say, is in substance the most of what Friedrich undertakes; though inarticulately he finds himself bound to much more,——and will frankly go into it, IF you do as you have said; and unless you do, will not. Never was a more contingent Treaty: "unless you stir up Sweden, Messieurs; unless you produce that Rhine Army; unless—" such is steadily Friedrich's attitude; long after this, he refuses to say whom he will vote for as Kaiser: "Fortune of War will decide it," answers he, in regard to that and to many other things; and keeps himself to an incomprehensible extent loose; ready, for weeks and months after, to make bargain on his own Silesian Affair with anybody that can. [Ranke, ii. 271, 275, 280.]

For indeed the French also are very contingent; Fleury hanging one way, Belleisle pushing another; and know not how far they will go on the grand German Adventure, nor conclusively whether at all. Here is an Anecdote by Friedrich himself. Valori was, one night, with him; and, on rising to take leave, the fat hand, sticking probably in the big waistcoat—pocket, twitched out a little diplomatic—looking Note; which Friedrich, with gentle adroitness (permissible in such circumstances), set his foot upon, till Valori had bowed himself out. The Note was from

Amelot, French Minister of the Foreign Department: "Don't give his Prussian Majesty Glatz, if it can possibly be helped." Very well, thought Friedrich; and did not forget the fine little Note on burning it. [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, ii. 90.] There went, in French couriers' bags, a great many such, to Austria some of them, of far more questionable tenor, within the next twelve months.

Two things we have to remark: FIRST, That Friedrich, with an eye to real business on his part in the Bavarian Adventure, in which Kur-Pfalz is sure to accompany, volunteered (like a real man of business, and much to Belleisle's surprise) to renounce the Berg-Julich controversy, and let Kur-Pfalz have his way, that there might be no quarrelling among allies. This too is contingent; but was gladly accepted by Belleisle. SECOND, That Belleisle had instructed Valori, Not to insist on active help from Friedrich in the German Adventure, but merely to stipulate for his Neutrality throughout, in case they could get no more. How joyfully would Friedrich have accepted this,—had Valori volunteered with it, which he did not! [Ranke, ii. 280.] But, after all, in result it was the same; and had to be,—PLUS only a great deal of clamor by and by, from the French and the Gazetteers, about the Article in question.

Was there ever so contingent a Treaty before? It is signed, Breslau, 5th June, 1741, and both parties have their hands loose, and make use of their liberty for months to come; nay, in some sort, all along; feeling how contingent it was! Friedrich did not definitely tie himself till 4th November next, five months after: when he signed the French-Bavarian Treaty, renounced Berg-Julich controversies, and fairly went into the French-Bavarian, smaller French Adventure; into the greater, or wide-winged Belleisle one, he never went nor intended to go,—perhaps even the contrary, if needful. Readers may try to remember these elucidative items, riddled from the immensities of Dryasdust: I have no more to give, nor can afford to return upon it. May not we well say, as above, "A Treaty thought to have many IFS in it!"—And now, 8th June, comes solemnly the Joint-Resolution itself; like mustard (under a flourish of trumpets) three days after dinner:—

"CAMP OF GROTKAU, 8th JUNE. Hyndford and Ginkel [the same respectable old Ginkel whom we used to know in Friedrich Wilhelm's time], having, according to renewed order, got out from Breslau with that formidable Dutch-English 'Advice' or Joint-Exhortation in their pocket, did this day in the Camp at Grotkau present the same. A very mild-spoken Piece, though it had required such courage; and which is not now worth speaking of, things having gone as we see. Friedrich received it with a gracious mien: 'Infinitely sensible to the trouble his Britannic Majesty and their High Mightinesses took with his affairs; Document should receive his best consideration,'—which indeed it has already done, and its Answer withal: A FRENCH Treaty signed three days ago, in virtue of it! 'Might I request a short Private Audience of your Majesty?' solicits Hyndford, intending to modify by new assurances, as bidden.—'Surely,' answers Friedrich.

"The two Excellencies dine with the King, who is in high spirits. After dinner, Hyndford gets his Private Audience; does his best in the way of 'new assurances;' which produce what effect we can fancy. Among other things, he appeals to the King's 'magnanimity, how grand and generous it will be to accept moderate terms from Austria, to—' KING (interrupting): 'My Lord, don't talk to me of magnanimity, a Prince [acting not for himself but for his Nation] ought to consult his interest in the first place. I am not against Peace: but I expect to have Four Duchies given me.'" [State-Paper Office (Hyndford, Breslau, 12th June, 1741).]

Hyndford and Ginkel slept that night in Grotkau Town: "at 4 next morning the King sent us word, That if we had a mind to see the Army on march," just moving off, Strehlen way, "we might come out by the North Gate." We accordingly saw the whole Army leave Camp; and march in four columns towards Friedewald, where Marshal Neipperg is encamped." Not a bit of it, your Excellency! Neipperg is safe at Neisse; amid inaccessible embankments and artificial mud: and these are mere Hussar-Pandour rabble out here; whom a push or two sends home again,—would it could keep them there! But they are of sylvan (or SALVAGE) nature, affecting the shade; and burst out, for theft and arson, sometimes at great distances, no calculating where. "The King's Army lay all that night upon their arms, and encamped next morning, the 10th. I believe nothing happened that day, for we were obliged to stay at Grotkau, for want of post-horses, a good part of it."

Hyndford hears (in secret Opposition Circles, and lays the flattering unction to his soul and your Lordship's): "The King of Prussia's Army, as I am informed, unless he will take counsel, another campaign will go near to ruin. Everything is in the greatest disorder; utmost dejection amongst the Officers from highest to lowest;"—fact being that the King has important improvements and new drillings in view (to go on at Strehlen), Cavalry improvements, Artillery improvements, unknown to Hyndford and the Opposition; and will not be ruined next

campaign. "I hope the news we have here, of the taking of Carthagena, is true," concludes he. Alas, your Excellency!

By a different hand, from the southward Hungarian regions, far over the Hills, take this other entry; almost of enthusiastic style:—

"PRESBURG, 25th JUNE. Maria Theresa, in high spirits about her English Subsidy and the bright aspects, left Vienna about a week ago for Presburg [a drive of fifty miles down the fine Donau country]; and is celebrating her Coronation there, as Queen of Hungary, in a very sublime manner. Sunday, 25th June, 1741, that is the day of putting on your Crown,—Iron Crown of St. Stephen, as readers know. The Chivalry of Hungary, from Palfy and Esterhazy downward, and all the world are there; shining in loyalty and barbaric gold and pearl. A truly beautiful Young Woman, beautiful to soul and eye, devout too and noble, though ill-informed in Political or other Science, is in the middle of it, and makes the scene still more noticeable to us. See, as the finish of the ceremonies, she has mounted a high swift horse, sword girt to her side,—a great rider always, this young Queen;—and gallops, Hungary following like a comet-tail, to the Konigsberg [KING'S-HILL so called; no great things of a Hill, O reader; made by barrow, you can see], to the top of the Konigsberg; there draws sword; and cuts, grandly flourishing, to the Four Quarters of the Heavens: 'Let any mortal, from whatever quarter coming, meddle with Hungary if he dare!' [Adelung, ii. 293, 294.] Chivalrous Hungary bursts into passionate acclaim; old Palfy, I could fancy, into tears; and all the world murmurs to itself, with moist-gleaming eyes, 'REX NOSTER!' This is, in fact, the beautifullest King or Queen that now is, this radiant young woman; beautiful things have been, and are to be, reported of her; and she has a terrible voyage just ahead,— little dreaming of it at this grand moment. I wish his Britannic Majesty, or Robinson who has followed out hither, could persuade her to some compliance on the Silesian matter: what a thing were that, for herself, and for all mankind, just now! But she will not hear of that; and is very obstinate, and her stupid Hofraths equally and much more blamably so. Deaf to hard Facts knocking at their door; ignorant what Noah's-Deluges have broken out upon them, and are rushing on inevitable."

By a notable coincidence, precisely while those sword-flourishings go on at Presburg, Marechal Excellence Belleisle is making his Public Entry into Frankfurt-on-Mayn: [25th June, 1741 (Adelung, ii. 399).] Frankfurt too is in cheery emotion; streets populous with Sunday gazers, and critics of the sublime in spectacle! This is not Belleisle's first entrance; he himself has been here some time, settling his Household, and a good many things: but today he solemnly leads in his Countess and Appendages (over from Metz, where Madame and he officially reside in common times, "Governor of Metz," one of his many offices);—leads in Madame, in suitably resplendent manner; to kindle household fire, as it were; and indicate that here is his place, till he have got a Kaiser to his mind. Twin Phenomena, these two; going on 500 miles apart; unconscious of one another, or of what kinship they happen to have!—

EXCELLENCY ROBINSON BUSY IN THE VIENNA HOFRATH CIRCLES, TO PRODUCE A COMPLIANCE.

Britannic George, both for Pragmatic's sake and for dear Hanover's, desires much there were a bargain made with Friedrich: How is the Pragmatic to be saved at all, if Friedrich join France in its Belleisle machinations, thinks George? And already here is that Camp of Gottin, glittering in view like a drawn sword pointed at one's throat or at one's Hanover. Nay, in a month or two hence, as the Belleisle schemes got above ground in the shape of facts, this desire became passionate, and a bargain with Prussia seemed the one thing needful. For, alas, the reader will see there comes, about that time, a second sword (the Maillebois Army, namely), pointed at one's throat from the French side of things: so that a Paladin of the Pragmatic, and Hanoverian King of England, knows not which way to turn! George's sincerity of wish is perhaps underrated by Friedrich; who indeed knows well enough on which side George's wishes would fall, if they had liberty (which they have not), but much overrates "the astucity" of poor George and his English; ascribing, as is often done, to fine-spun attorneyism what is mere cunctation, ignorance, negligence, and other forms of a stupidity perhaps the most honest in the world! By degrees Friedrich understood better; but he never much liked the English ways of doing business. George's desire is abundantly sincere, not wholly resting on sublime grounds; and grows more and more intense every day; but could not be gratified for a good while yet.

Co-operating with Hyndford, from the Vienna side, is Excellency Robinson; who has a still harder job of it there. Pity poor Robinson, O English reader, if you can for indignation at the business he is in. Saving the Liberties of Europe! thinks Robinson confidently: Founding the English National Debt, answers Fact; and doing

Bottom the Weaver, with long ears, in the miserablest Pickleherring Tragedy that ever was!—This is the same Robinson who immortalized himself, nine or ten years ago, by the First Treaty of Vienna; thrice—salutary Treaty, which DISJOINED Austria from Bourbon—Spanish Alliances, and brought her into the arms of the grateful Sea—Powers again. Imminent Downfall of the Universe was thus, glory to Robinson, arrested for that time. And now we have the same Robinson instructed to sharpen all his faculties to the cutting pitch, and do the impossible for this new and reverse face of matters. What a change from 1731 to 1741! Bugbear of dreadful Austrian—Spanish Alliance dissolves now into sunlit clouds, encircling a beautiful Austrian Andromeda, about to be devoured for us; and the Downfall of the Universe is again imminent, from Spain and others joining AGAINST Austria. Oh, ye wigs, and eximious wig— blocks, called right—honorable! If a man, sovereign or other, were to stay well at home, and mind his own visible affairs, trusting a good deal that the Universe would shift for itself, might it not be better for him? Robinson, who writes rather a heavy style, but is full of inextinguishable heavy zeal withal, will have a great deal to do in these coming years. Ancestor of certain valuable Earls that now are; author of immeasurable quantities of the Diplomatic cobwebs that then were.

To a modern English reader it is very strange, that Austrian scene of things in which poor Robinson is puffing and laboring. The ineffable pride, the obstinacy, impotency, ponderous pedantry and helplessness of that dull old Court and its Hofraths, is nearly inconceivable to modern readers. Stupid dilapidation is in all departments, and has long been; all things lazily crumbling downwards, sometimes stumbling down with great plunges. Cash is done; the world rising, all round, with plunderous intentions; and hungry Ruin, you would say, coming visibly on with seven—league boots: here is little room for carrying your head high among mankind. High nevertheless they do carry it, with a grandly mournful though stolid insolent air, as if born superior to this Earth and its wisdoms and successes and multiplication—tables and iron ramrods,—really with "a certain greatness," says somebody, "greatness as of great blockheadism" in themselves and their neighbors;—and, like some absurd old Hindoo Idol (crockery Idol of Somnauth, for instance, with the belly of him smashed by battle— axes, and the cart—load of gold coin all run out), persuade mankind that they are a god, though in dilapidated condition. That is our first impression of the thing.

But again, better seen into, there is not wanting a certain worthily steadfast, conservative and broad—based high air (reminding you of "Kill our own mutton, Sir!" and the ancient English Tory species), solid and loyal, though stolid Ancient Austrian Tories, that definition will suffice for us;—and Toryism too, the reader may rely on it, is much patronized by the Upper Powers, and goes a long way in this world. Nay, without a good solid substratum of that, what thing, with never so many ballot— boxes, stump—orators, and liberties of the subject, is capable of going at all, except swiftly to perdition? These Austrians have taken a great deal of ruining, first and last! Their relation to the then Sea—Powers, especially to England embarked on the Cause of Liberty, fills one with amazement, by no means of an idolatrous nature; and is difficult to understand at all, or to be patient with at all.

Of disposition to comply with Prussia, Robinson finds, in spite of Mollwitz and the sad experiences, no trace at Vienna. The humor at Vienna is obstinately defiant; simply to regard Friedrich as a housebreaker or thief in the night; whom they will soon deal with, were they once on foot and implements in their hand: "Swift, ye Sea—Powers; where are the implements, the cash, that means implements?" The Young Hungarian Majesty herself is magnificently of that opinion, which is sanctioned by her Bartensteins and wisest Hofraths, with hardly a dissentient (old Sinzendorf almost alone in his contrary notion, and he soon dies). Robinson urges the dangers from France. No Hofrath here will allow himself to believe them; to believe them would be too horrible. "Depend upon it, France's intentions are not that way. And at the worst, if France do rise against us, it is but bargaining with France; better so than bargaining with Prussia, surely. France will be contentable with something in the Netherlands; what else can she want of us? Parings from that outskirt, what are these compared with Silesia, a horrid gash into the vital parts? And what is yielding to the King of France, compared with yielding to your Prussian King!"—

It is true they have no money, these blind dull people; but are not the Sea—Powers, England especially, there, created by Nature to supply money? What else is their purpose in Creation? By Nature's law, as the Sun mounts in the Ecliptic and then falls, these Sea— Powers, in the Cause of Liberty, will furnish us money. No surrender; talk not to me of Silesia or surrender; I will die defending my inheritances: what are the Sea—Powers about, that they do not furnish more money in a prompt manner? These are the things poor Robinson has to listen to: Robinson

and England, it is self-evident at Vienna, have one duty, that of furnishing money. And in a prompt manner, if you please, Sir; why not prompt and abundant?

An English soul has small exhilaration, looking into those old expenditures, and bullyings for want of promptitude! But if English souls will solemnly, under high Heaven, constitute a Duke of Newcastle and a George II. their Captains of the march Heavenward, and say, without blushing for it, nay rejoicing at it, in the face of the sun, "You are the most godlike Two we could lay hold of for that object,"—what have English souls to expect? My consolation is, and, alas, it is a poor one, the money would have been mostly wasted any way. Buy men and gunpowder with your money, to be shot away in foreign parts, without renown or use: is that so much worse than buying ridiculous upholsteries, idle luxuries, frivolities, and in the end unbeautiful pot-bellies corporeal and spiritual with it, here at home? I am struck silent, looking at much that goes on under these stars;—and find that disappointment of your Captains, of your Exemplars and Guiding and Governing individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always; and that especially, as highest instance of it, which includes all the lower ones, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain, and King by the Grace of God, a gentleman who is NOT so (and SEEMS to be so mainly by Malice of the Devil, and by the very great and nearly unforgivable indifference of Mankind to resist the Devil in that particular province, for the present), is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the head mendacity capable of being done!—

As for the brave young Queen of Hungary, my admiration goes with that of all the world. Not in the language of flattery, but of evident fact, the royal qualities abound in that high young Lady; had they left the world, and grown to mere costume elsewhere, you might find certain of them again here. Most brave, high and pious-minded; beautiful too, and radiant with good-nature, though of temper that will easily catch fire: there is perhaps no nobler woman then living. And she fronts the roaring elements in a truly grand feminine manner; as if Heaven itself and the voice of Duty called her: "The Inheritances which my Fathers left me, we will not part with these. Death, if it so must be; but not dishonor:—Listen not to that thief in the night!" Maria Theresa has not studied, at all, the History of the Silesian Duchies; she knows only that her Father and Grandfather peaceably held them; it was not she that sent out Seckendorf to ride 25,000 miles, or broke the heart of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Household. Pity she had not complied with Friedrich, and saved such rivers of bitterness to herself and mankind! But how could she see to do it,—especially with little George at her back, and abundance of money? This, for the present, is her method of looking at the matter; this magnanimous, heroic, and occasionally somewhat female one.

Her Husband, the Grand Duke, an inert, but good-tempered, well-conditioned Duke after his sort, goes with her. Him we shall see try various things; and at length take to banking and merchandise, and even meal-dealing on the great scale. "Our Armies had most part of their meal circuitously from him," says Friedrich, of times long subsequent. Now as always he follows loyally his Wife's lead, never she his: Wife being, intrinsically as well as extrinsically, the better man, what other can he do?—Of compliance with Friedrich in this Court, there is practically no hope till after a great deal of beating have enlightened it. Out of deference to George and his ardors, they pretend some intention that way; and are "willing to bargain, your Excellency;"—no doubt of it, provided only the price were next to nothing!

And so, while the watchful edacious Hyndford is doing his best at Strehlen, poor Robinson, blown into triple activity, corresponds in a boundless zealous manner from Vienna; and at last takes to flying personally between Strehlen and Vienna; praying the inexorable young Queen to comply a little, and then the inexorable young King to be satisfied with imaginary compliance; and has a breathless time of it indeed. His Despatches, passionately long-winded, are exceedingly stiff reading to the like of us. O reader, what things have to be read and carefully forgotten; what mountains of dust and ashes are to be dug through, and tumbled down to Orcus, to disengage the smallest fraction of truly memorable! Well if, in ten cubic miles of dust and ashes, you discover the tongue of a shoe-buckle that has once belonged to a man in the least heroic; and wipe your brow, invoking the supernal and the infernal gods. My heart's desire is to compress these Strehlen Diplomatic horse-dealings into the smallest conceivable bulk. And yet how much that is not metal, that is merely cinders, has got through: impossible to prevent,—may the infernal gods deal with it, and reduce Dryasdust to limits, one day! Here, however, are important Public News transpiring through the old Gazetteers:—

"MUNICH, JULY 1st [or in effect a few days later, when the Letters DATED July 1st had gone through their circuitous formalities], [Adelung, ii. 421.] Karl Albert Kur-Baiern publicly declares himself Candidate for the Kaisership; as, privately, he had long been rumored and believed to be. Kur-Baiern, they say, has of militias

and regulars together about 30,000 men on foot, all posted in good places along the Austrian Frontier; and it is commonly thought, though little credible at Vienna, that he intends invading Austria as well as contesting the Election. To which the Vienna Hofrath answers in the style of 'Pshaw!'

"VERSAILLES, 11th JULY. Extraordinary Council of State; Belleisle being there, home from Frankfurt, to take final orders, and get official fiat put upon his schemes. 'All the Princes of the Blood and all the Marechals of France attend;' question is, How the War is to be, nay, Whether War is to be at all,—so contingent is the French–Prussian Bargain, signed five weeks ago. Old Fleury, to give freedom of consultation and vote, quits the room. Some are of opinion, one Prince of the Blood emphatically so, That Pragmatic Sanction should be kept, at least War AGAINST it be avoided. But the contrary opinion triumphs, King himself being strongly with it; Belleisle to be supreme in field and cabinet; shall execute, like a kind of Dictator or Vice–Majesty, by his own magnificent talent, those magnificent devisings of his, glorious to France and to the King. [Ib. 417, 418; see also Baumer, p. 104 (if you can for his date, which is given in OLD STYLE as if it were in New; a very eclipsing method!).] These many months, the French have been arming with their whole might. The Vienna people hear now, That an 'Army of 40,000 is rumored to be coming,' or even two Armies, 40,000 each; but will not imagine that this is certain, or that it can be seriously meant against their high House, precious to gods and men. Belleisle having perfected the multiplex Army details, rushes back to Frankfurt and his endless Diplomatic businesses (July 25th): Armies to be on actual march by the 10th of August coming. 'During this Versailles visit, he had such a crowd of Officers and great people paying court to him as was like the King's Levee itself.' [Barbier, ii. 305.]

"PASSAU, 31st JULY. Passau is the Frontier Austrian City on the Donau (meeting of the Inn and Donau Valleys); a place of considerable strength, and a key or great position for military purposes. Austrian, or Quasi–Austrian; for, like Salzburg, it has a Bishop claiming some imaginary sovereignties, but always holds with Austria. July 31st, early in the morning, a Bavarian Exciseman ('Salt–Inspector') applied at the gate of Passau for admission; gate was opened;—along with the Exciseman 'certain peasants' (disguised Bavarian soldiers) pushed in; held the gate choked, till General Minuzzi, Karl Albert's General, with horse, foot, cannon, who had been lurking close by, likewise pushed in; and at once seized the Town. Town speedily secured, Minuzzi informs the Bishop, who lives in his Schloss of Oberhaus (strongish place on a Hill–top, other side the Donau), That he likewise, under pain of bombardment, must admit garrison. The poor Bishop hesitates; but, finding bombardment actually ready for him, yields in about two hours. Karl Albert publishes his Manifesto, 'in forty–five pages folio' [Adelung, ii. 426.] (to the effect, 'All Austria mine; or as good as all,—if I liked!'); and fortifies himself in Passau. 'Insidious, nefarious!' shrieks Austria, in Counter–Manifesto; calculates privately it will soon settle Karl Albert,—'Unless, O Heavens, France with Prussia did mean to back him!'— and begins to have misgivings, in spite of itself."

Misgivings, which soon became fatal certainties. Robinson records, doubtless on sure basis, though not dating it, a curious piece of stage–effect in the form of reality; "On hearing, beyond possibility of doubt, that Prussia, France, and Bavaria had combined, the whole Aulic Council," Vienna Hofrath in a body, "fell back into their chairs [and metaphorically into Robinson's arms] like dead men!" [Raumer, p. 104.] Sat staring there;—the wind struck out of them, but not all the folly by a great deal. Now, however, is Robinson's time to ply them.

EXCELLENCY ROBINSON HAS AUDIENCE OF FRIEDRICH (Camp of Strehlen, 7th August, 1741).

By unheard–of entreaties nud conjurations, aided by these strokes of fate, Robinson has at length extorted from his Queen of Hungary, and her wise Hofraths, something resembling a phantasm of compliance; with which he hurries to Breslau and Hyndford; hoping against hope that Friedrich will accept it as a reality. Gets to Breslau on the 3d of August; thence to Strehlen, consulting much with Hyndford upon this phantasm of a compliance. Hyndford looks but heavily upon it;—from us, in this place, far be it to look at all:—alas, this is the famed Scene they Two had at Strehlen with Friedrich, on Monday, August 7th; reported by the faithful pen of Robinson, and vividly significant of Friedrich, were it but compressed to the due pitch. We will give it in the form of Dialogue: the thing of itself falls naturally into the Dramatic, when the flabby parts are cut away;—and was perhaps worthier of a Shakspeare than of a Robinson, all facts of it considered, in the light they have since got.

Scene is Friedrich's Tent, Prussian Camp in the neighborhood of the little Town of Strehlen: time 11 o'clock A.M. Personages of it, Two British subjects in the high Diplomatic line: ponderous Scotch Lord of an edacious gloomy countenance; florid Yorkshire Gentleman with important Proposals in his pocket. Costume, frizzled peruke powdered; frills, wrist–frills and other; shoe–buckles, flapped waistcoat, court–coat of antique cut and

much trimming: all this shall be conceived by the reader. Tight young Gentleman in Prussian military uniform, blue coat, buff breeches, boots; with alert flashing eyes, and careless elegant bearing, salutes courteously, raising his plumed hat. Podewils in common dress, who has entered escorting the other Two, sits rather to rearward, taking refuge beside the writing apparatus.—First passages of the Dialogue I omit: mere pickeerings and beatings about the bush, before we come to close quarters. For Robinson, the florid Yorkshire Gentleman, is charged to offer,—what thinks the reader?—two million guilders, about 200,000 pounds, if that will satisfy this young military King with the alert Eyes!

ROBINSON. ... "Two hundred thousand pounds sterling, if your Majesty will be pleased to retire out of Silesia, and renounce this enterprise!"

KING. "Retire out of Silesia? And for money? Do you take me for a beggar! Retire out of Silesia, which has cost me so much treasure and blood in the conquest of it? No, Monsieur, no; that is not to be thought of! If you have no better proposals to make, it is not worth while talking.' These words were accompnied with threatening gestures and marks of great anger;" considerably staggering to the Two Diplomatic British gentlemen, and of evil omen to Robinson's phantasm of a compliance. Robinson apologetically hums and hahs, flounders through the bad bit of road as he can; flounderingly indicates that he has more to offer.

KING. "Let us see then (VOYONS), what is there more?"

ROBINSON (with preliminary flourishings and flounderings, yet confidently, as now tabling his best card). ... "Permitted to offer your Majesty the whole of Austrian Guelderland; lies contiguous to your Majesty's Possessions in the Rhine Country; important completion of these: I am permitted to say, the whole of Austrian Guelderland! Important indeed: a dirty stripe of moorland (if you look in Busching), about equivalent to half a dozen parishes in Connemara.

KING. "What do you mean? [turning to Podewils]—QU'EST-CE QUE NOUS MANQUE DE TOUTE LA GUELDRE (How much of Guelderland is theirs, and not ours already)?"

PODEWILS. "Almost nothing (PRESQUE RIEN).

KING (to Robinson). "VOICI ENCORE DE GUEUSERIES (more rags and rubbish yet)! QUOI, such a paltry scraping (BICOQUE) as that, for all my just claims in Silesia? Monsieur—!' His Majesty's indignation increased here, all the more as I kept a profound silence during his hot expressions, and did not speak at all except to beg his Majesty's reflection upon what I had said.—'Reflection?'" asks the King, with eyes dangerous to behold;— "My Lord," continues Robinson, heavily narrative, "his contempt of what I had said was so great," kicking his boot through Guelderland and the guilders as the most contemptible of objects, "and was expressed in such violent terms, that now, if ever (as your Lordship perceives), it was time to make the last effort;" play our trump-card down at once; "a moment longer was not to be lost, to hinder the King from dismissing us;" which sad destiny is still too probable, after the trump-card. Trump-card is this:

ROBINSON. ... "The whole Duchy of Limburg, your Majesty! It is a Duchy which—' I extolled the Duchy to the utmost, described it in the most favorable terms; and added, that 'the Elector Palatine [old Kur-Pfalz, on one occasion] had been willing to give the whole Duchy of Berg for it.'

PODEWILS. "Pardon, Monsieur: that is not so; the contrary of so; Kur-Pfalz was not ready to give Berg for it!—[We are not deep in German History, we British Diplomatic gentlemen, who are squandering, now and of old, so much money on it! The Aulic Council, "falls into our arms like dead men;" but it is certain the Elector Palatine was not ready to give Berg in that kind of exchange.]

KING. "It is inconceivable to me how Austria should dare to think of such a thing. Limburg? Are there not solemn Engagements upon Austria, sanctioned and again sanctioned by all the world, which render every inch of ground in the Netherlands inalienable?"

ROBINSON. "Engagements good as against the French, your Majesty. Otherwise the Barrier Treaty, confirmed at Utrecht, was for our behoof and Holland's.'

KING. "That is your present interpretation, But the French pretend it was an arrangement more in their favor than against them.'

ROBINSON. "Your Majesty, by a little Engineer Art, could render Limburg impregnable to the French or others.'

KING. "Have not the least desire to aggrandize myself in those parts, or spend money fortifying there. Useless to me. Am not I fortifying Brieg and Glogau? These are enough: for one who intends to live well with his

neighbors. Neither the Dutch nor the French have offended me; nor will I them by acquisitions in the Netherlands. Besides, who would guarantee them?'

ROBINSON. "'The Proposal is to give guarantees at once.'

KING. "'Guarantees! Who minds or keeps guarantees in this age? Has not France guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction; has not England? Why don't you all fly to the Queen's succor?'"—Robinson, inclined to pout, if he durst, intimates that perhaps there will be succorers one day yet.

KING. "'And pray, Monsieur, who are they?'

ROBINSON. "'Hm, hm, your Majesty. ... Russia, for example, which Power with reference to Turkey—'

KING. "'Good, Sir, good (BEAU, MONSIEUR, BEAU), the Russians! It is not proper to explain myself; but I have means for the Russians' [a Swedish War just coming upon Russia, to keep its hand in use; so diligent have the French been in that quarter!].

ROBINSON (with some emphasis, as a Britannic gentleman). "'Russia is not the only Power that has engagements with Austria, and that must keep them too! So that, however averse to a breach—'

KING ("laying his finger on his nose," mark him;—aloud, and with such eyes). "'No threats, Sir, if you please! No threats' ["in a loud voice," finger to nose, and with such eyes looking in upon me].

HYNDFORD (heavily coming to the rescue). "'Am sure his Excellency is far from such meaning, Sire. His Excellency will advance nothing so very contrary to his Instructions.'—Podewils too put in something proper" in the appeasing way.

ROBINSON. "'Sire, I am not talking of what this Power or that means to do; but of what will come of itself. To prophesy is not to threaten, Sire! It is my zeal for the Public that brought me hither; and—'

KING. "'The Public will be much obliged to you, Monsieur! But hear me. With respect to Russia, you know how matters stand. From the King of Poland I have nothing to fear. As for the King of England, —he is my relation [dear Uncle, in the Pawnbroker sense], he is my all: if he don't attack me, I won't him. And if he do, the Prince of Anhalt [Old Dessauer out at Gottin yonder] will take care of him.'

ROBINSON. "'The common news now is [rumor in Diplomatic circles, rather below the truth this time], your Majesty, after the 12th of August, will join the French. [King looks fixedly at him in silence.] Sire, I venture to hope not! Austria prefers your friendship; but if your Majesty disdain Austria's advances, what is it to do? Austria must throw itself entirely into the hands of France,—and endeavor to outbid your Majesty.' [King quite silent.]

"King was quite silent upon this head," says Robinson, reporting: silence, guesses Robinson, founded most probably upon his "consciousness of guilt"—what I, florid Yorkshire Gentleman, call GUILT, as being against the Cause of Liberty and us! "From time to time he threw out remarks on the advantageousness of his situation:—

KING. ... "'At the head of such an Army, which the Enemy has already made experience of; and which is ready for the Enemy again, if he have appetite! With the Country which alone I am concerned with, conquered and secured behind me; a Country that alone lies convenient to me; which is all I want, which I now have; which I will and must keep! Shall I be bought out of this country? Never! I will sooner perish in it, with all my troops. With what face shall I meet my Ancestors, if I abandon my right, which they have transmitted to me? My first enterprise; and to be given up lightly?'"—With more of the like sort; which Friedrich, in writing of it long after, seems rather ashamed of; and would fain consider to have been mock fustian, provoked by the real fustian of Sir Thomas Robinson, "who negotiated in a wordy high-droning way, as if he were speaking in Parliament," says Friedrich (a Friedrich not taken with that style of eloquence, and hoping he rather quizzed it than was serious with it, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 84.]—though Robinson and Hyndford found in him no want of vehement seriousness, but rather the reverse!)—He concludes: "Have I need of Peace? Let those who need it give me what I want; or let them fight me again, and be beaten again. Have not they given whole Kingdoms to Spain? [Naples, at one swoop, to the Termagant; as broken glass, in that Polish-Election freak!] And to me they cannot spare a few trifling Principalities? If the Queen does not now grant me all I require, I shall in four weeks demand Four Principalities more! [Nay, I now do it, being in sibylline tune.] I now demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included;— and with that Answer you can return to Vienna.'

ROBINSON. "'With that Answer: is your Majesty serious?'

KING. "'With that.'" A most vehement young King; no negotiating with him, Sir Thomas! It is like negotiating for the Sibyl's Books: the longer you bargain, the higher he will rise. In four weeks, time he will demand Four Principalities more; nay, already demands them, the whole of Lower Silesia and Breslau. A precious

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negotiation I have made of it! Sir Thomas, wide-eyed, asks a second time:—

ROBINSON. "Is that your Majesty's deliberate answer?"

KING. "Yes, I say! That is my Answer; and I will never give another."

HYNDFORD and ROBINSON (much flurried, to Podewils). "Your Excellency, please to comprehend, the Proposals from Vienna were—"

KING. "Messieurs, Messieurs, it is of no use even to think of it." And taking off his hat, "slightly raising his hat, as salutation and finale, "he retired precipitately behind the curtain of the interior corner of the tent," says the reporter: EXIT King!

ROBINSON (totally flurried, to Podewils). "Your Excellency, France will abandon Prussia, will sacrifice Prussia to self-interest."

PODEWILS. "No, no! France will not deceive us; we have not deceived France." (SCENE CLOSES; CURTAIN FALLS.) [State-Paper Office (Robinson to Harrington, Breslau, 9th August, 1741); Raumer, pp. 106–110. Compare *OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 84; and Valori, i. 119, 122.]

The unsuccessfullest negotiation well imaginable by a public man. Strehlen, Monday, 7th August, 1741:—Friedrich has vanished into the interior of his tent; and the two Diplomatic gentlemen, the wind struck out of them in this manner, remain gazing at one another. Here truly is a young Royal gentleman that knows his own mind, while so many do not. Unspeakable imbroglio of negotiations, mostly insane, welters over all the Earth; the Belleisles, the Aulic Councils, the British Georges, heaping coil upon coil: and here, notably, in that now so extremely sordid murk of wiggeries, inane diplomacies and solemn deliriums, dark now and obsolete to all creatures, steps forth one little Human Figure, with something of sanity in it: like a star, like a gleam of steel,—shearing asunder your big balloons, and letting out their diplomatic hydrogen;—salutes with his hat, "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, it is of no use!" and vanishes into the interior of his tent. It is to Excellency Robinson, among all the sons of Adam then extant, that we owe this interesting Passage of History,—authentic glimpse, face to face, of the young Friedrich in those extraordinary circumstances: every feature substantially as above, and recognizable for true. Many Despatches his Excellency wrote in this world,—sixty or eighty volumes of them still left,—but among them is this One: the angriest of mankind cannot say that his Excellency lived and embassied quite in vain!

The Two Britannic Gentlemen, both on that distressing Monday and the day following, had the honor to dine with the King: who seemed in exuberant spirits; cutting and bantering to right and left; upon the Court of Vienna, among other topics, in a way which I Robinson "will not repeat to your Lordship." Bade me, for example, "As you pass through Neisse, make my compliments to Marshal Neipperg; and you can say, Excellency Robinson, that I hope to have the pleasure of calling, one of these days!"—Podewils, who was civil, pressed us much to stay over Wednesday, the 9th. "On Thursday is to be a Grand Review, one of the finest military sights; to which the Excellencies from Breslau, one and all, are coming out." But we, having our Despatches and Expresses on hand, pleaded business, and declined, in spite of Podewils's urgencies. And set off for Breslau, Wednesday, morning,—meeting various Excellencies, by degrees all the Excellencies, on the road for that Review we had heard of.

Readers must accept this Robinsoniad as the last of Friedrich's Diplomatic performances at Strehlen, which in effect it nearly was; and from these instances imagine his way in such things. Various Letters there are, to Jordan principally, some to Algarotti; both of whom he still keeps at Breslau, and sends for, if there is like to be an hour of leisure. The Letters indicate cheerfulness of humor, even levity, in the Writer; which is worth noting, in this wild clash of things now tumbling round him, and looking to him as its centre: but they otherwise, though heartily and frankly written, are, to Jordan and us, as if written from the teeth outward; and throw no light whatever either on things befalling, or on Friedrich's humor under them. Reading diligently, we do notice one thing, That the talk about "fame (GLOIRE)" has died out. Not the least mention now of GLOIRE;—perception now, most probably, that there are other things than "GLOIRE" to be had by taking arms; and that War is a terribly grave thing, lightly as one may go into it at first! This small inference we do negatively draw, from the Friedrich Correspondence of those months: and except this, and the levity of humor noticeable, we practically get no light whatever from it; the practical soul and soul's business of Friedrich being entirely kept veiled there, as usual.

And veiled, too, in such a way that you do not notice any veil,— the young King being, as we often intimate, a master in this art. Which useful circumstance has done him much ill with readers and mankind. For if you intend

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to interest readers,—that is to say, idle neighbors, and fellow-creatures in need of gossip,—there is nothing like unveiling yourself: witness Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and many other poor waste creatures, going off in self-conflagration, for amusement of the parish, in that manner. But may not a man have something other on hand with his Existence than that of "setting fire to it [such the process terribly IS], to show the people a fine play of colors, and get himself applauded, and pathetically blubbered over?" Alas, my friends!—

It is certain there was seldom such a life-element as this of Friedrich's in Summer, 1741. Here is the enormous jumbling of a World broken loose; boiling as in very chaos; asking of him, him more than any other, "How? What?" Enough to put GLOIRE out of his head; and awaken thoughts,—terrors, if you were of apprehensive turn! Surely no young man of twenty-nine more needed all the human qualities than Friedrich now. The threatenings, the seductions, big Belleisle hallucinations,—the perils to you infinite, if you MISS the road. Friedrich did not miss it, as is well known; he managed to pick it out from that enormous jumble of the elements, and victoriously arrived by it, he alone of them all. Which is evidence of silent or latent faculty in him, still more wonderful than the loud-resounding ones of which the world has heard. Probably there was not, in his history, any chapter more significant of human faculty than this, which is not on record at all.

Chapter III. GRAND REVIEW AT STREHLEN: NEIPPERG TAKES AIM AT BRESLAU, BUT ANOTHER HITS IT.

A day or two before that famous Audience of Hyndford and Robinson's, Neipperg had quitted his impregnable Camp at Neisse, and taken the field again; in the hope of perhaps helping Robinson's Negotiation by an inverse method. Should Robinson's offers not prove attractive enough, as is to be feared, a push from behind may have good effects. Neipperg intends to have a stroke on Breslau; to twitch Breslau out of Friedrich's hands, by a private manoeuvre on new resources that have offered themselves. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 982, and ii. 227.]

In Breslau, which is by great majority Protestant in creed and warmly Prussian in temper, there has been no oppression or unfair usage heard of to any class of persons; and certainly in the matter of Protestant and Catholic, there has been perfect equality observed. True, the change from favor and ascendancy to mere equality, is not in itself welcome to human creatures:—one conceives, for various reasons of lower and higher nature, a minority of discontented individuals in Breslau, zealous for their creed and old perquisites sacred and profane; who long in secret, sometimes vocally to one another, for the good old times,—when souls were not liable to perish wholesale, and people guilty only of loyalty and orthodoxy to be turned out of their offices on suspicion. Friedrich says, it was mainly certain zealous Old Ladies of Quality who went into this adventure; and from whispering to one another, got into speaking, into meeting in one another's houses for the purpose of concerting and contriving. [*OEuvres*, ii. 82, 83.] Zealous Old Ladies of Quality,—these we consider were the Talking-Apparatus or Secret-Parliament of the thing: but it is certain one or two Official Gentlemen (Syndic Guzmar for instance, and others NOT yet become Ex-Official) had active hand in it, and furnished the practical ideas.

Continual Correspondence there was with Vienna, by those Old Ladies; Guzmar and the others shy of putting pen to paper, and only doing it where indispensable. Zealous Addresses go to her Hungarian Majesty, "Oh, may the Blessed Virgin assist your Majesty!"—accompanied, it is said, with Subscriptions of money (poor old souls); and what is much more dangerous and feasible, there goes prompt notice to Neipperg of everything the Prussian Army undertakes, and the Postscript always, "Come and deliver us, your Excellency." Of these latter Documents, I have heard of some with Syndic Guzmar's and other Official hands to them. Generally such things can, through accidental Pandour channels, were there no other, easily reach Neipperg; though they do not always. Enough, could Neipperg appear at the Gates of Breslau, in some concerted night-hour, or push out suitable Detachment on forced-march that way,—it is evident to him he would be let in; might smother the few Prussians that are in the Dom Island, and get possession of the Enemy's principal Magazine and the Metropolis of the Province. Might not the Enemy grow more tractable to Robinson's seductions in such case?

Neipperg marches from Neisse (1st-6th August) with his whole Army; first some thirty miles westward up the right or southern bank of the Neisse; then crosses the Neisse, and circles round to northward, giving Friedrich wide room: [Orlich, i. 130, 133.] that night of Robinson's Audience, when Friedrich was so merry at dinner, Neipperg was engaged in crossing the River; the second night after, Neipperg lay encamped and intrenched at Baumgarten (old scene of Friedrich's Pandour Adventure), while Hyndford and Robinson had got back to Breslau. In another day or so, he may hope to be within forced-march of Breslau, to detach Feldmarschall Browne or some sharp head; and to do a highly considerable thing?

Unluckily for Neipperg's Adventure, the Prussians had wind of it, some time ago. They have got "a false Sister smuggled into that Old-Ladies' Committee," who has duly reported progress; nay they have intercepted something in Syndic Guzmar's own hand: and everything is known to Friedrich. The Protestant population, and generally the practical quiet part of the Breslauers, are harassed with suspicion of some such thing, but can gain no certainty, nor understand what to do. Protestants especially, who have been so zealous, "who were seen dropping down on the streets to pray, while the muffled thunder came from Mollwitz that day," [Ranke, ii. 289.]—fancy how it would now be, were the tables suddenly turned, and indignant Orthodoxy made supreme again, with memory fresh! But, in fact, there is no danger whatever to them. Schwerin has orders about Breslau; Schwerin and the Young Dessauer are maturely considering how to manage.

Readers recollect how Podewils pressed the Two Britannic Excellencies to stay in Strehlen a day or two longer: "Grand Review, with festivities, just on hand; whole of the Foreign Ministers in Breslau invited out to see

it,"—though Hyndford and Robinson would not consent; but left on the 9th, meeting the others at different points of the road. Next day, Thursday, 10th August, was in fact a great day at Strehlen; grand muster, manoeuvring of cavalry above all, whom Friedrich is delighted to find so perfect in their new methods; riding as if they were centaurs, horse and man one entity; capable of plunging home, at full gallop, in coherent masses upon an enemy, and doing some good with him. "Neipperg's Croat—people, and out—pickets on the distant Hill— sides, witnessed these manoeuvres," [Ranke, ii. 288.] I know not with what criticism. Furthermore, about noon—time, there was heard (mark it, reader) a distant cannon—shot, one and no more, from the Northern side; which gave his Majesty a lively pleasure, though he treated it as nothing. All the Foreign Ministers were on the ground; doubtless with praises, so far as receivable; and in the afternoon came festivities not a few. A great day in Strehlen:— but in Breslau a much greater; which explained, to our Two Excellencies, why Podewils had been so pressing!

August 10th, at six in the morning, Schwerin, and under him the Young Dessauer,—who had arrived in the Southwestern suburbs of Breslau overnight, with 8,000 foot and horse, and had posted themselves in a vigilant Anti—Neipperg manner there, and laid all their plans,—appear at the Nicolai Gate; and demand, in the common way, transit for their regiments and baggages: "bound Northward," as appears; "to Leubus," where something of Pandour sort has fallen out. So many troops or companies at a time, that is the rule; one quosity of companies you admit; then close and bolt, till it have marched across and out at the opposite Gate; after which, open again for a second lot. But in this case,—owing to accident (very unusual) of a baggage—wagon breaking down, and people hurrying to help it forward,—the whole regiment gets in, escorted as usual by the Town—guard. Whole regiment; and marches, not straight through; but at a certain corner strikes off leftward to the Market—place; where, singular to say, it seems inclined to pause and rearrange itself a little. Nay, more singular still, other regiments (owing to like accidents), from other Gates, join it;—and—in fact— "Herr Major of the Town—guard, in the King's name, you are required to ground arms!" What can the Town Major do; Prussian grenadiers, cannoneers, gravely environing him? He sticks his sword into the scabbard, an Ex—Town Major; and Breslau City is become Friedrich's, softly like a movement during drill. [*Helden—Geschichte*, i. 982, n. 227, 268; Adelung, ii. 439; Stenzel, iv. 152.]

Not the least mistake occurred. Cannon with case—shot planted themselves in all the thoroughfares, Horse—patrols went circulating everywhere; Town—arsenal, gates, walls, are laid hold of; Town— guards all disarmed, rather "with laughter on their part" than otherwise: "Majesty perhaps will give us muskets of his own;— well!" The operation altogether did not last above an hour—and— half, and nobody's skin got scratched. Towards 9 A.M. Schwerin summoned the Town Dignitaries to their Rathhaus to swear fealty; who at once complied; and on his stepping out with proposal, to the general population, of "a cheer for King Friedrich, Duke of Lower Silesia," the poor people rent the skies with their "Friedrich and Silesia forever!" which they repeated, I think, seven times. Upon which Schwerin fired off his signal—cannon, pointing to the South; where other posts and cannons took up the sound, and pushed it forward, till, as we noticed, it got to Friedrich in few minutes, on the review—ground at Strehlen; right welcome to him, among the manoeuvrings there. Protestant Breslau or cordwainer Doblin cannot lament such a result; still less dare the devout Old Ladies of Quality openly lament, who are trembling to the heart, poor old creatures, though no evil came of it to them; penitent, let off for the fright; checking even their aspirations henceforth.

Syndic Guzmar and the peccant Officials being summoned out to Strehlen, it had been asked of them, "Do you know this Letter?" Upon which they fell on their knees, "ACH IHRO MAJESTAT!" unable to deny their handwriting; yet anxious to avoid death on the scaffold, as Friedrich said was usual under such behavior; and were sent home, after a few hours of arrest. [Orlich, i. 134; *Helden—Geschichte*, ii. 228.] Schwerin (as King's substitute till the King himself one day arrive) continued to take the Homaging, and to make the many new arrangements needful. All which went off in a soft and pleasantly harmonious manner;— only the Jesuits scrupling a little to swear as yet; and getting gently sent their ways, with revenues stopt in consequence. Otherwise the swearing, which lasted for several days, was to appearance a joyful process, and on the part of the general population an enthusiastic one, "ES LEBE KONIG FRIEDRICH!" rising to the welkin with insatiable emphasis, seven times over, on the least signal given. Neipperg's Adventure, and Orthodox Female Parliament, have issued in this sadly reverse manner.

Robinson and Hyndford have to witness these phenomena; Robinson to shoot off for Presburg again, with the worst news in the world. Queen and Hofraths have been waiting in agony of suspense, "Will Friedrich bargain on

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those gentle terms, and help us with 100,000 men?" Far from it, my friends; how far! "My most important intelligence," writes the Russian Envoy there, some days ago, ["5 August, 1741," not said to whom (in Ranke, ii. 324 n.)] is, that a Bavarian War has broken out, that Kur-Baiern is in Passau. God grant that Monsieur Robinson may succeed in his negotiation! All here are in the completest irresolution, and total inactivity, till Monsieur Robinson return, or at least send news of himself."

Chapter IV. FRIEDRICH TAKES THE FIELD AGAIN, INTENT ON HAVING NEISSE.

This Breslau Adventure, which had yielded Friedrich so important an acquisition, was furthermore the cause of ending these Strehlen inactivities, and of recommencing field operations. August 11th, Neipperg, provoked by the grievous news just come from Breslau, pushes suddenly forward on Schweidnitz, by way of consolation; Schweidnitz, not so strong as it might be made, where the Prussians have a principal Magazine: "One might at least seize that?" thinks Neipperg, in his vexed humor. But here too Friedrich was beforehand with him; broke out, rapidly enough, to Reichenbach, westward, which bars the Neipperg road to Schweidnitz: upon which,—or even before which (on rumor of it coming, which was not YET true),— Neipperg, half done with his first day's march, called halt; prudently turned back, and hastened, Baumgarten way, to his strong Camp at Frankenstein again. His hope in the Schweidnitz direction had lasted only a few hours; a hope springing on the mere spur of pique, soon recognizable by him as futile; and now anxieties for self-preservation had succeeded it on Neipperg's part. For now Friedrich actually advances on him, in a menacing manner, hardly hoping Neipperg will fight; but determined to have done with the Neisse business, in spite of strong camps and cunctations, if it be possible. [Orlich, i. 137, 138.]

It was August 16th, when Friedrich stirred out of Strehlen; August 21st, when he encamped at Reichenbach. Till September 7th, he kept manoeuvring upon Neipperg, who counter-manoevred with vigilance, good judgment, and would not come to action: September 7th, Friedrich, weary of these haggings, dashed off for Neisse itself, hoped to be across Neisse River, and be between Neisse Town and Neipperg, before Neipperg could get up. There would then be no method of preventing the Siege of Neisse, except by a Battle: so Friedrich had hoped; but Neipperg again proved vigilant.

Accordingly, September 11th, Friedrich's Vanguard was actually across the Neisse; had crossed at a place called Woitz, and had there got Two Pontoon Bridges ready, when Friedrich, in the evening, came up with the main Army, intending to cross;—and was astonished to find Neipperg taking up position, in intricate ground, near by, on the opposite side! Ground so intricate, hills, bogs, bushes of wood, and so close upon the River, there was no crossing possible; and Friedrich's Vanguard had to be recalled. Two days of waiting, of earnest ocular study; no possibility visible. On the third day, Friedrich, gathering in his pontoons overnight, marched off, down stream: Neisse-wards, but on the left or north bank of the River; passed Neisse Town (the River between him and it); and encamped at Gross Neundorf, several miles from Neipperg and the River. Neipperg, at an equal step, has been wending towards his old Camp, which lies behind Neisse, between Neisse and the Hills: there, a river in front, dams and muddy inundations all round him, begirt with plentiful Pandours, Neipperg waits what Friedrich will attempt from Gross Neundorf.

From Gross Neundorf, Friedrich persists twelve days (13th–25th September), studying, endeavoring; mere impossibility ahead. And by this time (what is much worth noting), Hyndford, silently quitting Breslau, has got back to these scenes of war, occasionally visible in Friedrich's Camp again;—on important mysterious business; which will have results. Valori also is here in Camp; these two Excellencies jealously eying one another; both of them with teeth rather on edge,—Europe having suddenly got into such a plunge (as if the highest mountains were falling into the deepest seas) since Friedrich began this Neipperg problem of his;—in which, after twelve days, he sees mere impossibility ahead.

On the twelfth day, Friedrich privately collects himself for a new method: marches, soon after midnight, [26th September, 2 A.M.: Orlich, i. 144.] fifteen miles down the River (which goes northward in this part, as the reader may remember); crosses, with all his appurtenances, unmolested; and takes camp a few miles inland, or on the right bank, and facing towards Neisse again. He intends to be in upon Neipperg front the rear quarter; and cut him off from Mahren and his daily convoys of food. "Daily food cut off,—the thickest-skinned rhinoceros, the wildest lion, cannot stand that: here, for Neipperg, is one point on which all his embankments and mud-dams will not suffice him!" thinks Friedrich. Certain preliminary operations, and military indispensabilities, there first are for Friedrich,—Town of OpeIn to be got, which commands the Oder, our rearward highway; Castle of Friedland, and the country between Oder and Neisse Rivers:—while these preliminary things are being done

(September 28th–October 3d), Friedrich in person gradually pushes forward towards Neipperg, reconnoitring, bickering with Croats: October 3d, preliminaries done, Neipperg's rear had better look to itself.

Neipperg, well enough seeing what was meant, has by this time come out of his mud–dams and impregnabilities; and advanced a few miles towards Friedrich. Neipperg lies now encamped in the Hamlet of Griesau, a little way behind Steinau,—poor Steinau, which the reader saw on fire one night, when Friedrich and we were in those parts, in Spring last. Friedrich's Camp is about five miles from Neipperg's on the other side of Steinau. A tolerable campaign country; I should think, mostly in stubble at this season. Nearly midway between these two Camps is a pretty Schloss called Klein– Schnellendorf, occupied by Neipperg's Croats just now, of which Prince Lobkowitz (he, if I remember, but it matters nothing), an Austrian General of mark, far away at present, is proprietor.

Friedrich's Oppeln preparations are about complete; and he intends to advance straightway. "Hold, for Heaven's sake, your Majesty!" exclaims Hyndford; getting hold of him one day (waylaying him, in fact; for it is difficult, owing to Valori); "Wait, wait; I have just been to the—to the Camp of Neipperg," silently gesticulates Hyndford: "Within a week all shall be right, and not a drop of blood shed!" Friedrich answers, by silence chiefly, to the effect, "Tush, tush;" but not quite negatively, and does in effect wait. We had better give the snatch of Dialogue in primitive authentic form; date is, Camp of Neundorf, September 22d:—

FRIEDRICH (pausing impatiently, on the way towards his tent). "MILORD, DE QUOI S'AGIT–IL A PRESENT (What is it now, then)?"

HYNDFORD. "'Should much desire to have some assurance from your Majesty with regard to that neutrality of Hanover you were pleased to promise.' All else is coming right; hastening towards beautiful settlement, were that settled.

FRIEDRICH. "'Have not I great reason to be dissatisfied with your Court? Britannic Majesty, as King of England and as Elector of Hanover, is wonderful! Milord, when you say a thing is white, Schweichelt, the Hanoverian Excellency, calls it black, and VICE VERSA. But I will do your King no harm; none, I say! Follow me to dinner; dinner is cold by this time; and we have made more than one person think of us. Swift! [and EXIT].'" [Hyndford's Despatch, Neisse, 4th October, 1741.]

This is a strange motion on the part of Hyndford; but Friedrich, severely silent to it, understands it very well; as readers soon will, when they hear farther. But marvellous things have happened on the sudden! In these three weeks, since the Camp of Strehlen broke up, there have been such Events; strategic, diplomatic: a very avalanche of ruin, hurling Austria down to the Nadir; of which it is now fit that the reader have some faint conception, an adequate not being possible for him or me:—

"AUGUST 15th, 1741. Robinson reappears in Presburg; and precious surely are the news he brings to an Aulic Council fallen back in its chairs, and staring with the wind struck out of it. Their expected Seizure of Breslau gone heels over head, in that way; Friedrich imperiously resolute, gleaming like the flash of steel amid these murky imbecilities, and without the Cession of Silesia no Peace to be made with him! And all this is as nothing, to news which arrives just on the back of Robinson, from another quarter.

"AUGUST 15th–21st. French Army of 40,000 men, special Army of Belleisle, sedulously equipt and completed, visibly crosses the Rhine at Fort Louis (an Island Fortress in the Rhine, thirty miles below Strasburg; STONES of it are from the old Schloss of Hagenau);—steps over deliberately there; and on the sixth day is all on German ground. These troops, to be commanded by Belleisle, so soon as he can join them, are to be the Elector of Bavaria's troops, Kur–Baier Generalissimo over Belleisle and them; [*Fastes de Louis XV.*, ii. 264.] and they are on rapid march to join that ambitious Kurfurst, in his Passau Expedition; and probably submerge Vienna itself.

"And what is this we hear farther, O Robinson, O Excellencies Hyndford, Schweichelt and Company: That another French Army, of the same strength, under Maillebois, has in the self–same days gone across the Lower Rhine (at Kaisersworth, an hour's ride below Dusseldorf)! At Kaisersworth; ostensibly for comforting and strengthening Kur–Koln (the lanky Ecclesiastical Gentleman, Kur–Baier's Brother), their excellent ally, should anybody meddle with him. Ostensibly for this; but in reality to keep the Sea– Powers, and especially George of England quiet. It marches towards Osnabruck, this Maillebois Army; quarters itself up and down, looking over into Hanover,—able to eat Hanover, especially if joined by the Prussians and Old Leopold, at any moment.

"These things happen in this month of August, close upon the rear of that steel–shiny scene in the Tent at Strehlen, where Friedrich lifted his hat, saying, "T is of no use, Messieurs!"—which was followed by the seizure

of Breslau the wrong way. Never came such a cataract of evil news on an Aulic Council before. The poor proud people, all these months they have been sitting torpid, helpless, loftily stupid, like dumb idols; 'in flat despair,' as Robinson says once, 'only without the strength to be desperate.'

"Sure enough the Sea-Powers are checkmated now. Let them make the least attempt in favor of the Queen, if they dare. Holland can be overrun, from Osnabruck quarter, at a day's warning. Little George has his Hanoverians, his subsidized Hessians, Danes, in Hanover, his English on Lexden Heath: let him come one step over the marches, Maillebois and the Old Dessauer swallow him. It is a surprising stroke of theatrical-practical Art; brought about, to old Fleury's sorrow, by the genius of Belleisle, and they say of Madame Chateauroux; enough to strike certain Governing Persons breathless, for some time; and denotes that the Universal Hurricane, or World-Tornado, has broken out. It is not recorded of little George that he fell back in his chair, or stared wider than usual with those fish-eyes: but he discerned well, glorious little man, that here is left no shadow of a chance by fighting; that he will have to sit stock-still, under awful penalties; and that if Maria Theresa will escape destruction, she must make her peace with Friedrich at any price."

This fine event, 80,000 French actually across the Rhine, happened in the very days while Friedrich and Neipperg had got into wrestle again,—Neipperg just off from that rash march for Schweidnitz, and whirling back on rumor (15th August), while the first instalment of the French were getting over. Friedrich must admit that the French fulfil their promises so far. A week ago or more, they made the Swedes declare War against Russia, as covenanted. War is actually declared, at Stockholm, August 4th, the Faction of Hats prevailing over that of Nightcaps, after terrible debates and efforts about the mere declaring of it, as if that alone were the thing needed. We mentioned this War already, and would not willingly again. One of the most contemptible Wars ever declared or carried on; but useful to Friedrich, as keeping Russia off his hands, at a critical time, and conclusively forbidding help to Austria from that quarter.

Marechal de Belleisle, wrapt in Diplomatic and Electioneering business, cannot personally take command for the present; but has excellent lieutenants,—one of whom is Comte de Saxe, Moritz our old friend, afterwards Marechal de Saxe. Among the finest French Armies, this of Belleisle's is thought to be, that ever took the field: so many of our Nobility in it, and what best Officers, Segurs, Saxes, future Marechal's, we have. Army full of spirit and splendor; come to cut Germany in four, and put France at last in its place in the Universe. Here is courage, here is patriotism, of a sort. And if this is not the good sort, the divinely pious, the humanly noble,—Fashionable Society feels it to be so, and can hit no nearer. New-fashioned "Army of the Oriflamme," one might call this of Belleisle's; kind of Sham-Sacred French Army (quite in earnest, as it thinks);—led on, not by St. Denis and the Virgin, but by Sun-god Belleisle and the Chateauroux, under these sad new conditions! Which did not prosper as expected.

"Let the Holy German Reich take no offence," said this Army, eager to conciliate: "we come as friends merely; our intentions charitable, and that only. Bavarian Treaty of Nymphenburg (18th May last) binds us especially, this time; Treaty of Westphalia binds us sacredly at all times. Peaceable to you, nay brotherly, if only you will be peaceable!" Which the poor Reich, all but Austria and the Sea-Powers, strove what it could to believe.

On reaching the German shore out of Elsass, "every Officer put, the Bavarian Colors, cockade of blue-and-white, on his hat;" [Adelung, ii. 431.] a mere "Bavarian Army," don't you see? And the 40,000 wend steadily forward through Schwaben eastward, till they can join Karl Albert Kur-Baiern, who is Generalissimo, or has the name of such. They march in Seven Divisions. Donauworth (a Town we used to know, in Marlborough's time and earlier) is to be their first resting-point; Ingolstadt their place-of-arms: will readers recollect those two essential circumstances? To Donauworth is 250 miles; to Passau will be 180 more: five or six long weeks of marching. But after Donauworth they are to go, the Infantry of them are, in boats; Horse, under Saxe, marching parallel. Forward, ever forward, to Passau (properly to Scharding, twelve miles up the Inn Valley, where his Bavarian Highness is in Camp); and thence, under his Bavarian Highness, and in concert with him, to pour forth, deluge-like, upon Linz, probably upon Vienna itself, down the Donau Valley,—why not to Vienna itself, and ruin Austria at one swoop? [Espagnac, *Histoire de Maurice Comte de Saxe* (German Translation, Leipzig, 1774), i. 83:—an excellent military compend. *Campagnes des Trois Marechaux* (Maillebois, Broglio, Belleisle: Amsterdam. 1773), ii. 53–56:—in nine handy little volumes (or if we include the NOAILLES and the COIGNY set, making "CING MARECHAUX," nineteen volumes in all, and a twentieth for INDEX); consisting altogether

of Official Letters (brief, rapid, meant for business, NOT for printing in the Newspapers); which are elucidative BEYOND bargain, and would even be amusing to read,—were the topic itself worth one's time.]

The second or Maillebois French Army spreads itself, by degrees, considerably over Westphalia;—straitened for forage, and otherwise not the best of neighbors. But, in theory, in speech, this too was abundantly conciliatory,—to the Dutch at least. "Nothing earthly in view, nothing, ye magnanimous Dutch, except to lodge here in the most peaceable manner, paying our way, and keep down disturbances that might arise in these parts. That might arise; not from you, ye magnanimous High Mightinesses, how far from it! Nor will we meddle with one broken brick of your respectable Barrier, or Barrier Treaty, which is sacred to us, or do you the shadow of an injury. No; a thousand times, upon our honor, No!" For brevity's sake, I lend them that locution, "No, a thousand times,"—and in actual arithmetic, I should think there are at least four or five hundred times of it,—in those extinct Diplomatic Eloquences of Excellency Fenelon and the other French;—vaguely counting, in one's oppressed imagination, during the Two Years that ensue. For the Dutch lazily believed, or strove to believe, this No of Fenelon's; and took an obstinate laggard sitting posture, in regard to Pragmatic Sanction; whereby the task of "hoisting" them (as above hinted), which fell upon a certain King, became so famous in Diplomatic History.

Imagination may faintly picture what a blow this advent of Maillebois was to his Britannic Majesty, over in Herrenhausen yonder! He has had of Danes six thousand, of Hessians six, of Hanoverians sixteen,—in all some 30,000 men, on foot here since Spring last, camping about (in two formidable Camps at this moment); not to mention the 6,000 of English on Lexden Heath, eager to be shipped across, would Parliament permit; and now—let him stir in any direction if he dare. Camp of Gottin like a drawn sword at one's throat (at one's Hanover) from the east; and lo, here a twin fellow to it gleaming from the south side! Maillebois can walk into the throat of Hanover at a day's warning. And such was actually the course proposed by Maillebois's Government, more than once, in these weeks, had not Friedrich dissuaded and forbidden. It is a strangling crisis. What is his Britannic Majesty to do? Send orders, "Double YOUR diligence, Excellency Robinson!" that is one clear point; the others are fearfully insoluble, yet pressing for solution: in a six weeks hence (September 27th), we shall see what they issue in!—

As for Robinson, he is duly with the Queen at Presburg; duly conjuring incessantly, "Make your peace with Friedrich!" And her Majesty will not, on the terms. Poor Robinson, urged two ways at once, is flurried doubly and trebly; tossed about as Diplomatist never was. King of Prussia flashes lightning—looks upon him, clapping finger to nose; Maria Theresa, knowing he will demand cession of Silesia, shudders at sight of him; and the Aulic Council fall into his arms like dead men, murmuring, "Money; where is your money?"

"AUGUST 29th. While Friedrich was pushing into Neipperg, in the Baumgarten Country, and could get no battle out of him, Excellency Robinson reappears at Breslau; Maria Theresa, after deadly efforts on his part, has mended her offers, in these terrible circumstances; and Robinson is here again. 'Half of Silesia, or almost half, provided his Majesty will turn round, and help against the French:' these, secretly, are Robinson's rich offers. The Queen, on consenting to these new offers, had 'wrung her hands,' like one in despair, and said passionately, 'Unless accepted within a fortnight, I will not be bound by them!' 'Admit his Excellency to the honor of an interview,' solicits Hyndford; 'his offers are much mended.' Notable to witness, Friedrich will not see Robinson at all this time, nor even permit Podewils to see him; signifies plainly that he wants to hear no more of his offers, and that, in fact, the sooner he can take himself away from Breslau, it will be the better. To that effect, Robinson, rushing back in mortified astonished manner, reports progress at Presburg; to that and no better. 'High Madam,' urges Robinson, still indefatigable, 'the King of Prussia's help would be life, his hostility is death at this crisis. Peace must be with him, at any price!' 'Price?' answers her Majesty once: 'If Austria must fall, it is indifferent to me whether it be by Kur-Baiern or Kur-Brandenburg!' [Stenzel, iv. 156.] Nevertheless, in about a week she again yields to intense conjuring, and the ever-tightening pressure of events;—King George, except it be for counselling, is become stock—still, with Maillebois's sword at his throat; and is, without metaphor, sinking towards absolute neutrality: 'Cannot help you, Madam, any farther; must not try it, or I perish, my Hanover and I!'—So that Maria Theresa again mends her offers: 'Give him all Lower Silesia, and he to join with me!' and Robinson post-haste despatches a courier to Breslau with them. Notable again: King Friedrich will not hear of them; answers by a 'No, I tell you! Time was, time is not. I have now joined with France; and to join against it in this manner? Talk to me no more!'" [Friedrich to Hyndford: "*Au Camp [de Neuendorf] 14me septembre,*" 1741. "*Milord j'ai recu les nouvelles propositions d'alliance que l'infatigable Robinson vous envoie. Je les trouve aussi*

chimeriques que les precedentes."—"Ces gens sont—ils fols, Milord, de s'imaginer que je commisise la trahison de tourner en leur faveur mes armes, et de"—? "Je vous prie de ne me plus fatiguer avec de pareilles propositions, et de me croire assez honnete homme pour ne point violer mes engagements.— FREDERIC." (British Museum: Hyndford Papers, fol. 133.) ...

Here is a catastrophe for the Two Britannic Excellencies, and the Cause of Freedom! Robinson, in dudgeon and amazement, has hurried back to Presburg, has ceased sending even couriers; and, in a three weeks hence (9th October, a day otherwise notable), wishes "to come home," the game being up. [His Letter, "9th October, 1741" (in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, iii. Appendix, p. iii: edit. London, 1839). Such is Robinson's gloomy view: finished, he, and the game lost,—unless perhaps Hyndford could still do something? Of which what hope is there! Hyndford, who has a rough sagacity in him, and manifests often a strong sense of the practical and the practicable, strikes into—Readers, from the following Fragments of Correspondence, now first made public, will gather for themselves what new course, veiled in triple mystery, Hyndford had struck into. Four bits of Notes, well worth reading, under their respective dates:—

1. EXCELLENCY HYNDFORD TO SECRETARY HARRINGTON (Two Notes).

"BRESLAU, 2d SEPTEMBER, 1711 [on the heel of Robinson's second miscarriage]. ... My Lord, all these contretemps are very unlucky at present, when time is so precious; for France is pressing the King of Prussia in the strongest manner to declare himself; but whatever eventual preliminaries may be probably agreed between them, I still doubt if they have any Treaty signed"—have had one, any time these three months (since 5th June last); signed sufficiently; but of a most fast—and—loose nature; neither party intending to be rigorous in keeping it. "I wish to God the Court of Vienna may be brought to think before it is too late." [HYNDFORD PAPERS (Brit. Mus. Additional MSS. 11,366), ii. fol. 91.]

2. "BRESLAU, 6th SEPTEMBER. ... I am not without hopes of succeeding in a project which has occurred to me on this occasion, and which seems to be pretty well relished by some people [properly by one individual, Goltz, the King's Adjutant and factotum], who are in great confidence about the King of Prussia's person; and I think it is the only thing that now remains to be tried; and as it is the least of two evils, I hope I shall have the King my Master's approbation in attempting it; and if the Court of Vienna will open their eyes, they must see it is the only thing left to save them from utter destruction;"—and, finally, here it is:—

"Since Mr. Robinson left this place,—["Sooner YOU go, the better, Sir!"],—I have been sounding the people afore mentioned," the individual afore hinted at, "Whether the King of Prussia would hearken to a Neutrality with respect to the Queen of Hungary, and at the same time fulfil his engagements to his Majesty with respect to the defence of his Majesty's German Dominions, IF she would give him the Lower Silesia with Breslau? At first they rejected it; saying it was a thing they dared not propose. However, I have reason to believe, by a Letter I saw this day, that it has been proposed to the King, and that he is not absolutely averse to it. I shall know more in a few days; but if it can be done at all, it must be done in the very greatest secrecy, for neither the King nor his Ministers wish to appear in it; and I question if his Minister Podewils will be informed of it." [*Hyndford Papers*, fol. 97, 98.]

3. EXCELLENCY ROBINSON (in a flutter of excitement, temporary hope and excitement, about Goltz) TO HYNDFORD, AT BRESLAU.

"PRESBURG, 8th SEPTEMBER (N.S.), 1741. My Lord, I could desire your Lordship to summon up, if it were necessary, the spirit of all your Lordship's Instructions, and the sense of the King, of the Parliament, and of the whole British Nation. It is upon this great moment that depends the fate, not of the House of Austria, not of the Empire, but of the House of Brunswick, of Great Britain, and of all Europe. I verily believe the King of Prussia does not himself know the extent of the present danger. With whatever motive he may act, there is not one, not that of the mildest resentment, that can blind him to this degree, of himself perishing in the ruin he is bringing upon others. With his concurrence, the French will, in less than six weeks, be masters of the German Empire. The weak Elector of Bavaria is but their instrument: Prague and Vienna may, and probably will, be taken in that short time. Will even the King of Prussia himself be reserved to the last?

"Upon this single transaction [of your Lordship's affair with the mysterious individual] depend the CITA MORS, or the VICTORIA LAETA of all Europe. Nothing will equal the glory of your Lordship, in the latter case, but that to be acquired by the King of Prussia in his immediate imitation of the great Sobieski"—reputed "savior of Vienna," O your Excellency! ... "Prince Lichtenstein will, if found in time upon his estates in Bohemia, be, I

believe, the person to repair to the King of Prussia, the moment your Lordship shall have signed the Preliminaries. Once again, give me leave, my Lord, to express my most ardent wishes, my"—T. ROBINSON. [*Hyndford Papers*, fol. 102.]

4. EXCELLENCY HYNDFORD TO SECRETARY HARRINGTON.

"BRESLAU, 9th SEPTEMBER, ... Received a message to meet him,"—HIM, for we now speak in the singular number, though still without naming Goltz,— "one of the persons I mentioned in my former Despatch: in a very unsuspected place; for we have agreed to avoid all appearance of familiarity. He told me he had received a Letter this morning from the Camp,"— Prussian Majesty's Camp, or Bivouac (in the Munsterberg Hill—Country), on that march towards Woitz, for crossing the Neisse upon Neipperg, which proved impracticable,— "and that he could with pleasure tell me that the King agreed to this last trial, although he would not, nor could appear in it. ... Then this person read to me a Paper, but I could not see whether it was the King's hand or not; for when I desired to take a copy, he said he could not show me the original; but dictated as follows:—

"Toute la Basse Silesie, la riviere de Neisse pour limite, la ville de Neisse a nous, aussi bien que Glatz; de l'autre cote de l'Oder l'ancien limite entre les Duches de Brieg et d'Oppeln. Namslau a nous. Les affaires de religion IN STATU QUO. Point de dependance de la Boheme; cession eternelle. En echange nous n'irons pas plus loin. Nous assiegerons Neisse PRO FORMA: le commandant se rendra et sortira. Nous prendrons les quartiers tranquillement, et ils pourront mener leur Armee oh ils voudront. Que tout cela soit fini en douze jours." That is to say:—

"The whole of Lower Silesia, Neisse Town included; Neisse River for boundary:—Glatz withal. Beyond the Oder, for the Duchies of Brieg and Oppeln the ancient limits. Namslau ours. Affairs of Religion to continue IN STATU QUO. No dependence [feudal tie or other, as there used to be] on Bohemia; cession of Silesia to be absolute and forever.—We, in return, will proceed no farther. We will besiege Neisse for form; the Commandant shall surrender and depart. We will pass quietly into winter—quarters; and the Austrian Army may go whither it will. Bargain to be concluded within twelve days." [Coxe (iii. 272) gives this Translation, not saying whence he had it.]—Can his Excellency Hyndford get Vienna, get Feldmarschall Reipperg with power from Vienna, to accept: Yes or No? Excellency Hyndford thinks, Yes; will try his very utmost!—

"He (Goltz) then tore the Paper in very small pieces; and he repeated again, that if the affair should be discovered, both the King and he were determined to deny it. ... 'But how about engagements with regard to my Master's German Dominions; not a word about that?' He answered, 'You have not the least to fear from France;' protested the King of Prussia's great regard for his Majesty of England, I told him these fine words did not satisfy me; and that if this affair should succeed, I expected there should be some stipulation." [*Hyndford Papers*, fol. 115.] Yes; and came, about a fortnight hence, "waylaying his Majesty" to get one,—as readers saw above.

Prussian Dryasdust (poor soul, to whom one is often cruel!) shall glad himself with the following Two bits of Autography from Goltz, who had instantly quitted Breslau again;—and, to us, they will serve as date for the actual arrival of Excellency Hyndford in those fighting regions, and commencement of his mysterious glidings about between Camp and Camp.

GOLTZ TO THE EXCELLENCY HYNDFORD, AT BRESLAU (most Private).

"AU CAMP DE NEUENDORF, 16me septembre, a 9 heures du soir. (1.) "MILORD,—Vons savez que je suis porte pour la bonne cause. Sur ce pied je prends la liberte de vous conseiller en ami et serviteur, de venir ici incessamment, et de presser votre voyage de sorte que vous puissiez paraitre publiquement lundi [18th] vers midi. Vous trouverez 6 (SIC) chevaux de postes a Olau et a Grottkau tout prets. Hatez—vous, Milord, tout ce que vous pourrez au monde. J'ai l'honneur de" Meaning, in brief English:—

"Be at Neundorf here, publicly, on Monday next, 18th, towards noon." Things being ripe. "Haste, Milord, haste!"

"Ce 18me a 3 heures apres—midi. (2.) "Je suis an desespoir, Milord, de votre maladie. Voici le courrier que vous attendiez. Venez le plutot que vous pourrez au monde; si non, dites au General Marwitz de quoi il s'agit, afin qu'il puisse me le faire savoir. ... Le courrier serait arrive quatre heures plutot, si nous ne l'avions renvoye au Comte Neuberg (SIC) a cause de votre maladie.—GOLTZ." [*Hyndford Papers*, fol. 150–152.]—That is to say:—

"Distressed inexpressibly by your Lordship's biliary condition. One cannot travel under colic;—and things were so ripe! Courier would have reached you four hours sooner, but we had to send him over to Neipperg first.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Come, oh come!"—Which Hyndford, now himself again, at once does.

This is the Mystery, which, on September 22d, had arrived at that stage, indicated above: "Tush! Follow me: Dinner is already falling cold, and there are eyes upon us!" And in about another fortnight— But we shall have to take the luggage with us, too, what minimum of it is indispensable!

Chapter V. KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF: FRIEDRICH GETS NEISSE, IN A FASHION.

While these combined Mysteries and War-movements go on, in Neisse and its Environs, the World-Phenomena continue,—in Upper Austria and elsewhere. Of which take these select summits, or points chiefly luminous in the dusk of the forgotten Past:—

LINZ, SEPTEMBER 14th. Karl Albert, being joined some days ago at Scharding by the first three French Divisions, 15,000 men in all (the other four Divisions of them are still in the Donauworth- Ingolstadt quarter, making their manifold arrangements), has pushed forward, sixty miles (land-marches, south side of the Donau, which makes a bend here), and this day, September 14th, appears at Linz. Pleasant City of Linz; where, as readers may remember, Mr. John Kepler, long ago, busy discovering the System of the World (grandest Conquest ever made, or to be made, by the Sons of Adam), had his poor CAMERA OBSCURA set out, to get himself a livelihood in the interim: here now is Karl Albert's flag on the winds, and, as it were, the Oriflamme with it, on a singularly different Adventure. "Open Gates!" demands Karl Albert with authority: "Admit me to my Capital of Upper Austria!" Which cannot be denied him, there being nothing but Town-guards in the place.

Karl Albert continued there some weeks, in a serenely victorious posture; doing acts of authority; getting homaged by the STANDE; pushing out his forces farther and farther down the Donau, post after post,—victorious Oriflamme-Bavarian Army may be 40,000 strong or so, in those parts. Friedrich urged him much to push on without pause, and take opportunity by the forelock; sent Schmettau (elder of the two Schmettaus, who is much employed on such business) to urge him; wrote an express Paper of Considerations pressingly urgent: but he would not, and continued pausing.

Vienna, all in terror, is fortifying itself; citizens toiling at the earthworks, resolute for making some defence; Constituted Authorities, National Archives even, Court in a body, and all manner of Noble and Official people, flying else-whither to covert: chiefly to Presburg, where her Majesty already is. The Archives were carried to Gratz; the two Dowager Empresses (for there are two, Maria Theresa's Mother, and Maria Theresa's Aunt, Kaiser Joseph's Widow) fled different ways,—I forget which. An agitated, paralyzed population. Except the diligent wheelbarrows on the ramparts, no vehicle is rolling in Vienna but furniture-wagons loading for flight. General Khevenhuller with 6,000, who pesides with fine scientific skill, and an iron calmness and clearness, over these fortifyings, is the only force left. [Anonymous, *Histoire de la Derniere Guerre de Boheme* (a Francfort, 1745-1747, 4 tomes), i. 190. A lively succinct little Book, vague not false; still readable, though not now, as then, with complete intelligence, to the unprepared reader. Said, in Dictionaries, to be by Mauvillon PERE, though it resembles nothing else of his that is known to me.] Neipperg's, our only Army in the world, is hundreds of miles away, countermarching and manoeuvring about Woitz, and Neisse Town and River,—pretty sure to be beaten in the end,—and it is high time there were a Silesian bargain had, if Hyndford can get us any.

DRESDEN, SEPTEMBER 19th (Excellency Hyndford just recovering from his colic, in Breslau), Kur-Sachsen, after many waverings, signs Treaty of Copartnery with France and Bavaria, seduced by "that Moravia," and the ticklings of Belleisle acting on a weak mind. [Adelung, ii. 469, 304, 503.] His troops are 20,000, or rather more; said to be of good quality, and well equipped. In February last we saw him engaged in Russian, Anti-Prussian Partition schemes. In April, as these suddenly (on sight of the Camp of Gottin) extinguished themselves, he agreed to go, in the pacific way, with her Hungarian Majesty for friend (Treaty with her, signed 11th April); but never went (Treaty never ratified); kept his 20,000 lying about in Camp, in an enigmatic manner,—first about Torgau, latterly in the Lausitz, much nearer to the ERZGEBIRGE (Metal-Mountains), Frontier of Bohemia;—and now signs as above; intent to march as soon as possible. Is to have Four Circles of Bohemia, imaginary Kingships of Moravia, and other prizes. Belleisle has tickled that big trout: Belleisle could now have the Election as he wishes it, would the Electors but be speedy; but they will not, and he is obliged to push continually.

"Moriatur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresia," IN THE POETIC, AND THEN ALSO IN THE PROSE FORM.

PRESBURG, SEPTEMBER 21st. This is the date (or chief date, for, alas, there turn out to be two!) of the world-famous "MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO MARIA THERESIA;" of which there are now needed Two

Narratives; the generally received (in part mythical) going first, in the following strain:—

"The Queen has been in Presburg mainly, where the Hungarian Diet is sitting, ever since her Coronation—ceremony. On the 11th September [or 11th and 21st together], the afflicted Lady makes an appearance there, which, for theatrical reality, has become very celebrated. Alas, it is but three months since she galloped to the top of the Königsberg, and cut defiantly with bright sabre towards the Four Points of the Universe; and already it has come to this. Hungarian Magnates in high session, the high Queen enters, beautiful and sad,—and among her Ministers is noticeable a Nurse with the young Archduke, some six months old, a fine thriving child, perhaps too wise for his age, who became Kaiser Joseph II. in after time.

"The Hungarian Session is not on record for me, Hall of meeting, Magyar Parliamentary eloquence unknown; nor is any point conspicuously visible, exact and certain, except these [alas, not even these]: That it was the 11th of September; that her Majesty coming forward to speak, took the child in her arms, and there, in a clear and melodiously piercing voice, sorrow and courage on her noble face, beautiful as the Moon riding among wet stormy clouds, spake, as the Hungarian Archives still have it, a short Latin Harangue; in substance as follows: ... 'Hostile invasion of Austria; imminent peril, to this Kingdom of Hungary, to our person, to our children, to our crown. Forsaken by all,—AB OMNIBUS DERELICTI [Britannic Majesty himself standing stock—still,—blamably, one thinks, the two swords being only at HIS throat, and a good way off!]
—I have no resource but to throw myself on the loyalty and help of Your renowned Body, and invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise swiftly and save me!' Whereat the assembled Hungarian Synod, their wild Magyar hearts touched to the core, start up in impetuous acclaim, flourish aloft their drawn swords, and shout unanimously in passionate tenor—voice, 'MORIAMUR (Let us die) for our Rex Maria Theresa!' [*Maria Theresiens Leben (which speaks hypothetically), iv, 44; Coxe, iii. 270 (who is positive, "after examining the Documents").*] Which were not vain words. For a general 'Insurrection' was thereupon decreed; what the Magyars call their 'Insurrection,' which is by no means of rebellious nature; and many noblemen, old Count Palfy himself a chief among them, though past threescore and ten, took the field at their own cost; and the noise of the Hungarian Insurrection spread like a voice of hope over all Pragmatic countries."—

A very beautiful heroic scene; which has gone about the world, circulating triumphantly through all hearts for above a Century past; and has only of late acknowledged itself mythical,—not true, except as toned down to the following stingy prose pitch:—

PRESBURG, SEPTEMBER 21st. Maria Theresa, since that fine Coronation—scene, June 2Sth, has had a mixed time of it with her Hungarian Diet; soft passages alternating with hard: a chivalrous people, most consciously chivalrous; but a constitutional withal, very stiff upon their Charter (PACTA CONVENTA, or whatever the name is); who wrangle much upon privileges, upon taxes, and are difficult to keep long in tune. Ten days ago (September 11th), her Majesty tried them on a new tack; summoned them to her Palace; threw herself upon their nobleness, "No allies but you in the world" (and other fine things, authentically, as above, legible in the Archives to this day):—so spake the beautiful young Queen, her eyes filling with tears as she went on, and yet a noble fire gleaming through them. Which melted the Hungarian heart a good deal; and produced fine cheering, some persons even shedding tears, and voices of "Life and Fortune to your Majesty!" being heard in it. In which humor the Diet returned to its Session—House, and voted the "Insurrection,"—or general Arming of Hungary, County by County, each according to its own contingent;—with all speed, in pursuance of her Majesty's implied desire. This was voted in rapid manner; but again, in the detail of executing, it was liable to haggles. From this day, however, matters did decidedly improve; PACTA CONVENTA, or any remainder of them, are got adjusted,—the good Queen yielding on many points. So that, September 20th, Grand—Duke Franz is elected Co—regent,—let him start from Vienna instantly, for Instalment;—and it is hoped the Insurrection will go well, and not prove haggly, or hang fire in the details.

At any rate, next day, September 21st, Duke Franz, who arrived last night,—and Baby with him, or in the train of him (to the joy of Mamma!)—is in the Palace Audience—Hall, "at 8 A.M.;" ready for the Diet, and what Homagings and mutual Oath, as new Co—regent, are necessary. Grand—Duke Franz, Mamma by his side, with the suitable functionaries; and to rearward Nurse and Baby, not so conspicuous till needed. Diet enters with the stroke of 8; solemnity proceeds. At the height of the solemnity, when Duke Franz, who is really risen now to something of a heroic mood, in these emergencies and perils, has just taken his Oath, and will have to speak a fit word or two,—the Nurse, doubtless on hint given, steps forward; holds up Baby (a fine noticing fellow, I have no

doubt,——"weighed sixteen pounds avoirdupois when born"); as if Baby too, fine mutual product of the Two Co-regents, were mutually swearing and appealing. Enough to touch any heart. "Life and blood (VITAM ET SANGUINEM) for our Queen and Kingdom!" exclaims the Grand-Duke, among other things. "Yes, VITAM ET SANGUINEM!" re-echoes the Diet, "our life and our blood!" many-voiced, again and again;—and returns to its own Place of Session, once more in a fine strain of loyal emotion.

And there, O reader, is the naked truth, neither more nor less. It was some Vienna Pamphleteer of theatrical imaginative turn, finding the thing apt, a year or two afterwards—who by kneading different dates and objects into one, boldly annihilating time and space, and adding a little paint,—gave it that seductive mythical form. From whom Voltaire adopted it, with improvements, especially in the little Harangue; and from Voltaire gratefully the rest of mankind. [Voltaire, *Siecle de Louis XV.*, c. 6 (*OEuvres*, xxviii. 78); Coxe, *House of Austria*, iii. 270; and innumerable others (who give this Myth); Maria Theresiens *Leben*, p. 44 n. (who cites the Vienna Pamphleteers, without much believing them); Mailath (a Hungarian), *Geschichte des OEsterrichischen Kaiser-Staats* (Hamburg, 1850), v. 11–13 (who explodes the fable). Cut down to the practical, it stands as above:—by no means a bad thing still. That of "bringing in Baby" was a pretty touch in the domestic-royal way;—and surely very natural; and has no "art" in it, or none to blame and not love rather, on the part of the bright young Mother, now girdled in such tragic outlooks, and so glad to have Baby back at least, and Papa with him! It is certain the "Insurrection" was voted with enthusiasm; and even became rapidly a fact. And there was, in few months hence, an immense mounted force of Hungarians raised, which galloped and plundered (having almost no pay), and occasionally fenced and fought, very diligently during all these Wars. Hussars, Croats, Pandours, Tolpatches, Warasdins, Uscocks, never heard of in war before: who were found very terrible to look upon once, in the imagination or with the naked eye; but whose fighting talent, against regular troops, was next to worthless; and who gradually became hateful rather than terrible in the military world.

HANOVER, SEPTEMBER 27th. Britannic Majesty, reduced to that frightful pinch, has at last given way. Treaty of Neutrality for Hanover; engagement again to stick one's puissant Pragmatic sword into its scabbard, to be perfectly quiescent and contemplative in these French-Bavarian Anti-Austrian undertakings, and digest one's indignation as one can. For our Paladin of the Pragmatic what a posture! This is the first of Three Attempts by our puissant little Paladin to draw sword;—not till the third could he get his sword out, or do the least fighting (even foolish fighting) with all the 40,000 he had kept on pay and subsidy for years back. The Neutrality was for Hanover only, and had no specific limit as to time. Opportunities did rise; but something always rose along with them,—mainly the impossibility of hoisting those lazy Dutch, —and checked one's noble rage. His Majesty has covenantad to vote for Karl Albert as Kaiser; even he, and will make the thing unanimous! A thoroughly check-mated Majesty. Passing home to England, this time in a gloomy condition of mind, shortly after these humiliations, he was just issuing from Osnabruck by the Eastern Gate, when Maillebois's people entered by the Western,—the ugly shoes of them insulting his kibes in this manner. And a furious Anti-Walpole Parliament, most perturbed of National Palavers, is waiting him at St. James's. Heavy-laden little Hercules that he is!

Karl Albert lay at Linz for a month longer (till October 24th, six weeks in all); pausing in uncertainties, in a pleasant dream of victory and sovereignty; not pouncing on Vienna, as Friedrich urged on the French and him, to cut the matter by the root. He does push forward certain troops, Comte de Saxe with Three Horse Regiments as vanguard, ever nearer to Vienna; at last to within forty miles of it; nay, light-horse parties came within twenty-five miles. And there was skirmishing with Mentzel, a sanguinary fellow, of whom we shall hear more; who had got "1,000 Tolpatches" under him, and stood ruggedly at bay.

Karl Albert has been sending out sovereign messages from Linz: Letters to Vienna;—one letter addressed "To the Arch-duchess Maria Theresa;" which came back unopened, "No such person known here." October 2d, he is getting homaged at Linz, by the STANDE of the Province,—on summons sent some time before,—many of whom attend, with a willing enough appearance; Kur-Baiern rather a favorite in Upper Austria, say some. Much fine processioning, melodious haranguing, there now is for Karl Albert, and a pleasant dream of Sovereignty at Linz: but if he do not pounce upon Vienna till Khevenhuller get it fortified? Khevenhuller is drawing home Italian Garrisons, gradually gathering something like an Army round him. In Khevenhuller's imperturbable military head, one of the clearest and hardest, there is some hope. Above all, if Neipperg's Army were to disengage itself, and be let loose into those parts?

EXCELLENCY HYNDFORD BRINGS ABOUT A MEETING AT KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF (9th October,

1741).

It was the second day after that Homaging at Linz, when Hyndford (Sept. 22d) with mysterious negotiations, now nearly ripe, for disengaging Neipperg, waylaid his Prussian Majesty; and was answered, as we saw, with "Tush, tush! Dinner is already cold!"

It must be owned, these Friedrich–Hyndford Negotiations, following on an express French–Prussian Treaty of June 5th, which have to proceed in such threefold mystery now and afterwards, are of questionable distressing nature: nor can the fact that they are escorted copiously enough by a correspondent sort on the French side, and indeed on the Austrian and on all sides, be a complete consolation, –far otherwise, to the ingenuous reader. Smelfungus indignantly calls it an immorality and a dishonor, "a playing with loaded dice;" which in good part it surely was. Nor can even Friedrich, who has many pleas for himself, obtain spoken acquittal; unspoken, accompanied with regrets and pity, is all even Friedrich can aspire to. My own impression is, Smelfungus, if candid, would on clearer information and consideration have revoked much of what he says here in censure of Friedrich. At all events, if asked: Where then is the specific not "superstitious" WANT of "veracity" you ever found in Friedrich? and How, OTHERWISE than even as Friedrich did, would you, most veracious Smelfungus, have plucked out your Silesia from such an Element and such a Time? –he would be puzzled to answer. I give his Fragment as I find it, with these deductions: –

"What negotiating we have had, and shall have," exclaims Smelfungus, my sad foregoer, – "fit rather to be omitted from a serious History, which intends to be read by human creatures! Bargaining, Promising, Non–performing. False in general as dicers' oaths; false on this side and on that, from beginning to end. Intercepted Letters from Fleury; Letter dropping from Valori's waistcoat–pocket, upon which Friedrich claps his foot: alas, alas, we are in the middle of a whole world of that. Friedrich knows that the French are false to him; he by no means intends to be romantically true to them, and that also they know. What is the use to human creatures of recording all that melancholy stuff? If sovereign persons want their diplomacies NOT to be swept into the ash–pit, there are two conditions, especially one which is peremptory: FIRST, that they should not lie; –SECOND, that they should be of some importance, some wisdom; which with known lies is not a possible condition. To unravel cobwebs, and register laboriously and date and sort in the sorrow of your soul the oaths of crowned dicers, –what use is it to gods or men? Having well dressed and sliced your cucumber, the next clear human duty is: Throw it out of window. In that foul Lapland–witch world, of seething Diplomacies and monstrous wiggled mendacities, horribly wicked and despicably unwise, I find nothing notable, memorable even in a small degree, except this aspect of a young King who does know what he means in it. Clear as a star, sharp as cutting steel (very dangerous to hydrogen balloons), he stands in the middle of it, and means to extort his own from it by such methods as there are.

"Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbors, nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business: but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous wiggled mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming–table with these sharpers; their dice all cogged; –and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it. And in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering mellay, and go home safe with it if he can."

Very well, my friend! Let us keep to windward of the Diplomatic wizard's–caldron; let Hyndford, Valori and Company preside over it, throwing in their eye of newt and limb of toad, as occasion may be. Enough, if the reader can be brought to conceive it; and how the young King, –who perhaps alone had real business in this foul element, and did not volunteer into it like the others, though it now unexpectedly envelops him like a world–whirlwind (frightful enough, if one spoke of that to anybody), is struggling with his whole soul to get well out of it. As supremely adroit, all readers already know him; his appearance what we called starlike, –always something definite, fixed and lucid in it.

He is dexterously holding aloof from Hyndford at present, clinging to French Valori as his chosen companion: we may fancy what a time he has of it, like a polygamist amid jealous wives. It will quicken Hyndford, he perceives, in these ulterior stages, to leave him well alone. Hyndford accordingly, as we have noticed, could not see the King at all; had to try every plan, to watch, waylay the King for a bit of interview, when indispensable. However, Hyndford, with his Neipperg in sight of the peril, manages better than Robinson with his Aulic Council at a distance: besides he is a long–headed dogged kind of man, with a surly edacious strength, not inexpert in negotiation, nor easily turned aside from any purpose he may have.

Between the two Camps, nearly midway, lies a Hamlet called Klein– Schnellendorf, LITTLE Schnellendorf, to distinguish it from another Schnellendorf called GREAT, which is a mile or two northwestward, out of the straight line. Not far from the first of these poor Hamlets lies a Schloss or noble Mansion, likewise called Klein– Schnellendorf, belonging to a certain Count von Sternberg, who is not there at present, but whose servants are, and a party of Croats over them for some days back: a pleasant airy Mansion among pleasant gardens, well shut out from the intrusion of the world. Upon this Castle of Klein–Schnellendorf judicious Hyndford has cast his eye:—and Neipperg, now come to a state of readiness, approves the suggestion of Hyndford, and promptly at the due moment converts it into a fact. Arrests namely, on a given morning (the last act of his Croats there, who withdrew directly with their batch of prisoners), every living soul within or about the Mansion;— "suspected of treason;" only for one day;—and in this way, has it reduced to the comfortable furnished solitude of Sleeping Beauty's Castle; a place fit for high persons to hold a Meeting in, which shall remain secret as the grave. Such a thing was indispensable. For Friedrich, keeping shy of Hyndford, as he well may with a Valori watching every step, has, by words, by silences, when Hyndford could waylay him for a moment, sufficiently indicated what he will and what he will not; and, for one indispensable condition, in the present thrice–delicate Adventure, he will not sign anything; will give and take word of honor, and fully bind himself, but absolutely not put pen to paper at all. Neipperg being willing too, judicious Hyndford finds a medium. Let the parties meet at Klein–Schnellendorf, and judicious Hyndford be there with pen and paper. [Orlich, i. 146; Helden–Geschichte, i. 1009.]

Monday, 9th October, 1741, accordingly, there is meeting to be held. Hyndford, Neipperg with his General Lentulus (a Swiss–Austrian General, whose Son served under Friedrich afterwards), these wait for Friedrich, on the one hand:—"to fix some cartel for exchange of prisoners," it is said;—in these precincts of Klein–Schnellendorf; which are silent, vacant, yet comfortably furnished, like Sleeping Beauty's Castle. And Friedrich, on the other hand, is actually riding that way, with Goltz;—visiting outposts, reconnoitring, so to speak. "Dine you with Prince Leopold (the Young Dessauer), my fine Valori; I fear I shan't be home to dinner!" he had said when going off; hoodwinking his fine Valori, who suspects nothing. At a due distance from Klein–Schnellendorf, the very groom is left behind; and Friedrich, with Goltz only, pushes on to the Schloss. All ready there; salutations soon done; business set about, perfected:—and Hyndford with pen and ink in his hand, he, by way of Protocol, or summary of what had been agreed on, on mutual word of honor, most brief but most clear on this occasion, writes a State Paper, which became rather famous afterwards. This is the Paper in condensed state; though clear, it is very dull!

KLEIN–SCHNELLENDORF, 9th OCTOBER, 1741. Britannic Excellency Hyndford testifies, That, here and now, his Majesty of Prussia, and Neipperg on behalf of her Hungarian Majesty do, solemnly though only verbally, agree to the following Four Things:—

"FIRST, That General Neipperg, on the 16th of the month [this day week] shall have liberty to retire through the Mountains, towards Moravia; unmolested, or with nothing but sham–attacks in the rear of him. SECOND, That, in consequence, his Prussian Majesty, on making sham–siege of Neisse, shall have the place surrendered to him on the fifteenth day. THIRD, That there shall be, nay in a sense, there hereby is, a Peace made; his Majesty retaining Neisse and Silesia [according to the limits known to us:—nothing said of Glatz]; and that a complete Treaty to that effect shall be perfected, signed and ratified, before the Year is out. FOURTH, That these sham–hostilities, but only sham, shall continue; and that his Majesty, wintering in Bohemia, and carrying on sham–hostilities [to the satisfaction of the French], shall pay his own expenses, and do no mischief." [Given in *Helden– Geschichte*, i. 1009; in

To these Four Things they pledge their word of honor; and Hyndford signs and delivers each a Copy. Unwritten a Fifth Thing is settled, That the present transaction in all parts of it shall be secret as death,—his Majesty expressly insisting that, if the least inkling of it ooze out, he shall have right to deny it, and refuse in any way to be bound by it. Which likewise is assented to.

Here is a pretty piece of work done for ourself and our allies, while Valori is quietly dining with the Prince of Dessau! The King stayed about two hours; was extremely polite, and even frank and communicative. "A very high–spirited young King," thinks Neipperg, reporting of it; "will not stand contradiction; but a great deal can be made of him, if you go into his ideas, and humor him in a delicate dexterous way. He did not the least hide his engagements with France, Bavaria, Saxony; but would really, so far as I Neipperg could judge, prefer friendship with Austria, on the given terms; and seems to have secretly a kind of pique at Saxony, and no favor for the

French and their plans." [Orlich, i. 149 (in condensed state).]

"Business being done [this is Hyndford's report], the King, who had been politeness itself, took Neipperg aside, beckoning Hyndford to be of the party, 'I wish you too, my Lord, to hear every word:—his Britannic Majesty knows or should know my intentions never were to do him hurt, but only to take care of myself; and pray inform him [what is the fact] that I have ordered my Army in Brandenburg to go into winter-quarters, and break up that Camp at Gottin.' Friedrich's talk to Neipperg is, How he may assault the French with advantage: 'Join Lobkowitz and what force he has in Bohmen; go right into your enemies, before they can unite there. If the Queen prosper, I shall—perhaps I shall have no objection to join her by and by? If her Majesty fail; well, every one must look to himself.'" These words Hyndford listened to with an edacious solid countenance, and greedily took them down. [Hyndford's Despatch, Breslau, 14th October, 1741.]

Once more, a curious glimpse (perhaps imprudently allowed us, in the circumstances) into the real inner man of Friedrich. He had, at this time, now that the Belleisle Adventure is left in such a state, no essential reason to wish the French ruined,—nor probably did he; but only stated both chances, as in the way of unguarded soliloquy; and was willing to leave Neipperg a sweet morsel to chew. Secret mode of corresponding with the Court of Austria is agreed upon; not direct, but through certain Commandants, till the Peace-Treaty be perfected,—at latest "by December 24th," we hope. And so, "BON VOYAGE, and well across the Mountains, M. LE MARECHAL; till we meet again! And you, Excellency Hyndford, be so good you as write to me,—for Valori's behoof,—complaining that I am deaf to all proposals, that nothing can be had of me. And other Letters, pray, of the like tenor, all round; to Presburg, to England, to Dresden:—if the Couriers are seized, it shall be well. 'Your Letter to myself, let a trumpet come with it while I am at dinner,' and Valori beside me!"—"Certainly, your Majesty," answers Hyndford; and does it, does all this; which produces a soothing effect on Valori, poor soul!

FRIEDRICH TAKES NEISSE BY SHAM SIEGE (CAPTURE NOT SHAM); GETS HOMAGED IN BRESLAU; AND RETURNS TO BERLIN.

Thus, if the Austrians hold to their bargain, has Friedrich, in a most compendious manner, got done with a Business which threatened to be infinite: by this short cut he, for his part, is quite out of the waste-howling jungle of Enchanted Forest, and his foot again on the firm free Earth. If only the Austrians hold to their bargain! But probably he doubts if they will. Well, even in that case, he has got Neisse; stands prepared for meeting them again; and, in the mean while, has freedom to deny that there ever was such a bargain.

Of the Political morality of this game of fast-and-loose, what have we to say,—except, that the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it forever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity), and what of folly (which is always falsity), there was in Friedrich and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances:—and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you cannot work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean. Friedrich has got into the Enchanted Wilderness, populous with devils and their works;—and, alas, it will be long before he get out of it again, HIS life waning towards night before he get victoriously out, and bequeath his conquest to luckier successors! It is one of the tragic elements of this King's life; little contemplated by him, when he went lightly into the Silesian Adventure, looking for honor bright, what he called "GLOIRE," as one principal consideration, hardly a year ago!—

Neipperg, according to covenant, broke up punctually that day week, October 16th; and went over the Mountains, through Jagerndorf, Troppau, towards Mahren; Prussians hanging on his rear, and skirmishing about, but only for imaginary or ostensible purposes. After a three-weeks march, he gets to a place called Frating, [Espagnac, i. 104.] easternmost border of Mahren, on the slopes of the Mannhartsberg Hill-Country, which is within wind of Vienna itself; where, as we can fancy, his presence is welcome as morning-light in the present dark circumstances.

Friedrich, on the morrow after Neipperg went, invested Neisse (October 17th); set about the Siege of Neisse with all gravity, as if it had been the most earnest operation; which nobody of mankind, except three or four, doubted but it was. Before opening of the trenches, Leopold young Dessauer took the road for Glatz Country, and the adjoining Circles of Bohemia; there to canton himself, peaceably according to contract; and especially to have an eye upon Glatz, should the Klein-Schnellendorf engagement go awry in any point. The King in his Dialogue with Neipperg had said several things about Glatz, and what a sacrifice he made there for the sake of speedy pace, the French having guaranteed him Glatz, though he now forbore it. Leopold, who has with him some 15,000 horse

and foot, cantons himself judiciously in those ultramontane parts,— "all the artillery in the Glatz Country;" [*Helden–Geschichte*, ii. 431; Orlich, i. 174.]—and we shall hear of him again, by and by, in regard to other business that rises there.

Neisse is a formidable Fortress, much strengthened since last year; but here is a Besieger with much better chance! He marked out parallels, sent summonses, reconnoitred, manoeuvred,—in a way more or less surprising to the eye of Valori, who is military, and knows about sieges. Rather singular, remarks Valori; good engineers much wanted here! But the bombardment did finally begin: night of October 26th–27th, the Prussiaus opened fire; and, at a terrible rate, cannonaded and bombarded without intermission. In point of fire and noise it is tremendous; Valori trusts it may be effective, in spite of faults; goes to Breslau in hope: "Yes, go to Breslau, MON CHER VALORI; wait for me there. Neipperg be chased, say you? Shall not he,—if we had got this place!" And so the fire continues night and day. [*Helden–Geschichte*, i. 1006.]

Fantastic Bielfeld, in his semi–fabulous style, has a LETTER on this bombardment, attractive to Lovers of the Picturesque,— (written long afterwards, and dated WRONG). As Bielfeld is a rapid clever creature of the coxcomb sort, and doubtless did see Neisse Siege, and entertained seemingly a blazing incorrect recollection of it, his Pseudo–Neisse Letter may be worth giving, to represent approximately what kind of scene it was there at Neisse in the October nights:—

"Marechal Schwerin was lodged in a Village about three–quarters of a mile from Head–Quarters. One day he did me the honor to invite me to dinner; and even offered me a horse to ride thither with him. I found excellent company; a superb repast, and wine of the gods. Host and guests were in high spirits; and the pleasures of the table were kept up so late, that it was midnight when we rose. I was obliged to return to Head–Quarters, having still to wait upon the King, as usual. The Marechal was kind enough to lend me another horse; but the groom mischievously gave me the charger which the Marechal rode at the Battle of Mollwitz; a very powerful animal, and which, from that day, had grown very skittish.

"I was made aware of this circumstance, before we were fairly out of the Village; and the night being of the darkest, I twenty times ran the risk of breaking my neck. We had to pass over a hill, to get to Head–Quarters. When I reached the top, a shudder came over me, and my hair stood on end. I had nobody with me but a strange groom. The country all around was infested with troops and marauders; I was mounted on an unmanageable horse. Under my feet, so to say, I saw the bombardment of the Town of Neisse. I heard the roar of cannon and doleful shrieks. Above our batteries the whole atmosphere was inflamed; and to complete the calamity, I missed the way, and got lost in the darkness. Finally, in descending the hill, my horse, frightened, made a terrible swerve or side–jump. I did not know the cause; but after having, with difficulty, got him into the road again, I found myself opposite to a deserter who had been hanged that day! I was horribly disgusted by the sight; the gallows being very low, and the head of the malefactor almost parallel with mine. I spurred on, and galloped away from such unpleasant night– company. At last I arrived at Head–Quarters, all in a perspiration. I sent my horse back; and went in to the King, who asked me at once, why I was so heated. I made his Majesty a faithful report of all my disasters. He laughed much; and advised me seriously not again to go out by night, and alone, beyond the circuit of Head–Quarters." [Bielfeld, ii. 31, 32.]

After four days and nights of this sublime Playhouse thunder (with real bullets in it, which killed some men, and burnt considerable property), the Neisse Commandant (not Roth this time, Roth is now in Brunn),—his "fortnight of siege," October 17th to October 31st, being accomplished or nearly so,—beat chamade; and was, after grave enough treatyng, allowed to march away. Marched, accordingly, on the correct Klein–Schnellendorf terms; most of his poor garrison deserting, and taking Prussian service. Ever since which moment, Neisse, captured in this curious manner, has been Friedrich's and his Prussia's. November 1st, the Prussian soldiers entered the place; and Friedrich, after diligent inspection and what orders were necessary, left for Brieg on the following day;—where general illuminating and demonstrating awaited him, amid more serious business. After strict examinations, and approval of Walrave and his works at Brieg, he again takes the road; enters Breslau, in considerable state (November 4th); where many Persons of Quality are waiting, and the general Homaging is straightway to be,—or indeed should have been some days ago, but has fallen behind by delays in the Neisse affair.

The Breslau HULDIGUNG,—Friedrich sworn to and homaged with the due solemnities as "Sovereign Duke of Lower Silesia,"—was an event to throw into fine temporary frenzy the descriptive Gazetteers, and Breslau

City, overflowing with Quality people come to act and to see on the occasion. Event which can be left to the reader's fancy, at this date. There were Corporations out in quantity, "all in cloaks" and with sublime Addresses, partly in poetry, happily rather brief. There were beautiful Prussian Life-guards ("First Battalion," admirable to the softer sex, not to speak of the harder); much military resonance and splendor. Friedrich drove about in carriages—and-six, "nay carriage—and-eight, horses cream-color:" a very high King indeed; and a very busy one, for those four days (November 4th–8th) 1741), but full of grace and condescension. The HULDIGUNG itself took effect on the 7th; in the fine old Rathhaus, which Tourists still know,—the surrounding Apple-women sweeping themselves clear away for one day. Ancient Ducal throne and proper apparatus there was; state-sword unluckily wanting; Schwerin, who was to act Grand-Marshal, could find no state-sword, till Friedrich drew his own and gave it him. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1022, 1025; ii. 349.]

Podewils the Minister said something, not too much; to which one Prittwitz, head of a Silesian Family of which we shall know individuals, made pithy and pretty response, before swearing. "There were above Four Hundred of Quality present, all in gala." The customary Free-Gift of the STANDE Friedrich magnanimously refused: "Impossible to be a burden to our Silesia in such harassed war-circumstances, instead of benefactor and protector, as we intended and intend!" The Ceremony, swearing and all, was over in two hours; hundreds of silver medals, not to speak of the gold ones, flying about; and Breslau giving itself up joyfully to dinner and festivities. And, after dinner, that evening, to Illumination; followed by balls and jublations for days after, in a highly harmonious key. Of the lamps-festoons, astonishing transparencies, and glad symbolic devices, I could say a great deal; but will mention only two, both of comfortably edible or quasi-edible tendency:—

1. That of David Schulze, Flesher by profession; who had a Transparency large as life, representing his own fat Person in the act of felling a fat Ox; to which was appended this epigraph:—

"Wer mir wird den Konig in Preussen verachten, Den will ich wie diesen Ochsen schlachten." "Who dares me the King of Prussia insult, Him I will serve like this fat head of nolt." Signed "DAVID SCHULER, A BRANDENBURGER."—

And then,

2. How, in another quarter, there was set aloft IN RE, by some Pastry-cook of patriotic turn: "An actual Ox roasted whole; filled with pheasants, partridges, grouse, hares and geese; Prussian Eagle atop, made of roasted fowls, larks and the like,"—unattainable, I doubt, except for money down. [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 359.]

On the fifth morning, 9th November,—after much work done during this short visit, much ceremonial audiencing, latterly, and raising to the peerage,—Friedrich rolled on to Glogau. Took accurate survey of the engineering and other interests there, for a couple of days; thence to Berlin (noon of the 11th), joyfully received by Royal Family and all the world;—and, as we might fancy, asking himself: "Am I actually home, then; out of the enchanted jungles and their devilries; safe here, and listening, I alone in Peace, to the universal din of War?" Alas, no; that was a beautiful hypothesis; too beautiful to be long credible! Before reaching Berlin,—or even Breslau, as appears,—Friedrich, vigilantly scanning and discerning, had seen that fine hope as good as vanish; and was silently busy upon the opposite one.

In a fortnight hence, Hyndford, who had followed to Berlin, got transient sight of the King one morning, hastening through some apartment or other: "'My Lord,' said the King, (the Court of Vienna has entirely divulged our secret. Dowager Empress Amelia [Kaiser Joseph's widow, mother of Karl Albert's wife] has acquainted the Court of Bavaria with it; Wasner [Austrian Minister at Paris] has told Fleury; Sinzendorf [ditto at Petersburg] has told the Court of Russia; Robinson, through Mr. Villiers [your Saxon Minister], has told the Court of Dresden; and several members of your Government in England have talked publicly about it!' And, with a shrug of the shoulders, he left me,"—standing somewhat agape there. [Hyndford's Despatch, Berlin, 28th November, 1741; Ib. Breslau, 28th October (secret already known).]

Chapter VI. NEW MAYOR OF LANDSHUT MAKES AN INSTALLATION SPEECH.

The late general Homaging at Breslau, and solemn Taking Possession of the Country by King Friedrich, under such peaceable omens, had straightway, as we gather, brought about, over Silesia at large, or at least where pressingly needful, various little alterations,—rectifications, by the Prussian model and new rule now introduced. Of which, as it is better that the reader have some dim notion, if easily procurable, than none at all, I will offer him one example; —itself dim enough, but coming at first—hand, in the actual or concrete form, and beyond disputing in whatever light or twilight it may yield us.

At Landshut, a pleasant little Mountain Town, in the Principality of Schweidnitz, high up, on the infant River Bober, near the Bohemian Frontier—(English readers may see QUINCY ADAMS'S description of it, and of the long wooden spouts which throw cataracts on you, if walking the streets in rain [John Quincy Adams (afterwards President of the United States), *Letters on Silesia* (London, 1804). "The wooden spouts are now gone" (*Tourist's Note, of 1858*).]): at Landshut, as in some other Towns, it had been found good to remodel the Town Magistracy a little; to make it partly Protestant, for one thing, instead of Catholic (and Austrian), which it had formerly been. Details about the "high controversies and discrepancies" which had risen there, we have absolutely none; nor have the special functions of the Magistracy, what powers they had, what work they did, in the least become distinct to us: we gather only that a certain nameless Burgermeister (probably Austrian and Catholic) had, by "Most gracious Royal Special—Order," been at length relieved from his labors, and therewith "the much by him persecuted and afflicted Herr Theodorus Spener" been named Burgermeister instead. Which respectable Herr Theodorus Spener, and along with him Herr Johann David Fischer as RATHS—SENIOR, and Herr Johann Caspar Ruffer, and also Herr Johann Jacob Umminger, as new Raths (how many of the old being left I cannot say), were accordingly, on the 4th of December, 1741, publicly installed, and with proper solemnity took their places; all Landshut looking on, with the conceivable interest and astonishment, almost as at a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic,—change probably for the better.

Respectable Herr Theodorus Spener (we hope it is SpeNer, for they print him SPEER in one of the two places, and we have to go by guess) is ready with an Installation Speech on the occasion; and his Speech was judged so excellent, that they have preserved it in print. Us it by no means strikes by its Demosthenic or other qualities: meanwhile we listen to it with the closest attention; hoping, in our great ignorance, to gather from it some glimmerings of instruction as to the affairs, humors, disposition and general outlook and condition of Landshut, and Silesia in that juncture;— and though a good deal disappointed, have made an Abstract of it in the English language, which perhaps the reader too, in his great ignorance, will accept, in defect of better. Scene is Landshut among the Giant Mountains on the Bohemian Border of Silesia: an old stone Town, where there is from of old a busy trade in thread and linen; Town consisting, as is common there, of various narrow winding streets comparable to spider—legs, and of a roomy central Market—place comparable to the body of the spider; wide irregular Market—place with the wooden spouts (dry for the moment) all projecting round it. Time, 4th December, 1741 (doubtless in the forenoon); unusual crowd of population simmering about the Market—place, and full audience of the better sort gravely attentive in the interior of the Rathhaus; Burgermeister Spener LOQUITUR [*Helden—Geschichte*, ii. 416.] (liable to abridgment here and there, on warning given):—

"I enter, then, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, upon an Office, to which Divine Providence has appointed, and the gracious and potent hand of a great King has raised me. Great as is the dignity [giddy height of Mayoralty in Landshut], though undeserved, which the Ever—Nerciful has thus conferred upon me, equally great and much greater is the burden connected therewith. I confess"— He confesses, in high—stalking earnest wooden language very foreign to us in every way: (1.) That his shoulders are too weak; but that he trusts in God. For (2.) it is God's doing; and He that has called Spener, will give Spener strength, the essential work being to do God's will, to promote His honor, and the common weal. (3.) That he comes out of a smaller Office (Office not farther specified, probably exterior to the RATHS—COLLEGE, and subaltern to the late tyrannous Mayor and it), and has taken upon him the Mayoralty of this Town (an evident fact!); but that the labor and responsibility are dreadfully increased; and that the point is not increase of honor, of respectability or income, but of heavy duties. (A

sonorous, pious-minded Spener; much more in earnest than readers now think!)

It is easy, intimates he, to govern a Town, if, as some have perhaps done, you follow simply your own will, regardless of the sighs and complaints your subjects utter for injustice undergone,—indifferent to the thought that the caprice of one Town Sovereign is to be glorified by so many thousand tears (dim glance into the past history of Landshut!). Such Town Sovereign persecutes innocence, stops his ears to its cry; flourishes his sharp scourge;—no one shall complain: for is it not justice? thinks such a Town Sovereign. The reason is, He does not know himself, poor man; has had his eye always on the duties of his subjects towards him, and rarely or never on his towards them. A Sovereign Mayor that governs by fear,—he must live in continual fear of every one, and of himself withal. A weak basis: and capable of total overturn in one day. On the contrary, the love of your burgher subjects: that, if you can kindle it, will go on like a house on fire (AUSBRUCH EINES FEURES), and streams of water won't put it out. ... "And [let us now take Spener's very words] if a man keep the fear of God before his eyes, there will be no need for any other kind of fear.

"I will therefore, you especially High-honored Gentlemen, study to direct all my judicial endeavors to the honor of the great God, and to inviolable fidelity towards my most gracious King and Lord [Friedrich, by Decision of Providence—at Mollwitz and elsewhere].

"To the Citizens of this Town, from of old so dear to me, and now by Royal grace committed to my charge, and therefore doubly and trebly to be held dear, I mean to devote myself altogether. I will, on every occasion and occurrence, still more expressly than aforesaid, stand by them; and when need is, not fail to bring their case before the just Throne of our Anointed [Friedrich, by Decision of Providence]. Justice and fairness I will endeavor, under whatever complexities, to make my loadstar. Yes, I shall and will, by means of this my Office, equip myself with weapons whereby I may be capable to damp such humors (INTELLIGENTIEN), should such still be (but I believe there are now none such), as may repugn against the Royal interest, with possibility of being dangerous; and to put a bridle on mouths that are unruly. And, to say much in little compass, I will be faithful to God, to my King and to this Town.

"Having now the honor and happiness to be put into Official friendship with those Gentlemen who, as Burgermeisters, and as old and as new Members of Council, have for long years made themselves renowned among us, I will entertain, in respect of the former [the old] a firm confidence That the zeal they have so strongly manifested for behoof of the most serene Archducal House of Austria will henceforth burn in them for our most Beloved Land's Prince whom God has now given us; that the fire of their lately plighted truth and devotion, towards his Royal Majesty, shall shine not in words only, but in works, and be extinguished only with their lives. [Can that be, O Spener or Speer? Are we alarm-clocks, that need only to be wound up, and told at what hour, and for whom?] God, who puts Kings in and casts them out, has given to us a no less potent Sovereign than supremely loving Land's-Father, who, by the renown of his more than royal virtues, had taken captive the hearts of his future subjects and children still sooner than even by his arms, familiar otherwise to victory, he did the Land. And who shall be puissant and mighty enough, now to lead men's minds in a contrary direction; to control the Most High Power, ruler over hearts and Lands, who had decreed it should be so; and again to change this change? [Hear Spener: he has taken great pains with his Discourse, and understands composition!]

"This change, High-honored Gentlemen [of the Catholic persuasion], is also for you a not unhappy one. For our now as pious as wise King will, especially in one most vital point, take pattern by the King of all Kings; and means to be lord of his subjects only, not of the consciences of his subjects. He requires nothing from you but what you are already bound by God, by conscience, and duty, to render: to wit, obedience and inviolable unbroken fidelity. And by that, and without more asked than that, you will render yourselves worthy of his protection, and become partakers of the Royal favor. Nay you will render yourselves all the worthier in that high quarter, and the more meritorious towards our civic commonweal, the more you, High-honored Gentlemen [of the Catholic persuasion], accept, with all frankness of colleague-love and amity, me and the Evangelical brother Raths now introduced by Royal grace and power; and make the new position generously tenable and available to us;—and thereby bind with us the more firmly the band of peace and colleague-unity, for helping up this dear, and for some years greatly fallen, Town along with us.

"We, for our poor part, will, one and all, strive only to surpass each other in obedience and faith to our Most Gracious King. We will, as Regents of the Citizenry committed to us, go before them with a good example; and prove to all and every one, That, little and in war untenable as our Landshut is, it shall, in extent and

impregnability of faith towards its Most Dearest Land's-Prince, approve itself unconquerable. As well I as"—Professes now, in the most intricate phraseology, that he, and Fischer and Umminger (giving not only the titles, but a succinct history of all three, in a single sentence, before he comes to the verb!), bring a true heart, would the reader perhaps like to see it IN NATURA, as a specimen of German human-nature, and the art these Silesian spinners have in drawing out their yarns?

"As well I as [1.] The Titular Herr Johann David Fischer, distinguished trader and merchant of this Town, who, by his tradings in and beyond our Silesian Countries, has made himself renowned, and by his merit and address in particular instances [delicate instances known to Landshut, not to us] has made himself beloved, who has now been installed as Raths-Senior; and also as [2.] The Titular Herr Johann Caspar Ruffer, well-respected Citizen, and Revenue-office Manager here, who for many years has with much fidelity and vigilance managed the Revenue-office, and who for his experience in the economic constitution of this Town has been all-graciously nominated Raths-Herr;—and not less [3.] The Titular Johann Jacob Umminger, whilom Advocate at Law in Breslau, who, for his good studies in Law, and manifested skill in the practice of Law, has been an all-graciously nominated Supernumerary Councillor and Notary's-Adjunct among us:—As well I as these Three not only assure you, High-honored Gentlemen, of all imaginable estimation and return of love on our part; but do likewise assure all and sundry these respectable Herren Town-Jurats [specially present], representing here the universal well-beloved Citizenry of our Town,—that we bring a heart sincere, and intent only on aiming at the welfare of a Citizenry so lovable. We have the firm purpose by God's grace, so to order our walk, and so to conduct our government that we may, one day, when summoned from our judgment-seats to answer before the Universal Judgment-seat of Christ, be able to say, with that pious King and Judge of Israel: 'Lord, thou knowest if we have walked uprightly before thee.' And we hope to understand that the rewards of justice, in that Life, will be much more than those of injustice in this.

"We believe that the Most High will, in so far, bless these our honest purposes and wholesome endeavors, as that the actual fruits thereof will in time coming, and when Peace now soon expected (which God grant) has returned to us, be manifest; and that if, in our Office, as is common, we should rather have thorns of persecution than roses of recompense to expect, yet to each of us there will at last accrue praise in the Earth and reward in Heaven. [Hear Spener!]

"Meanwhile we will unite all our wishes, That the Almighty may vouchsafe to his Royal Majesty, our now All-dearest Duke and Land's-Father, many long years of life and of happy reign; and maintain this All-highest Royal-Prussian and Elector-Brandenburgic House in supremest splendor and prosperity, undisturbed to the end of all Days; and along with it, our Town-Council, and whole Merchantry and Citizenry, safe under this Prussian Sceptre, in perpetual blessing, peace and unity [what a modest prayer!]: to all which may Heaven speak its powerful Amen!" [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 416-422.]—

Whereupon solemn waving of hats; indistinct sigh of loyal murmur from the universal Landshut Population; after which, continued to the due extent, they return to their spindles and shuttles again.

Chapter VII. FRIEDRICH PURPOSES TO MEND THE KLEIN-SCHNELLENDORF FAILURE: FORTUNES OF THE BELLEISLE ARMAMENT.

We shall not dwell upon the movements of the French into Germany for the purpose of overwhelming Austria, and setting up four subordinate little Sovereignities to take their orders from Louis XV. The plan was of the mad sort, not recognized by Nature at all; the diplomacy was wide, expensive, grandiose, but vain and baseless; nor did the soldiering that followed take permanent hold of men's memory. Human nature cannot afford to follow out these loud inanities; and, at a certain distance of time, is bound to forget them, as ephemera of no account in the general sum. Difficult to say what profit human nature could get out of such transaction. There was no good soldiering on the part of the French except by gleams here and there; bad soldiering for the most part, and the cause was radically bad. Let us be brief with it; try to snatch from it, huge rotten heap of old exuviae and forgotten noises and deliriums, what fractions of perennial may turn up for us, carefully forgetting the rest.

Maillebois with his 40,000, we have seen how they got to Osnabruck, and effectually stilled the war-fervor of little George II.; sent him home, in fact, to England a checkmated man, he riding out of Osnabruck by one gate, the French at the same moment marching in by the other. There lies Maillebois ever since; and will lie, cantoned over Westphalia, "not nearer than three leagues to the boundary of Hanover," for a year and more. There let Maillebois lie, till we see him called away else-wither, upon which the gallant little George, check-mate being lifted, will get into notable military activity, and attempt to draw his sword again,— though without success, owing to the laggard Dutch. Which also, as British subjects, if not otherwise, the readers of this Book will wish to see something of. Maillebois did not quite keep his stipulated distance of "three leagues from the boundary" (being often short of victual), and was otherwise no good neighbor. Among his Field-Officers, there is visible (sometimes in trouble about quarters and the like) a Marquis du Chatelet,—who, I find, is Husband or Ex-Husband to the divine Emilie, if readers care to think of that! [*Campagnes* (i. 45, 193); and French Peerage-Books, ? DU CHATELAT.] Other known face, or point of interest for or against, does not turn up in the Maillebois Operation in those parts.

As for the other still grander Army, Army of the Oriflamme as we have called it,—which would be Belleisle's, were not he so overwhelmed with embassying, and persuading the Powers of Germany, —this, since we last saw it, has struck into a new course, which it is essential to indicate. The major part of it (Four rear Divisions! if readers recollect) lay at Ingolstadt, its place of arms; while the Vanward Three Divisions, under Maurice Comte de Saxe, flowed onward, joining with Bavaria at Passau; down the Donau Country, to Linz and farther, terrifying Vienna itself; and driving all the Court to Presburg, with (fabulous) "MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO MARIA THERESIA," but with actual armament of Tolpatches, Pandours, Warasdins, Uscocks and the like unsightly beings of a predatory centaur nature. Which fine Hungarian Armament, and others still more ominous, have been diligently going on, while Karl Albert sat enjoying his Homagings at Linz, his Pischah-views Vienna-ward; and asking himself, "Shall we venture forward, and capture Vienna, then?"

The question is intricate, and there are many secret biasings concerned in the solution of it. Friedrich, before Klein-Schnellendorf time, had written eagerly, had sent Schmettau with eager message, "Push forward; it is feasible, even easy: cut the matter by the root!" This, they say, was Karl Albert's own notion, had not the French overruled him;—not willing, some guess, he should get Austria, and become too independent of them all at once. Nay, it appears Karl Albert had inducements of his own towards Bohemia rather. The French have had Kur-Sachsen to manage withal; and there are interests in Bohemia of his and theirs,—clippings of Bohemia promised him as bribes, besides that "Kingdom of Moravia," to get his 21,000 set on march. "Clippings of Bohemia? Interests of Kur-Sachsen's in that Country?" asks Karl Albert with alarm: and thinks it will be safer, were he himself present there, while Saxony and France do the clippings in question! Sure enough, he did not push on. Belleisle, from the distance, strongly opined otherwise; Karl Albert himself had jealous fears about Bohmen. Friedrich's importunities and urgencies were useless: and the one chance there ever was for Karl Albert, for Belleisle and the Ruin of Austria, vanished without return.

Karl Albert has turned off, leftwards, towards his Bohemian Enterprises: French, Bavarians, Saxons, by their

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several routes, since the last days of October, are all on march that way. We will mark an exact date here and there, as fixed point for the reader's fancy. Poor Karl Albert, he had sat some six weeks at Linz,—about three weeks since that Homaging there (October 2d);—imaginary Sovereign of Upper Austria; looking over to Vienna and the Promised Land in general. And that fine Pisgah-view was all he ever had of it. Of Austrian or other Conquests earthly or heavenly, there came none to him in this Adventure;—mere MINUS quantities they all proved. For a few weeks more, there are, blended with awful portents, an imaginary gleam or two in other quarters; after which, nothing but black horror and disgrace, deepening downwards into utter darkness, for the poor man. Belleisle is an imaginary Sun-god; but the poor Icarus, tempted aloft in that manner into the earnest elements, and melting at once into quills and rags, is a tragic reality!—Let us to our dates:—

"OCTOBER 24th, The Bavarian Troops, who had lain at Mautern on the Donau some time, forty miles from Vienna and the Promised Land, got under way again;—not FORWARD, but sharp to left, or northward, towards the Bohemian parts. Thither all the Belleisle Armaments are now bound; and a general rallying of them is to be at Prag; for conquest of that Country, as more inviting than Austria at present. Comte de Saxe, who had lain at St. Polten, a march to southward of Mautern, he with the Vanward of the great Belleisle Army, bestirred himself at the same time; and followed steadily (Karl Albert in person was with Saxe), at a handy distance by parallel roads. To Prag may be about 200 miles. Across the Mannhartsberg Country, clear out of Austria, into Bohmen, towards Prag. At Budweis, or between that and Tabor, Towns of our old friend Zisca's, of which we shall hear farther in these Wars; Towns important by their intricate environment of rock and bog, far up among the springs of the Moldau,—there can these Bavarians, and this French Vanward of Belleisle, halt a little, till the other parties, who are likewise on march, get within distance.

For in these same days, as hinted above, the Rearward of the Belleisle Army (Four Divisions, strength not accurately given) pushes forward from Donauworth, well rested, through the Bavarian Passes, towards Bohemia and Prag: these have a longer march (say 250 miles)? to northeast; and the leader of them is one Polastron, destined unhappily to meet us on a future occasion. With them go certain other Bavarians; accompanying or preceding, as in the Vanward case. And then the Saxons (21,000 strong, a fine little Army, all that Saxony has) are, at the same time, come across the Metal Mountains (ERZGEBIRGE), in quest of those Bohemian clippings, of that Kingdom of Moravia: and march from the westward upon Prag, —Rutowsky leading them. Comte de Rutowsky, Comte de Saxe's Half-Brother, one of the Three Hundred and Fifty-four:—with whom is CHEVALIER de Saxe, a second younger ditto; and I think there is still a third, who shall go unnamed. In this grand Oriflamme Expedition, Four of the Royal-Saxon Bastards altogether." Who cost us more distinguishing than they are worth!

Chief General of these Saxons, says an Authentic Author, is Rutowsky; got from a Polish mother, I should guess: he commands in chief here;—once had a regiment under Friedrich Wilhelm, for a while; but has not much head for strategy, it may be feared. But mark that Fourth individual of the Three Hundred and Fifty-four, who has a great deal. Fourth individual, called Comte de Saxe, who is now in that French Vanward a good way to east, was (must I again remind you!) the produce of the fair Aurora von Konigsmark, Sister of the Konigsmark who vanished instantaneously from the light of day at Hanover long since, and has never reappeared more. It was in search of him that Aurora, who was indeed a shining creature (terribly insolvent all her life, whose charms even Charles XII. durst not front), came to Dresden; and,— in this Comte de Saxe, men see the result. Tall enough, restless enough; most eupeptic, brisk, with a great deal of wild faculty,— running to waste, nearly all. There, with his black arched eyebrows, black swift physically smiling eyes, stands Monseigneur le Comte, one of the strongest-bodied and most dissolute-minded men now living on our Planet. He is now turned of forty: no man has been in such adventures, has swum through such seas of transcendent eupepticity determined to have its fill. In this new Quasi-sacred French Enterprise, under the Banner of Belleisle and the Chateauroux, he has at last, after many trials, unconsciously found his culmination: and will do exploits of a wonderful nature,—very worthy of said Banner and its patrons.

"Here, then, are Three streams or Armaments pouring forward upon Prag; perhaps some 60,000 men in all:—a good deal uncertain what they are to do at Prag, except arrive simultaneously so far as possible. Belleisle, far off, has fallen sick in these critical days. Comte de Saxe cannot see his way in the matter at all: 'What are we to live upon,' asks Comte de Saxe, 'were there nothing more!'—For, simultaneously with these Three Armaments on march, there is an important Austrian one, likewise on the road for Prag: that of Grand-Duke Franz, who has

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left Presburg, with say 30,000 (including the Pandour element); and duly meets the Neipperg, or late Silesian Army;—well capable, now, to do a stroke upon the Three Armaments, if he be speedy? 'November 7th' it was when Grand-Duke Franz picked up Neipperg, 'at Frating' deep in Moravia (November 7th, the very day while Friedrich was getting homaged in Breslau), and turned him northwestward again. The Grand-Duke, in such strength, marches Rag-ward what he can; might be there before the French, were he swift; and is at any rate in disagreeable proximity to that Budweis-Tabor Country, appointed as one's halting-place."

And Belleisle, in these critical days, is—consider it!—"Poor Belleisle, he has all the Election Votes ready; he has done unspeakable labors in the diplomatic way; and leaves Europe in ebullition and conflagration behind him. He has all these Armies in motion, and has got rid of 'that Moravia,'—given it to Saxony, who adds the title 'King of Moravia' to his other dignities, and has set on march those 21,000 men. 'Would he were ready with them!' Belleisle had been saying, ever since the Treaty for them,—Treaty was, September 19th. Belleisle, to expedite him, came to Dresden [what day is not said, but deep in October]; intending next for the Prag Country, there to commence General, the diplomacies being satisfactorily done. Valori ran over from Berlin to wait upon him there. Alas, the Saxons are on march, or nearly so; but the great man himself, worn down with these Herculean labors, has fallen into rheumatic fever; is in bed, out at Hubertsburg (serene Country Palace of his Moravian Polish Majesty); and cannot get the least well, to march in person with the Three Armaments, with the flood of things he has set reeling and whirling at such rate.

"The sympathies of Valori go deep at this spectacle. The Alcides, who was carrying the axis of the world, fallen down in physical rheumatism! But what can sympathies avail? The great man sees the Saxons march without him. The great man, getting no alleviation from physicians, determines, in his patriotic heroism, to surrender glory itself; writes home to Court, 'That he is lamed, disabled utterly; that they must nominate another General.' And they nominate another; nominate Broglio, the fat choleric Marshal, of Italian breed and physiognomy, whom we saw at Strasburg last year, when Friedrich was there. Broglio will quit Strasburg too soon, and come. A man fierce in fighting, skilled too in tactics; totally incompetent in strategy, or the art of LEADING armies, and managing campaigns;—defective in intelligence indeed, not wise to discern; dim of vision, violent of temper; subject to sudden cranks, a headlong, very positive, loud, dull and angry kind of man; with whose tumultuous imbecilities the great Belleisle will be sore tried by and by. 'I reckon this,' Valori says, 'the root of all our woes;' this Letter which the great Belleisle wrote home to Court. Let men mark it, therefore, as a cardinal point,—and snatch out the date, when they have opportunity upon the Archives of France. [See Valori, i. 131.]

"Monseigneur the Comte de Saxe, before quitting the Vienna Countries, had left some 10,000 French and Bavarians, posted chiefly in Linz, under a Comte de Segur, to maintain those Donau Conquests, which have cost only the trouble of marching into them. Count Khevenhuller has ceased working at the ramparts of Vienna, nothing of siege to be apprehended now, civic terror joyfully vanishing again; and busies himself collecting an Army at Vienna, with intent of looking into those same French Segurs, before long. It is probable the so-called Conquests on the Donau will not be very permanent.

"NOVEMBER 19th–21st, The Three Belleisle Armaments, Karl Albert's first, have, simultaneously enough for the case, arrived on three sides of Prag; and lie looking into it,—extremely uncertain what to do when there. To Comte de Saxe, to Schmettau, who is still here, the outlook of this grand Belleisle Army, standing shelterless, provisionless, grim winter at hand, long hundreds of miles from home or help, is in the highest degree questionable, though the others seem to make little of it: 'Fight the Grand-Duke when he comes,' say they; 'beat him, and—' 'Or suppose, he won't fight? Or suppose, we are beaten by him?' answer Saxe and Schmettau, like men of knowledge, in the same boat with men of none. (We have no strong place, or footing in this Country: what are we to do? Take Prag!' advises Comte de Saxe, with earnestness, day after day. [His Letters on it to Karl Albert and others (in Espagnac, i. 94–99).] 'Take Prag: but how?' answer they. 'By escalade, by surprise, and sword in hand, answers he: 'Ogilvy their General has but 3,000, and is perhaps no wizard at his trade: we can do it, thus and thus, and then farther thus; and I perceive we are a lost Army if we don't!' So counsels Maurice Comte de Saxe, brilliant, fervent in his military views;—and, before it is quite too late, Schmettau and he persuade Karl Albert, persuade Rutowsky chief of the Saxons; and Count Polastron, Gaisson or whatever subaltern Counts there are, of French type, have to accede, and be saved in spite of themselves. And so,

"SATURDAY NIGHT, 25th NOVEMBER, 1741, brightest of moonshiny nights, our dispositions are all

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made: Several attacks, three if I remember; one of them false, under some Polastron, Gaisson, from the south side; a couple of them true, from the northwest and the southeast sides, under Maurice with his French, and Rutowsky with his Saxons, these two. And there is great marching 'on the side of the Karl–Thor (Charles–Gate),' where Rutowsky is; and by Count Maurice 'behind the Wischerad;'—and shortly after midnight the grand game begins. That French–Polastron attack, false, though with dreadful cannonade from the south, attracts poor Ogilvy with almost all his forces to that quarter; while the couple of Saxon Captains (Rutowsky not at once successful, Maurice with his French completely so) break in upon Ogilvy from rearward, on the right flank and on the left; and ruin the poor man. Military readers will find the whole detail of it well given in Espagnac. Looser account is to be had in the Book they call Mauvillon's." [*Derniere Guerre de Boheme*, i. 252–264. Saxe's own Account (Letter to Chevalier de Folard) is in Espagnac, i. 89 et seqq.]

One thing I remember always: the bright moonlight; steeples of Prag towering serene in silvery silence, and on a sudden the wreaths of volcanic fire breaking out all round them. The opposition was but trifling, null in some places, poor Ogilvy being nothing of a wizard, and his garrison very small. It fell chiefly on Rutowsky; who met it with creditable vigor, till relieved by the others. Comte Maurice, too, did a shifty thing. Circling round by the outside of the Wischerad, by rural roads in the bright moonshine, he had got to the Wall at last, hollow slope and sheer wall; and was putting—to his scaling–ladders,—when, by ill luck, they proved too short! Ten feet or so; hopelessly too short. Casting his head round, Maurice notices the Gallows hard by: "There, see you, are a few short ladders: MES ENFANS, bring me these, and we will splice with rope!" Supplemented by the gallows, Maurice soon gets in, cuts down the one poor sentry; rushes to the Market–place, finds all his Brothers rushing, embraces them with "VICTOIRE!" and "You see I am eldest; bound to be foremost of you!"

"No point in all the War made a finer blaze in the French imagination, or figured better in the French gazettes, than this of the Scalade of Prag, 25th November, 1741. And surely it was important to get hold of Prag; nevertheless, intrinsically it is no great thing, but an opportune small thing, done by the Comte de Saxe, in spite of such contradiction as we saw."

It was while news of this exploit was posting towards Berlin, but not yet arrived there, that Friedrich, passing through the apartment, intimated to Hyndford, "Milord, all is divulged, our Klein–Schnellendorf mystery public as the house–tops;" and vanished with a shrug of the shoulders,—thinking doubtless to himself, "What is OUR next move to be, in consequence?" Treaty with Kur– Baiern (November 4th) he had already signed in consequence, expressly declaring for Kur–Baiern, and the French intentions towards him. This news from Prag—Prag handsomely captured, if Vienna had been foolishly neglected—put him upon a new Adventure, of which in following Chapters we shall hear more.

THE FRENCH SAFE IN PRAG; KAISERWAHL JUST COMING ON.

Grand–Duke Franz, with that respectable amount of Army under him, ought surely to have advanced on Prag, and done some stroke of war for relief of it, while time yet was. Grand–Duke Franz, his Brother Karl with him and his old Tutor Neipperg, both of whom are thought to have some skill in war, did advance accordingly. But then withal there was risk at Prag; and he always paused again, and waited to consider. From Frating, on the 16th, [Espagnac, i. 87.] he had got to Neuhaus, quite across Mahren into Bohemian ground, and there joined with Lobkowitz and what Bohemian force there was; by this time an Army which you would have called much stronger than the French. Forward, therefore! Yes; but with pauses, with considerations. Pause of two days at Neuhaus; thence to Tabor (famed Zisca's Tabor), a safe post, where again pause three days. From Tabor is broad highway to Prag, only sixty miles off now:— screwing their resolution to the sticking–point, Grand–Duke and Consorts advance at length with fixed determination, all Friday, all Saturday (November 24th, 25th), part of Sunday too, not thinking it shall be only PART; and their light troops are almost within sight of Prag, when—they learn that Prag is scaladed the night before, and quite settled; that there is nothing except destruction to be looked for in Prag! Back again, therefore, to the Tabor–and–Budweis land. They strike into that boggy broken country about Budweis, some 120 miles south of Prag; and will there wait the signs of the times.

Grand–Duke Franz had seen war, under Seckendorf, under Wallis and otherwise, in the disastrous Turk Countries; but, though willing enough, was never much of a soldier: as to Neipperg, among his own men especially, the one cry is, He ought to go about his business out of Austrian Armies, as an imbecile and even a traitor. "Is it conceivable that Friedrich could have beaten us, in that manner, except by buying Neipperg in the first place? Neipperg and the generality of them, in that luckless Silesian Business? Glogau scaladed with the loss

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of half a dozen men; Brieg gone within a week; Neisse ditto: and Mollwitz, above all, where, in spite of Romer and such Horse-charging as was never seen, we had to melt, dissolve, and roll away in the glitter of the evening sun!" The common notion is, they are traitors, partial-traitors, one and all. [*Guerre de Boheme*, saepius.] Poor Neipperg he has seen hard service, had ugly work to do: it was he that gave away Belgrade to the Turks (so interpreting his orders), and the Grand Vizier, calling him Dog of a Giaour: spat in his face, not far from hanging him; and the Kaiser and Vienna people, on his coming home, threw him into prison, and were near cutting off his head. And again, after such sleety marchings through the Mountains, he has had to dissolve at Mollwitz; float away in military deluge in the manner we saw. And now, next winter, here is he lodged among the upland bogs at Budweis, escorted by mere curses. What a life is the soldier's, like other men's; what a master is the world! Aulic Cabinet is not all-wise; but may readily be wiser than the vulgar, and, with a Maria Theresa at his head, it is incapable of truculent impiety like that. Neipperg, guilty of not being a Eugene, is not hanged as a traitor; but placed quietly as Commandant in Luxemburg, spends there the afternoon of his life, in a more commodious manner. Friedrich had, of late, rather admired his movements on the Neisse River; and found him a stiff article to deal with.

The French, now with Prag for their place of arms, stretched themselves as far as Pisek, some seventy miles southwestward; occupied Pisek, Pilsen and other Towns and posts, on the southwest side, some seventy miles from Prag; looking towards the Bavarian Passes and homeward succors that might come: the Saxons, a while after, got as far as Teutschbrod, eighty miles on the southeastward or Moravian hand. Behind these outposts, Prag may be considered to hang on Silesia, and have Friedrich for security. This, in front or as forecourt of Friedrich's Silesia, this inconsiderable section, was all of Bohemian Country the French and Confederates ever held, and they did not hold this long. As for Karl Albert, he had his new pleasant Dream of Sovereignty at Prag; Titular of Upper Austria, and now of Bohmen as well; and enjoyed his Feast of the Barmecide, and glorious repose in the captured Metropolis, after difficulty overcome. December 7th, he was homaged (a good few of the Nobility attending, for which they smarted afterwards), with much processioning, blaring and TE-DEUM-ing: on the 19th he rolled off, home to Munchen; there to await still higher Romish-Imperial glories, which it is hoped are now at hand.

A day or two after the Capture of Prag, Marechal de Belleisle, partially cured of his rheumatisms, had hastened to appear in that City; and for above four weeks he continued there, settling, arranging, ordering all things, in the most consummate manner, with that fine military head of his. About Christmas time, arrived Marechal de Broglio, his unfortunate successor or substitute; to whom he made everything over; and hastened off for Frankfurt, where the final crisis of KAISERWAHL is now at hand, and the topstone of his work is to be brought out with shouting. Marechal de Broglio had an unquiet Winter of it in his new command; and did not extend his quarters, but the contrary.

BROGLIO HAS A BIVOUAC OF PISEK; KHEVENHULLER LOOKS IN UPON THE DONAU CONQUESTS.

Grand-Duke Franz edged himself at last a little out of that Tabor- Budweis region, and began looking Prag-ward again;--hung about, for some time, with his Hungarian light-troops scouring the country; but still keeping Prag respectfully to right, at seventy miles distance. December 28th, to Broglio's alarm, he tried a night-attack on Pisek, the chief French outpost, which lies France-ward too, and might be vital. But he found the French (Broglio having got warning) unexpectedly ready for him at Pisek,--drawn up in the dark streets there, with torrents of musketry ready for his Pandours and him;--and entirely failed of Pisek. Upon which he turned eastward to the Budweis-Tabor fastnesses again; left Brother Karl as Commander in those parts (who soon leaves Lobkowitz as Substitute, Vienna in the idle winter-time being preferable);-- left Brother Karl, and proceeded in person, south, towards the Donau Countries, to see how Khevenhuller might be prospering, who is in the field there, as we shall hear.

Of Pisek and the night-skirmish at Pisek, glorious to France, think all the Gazettes, I should have said nothing, were it not that Marechal Broglio, finding what a narrow miss he had made, established a night-watch there, or bivouac, for six weeks to come; such as never was before or since: Cavalry and Infantry, in quantity, bivouacking there, in the environs of Pisek, on the grim Bohemian snow or snow-slush, in the depth of winter, nightly for six weeks, without whisper of an enemy at any time; whereby the Marechal did save Pisek (if Pisek was ever again in danger), but froze horse and man to the edge of destruction or into it; so that the "Bivouac of Pisek" became proverbial in French Messrooms, for a generation coming. [*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 23, And one

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hears in the mind a clangorous nasal eloquence from antique gesticulative mustachio-figures, witty and indignant,—who are now gone to silence again, and their fruitless bivouacs, and frosty and fiery toils, tumbling pell-mell after them. This of Pisek was but one of the many unwise hysterical things poor Broglio did, in that difficult position; which, indeed, was too difficult for any mortal, and for Broglio beyond the average.

One other thing we note: Graf von Khevenhuller, solid Austrian man, issued from Vienna, December 31st, last day of the Year, with an Army of only some 15,000, but with an excellent military head of his own, to look into those Conquests on the Donau. Which he finds, as he expected, to be mere conquests of stubble, capable of being swept home again at a very rapid rate. "Khevenhuller, here as always, was consummate in his choice of posts," says Lloyd; [General Lloyd, *History of Seven-Years War*, (incidentally, somewhere).]—discovered where the ARTERIES of the business lay, and how to handle the same. By choice of posts, by silent energy and military skill, Khevenhuller very rapidly sweeps Segur back; and shuts him up in Linz. There Segur, since the first days of January, is strenuously barricading himself; "wedging beams from house to house, across the streets;"—and hopes to get provision, the Donau and the Bavarian streams being still open behind him; and to hold out a little. It will be better if he do,—especially for poor Karl Albert and his poor Bavaria! Khevenhuller has also detached through the Tyrol a General von Barenklau (BEAR'S-CLAW, much heard of henceforth in these Wars), who has 12,000 regulars; and much Hussar-folk under bloody Mentzel:—across the Tyrol, we say; to fall in upon Bavaria and Munchen itself; which they are too like doing with effect. Ought not Karl Albert to be upon the road again? What a thing, were the Kaiser Elect taken prisoner by Pandours!

In fine, within a short two weeks or so, Karl Albert quits Munchen, as no safe place for him; comes across to Mannheim to his Cousin Philip, old Kur-Pfalz, whom we used to know, now extremely old, but who has marriages of Grand-daughters, and other gayeties, on hand; which a Cousin and prospective Kaiser—especially if in peril of his life—might as well come and witness. This is the excuse Karl Albert makes to an indulgent Public; and would fain make to himself, but cannot. Barenklau and Khevenhuller are too indisputable. Nay this rumor of Friedrich's "Peace with Austria," divulged Bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf, if this also (horrible to think) were true—! Which Friedrich assures him it is not. Karl Albert writes to Friedrich, and again writes; conjuring him, for the love of God, To make some thrust, then, some inroad or other, on those man-devouring Khevenhullers; and take them from his, Karl Albert's, throat and his poor Country's. Which Friedrich, on his own score, is already purposing to do.

Chapter VIII. FRIEDRICH STARTS FOR MORAVIA, ON A NEW SCHEME HE HAS.

The Austrian Court had not kept Friedrich's secret of Klein-Schnellendorf, hardly even for a day. It was whispered to the Dowager Empress, or Empresses; who whispered it, or wrote it, to some other high party; by whom again as usual:—in fact, the Austrian Court, having once got their Neipperg safe to hand, took no pains to keep the secret; but had probably an interest rather in letting it filter out, to set Friedrich and his Allies at variance. At all events, in the space of a few weeks, as we have seen, the rumor of a Treaty between Austria and Friedrich was everywhere rife; Friedrich, as he had engaged, everywhere denying it, and indeed clearly perceiving that there was like to be no ground for acknowledging it. The Austrian Court, instead of "completing the Treaty before Newyear's-day," had broken the previous bargain; evidently not meaning to complete; intent rather to wait upon their Hungarian Insurrection, and the luck of War.

There is now, therefore, a new turn in the game. And for this also Friedrich has been getting the fit card ready; and is not slow to play it. Some time ago, November 4th,—properly November 1st, hardly three weeks since that of Klein-Schnellendorf,—finding the secret already out ("whispered of at Breslau, 28th October," casually testifies Hyndford), he had tightened his bands with France; had, on November 4th, formally acceded to Karl Albert's Treaty with France. [Accession agreed to, "Frankfurt, Nov. 1st," 1741; ratified "Nov. 4th."] Glatz to be his: he will not hear of wanting Glatz; nor of wanting elsewhere the proper Boundary for Schlesiens, "Neisse River both banks" (which Neipperg had agreed to, in his late Sham-Bargain);—quite strict on these preliminaries.

And furthermore, Kur-Sachsen being now a Partner in that French-Bavarian Treaty,—and a highly active one (with 21,000 in the field for him), who is "King of Moravia" withal, and has some considerable northern Parings of Bohemia thrown in, by way of "Road to Moravia,"—Friedrich made, at the same time, special Treaty with Kur-Sachsen, on the points specially mutual to them; on the Boundary point, first of all. Which latter treaty is dated also November 1st, and was "ratified November 8th."

Treaty otherwise not worth reading; except perhaps as it shows us Friedrich putting, in his brief direct way, Kur-Sachsen at once into Austria's place, in regard to Ober-Schlesien. "Boundary between your Polish Majesty and me to be the River Neisse PLUS a full German mile;"—which (to Belleisle's surprise) the Polish Majesty is willing to accept; and consents, farther, Friedrich being of succinct turn, That Commissioners go directly and put down the boundary-stones, and so an end. "Let the Silesian matter stand where it stood," thinks Friedrich: "since Austria will not, will you? Put down the boundary-pillars, then!"—an interesting little glance into Friedrich's inner man. And a Prussian Boundary Commissioner, our friend Nussler the man, did duly appear;—whom perhaps we shall meet,—though no Saxon one quite did. [Busching, *Beitrag*, i. 339 (? NUSSLER).] It is this boundary clause, it is Friedrich's little decision, "Put down the pillars, then," that alone can now interest any mortal in this Saxon Bargain; the clause itself, and the bargain itself, having quite broken down on the Saxon side, and proved imaginary as a covenant made in dreams. Could not be helped, in the sequel!—

Meanwhile, the preliminary diplomacies being done in this manner, Friedrich had ordered certain of his own Forces to get in motion a little; ordered Leopold, who has had endless nicety of management, since the French and Saxons came into those Bohemian Circles of his, to go upon Glatz; to lay fast hold of Glatz, for one thing. And farther eastward, Schwerin, by order, has lately gone across the Mountains; seized Troppau, Friedenthal; nay Olmutz itself, the Capital of Mahren,—in one day (December 27th), garrison of Olmutz being too weak to resist, and the works in disrepair. "In Heaven's name, what are your intentions, then?" asked the Austrians there. "Peaceable in the extreme," answered Schwerin, "if only yours are. And if they are NOT—!" There sits Schwerin ever since, busy strengthening himself, and maintains the best discipline; waiting farther orders.

"The Austrians will not complete their bargain of Klein-Schnellendorf?" thinks this young King; "Very well; we will not press them to completion. We will not ourselves complete, should they now press. We will try another method, and that without loss of time."—It was a pungent reflection with Friedrich that Karl Albert had not pushed forward on Vienna, from Linz that time, but had blindly turned off to the left, and thrown away his one chance. "Cannot one still mend it; cannot one still do something of the like?" thinks Friedrich now: "Schwerin in Olmutz; Prussian Troops cantoned in the Highlands of Silesia, or over in Bohemia itself, near the scene of action;

the Saxons eastward as far as Teutschbrod, still nearer; the French triumphant at Prag, and reinforcement on the road for them: a combined movement on Vienna, done instantly and with an impetus!" That is the thing Friedrich is now bent upon; nor will he, like Karl Albert, be apt to neglect the hour of tide, which is so inexorable in such operations.

At Berlin, accordingly, he has been hurrying on his work, inspection, preparation of many kinds,—Marriage of his Brother August Wilhelm, for one business; [6th January, 1742 (in Bielfeld, ii. 55–69, exuberant account of the Ceremony, and of B.'s part in it).]—and (January 18th), after a stay of two months, is off fieldward again, on this new project. To Dresden, first of all; Saxony being an essential element; and Valori being appointed to meet him there on the French side. It is January 20th, 1742, when Friedrich arrives; due Opera festivities, "triple salute of all the guns," fail not at Dresden; but his object was not these at all. Polish Majesty is here, and certain of the warlike Bastard Brothers home from Winter—quarters, Comte de Saxe for one; Valori also, punctually as due; and little Graf von Bruhl, highest—dressed of human creatures, who is factotum in this Court.

"Your Polish Majesty, by treaty and title you are King of Moravia withal: now is the time, now or never, to become so in fact! Forward with your Saxons:" urges Friedrich: "The Austrians and their Lobkowitz are weak in that Country: at Iglau, just over the Moravian border, they have formed a Magazine; seize that, snatch it from Lobkowitz: that gives us footing and basis there. Forward with your Saxons; Valori gives us so—many French; I myself will join with 20,000: swift, steady, all at once; we can seize Moravia, who knows if not Vienna itself, and for certain drive a stroke right home into the very bowels of the Enemy!" That is Friedrich's theme from the first hour of his arrival, and during all the four—and— twenty that he stayed.

In one hour, Polish Majesty, who is fonder of tobacco and pastimes than of business, declared himself convinced;—and declared also that the time of Opera was come; whither the two Majesties had to proceed together, and suspend business for a while. Polish Majesty himself was very easily satisfied; but with the others, as Valori reports it, the argument was various, long and difficult. "Winter time; so dangerous, so precarious," answer Bruhl and Comte de Saxe: There is this danger, this uncertainty, and then that other;—which the King and Valori, with all their eloquence, confute. "Impossible, for want of victual," answers Maurice at last, driven into a corner: "Iglau, suppose we get it, will soon be eaten; then where is our provision?"—"Provision?" answers Valori: "There is M. de Sechelles, Head of our Commissariat in Prag; such a Commissary never was before." "And you consent, if I take that in hand?" urges Friedrich upon them. They are obliged to consent, on that proviso. Friedrich undertakes Sechelles: the Enterprise cannot now be refused. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 170; *Valori*, i. 139; "Alert, then; not a moment to be lost! Good—night; AU REVOIR, my noble friends!"—and to—morrow many hours before daybreak, Friedrich is off for Prag, leaving Dresden to awaken when it can.

At Prag he renews acquaintance with his old maladroitness Strasburg friend, Marechal de Broglio, not with increase of admiration, as would seem; declines the demonstrations and civilities of Broglio, business being urgent: finds M. de Sechelles to be in truth the supreme of living Commissaries (ready, in words which Friedrich calls golden, "to make the impossible possible"): "Only march, then, noble Saxons: swift!"—and dashes off again, next morning, to northeastward, through Leopold's Bohemian cantonments, Glatz—ward by degrees, to be ready with his own share of the affair; no delay in him, for one. January 24th, after Konigsgratz and other Prussian posts,—January 24th, which is elsewhere so notable a day,—his route goes northeast, to Glatz, a hundred miles away, among the intricacies of the Giant Mountains, hither side of the Silesian Highlands; wild route for winter season, if the young King feared any route. From Berlin, hither and farther, he may have gone well—nigh his seven hundred miles within the week; rushing on continually (starts, at say four in the winter morning); doing endless business, of the ordering sort, as he speeds along.

Glatz, a southwestern mountainous Appendage to Silesia, abutting on Moravia and Bohemia, is a small strong Country; upon which, ever since the first Friedrich times, we have seen him fixed; claiming it too, as expenses from the Austrians, since they will not bargain. For he rises Sibyl—like: a year ago, you might have had him with his 100,000 to boot, for the one Duchy of Glogau; and now—! At Glatz or in these adjacent Bohemian parts, the Young Dessauer has been on duty, busy enough, ever since the late Siege of Neisse: Glatz Town the Young Dessauer soon got, when ordered; Town, Population, Territory, all is his,—all but the high mountain Fortress (centre of the Town of Glatz, with its stiff—necked Austrian Garrison shut up there, which he is wearing out by hunger. We remember the little Note from Valori's waistcoat—pocket, "Don't give him Glatz, if you can possibly help it!" In his latest treaties with the French and their Allies, Friedrich has very expressly bargained for the

Country (will even pay money for it); [Oeuvres de Frederic, ii. 85.] and is determined to have it, when the Austrians next take to bargaining. Of Glatz Fortress, now getting hungered out by Leopold's Prussian Detachment, I will say farther, though Friedrich heeds these circumstances little at present, that it stands on a scarped rock, girt by the grim intricate Hills; and that in the Arsenal, in dusty fabulous condition, lies a certain Drum, which readers may have heard of. Drum is not a fable, but an antique reality fallen flaccid; made, by express bequest, as is mythically said, from the skin of Zisca, above 300 years ago: altogether mythic that latter clause. Drum, Fortress, Town, Villages and Territory, all shall be Friedrich's, had hunger done its work. [Town already, after short scuffle, 14th January, 1742; Fortress, by hunger (no firing nor being fired on, in the interim), 25th April following, --when the once 2,000 of garrison, worn to about 200, pale as shadows, marched away to Brunn; "only ten of them able for duty on arriving." (Orlich, i. 174.)]

Friedrich, while at Glatz this time, gave a new Dress to the Virgin, say all the Biographers; of which the story is this. Holy Virgin stood in the main Convent of Glatz, in rather a threadbare condition, when the Prussians first approached; the Jesuits, and ardently Orthodox of both sexes, flagitating Heaven and her with their prayers, that she would vouchsafe to keep the Prussians out. In which case pious Madame Something, wife of the Austrian Commandant, vowed her a new suit of clothes. Holy Virgin did not vouchsafe; on the Contrary, here the Prussians are, and Starvation with them. "Courage, nevertheless, my new friends!" intimates Friedrich: "The Prussians are not bugaboos, as you imagined: Holy Virgin shall have a new coat, all the same!" and was at the expense of the bit of broadcloth with trimmings. He was in the way of making such investments, in his light sceptical humor; and found them answer to him. At Glatz, and through those Bohemian and Silesian Cantonments, he sets his people in motion for the Moravian Expedition; rapidly stirs up the due Prussian detachments from their Christmas rest among the Mountains; and has work enough in these regions, now here now there. Schwerin is already in Olmutz, for a month past; and towards him, or his neighborhood, the march is to be.

January 26th, Friedrich, now with considerable retinue about him, gets from Glatz to Landskron, some fifty miles Olmutz-ward; such a march as General Stille never saw,—"through the ice and through the snow, which covered that dreadful Chain of Mountains between Bohmen and Mahren: we did not arrive till very late; many of our carriages broken down, and others overturned more than once." [Stille (Anonymous, Friedrich's Old-Tutor Stille), *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse* (English Translation, 12mo, London, 1763), p. 5. An intelligent, desirable little Volume,--many misprints in the English form of it.] At Landskron next day, Friedrich, as appointed, met the Chevalier de Saxe (CHEVALIER, by no means Comte, but a younger Bastard, General of the Saxon Horse); and endeavored to concert everything: Prussian rendezvous to be at Wischau, on the 5th next; thence straightway to meet the Saxons at Trebitsch (convenient for that Iglau),--if only the Saxons will keep bargain.

January 28th, past midnight, after another sore march, Friedrich arrived at Olmutz; a pretty Town,--with an excellent old Bishop, "a Graf von Lichtenstein, a little gouty man about fifty-two years of age, with a countenance open and full of candor; [Stille, p. 8.] in whose fine Palace, most courteously welcomed, the King lodged till near the day of rendezvousing. We will leave him there, and look westward a little; before going farther into the Moravian Expedition. Friedrich himself is evidently much bent on this Expedition; has set his heart on paying the Austrians for their trickery at Klein-Schnellendorf, in this handsome way, and still picking up the chance against them which Karl Albert squandered. If only the French and Saxons would go well abreast with Friedrich, and thrust home! But will they? Here is a surprising bit of news; not of good omen, when it reaches one at Olmutz!

"LINZ, 24th JANUARY, 1742 [day otherwise remarkable]. After the much barricading, and considerable defiance and bravadoing, by Comte de Segur and his 10,000, he has lost this City in a scandalous manner [not quite scandalous, but reckoned so by outside observers]; and Linz City is not now Segur's, but Khevenhuller's. To Khevenhuller's first summons M. de Segur had answered, 'I will hang on the highest gallows the next man that comes to propose such a thing!'--and within a week [Khevenhuller having seized the Donau River to rear of Linz, and blasted off the Bavarian party there], M. de Segur did himself propose it ('Free withdrawal: Not serve against you for a year'); and is this day beginning to march out of Linz." [*Campagnes des Trois Marechaux*, iii. 280, Adelung, iii. A, p. 12, and p. 15 (a Paris street-song on it).] Here is an example of defending Key-Positions! If Segur's be the pattern followed, those Conquests on the Donau are like to go a fine road!-- There came to Friedrich, in all privacy, during his stay in Olmutz at this Bishop's, a Diplomatic emissary from Vienna, one Pfitzner; charged with apologies, with important offers probably;--important; but not important enough.

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Friedrich blames himself for being too abrupt on the man; might perhaps have learned something from him by softer treatment. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 109.] After three days, Pfitzner had to go his ways again, having accomplished nothing of change upon Friedrich.

Chapter IX. WILHELMINA GOES TO SEE THE GAYETIES AT FRANKFURT.

On the day when Friedrich, overhung by the grim winter Mountains, was approaching Glatz, same day when Segur was evacuating Linz on those sad terms, that is, on the 24th day of January, 1742,—two Gentlemen were galloping their best in the Frankfurt–Mannheim regions; bearing what they reckoned glad tidings towards Mannheim and Karl Albert; who is there "on a visit" (for good reasons), after his triumphs at Prag and elsewhere. The hindmost of the two Gentlemen is an Official of rank (little conscious that he is preceded by a rival in message-bearing); Official Gentleman, despatched by the Diet of Frankfurt to inform Karl Albert, That he now is actually Kaiser of the Holy Romish Empire; votes, by aid of Heaven and Belleisle, having all fallen in his favor. Gallop, therefore, my Official Gentleman:—alas, another Gentleman, Non-official, knowing how it would turn, already sat booted and saddled, a good space beyond the walls of Frankfurt, waiting till the cannon should fire; at the first burst of cannon, he (cunning dog) gives his horse the spur; and is miles ahead,—of the toiling Official Gentleman, all the way. [Adelung, iii. A, 52.]

In the dreary mass of long-winded ceremonial nothingnesses, and intricate Belleisle cobwebberies, we seize this one poor speck of human foolery in the native state, as almost the memorablest in that stupendous business. Stupendous indeed; with which all Germany has been in travail these sixteen months, on such terms! And in verity has got the thing called "German Kaiser" constituted, better or worse. Heavens, was a Nation ever so bespun by gossamer; enchanted into paralysis, by mountains of extinct tradition, and the want of power to annihilate rubbish! There are glittering threads of the finest Belleisle diplomacy, which seem to go beyond the Dog-star, and to be radiant, and irradiative, like paths of the gods: and they are, seem what they might, poor threads of idle gossamer, sunk already to dusty cobweb, unpleasant to poor human nature; poor human nature concerned only to get them well swept into the fire. The quantities of which sad litter, in this Universe, are very great!—

Karl Albert, now at the top-gallant of his hopes: homaged Archduke of Upper Austria, homaged King of Bohemia, declared Kaiser of the German Nation,—is the highest-titled mortal going: and, poor soul, it is tragical, once more, to think what the reality of it was for him. Ejection from house and home; into difficulty, poverty, despair; life in furnished lodgings, which he could not pay;—and at last heart-break, no refuge for him but in the grave. All which is mercifully hidden at present; so that he seems to himself a man at the top-gallant of his wishes; and lives pleasantly, among his friends, with a halo round his head to his own foolish sense and theirs.

"Karl Albert, Kurfurst of Baiern [lazy readers ought to be reminded], whose achievements will concern us to an unpleasant extent, for some years, is now a lean man of forty-five; lean, erect, and of middle stature; a Prince of distinguished look, they say; of elegant manners, and of fair extent of accomplishment, as Princes go. His experiences in this world, and sudden ups and downs, have been and will be many. Note a few particulars of them; the minimum of what are indispensable here.

"English readers know a Maximilian Kurfurst of Baiern, who took into French courses in the great Spanish-Succession War; the Anti-Marlborough Maximilian, who was quite ruined out by the Battle of Blenheim; put under Ban of the Empire, and reduced to depend on Louis XIV. for a living,—till times mended with him again; till, after the Peace of Utrecht, he got reinstated in his Territories; and lived a dozen years more, in some comparative comfort, though much sunk in debt. Well, our Karl Albert is the son of that Anti-Marlborough Kurfurst Maximilian; eldest surviving son; a daughter of the great Sobieski of Poland was his mother. Nay, he is great-grandson of another still more distinguished Maximilian, him of the Thirty-Years War,—(who took the Jesuits to his very heart, and let loose Ate on his poor Country for the sake of them, in a determined manner; and was the First of all the Bavarian KURFURSTS, mere Dukes till then; having got for himself the poor Winter-King's Electorship, or split it into two as ultimately settled, out of that bad Business),—great-grandson, we say, of that forcible questionable First Kurfurst Max; and descends from Kaiser Ludwig, 'Ludwig the BAIER,' if that is much advantage to him.

"In his young time he had a hard upcoming; seven years old at the Battle of Blenheim, and Papa living abroad under Louis XIV.'s shelter, the poor Boy was taken charge of by the victorious Austrian Kaisers, and brought up in remote Austrian Towns, as a young 'Graf von Wittelsbach' (nothing but his family name left him), mere Graf

and private nobleman henceforth. However, fortune took the turn we know, and he became Prince again; nothing the worse for this Spartan part of his breeding. He made the Grand Tour, Italy, France, perhaps more than once; saw, felt, and tasted; served slightly, at a Siege of Belgrade (one of the many Sieges of Belgrade);—wedded, in 1722, a Daughter of the late Kaiser Joseph's, niece of the late Kaiser Karl's, cousin of Maria Theresa's; making the due 'renunciations,' as was thought; and has been Kurfurst himself for the last fourteen Years, ever since 1726, when his Father died. A thrifty Kurfurst, they say, or at least has occasionally tried to be so, conscious of the load of debts left on him; fond of pomps withal, extremely polite, given to Devotion and to BILLETTS—DOUX; of gracious address, generous temper (if he had the means), and great skill in speaking languages. Likes hunting a little,—likes several things, we see!—has lived tolerably with his Wife and children; tolerably with his Neighbors (though sour upon the late Kaiser now and then); and is an ornament to Munchen, and well liked by the population there. A lean, elegant, middle— sized gentleman; descended direct from Ludwig the ancient Kaiser; from Maximilian the First Kurfurst, who walked by the light of Father Lammerlein (LAMBKIN) and Compauy, thinking IT light from Heaven; and lastly is son of Maximilian the Third Kurfurst, whom learned English readers know as the Anti—Marlborough one, ruined out by the Battle of Blenheim.

"His most important transaction hitherto has been the marriage with Kaiser Joseph's Daughter;—of which, in Pollnitz somewhere, there is sublime account; forgettable, all except the date (Vienna, 5th October, 1722), if by chance that should concern anybody. Karl Albert (KURPRINZ, Electoral Prince or Heir—Apparent, at that time) made free renunciation of all right to Austrian Inheritances, in such terms as pleased Karl VI., the then Kaiser; the due complete 'renunciations' of inheriting in Austria; and it was hoped he would at once sign the Pragmatic Sanction, when published; but he has steadily refused to do so; 'I renounced for my Wife,' says Kurfurst Karl, 'and will never claim an inch of Austrian land on her account; but my own right, derived from Kaiser Ferdinand of blessed memory, who was Father of my Great—grandmother, I did not, do not, never will renounce; and I appeal to HIS Pragmatic Sanction, the much older and alone valid one, according to which, it is not you, it is I that am the real and sole Heir of Austria.'

"This he says, and has steadily said or meant: 'It is I that am to be King of Bohemia; I that shall and will inherit all your Austrias, Upper, Under, your Swabian Brisgau or Hither Austria, and what of the Tyrol remained wanting to me. Your Archduchess will have Hungary, the Styrian—Carinthian Territories; Florence, I suppose, and the Italian ones. What is hers by right I will be one of those that defend for her; what is not hers, but mine, I will defend against her, to the best of my ability!' This was privately, what it is now publicly, his argument; from which he never would depart; refusing always to accept Kaiser Karl's new Pragmatic Sanction; getting Saxony (who likewise had a Ferdinand great— grandmother) to refuse,—till Polish Election compelled poor Saxony, for a time. Karl Albert had likewise secretly, in past years, got his abstruse old Cousin of the Pfalz (who mended the Heidelberg Tun) to back him in a Treaty; nay, still better, still more secretly, had got France itself to promise eventual hacking:— and, on the whole, lived generally on rather bad terms with the late Kaiser Karl, his Wife's Uncle; any reconciliation they had proving always of temporary nature. In the Rhenish War (1734), Karl Albert, far from assisting the Kaiser, raised large forces of his own; kept drilling them, in four or three camps, in an alarming manner; and would not even send his Reich's Contingent (small body of 3,000 he is by law bound to send), till he perceived the War was just expiring. He was in angry controversy with the Kaiser, claiming debts,—debts contracted in the last generation, and debts going back to the Thirty—Years War, amounting to hundreds of millions,—when the poor Kaiser died; refusing payment to the last, nay claiming lands left HIM, he says, by Margaret Mouthpoke: [Michaelis, ii. 260; Buchholz, ii. 9; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 182; 'Cannot pay your Serene Highness (having no money); and would not, if I could!' Leaving Karl Albert to protest to the uttermost;—which, as we ourselves saw in Vienna, he at once honorably did.

Karl Albert's subsequent history is known to readers; except the following small circumstance, which occurred in his late transit, flight, or whatever we may call it, to Mannheim, and is pleasantly made notable to us by Wilhelmina. "His Highness on the way from Munchen," intimates our Princess, "passed through Baireuth in a very bad post—chaise." This, as we elsewhere pick out, was on January 16th; Karl Albert in post—haste for the marriage—ceremony, which takes place at Mannheim to—morrow. [Adelung, iii. A, 51.] "My Margraf, accidentally hearing, galloped after him, came up with him about fifteen miles away: they embraced, talked half an hour; very content, both." [Wilhelmina, ii. 334.]

And eight days afterwards, 24th January, 1742, busy Belleisle (how busy for this year past, since we saw him

in the OEil-de-Boeuf!) gets him elected Kaiser;—and Segur, in the self-same hours, is packing out of Linz; and one's Donau "Conquests," not to say one's Munchen, one's Baiern itself, are in a fine way! The marriage-ceremony, witnessed on the 17th, was one of the sublimest for Kur-Pfalz and kindred; and it too had secretly a touch of tragedy in it for the Poor Karl Albert. A double marriage: Two young Princesses, Grand-daughters, priceless Heiresses, to old Kur-Pfalz; married, one of them to Duke Clement of Baiern, Karl Albert's nephew, which is well enough: but married, the other and elder of them, to Theodor of Deux-Ponts, who will one day—could we pierce the merciful veil—be Kurfurst of Baiern, and succeed our own childless Son! [Michaelis, ii. 265.]

"Kaiser Karl VII.," such the style he took, is to be crowned February 12th; makes sublime Public Entry into Frankfurt, with that view, January 31st;—both ceremonies splendid to a wonder, in spite of finance considerations. Which circumstance should little concern us, were it not that Wilhelmina, hearing the great news (though in a dim ill-dated state), decided to be there and see; did go;—and has recorded her experiences there, in a shrill human manner. Wishful to see our fellow-creatures (especially if bound to look at them), even when they are fallen phantasmal, and to make persons of them again, we will give this Piece; sorry that it is the last we have of that fine hand. How welcome, in the murky puddle of Dryasdust, is any glimpse by a lively glib Wilhelmina, which we can discern to be human! Hear what Wilhelmina says (in a very condensed form):—

WILHELMINA AT THE CORONATION.

Wilhelmina, in the end of January, 1742,—Karl Albert having shot past, one day lately, in a bad post-chaise, and kindled the thought in her,—resolved to go and see him crowned at Frankfurt, by way of pleasure-excursion. We will, struggling to be briefer, speak in her person; and indicate withal where the very words are hers, and where ours.

The Marwitz, elder Marwitz, her poor father being wounded at Mollwitz, [*Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 23; and *Preussische Adels-Lexikon*, iii. 365.] had gone to Berlin to nurse him; but she returned just now,—not much to my joy; I being, with some cause, jealous of that foolish minx. The Duchess Dowager of Wurtemberg also came, sorrow on her; a foolish talking woman, always cutting jokes, making eyes, giggling and coquetting; "HAS some wit and manner, but wearies you at last: her charms, now on the decline, were never so considerable as rumor said; in the long-run she bores you with her French gayeties and sprightliness: her character for gallantry is too notorious. She quite corrupted Marwitz, in this and a subsequent visit; turned the poor girl's head into a French whirligig, and undermined any little moral principle she had. She was on the road to Berlin,"—of which anon, for it is not quite nothing to us;— "but she was in no hurry, and would right willingly have gone with us." And it required all our female diplomacy to get her under way again, and fairly out of our course. January 28th, SHE off to Berlin; WE, same day, to Frankfurt-on-Mayn. [Wilhelmina, ii. 334; see pp. 335, 338, 347, for the other salient points that follow.]

Coronation was to have been (or we Country-folk thought it was), January 31st: Let us be there INCOGNITO, the night before; see it, and return the day after. That was our plan. Bad roads, waters all out; we had to go night and day;—reached the gates of Frankfurt, 30th January late. Berghover, our Legationsrath there, says we are known everywhere; Coronation is not to be till February 12th! I was fatigued to death, a bad cold on me, too: we turned back to the last Village; stayed there overnight. Back again to Berghover, in secret (A LA SOURDINE), next night; will see the Public Entry of Karl Albert, which is to be to-morrow (not quite, my Princess; January 31st for certain, [Adelung, iii. A, 63; did one the least care). "It was a very grand thing indeed (DES PLUS SUPERBES); but I will not stop describing it. Masked ball that night; where I had much amusement, tormenting the masks; not being known to anybody. We next day retired to a small private House, which Berghover had got for us, out of Town, for fear of being discovered; and lodged there, waiting February 12th, under difficulties."

The weather was bitterly cold; we had brought no clothes; my dames and I nothing earthly but a black ANDRIENNE each (whatever that may be), to spare bulk of luggage: strictest incognito was indispensable. The Marwitzes, for giggling, raillery, French airs, and absolute impertinence, were intolerable, in that solitary place. We return to Frankfurt again; have balls and theatres, at least: "of these latter I missed none. One evening, my head-dress got accidentally shoved awry, and exposed my face for a moment; Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, who was looking that way, recognized me; told the Prince of Orange of it;—they are in our box, next minute!"

Prince George of Hessen-Cassel, did readers ever hear of him before? Transiently perhaps, in Friedrich's

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER; but have forgotten him again; can know him only as the outline of a shadow. A fat solid military man of fifty; junior Brother of that solid WILHELM, Vice-regent and virtual "Landgraf of Hessen"—(VICE an elder and eldest Brother, FRIEDRICH, the now Majesty of Sweden, who is actual Hereditary Landgraf, but being old, childless, idle, takes no hold of it, and quite leaves it to Wilhelm),—of whom English readers may have heard, and will hear. For it is Wilhelm that hires us those "subsidized 6,000," who go blaring about on English pay (Prince George merely Commandant of them); and Wilhelm, furthermore, has wedded his Heir-Apparent to an English Princess lately; [Princess Mary (age only about seventeen), 28th June, 1740; Prince's name was Friedrich (became Catholic, 1749; WIFE made family-manager in Consequence, which also (as the poor young fellow became Papist by and by) costs certain English people, among others, a good deal of trouble. Uncle George, we say, is merely Commandant of those blaring 6,000; has had his own real soldierings before this; his own labors, contradictions, in his time; but has borne all patiently, and grown fat upon it, not quarrelling with his burdens or his nourishments. Perhaps we may transiently meet him again.

As to the Prince of Orange, him we have seen more than once in times past: a young fellow in comparison, sprightly, reckoned clever, but somewhat humpbacked; married an English Princess, years ago ("Papa, if he were as ugly as a baboon!")—which fine Princess, we find, has stopt short at Cassel, too fatigued on the present occasion. "His ESPRIT," continues Wilhelmina, "and his conversation, delighted me. His Wife, he said, was at Cassel; he would persuade her to come and make my acquaintance;"—could not; too far, in this cold season. "These two Serene Highnesses would needs take me home in their carriage; they asked the Margraf to let them stay supper: from that hour they were never out of our house. Next morning, by means of them, the secret had got abroad. Kur-Koln [lanky hook-nosed gentleman, richest Pluralist in the Church] had set spies on us; next evening he came up to me, and said, 'Madam, I know your Highness; you must dance a measure with me!' That comes of one's head-gear getting awry! We had nothing for it but to give up the incognito, and take our fate!"

This dancing Elector of Koln, a man still only entering his forties, is the new Emperor's Brother: [Clement August (Hubner, t. 134).] do readers wonder to see him dance, being an Archbishop? The fact is certain,—let the Three Kings and the Eleven Thousand Virgins say to it what they will. "He talked a long time with me; presented to me the Princess Clemence his Niece [that is to say, Wife of his Nephew ClemENT; one of the Two whom his now Imperial Majesty saw married the other day], [Michaelis, ii. 256, 123; Hubner, tt. 141, 134.] and then the Princess"—in fact, presented all the three Sulzbach Princesses (for there is a youngest, still to wed),—"and then Prince Theodor [happy Husband of the eldest], and Prince Clement [ditto of the younger];" and was very polite indeed. How keep our incognito, with all these people heaping civilities upon us? Let us send to Baireuth for clothes, equipages; and retire to our country concealment till they arrive.

"Just as we were about setting off thither, I waiting till the Margraf were ready, the Xargraf entered, and a Lady with him; who, he informed me, was Madame de Belleisle, the French Ambassador's Wife:"—Wife of the great Belleisle, the soul of all these high congregatings, consultations, coronations, who is not Kaiser but maker of Kaisers: what is to be done!—"I had carefully avoided her; reckoning she would have pretensions I should not be in the humor to grant. I took my resolution at the moment [being a swift decisive creature]; and received her like any other Lady that might have come to me. Her visit was not long. The conversation turned altogether upon praises of the King [my Brother]. I found Madame de Belleisle very different from the notion I had formed of her. You could see she had moved in high company (SENTAIT SON MONDE); but her air appeared to me that of a waiting-maid (SOUBRETTE), and her manners insignificant." Let Madame take that.

"Monseigneur himself," when our equipages had come, "waited on me several times,"—Monseigneur the grand Marechal de Belleisle, among the other Principalities and Lordships: but of this lean man in black (who has done such famous things, and will have to do the Retreat of Prag within year and day), there is not a word farther said. Old Seckendorf too is here; "Reich's-Governor of Philipsburg;" very ill with Austria, no wonder; and striving to be well with the new Kaiser. Doubtless old Seckendorf made his visit too (being of Baireuth kin withal), and snuffled his respects: much unworthy of mention; not lovely to Wilhelmina. Prince of Orange, hunchbacked, but sprightly and much the Prince, bore me faithful company all the Coronation time; nor was George of Hessen-Cassel wanting, good fat man.

Of the Coronation itself, though it was truly grand, and even of an Oriental splendor, [Anemonen, ubi supra.] I will say nothing. The poor Kaiser could not enjoy it much. He was dying of gout and gravel, and could scarcely stand on his feet. Poor gentleman; and the French are driven dismally out of Linz; and the Austrians are spreading

like a lava-flood or general conflagration over Baiern—Demon Mentzel, whom they call Colonel Mentzel, he (if we knew it) is in Munchen itself, just as we are getting crowned here! And unless King Friedrich, who is falling into Mahren, in the flank of them, call back this Infernal Chase a little, what hope is there in those parts!—The poor Kaiser, oftenest in his bed, is courting all manner of German Princes,— consulting with Seckendorfs, with cunning old stagers. He has managed to lead my Margraf into a foolish bargain, about raising men for him. Which bargain I, on fairly getting sight of it, persuade my Margraf to back out of; and, in the end, he does so. Meanwhile, it detains us some time longer in Frankfurt, which is still full of Principalities, busy with visitings and ceremonials.

Among other things, by way of forwarding that Bargain I was so averse to, our Official People had settled that I could not well go without having seen the Empress, after her crowning. Foolish people; entangling me in new intricacies! For if she is a Kaiser's Daughter and Kaiser's Spouse, am not I somewhat too? "How a King's Daughter and an Empress are to meet, was probably never settled by example: what number of steps down stairs does she come? The arm-chair (FAUTEUIL), is that to be denied me?" And numerous other questions. The official people, Baireuthers especially, are in despair; and, in fact, there were scenes. But I held firm; and the Berlin ambassadors tempering, a medium was struck: steps of stairs, to the due number, are conceded me; arm-chair no, but the Empress to "take a very small arm-chair," and I to have a big common chair (GRAND DOSSIER). So we meet, and I have sight of this Princess, next day.

In her place, I confess I would have invented all manner of etiquettes, or any sort of contrivance, to save myself from showing face. "Heavens! The Empress is below middle size, and so corpulent (PUISSANTE), she looks like a ball; she is ugly to the utmost (LAIDE AU POSSIBLE), and without air or grace." Kaiser Joseph's youngest Daughter,—the gods, it seems, have not been kind to her in figure or feature! And her mind corresponds to her appearance: she is bigoted to excess; passes her nights and days in her oratory, with mere rosaries and gaunt superstitious platitudes of that nature; a dark fat dreary little Empress. "She was all in a tremble in receiving me; and had so discountenanced an air, she could n't speak a word. We took seats. After a little silence, I began the conversation, in French. She answered me in her Austrian jargon, That she did not well understand that language, and begged I would speak to her in German. Our conversation was not long. Her Austrian dialect and my Lower-Saxon are so different that, till you have practised, you are not mutually intelligible in them. Accordingly we were not. A by-stander would have split with laughing at the Babel we made of it; each catching only a word here and there, and guessing the rest. This Princess was so tied to her etiquette, she would have reckoned it a crime against the Reich to speak to me in a foreign language; for she knew French well enough.

"The Kaiser was to have been of this visit; but he had fallen so ill, he was considered even in danger of his life. Poor Prince, what a lot had he achieved for himself!" reflects Wilhelmina, as we often do. He was soft, humane, affable; had the gift of captivating hearts. Not without talent either; but then of an ambition far disproportionate to it. "Would have shone in the second rank, but in the first went sorrowfully eclipsed," as they say! He could not be a great man, nor had about him any one that could; and he needed now to be so. This is the service a Belleisle can do; inflating a poor man to Kaisership, beyond his natural size! Crowned Kaiser, and Mentzel just entering his Munchen the while; a Kaiser bedrid, stranded; lying ill there of gout and gravel, with the Demon Mentzels eating him:—well may his poor little bullet of a Kaiserinn pray for him night and day, if that will avail!—

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF WURTEMBERG, RETURNING FROM BERLIN FAVORS US WITH ANOTHER VISIT.

I am sorry to say this is almost the last scene we shall get out of Wilhelmina. She returns to Baireuth; breaks there conclusively that unwise Frankfurt bargain; receives by and by (after several months, when much has come and gone in the world) the returning Duchess of Wurtemberg, effulgent Dowager "spoken of only as a Lais:" and has other adventures, alluded to up and down, but not put in record by herself any farther.—Sorrowfully let us hear Wilhelmina yet a little, on this Lais Duchess, who will concern us somewhat. Dowager, much too effulgent, of the late Karl Alexander, a Reichs-Feldmarschall (or FOURTH-PART of one, if readers could remember) and Duke of Wurtemberg,—whom we once dined with at Prag, in old Friedrich-Wilhelm and Prince-Eugene times:—

"This Princess, very famous on the bad side, had been at Berlin to see her three Boys settled there, whose education she [and the STANDE of Wurtemberg, she being Regent] had committed to the King. These Princes

had been with us on their road thither, just before their Mamma last time. The Eldest, age fourteen, had gone quite agog (S'ETOIT AMOURACHE) about my little Girl, age only nine; and had greatly diverted us by his little gallantries [mark that, with an Alas!]. The Duchess, following somewhat at leisure, had missed the King that time; who was gone for Mahren, January 18th. ... I found this Princess wearing pretty well. Her features are beautiful, but her complexion is faded and very yellow. Her voice is so high and screechy, it cuts your ears; she does not want for wit, and expresses herself well. Her manners are engaging for those whom she wishes to gain; and with men are very free. Her way of thinking and acting offers a strange contrast of pride and meanness. Her gallantries had brought her into such repute that I had no pleasure in her visits." [Wilhelmina, ii. 335.] No pleasure; though she often came; and her Eldest Prince, and my little Girl— Well, who knows!

Besides her three Boys (one of whom, as Reigning Duke, will become notorious enough to Wilhelmina and mankind), the Lais Duchess has left at Berlin—at least, I guess she has now left him, in exchange perhaps for some other—a certain very gallant, vagabond young Marquis d'Argens, "from Constantinople" last; originally from the Provence countries; extremely dissolute creature, still young (whom Papa has had to disinherit), but full of good-humor, of gesticulative loyal talk, and frothy speculation of an Anti-Jesuit turn (has written many frothy Books, too, in that strain, which are now forgotten): who became a very great favorite with Friedrich, and will be much mentioned in subsequent times.

"In the end of July," continues Wilhelmina, "we went to Stouccard [Stuttgart, capital of Wurtemberg, O beautiful glib tongue!], whither the Duchess had invited us: but—" And there we are on blank paper; our dear Wilhelmina has ceased speaking to us: her MEMOIRS end; and oblivious silence wraps the remainder!—

Concerning this effulgent Dowager of Wurtemberg, and her late ways at Berlin, here, from Bielfeld, is another snatch, which we will excerpt, under the usual conditions:

"BERLIN, FEBRUARY, 1742 [real date of all that is not fabulous in Bielfeld, who chaotically dates it "6th December" of that Year]. ... A day or two after this [no matter WHAT] I went to the German Play, the only spectacle which is yet fairly afoot in Berlin. In passing in, I noticed the Duchess Dowager of Wurtemberg, who had arrived, during my absence, with a numerous and brilliant suite, as well to salute the King and the Queens [King off, on his Moravian Business, before she came], and to unite herself more intimately with our Court, as to see the Three Princes her Children settled in their new place, where, by consent of the States of Wurtemberg, they are to be educated henceforth.

"As I had not yet had myself presented to the Duchess, I did not presume to approach too near, and passed up into the Theatre. But she noticed me in the side-scenes; asked who I was [such a handsome fashionable fellow], and sent me order to come immediately and pay my respects. To be sure, I did so; was most graciously received; and, of course, called early next day at her Palace. Her Grand-Chamberlain had appointed me the hour of noon. He now introduced me accordingly: but what was my surprise to find the Princess in bed; in a negligee all new from the laundress, and the gallantest that art could imagine! On a table, ready to her hand, at the DOSSIER or bed-bead, stood a little Basin silver-gilt, filled with Holy Water: the rest was decorated with extremely precious Relics, with a Crucifix, and a Rosary of rock-crystal. Her dress, the cushions, quilt, all was of Marseilles stuff, in the finest series of colors, garnished with superb lace. Her cap was of Alencon lace, knotted with a ribbon of green and gold. Figure to yourself, in this gallant deshabelle, a charming Princess, who has all the wit, perfection of manner—and is still only thirty-seven, with a beauty that was once so brilliant! Round the celestial bed were courtiers, doctors, almoners, mostly in devotional postures; the three young Princes; and a Dame d'Atours, who seemed to look slightly ENNUYEE or bored." I had the honor to kiss her Serene Highness's hand, and to talk a great many peppered insipidities suitable to the occasion.

Dinner followed, more properly supper, with lights kindled: "Only I cannot dress, you know," her Highness had said; "I never do, except for the Queen-Mother's parties;"—and rang for her maids. So that you are led out to the Anteroom, and go grinning about, till a new and still more charming deshabelle be completed, and her Most Serene Highness can receive you again: "Now Messieurs! Pshaw, one is always stupid, no ESPRIT at all except by candlelight!"—After which, such a dinner, unmatchable for elegance, for exquisite gastronomy, for Attic-Paphian brilliancy and charm! And indeed there followed hereupon, for weeks on weeks, a series of such unmatchable little dinners; chief parts, under that charming Presidency, being done by "Grand-Chamberlain Baron de" Something-or-other, "by your humble servant Bielfeld, M. Jordan, and a Marquis d'Argens, famous Provencal gentleman now in the suite of her Highness:" [Bielfeld, ii. 74-78.]—feasts of the Barmecide I much

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doubt, poor Bielfeld being in this Chapter very fantastic, MISDATEful to a mad extent; and otherwise, except as to general effect, worth little serious belief.

We shall meet this Paphian Dowager again (Crucifix and Myrtle joined): meet especially her D'Argens, and her Three little Princes more or less;—wherefore, mark slightly (besides the D'Argens as above):—

"1. The Eldest little Prince, Karl Eugen; made 'Reigning Duke' within three years hence [Mamma falling into trouble with the STANDE]: a man still gloomily famous in Germany [Poet Schiller's Duke of Wurtemberg], of inarticulate, extremely arbitrary turn,— married Wilhelmina's Daughter by and by [with horrible usage of her]; and otherwise gave Friedrich and the world cause to think of him.

"2. The Second little Prince, Friedrich Eugen, Prussian General of some mark, who will incidentally turn up again, He was afterwards Successor to the Dukedom [Karl Eugen dying childless]; and married his Daughter to Paul of Russia, from whom descend the Autocrats there to this day.

"3. Youngest little Prince, Ludwig Eugen, a respectable Prussian Officer, and later a French one: he is that 'Duc de Wirtemberg' who corresponds with Voltaire [inscrutable to readers, in most of the Editions]; and need not be mentioned farther." [See Michaelis, iii. 449; Preuss, i. 476;

But enough of all this. It is time we were in Mahren, where the Expedition must be blazing well ahead, if things have gone as expected.

Chapter X. FRIEDRICH DOES HIS MORAVIAN EXPEDITION WHICH PROVES A MERE MORAVIAN FORAY.

While these Coronation splendors had been going on, Friedrich, in the Moravian regions, was making experiences of a rather painful kind; his Expedition prospering there far otherwise than he had expected. This winter Expedition to Mahren was one of the first Friedrich had ever undertaken on the Joint-stock Principle; and it proved of a kind rather to disgust him with that method in affairs of war.

A deeply disappointing Expedition. The country hereabouts was in bad posture of defence; nothing between us and Vienna itself, in a manner. Rushing briskly forward, living on the country where needful, on that Iglau Magazine, on one's own Sechelles resources; rushing on, with the Saxons, with the French, emulous on the right hand and the left, a Captain like Friedrich might have gone far; Vienna itself--who knows!--not yet quite beyond the reach of him. Here was a way to check Khevenhuller in his Bavarian Operations, and whirl him back, double-quick, for another object nearer home!-- But, alas, neither the Saxons nor the French would rush on, in the least emulous. The Saxons dragged heavily a rear; the French Detachment (a poor 5,000 under Polastron, all that a captious Broglio could be persuaded to grant) would not rush at all, but paused on the very frontier of Moravia, Broglio so ordering, and there hung supine, or indeed went home.

Friedrich remonstrated, argued, turned back to encourage; but it was in vain. The Saxon Bastard Princes "lived for days in any Schloss they found comfortable;" complaining always that there was no victual for their Troops; that the Prussians, always ahead, had eaten the country. No end to haggling; and, except on Friedrich's part, no hearty beginning to real business. "If you wish at all to be 'King of Moravia,' what is this!" thinks Friedrich justly. Broglio, too, was unmanageable,--piqued that Valori, not Broglio, had started the thing;--showed himself captious, dark, hysterically effervescent, now over-cautious, and again capable of rushing blindly headlong.

To Broglio the fact at Linz, which everybody saw to be momentous, was overwhelming. Magnanimous Segur, and his Linz "all wedged with beams," what a road have they gone! Said so valiantly they would make defence; and did it, scarcely for four days: January 24th; before this Expedition could begin! True, M. le Marechal, too true:--and is that a reason for hanging back in this Mahren business; or for pushing on in it, double-quick, with all one's strength? "But our Conquests on the Donau," thinks Broglio, "what will become of them,--and of us!" To Broglio, justly apprehensive about his own posture at Prag and on the Donau, there never was such a chance of at once raking back all Austrians homewards, post-haste out of those countries. But Broglio could by no means see it so,--headstrong, blustering, over-cautious and hysterically headlong old gentleman; whose conduct at Prag here brought Strasburg vividly to Friedrich's memory. Upon which, as upon the ghost of Broglio's Breeches, Valori had to hear "incessant sarcasms" at this time.

In a word, from February 5th, when Friedrich, according to bargain, rendezvoused his Prussians at Wischau to begin this Expedition, till April 5th, when he re-rendezvoused them (at the same Wischau, as chanced) for the purpose of ending it and going home,-- Friedrich, wrestling his utmost with Human Stupidity, "MIT DER DUMMHEIT [as Schiller sonorously says], against which the very gods are unvictorious," had probably two of the most provoking months of his Life, or of this First Silesian War, which was fruitful in such to him. For the common cause he accomplished nearly nothing by this Moravian Expedition. But, to his own mind, it was rich in experiences, as to the Joint-Stock Principle, as to the Partners he now had. And it doubtless quickened his steps towards getting personally out of this imbroglio of big French-German Wars,--home to Berlin, with Peace and Silesia in his pocket,--which had all along been the goal of his endeavors. As a feat of war it is by no means worth detailing, in this place,--though succinct Stille, and bulkier German Books give lucid account, should anybody chance to be curious. [Stille, *Campaigns of the King of Prussia*, i. 1-55; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 548-611; *OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 110-114; Orlich, ii.; Only under the other aspect, as Friedrich's experience of Partnership, and especially of his now Partners, are present readers concerned to have, in brief form, some intelligible notion of it.

IGLAU IS GOT, BUT NOT THE MAGAZINE AT IGLAU.

Friedrich was punctual at Wischau; Head-quarters there (midway between Olmutz and Brunn), Prussians all assembled, 5th February, 1742. Wischau is some eighty miles EAST or inward of Iglau; the French and Saxons

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are to meet us about Trebitsch, a couple of marches from that Teutschbrod of theirs, and well within one march of Iglau, on our route thither. The French and Saxons are at Trebitsch, accordingly; but their minds and wills seem to be far elsewhere. Rutowsky and the Chevalier de Saxe command the Saxons (20,000 strong on paper, 16,000 in reality); Comte de Polastron the French, who are 5,000, all Horse. Along with whom, professedly as French Volunteer, has come the Comte de Saxe, capricious Maurice (Marechal de Saxe that will be), who has always viewed this Expedition with disfavor. Excellency Valori is with the French Detachment, or rather poor Valori is everywhere; running about, from quarter to quarter, sometimes to Prag itself; assiduous to heal rents everywhere; clapping cement into manifold cracks, from day to day. Through Valori we get some interesting glimpses into the secret humors and manoeuvres of Comte Maurice. It is known otherwise Comte Maurice was no friend to Belleisle, but looked for his promotion from the opposite or Noailles party, in the French Court: at present, as Valori perceives, he has got the ear of Broglio, and put much sad stuff into the loud foolish mind of him.

To these Saxon gentlemen, being Bastard-Royal and important to conciliate, Friedrich has in a high-flown way assigned the Schloss of Budischau for quarters, an excellent superbly magnificent mansion in the neighborhood of Trebitsch, "nothing like it to be seen except in theatres, on the Drop-scene of *The Enchanted Island*;" [Stille, *Campaigns*, p. 14.] where they make themselves so comfortable, says Friedrich, there is no getting them roused to do anything for three days to come. And yet the work is urgent, and plenty of it. "Iglau, first of all," urges Friedrich, "where the Austrians, 10,000 or so, under Prince Lobkowitz, have posted themselves [right flank of that long straggle of Winter Cantonments, which goes leftwards to Budweis and farther], and made Magazines: possession of Iglau is the foundation-stone of our affairs. And if we would have Iglau WITH the Magazines and not without, surely there is not a moment to be wasted!" In vain; the Saxon Bastard Princes feel themselves very comfortable. It was Sunday the 11th of February, when our junction with them was completed: and, instead of next morning early, it is Wednesday afternoon before Prince Dietrich of Anhalt-Dessau, with the Saxon and French party roused to join his Prussians and him, can at last take the road for Iglau. Prince Dietrich makes now the reverse of delay; marches all night, "bivouacs in woods near Iglau," warming himself at stick-fires till the day break; takes Iglau by merely marching into it and scattering 2,000 Pandours, so soon as day has broken; but finds the Magazines not there. Lobkowitz carted off what he could, then burnt "Seventeen Barns yesterday;" and is himself off towards Budweis Head-quarters and the Bohemian bogs again. This comes of lodging Saxon royal gentlemen too well.

THE SAXONS THINK IGLAU ENOUGH; THE FRENCH GO HOME.

Nay, Iglau taken, the affair grows worse than ever. Our Saxons now declare that they understand their orders to be completed; that their Court did not mean them to march farther, but only to hold by Iglau, a solid footing in Moravia, which will suffice for the present. Fancy Friedrich; fancy Valori, and the cracks he will have to fill! Friedrich, in astonishment and indignation, sends a messenger to Dresden: "Would the Polish Majesty BE 'King of Moravia,' then, or not be?" Remonstrances at Budischau rise higher and higher; Valori, to prevent total explosion, flies over once, in the dead of the night, to deal with Rutowsky and Brothers. Rutowsky himself seems partly persuadable, though dreadfully ill of rheumatism. They rouse Comte Maurice; and Valori, by this Comte's caprices, is driven out of patience. "He talked with a flippant sophistry, almost with an insolence" says Valori; "nay, at last, he made me a gesture in speaking,"—what gesture, thumb to nose, or what, the shuddering imagination dare not guess! But Valori, nettled to the quick, "repeated it," and otherwise gave him as good as he brought. "He ended by a gesture which displeased me"—"and went to bed." [Valori, i. 148, 149.] This is the night of February 18th; third night after Iglau was had, and the Magazines in it gone to ashes. Which the Saxons think is conquest enough.

Poor Polish Majesty, poor Karl Albert, above all, now "Kaiser Karl VII.," with nothing but those French for breath to his nostrils! With his fine French Army of the Oriflamme, Karl Albert should have pushed along last Autumn; and not merely "read the Paper" which Friedrich sent him to that effect, "and then laid it aside." They will never have another chance, his French and he,—unless we call this again a chance; which they are again squandering! Linz went by capitulation; January 24th, the very day of one's "Election" as they called it: and ever since that day of Linz, the series of disasters has continued rapid and uniform in those parts. Linz gone, the rest of the French posts did not even wait to capitulate; but crackled all off, they and our Conquests on the Donau, like a train of gunpowder, and left the ground bare. And General von Barenklau (BEAR'S-CLAW), with the hideous fellow called Mentzel, Colonel of Pandours, they have broken through into Bavaria itself, from the Tyrol;

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climbing by Berchtesgaden and the wild Salzburg Mountains, regardless of Winter, and of poor Bavarian militia—folk;—and have taken Munchen, one's very Capital, one's very House and Home!—Poor Karl Albert,—and, what is again remarkable, it was the very day while he was getting "crowned" at Frankfurt, "with Oriental pomp," that Mentzel was about entering Munchen with his Pandours. [Coronation was February 12th; Capitulation to Mentzel, "Munchen, February 13th," is in *Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 56–59.] And this poor Archduke of the Austrian, King of Bohemia, Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich Teutsch by Nation, is becoming Titular merely, and owns next to nothing in these extensive Sovereignities. Judge if there is not call for despatch on all sides!—The Polish Majesty sent instant rather angry order to his Saxons, "Forward, with you; what else! We would be King in Mahren!"

The Saxons then have to march forward; but we can fancy with what a will. Rutowsky flings up his command on this Order (let us hope, from rheumatism partly), and goes home; leaving the Chevalier de Saxe to preside in room of him. As for Polastron, he produces Order from Broglio, "Iglau got, return straightway;" must and will cross over into Bohemia again; and does. Nay, the Comte de Saxe had, privately in his pocket, a Commission to supersede Polastron, and take command himself, should Polastron make difficulties about turning back. Poor Polastron made no difficulties: Maurice and he vanish accordingly from this Adventure, and only the unwilling Saxons remain with Friedrich. Poor Polastron ("a poor weak creature," says Friedrich, "fitter for his breviary than anything else") fell sick, from the hardships of campaigning; and soon died, in those Bohemian parts. Maurice is heard of, some weeks hence, besieging Eger;—very handsomely capturing Eger: [19th April, 1742 (*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 78–65).]—on which service Broglio had ordered him after his return. The former Commandant of the Siege, not very progressive, had just died; and Broglio, with reason (all the more for his late Moravian procedures) was passionate to have done there. One of the first auspicious exploits of Maurice, that of Eger; which paved the way to his French fortunes, and more or less sublime glories, in this War. Friedrich recognizes his ingenuities, impetuosities, and superior talent in war; wrote high-flown Letters of praises, now and then, in years coming; but, we may guess, would hardly wish to meet Maurice in the way of joint-stock business again.

FRIEDRICH SUBMERGES THE MORAVIAN COUNTRIES;, BUT CANNOT BRUNN, WHICH IS THE INDISPENSABLE POINT.

February 19th, these sad Iglau matters once settled, Friedrich, followed by the Saxons, plunges forward into Moravia; spreads himself over the country, levying heavy contributions, with strict discipline nevertheless; intent to get hold of Brunn and its Spielberg, if he could. Brunn is the strong place of Moravia; has a garrison of 6 or 7,000; still better, has the valiant Roth, whom we knew in Neisse once, for Commandant: Brunn will not be had gratis.

Schwerin, with a Detachment of 6,000 horse and foot, Posadowsky, Ziethen, Schmettau Junior commanding under him, has dashed along far in the van; towards Upper Austria, through the Town of Horn, towards Vienna itself; levying, he also, heavy contributions,—with a hand of iron, and not much of a glove on it, as we judge. There is a grim enough Proclamation (in the name of a "frightfully injured Kaiser," as well as Kaiser's Ally), still extant, bearing Schwerin's signature, and the date "STEIN, 26th Feb. 1742." [In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 556.] Stein is on the Donau, a mile or two from Krems, and twice as far from Mautern, where the now Kaiser was in Autumn last. Forty and odd miles short of Vienna: this proved the Pisgah of Schwerin in that direction, as it had done of Karl Albert. Ziethen, with his Hussars coursed some 20 miles farther, on the Vienna Highway; and got the length of Stockerau; a small Town, notable slightly, ever since, as the Prussian NON-PLUS-ULTRA in that line.

Meanwhile, Prince Lobkowitz is rallying; has quitted Budweis and the Bohemian Bogs, for some check of these insolences. Lobkowitz, rallying to himself what Vienna force there is, comes, now in good strength, to Waidhofen (rearward of Horn, far rearward of Stein and Stockerau), so that Ziethen and Schwerin have to draw homeward again. Lobkowitz fortifies himself in Waidhofen; gathers Magazines there, as if towards weightier enterprises. For indeed much is rallying, in a dangerous manner; and Moravia is now far other than when Friedrich planned this Expedition. And at Vienna, 25th February last, there was held Secret Council, and (much to Robinson's regret) a quite high Resolution come to,—which Friedrich gets to know of, and does not forget again.

THE SAXONS HAVE NO CANNON FOR BRUNN, CANNOT AFFORD ANY; THERE IS A HIGH RESOLUTION TAKEN AT VIENNA (February 25th): FRIEDRICH QUILTS THE MORAVIAN ENTERPRISE.

Friedrich keeps his Head-quarter, all this while, closer and closer upon Brunn. First, chiefly at a Town called

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Znaim, on the River Taya; many-branched river, draining all those Northwestern parts; which sends its widening waters down to Presburg,—latterly in junction with those of the Morawa from North, which washes Olmutz, drains the Northern and Eastern parts, and gives the Country its name of "Moravia." Brunn lies northeast of Friedrich, while in Znaim, some fifty miles; the Saxon head-quarter is at Kromau, midway towards that City. After Znaim, he shifts inward, to Selowitz, still in the same Taya Valley, but much nearer Brunn; and there continues. [At Znaim, 19th February—9th March; at Selowitz, 13th March—5th April (Rodeneck, i. 65).]

Striving hard for Brunn; striving hard, under difficulties, for so many things distant and near; we may fancy him busy enough;—and are surprised at the fractions of light Jordan Correspondence which he still finds time for. Pretty bits of Letters, in prose and doggerel, from and to those Moravian Villages; Jordan, "twice a week," bearing the main weight; Friedrich, oftener than one could hope, flinging some word of answer,—very intent on Berlin gossip, we can notice. "Vattel is still here, your Majesty," [*OEuvres*, xvii. 163, insinuates Jordan: —young Vattel, afterwards of the DROIT DES GENS, whom his Majesty might have kept, but did not.—What more of your D'Argens, then; anything in your D'Argens? Friedrich will ask. "For certain, D'Argens is full of ESPRIT," answers Jordan, in a dexterous way; and How the Effulgent of Wurtemberg" has quarrelled outright with her D'Argens, and will not eat off silver (D'ARGENT), lest she have to name him by accident!"—with other gossip, in a fine brief airy form, at which Jordan excels. Cheering the rare leisure hour, in one's Tent at Selowitz, Pohrlitz, Irrlitz, far away!—There are also orders about CICERO and Books. Of Business for most part, or of private feelings, nothing: Berlin gossip, and Books for one's reading, are the staple. But to return.

Out from Head-quarters, diligent operations shoot forth, far enough, along those Taya—Morawa Valleys, where Hungarian "Insurgents" are beginning to be dangerous. South of Brunn, all round Brunn, are diligent operations, frequent skirmishings, constant strict levyings of contributions. The saving operation, Friedrich well sees, would be to get hold of Brunn: but, unluckily, How? Vigilant Roth scorns all summoning; sallies continually in a dangerous manner; and at length, when closer pressed, burns all the Villages round him: "we counted as many as sixteen villages laid in ashes," says Friedrich. Here is small comfort of outlook.

And then the Saxons, at Kromau or wherever they may be: no end of trouble and vexation with these Saxons. Their quarters are not fairly allotted, they say; we make exchange of quarters, without improvement noticeable. "One fine day, on some slight alarm, they came rushing over to us, all in panic; ruined, merely by Pandour noises, had not we marched them back, and reinstated them." Friedrich sends to Silesia for reinforcements of his own, which he can depend upon. Sends to Silesia, to Glatz and the Young Dessauer; —nay to Brandenburg and the Old Dessauer? ultimately. Finding Roth would not yield, he has sent to Dresden for Siege—Artillery: Polish Majesty there, titular "King of Moravia," answers that he cannot meet the expense of carriage. "He had just purchased a green diamond which would have carried them thither and back again:" What can be done with such a man?—And by this time, early in March, Hungarian "MORIAMUR PRO REGE" begins to show itself. Clouds of Hungarian Insurgents, of the Tolpatch, Pandour sort, mount over the Carpathians on us, all round the east, from south to north; and threaten to penetrate Silesia itself. So that we have to sweep laboriously the Morawa—Taya Valleys; and undertake first one and then another outroad, or sharp swift sally, against those troublesome barbarians.

And more serious still, Prince Karl and the regular Army, quickened by such Khevenhuller—Barenklau successes in the Donau Countries, are beginning to stir. Prince Karl, returning from Vienna and its consultations, took command, 4th March; [*Helden—Geschichte*, ii. 557.] with whom has come old Graf von Konigseck, an experienced head to advise with; Prince Karl is in motion, skirting us southward, about Waidhofen, where Lobkowitz lay waiting him with Magazines ready. Rumor says, the force in those parts is already 40,000, with more daily coming in. Friedrich has of his own, apart from the Saxons, some 24,000. Prince Karl, with so many heavy troops, and with unlimited supply of light, is very capable of doing mischief: he has orders (and Friedrich now knows of it) To go in upon us;—such their decision in Secret Council at Vienna, on the 25th of February last, That he must go and fight us:—"Better we met him with fewer thrums on our hands!" thinks Friedrich; and beckons the Old Dessauer out of Brandenburg withal. "Swift, your Serenity; hitherward with 20,000!" Which the Old Dessauer (having 30,000 to pick from, late Camp—of—Gottin people) at once sets about. Will be a security, in any event! [Orlich, i. 221: Date of the Order, "13th March, 1742."] To finish with Brunn, Friedrich has sent for Siege—Artillery of his own; he urges Chevalier de Saxe to close with him round Brunn, and batter it energetically into swift surrender. Is it not the one thing needful? Chevalier de Saxe admits, half promises; does not perform.

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Being again urged, Why have not you performed? he answers, "Alas, your Majesty, here are Orders for me to join Marshal Broglio at Prag, and retire altogether out of this!"

"Altogether out of it," thinks Friedrich to himself: "may all the Powers be thanked! Then I too, without disgrace, can go altogether out of it;—and it shall be a sharp eye that sees me in joint-stock with you again, M. le Chevalier." Friedrich has written in his HISTORY, and Valori used to hear him often say in words, Never were tidings welcomer than these, that the Saxons were about to desert him in this manner. Go: and may all the Devils— But we will not fall into profane swearing. It is proper to get out of this Enterprise at one's best speed, and never get into the like of it again! Friedrich (on this strange Saxon revelation, 30th March) takes instant order for assembling at Wischau again, for departing towards Olmutz; thence homewards, with deliberate celerity, by the Landskron mountain-country, Tribau, Zwittau, Leutomischl, and the way he came. He has countermanded his Silesian reinforcements; these and the rest shall rendezvous at Chrudim in Bohemia; whitherwards the two Dessauers are bound:—in Brunn, with its wrecked environs, famed Spielberg looking down from its conical height, and sixteen villages in ashes, Roth shall do his own way henceforth.

The Saxons pushed straight homewards; did not "rejoin Broglio," rejoin anybody,—had, in fact, done with this First Silesian War, as it proved; and were ready for the OPPOSITE side, on a Second falling out! Their march, this time, was long and harassing,—sad bloody passage in it, from Pandours and hostile Village-people, almost at starting, "four Companies of our Rear-guard cut down to nine men; Village burnt, and Villagers exterminated (SIC), by the rescuing party." [Details in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 606; in They arrived at Leitmeritz and their own Border, "hardly above 8,000 effective." Naturally, in a highly indignant humor; and much disposed to blame somebody. To the poor Polish NON-Moravian Majesty, enlightened by his Bruhls and Staff-Officers, it became a fixed truth that the blame was all Friedrich's,—"starving us, marching us about!"—that Friedrich's conduct to us was abominable, and deserved fixed resentment. Which accordingly it got, from the simple Polish Majesty, otherwise a good-natured creature;—got, and kept. To Friedrich's very great astonishment, and to his considerable disadvantage, long after!

Friedrich's look, when Valori met him again coming home from this Moravian Futility, was "FAROUCHE," fierce and dark; his laugh bitter, sardonic; harsh mockery, contempt and suppressed rage, looking through all he said. A proud young King, getting instructed in several things, by the stripes of experience. Look in that young Portrait by Pesne, the full cheeks, and fine mouth capable of truculence withal, the brow not unused to knit itself, and the eyes flashing out in sharp diligent inspection, of a somewhat commanding nature. We can fancy the face very impressive upon Valori in these circumstances. Poor Valori has had dreadful work; running to and fro, with his equipages breaking, his servants falling all sick, his invaluable D'Arget (Valori's chief Secretary, whom mark) quite disabled; and Valori's troubles are not done. He has been to Prag lately; is returning futile, as usual. Driving through the Mountains to rejoin Friedrich, he meets the Prussians in retreat; learns that the Pandours, extremely voracious, are ahead; that he had better turn, and wait for his Majesty about Chrudim in the Elbe region, upon highways, and within reach of Prag.

Friedrich, on the 5th of April, is in full march out of the Moravian Countries,—which are now getting submerged in deluges of Pandours; towards the above-said Chrudim, whereabouts his Magazines lie, where privately he intends to wait for Prince Karl, and that Vienna Order of the 25th February, with hands clearer of thrums. The march goes in proper columns, dislocations; Prince Dietrich, on the right, with a separate Corps, bent else-whither than to Chrudim, keeps off the Pandours. A march laborious, mountainous, on roads of such quality; but, except baggage-difficulties and the like, nothing material going wrong. "On the 13th [April], we marched to Zwittau, over the Mountain of Schonhengst. The passage over this Mountain is very steep; but not so impracticable as it had been represented; because the cannon and wagons can be drawn round the sides of it." [Stille, p. 86.] Yes;—and readers may (in fancy) look about them from the top; for we shall go this road again, sixteen years hence; hardly in happier circumstances!

Friedrich gets to Chrudim, April 17th; there meets the Young Dessauer with his forces: by and by the Old Dessauer, too, comes to an Interview there (of which shortly). The Old Dessauer—his 20,000 not with him, at the moment, but resting some way behind, till he return—is to go eastward with part of them; eastward, Troppau-Jablunka way, and drive those Pandour Insurgencies to their own side of the Mountains: a job Old Leopold likes better than that of the Gottin Camp of last year. Other part of the 20,000 is to reinforce Young Leopold and the King, and go into cantonments and "refreshment-quarters" here at Chrudim. Here, living on Bohemia, with

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Silesia at their back, shall the Troops repose a little; and be ready for Prince Karl, if he will come on. That is what Friedrich looks to, as the main Consolation left.

In Moravia, now overrun with Pandours, precursors of Prince Karl, he has left Prince Dietrich of Anhalt, able still to maintain himself, with Olmutz as Head-quarters, for a calculated term of days: Dietrich is, with all diligence, to collect Magazines for that Jablunka-Troppau Service, and march thither to his Father with the same (cutting his way through those Pandour swarms); and leaving Mahren as bare as possible, for Prince Karl's behoof. All which Prince Dietrich does, in a gallant, soldier-like, prudent and valiant manner,—with details of danger well fronted, of prompt dexterity, of difficulty overcome; which might be interesting to soldier students, if there were among us any such species; but cannot be dwelt upon here. It is a march of 60 or 70 miles (northeast, not northwest as Friedrich's had been), through continual Pandours, perils and difficulties:—met in the due way by Prince Dietrich, whose toils and valors had been of distinguished quality in this Moravian Business. Take one example, not of very serious nature (in the present March to Troppau):—

"OLISCHAU, EVENING OF APRIL 21st. Just as we were getting into Olischau [still only in the environs of Olmutz], the Vanguard of Prince Karl's Army appeared on the Heights. It did not attack; but retired, Olmutz way, for the night. Prince Dietrich, not doubting but it would return next day, made the necessary preparations overnight. Nothing of it returned next day; Prince Dietrich, therefore, in the night of April 22d, pushed forward his sick-wagons, meal-wagons, heavy baggage, peaceably to Sternberg; and, at dawn on the morrow, followed with his army, Cavalry ahead, Infantry to rear;" nothing whatever happening,—unless this be a kind of thing:—"Our Infantry had scarcely got the last bridge broken down after passing it, when the roofs of Olischau seemed as it were to blow up; the Inhabitants simultaneously seizing that moment, and firing, with violent diligence, a prodigious number of shot at us,—no one of which, owing to their hurry and the distance, took any effect;" [Stille, p. 50.] but only testified what their valedictory humor was.

Or again—(Place, this time, is UNGARISCH-BROD, near Goding on the Moravian-Hungarian Frontier, date MARCH 13th; one of those swift Outroads, against Insurgents or "Hungarian Militias" threatening to gather):— ... "Goding on our Moravian side of the Border, and then Skalitz on their Hungarian, being thus finished, we make for Ungarisch-Brod," the next nucleus of Insurgency. And there is the following minute phenomenon,—fit for a picturesque human memory: "As this, from Skalitz to Ungarisch-Brod, is a long march, and the roads were almost impassable, Prince Dietrich with his Corps did not arrive till after dark. So that, having sufficiently blocked the place with parties of horse and foot, he had, in spite of thick-falling snow, to wait under the open sky for daylight. In which circumstances, all that were not on sentry lay down on their arms;" slept heartily, we hope; "and there was half an ell of snow on them, when day broke." [BERICHT VON DER UNTERNEHMUNG DES (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. p. 508).] When day broke, and they shook themselves to their feet again,—to the astonishment of Ungarisch-Brod! ...

There had been fine passages of arms, throughout, in this Business, round Brunn, in the March home, and elsewhere; and Friedrich is well contented with the conduct of his men and generals,—and dwells afterwards with evident satisfaction on some of the feats they did. [For instance, TRUCHSESS VON WALDBURG'S fine bit of Spartanism (14th March, at Lesch, near Brunn, near AUSTERLITZ withal), which was much celebrated; King himself, from Selowitz, heard the cannonading (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 518–520). Selchow's feat (ib. 521). Fouquet's (this is the CAPTAIN Fonquet, with "MY two candles, Sir," of the old Custrin-Prison time; who is dear to Friedrich ever since, and to the end): "Account of Fouquet's Grenadier Battalion, to and at Fulnek, January–April, 1742 (is in *Feldzuge der Preussen*, i. 176–184); especially his March, from Fulnek, homewards, part of Prince Dietrich's that way (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 510–515). With various others (in SEYFARTH and FELDZUGE): well worth reading till you understand them.] I am sorry to say, General Schwerin has taken pique at this preference of the Old Dessauer for the Troppau Anti-Pandour Operation; and is home in a huff: not to reappear in active life for some years to come. "The Little Marlborough,"—so they call him (for he was at Blenheim, and has abrupt hot ways),—will not participate in Prince Karl's consolatory Visit, then! Better so, thinks Friedrich perhaps (remembering Mollwitz): "This is the freak of an imitation ANGLAIS!" sneers he, in mentioning it to Jordan.—Friedrich's Synopsis of this Moravian Failure of an Expedition, in answer to Jordan's curiosity about it,—curiosity implied, not expressed by the modest Jordan, is characteristic:—

"Moravia, which is a very bad Country, could not be held, owing to want of victual; and the Town of Brunn could not be taken, because the Saxons had no cannon; and when you wish to enter a Town, you must first make a

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hole to get in by. Besides, the Country has been reduced to such a state: that the Enemy cannot subsist in it, and you will soon see him leave it. There is your little military lesson; I would not have you at a loss what to think of our Operations; or what to say, should other people talk of them in your presence!" [Friedrich to Jordan (*OEuvres*, xvii. 196), Chrudim, 5th May, 1742.]

"Winter Campaigns," says Friedrich elsewhere, much in earnest, and looking back on this thing long afterwards, "Winter Campaigns are bad, and should always be avoided, except in cases of necessity. The best Army in the world is liable to be ruined by them. I myself have made more Winter Campaigns than any General of this Age; but there were reasons. Thus:—

"In 1740," Winter Campaign which we saw, "there were hardly above two Austrian regiments in Silesia, at Karl VI.'s death. Being determined to assert my right to that Duchy, I had to try it at once, in winter, and carry the war, if possible, to the Banks of the Neisse. Had I waited till spring, we must have begun the war between Crossen and Glogau; what was now to be gained by one march would then have cost us three or four campaigns. A sufficient reason, this, for campaigning in winter.

"If I did not succeed in the Winter Campaign of 1742," Campaign which we have just got out of, "which I made with a design to deliver the Elector of Bavaria's Country, then overrun by Austria, it was because the French acted like fools, and the Saxons like traitors." Mark that deliberate opinion.

"In 1745–46," Winter Campaign which we expect to see, "the Austrians having got Silesia, it was necessary to drive them out. The Saxons and they had formed a design to enter my Hereditary Dominions, to destroy them with fire and sword. I was beforehand with them. I carried the War into the heart of Saxony." [MILITARY INSTRUCTIONS WRITTEN BY "translated by an Officer" (London, 1762), pp. 171, 172. One of the best, or altogether the best, of Friedrich's excellent little Books written successively (thrice—PRIVATE, could they have been kept so) for the instruction of his Officers. Is to be found now in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxviii. (that is vol. i. of the "*OEuvres Militaires*," which occupy 3 vols.) pp. 4 et seqq.]

Digesting many bitter—enough thoughts, Friedrich has canted about Chrudim; expecting, in grim composed humor, the one Consolation there can now be. February 25th, as readers well know, the Majesty of Hungary and her Aulic Council had decided, "One stroke more, O Excellency Robinson; one Battle more for our Silesian jewel of the crown! If beaten, we will then give it up; oh, not till then!" Robinson and Hyndford,—imagination may faintly represent their feelings, on the wilful downbreak of Klein—Schnellendorf; or what clamor and urgency the Majesty of Britain and they have been making ever since. But they could carry it no further: "One stroke more!"

At Chrudim, and to the right and the left of it, sprinkled about in long, very thin, elliptic shape (thirty or forty miles long, but capable of coalescing "within eight—and—forty hours"), there lies Friedrich: the Elbe River is behind him; beyond Elbe are his Magazines, at Konigsgratz, Nimburg, Podiebrad, Pardubitz; the Giant Mountains, and world of Bohemian Hills, closing—in the background, far off: that is his position, if readers will consult their Map. The consolatory Visit, he privately thinks, cannot be till the grass come; that is, not till June, two months hence; but there also he was a little mistaken.

Chapter XI. NUSSLER IN NEISSE, WITH THE OLD DESSAUER AND WALRAVE.

The Old Dessauer with part of his 20,000,—aided by Boy Dietrich (KNABE, "Knave Dietrich," as one might fondly call him) and the Moravian Meal-wagons,—accomplished his Troppau-Jablunka Problem perfectly well; cleaning the Mountains, and keeping them clean, of that Pandour rabble, as he was the man to do. Nor would his Expedition require mentioning farther,—were it not for some slight passages of a purely Biographical character; first of all, for certain rubs which befell between his Majesty and him. For example, once, before that Interview at Chrudim, just on entering Bohemia thitherward, Old Leopold had seen good to alter his march-route; and—on better information, as he thought it, which proved to be worse—had taken a road not prescribed to him. Hearing of which, Friedrich reins him up into the right course, in this sharp manner:—

"CHRUDIM, 21st APRIL. I am greatly surprised that your Serenity, as an old Officer, does not more accurately follow my orders which I give you. If you were skilfuler than Caesar, and did not with strict accuracy observe my orders, all else were of no help to me. I hope this notice, once for all, will be enough; and that in time coming you will give no farther causes to complain." [King to Furst Leopold (Orlich, i. 219–221).]

Friedrich, on their meeting at Chrudim, was the same man as ever. But the old Son of Gunpowder stood taciturn, rigorous, in military business attitude, in the King's presence; had not forgotten the passage; and indeed he kept it in mind for long months after. And during all this Ober-Schlesien time, had the hidden grudge in his heart;—doing his day's work with scrupulous punctuality; all the more scrupulous, they say. Friedrich tried, privately through Leopold Junior, some slight touches of assuagement; but without effect; and left the Senior to Time, and to his own methods of cooling again.

Besides that of keeping down Hungarian Enterprises in the Mountains, Old Leopold had, as would appear, to take some general superintendence in Ober-Schlesien; and especially looks after the new Fortification-work going on in those parts. Which latter function brought him often to Neisse, and into contact with the ugly Walrave, Engineer-in-Chief there. A much older and much worthier acquaintance of ours, Herr Boundary-Commissioner Nussler, happens also to be in Neisse;—waiting for those Saxon Gentlemen; who are unpunctual to a degree, and never come (nor in fact ever will, if Nussler knew it). Luckily Nussler kept a Notebook; and Busching ultimately got it, condensed it, printed it;—whereby (what is rare, in these Dryasdust labyrinths, inane spectralities and cinder-mountains) there is sudden eyesight vouchsafed; and we discern veritably, far off, brought face to face for an instant, this and that! I must translate some passages,—still farther condensed:—

HOW NUSSLER HAPPENED TO BE IN NEISSE, MAY, 1742.

Nussler had been in this Country, off and on, almost since Christmas last; ready here, if the Saxons had been ready. As the Saxons were not ready, and always broke their appointment, Nussler had gone into the Mountains, to pass time usefully, and take preliminary view of the ground.

... "From Berlin, 20th December, 1741; by Breslau,"—where some pause and correspondence;—"thence on, Neisse way, as far as Lowen [so well known to Friedrich, that Mollwitz night!]. From Berlin to Lowen, Nussler had come in a carriage: but as there was much snow falling, he here took a couple of sledges; in which, along with his attendants, he proceeded some fifty miles, to Jauernik, a stage beyond Neisse, to the southwest. Jauernik is a little Town lying at the foot of a Hill, on the top of which is the Schloss of Johannisberg. Here it began to rain; and the getting up the Hill, on sledges, was a difficult matter. The DROST [Steward] of this Castle was a Nobleman from Brunswick-Luneburg; who, for the sake of a marriage and this Drostship for dowry, had changed from Protestant to Roman Catholic,"—poor soul! "His wife and he were very polite, and showed Nussler a great deal of kindness. Nussler remarked on the left side of this Johannisberg," western side a good few miles off, "the pass which leads from Glatz to Upper and Lower Schlesien,"—where the reader too has been, in that BAUMGARTEN SKIRMISH, if he could remember it,—"with a little Block-house in the bottom," and no doubt Prussian soldiers in it at the moment. "Nussler, intent always on the useful, did not institute picturesque reflections; but considered that his King would wish to have this Pass and Block-house; and determined privately, though it perhaps lay rather beyond the boundary-mark, that his Master must have it when the bargaining should

come. ...

"On the homeward survey of these Borders, Nussler arrived at Steinau [little Village with Schloss, which we saw once, on the march to Mollwitz, and how accident of fire devoured it that night], and at sight of the burnt Schloss standing black there, he remembered with great emotion the Story of Graf von Callenberg [dead since, with her pistols and brandy-bottle] and of the Graf's Daughter, in which he had been concerned as a much-interested witness, in old times. ... For the rest, the journey, amid ice and snow, was not only troublesome in the extreme, but he got a life-long gout by it [and no profit to speak of]; having sunk, once, on thin ice, sledge and he, into a half-frozen stream, and got wetted to the loins, splashing about in such cold manner,—happily not quite drowned." The indefatigable Nussler; working still, like a very artist, wherever bidden, on wages miraculously low.

The Saxon Gentlemen never came;—privately the Saxons were quite off from the Silesian bargain, and from Friedrich altogether;—so that this border survey of Nussler's came to nothing, on the present occasion. But it served him and Friedrich well, on a new boundary-settling, which did take effect, and which holds to this day. Nussler, during these operations, and vain waitings for the Saxons, had Neisse for head-quarters; and, going and returning, was much about Neisse; Walrave, Marwitz (Father of Wilhelmina's baggage Marwitz), Feldmarschall Schwerin (in earlier stages), and other high figures, being prominent in his circle there.

"The old Prince of Dessau came thither: for some days. [Busching, *Beitrage*, i. 347 (beginning of May as we guess, but there is no date given).] He was very gracious to Nussler, who had been at his Court, and known him before this. The Old Dessauer made use of Walrave's Plate; usually had Walrave, Nussler, and other principal figures to dinner. Walrave's Plate, every piece of it, was carefully marked with a RAVEN on the rim,—that being his crest ["Wall-raven" his name]: Old Dessauer, at sight of so many images of that bird, threw out the observation, loud enough, from the top of the table, 'Hah, Walrave, I see you are making yourself acquainted with the RAVENS in time, that they may not be strange to you at last,'"—when they come to eat you on the gibbet! (not a soft tongue, the Old Dessauer's). "Another day, seeing Walrave seated between two Jesuit Guests, the Prince said: 'Ah, there you are right, Walrave; there you sit safe; the Devil can't get you there!' As the Prince kept continually bantering him in this strain, Walrave determined not to come; sulkily absented himself one day: but the Prince sent the ORDINANZ (Soldier in waiting) to fetch him; no refuge in sulks.

"They had Roman-Catholic victual for Walrave and others of that faith, on the meagre-days; but Walrave eat right before him,—evidently nothing but the name of Catholic. Indeed, he was a man hated by the Catholics, for his special rapacity on them. 'He is of no religion at all,' said the Catholic Prelate of Neisse, one day, to Nussler; (greedy to plunder the Monasteries here; has wrung gold, silver and jewels from them,—nay from the Pope himself,—by threatening to turn Protestant, and use the Monasteries still worse. And the Pope, hearing of this, had to send him a valuable Gift, which you may see some day.' Nussler did, one day, see this preciousness: a Crucifix, ebony bordered with gold, and the Body all of that metal, on the smallest of altars,—in Walrave's bedroom. But it was the bedroom itself which Nussler looked at with a shudder," Nussler and we: "in the middle of it stood Walrave's own bed, on his right hand that of his Wife, and on his left that of his Mistress:"—a brutish polygamous Walrave! "This Mistress was a certain Quarter-Master's Wife,"—Quarter-Master willing, it is probable, to get rid of such an article gratis, much more on terms of profit. "Walrave had begged for him the Title of Hofrath from King Friedrich,"—which, though it was but a clipping of ribbon contemptible to Friedrich, and the brute of an Engineer had excellent talents in his business, I rather wish Friedrich had refused in this instance. But he did not; "he answered in gibing tone, 'I grant you the Hofrath Title for your Quarter-Master; thinking it but fit that a General's'—What shall we call her? (Friedrich uses the direct word)—'should have some handle to her name.'" [Busching, *Beitrage*, i. 343–348.]

It was this Mistress, one is happy to know, that ultimately betrayed the unbeautiful Walrave, and brought him to Magdeburg for the rest of his life.—And now let us over the Mountains, to Chrudim again; a hundred and fifty miles at one step.

Chapter XII. PRINCE KARL DOES COME ON.

It was before the middle of May, not of June as Friedrich had expected, that serious news reached Chrudim. May 11th, from that place, there is a Letter to Jordan, which for once has no verse, no bantering in it: Prince Karl actually coming on; Hussar precursors, in quantity, stealing across to attack our Magazines beyond Elbe;— and in consequence, Orders are out this very day: "Cantonments, cease; immediate rendezvous, and Encampment at Chrudim here!" Which takes effect two days hence, Monday, 13th May: one of the finest sights Stille ever saw. "His Majesty rode to a height; you never beheld such a scene: bright columns, foot and horse, streaming in from every point of the compass, their clear arms glittering in the sun; lost now in some hollow, then emerging, winding out with long-drawn glitter again; till at length their blue uniforms and actual faces come home to you. Near upon 30,000 of all arms; trim exact, of stout and silently good-humored aspect; well rested, by this time;—likely fellows for their work, who will do it with a will. The King seemed to be affected by so glorious a spectacle; and, what I admired, his Majesty, though fatigued, would not rest satisfied with reports or distant view, but personally made the tour of the whole Camp, to see that everything was right, and posted the pickets himself before retiring." [Stille, p. 57 (or Letter X.)]

Prince Karl, since we last heard of him, had hung about in the Brunn and other Moravian regions, rallying his forces, pushing out Croat parties upon Prince Dietrich's home-march, and the like; very ill off for food, for draught-cattle, in a wasted Country. So that he had soon quitted Mahren; made for Budweis and neighborhood:— dangerous to Broglio's outposts there? To a "Castle of Frauenberg," across the Moldau from Budweis; which is Broglio's bulwark there, and has cost Broglio much revictualling, reinforcing, and flurry for the last two months. Prince Karl did not meddle with Brauenberg, or Broglio, on this occasion; leaves Lobkowitz, with some Reserve-party, hovering about in those parts;—and himself advances, by Teutschbrod (well known to the poor retreating Saxons latecy!) towards Chrudim, on his grand Problem, that of 25th February last. Cautiously, not too willingly, old Konigseck and he. But they were inflexibly urged to it by the Heads at Vienna; who, what with their Bavarian successes, what with their Moravian and other, had got into a high key;—and scorned the notion of "Peace," when Hyndford (getting Friedrich's permission, in the late Chrudim interval) had urged it again. [Orlich, i. 226.]

Broglio is in boundless flurry; nothing but spectres of attack looming in from Karl, from Khevenhuller, from everybody; and Eger hardly yet got. [19th April (*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 77–81.) Fine reinforcement, 25,000 under a Due d'Harcourt; this and other good outlooks there are; but it is the terrible alone that occupy Broglio. And indeed the poor man— especially ever since that Moravian Business would not thrive in spite of him—is not to be called well off! Friedrich and he are in correspondence, by no means mutually pleasant, on the Prince-Karl phenomenon. "Evidently intending towards Prag, your Majesty perceives!" thinks Broglio. "If not towards Chrudim, first of all, which is 80 miles nearer him, on his rode to Prag!" urges Friedrich, at this stage: "Help me with a few regiments in this Chrudim Circle, lest I prove too weak here. Is not this the bulwark of your Prag just now?" In vain; Broglio (who indeed has orders that way) cannot spare a man. "Very well," thinks Friedrich; and has girded up his own strength for the Chrudim phenomenon; but does not forget this new illustration of the Joint-Stock Principle, and the advantages of Broglio Partnership.

Friedrich's beautiful Encampment at Chrudim lasted only two days. Precursor Tolpatcheries (and, in fact, Prince Karl's Vanguard, if we knew it) come storming about, rifer and rifer; attempting the Bridge of Kolin (road to our Magazines); attempting this and that; meaning to get between us and Prag; and, what is worse, to seize the Magazines, Podiebrad, Nimburg, which we have in that quarter! Tuesday, May 15th, accordingly, Friedrich himself gets on march, with a strong swift Vanguard, horse and foot (grenadiers, hussars, dragoons), Prag-ward,—probably as far as Kuttenberg, a fine high-lying post, which commands those Kodin parts;—will march with despatch, and see how that matter is. The main Army is to follow under Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau to-morrow, Wednesday," so soon as their loaves have come from Konigsgratz,"—for "an Army goes on its belly," says Friedrich often. Loaves do not come, owing to evil chance, on this occasion: Leopold's people "take meal instead;" but will follow, next morning, all the same, according to bidding. Readers may as well take their Map, and accompany in these movements; which issue in a notable conclusive thing.

Tuesday morning, 15th May, Friedrich marches from Chrudim; on which same morning of the 15th, Prince Karl, steadily on the advance he too, is starting,—and towards the same point,—from a place called Chotieborz, only fifteen miles to southward of Chrudim. In this way, mutually unaware, but Prince Karl getting soonest aware, the Vanguards of the Two Armies (Prince Karl's Vanguard being in many branches, of Tolpatch nature) are cast athwart each other; and make, both to Friedrich and Prince Karl, an enigmatic business of it for the next two days. Tuesday, 15th, Friedrich marching along, vigilantly observant on both hands, some fifteen miles space, came that evening to a Village called Podhorzan, with Height near by; [Stille, pp. 60, 61.] Height which he judged unattackable, and on the side of which he pitches his camp accordingly,—himself mounting the Height to look for news. News sure enough: there, south of us on the heights of Ronnow, three or four miles off, are the Enemy, camped or pickeering about, 7 or 8,000 as we judge. Lobkowitz, surely not Lobkowitz? He has been gliding about, on the French outskirts, far in the southwest lately: can this be Lobkowitz, about to join Prince Karl in these parts?—Truly, your Majesty, this is not Lobkowitz at all; this is Prince Karl's Vanguard, and Prince Karl himself actually in it for the moment,— anxiously taking view of your Vanguard; recognizing, and admitting to himself, "Pooh, they will be at Kuttенberg before us; no use in hastening. Head-quarters at Willimow to-night; here at Ronnow to-morrow: that is all we can do!" [Orlich, i. 233.]

To-morrow, 16th May, before sunrise at Podhorzan, the supposed Lobkowitz is clean vanished: there is no Enemy visible to Friedrich, at Ronnow or elsewhere. Leaving Friedrich in considerable uncertainty: clear only that there are Enemies copiously about; that he himself will hold on for Kuttенberg; that young Leopold must get hitherward, with steady celerity at the top of his effort,—parts of the ground being difficult; especially a muddy Stream, called Dobrowa, which has only one Bridge on it fit for artillery, the Bridge of Sbislaw, a mile or two ahead of this. Instructions are sent Leopold to that effect; and farther that Leopold must quarter in Czaslau (a substantial little Town, with bogs about it, and military virtues); and, on the whole, keep close to heel of us, the Enemy in force being near, Upon which, his Majesty pushes on for Kuttенberg; Prince Leopold following with best diligence, according to Program. His Majesty passed a little place called Neuhof that afternoon (Wednesday, 16th May); and encamped a short way from Kuttенberg, behind or north of that Town,—out of which, on his approach, there fled a considerable cloud of Austrian Irregulars, and "left a large baking of bread." Bread just about ready to their order, and coming hot out of the ovens; which was very welcome to his Majesty that night; and will yield refreshment, partial refreshment, next morning, to Prince Leopold, not too comfortable on his meal-diet just now.

Poor Prince Leopold had his own difficulties this day; rough ground, very difficult to pass; and coming on the Height of Podhorzan where his Majesty was yesterday, Leopold sees crowds of Hussars, needing a cannon-shot or two; sees evident symptoms, to southward, that the whole Force of the Enemy is advancing upon him! "Speed, then, for Sbislaw Bridge yonder; across the Dobrowa, with our Artillery-wagons, or we are lost!" Prince Karl, with Hussar-parties all about, is fully aware of Prince Leopold and his movements, and is rolling on, Ronnow-ward all day, to cut him off, in his detached state, if possible. Prince Karl might, with ease, have broken this Dobrowa Bridge; and Leopold and military men recognize it as a capital neglect that he did not.

Leopold, overloaded with such intricacies and anxieties, sends off three messengers, Officers of mark (Schmettau Junior one of them), to apprise the King: the Officers return, unable to get across to his Majesty; Leopold sends proper detachment of horse with them,— uncertain still whether they will get through. And night is falling; we shall evidently be too late for getting Czaslau: well if we can occupy Chotusitz and the environs; a small clay Hamlet, three miles nearer us. It was 11 at night before the rear-guard got into Chotusitz: Czaslau, three miles south of us, we cannot attend to till to-morrow morning. [Orlich, pp. 236–239.] And the three messengers, despatched with escort, send back no word. Have they ever got to his Majesty? Leopold sends off a fourth. This fourth one does get through; reports to his Majesty, That, by all appearance, there will be Battle on the morrow early; that not Czaslau, but only Chotusitz is ours; and that Instructions are wanted. Deep in the night, this fourth messenger returns; a welcome awakening for Prince Leopold; who studies his Majesty's Instructions, and will make his dispositions accordingly.

It is 2 or 3 in the morning, [Ib. p. 238.] in Leopold's Camp,— Bivouac rather, with its face to the south, and Chotusitz ahead. Thursday, 17th May, 1742; a furiously important Day about to dawn. High Problem of the 23th February last; Britannic Majesty and his Hyndfords and Robinsons vainly protesting:—it had to be tried; Hungarian Majesty having got, from Britannic, the sinews for trying it: and this is to be the Day.

Chapter XIII. BATTLE OF CHOTUSITZ.

Kuttenberg, Czaslau, Chotusitz and all these other places lie in what is called the Valley of the Elbe, but what to the eye has not the least appearance of a hollow, but of an extensive plain rather, dimpled here and there; and, if anything, rather sloping FROM the Elbe,—were it not that dull bushless brooks, one or two, sauntering to NORTHward, not southward, warn you of the contrary. Conceive a flat tract of this kind, some three or four miles square, with Czaslau on its southern border, Chotusitz on its northern; flanked, on the west, by a straggle of Lakelets, ponds and quagmires (which in our time are drained away, all but a tenth part or so of remainder); flanked, on the east, by a considerable puddle of a Stream called the Dobrowa; and cut in the middle by a nameless poor Brook ("BRTLINKA" some write it, if anybody could pronounce), running parallel and independent,—which latter, of more concernment to us here, springs beyond Czaslau, and is got to be of some size, and more intricate than usual, with "islands" and the like, as it passes Chotusitz (a little to east of Chotusitz);— this is our Field of Battle. Sixty or more miles to eastward of Prag, eight miles or more to southward of Elbe River and the Ford of Elbe—Teinitz (which we shall hear of, in years coming). A scene worth visiting by the curious, though it is by no means of picturesque character.

Uncomfortably bare, like most German plains; mean little hamlets, which are full of litter when you enter them, lie sprinkled about; little church—spires (like suffragans to Chotusitz spire, which is near you); a ragged untrimmed country: beyond the Brook, towards the Dobrowa, two or more miles from Chotusitz, is still noticeable: something like a Deer—park, with umbrageous features, bushy clumps, and shadowy vestiges of a Mansion, the one regular edifice within your horizon. Schusnitz is the name of this Mansion and Deer—park; farther on lies Sbislau, where Leopold happily found his Bridge unbroken yesterday.

The general landscape is scrubby, littery; ill—tilled, scratched rather than ploughed; physiognomic of Czech Populations, who are seldom trim at elbows: any beauty it has is on the farther side of the Dobrowa, which does not concern Prince Leopold, Prince Karl, or us at present. Prince Leopold's camp lies east and west, short way to north of Chotusitz. Schusnitz Hamlet (a good mile northward of Sbislau) covers his left, the chain of Lakelets covers his right: and Chotusitz, one of his outposts, lies centrally in front. Prince Karl is coming on, in four columns, from the Hills and intricacies south of Czaslau,—has been on march all night, intending a night—attack or *camisado* if he could; but could not in the least, owing to the intricate roadways, and the discrepancies of pace between his four columns. The sun was up before anything of him appeared:—drawing out, visibly yonder, by the east side of Czaslau; 30,000 strong, they say. Friedrich's united force, were Friedrich himself on the ground, will be about 28,000.

Friedrich's Orders, which Leopold is studying, were: "Hold by Chotusitz for Centre; your left wing, see you lean it on something, towards Dobrowa side,—on that intricate Brook (Brtlinka) or Park— wall of Schusnitz, [SBISLAU, Friedrich hastily calls it (*OEuvres*, ii. 121–126); Stille (p. 63) is more exact.] which I think is there; then your right wing westwards, till you lean again on something: two lines, leave room for me and my force, on the corner nearest here. I will start at four; be with you between seven and eight,—and even bring a proportion of Austrian bread (hot from these ovens of Kuttenberg) to refresh part of you." Leopold of Anhalt, a much—comforted man, waits only for the earliest gray of the morning, to be up and doing. From Chotusitz he spreads out leftwards towards the Brtlinka Brook,—difficult ground that, unfit for cavalry, with its bog— holes, islands, gullies and broken surface; better have gone across the Brtlinka with mere infantry, and leant on the wall of that Deer—park of Schusnitz with perhaps only 1,000 horse to support, well rearward of the infantry and this difficult ground? So men think,—after the action is over. [Stille, pp. 63, 67.] And indeed there was certainly some misarrangement there (done by Leopold's subordinates), which had its effects shortly.

Leopold was not there in person, arranging that left wing; Leopold is looking after centre and right. He perceives, the right wing will be his best chance; knows that, in general, cavalry must be on both wings. On a little eminence in front of his right, he sees how the Enemy comes on; Czaslau, lately on their left, is now getting to rear of them:—"And you, stout old General Buddenbrock, spread yourself out to right a little, hidden behind this rising ground; I think we may outflank their left wing by a few squadrons, which will be an advantage."

Buddenbrock spreads himself out, as bidden: had Buddenbrock been reinforced by most of the horse that

could do no good on our LEFT wing, it is thought the Battle had gone better. Buddenbrock in this way, secretly, outflanks the Austrians; to HIS right all forward, he has that string of marshy pools (Lakes of Czirkwitz so called, outflowings from the Brook of Neuhof), and cannot be taken in flank by any means. Brook of Neuhof, which his Majesty crossed yesterday, farther north;—and ought to have recrossed by this time?—said Brook, hereabouts a mere fringe of quagmires and marshy pools, is our extreme boundary on the west or right; Brook of Brtlinka (unluckily NOT wall of the Deer-park) bounds us eastward, or on our left, Prince Karl, drawn up by this time, is in two lines, cavalry on right and left, but rather in bent order; bent towards us at both ends (being dainty of his ground, I suppose); and comes on in hollow-crescent form;—which is not reckoned orthodox by military men. What all these Villages, human individuals and terrified deer, are thinking, I never can conjecture! Thick-soled peasants, terrified nursing-mothers: Better to run and hide, I should say; mount your garron plough-horses, hide your butter-pots, meal-barrels; run at least ten miles or so!—

It is now past seven, a hot May morning, the Austrians very near;— and yonder, of a surety, is his Majesty coming. Majesty has marched since four; and is here at his time, loaves and all. His men rank at once in the corner left for them; one of his horse-generals, Lehwald, is sent to the left, to put straight what may be awry there (cannot quite do it, he either);—and the attack by Buddenbrock, who secretly outflanks here on the right, this shall at once take effect. No sooner has his Majesty got upon the little eminence or rising ground, and scanned the Austrian lines for an instant or two, than his cannon-batteries awaken here; give the Austrian horse a good blast, by way of morning salutation and overture to the concert of the day. And Buddenbrock, deploying under cover of that, charges, "first at a trot, then at a gallop," to see what can be done upon them with the white weapon. Old Uddenbrock, surely, did not himself RIDE in the charge? He is an old man of seventy; has fought at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, nay at Steenkirk, and been run through the body, under Dutch William; is an old acquaintance of Charles XII.s even; and sat solemnly by Friedrich Wilhelm's coffin, after so much attendance during life. The special leader of the charge was Bredow; also a veteran gentleman, but still only in the fifties; he, I conclude, made the charge; first at a trot, then at a gallop,—with swords flashing hideous, and eyebrows knit.

"The dust was prodigious," says Friedrich, weather being dry and ground sandy; for a space of time you could see nothing but one huge whirlpool of dust, with the gleam of steel flickering madly in it: however, Buddenbrock, outflanking the Austrian first line of horse, did hurl them from their place; by and by you see the dust-tempest running south, faster and faster south,—that is to say, the Austrian horse in flight; for Buddenbrock, outflanking them by three squadrons, has tumbled their first line topsy-turvy, and they rush to rearward, he following away and away. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 123.] Now were the time for a fresh force of Prussian cavalry,—for example, those you have standing useless behind the gullies and quagmires on your left wing (says Stille, after the event);—due support to Buddenbrock, and all that Austrian cavalry were gone, and their infantry left bare.

But now again, see, do not the dust-clouds pause? They pause, mounting higher and higher; they dance wildly, then roll back towards us; too evidently back. Buddenbrock has come upon the second line of Austrian horse; in too loose order Buddenbrock, by this time, and they have broken him:—and it is a mutual defeat of horse on this wing, the Prussian rather the worse of the two. And might have been serious,—had not Rothenburg plunged furiously in, at this crisis, quite through to the Austrian infantry, and restored matters, or more. Making a confused result of it in this quarter. Austrian horse-regiments there now were that fled quite away; as did even one or two foot-regiments, while the Prussian infantry dashed forward on them, escorted by Rothenburg in this manner,—who got badly wounded in the business; and was long an object of solicitude to Friedrich. And contrariwise certain Prussian horse also, it was too visible, did not compose themselves till fairly aware of our foot. This is Shock First in the Battle; there are Three Shocks in all.

Partial charging, fencing and flourishing went on; but nothing very effectual was done by the horse in this quarter farther. Nor did the fire or effort of the Prussian Infantry in this their right wing continue; Austrian fury and chief effort having, by this time, broken out in an opposite quarter. So that the strain of the Fight lies now in the other wing over about Chotusitz and the Brtlinka Brook; and thither I perceive his Majesty has galloped, being "always in the thickest of the danger" this day. Shock Second is now on. The Austrians have attacked at Chotusitz; and are threatening to do wonders there.

Prince Leopold's Left Wing, as we said, was entirely defective in the eye of tacticians (after the event). Far from leaning on the wall of the Deer-park, he did not even reach the Brook,—or had to weaken his force in Chotusitz Village for that object. So that when the Austrian foot comes storming upon Chotusitz, there is but "half

a regiment" to defend it. And as for cavalry, what is to become of cavalry, slowly threading, under cannon—shot and musketry, these intricate quagmires and gullies, and dangerously breaking into files and strings, before ever it can find ground to charge? Accordingly, the Austrian foot took Chotusitz, after obstinate resistance; and old Konigseck, very ill of gout, got seated in one of the huts there; and the Prussian cavalry, embarrassed to get through the gullies, could not charge except piecemeal, and then though in some cases with desperate valor, yet in all without effectual result. Konigseck sits in Chotusitz;—and yet withal the Russians are not out of it, will not be driven out of it, but cling obstinately; whereupon the Austrians set fire to the place; its dry thatch goes up in flame, and poor old Konigseck, quite lame of gout, narrowly escaped burning, they say.

And, see, the Austrian horse have got across the Brtlinka, are spread almost to the Deer—park, and strive hard to take us in flank,—did not the Brook, the bad ground and the platoon—firing (fearfully swift, from discipline and the iron ramrods) hold them back in some measure. They make a violent attempt or two; but the problem is very rugged. Nor can the Austrian infantry, behind or to the west of burning Chotusitz, make an impression, though they try it, with levelled bayonets and deadly energy, again and again: the Prussian ranks are as if built of rock, and their fire is so sure and swift. Here is one Austrian regiment, came rushing on like lions; would not let go, death or no—death:—and here it lies, shot down in ranks; whole swaths of dead men, and their muskets by them, —as if they had got the word to take that posture, and had done it hurriedly! A small transitory gleam of proud rage is visible, deep down, in the soul of Friedrich as he records this fact. Shock Second was very violent.

The Austrian horse, after such experimenting in the Brtlinka quarter, gallop off to try to charge the Prussians in the rear;— "pleasanter by far," judge many of them, "to plunder the Prussian Camp," which they descry in those regions; whither accordingly they rush. Too many of them; and the Hussars as one man. To the sorrowful indignation of Prince Karl, whose right arm (or wing) is fallen paralytic in this manner. After the Fight, they repented in dust and ashes; and went to say so, as if with the rope about their neck; upon which he pardoned them.

Nor is Prince Karl's left wing gaining garlands just at this moment. Shock Third is awakening;—and will be decisive on Prince Karl. Chotusitz, set on fire an hour since (about 9 A.M.), still burns; cutting him in two, as it were, or disjoining his left wing from his right: and it is on his right wing that Prince Karl is depending for victory, at present; his left wing, ruffled by those first Prussian charges of horse, with occasional Prussian swift musketry ever since, being left to its own inferior luck, which is beginning to produce impression on it. And, lo, on the sudden (what brought finis to the business), Friedrich, seizing the moment, commands a united charge on this left wing: Friedrich's right wing dashes forward on it, double—quick, takes it furiously, on front and flank; fifteen field—pieces preceding, and intolerable musketry behind them. So that the Austrian left wing cannot stand it at all.

The Austrian left wing, stormed in upon in this manner, swags and sways, threatening to tumble pell—mell upon the right wing; which latter has its own hands full. No Chotusitz or point of defence to hold by, Prince Karl is eminently ill off, and will be hurled wholly into the Brtlinka, and the islands and gullies, unless he mind! Prince Karl,—what a moment for him!—noticing this undeniable phenomenon, rapidly gives the word for retreat, to avoid worse. It is near upon Noon; four hours of battle; very fierce on both the wings, together or alternately; in the centre (westward of Chotusitz) mostly insignificant: "more than half the Prussians" standing with arms shouldered. Prince Karl rolls rapidly away, through Czaslau towards southwest again; loses guns in Czaslau; goes, not quite broken, but at double—quick time for five miles; cavalry, Prussian and Austrian, bickering in the rear of him; and vanishes over the horizon towards Willimow and Haber that night, the way he had come.

This is the battle of Chotusitz, called also of Czaslau: Thursday, 17th May, 1742. Vehemently fought on both sides;—calculated, one may hope, to end this Silesian matter? The results, in killed and wounded, were not very far from equal. Nay, in killed the Prussians suffered considerably the worse; the exact Austrian cipher of killed being 1,052, while that of the Prussians was 1,905,—owing chiefly to those fierce ineffectual horse—charges and bickerings, on the right wing and left; "above 1,200 Prussian cavalry were destroyed in these." But, in fine, the general loss, including wounded and missing, amounted on the Austrian side (prisoners being many, and deserters very many) to near seven thousand, and on the Prussian to between four and five. [Orlich, i. 255; *Feldzuge der Preussen*, p. 113; Stille, pp. 62–71; Friedrich himself, *OEuvres*, ii. 121–126; and (ib. pp. 145–150) the Newspaper "RELATION," written also by him.] Two Generals Friedrich had lost, who are not specially of our acquaintance; and several younger friends whom he loved. Rothenburg, who was in that first charge of horse with Buddenbrock, or in rescue of Buddenbrock, and did exploits, got badly hurt, as we saw,—badly, not fatally, as

Friedrich's first terror was,—and wore his arm in a sling for a long while afterwards.

Buddenbrock's charge, I since hear, was ruined by the DUST; [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii. 121.] the King's vanguard, under Rothenburg, a "new-raised regiment of Hussars in green," coming to the rescue, were mistaken for Austrians, and the cry rose, "Enemy to rear!" which brought Rothenburg his disaster. Friedrich much loved and valued the man; employed him afterwards as Ambassador to France and in places of trust. Friedrich's Ambassadors are oftenest soldiers as well: bred soldiers, he finds, if they chance to have natural intelligence, are fittest for all kinds of work.—Some eighteen Austrian cannon were got; no standards, because, said the Prussians, they took the precaution of bringing none to the field, but had beforehand rolled them all up, out of harm's way.—Let us close with this Fraction of topography old and new:—

"King Friedrich purchased Nine Acres of Ground, near Chotusitz, to bury the slain; rented it from the proprietor for twenty-five years. [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 634.] I asked, Where are those nine acres; what crop is now upon them? but could learn nothing. A dim people, those poor Czech natives; stupid, dirty-skinned, ill-given; not one in twenty of them speaking any German;—and our dragoman a fortuitous Jew Pedler; with the mournfulest of human faces, though a head worth twenty of those Czech ones, poor oppressed soul! The Battle-plain bears rye, barley, miscellaneous pulse, potatoes, mostly insignificant crops; —the nine hero-acres in question, perhaps still of slightly richer quality, lie indiscriminate among the others; their very fence, if they ever had one, now torn away.

"The Country, as you descend by dusty intricate lanes from Kuttenberg, with your left hand to the Elbe, and at length with your back to it, would be rather pretty, were it well cultivated, the scraggy litter swept off, and replaced by verdure and reasonable umbrage here and there. The Field of Chotusitz, where you emerge on it, is a wide wavy plain; the steeple of Chotusitz, and, three or four miles farther, that of Czaslau (pronounce 'KOTusitz,' 'CHASlau'), are the conspicuous objects in it. The Lakes Friedrich speaks of, which covered his right, and should cover ours, are not now there,—'all, or mostly all, drained away, eighty years ago,' answered the Czechs; answered one wiser Czech, when pressed upon, and guessed upon; thereby solving the enigma which was distressful to us. Between those Lakes and the Brtlinka Brook may be some two miles; Chotusitz is on the crown of the space, if it have a crown. But there is no 'height' on it, worth calling a height except by the military man; no tree or bush; no fence among the scrubby ryes and pulses: no obstacle but that Brook, which, or the hollow of which, you see sauntering steadily northward or Elbe-ward, a good distance on your left, as you drive for Chotusitz and steeple. Schuschitz, a peaked brown edifice, is visible everywhere, well ahead and leftwards, well beyond said hollow; something of wood and 'deer-park' still noticeable or imaginable yonder.

"Chotusitz itself is a poor littery place; standing white-washed, but much unswept: in two straggling rows, now wide enough apart (no Konigseck need now get burnt there): utterly silent under the hot sun; not a child looked out on us, and I think the very dogs lay wisely asleep. Church and steeple are at the farther or south end of the Village, and have an older date than 1742. High up on the steeple, mending the clock-hands or I know not what, hung in mid-air one Czech; the only living thing we saw. Population may be three or four hundred,—all busy with their teams or otherwise, we will hope. Czaslau, which you approach by something of avenues, of human roads (dust and litter still abounding), is a much grander place; say of 2,000 or more: shiny, white, but also somnolent; vast market-place, or central square, sloping against you: two shiny Hotels on it, with Austrian uniforms loitering about;— and otherwise great emptiness and silence. The shiny Hotels (shine due to paint mainly) offer little of humanly edible; and, in the interior, smells strike you as—as the OLDEST you have ever met before. A people not given to washing, to ventilating! Many gospels have been preached in those parts, and abstruse Orthodoxies, sometimes with fire and sword, and no end of emphasis; but that of Soap-and-Water (which surely is as Catholic as any, and the plainest of all) has not yet got introduced there!" [Tourist's Note (13th September, 1858).]

Czaslau hangs upon the English mind (were not the ignorance so total) by another tie: it is the resting-place of Zisca, whose drum, or the fable of whose drum, we saw in the citadel of Glatz. Zisca was buried IN his skin, at Czaslau finally: in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul there; with due epitaph; and his big mace or battle-club, mostly iron, hung honorable on the wall close by. Kaiser Ferdinand, Karl V.'s brother, on a Progress to Prag, came to lodge at Czaslau, one afternoon: "What is that?" said the Kaiser, strolling over this Peter-and-Paul's Church, and noticing the mace. "Ugh! Faugh!" growled he angrily, on hearing what; and would not lodge in the Town, but harnessed again, and drove farther that same night. The club is now gone; but Zisca's dust lies there irremovable

till Doomsday, in the land where his limbs were made. A great behemoth of a war-captain; one of the fiercest, inflexiblest, ruggedest creatures ever made in the form of man. Devoured Priests, with appetite, wherever discoverable: Dishonorers of his Sister; murderers of the God's-witness John Huss; them may all the Devils help! Beat Kaiser Sigismund SUPRA- GRAMMATICAM again and ever again, scattering the Kitter hosts in an extraordinary manner;—a Zisca conquerable only by Death, and the Pest-Fever passing that way.

His birthplace, Troznow, is a village in the Budweis neighborhood, 100 miles to south. There, for three centuries after him, stood "Zisca's Oak" (under shade of which, his mother, taken suddenly on the harvest-field, had borne Zisca): a weird object, gate of Heaven and of Orcus to the superstitious populations about. At midnight on the Hallow-Eve, dark smiths would repair thither, to cut a twig of the Zisca Oak: twig of it put, at the right moment, under your stithy, insures good luck, lends pith to arm and heart, which is already good luck. So that a Bishop of those parts, being of some culture, had to cut it down, above a hundred years ago,—and build some Chapel in its stead; no Oak there now, but an orthodox Inscription, not dated that I could see. [Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iii. (3tes), 110–145.]

Friedrich did not much pursue the Austrians after this Victory; having cleared the Czaslau region of them, he continued there (at Kuttenberg mainly); and directed all his industry to getting Peace made. His experiences of Broglio, and of what help was likely to be had from Broglio,—whom his Court, as Friedrich chanced to know, had ordered "to keep well clear of the King of Prussia,"—had not been flattering. Beaten in this Battle, Broglio's charity would have been a weak reed to lean upon: he is happy to inform Broglio, that though kept well clear of, he is not beaten.

Blustering Broglio might have guessed that HE now would have to look to himself. But he did not; his eyes naturally dim and bad, being dazzled at this time, by "an ever-glorious victory" (so Broglio thinks it) of his own achieving. Broglio, some couple of days after Czaslau, had marched hastily out of Prag for Budweis quarter, where Lobkowitz and the Austrians were unexpectedly bestirring themselves, and threatening to capture that "Castle of Frauenberg" (mythic old Hill-castle among woods), Broglio's chief post in those regions. Broglio, May 24th, has fought a handsome skirmish (thanks partly to Belleisle, who chanced to arrive from Frankfurt just in the nick of time, and joined Broglio): Skirmish of Sahay; magnified in all the French gazettes into a Victory of Sahay, victory little short of Pharsalia, says Friedrich;—the complete account of which, forgotten now by all creatures, is to be read in him they call Mauvillon; [*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 204.] and makes a pretty enough piece of fence, on the small scale. Lobkowitz had to give up the Frauenberg enterprise; and cross to Budweis again, till new force should come.

"Why not drive him out of Budweis," think the Two French Marshals, "him and whatever force can come? If those lucky Prussians would co-operate, and those unlucky Saxons, how easy were it!"—Belleisle sets off to persuade Friedrich, to persuade Saxony (and we shall see him on the route); Broglio waiting sublime, on the hither side of the Moldau, well within wind of Budweis, till Belleisle prevail, and return with said co-operation, What became of Broglio, waiting in this sublime manner, we shall also have to see; but perhaps not for a great while yet (cannot pause on such absurd phenomena yet), —though Broglio's catastrophe is itself a thing imminent; and, within some ten days of that astonishing Victory of Sahay, astonishes poor Broglio the reverse way. A man born for surprises!

Chapter XIV. PEACE OF Breslau.

In actual loss of men or of ground, the results of that Chotusitz Affair were not of decisive nature. But it had been fought with obstinacy; with great fury on the Austrian side (who, as it were, had a bet upon it ever since February 25th), Britannic George, and all the world, looking on: and, in dispiritment and discredit to the beaten party, its results were considerable. The voice of all the world, declaring through its Gazetteer Editors, "You cannot beat those Prussians!" voice confirmed by one's own sad thoughts:— in such sounding of the rams horns round one's Jericho, there is always a strange influence (what is called panic, as if Pan or some god were in it), and one's Jericho is the apter to fall!

Among the Austrian Prisoners, there was a General Pallandt, mortally wounded too; whom Friedrich, according to custom, treated with his best humanity, though all help was hopeless to poor Pallandt. Calling one day at Pallandt's sick-couch, Friedrich was so sympathetic, humane and noble, that Pallandt was touched by it; and said, "What a pity your noble Majesty and my noble Queen should ruin one another, for a set of French intruders, who play false even to your Majesty!" "False?" Friedrich inquires farther: Pallandt, a man familiar at Court, has seen a Letter from Fleury to the Queen of Hungary, conclusive as to Fleury's good faith; will undertake, if permitted, to get his Majesty a sight of it. Friedrich permits; the Fleury letter comes; to the effect: "Make peace with us, O Queen; with your Prussian neighbor you shall make —what suits you!" Friedrich read; learned conclusively, what perhaps he had already as good as known otherwise; and drew the inference. [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 633; Hormayr, *Anemonen*, ii. 186; Adelung, iii. A, 149 n.] Actual copy of this letter the most ardent Gazetteer curiosity could not attain to, at that epoch; but the Pallandt story seems to have been true;—and as to the Fleury letter in such circumstances, copies of various Fleury letters to the like purport are still public enough; and Fleury's private intentions, already guessed at by Friedrich, are in our time a secret to nobody that inquires about them.

Certain enough, Peace with Friedrich is now on the way; and cannot well linger:—what prospect has Austria otherwise? Its very supplies from England will be stopped. Hyndford redoubles his diligence; Britannic Majesty reiterates at Vienna: "Did not I tell you, Madam; there is no hope or possibility till these Prussians are off our hands!" To which her Hungarian Majesty, as the bargain was, now sorrowfully assents; sorrowfully, unwillingly,—and always lays the blame on his Britannic Majesty afterwards, and brings it up again as a great favor she had done HIM. "Did not I give up my invaluable Silesia, the jewel of my crown, for you, cruel Britannic Majesty with the big purse, and no heart to speak of?" This she urges always, on subsequent occasions; the high-souled Lady; reproachful of the patient, big-pursed little Gentleman, who never answers as he might, "For ME, Madam? Well—!" In short, Hyndford, Podewils and the Vienna Excellencies are busy.

Of these negotiations which go on at Breslau, and of the acres of despatches, English, Austrian, and other, let us not say one word. Enough that the Treaty is getting made, and rapidly,—though military offences do not quite cease; clouds of Austrian Pandours hovering about everywhere in Prince Karl's rear; pouncing down upon Prussian outposts, convoys, mostly to little purpose; hoping (what proves quite futile) they may even burn a Prussian magazine here or there. Contemptible to the Prussian soldier, though very troublesome to him. Friedrich regards the Pandour sort, with their jingling savagery, as a kind of military vermin; not conceivable a Prussian formed corps should yield to any odds of Pandour Tolpatch tagraggery. Nor does the Prussian soldier yield; though sometimes, like the mastiff galled by inroad of distracted weasels in too great quantity, he may have his own difficulties. Witness Colonel Retzow and the Magazine at Pardubitz ("daybreak, May 24th") VERSUS the infinitude of sudden Tolpatchery, bursting from the woods; rabid enough for many hours, but ineffectual, upon Pardubitz and Retzow. A distinguished Colonel this; of whom we shall hear again. Whose style of Narrative (modest, clear, grave, brief), much more, whose vigilant inexpugnable procedure on the occasion, is much to be commended to the military man. [Given in Seyfarth, *Beilage*, i. 548 et seqq.] Friedrich, the better to cover his Magazines, and be out of such annoyances, fell back a little; gradually to Kutenberg again (Tolpatchery vanishing, of its own accord); and lay encamped there, head-quarters in the Schloss of Maleschau near by,—till the Breslau Negotiations completed themselves.

Prince Karl, fringed with Tolpatchery in this manner, but with much desertion, much dispiritment, in his main

body,—the HOOPS upon him all loose, so to speak,—staggered zigzag back towards Budweis, and the Lobkowitz Party there; intending nothing more upon the Prussians;—capable now, think some NON-Prussians, of being well swept out of Budweis, and over the horizon altogether. If only his Prussian Majesty will co-operate! thinks Belleisle. "Your King of Prussia will not, M. le Marechal!" answers Broglio:—No, indeed; he has tried that trade already, M. le Marechal! think Broglio and we. The suspicions that Friedrich, so quiescent after his Chotusitz, is making Peace, are rife everywhere; especially in Broglio's head and old Fleury's; though Belleisle persists with emphasis, officially and privately, in the opposite opinion, "Husht, Messieurs!" Better go and see, however.

Belleisle does go; starts for Kuttentberg, for Dresden; his beautiful Budweis project now ready, French reinforcements streaming towards us, heart high again,—if only Friedrich and the Saxons will co-operate. Belleisle, the Two Belleisles, with Valori and Company, arrived June 2d at Kuttentberg, at the Schloss of Maleschau;—"spoke little of Chotusitz," says Stille; "and were none of them at the pains to ride to the ground." Marechal Belleisle, for the next three days, had otherwise speech of Friedrich; especially, on June 5th, a remarkable Dialogue. "Won't your Majesty co-operate?" "Alas, Monseigneur de Belleisle—" How gladly would we give this last Dialogue of Friedrich's and Belleisle's, one of the most ticklish conceivable: but there is not anywhere the least record of it that can be called authentic;—and we learn only that Friedrich, with considerable distinctness, gave him to know, "clearly" (say all the Books, except Friedrich's own), that co-operation was henceforth a thing of the preter-pluperfect tense. "All that I ever wanted, more than I ever demanded, Austria now offers; can any one blame me that I close such a business as ours has all along been, on such terms as these now offered me are?"

It is said, and is likely enough, the Pallandt-Fleury Letter came up; as probably the MORAVIAN FORAY, and various Broglio passages, would, in the train of said Letter. To all which, and to the inexorable painful corollary, Belleisle, in his high lean way, would listen with a stern grandiose composure. But the rumors add, On coming out into the Anteroom, dialogue and sentence now done, Monseigneur de Belleisle tore the peruke from his head; and stamping on it, was heard to say volcanically, "That cursed parson,—CE MAUDIT CALOTTE [old Fleury],—has ruined everything!" Perhaps it is not true? If true,—the prompt valets would quickly replace Monseigneur's wig; chasing his long strides; and silence, in so dignified a man, would cloak whatever emotions there were. [Adelung, iii. A, 154; *Guerre de Boheme*, (silent about the wig) admits, as all Books do, the perfect clearness;—compare, however, *OEuvres de Frederic*; and also Broglio's strange darkness, twelve days later, and Belleisle now beside him again (*Campagnes des Trois Marechaux*, v. 190, 191, of date 17th June);—darkness due perhaps to the strange humor Broglio was then in?] He rolled off, he and his, straightway to Dresden, there to invite co-operation in the Budweis Project; there also in vain.— "CO-operation," M. le Marechal? Alas, it has already come to operation, if you knew it! Aud your Broglio is— Better hurry back to Prag, where you will find phenomena!

June 15th, Friedrich has a grand dinner of Generals at Maleschau; and says, in proposing the first bumper, "Gentlemen, I announce to you, that, as I never wished to oppress the Queen of Hungary, I have formed the resolution of agreeing with that Princess, and accepting the Proposals she has made me in satisfaction of my rights,"—telling them withal what the chief terms were, and praising my Lord Hyndford for his great services. Upon which was congratulation, cordial, universal; and, with full rummers, "Health to the Queen of Hungary!" followed by others of the like type, "Grand-Duke of Lorraine!" and "The brave Prince Karl!" especially.

Brevity being incumbent on us, we shall say only that the Hyndford-Podewils operations had been speeded, day and night; brought to finis, in the form of Signed Preliminaries, as "Treaty of Breslau, 11th June, 1742;" and had gone to Friedrich's satisfaction in every particular. Thanks to the useful Hyndford,—to the willing mind of his Britannic Majesty, once so indignant, but made willing, nay passionately eager, by his love of Human Liberty and the pressure of events! To Hyndford, some weeks hence, [2d August (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 729).]—I conclude, on Friedrich's request,—there was Order of the Thistle sent; and grandest investiture ever seen almost, done by Friedrich upon Hyndford (Jordan, Keyserling, Schwerin, and the Sword of State busy in it; Two Queens and all the Berlin firmament looking on); and, perhaps better still, on Friedrich's part there was gift of a Silver Dinner-Service; gift of the Royal Prussian Arms (which do enrich ever since the Shield of those Scottish Carmichaels, as doubtless the Dinner-Service does their Plate-chest); and abundant praise and honor to the useful Hyndford, heavy of foot, but sure, who had reached the goal.

This welcome Treaty, signed at Breslau, June 11th, and confirmed by "Treaty of Berlin, July 28th," in more

explicit solemn manner, to the self-same effect, can be read by him that runs (if compelled to read Treaties); [In *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1061-1064 (Treaty of Breslau), ib. 1065-1070 (that of Berlin); to be found also in Wenck, Rousset, Scholl, Adeluug, the terms, in compressed form, are:--

1. "Silesia, Lower and Upper, to beyond the watershed and the Oppa- stream,--reserving only the Principality of Teschen, with pertinents, which used to be reckoned Silesian, and the ulterior Mountain-tops [Mountain-tops good for what? thought Friedrich, a year or two afterwards!]--Silesia wholly, within those limits, and furthermore the County Glatz and its dependencies, are and remain the property of Friedrich and of his Heirs male or female; given up, and made his, to all intents and purposes, forevermore. With which Friedrich, to the like long date, engages to rest satisfied, and claim nothing farther anywhere.

2. "Silesian Dutch-English Debt [Loan of about Two Millions, better half of it English, contracted by the late Kaiser, on Silesian security, in that dreadful Polish-Election crisis, when the Sea-Powers would not help, but left it to their Stockbrokers] is undertaken by Friedrich, who will pay interest on the same till liquidated.

3. "Religion to stand where it is. Prussian Majesty not to meddle in this present or in other Wars of her Hungarian Majesty, except with his ardent wishes that General Peace would ensue, and that all his friends, Hungarian Majesty among others, were living in good agreement around him."

This is the Treaty of Breslau (June 11th, 1742), or, in second more solemn edition, Treaty of Berlin (July 28th following); signed, ratified, guaranteed by his Britannic Majesty for one, [Treaty of Westminster, between Friedrich and George, 29th (18th) November, 1842 (Scholl, ii. 313).] and firmly planted on the Diplomatic adamant (at least on the Diplomatic parchment) of this world. And now: Homewards, then; march!--

Huge huzzaing, herald-trumpeting, bob-major-ing, bursts forth from all Prussian Towns, especially from all Silesian ones, in those June days, as the drums beat homewards; elaborate Illuminations, in the short nights; with bonfires, with transparencies,--Transparency inscribed "FREDERICO MAGNO (To Friedrich THE GREAT)," in one small instance, still of premature nature. [*Helden-Geschichte* (ii. 702-729) is endless on these Illuminations; the Jauer case, of FREDERICO MAGNO (Jauer in Silesia), is of June 15th (ib. 712).]

Omitting very many things, about Silesian Fortresses, Army-Cantons, Silesian settlements, military and civil, which would but weary the reader, we add only this from Bielfeld: dusty Transit of a victorious Majesty, now on the threshold of home. Precise date (which Bielfeld prudently avoids guessing at) is July 11th, 1742; "M. de Pollnitz and I are in the suite of the King:--

"We never stopped on the road, except some hours at Frankfurt-on-Oder, where the Fair was just going on. On approaching the Town, we found the highway lined on both sides with crowds of traders, and other strangers of all nations; who had come out, attracted by curiosity to see the conqueror of Silesia, and had ranged themselves in two rows there. His Majesty's entry into Frankfurt, although a very triumphant one, was far from being ostentatious. We passed like lightning before the eyes of the spectators, and we were so covered with dust, that it was difficult to distinguish the color of our coats and the features of our faces. We made some purchases at Frankfurt; and arrived safely in the Capital [next day], where the King was received amidst the acclamations of his People." [Bielfeld, ii. 51.]

Here is a successful young King; is not he? Has plunged into the Mahlstrom for his jewelled gold Cup, and comes up with it, alive, unslain. Will he, like that DIVER of Schiller's, have to try the feat a second time? Perhaps a second time, and even a third!--

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

**BOOK XIV. THE SURROUNDING EUROPEAN WAR DOES NOT END.
August, 1742–July, 1744.**

Chapter I. FRIEDRICH RESUMES HIS PEACEABLE PURSUITS.

Friedrich's own Peace being made on such terms, his wish and hope was, that it might soon be followed by a general European one; that, the live-coal, which had kindled this War, being quenched, the War itself might go out. Silesia is his; farther interest in the Controversy, except that it would end itself in some fair manner, he has none. "Silesia being settled," think many, thinks Friedrich for one, "what else of real and solid is there to settle?"

The European Public, or benevolent individuals of it everywhere, indulged also in this hope. "How glorious is my King, the youngest of the Kings and the grandest!" exclaims Voltaire (in his Letters to Friedrich, at this time), and re-exclaims, till Friedrich has to interfere, and politely stop it: "A King who carries in the one hand an all-conquering sword, but in the other a blessed olive-branch, and is the Arbiter of Europe for Peace or War!" "Friedrich the THIRD [so Voltaire calls him, counting ill, or misled by ignorance of German nomenclature], Friedrich the Third, I mean Friedrich the Great (FREDERIC LE GRAND)," will do this, and do that;—probably the first emergence of that epithet in human speech, as yet in a quite private hypothetic way. [Letters of Voltaire, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 100, this last Letter is of date "July, 1742"—almost contemporary with the "Jauer Transparency" noticed above.] Opinions about Friedrich's conduct, about his talents, his moralities, there were many (all wide of the mark): but this seemed clear, That the weight of such a sword as his, thrown into either scale, would be decisive; and that he evidently now wished peace. An unquestionable fact, that latter! Wished it, yes, right heartily; and also strove to hope,—though with less confidence than the benevolent outside Public, as knowing the interior of the elements better.

These hopes, how fond they were, we now all know. True, my friends, the live-coal which kindled this incendiary whirlpool (ONE of the live-coals, first of them that spread actual flame in these European parts, and first of them all except Jenkins's Ear) is out, fairly withdrawn; but the fire, you perceive, rages not the less. The fire will not quench itself, I doubt, till the bitumen, sulphur and other angry fuel have run much lower! Austria has fighting men in abundance, England behind it has guineas; Austria has got injuries, then successes:—there is in Austria withal a dumb pride, quite equal in pretensions to the vocal vanity of France, and far more stubborn of humor. The First Nation of the Universe, rashly hurling its fine-throated hunting-pack, or Army of the Oriflamme, into Austria,—see what a sort of badgers, and gloomily indignant bears, it has awakened there! Friedrich had to take arms again; and an unwelcome task it was to him, and a sore and costly. We shall be obliged (what is our grand difficulty in this History) to note, in their order, the series of European occurrences; and, tedious as the matter now is, keep readers acquainted with the current of that big War; in which, except Friedrich broad awake, and the Ear of Jenkins in somnambulancy, there is now next to nothing to interest a human creature.

It is an error still prevalent in England, though long since exploded everywhere else, that Friedrich wanted new wars, "new successful robberies," as our Gazetteers called them; and did wilfully plunge into this War again, in the hope of again doing a stroke in that kind. English readers, on consulting the facts a little, will not hesitate to sweep that notion altogether away. Shadow of basis, except in their own angry uninformed imaginations, they will find it never had; and that precisely the reverse is manifest in Friedrich's History. A perfectly clear-sighted Friedrich; able to discriminate shine from substance; and gravitating always towards the solid, the actual. That of "GLOIRE," which he owns to at starting, we saw how soon it died out, choked in the dire realities. That of Conquering Hero, in the Macedonia's—madman style, was at all times far from him, if the reader knew it,—perhaps never farther from any King who had such allurements to it, such opportunities for it. This his First Expedition to Silesia—a rushing out to seize your own stolen horse, while the occasion answered—was a voluntary one; produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest were all purely compulsory,—to defend the horse he had seized. Clear necessities, and Powers very Visible, were the origin of all his other Expeditions and Warlike Struggles, which lasted to the end of his life.

That recent "Moravian Foray;" the joint-stock principle in War matters; and the terrible pass a man might reduce himself to, at that enormous gaming-table of the gods, if he lingered there: think what considerations these had been for him! So that "his look became FAROUCHE," in the sight of Valori; and the spectre of Ruin kept him company, and such hell-dogs were in chase of him;—till Czaslau, when the dice fell kind again! All this had been didactic on a young docile man. He was but thirty gone. And if readers mark such docility at those years,

they will find considerable meaning in it. Here are prudence, moderation, clear discernment; very unusual VERACITY of intellect, as we define it,—which quality, indeed, is the summary and victorious outcome of all manner of good qualities, and faithful performances, in a man. "Given up to strong delusions," in the tragical way many are, Friedrich was not; and, in practical matters, very seldom indeed "believed a lie."

Certain it is, he now resumes his old Reinsberg Program of Life; probably with double relish, after such experiences the other way; and prosecutes it with the old ardor; hoping much that his History will be of halcyon pacific nature, after all. Would the mad War—whirlpool but quench itself; dangerous for singeing a near neighbor, who is only just got out of it! Fain would he be arbiter, and help to quench it; but it will not quench. For a space of Two Years or more (till August, 1744, Twenty—six Months in all), Friedrich, busy on his own affairs, with carefully neutral aspect towards this War, yet with sword ready for drawing in case of need, looks on with intense vigilance; using his wisest interference, not too often either, in that sense and in that only, "Be at Peace; oh, come to Peace!"—and finds that the benevolent Public and he have been mistaken in their hopes. For the next Two Years, we say:—for the first Year (or till about August, 1743), with hope not much abated, and little actual interference needed; for the latter Twelvemonth, with hope ever more abating; interference, warning, almost threatening ever more needed, and yet of no avail, as if they had been idle talking and gesticulation on his part:—till, in August, 1744, he had to—But the reader shall gradually see it, if by any method we can show it him, in something of its real sequence; and shall judge of it by his own light.

Friedrich's Domestic History was not of noisy nature, during this interval:—and indeed in the bewildered Records given of it, there is nothing visible, at first, but one wide vortex of simmering inanities; leading to the desperate conclusion that Friedrich had no domestic history at all. Which latter is by no means the fact! Your poor Prussian Dryasdust (without even an Index to help you) being at least authentic, if you look a long time intensely and on many sides, features do at last dawn out of those sad vortexes; and you find the old Reinsberg Program risen to activity again; and all manner of peaceable projects going on. Friedrich visits the Baths of Aachen (what we call Aix—la—Chapelle); has the usual Inspections, business activities, recreations, visits of friends. He opens his Opera—House, this first winter. He enters on Law—reform, strikes decisively into that grand problem; hoping to perfect it. What is still more significant, he in private begins writing his MEMOIRS. And furthermore, gradually determines on having a little Country House, place of escape from his big Potsdam Palace; and gets plans drawn for it,—place which became very famous, by the name of SANS—SOUCI, in times coming. His thoughts are wholly pacific; of Life to Minerva and the Arts, not to Bellona and the Battles:—and yet he knows well, this latter too is an inexorable element. About his Army, he is quietly busy; augmenting, improving it; the staff of life to Prussia and him.

Silesian Fortress—building, under ugly Walrave, goes on at a steadily swift rate. Much Silesian settlement goes on; fixing of the Prussian—Austrian Boundaries without; of the Catholic—Protestant limits within: rapid, not too rough, remodelling of the Province from Austrian into Prussian, in the Financial, Administrative and every other respect:—in all which important operations the success was noiseless, but is considered to have been perfect, or nearly so. Cannot we, from these enormous Paper—masses, carefully riddled, afford the reader a glimpse or two, to quicken his imagination of these things?

SETTLES THE SILESIA BOUNDARIES, THE SILESIA ARRANGEMENTS; WITH MANIFEST PROFIT TO SILESIA AND HIMSELF.

In regard to the Marches, Herr Nussler, as natural, was again the person employed. Nussler, shifty soul, wide—awake at all times, has already seen this Country; "noticed the Pass into Glatz with its block—house, and perceived that his Majesty would want it." From September 22d to December 12th, 1742, the actual Operation went on; ratified, completely set at rest, 16th January following. [Busching, *Beitrag*, ? Nussler: and Busching's *Magazin*, b. x. (Halle, 1776); where, pp. 475—538, is a "GESCHICHTE DER SHLESISCHEN GRANZSCHEIDUNG IM JAHR 1742," in great amplitude and authenticity.] Nussler serves on three thalers (nine shillings) a day. The Austrian Head—Commissioner has 5 pounds (thirty thalers) a day; but he is an elderly fat gentleman, puffy, scant of breath; cannot stand the rapid galloping about, and thousand—fold inspecting and detailing; leaves it all to Nussler; who goes like the wind. Thus, for example, Nussler dictates, at evening from his saddle, the mutual Protocol of the day's doings; Old Puffy sitting by, impatient for supper, and making no criticisms. Then at night, Nussler privately mounts again; privately, by moonlight, gallops over the ground they are to deal with next day, and takes notice of everything. No wonder the boundary—pillars, set up in such manner,

which stand to this day, bear marks that Prussia here and there has had fair play!—Poor Nussler has no fixed appointment yet, except one of about 100 pounds a year: in all my travels I have seen no man of equal faculty at lower wages. Nor did he ever get any signal promotion, or the least exuberance of wages, this poor Nussler;—unless it be that he got trained to perfect veracity of workmanship, and to be a man without dry-rot in the soul of him; which indeed is incalculable wages. Income of 100 pounds a year, and no dry-rot in the soul of you anywhere; income of 100,000 pounds a year, and nothing but dry and wet rot in the soul of you (ugly appetites unvaricities, blustering conceits,—and probably, as symbol of all things, a pot-belly to your poor body itself): Oh, my friends!

In settling the Spiritual or internal Catholic-Protestant limits of Silesia, Friedrich did also a workmanlike thing. Perfect fairness between Protestant and Catholic; to that he is bound, and never needed binding. But it is withal his intention to be King in Catholic Silesia; and that no Holy Father, or other extraneous individual, shall intrude with inconvenient pretensions there. He accordingly nominates the now Bishop of Neisse and natural Primate of Silesia,—Cardinal von Sinzendorf, who has made submission for any late Austrian peccadilloes, and thoroughly reconciled himself,—nominates Sinzendorf "Vicar-General" of the Country; who is to relieve the Pope of Silesian trouble, and be himself Quasi-Supreme of the Catholic Church there. "No offence, Holy Papa of Christian Mankind! Your holy religion is, and shall be, intact in these parts; but the palliums, bulls and other holy wares and interferences are not needed here. On that footing, be pleased to rest content."

The Holy Father shrieked his loudest (which is now a quite calculable loudness, nothing like so loud as it once was); declared he would "himself join the Army of Martyrs sooner;" and summoned Sinzendorf to Rome: "What kind of HINGE are you, CARDINALIS of the Gates of"—Husht! Shrieked his loudest, we say; but, as nobody minded it, and as Sinzendorf would not come, had to let the matter take its course. [Adelung, iii. A. 197–200.] And, gradually noticing what correct observance of essentials there was, he even came quite round, into a high state of satisfaction with this Heretic King, in the course of a few years. Friedrich and the Pope were very polite to each other thenceforth; always ready to do little mutual favors. And it is to be remarked, Friedrich's management of his Clergy, Protestant and Catholic, was always excellent; true, in a considerable degree, to the real law of things; gentle, but strict, and without shadow of hypocrisy,—in which last fine particular he is singularly unique among Modern Sovereigns.

He recognizes honestly the uses of Religion, though he himself has little; takes a good deal of pains with his Preaching Clergy, from the Army-Chaplain upwards,—will suggest texts to them, with scheme of sermon, on occasion;—is always anxious to have, as Clerical Functionary, the right man in the important place; and for the rest, expects to be obeyed by them, as by his Sergeants and Corporals. Indeed, the reverend men feel themselves to be a body of Spiritual Sergeants, Corporals and Captains; to whom obedience is the rule, and discontent a thing not to be indulged in by any means. And it is worth noticing, how well they seem to thrive in this completely submissive posture; how much real Christian worth is traceable in their labors and them; and what a fund of piety and religious faith, in rugged effectual form, exists in the Armies and Populations of such a King. ["In 1780, at Berlin, the population being 140,000, there are of ECCLESIASTIC kind only 140; that is 1 to the 1,000;—at Munchen there are thirty times as many in proportion" (Mirabeau, *Monarchie Prussienne*, viii. 342; quoting NICOLAI).] ...

By degrees the Munchows and Official Persons intrusted with Silesia got it wrought in all respects, financial, administrative, judicial, secular and spiritual, into the Prussian model: a long tough job; but one that proved well worth doing. [In Preuss (i. 197–200), the various steps (from 1740 to 1806).] In this state, counts one authority, it was worth to Prussia "about six times what it had been to Austria;"—from some other forgotten source, I have seen the computation "eight times." In money revenue, at the end of Friedrich's reign, it is a little more than twice; the "eight times" and the "six times," which are but loose multiples, refer, I suppose, to population, trade, increase of national wealth, of new regiments yielded by new cantons, and the like. [Westphalen, in *Feldzuge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (printed, Berlin, 1859, written 100 years before by that well-informed person), i. 65, says in the rough "six times:" Preuss, iv. 292, gives, very indistinctly, the ciphers of Revenue, in 1740 and SOME later Year: according to Friedrich himself (*Oeuvres*, ii. 102), the *Silesian Revenue at first was "3,600,000 thalers" (540,000 pounds, little more than Half a Million); Population, a Million—and-Half.*]

Six or eight times as useful to Prussia: and to the Inhabitants what multiple of usefulness shall we give? To be governed on principles fair and rational, that is to say, conformable to Nature's appointment in that respect; and to

be governed on principles which contradict the very rules of Cocker, and with impious disbelief of the very Multiplication Table: the one is a perpetual Gospel of Cosmos and Heaven to every unit of the Population; the other a Gospel of Chaos and Beelzebub to every unit of them: there is no multiple to be found in Arithmetic which will express that!—Certain of these advantages, in the new Government, are seen at once; others, the still more valuable, do not appear, except gradually and after many days and years. With the one and the other, Schlesien appears to have been tolerably content. From that Year 1742 to this, Schlesien has expressed by word and symptom nothing but thankfulness for the Transfer it underwent; and there is, for the last Hundred Years, no part of the Prussian Dominion more loyal to the Hohenzollerns (who are the Authors of Prussia, without whom Prussia had never been), than this their latest acquisition, when once it too got moulded into their own image. [Preuss, i. 193, and ib. 200 (Note from Klein, a Silesian Jurist): "Favor not merit formerly;" "Magistracies a regular branch of TRADE;"—"highway robbers on a strangely familiar footing with the old Breslau magistrates;"

OPENING OF THE OPERA-HOUSE AT BERLIN.

... December 7th, this Winter, Carnival being come or just coming, Friedrich opens his New Opera-House, for behoof of the cultivated Berlin classes; a fine Edifice, which had been diligently built by Knobelsdorf, while those Silesian battlings went on. "One of the largest and finest Opera-houses in the whole world; like a sumptuous Palace rather. Stands free on all sides, space for 1,000 Coaches round it; Five great Entrances, five persons can walk abreast through each; and inside—you should see, you should hear! Boxes more like rooms or boudoirs, free view and perfect hearing of the stage from every point: air pure and free everywhere; water aloft, not only for theatrical cascades, but to drown out any fire or risk of fire." [Seyfarth, i. 234; Nicolai, *Beschreibung von Berlin*, i. 169.] This is Seyfarth's account, still capable of confirmation by travelling readers of a musical turn. I have seen Operas with much more brilliancy of gas and gilding; but none nearly so convenient to the human mind and sense; or where the audience (not now a gratis one) attended to the music in so meritorious a way.

"Perhaps it will attract moneyed strangers to frequent our Capital?"—some guess, that was Friedrich's thought. "At all events, it is a handsome piece of equipage, for a musical King and People; not to be neglected in the circumstances. Thalia, in general,—let us not neglect Thalia, in such a dearth of worshipable objects." Nor did he neglect Thalia. The trouble Friedrich took with his Opera, with his Dancing-Apparatus, French Comedy, and the rest of that affair, was very great. Much greater, surely, than this Editor would have thought of taking; though, on reflection, he does not presume to blame. The world is dreadfully scant of worshipable objects: and if your Theatre is your own, to sweep away intrusive nonsense continually from the gates of it? Friedrich's Opera costs him heavy sums (surely I once knew approximately what, but the sibylline leaf is gone again upon the winds!)—and he admits gratis a select public, and that only. [Preuss, i. 277; and Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 100.] "This Winter, 1742–43, was unusually magnificent at Court: balls, WIRTHSCHAFTEN [kind of MIMIC FAIRS], sledge-parties, masquerades, and theatricals of all sorts;—and once even, December 2d, the new Golden Table-Service [cost of it 200,000 pounds] was in action, when the two Queens [Queen Regnant and Queen Mother] dined with his Majesty."

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE WATERS AT AACHEN, WHERE VOLTAIRE COMES TO SEE HIM.

Months before that of the Opera-House or those Silesian settlements, Friedrich, in the end of August, what is the first thing visible in his Domestic History, makes a visit, for health's sake, to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle so called), with a view to the waters there. Intends to try for a little improvement in health, as the basis of ulterior things. Health has naturally suffered a little in these War-hardships; and the Doctors recommend Aix. After Wesel, and the Westphalian Inspections, Friedrich, accordingly, proceeds to Aix; and for about a fortnight (23th August–9th September) drinks the waters in that old resting-place of Charlemagne;—particulars not given in the Books; except that "he lodged with Baege" (if any mortal now knew Baege), and did an Audience or so to select persons now unknown. He is not entirely incognito, but is without royal state; the "guard of twenty men, the escort of 160 men," being no men of his, but presumably mere Town-guard of Aix coming in an honorary way. Aix is proud to see him; he himself is intent on the waters here at old Aix:—

Aquisgranum, urbs regalis, Sedes Regni principalis:—)

My friend, this was Charlemagne's high place; and his dust lies here, these thousand years last past. And there used to soar "a very large Gilt Eagle," ten feet wide or so, aloft on the Cathedral-steeple there; Eagle turned southward when the Kaiser was in Frankenland, eastward when he was in Teutsch or Teuton-land; in fact,

pointing out the Kaiser's whereabouts to loyal mankind. [Kohler, *Reichs-Historie*.] Eagle which shines on me as a human fact; luminously gilt, through the dark Dryasdustic Ages, gone all spectral under Dryasdust's sad handling. Friedrich knows farther, that for many centuries after, the "Reich's INSIGNIA (REICHS-KLEINODIEN)" used to be here,—though Maria Theresa has them now, and will not give them up. The whole of which points are indifferent to him. The practical, not the sentimental, is Friedrich's interest;—not to say that WERTER and the sentimental were not yet born into our afflicted Earth. A King thoroughly practical;—yet an exquisite player on the flute withal, as we often notice; whose adagio could draw tears from you. For in himself, too, there were floods of tears (as when his Mother died); and he has been heard saying, not bragging but lamenting, what was truly the fact, that "he had more feeling than other men." But it was honest human feeling always; and was repressed, where not irrepressible;—as it behooved to be.

Friedrich's suite was not considerable, says the French spy at Aix on this occasion; pomp of Entrance,—a thing to be mute upon! "Came driving in with the common post—horses of the country; and such a set of carriages as your Lordship, intent on the sublime, has no idea of." [Spy-Letter, in *Campagnes des Trois Marechaux*, i. 222.] Rumor was, His Britannic Majesty was coming (also on pretext of the waters) to confer with him; other rumor is, If King George came in at one gate, King Friedrich would go out at the other. A dubious Friedrich, to the French spy, at this moment; nothing like so admirable as he once was!—

The French emotions (of which we say little), on Friedrich's making Peace for himself, had naturally been great. To the French Public it was unexpected, somewhat SUDDEN even to the Court; and, sure enough, it was of perilous importance in the circumstances. Few days ago, Broglio (by order given him) "could not spare a man," for the Common Cause;—and now the Common Cause has become entirely the Broglio one, and Broglio will have the full use of all his men! "Defection [plainly treasonous to your Liege Lord and Nation]! horrible to think of!" cried the French Public; the Court outwardly taking a lofty tragic—elegiac tone, with some air of hope that his Prussian Majesty would perhaps come round again, to the side of his afflicted France! Of which, except in the way of helping France and the other afflicted parties to a just Peace if he could, his Prussian Majesty had small thought at this time.

More affecting to Friedrich were the natural terrors of the poor Kaiser on this event. The Kaiser has already had his Messenger at Berlin, in consequence of it; with urgent inquiries, entreaties;— an expert Messenger, who knows Berlin well. So other than our old friend, the Ordnance—Master Seckendorf, now titular Feldmarschall, —whom one is more surprised than delighted to meet again! Being out with Austria (clamoring for great sums of "arrears," which they will not pay), he has been hanging about this new Kaiser, ever since Election—time; and is again getting into employment, Diplomatic, Strategic, for some years,—though we hope mostly to ignore him and it. Friedrich's own feeling at sight of him,—ask not about it, more than if there had been none! Friedrich gave him "a distinguished reception;" Friedrich's answer sent by him to the Kaiser was all kindness; emphatic assurance, "That, not 'hostility' by any means, that loyalty, friendship, and aid wherever possible within the limits, should always be his rule towards the now Kaiser, lawful Head of the Reich, in difficult circumstances." ["Audience, 30th July" (Adelung, iii. A, 217).] Which was some consolation to the poor man,—stript of his old revenues, old Bavarian Dominions, and unprovided with new; this sublime Headship of the Reich bring moneyless; and one's new "Kingdom of Bohemia" hanging in so uncertain a state, with nothing but a Pharsalia—Sahay to show for itself!—

Among Friedrich's "inconsiderable suite," at Aachen, was Prince Henri (his youngest Brother, age now sixteen, a small, sensitive, shivering creature, but of uncommon parts); and another young man, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, his Wife's youngest Brother; a soldier, as all the Brothers are; soldier in Friedrich's Army, this one; in whose fine inarticulate eupeptic character are excellent dispositions and capacities discernible. Ferdinand goes generally with the King; much about him in these years. All the Brothers follow soldiering; it is the one trade of German Princes. When at home, Friedrich is still occasionally with his Queen; who lives at Schonhausen, in the environs of Berlin, but goes with him to Charlottenburg, to old Reinsberg; and has her share of galas in his company, with the Queen Mother and cognate Highnesses.

Another small fact, still more memorable at present, is, That Voltaire now made him a Third Visit,—privately on Fleury's instance, as is evident this time. Of which Voltaire Visit readers shall know duly, by and by, what little is knowable. But, alas, there is first an immense arrear of War—matters to bring up; to which, still more than to Voltaire, the afflicted reader must address himself, if he would understand at all what Friedrich's Environment,

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or circumambient Life–element now was, and how Friedrich, well or ill, comported himself in the same. Brevity, this Editor knows, is extremely desirable, and that the scissors should be merciless on those sad Paper–Heaps, intolerable to the modern mind; but, unless the modern mind chance to prefer ease and darkness, what can an Editor do!

Chapter II. AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS ARE ON THE MOUNTING HAND.

Austrian affairs are not now in their nadir—point; a long while now since they passed that. Austria, to all appearance dead, started up, and began to strike for herself, with some success, the instant Walpole's SOUP—ROYAL (that first 200,000 pounds, followed since by abundance more) got to her lips. Touched her poor pale lips; and went tingling through her, like life and fiery elasticity, out of death by inanition! Cardinal moment, which History knows, but can never date, except vaguely, some time in 1741; among the last acts of judicious Walpole.

Austria, thanks to its own Khevenhullers and its English guineas, was already rising in various quarters: and now when the Prussian Affair is settled, Austria springs up everywhere like an elastic body with the pressure taken from it; mounts steadily, month after month, in practical success, and in height of humor in a still higher ratio. And in the course of the next Two Years rises to a great height indeed. Here—snatched, who knows with what difficulty, from that shoreless bottomless slough of an Austrian— Succession War, deservedly forgotten, and avoided by extant mankind—are some of the more essential phenomena, which Friedrich had to witness in those months. To witness, to scan with such intense interest,—rightly, at his peril;—and to interpret as actual "Omens" for him, as monitions of a most indisputable nature! No Haruspex, I suppose, with or without "white beard, and long staff for cutting the Heavenly Vault into compartments from the zenith downwards," could, in Etruria or elsewhere, "watch the flight of birds, now into this compartment, now into that," with stricter scrutiny than, on the new terms, did this young King from his Potsdam Observatory.

WAR—PHENOMENA IN THE WESTERN PARTS: KING GEORGE TRIES, A SECOND TIME, TO DRAW HIS SWORD; TUGS AT IT VIOLENTLY, FOR SEVEN MONTHS (February—October, 1742).

"The first phenomenon, cheering to Austria, is that of the Britannic Majesty again clutching sword, with evident intent to draw it on her behalf. [Tindal, xx. 552; Old Newspapers; Besides his potent soup—royal of Half—Millions annually, the Britannic Majesty has a considerable sword, say 40,000, of British and of subsidized;—sword which costs him a great deal of money to keep by his side; and a great deal of clamor and insolent gibing from the Gazetteer species, because he is forced to keep it strictly in the scabbard hitherto. This Year, we observe, he has determined again to draw it, in the Cause of Human Liberty, whatever follow. From early Spring there were symptoms: Camps on Lexden and other Heaths, much reviewing in Hyde—Park and elsewhere; from all corners a universal marching towards the Kent Coast; the aspects being favorable. 'We can besiege Dunkirk at any rate, cannot we, your High Mightinesses? Dunkirk, which, by all the Treaties in existence, ought to need no besieging; but which, in spite of treatyings innumerable, always does?' The High Mightinesses answer nothing articulate, languidly grumble something in OPTATIVE tone;—'meaning assent,' thinks the sanguine mind. 'Dutch hoistable, after all!' thinks he; 'Dutch will co—operate, if they saw example set!' And, in England, the work of embarking actually begins.

"Britannic Majesty's purpose, and even fixed resolve to this effect, had preceded the Prussian—Austrian Settlement. May 20th, ["9th" by the Old Newspapers; but we always TRANSLATE their o.s.] "Two regiments of Foot,' first poor instalment of British Troops, had actually landed at Ostend;—news of the Battle of Chotusitz, much more, of the Austrian—Prussian Settlement, or Peace of Breslau, would meet them THERE. But after that latter auspicious event, things start into quick and double—quick time; and the Gazetteers get vocal, almost lyrical: About Howard's regiment, Ponsonby's regiment, all manner of regiments, off to Flanders, for a stroke of work; how 'Ligonier's Dragoons [a set of wild swearing fellows, whom Guildford is happy to be quit of] rode through Bromley with their kettle—drums going, and are this day at Gravesend to take ship;"—or to give one other, more specific example:

"Yesterday [3d July, 1742] General Campbell's Regiment of Scotch Greys arrived in the Borough of Southwark, on their march to Dover, where they are to embark for Flanders. They are fine hardy fellows, that want no seasoning; and make an appearance agreeable to all but the innkeepers,"—who have such billeting to do, of late. [*Daily Post*, June 23d (o.s.), 1742.] "Grey Dragoons," or Royal Scots—Greys, is the title of this fine Regiment; and their Colonel is Lieutenant—General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle (fourth Duke), Cousin of the great second Duke of Argyle that now is. [Douglas, *Scotch Peerage* (Edinburgh, 1764), p. 44.]

Visibly billeting there, in Southwark, with such intentions:—and, by accident, this Editor knows Twenty of these fine fellows! Twenty or so, who had gone in one batch as Greys; sons of good Annandale yeomen, otherwise without a career open: some Two of whom did get back, and lived to be old men; the rumor of whom, and of their unheard-of adventures, was still lingering in the air, when this Editor began existence. Pardon, O reader!—

"But, all through those hot days, it is a universal drumming, kettle-drumming, coast-ward; preparation of transports at Gravesend, at the top of one's velocity. 'All the coopers in London are in requisition for water-casks, so that our very brewers have to pause astonished for want of tubs.' There is pumping in of water day and night, Sunday not excepted, then throwing of it out again [owing to new circumstances]: 250 saddle-horses, and 100 sumpter ditto, for his Majesty's own use,—these need a deal of water, never to speak of Ligonier and the Greys. 'For the honor of our Country, his Majesty will make a grander appearance this Campaign than any of his Predecessors ever did; and as to the magnificence of his equipage,'—besides the 350 quadrupeds, 'there are above 100 rich portmanteaus getting ready with all expedition.' [*Daily Post*, September 13th (I.E. 26th).] The Fat Boy too [Royal Highness Duke of Cumberland, one should say] is to go; a most brave-hearted, flaxen-florid, plump young creature; hopeful Son of Mars, could he once get experience, which, alas, he never could, though trying it for five—and—twenty years to come, under huge expense to this Nation! There are to be 16,000 troops, perhaps more; '1,000 sandbags' (empty as yet); demolition of Dunkirk the thing aimed at." If only the Dutch prove hoistable!—

"And so, from May on to September, it noisily proceeds, at multiplex rates? and often with more haste than speed: and in such five months (seven, strictly counted) of clangorous movement and dead-lift exertion, there were veritably got across, of Horse and Foot with their equipments, the surprising number of '16,334 men.' [Adelung, iii. A, 201.] May 20th it began,—that is, the embarking began; the noise and babble about it, which have been incessant ever since, had begun in February before;—and on September 26th, Ostend, now almost weary of huzzaing over British glory by instalment, had the joy of seeing our final portions of Artillery arrive: Such a Park of Siege—and—Field Artillery," exults the Gazetteer, "as"—as these poor creatures never dreamt of before.

"Magnanimous Lord Stair, already Plenipotentiary to the Dutch, is to be King's General—in—Chief of this fine Enterprise; Carteret, another Lord of some real brilliancy, and perhaps of still weightier metal, is head of the Cabinet; hearty, both of them, for these Anti—French intentions: and the Public cannot but think, Surely something will come of it this time? More especially now that Maillebois, about the middle of August, by a strange turn of fortune, is swept out of the way. Maillebois, lying over in Westphalia with his 30 or 40,000, on 'Check to your King' this year past, had, on sight of these Anti—Dunkirk movements, been ordered to look Dunkirk way, and at length to move thitherward, for protection of Dunkirk. So that Stair, before his Dunkirk business, will have to fight Maillebois; which Stair doubts not may be satisfactorily done. But behold, in August and earlier, come marvellous news from the Prag quarter, tragical to France; and Maillebois is off, at his best speed, in the reverse direction; on a far other errand!"—Of which readers shall soon hear enough.

"Dunkirk, therefore, is now open. With 16,000 British troops, Hanoverians to the like number, and Hessians 6,000, together near 40,000, not to speak of Dutch at all, surely one might manage Dunkirk, if not something still better? It is AFTER Maillebois's departure that these dreadful exertions, cooping of water-casks, pumping all Sunday, go on at Gravesend: 'Swift, oh, be swift, while time is!' And Generalissimo—Plenipotentiary Stair, who has run over beforehand, is ardent enough upon the Dutch; his eloquence fiery and incessant: 'Magnanimous High Mightinesses, was there, will there again be, such a chance? The Cause of Human Liberty may be secured forever! Dunkirk—or what is Dunkirk even? Between us and Paris, there is nothing, now that Maillebois is off on such an errand! Why should not we play Marlborough again, and teach them a little what Invasion means? It is ourselves alone that can hinder it! Now, I say, or never!'

"Stair was a pupil of Marlborough's; is otherwise a shining kind of man; and has immense things in his eye, at this time. They say, what is not unlikely, he proposed an Interview with Friedrich now at Aachen; would come privately, to 'take the waters' for a day or two,—while Maillebois was on his new errand, and such a crisis had risen. But Friedrich, anxious to be neutral and give no offence, politely waived such honor. Lord Stair was thought to be something of a General, in fact as well as in costume;—and perhaps he was so. And had there been a proper COUNTESS of Stair, or new Sarah Jennings,—to cover gently, by art—magic, the Britannic Majesty and Fat Boy under a tub; and to put Britain, and British Parliament and resources, into Stair's hand for a few

years,—who knows what Stair too might have done! A Marlborough in the War Arts,—perhaps still less in the Peace ones, if we knew the great Marlborough,—he could not have been. But there is in him a recognizable flash of magnanimity, of heroic enterprise and purpose; which is highly peculiar in that sordid element. And it can be said of him, as of lightning striking ineffectual on the Bog of Allen or the Stygian Fens, that his strength was never tried."—For the upshot of him we will wait; not very long.

These are fine prospects, if only the Dutch prove hoistable. But these are as nothing to what is passing, and has passed, in the Eastern Parts, in the Bohemian—Bavarian quarter, since we were there. Poor Kaiser Karl, what an outlook for him! His own real Bavaria, much more his imaginary "Upper Austria" and "Conquests on the Donau," after that Segur Adventure, are plunging headlong. As to his once "Kingdom of Bohemia," it has already plunged; nay, the Army of the Oriflamme is itself near plunging, in spite of that Pharsalia of a Sahay! Bavaria itself, we say, is mostly gone to Khevenhuller; Segur with his French on march homeward, and nothing but Bavarians left. Thz Belleisle—Broglie grand Budweis Expedition is gone totally heels over head; Belleisle and Broglie are getting, step by step, shut up in Prag and besieged there: while Maillebois—Let us try whether, by snatching out here a fragment and there a fragment, with chronological and other appliances, it be not possible to give readers some conceivable notion of what Friedrich was now looking at with such interest!—

HOW DUC D'HARCOURT, ADVANCING TO REINFORCE THE ORIFLAMME, HAD TO SPLIT HIMSELF IN TWO; AND BECOME AN "ARMY OF BAVARIA," TO LITTLE EFFECT.

The poor Kaiser, who at one time counted "30,000 Bavarians of his own," has all along been ill served by them and the bad Generals they had: two Generals; both of whom, Minuzzi, and old Feldmarschall Thorry (Prime Minister withal), came to a bad reputation in this War. Beaten nearly always; Thorry quite always,—"like a DRUM, that Thorry; never heard of except when beaten," said the wits! Of such let us not speak. Understand only, FIRST, that the French, reasonably soon after that Linz explosion, did, in such crisis, get reinforcements on the road; a Duc d'Harcourt with some 25,000 faring forward, in an intermittent manner, ever since "March 4th." And SECONDLY, that Khevenhuller has fast hold of Passau, the Austrian—Bavarian Key—City; is master of nearly all Bavaria (of Munchen, and all that lies south of the Donau); and is now across on the north shore, wrenching and tugging upon Kelheim and the Ingolstadt—Donauworth regions, with nothing but Thorry people and small French Garrisons to hinder him;— where it will be fatal if he quite prosper; Ingolstadt being our Place—of—Arms, and House on the Highway, both for Bavaria and Bohemia!

"For months past, there had been a gleam of hope for Kaiser Karl, and his new 'Kingdom of Bohemia,' and old Electorate of Bavaria, from the rumor of 'D'Harcourt's reinforcement,'—a 20 or 30,000 new Frenchmen marching into those parts, in a very detached intermittent manner; great in the Gazettes. But it proved a gleam only, and came to nothing effectual. Poor D'Harcourt, owing to cross orders [Broglie clamorously demanding that the new force should come to Prag; Karl Albert the Kaiser, nominally General—in— Chief, demanding that it should go down the Donau and sweep his Bavaria clear], was in difficulty. To do either of these cross orders might have brought some result; but to half—do both of them, as he was enjoined to attempt, was not wise! Some half of his force he did detach towards Broglie; which got to actual junction, partly before, partly after, that Pharsalia—Sahay Affair, and raised Broglie to a strength of 24,000,—still inadequate against Prince Karl. Which done, D'Harcourt himself went down the Donau, on his original scheme, with the remainder of his forces,—now likewise become inadequate. He is to join with Feldmarschall Thorry in the"—And does it, as we shall see presently! ...

MUNCHEN, 5th MAY. "Rumor of D'Harcourt had somewhat cleared Bavaria of Austrians; but the reality of him, in a divided state, by no means corresponds. Thus Munchen City, in the last days of April,— D'Harcourt advancing, terrible as a rumor,—rejoiced exceedingly to see the Austrians march out, at their best pace. And the exultant populace even massacred a loitering Tolpatch or two; who well deserve it, think the populace, judging by their experience for the last three months, since Barenklau and Mentzel became King here.— 'Rumor of D'Harcourt?' answers Khevenhuller from the Kelheim—Passau side of things: 'Let us wait for sight of him, at least!' And orders Munchen to be reoccupied. So that, alas, 'within a week,' on the 5th of May, Barenklau is back upon the poor City; exacts severe vengeance for the Tolpatch business; and will give them seven months more of his company, in spite of D'Harcourt, and 'the Army of Bavaria' as he now called himself:"—new "Army of Bavaria," when once arrived in those Countries, and joined with poor Thorry and the Kaiser's people there. Such an "Army of Bavaria," first and last, as—as Khevenhuller could have wished it! Under D'Harcourt, joined with old Feldmarschall Thorry (him whom men liken to a DRUM, "never heard of except when beaten"), this is

literally the sum of what fighting it did:

"HILGARTSBERG (Deggendorf Donau-Country), MAY 28th. D'Harcourt and Thorryng, after junction at Donauworth several weeks ago, and a good deal of futile marching up and down in those Donau Countries, --on the left bank, for most part; Khevenhuller holding stiffly, as usual, by the Inn, the Iser, and the rivers and countries on the right,--did at last, being now almost within sight of Passau and that important valley of the Inn across yonder, seriously decide to have a stroke at Passau, and to dislodge Khevenhuller, who is weak in force, though obstinate. They perceive that there is, on this left bank, a post in the woods, Castle of Hilgartsberg, none of the strongest Castles, rather a big Country Mansion than a Castle, which it will be necessary first to take. They go accordingly to take it (May 28th, having well laid their heads together the day before); march through intricate wet forest country, peat above all abundant; see the Castle of Hilgartsberg towering aloft, picturesque object in the Donau Valley, left bank;--are met by cannon-shot, case-shot, shot of every kind; likewise by Croats apparently innumerable, by cavalry sabrings and levelled bayonets; do not behave too well, being excessively astonished; and are glad to get off again, leaving one of their guns lodged in the mud, and about a hundred unfortunate men. [*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 146-148, 136, This quite disgusted D'Harcourt with the Passau speculation and these grim Khevenhuller outposts. He straightway took to collecting Magazines; lodging himself in the attainable Towns thereabouts, Deggendorf the chief strength for him; and gave up fighting till perhaps better times might arrive." We will wish him good success in the victualling department, hope to hear no more of him in this History;--and shall say only that Comte de Saxe, before long, relieves him of this Bavarian Army;-- and will be seen at the head of it, on a most important business that rises.

Kaiser Karl begins to have real thoughts of recalling this Thorryng, who is grown so very AUDIBLE, altogether home; and of appointing Seckendorf instead. A course which Belleisle has been strongly recommending for some time. Seckendorf is at present "gathering meal in the Ober-Pfalz" (Upper Palatinate, road from Ingolstadt to Eger, to Bohmen generally), that is, forming Magazines, on the Kaiser's behalf there: "Surely a likelier man than your Thorryng!" urges Belleisle always. With whom the Kaiser does finally comply; nominates Seckendorf commander,--recalls the invaluable Thorryng!" to his services in our Cabinet Council, which more befit his great age." In which safe post poor Thorryng, like a Drum NOT beaten upon, has thenceforth a silent life of it; Seckendorf fighting in his stead,--as we shall have to witness, more or less.

Khevenhuller's is a changed posture, since he stood in Vienna, eight or nine months ago; grimly resolute, drilling his "6,000 of garrison," with the wheelbarrows all busy!--But her Hungarian Majesty's chief success, which is now opening into outlooks of a quite triumphant nature, has been that over the New Oriflamme itself, the Belleisle-Broglio Army,--most sweet to her Majesty to triumph over! Shortly after Chotusitz, shortly after that Pharsalia of a Sahay, readers remember Belleisle's fine Project, "Conjoined attack on Budweis, and sweeping of Bohemia clear;"--readers saw Belleisle, in the Schloss of Maleschau, 5th June last, rushing out (with violence to his own wig, says rumor); hurrying off to Dresden for co-operation; equally in vain. "Co-operation, M. le Marechal; attack on Budweis?"--Here is another Fragment:--

HOW BELLEISLE, RETURNING FROM DRESDEN WITHOUT CO-OPERATION, FOUND THE ATTACK HAD BEEN DONE,--IN A FATALLY REVERSE WAY. PRAG EXPECTING SIEGE. COLLOQUY WITH BROGLIO ON THAT INTERESTING POINT. PRAG BESIEGED.

BUDWEIS, JUNE 4th,--PRAG, JUNE 13th. "Broglio, ever since that Sahay [which had been fought so gloriously on Frauenberg's account], lay in the Castle of Frauenberg, in and around,--hither side of the Moldau river, with his Pisek thirty miles to rear, and judicious outposts all about. There lay Broglio, meditating the attack on Budweis [were co-operation once here],--when, contrariwise, altogether on the sudden, Budweis made attack on Broglio; tumbled him quite topsy-turvy, and sent him home to Prag, uncertain which end uppermost; rolling like a heap of mown stubble in the wind, rather than marching like an army!" ... Take one glance at him:--

"JUNE 4th, 1742 [day BEFORE that of Belleisle's "Wig" at Maleschau, had Belleisle known it!!--Prince Karl, being now free of the Prussians, and ready for new work, issued suddenly from Budweis; suddenly stepped across the Moldau,--by the Bridge of Moldau-Tein, sweeping away the French that lay there. Prince Karl swept away this first French Post, by the mere sight and sound of him; swept away, in like fashion, the second and all following posts; swept Broglio himself, almost without shot fired, and in huge flurry, home to Prag, double-quick, night and day,--with much loss of baggage, artillery, prisoners, and total loss of one's presence of mind. 'Poor man, he was born for surprises' [said Friedrich's Doggerel long ago!] Manoeuvred consummately [he

asserts] at different points, behind rivers and the like; but nowhere could he call halt, and resolutely stand still. Which undoubtedly he could and should have done, say Valori and all judges;—nothing quite immediate being upon him, except the waste—howling tagraggery of Croats, whom it had been good to quench a little, before going farther. On the third night, June 7th, he arrived at Pisek; marched again before daybreak, leaving a garrison of 1,200,—who surrendered to Prince Karl next day, without shot fired. Broglio tumbling on ahead, double—quick, with the tagraggery of Croats continually worrying at his heels, baggage—wagons sticking fast, country people massacring all stragglers, panted home to Prag on the 13th; with 'the Gross of the Army saved, don't you observe!' And thinks it an excellent retreat, he if no one—else. [*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 122, *Campagnes*, v. 167 (his own Despatch).]

"At Pisek, Prince Karl has ceased chasing with his regulars, the pace being so uncommonly swift. From Pisek, Prince Karl struck off towards Pilsen, there to intercept a residue of Harcourt reinforcements who were coming that way: from Broglio, who knew of it, but in such flurry could not mind it, he had no hindrance; and it was by good luck, not management of Broglio's, that these poor reinforcements did in part get through to him, and in part seek refuge in Eger again. Broglio has encamped under the walls of Prag; in a ruinous though still blustering condition; his positions all gone; except Prag and Eger, nothing in Bohemia now his."

PRAG, 17th JUNE—17th AUGUST. "It is in this condition that Belleisle, returning from the Kuttentberg—Dresden mission (June 15th), finds his Broglio. Most disastrous, Belleisle thinks it; and nothing but a Siege in Prag lying ahead; though Broglio is of different opinion, or, blustering about his late miraculous retreat, and other high merits too little recognized, forms no opinion at all on such extraneous points. ... From Versailles, they had answered Belleisle: 'Nothing to be made of Dresden either, say you? Then go you and take the command at Prag; send Broglio to command the Bavarian Army. See, you, what can be done by fighting.' On this errand Belleisle is come, the heavy—laden man, and Valori with him,—if, in this black crisis, Valori could do anything. Valori at least reports the colloquy the Two Marshals had [one bit of colloquy, for they had more than one, though as few as possible; Broglio being altogether blustering, sulphurous, difficult to speak with on polite terms]. [Valori, i. 162—166; *Campagnes*, v. 170, 124, 'Army of Bavaria?' answers Broglio; 'I will have those Ten Battalions of the D'Harcourt reinforcement, then. I tell you, Yes! Prag? Prag may go to the— What have I to do with Prag? The oldest Marechal of France, superseded, after such merits, and on the very heel of such a retreat! Nay, but where is YOUR commission to command in Prag, M. le Marechal?' Belleisle, in the haste there was, has no Commission rightly drawn out by the War—office; only an Order from Court. '_I_ have a regular commission, Monseigneur: I want a Sign— manual before laying it down!' The unreasonable Broglio.

"Belleisle, tormented with rheumatic nerves, and of violent temper at any rate, compresses the immense waste rage that is in him. His answers to Broglio are calm and low—voiced; admirable to Valori. One thing he wished to ascertain definitely: What M. de Broglio's intentions were; and whether he would, or would not, go to Bavaria and take charge there? If so, he shall have all the Cavalry for escort; Cavalry, unless it be dragoons, will only eat victual in case of siege.—No, Broglio will not go with Cavalry; must have those Ten Battalions, must have Sign—manual; won't, in short!"—Will stay, then, thinks Belleisle; and one must try to drive him, as men do pigs, covertly and by the rule of contraries, while Prag falls under Siege.

What an outlook for his Most Christian Majesty's service,—fatal altogether, had not Belleisle been a high man, and willing to undertake pig—driving! ... "Discouragement in the Army is total, were it not for Belleisle; anger against Broglio very great. The Officers declare openly, 'We will quit, if Broglio continue General! Our commissions were made out in the name of Marechal de Belleisle [in the spring of last Year, when he had such levees, more crowded than the King's!]'—we are not bound to serve another General!'—'You recognize ME for your General?' asks Belleisle. 'Yes!'—'Then, I bid you obey M. de Broglio, so long as he is here.' [Valori, i. 166.]

...

"JUNE 27th. The Grand—Duke, Maria Theresa's Husband, come from Vienna to take command—in—chief, joins the Austrian main Army and his Brother Karl, this day: at Konigsaal, one march to the south of Prag. Friedrich being now off their hands, why should not they besiege Prag, capture Prag! Under Khevenhullcr, with Barenklau, and the Mentzels, Trencks,—poor D'Harcourt merely storing victual,— Bavaria lies safe enough. And the Oriflamme caged in Prag:—Have at the Oriflamme!

"Prag is begirdled, straitened more and more, from this day. Formal Siege to begin, so soon 'as the artillery can come up' which is not for seven weeks yet]. And so, in fine, 'AUGUST 17th, all at once,' furious

bombardment bursts out, from 36 mortars and above 100 big guns, disposed in batteries around. [*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 149, 170.] To which the French, Belleisle's high soul animating everything, as furiously responded; making continual sallies of a hot desperate nature; especially, on the fifth day of the siege, one sally [to be mentioned by and by] which was very famous at Prag and at Paris." ...

CONCERNING THE ITALIAN WAR WHICH SIMULTANEOUSLY WENT ON, ALL ALONG.

War in Italy—the Spanish Termagant very high in her Anti-Pragmatic notions—there had been, for eight months past; and it went on, fiercely enough, doggedly enough, on both sides for Six Years more, till 1748, when the general Finis came. War of which we propose to say almost nothing; but must request the reader to imagine it, all along, as influential on our specific affairs.

The Spanish Termagant wished ardently to have the Milanese and pertinents, as an Apanage for her second Infant, Don Philip; a young gentleman who now needs to be provided for, as Don Carlos had once done. "Cannot get to be Pope this one, it appears," said the fond Mother (who at one time looked that way for her Infant); "Well, here is the Milanese fallen loose!" Readers know her for a lady of many claims, of illimitable aspirations; and she went very high on the Pragmatic Question. "Headship of the Golden Fleece, Madam; YOU head of it? I say all Austria, German and Italian, is mine!"—though she has now magnanimously given up the German part to Kaiser Karl VII.; and will be content with the Italian, as an Apanage for Don Philip. And so there is War in Italy, and will be. To be imagined by us henceforth.

A War in which these Three Elements are noticeable as the chief. FIRST, the Sardinian Majesty, [Charles Emanuel, Victor Amadeus's Son (Hubner, t. 293): born 27th April, 1701; lived and reigned till 19th February, 1773 (Oertel, t. 77).] who is very anxious himself for Milanese parings and additaments; but, except by skilfully playing off—and—on between the French side and the Austrian, has no chance of getting any. For Spain he is able to fight; and also (on good British Subsidies) against Spain. Element SECOND is the British Navy, cruising always between Spain and the Seat of War; rendering supplies by sea impossible,—almost impossible. THIRD, the Passes of Savoy; wild Alpine chasms, stone-labyrinths; inexpugnable, with a Sardinian Majesty defending; which are the one remaining road, for Armies and Supplies, out of Spain or France.

The Savoy Passes are, in fact, the gist of the War; the insoluble problem for Don Philip and the French. By detours, by circuitous effort and happy accident, your troops may occasionally squeeze through: but without one secure road open behind them for supplies and recruitments, what good is it? Battles there are, behind the Alps, on what we may call the STAGE itself of this Italian War— theatre; but the grand steady battle is that of France and Don Philip, struggling spasmodically, year after year, to get a road through the COULISSES or side-scenes,—namely, those Savoy Passes. They try it by this Pass and by that; Pass of Demont, Pass of Villa-Franca or Montalban (glorious for France, but futile), Pass of Exilles or Col d'Assiette (again glorious, again futile and fatal); sometimes by the way of Nice itself, and rocky mule-tracks overhanging the sea-edge (British Naval-cannon playing on them);— and can by no way do it.

There were fine fightings, in the interior too, under Generals of mark; General Browne doing feats, excellent old General Feldmarschall Traun, of whom we shall hear; Maillebois, Belleisle the Younger, of whom we have heard. There was Battle of Campo-Santo, new battle there (Traun's); there was Battle of Rottofreddo; of Piacenza (doleful to Maillebois),—followed by Invasion of Provence, by Revolt of Genoa and other things: which all readers have now forgotten. [Two elaborate works on the subject are said to be instructive to military readers: Buonamici (who was in it, for a while). *De Bello Italico Commentarii* (in Works of Buonamici, Lyon, 1750); and Pezay, *Campagnes de Maillebois* (our Westphalian friend again) *en Italie*, 1745–1746 (Paris, 1775).] Readers are to imagine this Italian War, all along, as a fact very loud and real at that time, and continually pulsing over into our German Events (like half-audible thunder below the horizon, into raging thunder above), little as we can afford to say of it here. One small Scene from this Italian War;—one, or with difficulty two;—and if possible be silent about all the rest:

SCENE, ROADS OF CADIZ, October, 1741: BY WHAT ASTONISHING ARTIFICE THIS ITALIAN WAR DID, AT LENGTH, GET BEGUN.

... "The Spanish Court, that is, Termagant Elizabeth, who rules everybody there, being in this humor, was passionate to begin; and stood ready a good while, indignantly champing the bit, before the sad preliminary obstacles could be got over. At Barcelona she had, in the course of last summer, doubly busy ever since Mollwitz time, got into equipment some 15,000 men; but could not by any method get them across,—owing to the British

Fleets, which hung blockading this place and that; blockading Cadiz especially, where lay her Transport-ships and War-ships, at this interesting juncture. Fleury's cunctations were disgusting to the ardent mind; and here now, still more insuperable, are the British Fleets; here—and a pest to him!—is your Admiral Haddock, blockading Cadiz, with his Seventy-fours!

"But again, on the other or Pragmatic side, there were cunctations. The Sardinian Majesty, Charles Emanuel of Savoy, holding the door of the Alps, was difficult to bargain with, in spite of British Subsidies;—stood out for higher door-fees, a larger slice of the Milanese than could be granted him; had always one ear open for France, too; in short, was tedious and capricious, and there seemed no bringing him to the point of drawing sword for her Hungarian Majesty. In the end, he was brought to it, by a stroke of British Art,—such to the admiring Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind it seemed;—equal to anything we have since heard of, on the part of perfidious Albion.

"One day, 'middle of October last,' the Seventy-fours of Haddock and perfidious Albion,—Spanish official persons, looking out from Cadiz Light-house, ask themselves, 'Where are they? Vanished from these waters; not a Seventy-four of them to be seen!'—Have got foul in the underworks, or otherwise some blunder has happened; and the blockading Fleet of perfidious Albion has had to quit its post, and run to Gibraltar to refit. That, I guess, was the Machiavellian stroke of Art they had done; without investigating Haddock and Company [as indignant Honorable Members did], I will wager, That and nothing more!

"In any case, the Termagant, finding no Seventy-fours there, and the wind good, despatches swiftly her Transports and War-ships to Barcelona; swiftly embarks there her 15,000, France cautiously assisting; and lands them complete, 'by the middle of December,' Haddock feebly opposing, on the Genoa coast: 'Have at the Milanese, my men!' Which obliges Charles Emanuel to end his cunctations, and rank at once in defence of that Country, [Adelung, ii. 535, 538 (who believes in the "stroke of art"): what kind of "art" it was, learn sufficiently in *Gentleman's Magazine*, of those months.] lest he get no share of it whatever. And so the game began. Europe admired, with a shudder, the refined stroke of art; for in cunning they equal Beelzebub, those perfidious Islanders;—and are always at it; hence their greatness in the world. Imitate them, ye Peoples, if you also would grow great. That is our Gazetteer Evangel, in this late epoch of Man's History." ...

OTHER SCENE, BAY OF NAPLES, 19th~20th August, 1742: KING OF TWO SICILIES (BABY CARLOS THAT WAS), HAVING BEEN ASSISTING MAMMA, IS OBLIGED TO BECOME NEUTRAL IN THE ITALIAN WAR.

Readers will transport themselves to the Bay of Naples, and beautiful Vesuvian scenery seen from sea. The English-Spanish War, it would appear, is not quite dead, nor carried on by Jenkins and the Wapping people alone. Here in this Bay it blazes out into something of memorability; and gives lively sign of its existence, among the other troubles of the world.

"SUNDAY, AUGUST 19th, Commodore Martin, who had arrived overnight, appears in the Bay, with due modicum of seventy-fours, 'dursley galleys,' bomb-vessels, on an errand from his Admiral [one Matthews] and the Britannic Majesty, much to the astonishment of Naples. Commodore Martin hovers about, all morning, and at 4 P.M. drops anchor,—within shot of the place, fearfully near;—and therefrom sends ashore a Message: 'That his Sicilian Majesty [Baby Carlos, our notable old friend, who is said to be a sovereign of merit otherwise], has not been neutral, in this Italian War, as his engagements bore; but has joined his force to that of the Spaniards, declared enemies of his Britannic Majesty; which rash step his Britannic Majesty hereby requires him to retract, if painful consequences are not at once to ensue!' That is Martin's message; to which he stands doggedly, without variation, in the extreme flutter and multifarious reasoning of the poor Court of Naples: 'Recall your 20,000 men, and keep them recalled,' persists Martin; and furthermore at last, as the reasoning threatens to get lengthy: 'Your answer is required within one hour,'—and lays his watch on the Cabin-table.

"The Court, thrown into transcendent tremor, with no resource but either to be burnt or comply, answers within the hour: 'Yes: in all points.' Some eight hours or so of reasoning: deep in the night of Sunday, it is all over; everything preparing to get signed and sealed; ships making ready to sail again;—and on Tuesday at sunrise, there is no Martin there. Martin, to the last top-gallant, has vanished clean over the horizon; never to be seen again, though long remembered. [Tindal's *Rapin*, xx. 572 (MISdates, and is altogether indistinct); *Gentleman's Magazine*, xii. 494:—CAME, "Sunday morning, 19th August, n.s.;" "anchored about 4 p.m.;" "2 a.m. of 20th" all agreed; King Carlos's LETTER is GOT, ships prepared for sailing;— sail that night, and to-morrow, 21st, are out of sight.] One wonders, Were Pipes and Hatchway perhaps there, in Martin's squadron?

In what station Commodore Trunnion did then serve in the British Navy? Vanished ghosts of grim mute sea-kings, there is no record of them but what is itself a kind of ghost! Ghost, or symbolical phantasm, from the brain of that Tobias Smollett; an assistant Surgeon, who served in the body along with them, his singular value altogether unknown."—King Carlos's Neutrality, obtained in this manner, lasted for a year—and-half; a sensible alleviation to her Hungarian Majesty for the time. We here quit the Italian War; leaving it to the reader's fancy, on the above terms.

THE SIEGE OF PRAG CONTIMES. A GRAND SALLY THERE.

"PRAG, 22d AUGUST. In the same hours, while Martin lay coercing Naples, the Army of the Oriflamme in Prag City was engaged in 'furious sallies;'—readers may divine what that means for Prag and the Oriflamme!

"Prag is begirdled, bombarded from all the Wischerads, Ziscabergs and Hill environments; every avenue blocked, 'above 60,000 Austrians round it, near 40,000 of them regulars:' a place difficult to defend; but with excellent arrangements for defence on Belleisle's part, and the garrison with its blood up. Garrison makes continual furious sallies,—which are eminently successful, say the French Newspapers; but which end, as all sallies do, in returning home again, without conquest, except of honor;—and on this Wednesday, 22d August, comes out with the greatest sally of all. [*Campaignes*, vi. 5; *Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 173.] While Commodore Martin, many a Pipes and Hatchway standing grimly on the watch unknown to us, is steering towards Matthews and the Toulon waters again. The equal sun looking down on all.

"It was about twelve o'clock, when this Prag sally, now all in order, broke out, several thousand strong, and all at the white heat, now a constant temperature. Sally almost equal to that Pharsalia of a Sahay, it would seem;—concerning which we can spend no word in this brief summary. Fierce fighting, fiery irresistible onslaught; but it went too far, lost all its captured cannon again; and returned only with laurels and a heavy account of killed and wounded,—the leader of it being himself carried home in a very bleeding state. 'Oh, the incomparable troops!' cried Paris;—cried Voltaire withal (as I gather), and in very high company, in that Visit at Aachen. A sally glorious, but useless.

"The Imperial Generals were just sitting down to dinner, when it broke out; had intended a Council of War, over their wine, in the Grand-Duke's tent: 'What, won't they let us have our dinner!' cried Prince Karl, in petulant humor, struggling to be mirthful. He rather likes his dinner, this Prince Karl, I am told, and does not object to his wine: otherwise a hearty, talky, free—and—easy Prince,—'black shallow—set eyes, face red, and much marked with small—pox.' Clapping on his hat, faculties sharpened by hunger and impatience, let him do his best, for several hours to come, till the sally abate and go its ways again. Leaving its cannon, and trophies. No sally could hope to rout 60,000 men; this furious sally, almost equal to Sahay, had to return home again, on the above terms. Upon which Prince Karl and the others got some snatch of dinner; and the inexorable pressure of Siege, tightening itself closer and closer, went on as before.

"The eyes of all Europe are turned towards Prag; a big crisis clearly preparing itself there. ... France, or aid in France, is some 500 miles away. In D'Harcourt, merely gathering magazines, with his Khevenhuller near, is no help; help, not the question there! The garrison of Eger, 100 miles to west of us, across the Mountains, barely mans its own works. Other strong post, or support of any kind in these countries, we have now none. We are 24,000; and of available resource have the Magazines in Prag, and our own right hands.

"The flower of the young Nobility had marched in that Oriflamme;— now standing at bay, they and it, in Prag yonder: French honor itself seems shut up there! The thought of it agitates bitterly the days and nights of old Fleury, who is towards ninety now, and always disliked war. The French public too,—we can fancy what a public! The young Nobility in Prag has its spokes—men, and spokes— women, at Versailles, whose complaint waxes louder, shriller; the whole world, excited by rumor of those furious sallies, is getting shrill and loud. What can old Fleury do but order Maillebois: 'Leave Dunkirk to its own luck; march immediately for relief of Prag!' And Maillebois is already on march; his various divisions (August 9th—20th) crossing the Rhine, in Dusseldorf Country;"—of whom we shall hear.

... "Some time before the actual Bombardment, Fleury, seeing it inevitable, had ordered Belleisle to treat. Belleisle accordingly had an interview, almost two interviews, with Konigseck. [*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 156 ("2d July" the actual interview); *ib.* 161 (the corollary to it, confirmatory of it, which passed by letters).] 'Liberty to march home, and equitable Peace— Negotiations in the rear?' proposed Belleisle. 'Absolute surrender; Prisoners of War!' answered Konigseck; 'such is her Hungarian Majesty's positive order and ultimatum.' The high Belleisle

responded nothing unpolite; merely some, 'ALORS, MONSIEUR--!' And rode back to Prag, with a spirit all in white heat;--gradually heating all the 24,000 white, and keeping them so.

"In fact, Belleisle, a high-flown lion reduced to silence and now standing at bay, much distinguishes himself in this Siege; which, for his sake, is still worth a moment's memory from mankind. He gathers himself into iron stoicism, into concentration of endeavor; suffers all things, Broglio's domineering in the first place; as if his own thin skin were that of a rhinoceros; and is prepared to dare all things. Like an excellent soldier, like an excellent citizen. He contrives, arranges; leads, covertly drives the domineering Broglio, by rule of contraries or otherwise, according to the nature of the beast; animates all men by his laconic words; by his silences, which are still more emphatic. ... Sechelles, provident of the future, has laid in immense supplies of indifferent biscuit; beef was not attainable: Belleisle dismounts his 4,000 cavalry, all but 400 dragoons; slaughters 160 horses per day, and boils the same by way of butcher's-meat, to keep the soldier in heart. It is his own fare, and Broglio's, to serve as example. At Broglio's quarter, there is a kind of ordinary of horse-flesh: Officers come in, silent speed looking through their eyes; cut a morsel of the boiled provender, break a bad biscuit, pour one glass of indifferent wine; and eat, hardly sitting the while, in such haste to be at the ramparts again. The 80,000 Townsfolk, except some Jews, are against them to a man. Belleisle cares for everything: there is strict charge on his soldiers to observe discipline, observe civility to the Townsfolk; there is occasional 'hanging of a Prag Butcher' or so, convicted of spyship, but the minimum of that, we will hope."

MAILLEBOIS MARCHES, WITH AN "ARMY OF REDEMPTION" OR "OF MATHURINS" (WITTILY SO CALLED), TO RELIEVE PRAG; REACHES THE BOHEMIAN FRONTIER, JOINED BY THE COMTE DE SAXE; ABOVE 50,000 STRONG (August 9th-September 19th).

Maillebois has some 40,000 men: ahead of him 600 miles of difficult way; rainy season come, days shortening; uncertain staff of bread ("Seckendorf's meal," and what other commissariat there may be): a difficult march, to Amberg Country and the top of the Ober-Pfalz. After which are Mountain-passes; Bohemian Forest: and the Event--? "Cannot be dubious!" thinks France, whatever Maillebois think. Witty Paris, loving its timely joke, calls him Army of Redemption, "L'ARMEE DES MATHURINS,"--a kind of Priests, whose business is commonly in Barbary, about Christian bondage:--how sprightly! And yet the enthusiasm was great: young Princes of the Blood longing to be off as volunteers, needing strict prohibition by the King;--upon which, Prince de Conti, gallant young fellow, leaving his wife, his mistress, and miraculously borrowing 2,500 pounds for equipments, rushed off furtively by post; and did join, and do his best. Was reprimanded, clapt in arrest for three days; but afterwards promoted; and came to some distinction in these Wars. [Barbier, ii. 326 (that of Conti, ib. 331); Adelung,

The March goes continually southeast; by Frankfurt, thence towards Nurnberg Country ("be at Furth, September 6th"), and the skirts of the Pine-Mountains (FICHTEL-GEBIRGE),--Anspach and Baireuth well to your left;--end, lastly, in the OBER-PFALZ (Upper Palatinate), Town of Amberg there. Before trying the Bohemian Passes, you shall have reinforcement. Best part of the "Bavarian Army," now under Comte de Saxe, not under D'Harcourt farther, is to cease collecting victual in the Donau-Iser Countries (Deggendorf, north bank of Donau, its head-quarter); and to get on march,--circling very wide, not northward, but by the Donau, and even by the SOUTH, bank of it mainly (to avoid the hungry Mountains and their Tolpatcheries), --and, at Amberg, is to join Maillebois. This is a wide-lying game. The great Marlborough used to play such, and win; making the wide elements, the times and the spaces, hit with exactitude: but a Maillebois? "He is called by the Parisians, 'VIEUX PETIT-MAITRE (dandy of sixty,' so to speak); has a poor upturned nose, with baboon-face to match, which he even helps by paint." ... Here is one Scene; at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; fact certain, day not given.

FRANKFURT, "LATTER END OF AUGUST," 1742. *"At Frankfurt, his Army having got into the neighborhood,"--not into Frankfurt itself, which, as a REICHS-STADT, is sacred from Armies and their marchings,--"Marechal de Maillebois, as in duty bound, waited on the Kaiser to pay his compliments there: on which occasion, we regret to say, Marechal de Maillebois was not so reverent to the Imperial Majesty as he should have been. Angry belike at the Adventure now forced on him, and harassed with many things; seeing in the Imperial Majesty little but an unfortunate Play-actor Majesty, who lives in furnished lodgings paid for by France, and gives France and Maillebois an infinite deal of trouble to little purpose. Certain it is, he addressed the Imperial Majesty in the most free-and-easy manner; very much the reverse of being dashed by the sacred Presence: and his Officers in the ante-chamber, crowding about, all day, for presentation to the Imperial*

Majesty, made a noise, and kept up a babble of talk and laughter, as if it had been a mess-room, instead of the Forecourt of Imperial Majesty. So that Imperial Majesty, barely master of its temper and able to finish without explosion, signified to Maillebois on the morrow, That henceforth it would dispense with such visits, Poor Imperial Majesty; a human creature doing Play-actorisms of too high a flight. He had the finest Palace in Germany; a wonder to the Great Gustavus long ago: and now he has it not; mere Meutzels and horrent shaggy creatures rule in Munchen and it: and the Imperial quasi-furnished lodgings are respected in this manner!" [Van Loon, Kleine Schriften, ii. 271 (cited in Buchholz, ii. 71). CAMPAGNES is silent; usually suppressing scenes of that kind.]--The wits say of him, "He would be Kaiser or Nothing: see you, he is Kaiser and Nothing!" ["Aut nihil aut Caesar, Bavarus Dux esse volebat; Et nihil et Caesar factus utrumque simul." (Barbier, ii. 322.)] ...

AUGUST 19th-SEPTEMBER 14th. "Comte de Saxe is on march, from Deggendorf; north bank of the Donau, by narrow mountain roads; then crosses the Donau to south bank, and a plain country;--making large circuit, keeping the River on his right,--to meet Maillebois at Amberg; his force, some 10 or 12,000 men. Seckendorf, now Bavarian Commander-in-chief, accompanies Saxe; with considerable Bavarian force, guess 20,000, 'marching always on the left.' Accompanies; but only to Regensburg, to Stadt-am-Hof, a Suburb of Regensburg, where they cross the Donau again."--SUBURB of Regensburg, mark that; Regensburg itself being a Reichs-Stadt, very particularly sacred from War;--the very Reichs-DIET commonly sitting here; though it has gone to Frankfurt lately, to be with its Kaiser, and out of these continual trumpeting and tumults close by. [Went 10th May, 1742,--after three months' arguing and protesting on the Austrian part (Adelung, iii. A, 102, 138).]-- "At Regensburg, once across, Seckendorf with his Bavarians calls halt; plants himself down in Kelheim, Ingolstadt, and the safe Garrisons thereabouts,--calculates that, if Khevenhuller should be called away Prag-ward, there may be a stroke do-able in these parts. Saxe marches on; straight northward now, up the Valley of the Naab; obliged to be a good deal on his guard. Mischievous Tolpatcheries and Trencks, ever since he crossed the Donau again, have escorted him, to right, as close as they durst; dashing out sometimes on the magazines." One of the exploits they had done, take only one:--in their road TOWARDS Saxe, a few days ago:--

... "SEPTEMBER 7th, Trenck with his Tolpatcheries had appeared at Cham,--a fine trading Town on the hither or neutral side of the mountains [not in Bohmen, but in Ober-Pfalz, old Kur-Pfalz's country, whom the Austrians hate];--and summoning and assaulting Cham, over the throat of all law, had by fire and by massacre annihilated the same. [Adelung, iii A, 258; Guerre de Boheme; Fact horrible, nearly incredible; but true. The noise of which is now loud everywhere. Less lovely individual than this Trenck [Pandour Trenck, Cousin of the Prussian one,] there was not, since the days of Attila and Genghis, in any War. Blusters abominably, too; has written [save the mark!] an 'AUTOBIOGRAPHY,'--having happily afterwards, in Prison and even in Bedlam, time for such a Work;--which is stuffed with sanguinary lies and exaggerations: unbeautifullest of human souls. Has a face the color of indigo, too;--got it, plundering in an Apothecary's [in this same country, if I recollect]: 'ACH GOTT, your Grace, nothing of money here!' said the poor Apothecary, accompanying Colonel Trenck with a lighted candle over house and shop. Trenck, noticing one likely thing, snatched the candle, held it nearer:--likely thing proved gunpowder; and Trenck, till Doomsday, continues deep blue. [Guerre de Boheme.] Soul more worthy of damnation I have seldom known."

"SEPTEMBER 19th (five days after dropping Seckendorf), Saxe actually gets joined with Maillebois;--not quite at Amberg, but at Vohenstrauß, in that same Sulzbach Country, a forty miles to eastward, or Prag-ward, of Amberg. Maillebois and he conjoined are between 50 and 60,000. They are got now to the Bohemian Boundary, edge of the Bohemian Forest (big BOHMISCHE WALD, Mountainous woody Country, 70 miles long); they are within 60 miles of Pilsen, within 100 of Prag itself,--if they can cross the Forest. Which may be difficult."

PRINCE KARL AND THE GRAND-DUKE, HEARING OF MAILLEBOIS, GO TO MEET HIM (September 14th); AND THE SIEGE OF PRAG IS RAISED.

"SEPTEMBER 11th, the Besieged at Prag notice that the Austrian fire slackens; that the Enemy seems to be taking away his guns. Villages and Farmsteads, far and wide all round, are going up in fire. A joyful symptom:--since August 13th, Belleisle has known of Maillebois's advent; guesses that the Austrians now know it.-- SEPTEMBER 14th, their Firing has quite ceased. Grand-Duke and Prince Karl are off to meet this Maillebois, amid the intricate defiles, 'Better meet him there than here:'--and on this fourth morning, Belleisle, looking out, perceives that the Siege is raised. [Espagnac, i. 145; Campagnes, v. 348.]

"A blessed change indeed. No enemy here,—perhaps some Festitz, with his canaille of Tolpatches, still lingering about,—no enemy worth mention. Parties go out freely to investigate:—but as to forage? Alas, a Country burnt, Villages black and silent for ten miles round;—you pick up here and there a lean steer, welcome amid boiled horse-flesh; you bundle a load or two of neglected grass together, for what cavalry remains. The genius of Sechelles, and help from the Saxon side, will be much useful!

"Perhaps the undeniable advantage of any is this, That Broglio, not now so proud of the situation Prag is in, or led by the rule of contraries, willingly quits Prag: Belleisle will not have to do his function by the medium of pig-driving, but in the direct manner henceforth. 'Give me 6 or 8,000 foot, and what of the cavalry have horses still uneaten,' proposes Broglio; 'I will push obliquely towards Eger,—which is towards Saxony withal, and opens our food-communications there:—I will stretch out a hand to Maillebois, across the Mountain Passes; and thus bring a victorious issue!' [Espagnac, i. 170.] Belleisle consents: 'Well, since my Broglio will have it so!'—glad to part with my Broglio at any rate,— 'Adieu, then, M. le Marechal (and, SOTTO VOCE, 'may it be long before we meet again in partnership)!' Broglio marches accordingly ('hand' beautifully held out to Maillebois, but NOT within grasping distance); gets northwestward some 60 miles, as far as Toplitz [sadly oblique for Eger],—never farther on that errand."

THE MAILLEBOIS ARMY OF REDEMPTION CANNOT REDEEM AT ALL;— HAS TO STAGGER SOUTHWARD AGAIN; AND BECOMES AN "ARMY OF BAVARIA," UNDER BROGLIO.

"SEPTEMBER 19th—OCTOBER 10th.,—Scene is, the Eger-Vohenstraus Country, in and about that Bohemian Forest of seventy miles.— "For three weeks, Maillebois and the Comte de Saxe, trying their utmost, cannot, or cannot to purpose, get through that Bohemian Wood. Only Three practicable Passes in it; difficult each, and each conducting you towards more new difficulties, on the farther side; —not surmountable except by the determined mind. A gloomy business: a gloomy difficult region, solitary, hungry; nothing in it but shaggy chasms (and perhaps Tolpatchery lurking), wastes, mountain woodlands, dumb trees, damp brown leaves. Maillebois and Saxe, after survey, shoot leftwards to Eger; draw food and reinforcement from the Garrison there. They do get through the Forest, at one Pass, the Pass nearest Eger;—but find Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke ranked to receive them on the other side. 'Plunge home upon Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke; beat them, with your Broglio to help in the rear?' That possibly was Friedrich's thought as he watched [now home at Berlin again] the contemporaneous Theatre of War.

"But that was not the Maillebois-Broglio method;—nay, it is said Maillebois was privately forbidden 'to run risks.' Broglio, with his stretched-out hand (12,000 some count him, and indeed it is no matter), sits quiet at Toplitz, far too oblique: 'Come then, come, O Maillebois!' Maillebois,—manoeuvring Prince Karl aside, or Hunger doing it for him,—did once push forward Prag-ward, by the Pass of Caaden; which is very oblique to Toplitz. By the Pass of Caaden,—down the Eger River, through those Mountains of the Circle of Saatz, past a Castle of Ellenbogen, key of the same;—and 'Could have done it [he said always after], had it not been for Comte de Saxe!' Undeniable it is, Saxe, as vanguard, took that Castle of Ellenbogen; and, time being so precious, gave the Tolpatchery dismissal on parole. Undeniable, too, the Tolpatchery, careless of parole, beset Caaden Village thereupon, 4,000 strong; cut off our foreposts, at Caaden Village; and— In short, we had to retire from those parts; and prove an Army of Redemption that could not redeem at all!

"Maillebois and Saxe wend sulkily down the Naab Valley (having lost, say 15,000, not by fighting, but by mud and hardship); and the rapt European Public (shilling-gallery especially) says, with a sneer on its face, 'Pooh; ended, then!' Sulkily wending, Maillebois and Saxe (October 30th—November 7th) get across the Donau, safe on the southern bank again; march for the Iser Country and the D'Harcourt Magazines,—and become 'Grand Bavarian Army,' usual refuge of the unlucky." ...

OF SECKENDORF IN THE INTERIM. "For Belleisle and relief of Prag, Maillebois in person had proved futile; but to Seckendorf, waiting with his Bavarians, the shadow and rumor of Maillebois had brought famous results,—famous for a few weeks. Khevenhuller being called north to help in those Anti-Maillebois operations, and only Barenklau with about 10,000 Austrians now remaining in Baiern, Seckendorf, clearly superior (not to speak of that remnant of D'Harcourt people, with their magazines), promptly bestirred himself, in the Kelheim-Ingolstadt Country; got on march; and drove the Austrians mostly out of Baiern. Out mostly, and without stroke of sword, merely by marching; out for the time. Munchen was evacuated, on rumor of Seckendorf (October 4th): a glad City to see Barenklau march off. Much was evacuated,—the Iser Valley, down partly to the

Inn Valley,—much was cleared, by Seckendorf in these happy circumstances. Who sees himself victorious, for once; and has his fame in the Gazettes, if it would last. Pretty much without stroke of sword, we say, and merely by marching: in one place, having marched too close, the retreating Barenklau people turned on him, 'took 100 prisoners' before going; [Espagnac, i. 166.]—other fighting, in this line 'Reconquest of Bavaria,' I do not recollect. Winter come, he makes for Maillebois and the Iser Countries; cantons himself on the Upper Inn itself, well in advance of the French [Braunau his chief strong-place, if readers care to look on the Map]; and strives to expect a combined seizure of Passau, and considerable things, were Spring come." ...

AND OF BROGLIO IN THE INTERIM. "As for Broglio, left alone at Toplitz, gazing after a futile Maillebois, he sends the better half of his Force back to Prag; other half he establishes at Leitmeritz: good halfway-house to Dresden. 'Will forward Saxon provender to you, M. de Belleisle!' (never did, and were all taken prisoners some weeks hence). Which settled, Broglio proceeded to the Saxon Court; who answered him: 'Provender? Alas, Monseigneur! We are (to confess it to you!) at Peace with Austria: [Treatying ever since "July 17th;" Treaty actually done, "11th September" (Adelung, iii. A, 201, 268).] not an ounce of provender possible; how dare we?'—but were otherwise politeness itself to the great Broglio. Great Broglio, after sumptuous entertainments there, takes the road for Baiern; circling grandly "through Nurnberg with escort of 500 Horse") to Maillebois's new quarters;—takes command of the 'Bavarian Army' (may it be lucky for him!); and sends Maillebois home, in deep dudgeon, to the merciless criticisms of men. 'Could have done it,' persists the VIEUX PETIT-MAITRE always, 'had not'—one knows what, but cares not, at this date!—

"Broglio's quarters in the Iser Country, I am told, are fatally too crowded, men perishing at a frightful rate per day. [Espagnac, i. 182.] 'Things all awry here,—thanks to that Maillebois and others!' And Broglio's troubles and procedures, as is everywhere usual to Broglio, run to a great height in this Bavarian Command. And poor Seckendorf, in neighborhood of such a Broglio, has his adoes; eyes sparkling; face blushing slate-color; at times nearly driven out of his wits;—but strives to consume his own smoke, and to have hopes on Passau notwithstanding."—And of Belleisle in Prag, and his meditations on the Oriflamme?—Patience, reader.

Meantime, what a relief to Kaiser Karl, in such wreck of Bohemian Kingdoms and Castles in Spain, to have got his own Munchen and Country in hand again; with the prospect of quitting furnished-lodgings, and seeing the color of real money! April next, he actually goes to Munchen, where we catch a glimpse of him. ["17th April, 1743," Montijos accompanying (Adelung, iii. B, 119, 120).] This same October, the Reich, after endless debates on the question, "Help our Kaiser, or not help?" [Ib. iii A, 289.] has voted him fifty ROMER-MONATE ("Romish-months," still so termed, though there is NOT now any marching of the Kaiser to Rome on business); meaning fifty of the known QUOTAS, due from all and sundry in such case,—which would amount to about 300,000 pounds (could it, or the half of it, be collected from so wide a Parish), and would prove a sensible relief to the poor man.

VOLTAIRE HAS BEEN ON VISIT AT AACHEN, IN THE INTERIM,— HIS THIRD VISIT TO KING FRIEDRICH.

King Friedrich had come to the Baths of Aachen, August 25th; the Maillebois Army of Redemption being then, to the last man of it, five days across the Rhine on its high errand, which has since proved futile. Friedrich left Aachen, taking leave of his Voltaire, who had been lodging with him for a week by special invitation, September 9th; and witnessed the later struggles and final inability of Maillebois to redeem, not at Aix, but at Berlin, amid the ordinary course of his employments there. We promised something of Voltaire's new visit, his Third to Friedrich. Here is what little we have,—if the lively reader will exert his fancy on it.

Voltaire and his Du Chatelet had been to Cirey, and thence been at Paris through this Spring and Summer, 1742;—engaged in what to Voltaire and Paris was a great thing, though a pacific one: The getting of MAHOMET brought upon the boards. August 9th, precisely while the first vanguard of the Army of Redemption got across the Rhine at Dusseldorf, Voltaire's Tragedy of MAHOMET came on the stage.

August 9th, 11th, 13th, Paris City was in transports of various kinds; never were such crowds of Audience, lifting a man to the immortal gods,—though a part too, majority by count of heads, were dragging him to Tartarus again. "Exquisite, unparalleled!" exclaimed good judges (as Fleury himself had anticipated, on examining the Piece):—"Infamous, irreligious, accursed!" vociferously exclaimed the bad judges; Reverend Desfontaines (of Sodom, so Voltaire persists to define him), Reverend Desfontaines and others giving cue; hugely vociferous, these latter, hugely in majority by count of heads. And there was such a bellowing and such a shrieking, judicious

Fleury, or Maurepas under him, had to suggest, "Let an actor fall sick; let M. de Voltaire volunteer to withdraw his Piece; otherwise—!" And so it had to be: Actor fell sick on the 14th (Playbills sorry to retract their MAHOMET on the 14th); and—in fact, it was not for nine years coming, and after Dedication to the Pope, and other exquisite manoeuvres and unexpected turns of fate, that MAHOMET could be acted a fourth time in Paris, and thereafter AD LIBITUM down to this day. [*Oeuvres de Voltaire*, ii. 137 n.;

Such tempest in a teapot is not unexampled, nay rather is very frequent, in that Anarchic Republic called of Letters. Confess, reader, that you too would have needed some patience in M. de Voltaire's place; with such a Heaven's own Inspiration of a MAHOMET in your hands, and such a terrestrial Doggery at your heels. Suppose the bitterest of your barking curs were a Reverend Desfontaines of Sodom, whom you yourself had saved from the gibbet once, and again and again from starving? It is positively a great Anarchy, and Fountain of Anarchies, all that, if you will consider; and it will have results under the sun. You cannot help it, say you; there is no shutting up of a Reverend Desfontaines, which would be so salutary to himself and to us all? No:—and when human reverence (daily going, in such ways) is quite gone from the world; and your lowest blockhead and scoundrel (usually one entity) shall have perfect freedom to spit in the face of your highest sage and hero,—what a remarkably Free World shall we be!

Voltaire, keeping good silence as to all this, and minded for Brussels again, receives the King of Prussia's invitation; lays it at his Eminency Fleury's feet; will not accept, unless his Eminency and my own King of France (possibly to their advantage, if one might hint such a thing!) will permit it. [Ib. lxxii. 555 (Letter to Fleury, "Paris, Aug. 22d").] "By all means; go, and"—The rest is in dumb-show; meaning, "Try to pump him for us!" Under such omens, Voltaire and his divine Emilie return to their Honsbruck Lawsuit: "Silent Brussels, how preferable to Paris and its mad cries!" Voltaire, leaving the divine Emilie at Brussels, September 2d, sets out for Aix,—Aix attainable within the day. He is back at Brussels late in the evening, September 9th:—how he had fared, and what extent of pumping there was, learn from the following Excerpts, which are all dated the morrow after his return:—

THREE LETTERS OF VOLTAIRE, DATED BRUSSELS, 10th SEPT. 1742.

1. TO CIDEVILLE (the Rouen Advocate, who has sometimes troubled us). ... "I have been to see the King of Prussia since I began this Letter [beginning of it dates September 1st]. I have courageously resisted his fine proposals. He offers me a beautiful House in Berlin, a pretty Estate; but I prefer my second-floor in Madame du Chatelet's here. He assures me of his favor, of the perfect freedom I should have;—and I am running to Paris [did not just yet run] to my slavery and persecution. I could fancy myself a small Athenian, refusing the bounties of the King of Persia. With this difference, however, one had liberty [not slavery] at Athens; and I am sure there were many Cidevilles there, instead of one,"—HELAS, my Cideville!

2. TO MARQUIS D'ARGENSON (worthy official Gentleman, not War– Minister now or afterwards; War–Minister's senior brother,— Voltaire's old school–fellows, both these brothers, in the College of Louis le Grand). ... "I have just been to see the King of Prussia in these late days [in fact, quitted him only yesterday; both of us, after a week together, leaving Aix yesterday]: I have seen him as one seldom sees Kings,—much at my ease, in my own room, in the chimney–nook, whither the same man who has gained two Battles would come and talk familiarly, as Scipio did with Terence. You will tell me, I am not Terence; true, but neither is he altogether Scipio.

"I learned some extraordinary things,"—things not from Friedrich at all: mere dinner–table rumors; about the 16,000 English landing here ("18,000" he calls them, and farther on, "20,000") with the other 16,000 PLUS 6,000 of Hanoverian–Hessian sort, expecting 20,000 Dutch to join them,—who perhaps will not? "M. de Neipperg [Governor of Luxemburg now] is come hither to Brussels; but brings no Dutch troops with him, as he had hoped,"—Dutch perhaps won't rise, after all this flogging and hoisting? "Perhaps we may soon get a useful and glorious Peace, in spite of my Lord Stair, and of M. van Haren, the Tyrtaeus of the States–General [famed Van Haren, eyes in a fine Dutch frenzy rolling, whose Cause–of–Liberty verses let no man inquire after]: Stair prints Memoirs, Van Haren makes Odes; and with so much prose and so much verse, perhaps their High and Slow Mightinesses [Excellency Fenelon sleeplessly busy persuading them, and native Gravitation SLEEPILY ditto] will sit quiet. God grant it!

"The English want to attack us on our own soil [actually Stair's plan]; and we cannot pay them in that kind. The match is too unfair! If we kill the whole 20,000 of them, we merely send 20,000 Heretics to— What shall I

say?—A L'ENFER, and gain nothing; if they kill us, they even feed at our expense in doing it. Better have no quarrels except on Locke and Newton! The quarrel I have on MAHOMET is happily only ridiculous." ... Adieu, M. le Marquis.

3. TO THE CARDINAL DE FLEURY. "Monseigneur, ... to give your Eminency, as I am bound, some account of my journey to Aix-la-Chapelle." Friedrich's guest there; let us hear, let us look.

"I could not get away from Brussels till the 2d of this month. On the road, I met a courier from the King of Prussia, coming to reiterate his Master's orders on me. The King had me lodged near his own Apartment; and he passed, for two consecutive days, four hours at a time in my room, with all that goodness and familiarity which forms, as you know, part of his character, and which does not lower the King's dignity, because one is duly careful not to abuse it [be careful!]. I had abundant time to speak, with a great deal of freedom, on what your Eminency had prescribed to me; and the King spoke to me with an equal frankness.

"First, he asked me, If it was true that the French Nation was so angered against him; if the King was, and if you were? I answered," —mildly reprobatory, yet conciliative, "Hm, no, nothing permanent, nothing to speak of." "He then deigned to speak to me, at large, of the reasons which had induced him to be so hasty with the Peace." "Extremely remarkable reasons;" "dare not trust them to this Paper" (Broglie-Belleisle discrepancies, we guess, distracted Broglie procedures);—they have no concern with that Pallandt-Letter Story, —"they do not turn on the pretended Secret Negotiations at the Court of Vienna [which are not pretended at all, as I among others well know], in regard to which your Eminency has condescended to clear yourself [by denying the truth, poor Eminency; there was no help otherwise]. All I dare state is, that it seems to me easy to lead back the mind of this Sovereign, whom the situation of his Territories, his interest, and his taste would appear to mark as the natural ally of France."

"He said farther [what may be relied on as true by his Eminency Fleury, and my readers here], That he passionately wished to see Bohemia in the Emperor's hands [small chance for it, as things now go!]; that he renounced, with the best faith in the world, all claim whatever on Berg and Julich; and that, in spite of the advantageous proposals which Lord Stair was making him, he thought only of keeping Silesia. That he knew well enough the House of Austria would, one day, wish to recover that fine Province, but that he trusted he could keep his conquest; that he had at this time 130,000 soldiers always ready; that he would make of Neisse, Glogau, Brieg, fortresses as strong as Wesel [which he is now diligently doing, and will soon have done]; that besides he was well informed the Queen of Hungary already owed 80,000,000 German crowns, which is about 300 millions of our money [about 12 millions sterling]; that her Provinces, exhausted, and lying wide apart, would not be able to make long efforts; and that the Austrians, for a good while to come, could not of themselves be formidable." Of themselves, no: but with Britannic soup—royal in quantity?—

"My Lord Hyndford had spoken to him" as if France were entirely discouraged and done for: How false, Monseigneur! "And Lord Stair in his letters represented France, a month ago, as ready to give in. Lord Stair has not ceased to press his Majesty during this Aix Excursion even:" and, in spite of what your Eminency hears from the Hague, "there was, on the 30th of August, an Englishman at Aix on the part of Milord Stair; and he had speech with the King of Prussia [CROYEZ MOI!] in a little Village called Boschet [Burtscheid, where are hot wells], a quarter of a league from Aix. I have been assured, moreover, that the Englishman returned in much discontent. On the other hand, General Schmettau, who was with the King [elder Schmettau, Graf SAMUEL, who does a great deal of envying for his Majesty], sent, at that very time, to Brussels, for Maps of the Moselle and of the Three Bishoprics, and purchased five copies,"—means to examine Milord Stair's proposed Seat of War, at any rate. (Here is a pleasant friend to have on visit to you, in the next apartment, with such an eye and such a nose!) ...

"Monseigneur," finely insinuates Voltaire in conclusion, "is not there" a certain Frenchman, true to his Country, to his King, and to your Eminency, with perhaps peculiar facilities for being of use, in such delicate case?—"JE SUIS," much your Eminency's. [*OEuvres*, lxxii. p. 568 (to Cideville), p. 579 (D'Argenson), p. 574 (Fleury).]

Friedrich, on the day while Voltaire at Brussels sat so busy writing of him, was at Salzdahl, visiting his Brunswick kindred there, on the road home to his usual affairs. Old Fleury, age ninety gone, died 29th January, 1743,—five months and nineteen days after this Letter. War-Minister Breteuil had died January 1st. Here is room for new Ministers and Ministries; for the two D'Argensons,—if it could avail their old School-fellow, or France, or us; which it cannot much.

Chapter III. CARNIVAL PHENOMENA IN WAR-TIME.

Readers were anticipating it, readers have no sympathy; but the sad fact is, Britannic Majesty has NOT got out his sword; this second paroxysm of his proves vain as the first did! Those laggard Dutch, dead to the Cause of Liberty, it is they again. Just as the hour was striking, they—plump down, in spite of magnanimous Stair, into their mud again; cannot be hoisted by engineering. And, after all that filling and emptying of water—casks, and pumping and puffing, and straining of every fibre for a twelvemonth past, Britannic Majesty had to sit down again, panting in an Olympian manner, with that expensive long sword of his still sticking in the scabbard.

Tongue cannot tell what his poor little Majesty has suffered from those Dutch,—checking one's noble rage, into mere zero, always; making of one's own glorious Army a mere expensive Phantasm! Hanoverian, Hessian, British: 40,000 fighters standing in harness, year after year, at such cost; and not the killing of a French turkey to be had of them in return. Patience, Olympian patience, withal! He cantons his troops in the Netherlands Towns; many of the British about Ghent (who consider the provisions, and customs, none of the best); [Letters of Officers, from Ghent (*Westminster Journal*, Oct. 23d, his Hanoverians, Hessians, farther northward, Hanover way;—and, greatly daring, determines to try again, next Spring. Carteret himself shall go and flagitate the Dutch. Patience; whip and hoist!—What a conclusion, snorts the indignant British Public through its Gazetteers.

"Next year, yes, exclaims one indignant Editor: 'if talking will do business, we shall no doubt perform wonders; for we have had as much talking and puffing since February last, as during any ten years of the late Administration' [*The Daily Post*, December 31st (o.s.), 1742.] [under poor Walpole, whom you could not enough condemn! The Dutch? exclaims another: 'If WE were a Free People [F— P— he puts it, joining caution with his rage], QUOERE, Whether Holland would not, at this juncture, come cap in hand, to sue for our protection and alliance; instead of making us dance attendance at the Hague?' Yes, indeed;—and then the CASE OF THE HANOVER FORCES (fear not, reader; I understand your terror of locked-jaw, and will never mention said CASE again); but it is singular to the Gazetteer mind, That these Hanover Forces are to be paid by England, as appears; Hanover, as if without interest in the matter, paying nothing! Upon which, in covert form of symbolic adumbration, of witty parable, what stinging commentaries, not the first, nor by many thousands the last (very sad reading in our day) on this paltry Hanover Connection altogether: What immensities it has cost poor England, and is like to cost, 'the Lord of the Manor' (great George our King) being the gentleman he is; and how England, or, as it is adumbratively called, 'the Manor of St. James's,' is become a mere 'fee—farm to Mumland.' Unendurable to think of. 'Bob Monopoly, the late Tallyman [adumbrative for Walpole, late Prime Minister], was much blamed on this account; and John the Carter [John Lord Carteret], Clerk of the Vestry and present favorite of his Lordship, is not behind Robin in his care for the Manor of MUMLAND' [In *Westminster Journal* (Feb. 12th, n.s., 1743), a long Apologue in this strain.] (that contemptible Country, where their very beer is called MUM),—and no remedy within view?"

RETREAT FROM PRAG; ARMY OF THE ORIFLAMME, BOHEMIAN SECTION BOHEMIAN SECTION OF IT, MAKES EXIT.

"And Belleisle in Prag, left solitary there, with his heroic remnant,—gone now to 17,000, the fourth man of them in hospital, with Festititz Tolpatchery hovering round, and Winter and Hunger drawing nigh,—what is to become of Belleisle? Prince Karl and the Grand-Duke had attended Maillebois to Bavaria; steadily to left of Maillebois between Austria and him; and are now busy in the Passau Country, bent on exploding those Seckendorf—Broglie operations and intentions, as the chief thing now. Meanwhile they have detached Prince Lobkowitz to girdle in Belleisle again; for which Lobkowitz (say, 20,000, with the Festititz Tolpatchery included) will be easily able. On the march thither he easily picked up (18th—25th November) that new French Post of Leitmeritz (Broglie's fine 'Half— way House to Saxony and Provender'), with its garrison of 2,000: the other posts and outposts, one and all, had to hurry home, in fear of a like fate. Beyond the circuit of Prag, isolated in ten miles of burnt country, Belleisle has no resource except what his own head may furnish. The black landscape is getting powdered with snow; one of the grimmest Winters, almost like that of 1740; Belleisle must see what he will do.

"Belleisle knows secretly what he will do. Belleisle has orders to come away from Prag; bring his Army off, and the chivalry of France home to their afflicted friends. [*Campagnes*, vi. 244—251; *Espagnac*, i. 168.] A thing

that would have been so feasible two months ago, while Maillebois was still wriggling in the Pass of Caaden; but which now borders on impossibility, if not reaches into it. As a primary measure, Belleisle keeps those orders of his rigorously secret. Within the Garrison, or on the part of Lobkowitz, there is a far other theory of Belleisle's intentions. Lobkowitz, unable to exist in the black circuit, has retired beyond it, and taken the eastern side of the Moldau, as the least ruined; leaving the Tolpatchery, under one Festititz, to caracole round the black horizon on the west. Farther, as the Moldau is rolling ice, and Lobkowitz is afraid of his pontoons, he drags them out high and dry: 'Can be replaced in a day, when wanted.' In a day; yes, thinks Belleisle, but not in less than a day;—and proceeds now to the consummation. Detailed accounts exist, Belleisle's own Account (rapid, exact, loftily modest); here, compressing to the utmost, let us snatch hastily the main features.

"On the 15th December, 1742, Prag Gates are all shut: Enter if you like; but no outgate. Monseigneur le Marechal intends to have a grand foraging to-morrow, on the southwestern side of Prag. Lobkowitz heard of it, in spite of the shut gates; for all Prag is against Belleisle, and does spy-work for Lobkowitz. 'Let him forage,' thought Lobkowitz; 'he will not grow rich by what he gathers;' and sat still, leaving his pontoons high and dry. So that Belleisle, on the afternoon of December 16th,—between 12 and 14,000 men, near 4,000 of them cavalry, with cannon, with provision-wagons, baggage-wagons, goods and chattels in mass,—has issued through the two Southwestern Gates; and finds himself fairly out of Prag. On the Pilsen road; about nightfall of the short winter day: earth all snow and 'VERGLAS,' iron glazed; huge olive-colored curtains of the Dusk going down upon the Mountains ahead of him; shutting in a scene wholly grim for Belleisle. Brigadier Chevert, a distinguished and determined man, with some 4,000 sick, convalescent and half able, is left in Prag to man the works; the Marechal has taken hostages, twenty Notabilities of Prag; and neglected no precaution. He means towards Eger; has, at least, got one march ahead; and will do what is in him, he and every soul of those 14,000. The officers have given their horses for the baggage-wagons, made every sacrifice; the word Homewards kindles a strange fire in all hearts; and the troops, say my French authorities, are unsurpassable. The Marechal himself, victim of rheumatisms, cannot ride at all; but has his light sledge always harnessed; and, at a moment's notice, is present everywhere. Sleep, during these ten days and nights, he has little.

"Eger is 100 miles off, by the shortest Highway: there are two bad Highways, one by Pilsen southerly, one by Karlsbad northerly,—with their bridges all broken, infested by Hussars:—we strike into a middle combination of country roads, intricate parish lanes; and march zigzag across these frozen wildernesses: we must dodge these Festititz Hussar swarms; and cross the rivers near their springs. Forward! Perhaps some readers, for the high Belleisle's sake, will look out these localities subjoined in the Note, and reduced to spelling. [Tachlowitz, Lischon (near Rakonitz); Jechnitz (as if you were for the Pilsen road; then turn as if for the Karlsbad one); Steben (not discoverable, but a DESPATCH from it,— *Campagnes*, v. 280), Chisch, Luditz, Theysing (hereabouts you break off into smaller columns, separate parties and patches, cavalry all ahead, among the Hills): Schonthal AND Landeck (Belleisle passes Christmas-day at Landeck,— *Campagnes*, vii. 10); Einsiedel (AND by Petschau), Lauterbach, Konigswart, AND likewise by Topl, Sandau, Treunitz (that is, into Eger from two sides).] Resting-places in this grim wilderness of his: poor snow-clad Hamlets,—with their little hood of human smoke rising through the snow; silent all of them, except for the sound of here and there a flail, or crowing cock;—but have been awakened from their torpor by this transit of Belleisle. Happily the bogs themselves are iron; deepest bog will bear.

"Festititz tries us twice,—very anxious to get Belleisle's Army—chest, or money; we give him torrents of sharp shot instead. Festititz, these two chief times, we pepper rapidly into the Hills again; he is reduced to hang prancing on our flanks and rear. Men bivouac over fires of turf, amid snow, amid frost; tear down, how greedily, any wood-work for fire. Leave a trumpet to beg quarter for the frozen and speechless;—which is little respected: they are lugged in carts, stript by the savageries, and cruelly used. There were first extensive plains, then boggy passes, intricate mountains; bog and rock; snow and VERGLAS.—On the 26th, after indescribable endeavors, we got into Eger;—some 1,300 (about one in ten) left frozen in the wilderness; and half the Army falling ill at Eger, of swollen limbs, sore-throats, and other fataler diseases, fatal then, or soon after. Chevert, at Prag, refused summons from Prince Lobkowitz: 'No, MON PRINCE; not by any means! We will die, every man of us, first; and we will burn Prag withal!'—So that Lobkowitz had to consent to everything; and escort Chevert to Eger, with bag and baggage, Lobkowitz furnishing the wagons.

"Comparable to the Retreat of Xenophon! cry many. Every Retreat is compared to that. A valiant feat, after all

exaggerations. A thing well done, say military men;—'nothing to object, except that the troops were so ruined;'—and the most unmilitary may see, it is the work of a high and gallant kind of man. One of the coldest expeditions ever known. There have been three expeditions or retreats of this kind which were very cold: that of those Swedes in the Great Elector's time (not to mention that of Karl XII.'s Army out of Norway, after poor Karl XII. got shot); that of Napoleon from Moscow; this of Belleisle, which is the only one brilliantly conducted, and not ending in rout and annihilation.

"The troops rest in Eger for a week or two; then homeward through the Ober-Pfalz:—'go all across the Rhine at Speyer' (5th February next); the Bohemian Section of the Oriflamme making exit in this manner. Not quite the eighth man of them left; five-eighths are dead: and there are about 12,000 prisoners, gone to Hungary,—who ran mostly to the Turks, such treatment had they, and were not heard of again." [*Guerre de Boheme*, ii. 221 (for this last fact). IB. 204, and Espagnac, i. 176 (for particulars of the Retreat); and still better, Belleisle's own Despatch and Private Letter (Eger, 2d January and 5th January, 1743), in *Campagnes*, vii. 1–21.]— Ah, Belleisle, Belleisle!

The Army of the Oriflamme gets home in this sad manner; Germany not cut in Four at all. "Implacable Austrian badgers," as we call them, "gloomily indignant bears," how have they served this fine French hunting-pack; and from hunted are become hunters, very dangerous to contemplate! At Frankfurt, Belleisle, for his own part, pauses; cannot, in this entirely down-broken state of body, serve his Majesty farther in the military business; will do some needful diplomatics with the Kaiser, and retire home to government of Metz, till his worn-out health recover itself a little.

A GLANCE AT VIENNA, AND THEN AT BERLIN.

Prince Karl had been busy upon Braunau (the BAVARIAN Braunau, not the BOHEMIAN or another, Seckendorf's chief post on the Inn); had furiously bombarded Braunau, with red-hot balls, for some days; [2d–10th December (Espagnac, i. 171).] intent to explode the Seckendorf–Broglie projects before winter quite came. Seckendorf, in a fine frenzy, calls to Broglie, "Help!" and again calls; both Kaiser and he, CRESCENDO to a high pitch, before Broglie will come. "Relieve Braunau? Well;—but no fighting farther, mark you!" answers Broglie. To the disgust of Kaiser and Seckendorf; who were eager for a combined movement, and hearty attack on Prince Karl, with perhaps capture of Passau itself. At sight of Broglie and Seckendorf combined, Prince Karl did at once withdraw from Braunau; but as to attacking him,—"NON; MILLE FOIS, NON!" answered Broglie disdainfully bellowing. First grand quarrel of Broglie and Seckendorf; by no means their last. Prince Karl put his men in winter-quarters, in those Passau regions; postponing the explosion of the Broglie–Seckendorf projects, till Spring; and returned to Vienna for the Winter gayeties and businesses there. How the high Maria Theresa is contented, I do not hear;—readers may take this Note, which is authentic, though vague, and straggling over wide spaces of time still future.

"Does her Majesty still think of 'taking the command of her Armies on herself,' high Amazon that she is!" Has not yet thought of that, I should guess. "At one time she did seriously think of it, says a good witness; which is noteworthy. [Podewils, *Der Wiener Hof* (Court of Vienna, in the years 1746, 1747 and 1748; a curious set of REPORTS for Friedrich's information, by Podewils, his Minister there); printed under that Title, "by the Imperial Academy of Sciences" (Wien, 1850);—may be worth alluding to again, if chance offer.] Her Husband has been with the Armies, once, twice; but never to much purpose (Brother Karl doing the work, if work were done);—and this is about the last time, or the last but one, this in Winter 1742. She loves her Husband thoroughly, all along; but gives him no share in business, finding he understands nothing except Banking. It is certain she chiefly was the reformer of her Army," in years coming; "she, athwart many impediments. An ardent rider, often on horseback, at paces furiously swift; her beautiful face tanned by the weather. Very devout too; honest to the bone, athwart all her prejudices. Since our own Elizabeth! no Woman, and hardly above one Man, is worth being named beside her as a Sovereign Ruler;—she is 'a living contradiction of the Salic Law,' say her admirers. Depends on England for money, All hearts and right hands in Austria are hers. The loss of Schlesien, pure highway robbery, thrice-doleful loss and disgrace, rankles incurable in the noble heart, pious to its Fathers withal, and to their Heritages in the world, —we shall see with what issues, for the next twenty years, to that 'BOSE MANN,' unpardonably 'wicked man' of Brandenburg. And indeed, to the end of her life, she never could get over it. To the last, they say, if a Stranger, getting audience, were graciously asked, 'From what Country, then?' and should answer, 'Schlesien, your Majesty!' she would burst into tears.—'Patience, high Madam!' urges the Britannic Majesty: 'Patience; may not there be compensation, if we hunt well?'" Austrian bears, implacable badgers, with

Britannic mastiffs helping, now that the Belleisle Pack is down!—

At Berlin it was gay Carnival, while those tragedies went on: Friedrich was opening his Opera–House, enjoying the first ballets, while Belleisle filed out of Prag that gloomy evening. Our poor Kaiser will not "retain Bohemia," then; how far from it! The thing is not comfortable to Friedrich; but what help?

This is the gayest Carnival yet seen in Berlin, this immediately following the Peace; everybody saying to himself and others, "GAUDEAMUS, What a Season!" Not that, in the present hurry of affairs, I can dwell on operas, assemblies, balls, sledge–parties; or indeed have the least word to say on such matters, beyond suggesting them to the imagination of readers. The operas, the carnival gayeties, the intricate considerations and diplomacies of this Winter, at Berlin and elsewhere, may be figured: but here is one little speck, also from the Archives, which is worth saving. Princess Ulrique is in her twenty–third year, Princess Amelia in her twentieth; beautiful clever creatures, both; Ulrique the more staid of the two. "Never saw so gay a Carnival," said everybody; and in the height of it, with all manner of gayeties going on,— think where the dainty little shoes have been pinching!

PRINCESSES ULRIQUE AND AMELIA TO THE KING.

BERLIN, "1st March, 1743. "MY DEAREST BROTHER,—I know not if it is not too bold to trouble your Majesty on private affairs: but the great confidence which my Sister [Amelia] and I have in your kindness encourages us to lay before you a sincere avowal as to the state of our bits of finances (NOS PETITES FINANCES), which are a good deal deranged just now; the revenues having, for two years and a half past, been rather small; amounting to only 400 crowns (60 pounds) a year; which could not be made to cover all the little expenses required in the adjustments of ladies. This circumstance, added to our card– playing, though small, which we could not dispense with, has led us into debts. Mine amount to 225 pounds (1,500 crowns); my Sister's to 270 pounds (1,800 crowns).

"We have not spoken of it to the Queen–Mother, though we are well sure she would have tried to assist us; but as that could not have been done without some inconvenience to her, and she would have retrenched in some of her own little entertainments, I thought we should do better to apply direct to Your Majesty; being persuaded you would have taken it amiss, had we deprived the Queen of her smallest pleasure;—and especially, as we consider you, my dear Brother, the Father of the Family, and hope you will be so gracious as help us. We shall never forget the kind acts of Your Majesty; and we beg you to be persuaded of the perfect and tender attachment with which we are proud to be all our lives,—Your Majesty's most humble and most obedient Sisters and Servants,

"LOUISE–ULRIQUE; ANNE–AMELIE [which latter adds anxiously as Postscript, Ulrique having written hitherto],

"P.S. I most humbly beg Your Majesty not to speak of this to the Queen–Mother, as perhaps she would not approve of the step we are now taking." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 387.]

Poor little souls; bankruptcy just imminent! I have no doubt Friedrich came handsomely forward on this grave occasion, though Dryasdust has not the grace to give me the least information.— "Frederic Baron Trenck," loud–sounding Phantasm once famous in the world, now gone to the Nurseries as mythical, was of this Carnival 1742–43; and of the next, and NOT of the next again! A tall actuality in that time; swaggering about in sumptuous Life–guard uniform, in his mess–rooms and assembly–rooms; much in love with himself, the fool. And I rather think, in spite of his dog insinuations, neither Princess had heard of him till twenty years hence, in a very different phasis of his life! The empty, noisy, quasi–tragic fellow;—sounds throughout quasi–tragically, like an empty barrel; well–built, longing to be FILLED. And it is scandalously false, what loud Trenck insinuates, what stupid Thiebault (always stupid, incorrect, and the prey of stupidities) confirms, as to this matter,—fit only for the Nurseries, till it cease altogether.

VOLTAIRE, AT PARIS, IS MADE IMMORTAL BY A KISS.

Voltaire and the divine Emilie are home to Cirey again; that of Brussels, with the Royal Aachen Excursion, has been only an interlude. They returned, by slow stages, visit after visit, in October last,—some slake occurring, I suppose, in that interminable Honsbruck Lawsuit; and much business, not to speak of ennui, urging them back. They are now latterly in Paris itself, safe in their own "little palace (PETIT PALAIS) at the point of the Isle;" little jewel of a house on the Isle St. Louis, which they are warming again, after long absence in Brussels and the barbarous countries. They have returned hither, on sufferance, on good behavior; multitudes of small interests, small to us, great to them,—death of old Fleury, hopeful changes of Ministry, not to speak of theatricals and the like,—giving opportunity and invitation. Madame, we observe, is marrying her Daughter: the happy man a Duke

of Montenero, ill-built Neapolitan, complexion rhubarb, and face consisting much of nose. [Letter of Voltaire, in *OEuvres*, lxxiii 24.] Madame never wants for business; business enough, were it only in the way of shopping, visiting, consulting lawyers, doing the Pure Sciences.

As to Voltaire, he has, as usual, Plays to get acted,—if he can. MAHOMET, no; MORT DE CESAR, yes OR no; for the Authorities are shy, in spite of the Public. One Play Voltaire did get acted, with a success,—think of it, reader! The exquisite Tragedy MEROPE, perhaps now hardly known to you; of which you shall hear anon.

But Plays are not all. Old Pleury being dead, there is again a Vacancy in the Academy; place among the sacred Forty,—vacant for Voltaire, if he can get it. Voltaire attaches endless importance to this place; beautiful as a feather in one's cap; useful also to the solitary Ishmael of Literature, who will now in a certain sense have Thirty-nine Comrades, and at least one fixed House-of-Call in this world. In fine, nothing can be more ardent than the wish of M. de Voltaire for these supreme felicities. To be of the Forty, to get his Plays acted,—oh, then were the Saturnian Kingdoms come; and a man might sing IO TRIUMPHE, and take his ease in the Creation, more or less! Stealthily, as if on shoes of felt,—as if on paws of velvet, with eyes luminous, tail bushy,—he walks warily, all energies compressively summoned, towards that high goal. Hush, steady! May you soon catch that bit of savory red-herring, then; worthiest of the human feline tribe!—As to the Play MEROPE, here is the notable passage:

"PARIS, WEDNESDAY, 20th FEBRUARY, 1743. First night of MEROPE; which raised the Paris Public into transports, so that they knew not what to do, to express their feelings. 'Author! M. de Voltaire! Author!' shouted they; summoning the Author, what is now so common, but was then an unheard-of originality. 'Author! Author!' Author, poor blushing creature, lay squatted somewhere, and durst not come; was ferreted out; produced in the Lady Villars's Box,—Dowager MARECHALE DE VILLARS, and her Son's Wife DUCHESSE DE VILLARS, being there; known friends of Voltaire's. Between these Two he stands ducking some kind of bow; uncertain, embarrassed what to do; with a Theatre all in rapturous delirium round him,—uncertain it too, but not embarrassed. 'Kiss him! MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE VILLARS, EMBRASSEZ VOLTAIRE!' Yes, kiss him, fair Duchess, in the name of France! shout all mortals;—and the younger Lady has to do it; does it with a charming grace; urged by Madame la Marechale her mother-in-law. [Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), *Vie de Voltaire*, p. 128; Voltaire himself, *OEuvres*, ii. 142; Barbier, ii. 358.] Ah, and Madame la Marechale was herself an old love of Voltaire's; who had been entirely unkind to him!

"Thus are you made immortal by a Kiss;—and have not your choice of the Kiss, Fate having chosen for you. The younger Lady was a Daughter of Marechal de Noailles [our fine old Marechal, gone to the Wars against his Britannic Majesty in those very weeks]: infinitely clever (INFINIMENT D'ESPRIT); beautiful too, I understand, though towards forty;—hangs to the human memory, slightly but indissolubly, ever since that Wednesday Night of 1743."

Old Marechal de Noailles is to the Wars, we said;—it is in a world all twinkling with watch-fires, and raked coals of War, that these fine Carnival things go on. Noailles is 70,000 strong; posted in the Rhine Countries, middle and upper Rhine; vigilantly patrolling about, to support those staggering Bavarian Affairs; especially to give account of his Britannic Majesty. Brittanic Majesty is thought to have got the Dutch hoisted, after all; to have his sword OUT;—and ere long does actually get on march; up the Rhine hitherward, as is too evident, to Noailles, to the Kaiser and everybody!

Chapter IV. AUSTRIAN AFFAIRS MOUNT TO A DANGEROUS HEIGHT.

Led by fond hopes,—and driven also by that sad fear, of a Visit from his Britannic Majesty,—the poor Kaiser, in the rear of those late Seckendorf successes, quitted Frankfurt, April 17th; and the second day after, got to Munchen. Saw himself in Munchen again, after a space of more than two years; "all ranks of people crowding out to welcome him;" the joy of all people, for themselves and for him, being very great. Next day he drove out to Nymphenburg; saw the Pandour devastations there,—might have seen the window where the rugged old Unertl set up his ladder, "For God's sake, your Serenity, have nothing to do with those French!"—and did not want for sorrowful comparisons of past and present.

It was remarked, he quitted Munchen in a day or two; preferring Country Palaces still unruined,—for example, Wolnzach, a Schloss he has, some fifty miles off, down the Iser Valley, not far from the little Town of Mosburg; which, at any rate, is among the Broglio—Seckendorf posts, and convenient for business. Broglio and Seckendorf lie dotted all about, from Braunau up to Ingolstadt and farther; chiefly in the Iser and Inn Valleys, but on the north side of the Donau too; over an area, say of 2,000 square miles; Seckendorf preaching incessantly to Broglio, what is sun-clear to all eyes but Broglio's, "Let us concentrate, M. le Marechal; let us march and attack! If Prince Karl come upon us in this scattered posture, what are we to do?" Broglio continuing deaf; Broglio answering—in a way to drive one frantic.

The Kaiser himself takes Broglio in hand; has a scene with Broglio; which, to readers that study it, may be symbolical of much that is gone and that is coming. It fell "about the middle of May" (prior to May 17th, as readers will guess before long); and here, according to report, was the somewhat explosive finale it had. Prince Conti, the same who ran to join Maillebois, and has proved a gallant fellow and got command of a Division, attends Broglio in this important interview at Wolnzach:—

SCHLOSS OF WOLNZACH, MAY, 1743. ... "The Kaiser pressed, in the most emphatic manner, That the Two Armies [French and Bavarian] should collect and unite for immediate action. To which Broglio declared he could by no means assent, not having any order from Paris of that tenor. The Kaiser thereupon: 'I give you my order for it; I, by the Most Christian King's appointment, am Commander-in-Chief of your Army, as of my own; and I now order you!'—taking out his Patent, and spreading it before Broglio with the sign-manual visible, Broglio knew the Patent very well; but answered, 'That he could not, for all that, follow the wish of his Imperial Majesty; that he, Broglio, had later orders, and must obey them!' Upon which the Imperial Majesty, nature irrepressibly asserting itself, towered into Olympian height; flung his Patent on the table, telling Conti and Broglio, 'You can send that back, then; Patents like that are of no service to me!' and quitted them in a blaze." [Adelung, iii. B, 150; cites ETTAT POLITIQUE (Annual Register of those times), xiii. 16. Nothing of this scene in *Campaignes*, which is officially careful to suppress the like of this.]

The indisputable fact is, Prince Karl is at the door; nay he has beaten in the door in a frightful manner; and has Braunau, key of the Inn, again under siege. Not we getting Passau; it is he getting Braunau! A week ago (9th May) his vanguard, on the sudden, cut to pieces our poor Bavarian 8,000, and their poor Minuzzi, who were covering Braunau, and has ended him and them;—Minuzzi himself prisoner, not to be heard of or beaten more;—and is battering Braunau ever since. That is the sad fact, whatever the theory may have been. Prince Karl is rolling in from the east; Lobkowitz (Prag now ended) is advancing from the northward, Khevenhuller from the Salzburg southern quarter: Is it in a sprinkle of disconnected fractions that you will wait Prince Karl? The question of uniting, and advancing, ought to be a simple one for Broglio. Take this other symbolic passage, of nearly the same date;—posterior, as we guessed, to that Interview at Wolnzach.

"DINGELFINGEN, 17th MAY, 1743. At Dingelfingen on the Iser, a strongish central post of the French, about fifty miles farther down than that Schloss of Wolnzach, there is a second argument,—much corroborative of the Kaiser's reasoning. About sunrise of the 17th, the Austrians, in sufficient force, chiefly of Pandours, appeared on the heights to the south: they had been foreseen the night before; but the French covering General, luckier than Minuzzi, did not wait for them; only warned Dingelfingen, and withdrew across the River, to wait there on the safe left bank. Leader of the Austrians was one Leopold Graf von Daun, active man of thirty-five, already of good rank, who will be much heard of afterwards; Commandant in Dingelfingen is a Brigadier du

Chatelet, Marquis du Chatelet-Lamont; whom—after search (in the interest of some idle readers)—I discover to be no other than the Husband of a certain Algebraic Lady! Identity made out, mark what a pass he is at. Count Daun comes on in a tempest of furious fire; 'very heavy,' they say, from great guns and small; till close upon the place, when he summons Du Chatelet: 'No;' and thereupon attempts scalade. Cannot scalade, Du Chatelet and his people being mettlesome; takes then to flinging shells, to burning the suburbs; Town itself catches fire,—Town plainly indefensible. 'Truce for one hour' proposes Du Chatelet (wishful to consult the covering General across the River): 'No,' answers Daun. So that Du Chatelet has to jumble and wriggle himself out of the place; courageous to the last; but not in a very Parthian fashion,—great difficulty to get his bridge ruined (very partially ruined), behind him;—and joins the covering General, in a flustery singed condition! Were not pursued farther by Daun:—and Prince Conti, Head General in those parts, called it a fine defence, on examining." [*Campagnes*, viii. 239; *Espagnac*, i. 187; *Hormayr*, iv. 82, 85.] *Espagnac* continues:—

"On the 19th," after one rest-day, "Graf von Daun set out for Landau [still on the Iser, farther down; Baiern has ITS "Landau" too, and its "Landshut," both on this River], to seize Landau; which is another French place of strength. The Garrison defended themselves for some time; after which they retired over the River [left bank, or wrong side of the Iser, they too]; and set fire to the Bridge behind them. The fire of the Bridge caught the Town; Pandours helping it, as our people said; and Landau also was reduced to ashes."—Poor Landau, poor Dingelfingen, they cannot have the benefit of Louis XV.'s talent for governing Germany, quite gratis, it would appear!

But where are the divine Emilie and Voltaire, that morning, while the Brigadier is in such taking? Sitting safe in "that dainty little palace of Madame's (PETIT PALAIS) at the point of the Isle de St. Louis," intent on quite other adventures; disgusted with the slavish Forty and their methods of Election (of which by and by); and little thinking of M. le Brigadier and the dangers of war. —Prince de Conti praised the Brigadier's defence: but very soon, alas,—

DEGGENDORF, 27th MAY. "Prince de Conti, at Deggendorf [other or north bank of the Donau, Head-quarters of Conti, which was thought to be well secured by batteries and defences on the steep heights to landward], was himself suddenly attacked, the tenth day hence, 'May 27th, at daybreak,' in a still more furious manner; and was tumbled out of Deggendorf amid whirlwinds of fire, in very flamy condition indeed. The Austrians, playing on us from the uplands with their heavy artillery, made a breach in our outmost battery: 'Not tenable!' exclaimed the Captain there: 'This way, my men!'— and withdrew, like a shot, he and party; sliding down the steep face of the mountain [feet foremost, I hope], home to Deggendorf in this peculiar manner; leaving the AUSTRIANS to manage his guns. Our two lower batteries, ruled by this upper one, had now to be abandoned; and Conti ran, Bridge of the Town-ditch breaking under him; baggages, even to his own portmanteaus, all lost; and had a neck-and-neck race of it in getting to his Donau-Bridge, and across to the safe side. With loss of everything, we say,—personal baggage all included; which latter item, Prince Karl politely returned him next day." [*Espagnac*, p. 188.]

Broglio, with Prince Karl in his bowels going at such a rate, may judge now whether it was wise to lie in that loose posture, scattered over two thousand square miles, and snort on his judicious Seckendorf's advices and urgencies as he did! Readers anticipate the issue; and shall not be wearied farther with detail. There are, as we said, Three Austrian Armies pressing on this luckless Bavaria and its French Protectors: Khevenhuller, from Salzburg and the southern quarter, pushing in his Dauns; Lobkowitz, hanging over us from the Ober-Pfalz (Naab-River Country) on the north; and Prince Karl, on one or sometimes on both sides of the Donau, pricking sharply into the rear of us; saying, by bayonets, burnt bridges, bomb-shells, "Off; swift; it will be better for you!" And Broglio has lost head, a mere whirlwind of flaming gases; and your ablest Comte de Saxe in such position, what can he do? Broglio writes to Versailles, That there will be no continuing in Bavaria; that he recommends an order to march homewards;—much to the surprise of Versailles.

"The Court of Versailles was much astonished at the message it got from Broglio; Court of Versailles had always calculated that Broglio could keep Bavaria; and had gone into extensive measures for maintaining him there. Experienced old Marechal de Noailles has a new French Army, 70,000 or more, assembled in the Upper Rhine for that and the cognate objects [of whom, more specially, anon]: Noailles, by order from Court, has detached 12,000, who are now marching their best, to reinforce Broglio;—and indeed the Court 'had already appointed the Generals and Staff-Officers for Broglio's Bavarian Army,' and gratified many men by promotions,

which now went to smoke! [Espagnac, i. 190.]

"Versailles, however, has to expedite the order: 'Come home, then.' Order or no order, Broglio's posts are all crackling off again, bursting aloft like a chain of powder-mines; Broglio is plunging head foremost, towards Donauworth, towards Ingolstadt, his place of arms; Seckendorf now welcome to join him, but unable to do anything when joined. Blustering Broglio has no steadfastness of mind; explodes like an inflammable body, in this crackling off of the posts, and becomes a mere whirlwind of flaming gases. Old snuffing Seckendorf, born to ill success in his old days, strong only in caution, how is he to quench or stay this crackling of the posts? Broglio blusters, reproaches, bullies; Seckendorf quarrels with him outright, as he may well do: 'JARNI-BLEU, such a delirious whirlwind of a Marechal; mere bickering flames and soot!'—and looks out chiefly to keep his own skin and that of his poor Bavarians whole.

"The unhappy Kaiser has run from Munchen again, to Augsburg for some brief shelter; cannot stay there either, in the circumstances. Will he have to hurry back to Frankfurt, to bankruptcy and furnished lodgings,—nay to the Britannic Majesty's tender mercies, whose Army is now actually there? Those indignant prophesyings to Broglio, at the Schloss of Wolnzach, have so soon come true! And Broglio and the French are—what a staff to lean upon! Enough, the poor Kaiser, after doleful 'Council of War held at Augsburg, June 25th,' does on the morrow make off for Frankfurt again:—whither else? Britannic Majesty's intentions, friends tell him, friend Wilhelm of Hessen tells him, are magnanimous; eager for Peace to Teutschland; hostile only to the French. Poor Karl took the road, June 26th;—and will find news on his arrival, or before it.

"On which same day, 26th of June, as it chances, Broglio too has made his packages; left a garrison in Ingolstadt, garrison in Eger; and is ferrying across at Donauworth,—will see the Marlborough Schellenberg as he passes,—in full speed for the Rhine Countries, and the finis of this bad Business. [Adelung, iii. B. 152.] On the road, I believe at Donauworth itself, Noailles's 12,000, little foreseeing these retrograde events, met Broglio: 'Right about, you too!' orders Broglio; and speeds Rhineward not the less. And the same day of that ferrying at Donauworth, and of the Kaiser's setting out for Frankfurt, Seckendorf,—at Nieder-Schonfeld [an old Monastery near the Town of Rain, in those parts], the Kaiser being now safe away,—is making terms for himself with Khevenhuller and Prince Karl: 'Will lie quiet as mere REICHS-Army, almost as Troops of the Swabian Circle, over at Wemdingen there, in said circle, and be strictly neutral, if we can but get lived at all!' [Ib. iii. B, 153.] Seckendorf concludes on the morrow, 27th June;—which is elsewhere a memorable Day of Battle, as will be seen.

"Broglio marched in Five Divisions [Du Chatelet in the Second Division, poor soul, which was led by Comte de Saxe): [Espagnac, i. 198.] always in Five Divisions, swiftly, half a march apart; through the Wurtemberg Country;—lost much baggage, many stragglers; Tolpatcheries in multitude continually pricking at the skirts of him; Prince Karl following steadily, Rhine-wards also, a few marches behind. Here are omens to return with! 'But have you seen a retreat better managed?' thinks Broglio to himself:" that is one consoling circumstance.

In this manner, then, has the Problem of Bavaria solved itself. Hungarian Majesty, in these weeks, was getting crowned in Prag; "Queen of Bohemia, I, not you; in the sight of Heaven and of Earth!" [Crowned 12th May, 1743 (Adelung, iii. B, 128); "news of Prince Karl's having taken Braunau [incipiency of all these successes] had reached her that very morning."]—and was purifying her Bohemia: with some rigor (it is said), from foreign defacements, treasonous compliances and the like, which there had been. To see your Bavarian Kaiser, false King of Bohemia, your Broglio with his French, and the Bohemian-Bavarian Question in whole, all rolling Rhine-wards at their swiftest, with Prince Karl sticking in the skirts of them:—what a satisfaction to that high Lady!

BRITANNIC MAJESTY, WITH SWORD ACTUALLY DRAWN, HAS MARCHED MEANWHILE TO THE FRANKFURT COUNTRIES, AS "PRAGMATIC ARMY;" READY FOR BATTLE AND TREATY ALIKE.

Add to which fine set of results, simultaneously with them: His Britannic Majesty, third effort successful, has got his sword drawn, fairly out at last; and in the air is making horrid circles with it, ever since March last; nay does, he flatters himself, a very considerable slash with it, in this current month of June. Of which, though loath, we must now take some notice.

The fact is, though Stair could not hoist the Dutch, and our double-quick Britannic heroism had to drop dead in consequence, Carteret has done it: Carteret himself rushed over in that crisis, a fiery emphatic man and chief

minister, [Arrived at the Hague "5th October, 1742" (Adelung, iii. A, 294).]—"eager to please his Master's humor!" said enemies. Yes, doubtless; but acting on his own turbid belief withal (says fact); and revolving big thoughts in his head, about bringing Friedrich over to the Cause of Liberty, giving French Ambition a lesson for once, and the like. Carteret strongly pulleying, "All hands, heave—oh!"—and, no doubt, those Maillebois—Broglie events from Prag assisting him,—did bring the High Mightinesses to their legs; still in a staggering splay-footed posture, but trying to steady themselves. That is to say, the High Mightinesses did agree to go with us in the Cause of Liberty; will now pay actual Subsidies to her Hungarian Majesty (at the rate of two for our three); and will add, so soon as humanly possible, 20,000 men to those wind-bound 40,000 of ours;—which latter shall now therefore, at once, as "Pragmatic Army" (that is the term fixed on), get on march, Frankfurt way; and strike home upon the French and other enemies of Pragmatic Sanction. This is what Noailles has been looking for, this good while, and diligently adjusting himself, in those Middle—Rhine Countries, to give account of.

Pragmatic Army lifted itself accordingly,—Stair, and the most of his English, from Ghent, where the wearisome Head—quarters had been; Hanoverians, Hessians, from we will forget where;—and in various streaks and streams, certain Austrians from Luxemburg (with our old friend Neipperg in company) having joined them, are flowing Rhine—ward ever since March 1st. ["February 18th," o.s. (Old Newspapers).] They cross the Rhine at three suitable points; whence, by the north bank, home upon Frankfurt Country, and the Noailles—Broglie operations in those parts. The English crossed "at Neuwied, in the end of April" (if anybody is curious); "Lord Stair in person superintending them." Lord Stair has been much about, and a most busy person; General—in—Chief of the Pragmatic Army till his Britannic Majesty arrive. Generalissimo Lord Stair; and there is General Clayton, General Ligonier, "General Heywood left with the Reserve at Brussels:"—and, from the ashes of the Old Newspapers, the main stages and particulars of this surprising Expedition (England marching as Pragmatic Army into distant parts) can be riddled out; though they require mostly to be flung in again. Shocking weather on the march, mere Boreas and icy tempests; snow in some places two feet deep; Rhine much swollen, when we come to it.

The Austrian Chief General—who lies about Wiesbaden, and consults with Stair, while the English are crossing—is Duke d'Ahremberg (Father of the Prince de Ligne, or "Prince of Coxcombs" as some call him): little or nothing of military skill in D'Ahremberg; but Neipperg is thought to have given much counsel, such as it was. With the Hessians there was some difficulty; hesitation on Landgraf Wilhelm's part; who pities the poor Kaiser, and would fain see him back at Frankfurt, and awaken the Britannic magnanimities for him. "To Frankfurt, say you? We cannot fight against the Kaiser!"—and they had to be left behind, for some time; but at length did come on, though late for business, as it chanced. General of these Hessians is Prince George of Hessen, worthy stout gentleman, whom Wilhelmina met at the Frankfurt Gayeties lately. George's elder Brother Wilhelm is Manager or Vice—Landgraf, this long while back; and in seven or eight years hence became, as had been expected, actual Landgraf (old King of Sweden dying childless);—of which Wilhelm we shall have to hear, at Hanau (a Town of his in those parts), and perhaps slightly elsewhere, in the course of this business. A fat, just man, he too; probably somewhat iracund; not without troubles in his House. His eldest Son, Heir—Apparent of Hessen, let me remind readers, has an English Princess to Wife; Princess Mary, King George's Daughter, wedded two years ago. That, added to the Subsidies, is surely a point of union;—though again there may such discrepancies rise! A good while after this, the eldest Son becoming Catholic (foolish wretch), to the horror of Papa,—there rose still other noises in the world, about Hessen and its Landgraves. Of good Prince George, who doubtless attended in War Councils, but probably said little, we hope to hear nothing more whatever.

From Neuwied to Frankfurt is but a few days' march for the Pragmatic Army; in a direct line, not sixty miles. Frankfurt itself, which is a REICHS—STADT (Imperial City), they must not enter: "Fear not, City or Country!" writes Stair to it: "We come as saviors, pacificators, hostile to your enemies and disturbers only; we understand discipline and the Laws of the Reich, and will pay for everything." [Letter itself, of brief magnanimous strain, in *Campagnes de Noailles*, i. 127; date "Neuwied, 26th April, 1743" (Adelung, iii. B, 114).] For the rest, they are in no hurry. They linger in that Frankfurt—Nainz region, all through the month of May; not unobservant of Noailles and his movements, if he made any; but occupied chiefly with gathering provisions; forming, with difficulty, a Magazine in Hanau. "What they intended: or intend, by coming hither?" asks the Public everywhere: "To go into the Donau Countries, and enclose Broglie between two fires?" That had been, and was still, Stair's fine idea; but D'Ahremberg had disapproved the methods. D'Ahremberg, it seems, is rather given to opposing Stair;—and there

rise uncertainties, in this Pragmatic Army: certain only hitherto the Magazine in Hanau. And in secret, it afterwards appeared, the immediate real errand of this Pragmatic Army had lain—in the Chapter of Mainz Cathedral, and an Election that was going on there.

The old Kur–Mainz, namely, had just died; and there was a new "Chief Spiritual Kurfurst" to be elected by the Canons there. Kur–Mainz is Chairman of the Reich, an important personage, analogous to Speaker of the House of Commons; and ought to be,—by no means the Kaiser's young Brother, as the French and Kaiser are proposing; but a man with Austrian leanings;—say, Graf von Ostein, titular DOM–CUSTOS (Cathedral Keeper) here; lately Ambassador in London, and known in select society for what he is. Not much of an Archbishop, of a Spiritual or Chief Spiritual Herr hitherto; but capable of being made one,—were the Pragmatic Army at his elbow! It was on this errand that the Pragmatic Army had come hither, or come so early, and with their plans still unripe. And truly they succeeded; got their Ostein chosen to their mind: ["21st March, 1743," Mainz vacant; "22d April," Ostein elected (*Adelung*, iii. B, 113, 121).] a new Kur–Mainz,—whose leanings and procedures were very manifest in the sequel, and some of them important before long. This was always reckoned one result of his Britannic Majesty's Pragmatic Campaign;—and truly some think it was, in strict arithmetic, the only one, though that is far from his Majesty's own opinion.

FRIEDRICH HAS OBJECTIONS TO THE PRAGMATIC ARMY; BUT IN VAIN. OF FRIEDRICH'S MANY ENDEAVORS TO QUENCH THIS WAR, BY "UNION OF INDEPENDENT GERMAN PRINCES," BY "MEDIATION OF THE REICH," AND OTHERWISE; ALL IN VAIN.

Friedrich, at an early stage, had inquired of his Britannic Majesty, politely but with emphasis, "What in the world he meant, then, by invading the German Reich; leading foreign Armies into the Reich: in this unauthorized manner?" To which the Britannic Majesty had answered, with what vague argument of words we will not ask, but with a look that we can fancy,—look that would split a pitcher, as the Irish say! Friedrich persisted to call it an Invasion of the German Reich; and spoke, at first, of flatly opposing it by a Reich's Army (30,000, or even 50,000, for Brandenburg's contingent, in such case); but as the poor Reich took no notice, and the Britannic Majesty was positive, Friedrich had to content himself with protest for the present. [Friedrich's Remonstrance and George's Response are in *Adelung*, iii. B, 132 (date, "March, 1743"); date of Friedrich's first stirring in the matter is "January, 1743," and earlier (*ib.* p. 37, p. 8,

The exertions of Friedrich to bring about a Peace, or at least to diminish, not increase, the disturbance, are forgotten now; wearisome to think of, as they did not produce the smallest result; but they have been incessant and zealous, as those of a man to quench the fire which is still raging in his street, and from which he himself is just saved. "Cannot the Reich be roused for settlement of this Bavarian–Austrian quarrel?" thought Friedrich always. And spent a great deal of earnest endeavor in that direction; wished a Reich's ARMY OF MEDIATION; "to which I will myself furnish 30,000; 50,000, if needed." Reich, alas! The Reich is a horse fallen down to die,—no use spurring at the Reich; it cannot, for many months, on Friedrich's Proposal (though the question was far from new, and "had been two years on hand"), come to the decision, "Well then, yes; the Reich WILL try to moderate and mediate:" and as for a Reich's Mediation–ARMY, or any practical step at all [The question had been started, "in August, 1741," by the Kaiser himself; "11th March, 1743," again urged by him, after Friedrich's offer; "10th May, 1743," "Yes, then, we will try; but—" and the result continued zero.]—!

"Is not Germany, are not all the German Princes, interested to have Peace?" thinks Friedrich. "A union of the independent German Princes to recommend Peace, and even with hand on sword–hilt to command it; that would be the method of producing Treaty of Peace!" thinks he always. And is greatly set on that method; which, we find, has been, and continues to be, the soul of his many efforts in this matter. A fact to be noted. Long poring in those mournful imbroglios of Dryasdust, where the fraction of living and important welters overwhelmed by wildernesses of the dead and nugatory, one at length disengages this fact; and readers may take it along with them, for it proves illuminative of Friedrich's procedures now and afterwards. A fixed notion of Friedrich's, this of German Princes "uniting," when the common dangers become flagrant; a very lively notion with him at present. He will himself cheerfully take the lead in such Union, but he must not venture alone. [See *Adelung*, iii. A and B, *passim*; *Valori*, i. 178;

The Reich, when appealed to, with such degree of emphasis, in this matter,—we see how the Reich has responded! Later on, Friedrich tried "the Swabian Circle" (chief scene of these Austrian–Bavarian tusslings); which has, like the other Circles, a kind of parliament, and pretends to be a political unity of some sort. "Cannot

the Swabian Circle, or Swabian and Frankish joined (to which one might declare oneself PROTECTOR, in such case), order their own Captains, with military force of their own, say 20,000 men, to rank on the Frontier; and to inform peremptorily all belligerents and tumultuous persons, French, Bavarian, English, Austrian: 'No thoroughfare; we tell you, No admittance here!'" Friedrich, disappointed of the Reich, had taken up that smaller notion: and he spent a good deal of endeavor on that too,—of which we may see some glimpse, as we proceed. But it proves all futile. The Swabian Circle too is a moribund horse; all these horses dead or moribund.

Friedrich, of course, has thought much what kind of Peace could be offered by a mediating party. The Kaiser has lost his Bavaria: yet he is the Kaiser, and must have a living granted him as such. Compensations, aspirations, claims of territory; these will be manifold! These are a world of floating vapor, of greed, of anger, idle pretension: but within all these there are the real necessities; what the case does require, if it is ever to be settled! Friedrich discerns this Austrian–Bavarian necessity of compensation; of new land to cut upon. And where is that to come from!

In January last, Friedrich, intensely meditating this business, had in private a bright–enough idea: That of secularizing those so–called Sovereign Bishoprics, Austrian–Bavarian by locality and nature, Passau, Salzburg, Regensburg, idle opulent territories, with functions absurd not useful;—and of therefrom cutting compensation to right and to left. This notion he, by obscure channels, put into the head of Baron von Haslang, Bavarian Ambassador at London; where it germinated rapidly, and came to fruit;—was officially submitted to Lord Carteret in his own house, in two highly artistic forms, one evening;—and sets the Diplomatic Heads all wagging upon it. [Adelung, iii. B, 84, 90, "January– March, 1743."] With great hope, at one time; till rumor of it got abroad into the Orthodox imagination, into the Gazetteer world; and raised such a clamor, in those months, as seldom was. "Secularize, Hah! One sees the devilish heathen spirit of you; and what kind of Kaiser, on the religious side, we now have the happiness of having!" So that Kaiser Karl had to deny utterly, "Never heard of such a thing!" Carteret himself had, in politeness, to deny; much more, and for dire cause, had Haslang himself, over the belly of facts, "Never in my dreams, I tell you!"—and to get ambiguous certificate from Carteret, which the simple could interpret to that effect. [Carteret's Letter (ibid. iii, B, 190).]

It was only in whispers that the name of Friedrich was connected with this fine scheme; and all parties were glad to get it soon buried again. A bright idea; but had come a century too soon. Of another Carteret Negotiation with Kaiser Karl, famed as "Conferences of Hanau," which had almost come to be a Treaty, but did not; and then, failing that, of a famous Carteret "Treaty of Worms," which did come to perfection, in these same localities shortly afterwards; and which were infinitely interesting to our Friedrich, both the Treaty and the Failure of the Treaty,—we propose to speak elsewhere, in due time.

As to Friedrich's own endeavors and industries, at Regensburg and elsewhere, for effective mediation of Peace; for the Reich to mediate, and have "Army of Mediation;" for a "Union of Swabian Circles" to do it; for this and then for that to do it;—as to Friedrich's own efforts and strugglings that way, in all likely and in some unlikely quarters,—they were, and continued to be, earnest, incessant; but without result. Like the spurring of horses really DEAD some time ago! Of which no reader wishes the details, though the fact has to be remembered. And so, with slight indication for Friedrich's sake,—being intent on the stage of events,—we must leave that shadowy hypothetic region, as a wood in the background; the much foliage and many twigs and boughs of which do authentically TAKE the trouble to be there, though we have to paint it in this summary manner.

Chapter V. BRITANNIC MAJESTY FIGHTS HIS BATTLE OF DETTINGEN; AND BECOMES SUPREME JOVE OF GERMANY, IN A MANNER.

Brittanic Majesty with his Yarmouth, and martial Prince of Cumberland, arrived at Hanover May 15th; soon followed by Carteret from the Hague: [*Biographia Britannica* (Kippin's,? Carteret), iii. 277.] a Majesty prepared now for battle and for treaty alike; kind of earthly Jove, Arbiter of Nations, or victorious Hercules of the Pragmatic, the sublime little man. At Herrenhausen he has a fine time; grandly fugging about; negotiating with Wilhelm of Hessen and others; commanding his Pragmatic Army from the distance: and then at last, dashing off rather in haste, he— It is well known what enigmatic Exploit he did, at least the Name of it is well known! Here, from the Imbroglios, is a rough Account; parts of which are introducible for the sake of English readers.

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

"After some five leisurely weeks in Herrenhausen, George II. (now an old gentleman of sixty), with his martial Fat Boy the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Carteret his Diplomatist-in-Chief, quitted that pleasant sojourn, rather on a sudden, for the actual Seat of War. By speedy journeys they got to Frankfurt Country; to Hanau, June 19th; whence, still up the Mayn, twenty or thirty miles farther up, to Aschaffenburg,—where the Pragmatic Army, after some dangerous manoeuvring on the opposite or south bank of the River, has lain encamped some days, and is in questionable posture. Whither his Majesty in person has hastened up. And truly, if his Majesty's head contain any good counsel, there is great need of it here just now.

"Captains and men were impatient of that long loitering, hanging idle about Frankfurt all through May; and they have at length started real business,—with more valor than discretion, it is feared. They are some 40 or 44,000 strong: English 16,000; Hanoverians the like number; and of Austrians [by theory 20,000], say, in effect, 12,000 or even 8,000: all paid by England. They have Hanau for Magazine; they have rearguard of 12,000 [the 6,000 Hessians, and 6,000 new Hanoverians], who at last are actually on march thither, near arriving there: 'Forward!' said the Captaincy [said Stair, chiefly, it was thought]: 'Shall the whole summer waste itself to no purpose?'—and are up the River thus far, not on the most considerate terms.

"What this Pragmatic Army means to do? That is, and has been, a great question for all the world; especially for Noailles and the French,—not to say, for the Pragmatic itself! 'Get into Lorraine?' think the French: 'Get into Alsace, and wrest it from us, for behoof of her Hungarian Majesty,'—plundered goods, which indeed belong to the Reich and her, in a sense! ELS-SASS (Alsace, OUTER-seat), with its ROAD-Fortress (STRASBURG) plundered from the Holy Romish Reich by Louis XIV., in a way no one can forget; actually plundered, as if by highway robbery, or by highway robbery and attorneyism combined, on the part of that great Sovereign. 'To Strasburg? To Lorraine perhaps? Or to the Three Bishoprics?' (Metz, Toul, Verdun:—readers recollect that Siege of Metz, which broke the great heart of Karl V.? Who raged and fired as man seldom did, with 50,000 men, against Guise and the intrusive French, for six weeks; sound of his cannon heard at Strasburg on winter nights, 300 years ago: to no purpose; for his Captains of the Siege, after trial and second trial, solemnly shook their heads; and the great Kaiser, breaking into tears, had to raise the Siege of Metz; and went his way, never to smile more in this world: and Metz, and Toul, and Verdun, remain with the French ever since):—"To the Three Bishoprics, possibly enough!"

"Or they may purpose for the Donau Countries, where Broglio is crackling off like trains of gunpowder; and lend hand to Prince Karl, thereby enclosing Broglio fires?' This, according to present aspects, is between two the likeliest. And perhaps, had provenders and arrangements been made beforehand for such a march, this had been the feasiblest: and, to my own notion, it was some wild hope of doing this without provenders or prearrangements that had brought the Pragmatic into its present quarters at Aschaffenburg, which are for the military mind a mystery to this day.

"Early in the Spring, the French Government had equipped Noailles with 70,000 men, to keep watch, and patrol about, in the Rhine-Mayn Countries, and look into those points. Which he has been vigilantly doing,—posted of late on the south or left bank of the Mayn;—and is especially vigilant, since June 14th, when the Pragmatic Army got on march, across the Mayn at Hochst; and took to offering him battle, on his own south side of the River. Noailles—though his Force [still 58,000, after that Broglio Detachment of 12,000] was greatly

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the stronger—would not fight; preferred cutting off the Enemy's supplies, capturing his river-boats, provision-convoys from Hanau, and settling him by hunger, as the cheaper method. Impetuous Stair was thwarted, by flat protest of his German colleagues, especially by D'Ahremberg, in FORCING battle on those rash terms: 'We Austrians absolutely will not!' said D'Ahremberg at last, and withdrew, or was withdrawing, he for his part, across the River again. So that Stair also was obliged to recross the River, in indignant humor; and now lies at Aschaffenburg, suffering the sad alternative, short diet namely, which will end in famine soon, if these counsels prevail.

"Stair and D'Ahremberg do not well accord in their opinions; nor, it seems, is anybody in particular absolute Chief; there are likewise heats and jealousies between the Hanoverian and the English troops ('Are not we come for all your goods?' 'Yes, damn you, and for all our chattels too!')—and withal it is frightfully uncertain whether a high degree of intellect presides over these 44,000 fighting men, which may lead them to something, or a low degree, which can only lead them to nothing!—The blame is all laid on Stair; 'too rash,' they say. Possibly enough, too rash. And possibly enough withal, even to a sound military judgment, in such unutterable puddle of jarring imbecilities, 'rashness,' headlong courage, offered the one chance there was of success? Who knows, had all the 44,000 been as rash as Stair and his English, but luck, and sheer hard fighting, might have favored him, as skill could not, in those sad circumstances! Stair's plan was, 'Beat Noailles, and you have done everything: provisions, opulent new regions, and all else shall be added to you!' Stair's plan might have answered,—had Stair been the master to execute it; which he was not. D'Ahremberg's also, who protested, 'Wait till your 12,000 join, and you have your provisions,' was the orthodox plan, and might have much to say for itself. But the two plans collapsing into one,—that was the clearly fatal method! Magnanimous Stair never made the least explanation, to an undiscerning Public or Parliament; wrapt himself in strict silence, and accepted in a grand way what had come to him. [His Papers, to voluminous extent, are still in the Family Archives;—not inaccessible, I think, were the right student of them (who would be a rare article among us!) to turn up.] Clear it is, the Pragmatic Army had come across again, at Aschaffenburg, Sunday, June 16th; and was found there by his Majesty on the Wednesday following, with its two internecine plans fallen into mutual death; a Pragmatic Army in truly dangerous circumstances.

"The English who were in and round Aschaffenburg itself, Hanoverians and Austrians encamping farther down, had put a battery on the Bridge of Aschaffenburg; hoping to be able to forage thereby on the other side of the Mayn. Whereupon Noailles had instantly clapt a redoubt, under due cover of a Wood, at his end of the Bridge, 'No passage this way, gentlemen, except into the cannon's throat!'—so that Marshal Stair, reconnoitring that way, 'had his hat shot off,' and rapidly drew back again. Nay, before long, Noailles, at the Village of Seligenstadt, some eight miles farther down, throws two wooden or pontoon bridges over; [Sketch of Plan at p. 257.] can bring his whole Army across at Seligenstadt; prohibits all manner of supply to us from Hanau or our Magazines by his arrangement there:"—(Notable little Seligenstadt, "City of the Blessed;" where Eginhart and Emma, ever since Charlemagne's time, lie waiting the Resurrection; that is the place of these Noailles contrivances!)—"Furthermore, we learn, Noailles has seized a post twenty miles farther up the river (Miltenberg the name of it); and will prevent supplies from coming down to us out of Branken or the Neckar Country. We had forgotten, or our COLLAPSE of plans had done it, that 'an army moves on its stomach' (as the King of Prussia says), and that we have nothing to live upon in these parts!

"Such has the unfortunate fact turned out to be, when Britannic Majesty arrives; and it can now be discovered clearly, by any eyes, however flat to the head. And a terrible fact it is. Discordant Generals accuse one another; hungry soldiers cannot be kept from plundering: for the horses there is unripe rye in quantity; but what is there for the men? My poor traditionary friends, of the Grey Dragoons, were wont (I have heard) to be heart-rending on this point, in after years! Famine being urgent, discipline is not possible, nor existence itself. For a week longer, George, rather in obstinate hope than with any reasonable plan or exertion, still tries it; finds, after repeated Councils of War, that he will have to give it up, and go back to Hanau where his living is. Wednesday night, 26th June, 1743, that is the final resolution, inevitably come upon, without argument: and about one on Thursday morning, the Army (in two columns, Austrians to vanward well away from the River, English as rear-guard close on it) gets in motion to execute said resolution,—if the Army can.

"If the Army can: but that is like to be a formidably difficult business; with a Noailles watching every step of you, to-day and for ten days back, in these sad circumstances. Eyes in him like a lynx, they say; and great skill in

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war, only too cautious. Hardly is the Army gone from Aschaffenburg, when Noailles, pushing across by the Bridge, seizes that post,—no retreat now for us thitherward. His Majesty, who marches in the rear division, has happily some artillery with him; repels the assaults from behind, which might have been more serious otherwise. As it is, there play cannon across the River upon him:—Why not bend to right, and get out of range, asks the reader? The Spessart Hills rise, high and woody, on the right; and there is in many places no marching except within range. Noailles has Five effective Batteries, at the various good points, on his side of the River:—and that is nothing to what he has got ready for us, were we once at Dettingen, within wind of his Two Bridges a little beyond! Noailles has us in a perfect mouse-trap, SOURICIERE as he felinely calls it; and calculates on having annihilation ready for us at Dettingen.

"Dettingen, short way above those pontoons at Seligenstadt, is near eight miles westward [NORTHwestward, but let us use the briefer term] from Aschaffenburg: Dettingen is a poor peasant Village, of some size, close on the Mayn, and on our side of it. A Brook, coming down from the Spessart Mountains, falls into the Mayn there; having formed for itself, there and upwards, a considerable dell or hollow way; chiefly on the western or right bank of which stands the Village with its barnyards and piggeries: on both sides of the great High-road, which here crosses the Brook, and will lead you to Hanau twenty miles off,—or back to Aschaffenburg, and even to Nurnberg and the Donau Countries, if you persevere. Except that of the high-road, Dettingen Brook has no bridge. Above the Village, after coming from the Mountains, the banks of it are boggy; especially the western bank, which spreads out into a scrubby waste of moor, for some good space. In which scrubby moor, as elsewhere in this dell or hollow way itself, where the Village hangs, with its hedges, piggeries, colegarths,—there is like to be bad enough marching for a column of men! Noailles, as we said, has Two Bridges thrown across the Mayn, just below; and the last of his Five Batteries, from the other side, will command Dettingen. His plan of operation is this:—

"By these Bridges he has passed 24,000 horse and foot across the River, under his Nephew the chivalrous Duke of Grammont: these, with due artillery and equipment, are to occupy the Village; and to rank themselves in battle-order to leftward of it, on the moor just mentioned,—well behind that hollow way, with its brook and bogs;—and, one thing they must note well, Not to stir from that position, till the English columns have got fairly into said hollow way and brook of Dettingen, and are plunging more or less distractedly across the entanglements there. With cannon on their left flank, and such a gullet to pass through, one may hope they will be in rather an attackable condition. Across that gullet it is our intention they shall never get. How can they, if Grammont do his duty?

"This is Noailles's plan; one of the prettiest imaginable, say military men,—had the execution but corresponded. Noailles had seized Aschaffenburg, so soon as the English were out of it; Noailles, from his batteries beyond the River, salutes the English march with continuous shot and thunder, which is very discomposing: he sees confidently a really fair likelihood of capturing the Britannic Majesty and his Pragmatic Army, unless they prefer to die on the ground. Seldom, since that of the Caudine Forks, did any Army, by ill-luck and ill-guidance, get into such a pinfold,—death or flat surrender seemingly their one alternative.

"Thus march these English, that dewy morning, Thursday, June 27th, 1743, with cannon playing on their left flank; and such a fate ahead of them, had they known it;—very short of breakfast, too, for most part. But they have one fine quality, and Britannic George, like all his Welf race from Henry the Lion down to these days, has it in an eminent degree: they are not easily put into flurry, into fear. In all Welf Sovereigns, and generally in Teuton Populations, on that side of the Channel or on this, there is the requisite unconscious substratum of taciturn inexpugnability, with depths of potential rage almost unquenchable, to be found when you apply for it. Which quality will much stead them on the present occasion: and, indeed, it is perhaps strengthened by their 'stupidity' itself, what neighbors call their 'stupidity;'—want of idle imagining, idle flurrying, nay want even of knowing, is not one of the worst qualities just now! They tramp on, paying a minimum of attention to the cannon; ignorant of what is ahead; hoping only it may be breakfast, in some form, before the day quite terminate. The day is still young, hardly 8 o'clock, when their advanced parties find Dettingen beset; find a whole French Army drawn up, on the scrubby moor there; and come galloping back with this interesting bit of news! Pause hereupon; much consulting; in fact, endless hithering and thithering, the affair being knotty: 'Fight, YES, now at last! But how?' Impetuous Stair was not wanting to himself; Neipperg too, they say, was useful with advice; D'Ahremberg, I should imagine, good for little.

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"Some six hours followed of thrice-intricate deploying, planting of field-pieces, counter-batteries; ranking, re-ranking, shuffling hither and then thither of horse and foot; Noailles's cannonade proceeding all the while; the English, still considerably exposed to it, and standing it like stones; chivalrous Grammont, and with better reason the English, much wishing these preliminaries were done. A difficult business, that of deploying here. The Pragmatic had no room, jammed so against the Spessart Hills, and obliged to lean FROM the River and Noailles's cannon; had to rank itself in six, some say in eight lines; horse behind foot, as well as on flank; unsatisfactory to the military mind: and I think had not done shuffling and re-shuffling at 2 P.M.,--when the Enemy came bursting on, with a peremptory finish to it, 'Enough of that, MESSIEUR'S LES ANGLAIS!' 'Too much of it, a great deal!' thought Messieurs grimly, in response. And there ensued a really furious clash of host against host; French chivalry (MAISON DU ROI, Black Mousquetaires, the Flower of their Horse regiments) dashing, in right Gallic frenzy, on their natural enemies,--on the English, that is; who, I find, were mainly on the left wing there, horse and foot; and had mainly (the Austrians and they, very mainly) the work to do;--and did, with an effort, and luck helping, manage to do it.

"Grammont breaks orders! Thrice-blamable Grammont!' exclaim Noailles and others, sorrowfully wringing their hands. Even so! Grammont had waited seven mortal hours; one's courage burning all the while, courage perhaps rather burning down,--and not the least use coming of it. Grammont had, in natural impatience, gradually edged forward; and, in the end, was being cannonaded and pricked into by the Enemy;-- and did at last, with his MAISON-DU-ROI, dash across that essential Hollow Way, and plunge in upon them on their own side of it. And 'the, English foot gave their volley too soon;' ad Grammont did, in effect, partly repulse and disorder the front ranks of them; and, blazing up uncontrollable, at sight of those first ranks in disorder, did press home upon them more and more; get wholly into the affair, bringing on his Infantry as well: 'Let us finish it wholly, now that our hand is in!'--and took one cannon from the Enemy; and did other feats.

"So furious was that first charge of his; 'MAISON-DU-ROI covering itself with glory,'--for a short while. MAISON-DU-ROI broke three lines of the Enemy [three, not "Five"]; did in some places actually break through; in others 'could not, but galloped along the front.' Three of their lines: but the fourth line would not break; much the contrary, it advanced (Austrians and English) with steady fire, hotter and hotter: upon this fourth line MAISON-DU-ROI had, itself, to break, pretty much altogether, and rush home again, in ruinous condition. 'Our front lines made lanes for them; terribly maltreating them with musketry on right and left, as they galloped through.' And this was the end of Grammont's successes, this charge of horse; for his infantry had no luck anywhere; and the essential crisis of the Battle had been here. It continued still a good while; plenty of cannonading, fusillading, but in sporadic detached form; a confused series of small shocks and knocks; which were mostly, or all, unfortunate for Grammont; and which at length knocked him quite off the field. 'He was now interlaced with the English,' moans Noailles; 'so that my cannon, not to shoot Grammont as well as the English, had to cease firing!' Well, yes, that is true, M. le Marechal; but that is not so important as you would have it. The English had stood nine hours in this fire of yours; by degrees, leaning well away from it; answering it with counter-batteries;--and were not yet ruined by it, when the Grammont crisis came! Noailles should have dashed fresh troops across his Bridges, and tried to handle them well. Noailles did not do that; or do anything but wring his hands.

"The Fight lasted four hours; ever hotter on the English part, ever less hot on the French [fire of anthracite-coal VERSUS flame of dry wood, which latter at last sinks ASHY!]-and ended in total defeat of the French. The French Infantry by no means behaved as their Cavalry had done. The GARDES FRANCAISES [fire burning ashy, after seven hours of flaming], when Grammont ordered them up to take the English in flank, would hardly come on at all, or stand one push. They threw away their arms, and plunged into the River, like a drove of swimmers; getting drowned in great numbers. So that their comrades nicknamed them 'CANARDS DU MEIN (Ducks of the Mayn):' and in English mess-rooms, there went afterwards a saying: 'The French had, in reality, Three Bridges; one of them NOT wooden, and carpeted with blue cloth!' Such the wit of military mankind.

"... The English, it appears, did something by mere shouting. Partial huzzas and counter-huzzas between the Infantries were going on at one time, when Stair happened to gallop up: 'Stop that,' said Stair; 'let us do it right. Silence; then, One and all, when I give you signal!' And Stair, at the right moment, lifting his hat, there burst out such a thunder-growl, edged with melodious ire in alt, as quite seemed to strike a damp into the French, says my authority, 'and they never shouted more. ... Our ground in many parts was under rye,' hedgeless fields of rye, chief

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grain-crop of that sandy country. 'We had already wasted above 120,000 acres of it,' still in the unripe state, so hungry were we, man and horse, 'since crossing to Aschaffenburg;---fighting for your Cause of Liberty, ye benighted ones!

"King Friedrich's private accounts, deformed by ridicule, are, That the Britannic Majesty, his respectable old Uncle, finding the French there barring his way to breakfast, understood simply that there must and should be fighting, of the toughest; but had no plan or counsel farther: that he did at first ride up, to see what was what with his own eyes; but that his horse ran away with him, frightened at the cannon; upon which he hastily got down; drew sword; put himself at the head of his Hanoverian Infantry [on the right wing], and stood,---left foot drawn back, sword pushed out, in the form of a fencing-master doing lunge,---steadily in that defensive attitude, inexpugnable like the rocks, till all was over, and victory gained. This is defaced by the spirit of ridicule, and not quite correct. Britannic Majesty's horse [one of those 500 fine animals] did, it is certain, at last dangerously run away with him; upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback, in the earlier stages; galloping about, to look with his own eyes, could they have availed him; and was heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the English language, 'Steady, my boys; fire, my brave boys, give them fire; they will soon run!' [*OEuvres de Frederic*, (iii. 14): compare Anonymous, *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (p. 64 n.); Henderson's LIFE of ditto; Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stands [and to our imagination, he may fitly stand throughout] in the above attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan; 'SANS PEUR ET SANS AVIS,' as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England; like England itself, and its ways in those German Wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English History, that attitude of lunge!---

"The English Officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way:---without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady upon the throats of the French, so far as might be. And always, after that first stumble with the French Horse was mended, they kept gaining ground, thrusting back the Enemy, not over the Dettingen Brook and Moor-ground only, but, knock after knock, out of his woody or other coverts, back and ever back, towards Welzheim, Kahl, and those Two Bridges of his. The flamy French [ligneous fire burning lower and lower, VERSUS anthracitic glowing brighter and brighter] found that they had a bad time of it;---found, in fact, that they could not stand it; and tumbled finally, in great torrents, across their Bridges on the Mayn, many leaping into the River, the English sitting dreadfully on the skirts of them. So that had the English had their Cavalry in readiness to pursue, Noailles's Army, in the humor it had sunk to, was ruined, and the Victory would have been conspicuously great. But they had, as too common, nothing ready. Impetuous Stair strove to get ready; "pushed out the Grey Dragoons" for one item. But the Authorities refused Stair's counsel, as rash again; and made no effectual pursuit at all;---too glad that they had brushed their Battle-field triumphantly clear, and got out of that fatal pinfold in an honorable manner.

"They stayed on the ground till 10 at night; settling, or trying to settle, many things. The Surgeons were busy as bees, but able for Officers only;---'Dress HIM first!' said the glorious Duke of Cumberland, pointing to a young Frenchman [Excellency Fenelon's Son, grand-nephew of TELEMAQUE] who was worse wounded than his Highness. Quite in the Philip-Sydney fashion; which was much taken notice of. 'All this while, we had next to nothing to eat' (says one informant).---Ten P.M.: after which, leaving a polite Letter to Noailles, 'That he would take care of our Wounded, and bury our Slain as well as his own,' we march [through a pour of rain] to Hanau, where our victuals are, and 12,000 new Hessians and Hanoverians by this time.

"Noailles politely bandaged the Wounded, buried the Dead. Noailles, gathering his scattered battalions, found that he had lost 2,659 men; no ruinous loss to him,---the Enemy's being at least equal, and all his Wounded fallen Prisoners of War. No ruinous loss to Noailles, had it not been the loss of Victory,---which was a sore blow to French feeling; and, adding itself to those Broglio disgraces, a new discouragement to Most Christian Majesty. Victory indisputably lost:---but is it not Grammont's blame altogether? Grammont bears it, as we saw; and it is heavily laid on him. But my own conjecture is, forty thousand enraged people, of English and other Platt-Teutsch type, would have been very difficult to pin up, into captivity or death instead of breakfast, in that manner: and it is possible if poor Grammont had not mistaken, some other would have done so, and the hungry Baresarks (their blood fairly up, as is evident) would have ended in getting through." [Espagnac, i. 193; *Guerre de Boheme*, i. 231.--- *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiii. (for 1743), pp. 328-481;---containing Carteret's Despatch from the field; followed by many other Letters and indistinct Narrations from Officers present (p. 434, "Plan of the Battle,"

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blotchy, indecipherable in parts, but essentially rather true),—is worth examining. See likewise Anonymous, *Memoirs of the late Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1767; the Author an ignorant, much-adoring military-man, who has made some study, and is not so stupid as he looks), pp. 56–78; and Henderson (ignorant he too, much-adoring, and not military), *Life of the Duke of Cumberland* (Lond. 1766), pp. 32–48. Noailles's Official Account (ingenuously at a loss what to say), in *Campagnes*, ii. B, 242–253, 306–310. *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 11–14 (incorrect in many of the DETAILS).

This was all the Fighting that King George got of his Pragmatic Army; the gain from conquest made by it was, That it victoriously struggled back to its bread-cupboard. Stair, about two months hence, in the mere loitering and higgling that there was, quitted the Pragmatic; magnanimously silent on his many wrongs and disgusts, desirous only of "returning to the plough," as he expressed himself. The lofty man; wanted several requisites for being a Marlborough; wanted a Sarah Jennings, as the preliminary of all!—We will not attend the lazy movements and procedures of the Pragmatic Army farther; which were of altogether futile character, even in the temporary Gazetteer estimate; and are to be valued at zero, and left charitably in oblivion by a pious posterity. Stair, the one brightish-looking man in it, being gone, there remain Majesty with his D'Ahrembergs, Neippergs, and the Martial Boy; Generals Cope, Hawley, Wade, and many of leaden character, remain: —let the leaden be wrapped in lead.

It was not a successful Army, this Pragmatic. Dettingen itself, in spite of the rumoring of Gazetteers and temporary persons, had no result,—except the extremely bad one, That it inflated to an alarming height the pride and belligerent humor of his Britannic, especially of her Hungarian Majesty; and made Peace more difficult than ever. That of getting Ostein, with his Austrian leanings, chosen Kur-Mainz,—that too turned out ill: and perhaps, in the course of the next few months, we shall judge that, had Ostein leant AGAINST Austria, it had been better for Austria and Ostein. Of the Pragmatic Army, silence henceforth, rather than speech!—

One thing we have to mark, his Britannic Majesty, commander of such an Army,—and of such a Purse, which is still more stupendous,—has risen, in the Gazetteer estimate and his own, to a high pitch of importance. To be Supreme Jove of Teutschland, in a manner; and acts, for the present Summer, in that sublime capacity. Two Diplomatic feats of his,—one a Treaty done and tumbled down again, the other a Treaty done and let stand ("Treaty of Worms," and "Conferences," or NON-Treaty "of Hanau"),—are of moment in this History and that of the then World. Of these two Transactions, due both of them to such an Army and such a Purse, we shall have to take some notice by and by; the rest shall belong to Night and her leaden sceptre—much good may they do her!

Some ten days after Dettingen, Broglio (who was crackling off from Donauwurth, in view of the Lines of Schellenberg, that very 27th of June) ended his retreat to the Rhine Countries; "glorious," though rather swift, and eaten into by the Tolpatcheries of Prince Karl. "July 8th, at Wimpfen" (in the Neckar Region, some way South of Dettingen), Broglio delivers his troops to Marechal de Noailles's care; and, next morning, rushes off towards Strasburg, and quiet Official life, as Governor there.

"The day after his arrival," says Friedrich, "he gave a grand ball in Strasburg:" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 10.] "Behold your conquering hero safe again, my friends!" An ungrateful Court judged otherwise of the hero. Took his Strasburg Government from him, gave it to Marechal de Coigny; ordered the hero to his Estates in the Country, Normandy, if I remember;—where he soon died of apoplexy, poor man; and will trouble none of us again. "A man born for surprises," said Friedrich long since, in the Strasburg Doggerel. Lost his indispensable garnitures, at the Ford of Secchia once; and now, in these last twelve months, is considered to have done a series of blustery explosions, derogatory to the glory of France, and ruinous to that sublime Belleisle Enterprise for oue thing.

A ruined Enterprise that, at any rate; seldom was Enterprise better ruined. Here, under Broglio, amid the titterings of mankind, has the tail of the Oriflamme gone the same bad road as its head did;— into zero and outer darkness; leaving the expenses to pay. Like a mad tavern-brawl of one's own raising, the biggest that ever was. Has cost already, I should guess, some 80,000 French drilled Men, paid down, on the nail, to the inexorable Fates: and of coined Millions,—how many? In subsidies, in equipments, in waste, in loss and wreck: Dryasdust could not have told me, had he tried. And then the breakages, damages still chargeable; the probable afterclap? For you cannot quite gratuitously tweak people by the nose, in your wanton humor, over your wine!—One willing man, or Most Christian Majesty, can at any time begin a quarrel; but there need always two or more to end it again.

Most Christian Majesty is not so sensible of this fact as he afterwards became; but what with Broglio and the extinct Oriflamme, what with Dettingen and the incipient Pragmatic, he is heartily disgusted and discouraged; and

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wishes he had not thought of cutting Germany in Four. July 26th, Most Christian Majesty applies to the German Diet; signifying "That he did indeed undertake to help the Kaiser, according to treaties; but was the farthest in the world from meaning to invade Germany, on his own score. That he had and has no quarrel, except with Austria as Kaiser's enemy; and is ready to be friends even with Austria. And now indeed intends to withdraw his troops wholly from the German territory. And can therefore hope that all unpleasantness will cease, between the German Nation and him; and that perhaps the Kaiser will be able to make peace with her Majesty of Hungary on softer terms than at one time seemed likely. If only the animosities of sovereign persons would assuage themselves, and each of us would look without passion at the issue really desirable for him!" [Espagnac, i. 200. Adelung, iii. B, 199 (26th July); Ib. 201 (the Answer to it, 16th August).]

That is now, 26th July, 1743, King Louis's story for himself to the Diet of the Holy Roman Empire, Teutsch by Nation, sitting at Frankfurt in rather disconsolate circumstances. The Diet naturally answered, "JA WOHL, JA WOHL," in intricate official language,—nobody need know what the Diet answered. But what the Hungarian Majesty answered, strong and high in such Britannic backing,—this was of such unexpected tone, that it fixed everybody's attention; and will very specially require to be noted by us, in the course of a week or two.

We said, her Hungarian Majesty was getting crowned in Bohemia, getting personally homaged in Upper Austria, about to get vice—homaged in Bavaria itself,—nothing but glorious pomp, but loyalty loudly vocal, in Prag, in Linz and the once—afflicted Countries; at her return to Vienna, she has met the news of Dettingen; and is ready to strike the stars with her sublime head. "My little Paladin become Supreme Jove, too: aha!"

BRITANNIC MAJESTY HOLDS HIS CONFERENCES OF HANAU.

Britannic Majesty stayed two whole months in Hanau, brushing himself up again after that fierce bout; and considering, with much dubitation, What is the next thing? "Go in upon Noailles [who is still hanging about here, with Broglio coming on in the exploded state]; wreck Broglio and him! Go in upon the French!" so urges Stair always: rash Stair, urgent to the edge of importunity; English Officers and Martial Boy urgently backing Stair; while the Hanoverian Officers and Martial Parent are steady to the other view. So that, in respect of War, the next thing, for two months coming, was absolutely nothing, and to the end of the Campaign was nothing worth a moment's notice from us. But on the Diplomatic side, there were two somethings, CONFERENCES AT HANAU with poor Kaiser Karl, and TREATY AT WORMS with the King of Sardinia; which—as minus quantities, or things less than nothing—turned out to be highly considerable for his Britannic Majesty and us.

HANAU, 7th July—1st AUGUST, 1743. "Poor Kaiser Karl had left Augsburg June 26th,—while his Broglio was ferrying at Donauworth, and his Seckendorf treatying for Armistice at Nieder—Schonfeld,—the very day before Dettingen. What a piece of news to him, that Dettingen, on his return to Frankfurt!

"A few days after Dettingen, July 3d, Noailles, who is still within call, came across to see this poor stepson of Fortune; gives piteous account of him, if any one were now curious on that head: How he bitterly complains of Broglio, of the no—subsidies sent, and is driven nearly desperate;—not a penny in his pocket, beyond all. Upon which latter clause Noailles munificently advanced him a \$6,000. Draught of 40,000 crowns, in my own name; which doubtless the King, in his compassion, will see good to sanction.' [*Campagnes de Noailles* (Amsterdam, 1760: this is a Sequel, or rather VICE VERSA, to that which we have called DES TROIS MARECHAUX, being of the same Collection), i. 316—328.] His feelings on the loss of Dettingen may be pictured. But he had laid his account with such things;—prepared for the worst, since that Interview with Broglio and Conti; one plan now left, 'Peace, cost what it will!'

"The poor Kaiser had already, as we saw, got into hopes of bargaining with his Britannic Majesty; and now he instantly sets about it, while Hanau is victorious head—quarters. Britannic Majesty is not himself very forward; but Carteret, I rather judge, had taken up the notion; and on his Majesty's and Carteret's part, there is actually the wish and attempt to pacificate the Reich; to do something tolerable for the poor Kaiser, as well as satisfactory to the Hungarian Majesty,—satisfactory, or capable of being (by the Purse—holder) insisted on as such.

"And so the Landgraf of Hessen, excellent Wilhelm, King George's friend and gossip, is come over to that little Town of Hanau, which is his own, in the Schloss of which King George is lodged: and there, between Carteret and our Landgraf,—the King of Prussia's Ambassador (Herr Klinggraf), and one or two selectly zealous Official persons, assisting or watching,—we have 'Conferences of Hanau' going on; in a zealous fashion; all parties eager for Peace to Kaiser and Reich, and in good hope of bringing it about. The wish, ardent to a degree, had been the Kaiser's first of all. The scheme, I guess, was chiefly of Carteret's devising; who, in his magnificent

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mind, regardless of expense, thinks it may be possible, and discerns well what a stroke it will be for the Cause of Liberty, and how glorious for a Britannic Majesty's Adviser in such circumstances. July 7th, the Conferences began; and, so frank and loyal were the parties, in a week's time matters were advanced almost to completion, the fundamental outlines of a bargain settled, and almost ready for signing.

"Give me my Bavaria again!" the Kaiser had always said: 'I am Head of the Reich, and have nothing to live upon!' On one preliminary, Carteret had always been inexorable: 'Have done with your French auxiliaries; send every soul of them home; the German soil once cleared of them, much will be possible; till then nothing.' KAISER: 'Well, give me back my Bavaria; my Bavaria, and something suitable to live upon, as Head of the Reich: some decent Annual Pension, till Bavaria come into paying condition,—cannot you, who are so wealthy? And Bavaria might be made a Kingdom, if you wished to do the handsome thing. I will renounce my Austrian Pretensions, quit utterly my French Alliances; consent to have her Hungarian Majesty's august Consort made King of the Romans [which means Kaiser after me], and in fact be very safe to the House of Austria and the Cause of Liberty.' To all this the thrice-unfortunate gentleman, titular Emperor of the World, and unable now to pay his milk-scores, is eager to consent. To continue crossing the Abysses on bridges of French rainbow? Nothing but French subsidies to subsist on; and these how paid,—Noailles's private pocket knows how! 'I consent,' said the Kaiser; 'will forgive and forget, and bygones shall be bygones all round!' 'Fair on his Imperial Majesty's part,' admits Carteret; 'we will try to be persuasive at Vienna. Difficult, but we will try.' In a meek matters had come to this point; and the morrow, July 15th, was appointed for signing. Most important of Protocols, foundation-stone of Peace to Teutschland; King Friedrich and the impartial Powers approving, with Britannic George and drawn sword presiding.

"King Friedrich approves heartily; and hopes it will do. Landgraf Wilhelm is proud to have saved his Kaiser,—who so glad as the Landgraf and his Kaiser? Carteret, too, is very glad; exulting, as he well may, to have composed these world-deliriums, or concentrated them upon peccant France, he with his single head, and to have got a value out of that absurd Pragmatic Army, after all. A man of magnificent ideas; who hopes 'to bring Friedrich over to his mind;' to unite poor Teutschland against such Oriflamme Invasions and intolerable interferences, and to settle the account of France for a long while. He is the only English Minister who speaks German, knows German situations, interests, ways; or has the least real understanding of this huge German Imbroglia in which England is voluntarily weltering. And truly, had Carteret been King of England, which he was not,—nay, had King Friedrich ever got to understand, instead of misunderstand, what Carteret WAS,—here might have been a considerable affair!

"But it now, at the eleventh hour, came upon magnificent Carteret, now seemingly for the first time in its full force, That he Carteret was not the master; that there was a bewildered Parliament at home, a poor peddling Duke of Newcastle leader of the same, with his Lords of the Regency, who could fatally put a negative on all this, unless they were first gained over. On the morrow, July 15th, Carteret, instead of signing, as expected, has to—purpose a fortnight's delay till he consult in England! Absolutely would not and could not sign, till a Courier to England went and returned. To Landgraf Wilhelm's, to Klinggraf's and the Kaiser's very great surprise, disappointment and suspicion. But Carteret was inflexible: 'will only take a fortnight,' said he; 'and I can hope all will yet be well!'

"The Courier came back punctually in a fortnight. His Message was presented at Hanau, August 1st,—and ran conclusively to the effect: 'No! We, Noodle of Newcastle, and my other Lords of Regency, do not consent; much less, will undertake to carry the thing through Parliament: By no manner of means!' So that Carteret's lately towering Affair had to collapse ignominiously, in that manner; poor Carteret protesting his sorrow, his unalterable individual wishes and future endeavors, not to speak of his Britannic Majesty's,—and politely pressing on the poor Kaiser a gift of 15,000 pounds (first weekly instalment of the 'Annual Pension' that HAD, in theory, been set apart for him); which the Kaiser, though indigent, declined. [Adelung, iii. B, 206, 209–212; see Coxe, *Memoirs of Pelham* (London, 1829), i. 75, 469.]'

"The disgust of Landgraf Wilhelm was infinite; who, honest man, saw in all this merely an artifice of Carteret's, To undo the Kaiser with his French Allies, to quirk him out of his poor help from the French, and have him at their mercy. 'Shame on it!' cried Landgraf Wilhelm aloud, and many others less aloud, Klinggraf and King Friedrich among them: 'What a Carteret!' The Landgraf turned away with indignation from perfidious England; and began forming quite opposite connections. 'You shall not even have my hired 6,000, you perfidious! Thing

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done with such dexterity of art, too!' thought the Landgraf,—and continued to think, till evidence turned up, after many months. [CARTERET PAPERS (in British Museum), Additional MSS. No. 22,529 (May, 1743–January, 1745); in No. 22,527 (January–September, 1742) are other Landgraf–Wilhelm pieces of Correspondence.] This was Friedrich's opinion too,—permanently, I believe;—and that of nearly all the world, till the thing and the Doer of the thing were contemptuously forgotten. A piece of Machiavelism on the part of Carteret and perfidious Albion,—equal in refined cunning to that of the Ships with foul bottom, which vanished from Cadiz two years ago, and were admired with a shudder by Continental mankind who could see into millstones!

"This is the second stroke of Machiavellian Art by those Islanders, in their truly vulpine method. Stroke of Art important for this History; and worth the attention of English readers,—being almost of pathetic nature, when one comes to understand it! Carteret, for this Hanau business, had clangor enough to undergo, poor man, from Germans and from English; which was wholly unjust. 'His trade,' say the English—(or used to say, till they forgot their considerable Carteret altogether)—'was that of rising in the world by feeding the mad German humors of little George; a miserable trade.' Yes, my friends;—but it was not quite Carteret's, if you will please to examine! And none say, Carteret did not do his trade, whatever it was, with a certain greatness,—at least till habits of drinking rather took him, Poor man: impatient, probably, of such fortune long continued! For he was thrown out, next Session of Parliament, by Noodle of Newcastle, on those strange terms; and never could get in again, and is now forgotten; and there succeeded him still more mournful phenomena,—said Noodle or the poor Pelhams, namely,—of whom, as of strauge minus quantities set to manage our affairs, there is still some dreary remembrance in England. Well!"—

Carteret, though there had been no Duke of Newcastle to run athwart this fine scheme, would have had his difficulties in making her Hungarian Majesty comply. Her Majesty's great heart, incurably grieved about Silesia, is bent on having, if not restoration one day, which is a hope she never quits, at any rate some ample (cannot be too ample) equivalent elsewhere. On the Hanau scheme, united Teutschland, with England for soul to it, would have fallen vigorously on the throat of France, and made France disgorge: Lorraine, Elsass, the Three Bishoprics,—not to think of Burgundy, and earlier plunders from the Reich,—here would have been "cut and come again" for her Hungarian Majesty and everybody!—But Diana, in the shape of his Grace of Newcastle, intervenes; and all this has become chimerical and worse.

It was while Carteret's courier was gone to England and not come back, that King Louis made the above-mentioned mild, almost penitent, Declaration to the Reich, "Good people, let us have Peace; and all be as we were! I, for my share, wish to be out of it; I am for home!" And, in effect, was already home; every Frenchman in arms being, by this time, on his own side of the Rhine, as we shall presently observe.

For, the same day, July 26th, while that was going on at Frankfurt, and Carteret's return-courier was due in five days, his Britannic Majesty at Hanau had a splendid visit,—tending not towards Peace with France, but quite the opposite way. Visit from Prince Karl, with Khevenhuller and other dignitaries; doing us that honor "till the evening of the 28th." Quitting their Army,—which is now in these neighborhoods (Broglie well gone to air ahead of it; Noailles too, at the first sure sniff of it, having rushed double-quick across the Rhine),—these high Gentlemen have run over to us, for a couple of days, to "congratulate on Dettingen;" or, better still, to consult, face to face, about ulterior movements. "Follow Noailles; transfer the seat of war to France itself? These are my orders, your Majesty. Combined Invasion of Elsass: what a slash may be made into France [right handselling of your Carteret Scheme] this very year!" "Proper, in every case!" answers the Britannic Majesty; and engages to co-operate. Upon which Prince Karl—after the due reviewing, dinnering, ceremonial blaring, which was splendid to witness [Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, pp. 65, 86.]—hastens back to his Army (now lying about Baden Durlach, 70,000 strong); and ought to be swift, while the chance lasts.

HUNGARIAN MAJESTY ANSWERS, IN THE DIET, THAT FRENCH DECLARATION, "MAKE PEACE, GOOD PEOPLE; I WISH TO BE OUT OF IT!"—IN AN OMINOUS MANNER.

These are fine prospects, in the French quarter, of an equivalent for Schlesien;—very fine, unless Diana intervene! Diana or not, French prospects or not, her Hungarian Majesty fastens on Bavaria with uncommon tightness of fist, now that Bavaria is swept clear; well resolved to keep Bavaria for equivalent, till better come. Exacts, by her deputy, Homage from the Population there; strict Oath of Fealty to HER; poor Kaiser protesting his uttermost, to no purpose; Kaiser's poor Printer (at Regensburg, which is in Bavaria) getting "tried and hanged" for printing such Protest! "She draughts forcibly the Bavarian militias into her Italian Army;" is high and merciless on

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all hands;—in a word, throttles poor Bavaria, as if to the choking of it outright. So that the very Gazetteers in foreign places gave voice, though Bavaria itself, such a grasp on the throat of it, was voiceless. Seckendorf's poor Bargain for neutrality as a Bavarian Reich—Army, her Hungarian Majesty disdains to confirm; to confirm, or even to reject; treats Seckendorf and his Bavarian Army little otherwise than as a stray dog which she has not yet shot. And truly the old Feldmarschall lies at Wembdingen, in most disconsolate moulting condition; little or nothing to live upon;—the English, generous creatures, had at one time flung him something, fancying the Armistice might be useful; but now it must be the French that do it, if anybody! [Adelung, iii. B, 204 ("22d August"), 206,

Hanau Conferences having failed, these things do not fail. Kaiser Karl is become tragical to think of. A spectacle of pity to Landgraf Wilhelm, to King Friedrich, and serious on—lookers;—and perhaps not of pity only, but of "pity and fear" to some of them!— sullen Austria taking its sweet revenges, in this fashion. Readers who will look through these small chinks, may guess what a world—welter this was; and how Friedrich, gazing into phase on phase of it, as into Oracles of Fate, which to him they were, had a History, in these months, that will now never be known.

August 16th came out her Hungarian Majesty's Response to that mild quasi—penitent Declaration of King Louis to the Reich; and much astonished King Louis and others, and the very Reich itself. "Out of it?" says her Hungarian Majesty (whom we with regret, for brevity's sake, translate from Official into vulgate): "His Most Christian Majesty wishes to be out of it:—Does not he, the (what shall I call him) Crowned Housebreaker taken in the fact? You shall get out of it, please Heaven, when you have made compensation for the damage done; and till then not, if it please Heaven!" And in this strain (lengthily Official, though indignant to a degree) enumerates the wanton unspeakable mischiefs and outrages which Austria, a kind of sacred entity guaranteed by Law of Nature and Eleven Signatures of Potentates, has suffered from the Most Christian Majesty,—and will have compensation for, Heaven now pointing the way! [IN EXTENSO in Adelung, iii. B, 201 et seqq.]

A most portentous Document; full of sombre emphasis, in sonorous snuffling tone of voice; enunciating, with inflexible purpose, a number of unexpected things: very portentous to his Prussian Majesty among others. Forms a turning—point or crisis both in the French War, and in his Prussian Majesty's History; and ought to be particularly noted and dated by the careful reader. It is here that we first publicly hear tell of Compensation, the necessity Austria will have of Compensation,—Austria does not say expressly for Silesia, but she says and means for loss of territory, and for all other losses whatsoever: "Compensation for the past, and security for the future; that is my full intention," snuffles she, in that slow metallic tone of hers, irrevocable except by the gods.

"Compensation for the past, Security for the future:" Compensation? what does her Hungarian Majesty mean? asked all the world; asked Friedrich, the now Proprietor of Silesia, with peculiar curiosity! It is the first time her Hungarian Majesty steps articulately forward with such extraordinary Claim of Damages, as if she alone had suffered damage;—but it is a fixed point at Vienna, and is an agitating topic to mankind in the coming months and years. Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics; there would be a fine compensation. Then again, what say you to Bavaria, in lieu of the Silesia lost? You have Bavaria by the throat; keep Bavaria, you. Give "Kur—Baiern, Kaiser as they call him," something in the Netherlands to live upon? Will be better out of Germany altogether, with his French leanings. Or, give him the Kingdom of Naples,—if once we had conquered it again? These were actual schemes, successive, simultaneous, much occupying Carteret and the high Heads at Vienna now and afterwards; which came all to nothing; but should were it not impossible, be held in some remembrance by readers.

Another still more unexpected point comes out here, in this singular Document, publicly for the first time: Austria's feelings in regard to the Imperial Election itself. Namely, That Austria, considers, and has all along considered, the said Election to be fatally vitiated by that Exclusion of the Bohemian Vote; to be in fact nullified thereby; and that, to her clear view, the present so—called Kaiser is an imaginary quantity, and a mere Kaiser of French shreds and patches! "DER SEYN—SOLLENDE KAISER," snuffles Austria in one passage, "Your Kaiser as you call him;" and in another passage, instead of "Kaiser," puts flatly "Kur—Baiern." This is a most extraordinary doctrine to an Electoral Romish Reich! Is the Holy Romish Reich to DECLARE itself an "Enchanted Wiggery," then, and do suicide, for behoof of Austria?—

"August 16th, this extraordinary Document was delivered to the Chancery of Mainz; and September 23d, it was, contrary to expectation, brought to DICTATUR by said Chancery,"—of which latter phrase, and phenomenon, here is the explanation to English readers.

Had the late Kur—Mainz (general Arch—Chairman, Speaker of the Diet) been still in office and existence,

certainly so shocking a Document had never been allowed "to come to DICTATUR,"--to be dictated to the Reich's Clerks; to have a first reading, as we should call it; or even to lie on the table, with a theoretic chance that way. But Austria, thanks to our little George and his Pragmatic Armament, had got a new Kur-Mainz;--by whom, in open contempt of impartiality, and in open leaning for Austria with all his weight, it was duly forwarded to Dictature; brought before an astonished Diet (REICHSTAG), and endlessly argued of in Reichstag and Reich,--with small benefit to Austria, or the new Kur-Mainz. Wise kindness to Austria had been suppression of this Piece, not bringing of it to Dictature at all: but the new Kur-Mainz, called upon, and conscious of face sufficient, had not scrupled. "Shame on you, partial Arch-Chancellor!" exclaims all the world.-- "Revoke such shamefully partial Dictature?" this was the next question brought before the Reich. In which, Kur-Hanover (Britannic George) was the one Elector that opined, No. Majority conclusive; though, as usual, no settle-ment attainable. This is the famous "DICTATUR-SACHE (Dictature Question)," which rages on us, for about eleven months to come, in those distracted old Books; and seems as if it would never end. Nor is there any saying when it would have ended;--had not, in August, 1744, something else ended, the King of Prussia's patience, namely; which enabled it to end, on the Kaiser's then order! [Adelung, iii. B, 201, iv. 198,

It must be owned, in general, the conduct of Maria Theresa to the Reich, ever since the Reich had ventured to reject her Husband as Kaiser, and prefer another, was all along of a high nature; till now it has grown into absolute contumacy, and a treating of the Reich's elected Kaiser as a merely chimerical personage. No law of the Reich had been violated against her Hungarian Majesty or Husband: "What law?" asked all judges. Vicarius Kur-Sachsen sat, in committee, hatching for many months that Question of the Kur-Bohmen Vote; and by the prescribed methods, brought it out in the negative,--every formality and regularity observed, and nobody but your Austrian Deputy protesting upon it, when requested to go home. But, the high Maria had a notion that the Reich belonged to her august Family and her; and that all Elections to the contrary were an inconclusive thing, fundamentally void every one of them.

Thus too, long before this, in regard to the REICHS-ARCHIV Question. The Archives and indispensable Official Records and Papers of the Reich,--these had lain so long at Vienna, the high Maria could not think of giving them up. "So difficult to extricate what Papers are Austrian specially, from what are Austrian-Imperial;--must have time!" answered she always. And neither the Kaiser's more and more pressing demands, nor those of the late Kur-Mainz, backed by the Reich, and reiterated month after month and year after year, could avail in the matter. Mere angry correspondences, growing ever angrier;--the Archives of the Reich lay irrecoverable at Vienna, detained on this pretext and on that: nor were they ever given up; but lay there till the Reich itself had ended, much more the Kaiser Karl VII.! These are high procedures.

As if the Reich had been one's own chattel; as if a Non-Austrian Kaiser mere impossible, and the Reich and its laws had, even Officially, become phantasmal! That, in fact, was Maria Theresa's inarticulate inborn notion; and gradually, as her successes on the field rose higher, it became ever more articulate: till this of "the SEYN-SOLLENDE Kaiser" put a crown on it. Justifiable, if the Reich with its Laws were a chattel, or rebellious vassal, of Austria; not justifiable otherwise. "Hear ye?" answered almost all the Reich (eight Kurfursts, with the one exception of Kur-Hanover: as we observed): "Our solemnly elected Kaiser, Karl VII., is a thing of quirks and quiddities, of French shreds and patches; at present, it seems, the Reich has no Kaiser at all; and will go ever deeper into anarchies and unnamabilities, till it proceed anew to get one,--of the right Austrian type!"--The Reich is a talking entity: King Friedrich is bound rather to silence, so long as possible. His thoughts on these matters are not given; but sure enough they were continual, too intense they could hardly be. "Compensation;" "The Reich as good as mine:" Whither is all this tending? Walrave and those Silesian Fortifyings,--let Walrave mind his work, and get it perfected!

BRITANNIC MAJESTY GOES HOME.

The "Combined Invasion of Elsass"--let us say briefly, overstepping the order of date, and still for a moment leaving Friedrich--came to nothing, this year. Prince Karl was 70,000; Britannic George (when once those Dutch, crawling on all summer, had actually come up) was 66,000,--nay 70,000; Karl having lent him that beautiful cannibal gentleman, "Colonel Mentzel and 4,000 Tolpatches," by way of edge-trimming. Karl was to cross in Upper Elsass, in the Strasburg parts; Karl once across, Britannic Majesty was to cross about Mainz, and co-operate from Lower Elsass. And they should have been swift about it; and were not! All the world expected a severe slash to France; and France itself had the due apprehension of it: but France and all the world were

mistaken, this time.

Prince Karl was slow with his preparations; Noailles and Coigny (Broglie's successor) were not slow; "raising batteries everywhere," raising lines, "10,000 Elsass Peasants," and what not; --so that, by the time Prince Karl was ready (middle of August), they lay intrenched and minatory at all passable points; and Karl could nowhere, in that Upper-Rhine Country, by any method, get across. Nothing got across; except once or twice for perhaps a day, Butcher Trenck and his loose kennel of Pandours; who went about, plundering and rioting, with loud rodomontade, to the admiration of the Gazetteers, if of no one else.

Nor was George's seconding of important nature; most dubitative, wholly passive, you would rather say, though the River, in his quarter, lay undefended. He did, at last, cross the Rhine about Mainz; went languidly to Worms,--did an ever-memorable TREATY OF WORMS there, if no fighting there or elsewhere. Went to Speyer, where the Dutch joined him (sadly short of numbers stipulated, had it been the least matter);--was at Germersheim, at what other places I forget; manoeuvring about in a languid and as if in an aimless manner, at least it was in a perfectly ineffectual one. Mentzel rode gloriously to Trarbach, into Lorraine; stuck up Proclamation, "Hungarian Majesty come, by God's help, for her own again," and the like;--of which Document, now fallen rare, we give textually the last line: "And if any of you DON'T [don't sit quiet at least], I will," to be brief, "first cut off your ears and noses, and then hang you out of hand." The singular Champion of Christendom, famous to the then Gazetteers! [In Adelung (iii. B, 193) the Proclamation at large. I have, or once had, a *Life of Mentzel* (Dublin, I think, 1744), "price twopence,"--dear at the money.] Nothing farther could George, with his Dutch now adjoined, do in those parts, but wriggle slightly to and fro without aim; or stand absolutely still, and eat provision (great uncertainty and discrepancy among the Generals, and Stair gone in a huff [Went, "August 27th, by Worms" (Henderson, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 48), just while his Majesty was beginning to cross.]),--till at length the "Combined Pragmatic Troops" returned to Mainz (October 11th); and thence, dreadfully in ill-humor with each other, separated into their winter-quarters in the Netherlands and adjacent regions.

Prince Karl tried hard in several places; hardest at, Alt-Breisach, far up the River, with Swabian Freiburg for his place of arms;--an Austrian Country all that, "Hither Austria," Swabian Austria. There, at Alt-Breisach, lay Prince Karl (24th August--3d September), his left leaning on that venerable sugar-loaf Hill, with the towers and ramparts on the top of it; looking wistfully into Alsace, if there were no way of getting at it. He did get once half-way across the River, lodging himself in an Island called Rheinmark; but could get no farther, owing to the Noailles-Coigny preparations for him. Called a Council of War; decided that he had not Magazines, that it was too late in the season; and marched home again (October 12th) through the Schwabenland; leaving, besides the strong Garrison of Freiburg, only Trenck with 12,000 Pandours to keep the Country open for us, against next year. Britannic Majesty, as we observed, did then, almost simultaneously, in like manner march home; [Adelung, iii. B, 192, 215; Anonymous, *Cumberland*, p. 121.]--one goal is always clear when the day sinks: Make for your quarters, for your bed.

Prince Karl was gloriously wedded, this Winter, to her Hungarian Majesty's young Sister;--glorious meed of War; and, they say, a union of hearts withal;--Wife and he to have Brussels for residence, and be "Joint-Governors of the Netherlands" henceforth. Stout Khevenhuller, almost during the rejoicings, took fever, and suddenly died; to the great sorrow of her Majesty, for loss of such a soldier and man. [*Maria Theresiens Leben*, pp. 94, 45.] Britannic Majesty has not been successful with his Pragmatic Army. He did get his new Kur-Mainz, who has brought the Austrian Exorbitancy to a first reading, and into general view. He did get out of the Dettingen mouse-trap; and, to the admiration of the Gazetteer mind, and (we hope) envy of Most Christian Majesty, he has, regardless of expense, played Supreme Jove on the German boards for above three months running. But as to Settlement of the German Quarrel, he has done nothing at all, and even a good deal less! Let me commend to readers this little scrap of Note; headed, "METHODS OF PACIFICATING GERMANY:--

1. There is one ready method of pacificating Germany: That his Britannic Majesty should firmly button his breeches-pocket, 'Not one sixpence more, Madam!'--and go home to his bed, if he find no business waiting him at home. Has not he always the EAR-OF-JENKINS Question, and the Cause of Liberty in that succinct form. But, in Germany, sinews of war being cut, law of gravitation would at once act; and exorbitant Hungarian Majesty, tired France, and all else, would in a brief space of time lapse into equilibrium, probably of the more stable kind.

2. Or, if you want to save the Cause of Liberty on a grand scale, there are those HANAU

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CONFERENCES,—Carteret's magnificent scheme: A united Teutschland (England inspiring it), to rush on the throat of France, for 'Compensation,' for universal salving of sores. This second method, Diana having intervened, is gone to water, and even to poisoned water. So that,

3". There was nothing left for poor Carteret but a TREATY OF WORMS (concerning which, something more explicit by and by): A Teutschland (the English, doubly and trebly inspiring it, as surely they will now need!) to rush as aforesaid, in the DISunited and indeed nearly internecine state. Which third method—unless Carteret can conquer Naples for the Kaiser, stuff the Kaiser into some satisfactory 'Netherlands' or the like, and miraculously do the unfeasible (Fortune perhaps favoring the brave)—may be called the unlikely one! As poor Carteret probably guesses, or dreads;— had he now any choice left. But it was love's last shift! And, by aid of Diana and otherwise, that is the posture in which, at Mainz, 11th October, 1743, we leave the German Question."

"Compensation," from France in particular, is not to be had gratis, it appears. Somewhere or other it must be had! Complaining once, as she very often does, to her Supreme Jove, Hungarian Majesty had written: "Why, oh, why did you force me to give up Silesia!"— Supreme Jove answers (at what date I never knew, though Friedrich knows it, and "has copy of the Letter"): "Madam, what was good to give is good to take back (CC QUI EST BON A PRENDRE EST BON A RENDRE)!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 27.]

Chapter VI. VOLTAIRE VISITS FRIEDRICH FOR THE FOURTH TIME.

In the last days of August, there appears at Berlin M. de Voltaire, on his Fourth Visit:—thrice and four times welcome; though this time, privately, in a somewhat unexpected capacity. Come to try his hand in the diplomatic line; to sound Friedrich a little, on behalf of the distressed French Ministry. That, very privately indeed, is Voltaire's errand at present; and great hopes hang by it for Voltaire, if he prove adroit enough.

Poor man, it had turned out he could not get his Academy Diploma, after all,—owing again to intricacies and heterodoxies. King Louis was at first willing, indifferent; nay the Chateauroux was willing: but orthodox parties persuaded his Majesty; wicked Maurepas (the same who lasted till the Revolution time) set his face against it; Maurepas, and ANC. de Mirepoix (whom they wittily call "ANE" or Ass of Mirepoix, that sour opaque creature, lately monk), were industriously exceeding; and put veto on Voltaire. A stupid Bishop was preferred to him for filling up the Forty. Two Bishops magnanimously refused; but one was found with ambitious stupidity enough: Voltaire, for the third time, failed in this small matter, to him great. Nay, in spite of that kiss in *MEROPE*, he could not get his *MORT DE CESAR* acted; cabals rising; *ANCIEN* de Mirepoix rising; Orthodoxy, sour Opacity prevailing again. To Madame and him (though finely caressed in the Parisian circles) these were provoking months;—enough to make a man forswear Literature, and try some other Jacob's-Ladder in this world. Which Voltaire had actual thoughts of, now and then. We may ask, Are these things of a nature to create love of the Hierarchy in M. de Voltaire? "Your Academy is going to be a Seminary of Priests," says Friedrich. The lynx-eyed animal,—anxiously asking itself, "Whitherward, then, out of such a mess?"—walks warily about, with its paws of velvet; but has, *IN POSSE*, claws under them, for certain individuals and fraternities.

Nor, alas, is the Du Chatelet relation itself so celestial as it once was. Madame has discovered, think only with what feelings, that this great man does not love her as formerly! The great man denies, ready to deny on the Gospels, to her and to himself; and yet, at bottom, if we read with the microscope, there are symptoms, and it is not deniable. How should it? Leafy May, hot June, by degrees comes October, sere, yellow; and at last, a quite leafless condition,—not Favonius, but gray Northeast, with its hail-storms (jealousies, barren cankered gusts), your main wind blowing. "EMILIE FAIT DE L'ALGEBRE," sneers he once, in an inadvertent moment, to some Lady-friend: "Emilie doing? Emilie is doing Algebra; that is Emilie's employment,—which will be of great use to her in the affairs of Life, and of great charm in Society." [Letter of Voltaire "To Madame Chambonin," end of 1742 (*OEuvres*, Edition in 40 vols., Paris, 1818, xxxii. 148);—is MISSED in the later Edition (97 vols., Paris, 1837), to which our habitual reference is.] Voltaire (if you read with the microscope) has, on this side also, thoughts of being off. "Off on this side?" Madame flies mad, becomes Megaera, at the mention or suspicion of it! A jealous, high-tempered Algebraic Lady. They have had to tell her of this secret Mission to Berlin; and she insists on being the conduit, all the papers to pass through her hands here at Paris, during the great man's absence. Fixed northeast; that is, to appearance, the domestic wind blowing! And I rather judge, the great man is glad to get away for a time.

This Quasi-Diplomatic Speculation, one perceives, is much more serious, on the part both of Voltaire and of the Ministry, than any of the former had been. And, on Voltaire's part, there glitter prospects now and then of something positively Diplomatic, of a real career in that kind, lying ahead for him. Fond hopes these! But among the new Ministers, since Fleury's death, are Amelot, the D'Argensons, personal friends, old school-fellows of the poor hunted man, who are willing he should have shelter from such a pack; and all French Ministers, clutching at every floating spar, in this their general shipwreck in Germany, are aware of the uses there might be in him, in such crisis. "Knows Friedrich; might perhaps have some power in persuading him,—power in spying him at any rate. Unless Friedrich do step forward again, what is to become of us!"—The mutual hintings, negotiatings, express interviews, bargainings and secret-instructions, dimly traceable in Voltaire's LETTERS, had been going on perhaps since May last, time of those ACADEMY failures, of those Broglio Despatches from the Donau Countries, "No staying here, your Majesty!"—and I think it was, in fact, about the time when Broglio blew up like gunpowder and tumbled home on the winds, that Voltaire set out on his mission. "Visit to Friedrich," they call it;—"invitation" from Friedrich there is, or can, on the first hint, at any point of the Journey be.

Voltaire has lingered long on the road; left Paris, middle of June; [His Letters (*OEuvres*, lxxiii. 42, 48).] but

has been exceedingly exerting himself, in the Hague, at Brussels, and wherever else present, in the way of forwarding his errand, Spying, contriving, persuading; corresponding to right and left,— corresponding, especially much, with the King of Prussia himself, and then with "M. Amelot, Secretary of State," to report progress to the best advantage. There are curious elucidative sparks, in those Voltaire Letters, chaotic as they are; small sparks, elucidative, confirmatory of your dull History Books, and adding traits, here and there, to the Image you have formed from them. Yielding you a poor momentary comfort; like reading some riddle of no use; like light got incidentally, by rubbing dark upon dark (say Voltaire flint upon Dryasdust gritstone), in those labyrinthic catacombs, if you are doomed to travel there. A mere weariness, otherwise, to the outside reader, hurrying forward,—to the light French Editor, who can pass comfortably on wings or balloons! [*OEuvres*, lxxiii. pp. 40–138. Clogenson, a Dane (whose Notes, signed "Clog.," are in all tolerable recent Editions), has, alone among the Commentators of Voltaire's LETTERS, made some real attempt towards explaining the many passages that are fallen unintelligible. "Clog.," travelling on foot, with his eyes open, is—especially on German–History points—incomparable and unique, among his French comrades going by balloon; and drops a rational or half–rational hint now and then, which is meritoriously helpful. Unhappily he is by no means well–read in that German matter, by no means always exact; nor indeed ever quite to be trusted without trial had.] Voltaire's assiduous finessings with the Hague Diplomatist People, or with their Secretaries if bribable; nay, with the Dutch Government itself ("through channels which I have opened,"—with infinitesimally small result); his spyings ("young Podewils," Minister here, Nephew of the Podewils we have known, "young Podewils in intrigue with a Dutch Lady of rank:" think of that, your Excellency); his preparatory subtle correspondings with Friedrich: his exquisite manoeuvrings, and really great industries in the small way:—all this, and much else, we will omit. Impatient of these precludings, which have been many! Thus, at one point, Voltaire "took a FLUXION" (catarrhal, from the nose only), when Friedrich was quite ready; then, again, when Voltaire was ready, and the fluxion off, Friedrich had gone upon his Silesian Reviews: in short, there had been such cross–purposes, tedious delays, as are distressing to think of;—and we will say only, that M. de Voltaire did actually, after the conceivable adventures, alight in the Berlin Schloss (last day of August, as I count); welcomed, like no other man, by the Royal Landlord there; —and that this is the Fourth Visit; and has (in strict privacy) weightier intentions than any of the foregoing, on M. de Voltaire's part.

Voltaire had a glorious reception; apartment near the King's; King gliding in, at odd moments, in the beautifullest way; and for seven or eight days, there was, at Berlin and then at Potsdam, a fine awakening of the sphere–harmonies between them, with touches of practicality thrown in as suited. Of course it was not long till, on some touch of that latter kind, Friedrich discerned what the celestial messenger had come upon withal;—a dangerous moment for M. de Voltaire, "King visibly irritated," admits he, with the aquiline glance transfixing him! "Alas, your Majesty, mere excess of loyalty, submission, devotion, on my poor part! Deign to think, may not this too,—in the present state of my King, of my Two Kings, and of all Europe,—be itself a kind of spherical thing?" So that the aquiline lightning was but momentary; and abated to lambent twinklings, with something even of comic in them, as we shall gather. Voltaire had his difficulties with Valori, too; "What interloping fellow is this?" gloomed Valori, "A devoted secretary of your Excellency's; on his honor, nothing more!" answered Voltaire, bowing to the ground:—and strives to behave as such; giving Valori "these poor Reports of mine to put in cipher," and the like. Very slippery ice hereabouts for the adroit man! His reports to Amelot are of sanguine tone; but indicate, to the by–stander, small progress; ice slippery, and a twinkle of the comic. Many of them are lost (or lie hidden in the French Archives, and are not worth disinterring): but here is one, saved by Beaumarchais and published long afterwards, which will sufficiently bring home the old scene to us. In the Palace of Berlin or else of Potsdam (date must be, 6th–8th September, 1743), Voltaire from his Apartment hands in a "Memorial" to Friedrich; and gets it back with Marginalia,—as follows:

"Would your Majesty be pleased to have the kind condescension (ASSEZ DE BONTE) to put on the margin your reflections and orders."

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "1. Your Majesty is to know that the Sieur Bassecour [signifies BACKYARD], chief Burghermaster of Amsterdam, has come lately to beg M. de la Ville, French Minister there, to make Proposals of Peace. La Ville answered, If the Dutch had offers to make, the King his master could hear them.

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "1. This Bassecour, or Backyard, seems to be the gentleman that has

charge of fattening the capons and turkeys for their High Mightinesses?

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "2. Is it not clear that the Peace Party will infallibly carry it, in Holland,—since Bassecour, one of the most determined for War, begins to speak of Peace? Is it not clear that France shows vigor and wisdom?

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "2. I admire the wisdom of France; but God preserve me from ever imitating it!

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "3. In these circumstances, if your Majesty took the tone of a Master, gave example to the Princes of the Empire in assembling an Army of Neutrality,—would not you snatch the sceptre of Europe from the hands of the English, who now brave you, and speak in an insolent revolting manner of your Majesty, as do, in Holland also, the party of the Bentincks, the Fagels, the Opdams? I have myself heard them, and am reporting nothing but what is very true.

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "3. This would be finer in an ode than in actual reality. I disturb myself very little about what the Dutch and English say, the rather as I understand nothing of those dialects (PATOIS) of theirs.

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "4. Do not you cover yourself with an immortal glory in declaring yourself, with effect, the protector of the Empire? And is it not of most pressing interest to your Majesty, to hinder the English from making your Enemy the Grand-Duke [Maria Theresa's Husband] King of the Romans?

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "4. France has more interest than Prussia to hinder that. Besides, on this point, dear Voltaire, you are ill informed. For there can be no Election of a King of the Romans without the unanimous consent of the Empire;—so you perceive, that always depends on me.

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "5. Whoever has spoken but a quarter of an hour to the Duke d'Ahremberg [who spilt Lord Stair's fine enterprises lately, and reduced them to a DETTINGEN, or a getting into the mouse-trap and a getting out], to the Count Harrach [important Austrian Official], Lord Stair, or any of the partisans of Austria, even for a quarter of an hour [as I have often done], has heard them say, That they burn with desire to open the campaign in Silesia again. Have you in that case, Sire, any ally but France? And, however potent you are, is an ally useless to you? You know the resources of the House of Austria, and how many Princes are united to it. But will they resist your power, joined to that of the House of Bourbon?

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "5. *On les y recevra, Biribi, A la facon de Barbari, Mon ami.* We will receive them, Twiddledee, In the mode of Barbary, Don't you see? [Form of Song, very fashionable at Paris (see Barbier soepius) in those years: "BIRIBI," I believe, is a kind of lottery-game.]

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "6. If you were but to march a body of troops to Cleves, do not you awaken terror and respect, without apprehension that any one dare make war on you? Is it not, on the contrary, the one method of forcing the Dutch to concur, under your orders, in the pacification of the Empire, and re-establishment of the Emperor, who will thus a second time he indebted to you for his throne, and will aid in the splendor of yours?

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "6. *Vous voulez qu'en vrai dieu de la machine,* "You will have me as theatre-god, then, *"J'arrive pour te denouement?"* Swoop in, and produce the catastrophe? *"Qu'aux Anglais, aux Pandours, a ce peuple insolent, "J'aille donner la discipline?"*— "Tame to sobriety those English, those Pandours, and obstreperous people? *"Mais examinez mieux ma mine;* "Examine the look of me better; *"Je ne suis pas assez mechant!"* "I have not surliness enough.

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "7. Whatever resolution may be come to, will your Majesty deign to confide it to me, and impart the result,—to your servant, to him who desires to pass his life at your Court? May I have the honor to accompany your Majesty to Baireuth; and if your goodness go so far, would you please to declare it, that I may have time to prepare for the journey? One favorable word written to me in the Letter on that occasion [word favorable to France, ostensible to M. Amelot and the most Christian Majesty], one word would suffice to procure me the happiness I have, for six years, been aspiring to, of living beside you." Oh, send it!

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "7. If you like to come to Baireuth, I shall be glad to see you there, provided the journey don't derange your health. It will depend on yourself, then, to take what measures you please. [And about the ostensible WORD,—Nothing!]

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "8. During the short stay I am now to make, if I could be made the bearer of some news agreeable to my Court, I would supplicate your Majesty to honor me with such a commission. [This

does not want for impudence, Monsieur! Friedrich answers, from aloft!]

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "8. I am not in any connection with France; I have nothing to fear nor to hope from France. If you would like, I will make a Panegyric on Louis XV. without a word of truth in it: but as to political business, there is, at present, none to bring us together; and neither is it I that am to speak first. When they put a question to me, it will be time to reply: but you, who are so much a man of sense, you see well what a ridiculous business it would be if, without ground given me, I set to prescribing projects of policy to France, and even put them on paper with my own hand!

MEMORIAL BY VOLTAIRE. "9. Do whatsoever you may please, I shall always love your Majesty with my whole heart."

MARGINALIA BY FRIEDRICH. "9. I love you with all my heart; I esteem you: I will do all to have you, except follies, and things which would make me forever ridiculous over Europe, and at bottom would be contrary to my interests and my glory. The only commission I can give you for France, is to advise them to behave with more wisdom than they have done hitherto. That Monarchy is a body with much strength, but without, soul or energy (NERF)."

And so you may give it to Valori to put in cipher, my illustrious Messenger from the Spheres. [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 101–105 (see *Ib.* ii. 55); *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 141–144.]

Worth reading, this, rather well. Very kingly, and characteristic of the young Friedrich. Saved by Beaumarchais, who did not give it in his famous Kehl Edition of VOLTAIRE, but "had it in Autograph ever after, and printed it in his DECADE PHILOSOPHIQUE, 10 Messidor, An vii. [Summer, 1799]: Beaumarchais had several other Pieces of the same sort;" which, as bits of contemporary photographing, one would have liked to see.

FRIEDRICH VISITS BAIREUTH: ON A PARTICULAR ERRAND;—VOLTAIRE ATTENDING, AND PRIVATELY REPORTING.

This "BIRIBI" Document, I suppose to have been delivered perhaps on the 7th; and that Friedrich HAD it, but had not yet answered it, when he wrote the following Letter:—

"POTSDAM, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1743 [Friedrich to Voltaire].—I dare not speak to a son of Apollo about horses and carriages, relays and such things; these are details with which the gods do not concern themselves, and which we mortals take upon us. You will set out on Monday afternoon, if you like the journey, for Baireuth, and you will dine with me in passing, if you please [at Potsdam here].

"The rest of my MEMOIRE [Paper before given?] is so blurred and in so bad a state, I cannot yet send it you.—I am getting Cantos 8 and 9 of LA PUCELLE copied; I at present have Cantos 1, 2, 4, 5, 8 and 9: I keep them under three keys, that the eye of mortal may not see them.

"I hear you supped yesternight in good company [great gathering in some high house, gone all asunder now];

"The finest wits of the Canton All collected in your name, People all who could not but be pleased with you, All devout believers in Voltaire, Unanimously took you For the god of their Paradise.

"Paradise,' that you may not be scandalized, is taken here in a general sense for a place of pleasure and joy. See the 'remark' on the last verse of the MONDAIN." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 144; Voltaire, lxxiii. 100 (scandalously MISdated in Edition 1818, xxxix. 466). As to MONDAIN, and "remark" upon it,—the ghost of what was once a sparkle of successful coterie—speech and epistolary allusion,—take this: "In the MONDAIN Voltaire had written, 'LE PARADIS TERRESTRE EST OU JE SUIS;' and as the Priests made outcry, had with airs of orthodoxy explained the phrase away," —as Friedrich now affects to do; obliquely quizzing, in the Friedrich manner.

Voltaire is to go upon the Baireuth Journey, then, according to prayer. Whether Voltaire ever got that all-important "word which he could show," I cannot say: though there is some appearance that Friedrich may have dashed off for him the Panegyric of Louis, in these very hours, to serve his turn, and have done with him. Under date 7th September, day before the Letter just read, here are snatches from another to the same address:—

"POTSDAM, 7th SEPTEMBER, 1743 [Friedrich to Voltaire].—You tell me so much good of France and of its King, it were to be wished all Sovereigns had subjects like you, and all Commonwealths such citizens,—[you can show that, I suppose?] What a pity France and Sweden had not had Military Chiefs of your way of thinking! But it is very certain, say what you will, that the feebleness of their Generals, and the timidity of their counsels, have almost ruined in public repute two Nations which, not half a century ago, inspired terror over Europe."—... "Scandalous Peace, that of Fleury, in 1735; abandoning King Stanislaus, cheating Spain, cheating Sardinia, to get

Lorraine! And now this manner of abandoning the Emperor [respectable Karl VII. of your making]; sacrificing Bavaria; and reducing that worthy Prince to the lowest poverty,— poverty, I say not, of a Prince, but into the frightfullest state for a private man!" Ah, Monsieur.

"And yet your France is the most charming of Nations; and if it is not feared, it deserves well to be loved. A King worthy to command it, who governs sagely, and acquires for himself the esteem of all Europe,—[there, won't that do!] may restore its ancient splendor, which the Broglios, and so many others even more inept, have a little eclipsed. That is assuredly a work worthy of a Prince endowed with such gifts! To reverse the sad posture of affairs, nobly repairing what others have spoiled; to defend his country against furious enemies, reducing them to beg Peace, instead of scornfully rejecting it when offered: never was more glory acquirable by any King! I shall admire whatsoever this great man [CE GRAND HOMME, Louis XV., not yet visibly tending to the dung— heap, let us hope better things!] may achieve in that way; and of all the Sovereigns of Europe none will be less jealous of his success than I:"—there, my spheral friend, show that! [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 139: see, for what followed, *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 129 (report to Amelot, 27th October).]

Which the spheral friend does. Nor was it "irony," as the new Commentators think; not at all; sincere enough, what you call sincere;—Voltaire himself had a nose for "irony"! This was what you call sincere Panegyric in liberal measure; why be stingy with your measure? It costs half an hour: it will end Voltaire's importunities; and so may, if anything, oil the business—wheels withal. For Friedrich foresees business enough with Louis and the French Ministries, though he will not enter on it with Voltaire. This Journey to Baireuth and Anspach, for example, this is not for a visit to his Sisters, as Friedrich labels it; but has extensive purposes hidden under that title,—meetings with Franconian Potentates, earnest survey, earnest consultation on a state of things altogether grave for Germany and Friedrich; though he understands whom to treat with about it, whom to answer with a "BIRIBIRI, MON AMI." That Austrian Exorbitancy of a message to the Diet has come out (August 16th, and is struggling to DICTATUR); the Austrian procedures in Baiern are in their full flagrancy: Friedrich intends trying once more, Whether, in such crisis, there be absolutely no "Union of German Princes" possible; nor even of any two or three of them, in the "Swabian and Franconian Circles," which he always thought the likeliest?

The Journey took effect, Tuesday, 10th September [Rodenbeck, i. 93.] (not the day before, as Friedrich had been projecting); went by Halle, straight upon Baireuth; and ended there on Thursday. As usual, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were of it; Voltaire failed not to accompany. What the complexion of it was, especially what Friedrich had meant by it, and how ill he succeeded, will perhaps be most directly visible through the following compressed Excerpts from Voltaire's long LETTER to Secretary Amelot on the subject,—if readers will be diligent with them. Friedrich, after four days, ran across to Anspach on important business; came back with mere failure, and was provokingly quite silent on it; stayed at Baireuth some three days more; thence home by Gotha (still on "Union" business, still mere failure), by Leipzig, and arrived at Potsdam, September 25th;— leaving Voltaire in Wilhelmina's charmed circle (of which unhappily there is not a word said), for about a week more. Voltaire, directly on getting back to Berlin, "resumes the thread of his journal" to Secretary Amelot; that is, writes him another long Letter:—

VOLTAIRE (from Berlin, 3d October, 1743) TO SECRETARY AMELOT.

"... The King of Prussia told me at Baireuth, on the 13th or 14th of last month, He was glad our King had sent the Kaiser money;"— useful that, at any rate; Noailles's 6,000 pounds would not go far. "That he thought M. le Marechal de Noailles's explanation [of a certain small rumor, to the disadvantage of Noailles in reference to the Kaiser] was satisfactory: 'but,' added he, 'it results from all your secret motions that you are begging Peace from everybody, and there may have been something in this rumor, after all.'

"He then told me he was going over to Anspach, to see what could be done for the Common Cause [Kaiser's and Ours]; that he expected to meet the Bishop of Wurzburg there; and would try to stir the Frankish and Swabian Circles into some kind of Union. And, at setting off [from Baireuth, September 16th, on this errand], he promised his Brother—in—law the Margraf, He would return with great schemes afoot, and even with great success;" which proved otherwise, to a disappointing degree.

"... The Margraf of Anspach did say he would join a Union of Princes in favor of the Kaiser, if Prussia gave example. But that was all. The Bishop of Wurzburg," a feeble old creature, "never appeared at Anspach, nor even sent an apology; and Seckendorf, with the Imperial Army"—Seckendorf, caged up at Wembdingen (whom

Friedrich drove off from Anspach, twenty miles, to see and consult), was in a disconsolate moulting condition, and could promise or advise nothing satisfactory, during the dinner one took with him. [September 19th, "under a shady tree, after muster of the troops" (Rodenbeck, p. 93).] Four days running about on those errands had yielded his Prussian Majesty nothing. "Whilst he (Prussian Majesty) was on this Anspach excursion, the Margraf of Baireuth, who is lately made Field-marshal of his Circle, spoke much to me of present affairs: a young Prince, full of worth and courage, who loves the French, hates the Austrians,"—and would fain make himself generally useful. "To whom I suggested this and that" (does your Lordship observe?), if it could ever come to anything.

"The King of Prussia, on returning to Baireuth [guess, 20th September], did not speak the least word of business to the Margraf: which much surprised the latter! He surprised him still more by indicating some intention to retain forcibly at Berlin the young Duke of Wurtemberg, under pretext, 'that Madam his Mother intended to have him taken to Vienna,' for education. To anger this young Duke, and drive his Mother to despair, was not the method for acquiring credit in the Circle of Swabia, and getting the Princes brought to unite!

"The Duchess of Wurtemberg, who was there at Baireuth, by appointment, to confer with the King of Prussia, sent to seek me. I found her all dissolved in tears. 'Ah!' said she,—[But why is our dear Wilhelmina left saying nothing; invisible, behind the curtains of envious Chance, and only a skirt of them lifted to show us this Improper Duchess once more!]'—'Ah!' said she (the Improper Duchess, at sight of me), 'will the King of Prussia be a tyrant, then? To pay me for intrusting my Boys to him, and giving him two Regiments [for money down], will he force me to implore justice against him from the whole world? I must have my Child! He shall not go to Vienna; it is in his own Country that I will have him brought up beside me. To put my Son in Austrian hands? [unless, indeed, your Highness were driven into Financial or other straits?]' You know if I love France;—if my design is not to pass the rest of my days there, so soon as my Son comes to majority!' Ohone, ohoo!

"In fine, the quarrel was appeased. The King of Prussia told me he would be gentler with the Mother; would restore the Son if they absolutely wished it; but that he hoped the young Prince would of himself like better to stay where he was." ...—"I trust your Lordship will allow me to draw for those 300 ducats, for a new carriage. I have spent all I had, running about these four months. I leave this for Brunswick and homewards, on the evening of the 12th." [Voltaire, lxxiii. 105–109.] ...

And so the curtain drops on the Baireuth Journey, on the Berlin Visit; and indeed, if that were anything, on Voltaire's Diplomatic career altogether. The insignificant Accidents, the dull Powers that be, say No. Curious to reflect, had they happened to say Yes:—"Go into the Diplomatic line, then, you sharp climbing creature, and become great by that method; WRITE no more, you; write only Despatches and Spy-Letters henceforth!"—how different a world for us, and for all mortals that read and that do not read, there had now been!

Voltaire fancies he has done his Diplomacy well, not without fruit; and, at Brunswick,—cheered by the grand welcome he found there,—has delightful outlooks (might I dare to suggest them, Monseigneur?) of touring about in the German Courts, with some Circular HORTATORIUM, or sublime Begging-Letter from the Kaiser, in his hand; and, by witchery of tongue, urging Wurtemberg, Brunswick, Baireuth, Anspach, Berlin, to compliance with the Imperial Majesty and France. [Ib. lxxiii. 133.] Would not that be sublime! But that, like the rest, in spite of one's talent, came to nothing. Talent? Success? Madame de Chateauroux had, in the interim, taken a dislike to M. Amelot; "could not bear his stammering," the fastidious Improper Female; flung Amelot overboard,—Amelot, and his luggage after him, Voltaire's diplomatic hopes included; and there was an end.

How ravishing the thing had been while it lasted, judge by these other stray symptoms; hastily picked up, partly at Berlin, partly at Brunswick; which show us the bright meridian, and also the blaze, almost still more radiant, which proved to be sunset. Readers have heard of Voltaire's Madrigals to certain Princesses; and must read these Three again,—which are really incomparable in their kind; not equalled in graceful felicity even by Goethe, and by him alone of Poets approached in that respect. At Berlin, Autumn 1743, Three consummate Madrigals:—

1. TO PRINCESS ULRIQUE.

"Souvent un peu de verite
Se mele au plus grossier mensonge:
Cette nuit, dans l'erreur d'un songe,

Au rang des rois j'étais monte. Je vous aimais, Princesse, et j'osais vous le dire!
Les dieux a mon reveil ne m'ont pas tout ote,
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire."

2. TO PRINCESSES ULRIQUE AND AMELIA.

"Si Paris venait sur la terre
Pour juger entre vos beaux yeux,
Il couperait la pomme en deux,
Et ne produirait pas de guerre."

3. TO PRINCESSES ULRIQUE, AMELIA AND WILHELMINA.

"Pardon, charmante Ulrique; pardon, belle Amelie; J'ai cru n'aimer que vous la reste de ma vie,
Et ne servir que sous vos lois;
Mais enfin j'entends et je vois Cette adorable Soeur dont l'Amour suit les traces:
Ah, ce n'est pas outrager les Trois Graces
Que de les aimer toutes trois!"

[1. "A grain of truth is often mingled with the stupidest delusion. Yesternight, in the error of a dream, I had risen to the rank of king; I loved you, Princess, and had the audacity to say so! The gods, at my awakening, did not strip me wholly; my kingdom was all they took from me." 2. If Paris [of Troy] came back to decide on the charms of you Two, he would halve the Apple, and produce no War." 3. "Pardon, charming Ulrique; beautiful Amelia, pardon: I thought I should love only you for the rest of my life, and serve under your laws only: but at last I hear and see this adorable Sister, whom Love follows as Page:—Ah, it is not offending the Three Graces to love them all three!" —In *Oeuvres de Voltaire*, xviii.: No. 1 is, p. 292 (in *Oeuvres de Frederic*, xiv. 90–92, the ANSWERS to it); No. 2 is, p. 320; No. 3, p. 321.]

BRUNSWICK, 16th October (blazing sunset, as it proved, but brighter almost than meridian), a LETTER FROM VOLTAIRE TO MAUPERTUIS (still in France since that horrible Mollwitz–Pandour Business).

"In my wanderings I received the Letter where my dear Flattener of this Globe deigns to remember me with so much friendship. Is it possible that—... I made your compliments to all your friends at Berlin; that is, to all the Court." "Saw Dr. Eller decomposing water into elastic air [or thinking he did so, 1743]; saw the Opera of TITUS, which is a masterpiece of music [by Friedrich himself, with the important aid of Graun]: it was, without vanity, a treat the King gave me, or rather gave himself; he wished I should see him in his glory.

"His Opera–House is the finest in Europe. Charlottenburg is a delicious abode: Friedrich does the honors there, the King knowing nothing of it. ... One lives at Potsdam as in the Chateau of a French Seigneur who had culture and genius,—in spite of that big Battalion of Guards, which seems to me the terriblest Battalion in this world.

"Jordan is still the same,—BON GARCON ET DISCRET; has his oddities, his 1,600 crowns (240 pounds) of pension. D'Argens is Chamberlain, with a gold key at his breast–pocket, and 100 louis inside, payable monthly. Chasot [whom readers made acquaintance with at Philipsburg long since], instead of cursing his destiny, must have taken to bless it: he is Major of Horse, with income enough. And he has well earned it, having saved the King's Baggage at the last Battle of Chotusitz,"—what we did not notice, in the horse–charges and grand tumults of that scene.

"I passed some days [a fortnight in all] at Baireuth. Her Royal Highness, of course, spoke to me of you. Baireuth is a delightful retreat, where one enjoys whatever there is agreeable in a Court, without the bother of grandeur. Brunswick, where I am, has another species of charm. 'Tis a celestial Voyage this of mine, where I pass from Planet to Planet,"— to tumultuous Paris; and, I do hope, to my unique Maupertuis awaiting me there at last. [Voltaire, lxxiii. 122–125.]

We have only to remark farther, that Friedrich had again pressed Voltaire to come and live with him, and choose his own terms; and that Voltaire (as a second string to his bow, should this fine Diplomatic one fail) had provisionally accepted. Provisionally; and with one most remarkable clause: that of leaving out Madame,— "imagining it would be less agreeable to you if I came with others (AVEC D'AUTRES); and I own, that belonging to your Majesty alone, I should have my mind more at ease:" [*Oeuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 112, 116 (Proposal and

Response, both of them "7th October," five days before leaving Berlin).]—whew! And then to add a third thing: That Madame, driven half delirious, by these delays, and gyratings from Planet to Planet, especially by that last Fortnight at Baireuth, had rushed off from Paris, to seek her vagabond, and see into him with her own eyes: "Could n't help it, my angels!" writes she to the D'Argentals (excellent guardian angels, Monsieur and Madame; and, I am sure, PATIENT both of them, as only MONSIEUR Job was, in the old case): "A whole fortnight [perhaps with madrigals to Princesses], and only four lines to me!" —and is now in bed, or lately was, at Lille, ill of slow fever (PETITE FIEVRE); panting to be upon the road again. [*Lettres inedites de Madame du Chatelet a M. le Comte d'Argental* (Paris, 1806) p. 253. A curiously elucidative Letter this ("Brussels, 15th October, 1743"); a curious little Book altogether.]

Fancy what a greeting for M. de Voltaire, from those eyes HAGARDES ET LOUCHES; and whether he mentioned that pretty little clause of going to Berlin "WITHOUT others," or durst for the life of him whisper of going at all! After pause in the Brussels region, they came back to Paris "in December;" resigned, I hope, to inexorable Fate,—though with such Diplomatic and other fine prospects flung to the fishes, and little but GREDINS and confusions waiting you, as formerly.

Chapter VII. FRIEDRICH MAKES TREATY WITH FRANCE; AND SILENTLY GETS READY.

Though Friedrich went upon the bantering tone with Voltaire, his private thoughts in regard to the surrounding scene of things were extremely serious; and already it had begun to be apparent, from those Britannic–Austrian procedures, that some new alliance with France might well lie ahead for him. During Voltaire's visit, that extraordinary Paper from Vienna, that the Kaiser was no Kaiser, and that there must be "compensation" and satisfactory "assurance," had come into full glare of first–reading; and the DICTATUR–SACHE, and denunciation of an evidently partial Kur–Mainz, was awakening everywhere. Voltaire had not gone, when,—through Podewils Junior (probably with help of the improper Dutch female of rank),—Friedrich got to wit of another thing, not less momentous to him; and throwing fearful light on that of "compensation" and "assurance." This was the Treaty of Worms,—done by Carteret and George, September 13th, during those languid Rhine operations; Treaty itself not languid, but a very lively thing, to Friedrich and to all the world! Concerning which a few words now.

We have said, according to promise, and will say, next to nothing of Maria Theresa's Italian War; but hope always the reader keeps it in mind. Big war—clouds waltzing hither and thither, occasionally clashing into bloody conflict; Sardinian Majesty and Infant Philip both personally in the field, fierce men both: Traun, Browne, Lobkowitz, Lichtenstein, Austrians of mark, successively distinguishing themselves; Spain, too, and France very diligent;—Conti off thither, then in their turns Maillebois, Noailles:—high military figures, but remote; shadowy, thundering INaudibly on this side and that; whom we must not mention farther.

"The notable figure to us," says one of my Notes, "is Charles Emanuel, second King of Sardinia; who is at the old trade of his Family, and shifts from side to side, making the war—balance vibrate at a great rate, now this scale now that kicking the beam. For he holds the door of the Alps, Bully Bourbon on one side of it, Bully Hapsburg on the other; and inquires sharply, "You, what will you give me? And you?" To Maria Theresa's affairs he has been superlatively useful, for these Two Years past; and truly she is not too punctual in the returns covenanted for. It appears to Charles Emanuel that the Queen of Hungary, elated in her high thought, under–rates his services, of late; that she practically means to give him very little of those promised slices from the Lombard parts; and that, in the mean while, much too big a share of the War has fallen upon his poor hands, who should be doorholder only.

"Accordingly he grumbles, threatens: he has been listening to France, 'Bourbon, how much will you give me, then?' and the answer is such that he informs the Queen of Hungary and the Britannic Majesty, of his intention to close with Bourbon, since they on their side will do nothing considerable. George and his Carteret, not to mention the Hungarian Majesty at all, are thunder–struck at such a prospect; bend all their energies towards this essential point of retaining Charles Emanuel, which is more urgent even than getting Elsass. 'Madam,' they say to her Majesty, (we cannot save Italy for you on other terms: *Vigevanesco*, Finale [which is Genoa's], part of Piacenza [when once got]: there must be some slice of the Lombard parts to this Charles Emanuel justly angry! Whereat the high Queen storms, and in her high manner scolds little George, as if he were the blamable party,—pretending friendship, and yet abetting mere highway robbery or little better. And his cash paid Madam, and his Dettingen mouse–trap fought? 'Well, he has plenty of cash:—is it my Cause, then, or his Majesty's and Liberty's?' Posterity, in modern England, vainly endeavors to conceive this phenomenon; yet sees it to be undeniable.

"And so there is a Treaty of Worms got concocted, after infinite effort on the part of Carteret, Robinson too laboring and steaming in Vienna with boilers like to burst; and George gets it signed 13th September [already signed while Friedrich was looking into Seckendorf and Wemdingen, if Friedrich had known it]: to this effect, That Charles Emanuel should have annually, down on the nail, a handsome increase of Subsidy (200,000 pounds instead of 150,000 pounds) from England, and ultimately beyond doubt some thinnish specified slices from the Lombard parts; and shall proceed fighting for, not against; English Fleet co–operating, English Purse ditto, regardless of expense; with other fit particulars, as formerly. [Scholl, ii. 330–335; Adelung, iii. B, 222–226; Coxe, iii. 296.] Maria Theresa, very angry, looks upon herself as a martyr, nobly complying to suffer for the whim of England; and Robinson has had such labors and endurances, a steam–engine on the point of bursting is but an

emblem of him. It was a necessary Treaty for the Cause of Liberty, as George and Carteret, and all English Ministries and Ministers (Diana of Newcastle very specially, in spite of Pitt and a junior Opposition Party) viewed Liberty. It was Love's last shift,—Diana having intervened upon those magnificent 'Conferences of Hanau' lately! Nevertheless Carteret was thrown out, next year, on account of it. And Posterity is unable to conceive it; and asks always of little George, What, in the name of wonder, had he to do there, fighting for or against, and hiring everybody he met to fight against everybody? A King with eyes somewhat A FLEUR-DE-TETE: yes; and let us say, his Nation, too,—which has sat down quietly, for almost a century back, under mountains of nonsense, inwardly nothing but dim Scepticism [except in the stomachic regions], and outwardly such a Trinacria of Hypocrisy [unconscious, for most part] as never lay on an honest giant Nation before, was itself grown much of a fool, and could expect no other kind of Kings.

"But the point intensely interesting to Friedrich in this Treaty of Worms was, That, in enumerating punctually the other Treaties, old and recent, which it is to guarantee, and stand upon the basis of, there is nowhere the least mention of Friedrich's BRESLAU-AND-BERLIN TREATY; thrice-important Treaty with her Hungarian Majesty on the Silesian matter! In settling all manner of adjoining and preceding matters, there is nothing said of Silesia at all. Singular indeed. Treaties enough, from that of Utrecht downward, are wearisomely mentioned here; but of the Berlin Treaty, Breslau Treaty, or any Treaty settling Silesia,—much less, of any Westminster Treaty, guaranteeing it to the King of Prussia,—there is not the faintest mention! Silesia, then, is not considered settled, by the high contracting parties? Little George himself, who guaranteed it, in the hour of need, little more than a year ago, considers it fallen loose again in the new whirl of contingencies? 'Patience, Madam: what was good to give is good to take!' On what precise day or month Friedrich got notice of this expressive silence in the Treaty of Worms, we do not know; but from that day—!"

Friedrich recollects another thing, one of many others: that of those "ulterior mountains," which Austria had bargained for as Boundary to Schlesien. Wild bare mountains; good for what? For invading Schlesien from the Austrian side; if for nothing else conceivable! The small riddle reads itself to him so, with a painful flash of light. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 34.] Looking intensely into this matter, and putting things together, Friedrich gets more and more the alarming assurance of the fate intended him; and that he will verily have to draw sword again, and fight for Silesia, and as if for life. From about the end of 1743 (as I strive to compute), there was in Friedrich himself no doubt left of it; though his Ministers, when he consulted them a good while afterwards, were quite incredulous, and spent all their strength in dissuading a new War; now when the only question was, How to do said War? "How to do it, to make ready for doing it? We must silently select the ways, the methods: silent, wary,—then at last swift; and the more like a lion-spring, like a bolt from the blue, it will be the better!" That is Friedrich's fixed thought.

The Problem was complicated, almost beyond example. The Reich, with a Kaiser reduced to such a pass, has its potentialities of help or of hindrance,—its thousand-fold formulas, inane mostly, yet not inane wholly, which interlace this matter everywhere, as with real threads, and with gossamer or apparent threads,—which it is essential to attend to. Wise head, that could discriminate the dead Formulas of such an imbroglio, from the not-dead; and plant himself upon the Living Facts that do lie in the centre there! "We cannot have a Reichs Mediation-Army, then? Nor a Swabian-Franconian Army, to defend their own frontier?" No; it is evident, none. "And there is no Union of Princes possible; no Party, anywhere, that will rise to support the Kaiser whom all Germany elected; whom Austria and foreign England have insulted, ruined and officially designated as non-extant?" Well, not quite No, none; YES perhaps, in some small degree,—if Prussia will step out, with drawn sword, and give signal. The Reich has its potentialities, its formulas not quite dead; but is a sad imbroglio.

Definite facts again are mainly twofold, and of a much more central nature. Fact FIRST: A France which sees itself lamentably trodden into the mud by such disappointments and disgraces; which, on proposing peace, has met insult and invasion;—France will be under the necessity of getting to its feet, and striking for itself; and indeed is visibly rising into something of determination to do it:—there, if Prussia and the Kaiser are to be helped at all, there lies the one real help. Fact SECOND: Friedrich's feelings for the poor Kaiser and the poor insulted Reich, of which Friedrich is a member. Feelings, these, which are not "feigned" (as the English say), but real, and even indignant; and about these he can speak and plead freely. For himself and his Silesia, THROUGH the Kaiser, Friedrich's feelings are pungently real;—and they are withal completely adjunct to the other set of feelings, and go wholly to intensifying of them; the evident truth being, That neither he nor his Silesia would be in

danger, were the Kaiser safe.

Friedrich's abstruse diplomacies, and delicate motions and handlings with the Reich, that is to say, with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's few friends in the Reich, and then again with the French, —which lasted for eight or nine months before closure (October, 1743 to June, 1744),—are considered to have been a fine piece of steering in difficult waters; but would only weary the reader, who is impatient for results and arrivals. Ingenious Herr Professor Ranke,—whose HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH consists mainly of such matter excellently done, and offers mankind a wondrously distilled "ASTRAL SPIRIT," or ghost-like fac-simile (elegant gray ghost, with stars dim-twinkling through), of Friedrich's and other people's Diplomatzings in this World,—will satisfy the strongest diplomatic appetite; and to him we refer such as are given that way. [Ranke, *Neun Bucher Preussischer Geschichte*, iii. 74–137.] "France and oneself, as SUBSTANCE of help; but, for many reasons, give it carefully a legal German FORM or coat:" that is Friedrich's method as to finding help. And he diligently prosecutes it;—and, what is still luckier, strives to be himself at all points ready, and capable of doing with a minimum of help from others.

Before the Year 1743 was out, Friedrich had got into serious Diplomatic Colloquy with France; suggesting, urging, proposing, hypothetically promising. "February 21st, 1744," he secretly despatched Rothenburg to Paris; who, in a shining manner, consults not only with the Amelots, Belleisles, but with the Chateauroux herself (who always liked Friedrich), and with Louis XV. in person: and triumphantly brings matters to a bearing. Ready here, on the French side; so soon as your Reich Interests are made the most of; so soon as your Patriotic "Union of Reich's Princes" is ready! In March, 1744, the Reich side of the Affair was likewise getting well forward ("we keep it mostly secret from the poor Kaiser, who is apt to blab"):—and on May 22d, 1744, Friedrich, with the Kaiser and Two other well-affected Parties (only two as yet, but we hope for more, and invite all and sundry), sign solemnly their "UNION OF FRANKFURT;" famous little Fourfold outcome of so much diplomatizing. [Ranke, *ubi supra* (Treaty is in Adelung, iv. 103–105).] For the well-affected Parties, besides Friedrich, and the Kaiser himself, were as yet Two only: Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, disgusted with the late Carteret astucities at Hanau, he is one (and hires, by and by, his poor 6,000 Hessians to the French and Kaiser, instead of to the English; which is all the help HE can give); Landgraf Wilhelm, and for sole second to him the new Kur-Pfalz, who also has men to hire. New Kur-Pfalz: our poor OLD friend is dead; but here is a new one, Karl Philip Theodor by name, of whom we shall hear again long afterwards; who was wedded (in the Frankfurt-Coronation time, as readers might have noted) to a Grand-daughter of the old, and who is, like the old, a Hereditary Cousin of the Kaiser's, and already helps him all he can.

Only these Two as yet, though the whole Reich is invited to join; these, along with Friedrich and the Kaiser himself, do now, in their general Patriotic "Union," which as yet consists only of Four, covenant, in Six Articles, To,—in brief, to support Teutschland's oppressed Kaiser in his just rights and dignities; and to do, with the House of Austria, "all imaginable good offices" (not the least whisper of fighting) towards inducing said high House to restore to the Kaiser his Reichs-Archives, his Hereditary Countries, his necessary Imperial Furnishings, called for by every law human and divine:—in which endeavor, or innocently otherwise, if any of the contracting parties be attacked, the others will guarantee him, and strenuously help. "All imaginable good offices;" nothing about fighting anywhere,—still less is there the least mention of France; total silence on that head, by Friedrich's express desire. But in a Secret Article (to which France, you may be sure, will accede), it is intimated, "That the way of good offices having some unlikelihoods, it MAY become necessary to take arms. In which tragic case, they will, besides Hereditary Baiern (which is INalienable, fixed as the rocks, by Reichs-Law), endeavor to conquer, to reconquer for the Kaiser, his Kingdom of Bohmen withal, as a proper Outfit for Teutschland's Chief: and that, if so, his Prussian Majesty (who will have to do said conquest) shall, in addition to his Schlesien, have from it the Circles of Konigsgratz, Bunzlau and Leitmeritz for his trouble." This is the Treaty of Union, Secret-Article and all; done at Frankfurt—on—Mayn, 22d May, 1744.

Done then and there; but no part of it made public, till August following, ["22d August 1744, by the Kaiser" (Adelung, iv. 154.}] (when the upshot had come); and the Secret Bohemian Article NOT then made public, nor ever afterwards,—much the contrary; though it was true enough, but inconvenient to confess, especially as it came to nothing. "A hypothetical thing, that," says Friedrich carelessly; "wages moderate enough, and proper to be settled beforehand, though the work was never done." To reach down quite over the Mountains, and have the Elbe for Silesian Frontier: this, as an occasional vague thought, or day-dream in high moments, was probably not

new to Friedrich; and would have been very welcome to him,—had it proved realizable, which it did not. That this was "Friedrich's real end in going to War again," was at one time the opinion loudly current in England and other uninformed quarters; "but it is not now credible to anybody," says Herr Ranke; nor indeed worth talking of, except as a memento of the angry eclipses, and temporary dust—clouds, which rise between Nations, in an irritated uninformed condition.

Rapidly progressive in the rear of all this, which was its legalizing German COAT, the French Treaty, which was the interior SUBSTANCE, or muscular tissue, perfected itself under Rothenburg; and was signed June 5th, 1774 (anniversary, by accident, of that First Treaty of all, "June 5th, 1741");—sanctioning, by France, that Bohemian Adventure, if needful; minutely setting forth How, and under what contingencies, what efforts made and what successes arrived at, on the part of France, his Prussian Majesty shall take the field; and try Austria, not "with all imaginable good offices" longer, but with harder medicine. Of which Treaty we shall only say farther, commiserating our poor readers, That Friedrich considerably MORE than kept his side of it; and France very considerably LESS than hers. So that, had not there been punctual preparation at all points, and good self—help in Friedrich, Friedrich had come out of this new Adventure worse than he did!

Long months ago, the French—as preliminary and rigorous SINE QUA NON to these Friedrich Negotiations—had actually started work, by "declaring War on Austria, and declaring War on England:"—Not yet at War, then, after so much killing? Oh no, reader; mere "Allies" of Belligerents, hitherto. These "Declarations" the French had made; [War on England, 15th March, 1744; on Austria, 27th April (Adelung, iv. 78, 90).] and the French were really pushing forward, in an attitude of indignant energy, to execute the same. As shall be noticed by and by. And through Rothenburg, through Schmettau, by many channels, Friedrich is assiduously in communication with them; encouraging, advising, urging; their affairs being in a sort his, ever since the signing of those mutual Engagements, May 22d, June 5th. And now enough of that hypothetic Diplomatic stuff.

War lies ahead, inevitable to Friedrich. He has gradually increased his Army by 18,000; inspection more minute and diligent than ever, has been quietly customary of late; Walrave's fortification works, impregnable or nearly so, the work at Neisse most of all, Friedrich had resolved to SEE completed,—before that French Treaty were signed. A cautious young man, though a rapid; vividly awake on all sides. And so the French—Austrian, French—English game shall go on; the big bowls bounding and rolling (with velocities, on courses, partly computable to a quick eye);—and at the right instant, and juncture of hits, not till that nor after that, a quick hand shall bowl in; with effect, as he ventures to hope. He knows well, it is a terrible game. But it is a necessary one, not to be despaired of; it is to be waited for with closed lips, and played to one's utmost!—

Chapter VIII. PERFECT PEACE AT BERLIN, WAR ALL ROUND.

Friedrich, with the Spectre of inevitable War daily advancing on him, to him privately evident and certain if as yet to him only, neglects in no sort the Arts and business of Peace, but is present, always with vivid activity, in the common movement, serious or gay and festive, as the day brings it. During these Winter months of 1743, and still more through Summer 1744, there are important War-movements going on,—the French vehemently active again, the Austrians nothing behindhand,—which will require some slight notice from us soon. But in Berlin, alongside of all this, it is mere common business, diligent as ever, alternating with Carnival gayeties, with marryings, givings in marriage; in Berlin there goes on, under halcyon weather, the peaceable tide of things, sometimes in a high fashion, as if Berlin and its King had no concern with the foreign War.

The Plauen Canal, an important navigation-work, canal of some thirty miles, joining Havel to Elbe in a convenient manner, or even joining Oder to Elbe, is at its busiest:—"it was begun June 1st, 1743 [all hands diligently digging there, June 27th, while some others of us were employed at Dettingen,—think of it!], and was finished June 5th, 1745." [Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2192.] This is one of several such works now afoot. Take another miscellaneous item or two.

January, 1744, Friedrich appoints, and briefly informs all his People of it, That any Prussian subject who thinks himself aggrieved, may come and tell his story to the King's own self: ["January, 1744" (Rodenbeck, i. 98).]—better have his story in firm succinct state, I should imagine, and such that it will hold water, in telling it to the King! But the King is ready to hear him; heartily eager to get justice done him. A suitable boon, such Permission, till Law-Reform take effect. And after Law-Reform had finished, it was a thing found suitable; and continued to the end, —curious to a British reader to consider!

Again: on Friedrich's birthday, 24th January, 1744, the new Academy of Sciences had, in the Schloss of Berlin, its first Session. But of this,—in the absence of Maupertuis, Flattener of the Earth, who is still in France, since that Mollwitz adventure; by and for behoof of whom, when he did return, and become "Perpetual First President," many changes were made,—I will not speak at present. Nor indeed afterwards, except on good chance rising;—the new Academy, with its Perpetual First President, being nothing like so sublime an object now, to readers and me, as it then was to itself and Perpetual President and Royal Patron! Vapid Formey is Perpetual Secretary; more power to him, as the Irish say. Poor Goldstick Pollnitz is an Honorary Member;—absent at this time in Baireuth, where those giggling Marwitzes of Wilhelmina's have been contriving a marriage for the old fool. Of which another word soon: if we have time. Time cannot be spent on those dim small objects: but there are two Marriages of a high order, of purport somewhat Historical; there is Barberina the Dancer, throwing a flash through the Operatic and some other provinces: let us restrict ourselves to these, and the like of these, and be brief upon them.

THE SUCCESSION IN RUSSIA, AND ALSO IN SWEDEN, SHALL NOT BE HOSTILE TO US: TWO ROYAL MARRIAGES, A RUSSIAN AND A SWEDISH, ARE ACCOMPLISHED AT BERLIN, WITH SUCH VIEW.

Marriage First, of an eminently Historical nature, is altogether Russian, or German become Russian, though Friedrich is much concerned in it. We heard of the mad Swedish-Russian War; and how Czarina Elizabeth was kind enough to choose a Successor to the old childless Swedish King,—Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel by nature; who has had a sorry time in Sweden, but kept merry and did not mind it much, poor old soul. Czarina Elizabeth's one care was, That the Prince of Denmark should not be chosen to succeed, as there was talk of his being: Sweden, Denmark, Norway, all grasped in one firm hand (as in the old "Union-of-Calmar" times, only with better management), might be dangerous to Russia. "Don't choose him of Denmark!" said Elizabeth, the victorious Czarina; and made it a condition of granting Peace, and mostly restoring Finland, to the infatuated Swedes. The person they did choose,—satisfactory to the Czarina, and who ultimately did become King of Sweden,—was one Adolf Friedrich; a Holstein-Gottorp Prince, come of Royal kin, and cousinry to Karl XII.: he is "Bishop of Lubeck" or of Eutin, so styled; now in his thirty-third year; and at least drawing the revenues of that See, though I think, not ecclesiastically given, but living oftener in Hamburg, the then fashionable resort of those Northern Grandees. On the whole, a likely young gentleman; accepted by parties concerned;—and surely good

enough for the Office as it now is. Of whom, for a reason coming, let readers take note, in this place.

Above a year before this time, Czarina Elizabeth, a provident female, and determined not to wed, had pitched upon her own Successor: [7th November, 1742 (Michaelis, ii. 627).] one Karl Peter Ulrich; who was also of the same Holstein-Gottorp set, though with Russian blood in him. His Grandfather was full cousin, and chosen comrade, to Karl XII.; got killed in Karl's Russian Wars; and left a poor Son dependent on Russian Peter the Great,—who gave him one of his Daughters; whence this Karl Peter Ulrich, an orphan, dear to his Aunt the Czarina. A Karl Peter Ulrich, who became tragically famous as Czar Peter Federowitz, or Czar Peter III., in the course of twenty years! His Father and Mother are both dead; loving Aunt has snatched the poor boy out of Holstein-Gottorp, which is a narrow sphere, into Russia, which is wide enough; she has had him converted to the Greek Church, named him Peter Federowitz, Heir and Successor;—and now, wishing to see him married, has earnestly consulted Friedrich upon it.

Friedrich is decidedly interested; would grudge much to see an Anti-Prussian Princess, for instance a Saxon Princess (one of whom is said to Be trying), put into this important station! After a little thought, he fixes,—does the reader know upon whom? Readers perhaps, here and there, have some recollection of a Prussian General, who is Titular Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst on his own score; and is actual Commandant of Stettin in Friedrich's service, and has done a great deal of good fortification there and other good work. Instead of Titular, he has now lately, by decease of an Elder Brother, become Actual or Semi-Actual (a Brother joined with him in the poor Heirship); lives occasionally in the Schloss of Zerbst; but is glad to retain Stettin as a solid supplement. His Wife, let the reader note farther, is Sister to the above-mentioned Adolf Friedrich, "Bishop of Lubeck," now Heir-Apparent to Sweden,—in whom, as will soon appear, we are otherwise interested. Wife seems to me an airy flighty kind of lady, high-paced, not too sure-paced,—weak evidently in French grammar, and perhaps in human sense withal:—but they have a Daughter, Sophie-Frederike, now near fifteen, and very forward for her age; comely to look upon, wise to listen to: "Is not she the suitable one?" thinks Friedrich, in regard to this matter. "Her kindred is of the oldest, old as Albert the Bear; she has been frugally brought up, Spartan-like, though as a Princess by birth: let her cease skippiug ropes on the ramparts yonder, with her young Stettin playmates; and prepare for being a Czarina of the Russias," thinks he. And communicates his mind to the Czarina; who answers, "Excellent! How did I never think of that myself?"

And so, on or about New-year's day, 1744, while the Commandant of Stettin and his airy Spouse are doing Christmas at their old Schloss of Zerbst, there suddenly come Estafettes; Expresses from Petersburg, heralded by Express from Friedrich:—with the astonishing proposal, "Czarina wishing the honor of a visit from Madam and Daughter; no doubt, with such and such intentions in the rear." [Friedrich's Letters to Madam of Zerbst (date of the first of them, 30th December, 1743), in *OEuvres*, xxv. 579–589.] Madam, nor Daughter, is nothing loath;—the old Commandant grumbles in his beard, not positively forbidding: and in this manner, after a Letter or two in imperfect grammar, Madam and Daughter appear in Carnival society at Berlin, charming objects both; but do not stay long; in fact, stay only till their moneys and arrangements are furnished them. Upon which, in all silence, they make for Petersburg, for Moscow; travel rapidly, arrive successfully, in spite of the grim season. ["At Moscow, 7th (18th) February, 1744."] Conversion to the Greek Religion, change of name from Sophie-Frederike to Catherine-Alexiewna ("Let it be Catherine," said Elizabeth, "my dear mother's name!"—little brown Czarina's, whom we have seen):—all this was completed by the 12th of July following. And, in fine, next year (September 1st, 1745), Peter Federowitz and this same Catherine-Alexiewna, second-cousins by blood, were vouchsafed the Nuptial Benediction, and, with invocation of the Russian Heaven and Russian Earth, were declared to be one flesh, [Ranke, iii. 129; *Memoires de Catherine II.* (Catherine's own very curious bit of Autobiography;—published by Mr. Herzen, London, 1859), pp. 7–46.] —though at last they turned out to be TWO FLESHES, as my reader well knows! Some eighteen or nineteen years hence, we may look in upon them again, if there be a moment to spare. This is Marriage first; a purely Russian one; built together and launched on its course, so to say, by Friedrich at Berlin, who had his own interest in it.

Marriage Second, done at Berlin in the same months, was of still more interesting sort to Friedrich and us: that of Princess Ulrique to the above-named Adolf Friedrich, future King of Sweden. Marriage which went on preparing itself by the side of the other; and was of twin importance with it in regard to the Russian Question. The Swedish Marriage was not heard of, except in important whispers, during the Carnival time; but a Swedish Minister had already come to Berlin on it, and was busy first in a silent and examining, then in a speaking and

proposing way. It seems, the Czarina herself had suggested the thing, as a counter-politeness to Friedrich; so content with him at this time. A thing welcome to Friedrich. And, in due course ("June, 1744"), there comes express Swedish Embassy, some Rodenskjold or Tessin, with a very shining train of Swedes, "To demand Princess Ulrique in marriage for our Future King."

To which there is assent, by no means denial, in the proper quarter. Whereupon, after the wide-spread necessary furlings and preliminaries, there occurs (all by Procuration, Brother August Wilhelm doing the Bridegroom's part), "July 17th, 1744," the Marriage itself: all done, this last act, and the foregoing ones and the following, with a grandeur and a splendor--unspeakable, we may say, in short. [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1045-1051.] Fantastic Bielfeld taxes his poor rouged Muse to the utmost, on this occasion; and becomes positively wearisome, chanting the upholsteries of life;--foolish fellow, spoiling his bits of facts withal, by misrecollections, and even by express fictions thrown in as garnish. So that, beyond the general impression, given in a high-rouged state, there is nothing to be depended on. One Scene out of his many, which represents to us on those terms the finale, or actual Departure of Princess Ulrique, we shall offer,--with corrections (a few, not ALL);--having nothing better or other on the subject:--

"But, in fine, the day of departure did arrive,"--eve of it did: 25th July, 1744; hour of starting to be 2 A.M. to-morrow. "The King had nominated Grand-Marshal Graf van Gotter [same Gotter whom we saw at Vienna once: King had appointed Gotter and two others; not to say that two of the Princess's Brothers, with her Sister the Margravine of Schwedt, were to accompany as far as Schwedt: six in all; though one's poor memory fails one on some occasions!]-to escort the Princess to Stralsund, where two Swedish Senators and different high Lords and Ladies awaited her. Her Majesty the Queen-Mother, judging by the movements of her own heart that the moment of separation would produce a scene difficult to bear, had ordered an Opera to divert our chagrin; and, instead of supper, a superb collation EN AMBIGU [kind of supper-breakfast, I suppose], in the great Hall of the Palace. Her Majesty's plan was, The Princess, on coming from the Opera, should, almost on flight, taste a morsel; take her travelling equipment, embrace her kinsfolk, dash into her carriage, and go off like lightning. Herr Graf von Gotter was charged with executing this design, and with hurrying the departure.

"But all these precautions were vain. The incomparable Ulrique was too dear to her Family and to her Country, to be parted with forever, without her meed of tears from them in those cruel instants. On entering the Opera-Hall, I noticed everywhere prevalent an air of sorrow, of sombre melancholy. The Princess appeared in Amazon-dress [riding-habit, say], of rose-color trimmed with silver; the little vest, turned up with green-blue (CELADON), and collar of the same; a little bonnet, English fashion, of black velvet, with a white plume to it; her hair floating, and tied with a rose-colored ribbon. She was beautiful as Love: but this dress, so elegant, and so well setting off her charms, only the more sensibly awakened our regrets to lose her; and announced that the hour was come, in which all this appeared among us for the last time. At the second act, young Prince Ferdinand [Youngest Brother, Father of the JENA Ferdinand] entered the Royal Box; and flinging himself on the Princess's neck with a burst of tears, said, 'Ah, my dear Ulrique, it is over, then; and I shall never see you more!' These words were a signal given to the grief which was shut in all hearts, to burst forth with the greatest vehemence. The Princess replied only with sobs; holding her Brother in her arms. The Two Queens could not restrain their tears; the Princes and Princesses followed the example: grief is epidemical; it gained directly all the Boxes of the first rank, where the Court and Nobility were. Each had his own causes of regret, and each melted into tears. Nobody paid the least attention farther to the Opera; and for my own share, I was glad to see it end.

"An involuntary movement took me towards the Palace. I entered the King's Apartments, and found the Royal Family and part of the Court assembled. Grief had reached its height; everybody had his handkerchief out; and I witnessed emotions quite otherwise affecting than those that Theatric Art can produce. The King had composed an Ode on the Princess's departure; bidding her his last adieus in the most tender and touching manner. It begins with these words:-- '*Partez, ma Soeur, partez; La Suede vous attend, la Suede*

vous desire,' 'Go, my Sister, go; Sweden waits you, Sweden

wishes you. [Does not now exist (see *OEuvres de Frederic*, xiv. 88, and ib. PREFACE p. xv).]

His Majesty gave it her at the moment when she was about to take leave of the Two Queens. [No, Monsieur, not then; it came to her hand the second evening hence, at Schwedt; [Her own Letter to Friedrich (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. 372; "Schwedt, 28th July, 1744").] most likely not yet written at the time you fabulously give;--you foolish fantast, and "artist" of the SHAM-kind!]-The Princess threw her eyes on it, and fell into a

faint [No, you Sham, not for IT]: the King had almost done the like. His tears flowed abundantly. The Princes and Princesses were overcome with sorrow. At last, Gotter judged it time to put an end to this tragic scene. He entered the Hall, almost like Boreas in the Ballet of THE ROSE; that is to say, with a crash. He made one or two whirlwinds; clove the press, and snatched away the Princess from the arms of the Queen—Mother, took her in his own, and whisked her out of the Hall. All the world followed; the carriages were waiting in the court; and the Princess in a moment found herself in hers. I was in such a state, I know not how we got down stairs; I remember only that it was in a concert of lamentable sobbings. Madam the Margravin von Schwedt, who had been named to attend the Princess to Stralsund [read Schwedt] on the Swedish frontier, this high Lady and the two Dames d'Atours who were for Sweden itself, having sprung into the same carriage, the door of it was shut with a slam; the postillions cracked, the carriage shot away,—and hid the adorable Ulrique from the eyes of King and Court, who remained motionless for some minutes, overcome by their feelings." [Bielfeld, ii. 107–110.]

We said this Marriage was like the other, important for Public Affairs. In fact, security on the Russian and Swedish side is always an object with Friedrich when undertaking war. "That the French bring about, help me to bring about, a Triple Alliance of Prussia, Russia, Sweden:" this was a thing Friedrich had bargained to see done, before joining in the War ahead: but by these Two Espousals Friedrich hopes he has himself as good as done it. Of poor Princess Ulrique and her glorious reception in Sweden (after near miss of shipwreck, in the Swedish Frigate from Stralsund), we shall say nothing more at present: except that her glories, all along, were much dashed by chagrins, and dangerous imminencies of shipwreck,—which latter did not quite overtake HER, but did her sons and grandsons, being inevitable or nearly so, in that element, in the course of time.

Sister Amelia, whom some thought disappointed, as perhaps, in her foolish thought, she might a little be, was made Abbess of Quedlinburg, which opulent benefice had fallen vacant; and, there or at Berlin, lived a respectable Spinster—life, doubtless on easier terms than Ulrique's. Always much loved by her Brother, and loving him (and "taking care of his shirts," in the final times); noted in society, for her sharp tongue and ways. Concerning whom Thiebault and his Trenck romances are worth no notice,—if it be not with horsewhips on opportunity. SCANDALUM MAGNATUM, where your Magnates are NOT fallen quite counterfeit, was and is always (though few now reflect on it) a most punishable crime.

GLANCE AT THE BELLIGERENT POWERS; BRITANNIC MAJESTY NARROWLY MISSES AN INVASION THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DANGEROUS

Princess Ulrique was hardly yet home in Sweden, when her Brother had actually gone forth upon the Wars again! So different is outside from interior, now and then. "While the dancing and the marriage—festivities went on at Court, we, in private, were busily completing the preparations for a Campaign," dreamed of by no mortal, "which was on the point of being opened." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 41.] July 2d, three weeks before Princess Ulrique left, a certain Adventure of Prince Karl's in the Rhine Countries had accomplished itself (of which in the following Book); and Friedrich could discern clearly that the moment drew rapidly nigh.

On the French side of the War, there has been visible—since those high attempts of Britannic George and the Hungarian Majesty, contumeliously spurning the Peace offered them, and grasping evidently at one's Lorraines, Alsaces, and Three Bishoprics—a marked change; comfortable to look at from Friedrich's side. Most Christian Majesty, from the sad bent attitude of insulted repentance, has started up into the perpendicular one of indignation: "Come on, then!"—and really makes efforts, this Year, quite beyond expectation. "Oriflamme enterprises, private intentions of cutting Germany in Four; well, have not I smarted for them; as good as owned they were rather mad? But to have my apology spit upon; but to be myself publicly cut in pieces for them?"

March 15h, 1744, Most Christian Majesty did, as we saw, duly declare War against England; against Austria, April 26th: "England," he says, "broke its Convention of Neutrality (signed 27th September, 1741); broke said Convention [as was very natural, no term being set] directly after Maillebois was gone; England, by its Mediterranean Admirals and the like, has, to a degree beyond enduring, insulted the French coasts, harbors and royal Navy: We declare War on England." And then, six weeks hence, in regard to Austria: "Austria, refusing to make Peace with a virtuous Kaiser, whom we, for the sake of peace, had magnanimously helped, and then magnanimously ceased to help;—Austria refuses peace with him or us; on the contrary, Austria attempts, and has attempted, to invade France itself: We therefore, on and from this 26th of April, 1744, let the world note it, are at War with Austria." [In *Adelung*, iv. 78, 90, the two Manifestoes given.] Both these promises to Friedrich are punctually performed.

Nor, what is far more important, have the necessary preparations been neglected; but are on a quite unheard-of scale. Such taxing and financiering there has been, last Winter:—tax on your street-lamp, on your fire-wood, increased excise on meat and eatables of all kinds: Be patient, ye poor; consider GLOIRE, and an ORIFLAMME so trampled on by the Austrian Heathen! Eatables, street-lamps, do I say? There is 36,000 pounds, raised by a tax on—well, on GARDEROBES (not translated)! A small help, but a help: NON OLET, NON OLEAT. To what depths has Oriflamme come down!—The result is, this Spring of 1744, indignant France does, by land, and even by sea, make an appearance calculated to astonish Gazetteers and men. Land-forces 160,000 actually on foot: 80,000 (grows at last into 100,000, for a little while) as "Army of the Netherlands,"—to prick into Austria, and astonish England and the Dutch Barrier, in that quarter. Of the rest, 20,000 under Conti are for Italy; 60,000 (by degrees 40,000) under Coigny for defence of the Rhine Countries, should Prince Karl, as is surmisable, make new attempts there. [Adelung, iv. 78; Espagnac, ii. 3.]

And besides all this, there are Two strong Fleets, got actually launched, not yet into the deep sea, but ready for it: one in Toulon Harbor, to avenge those Mediterranean insults; and burst out, in concert with an impatient Spanish Fleet (which has lain blockaded here for a year past), on the insolent blockading English: which was in some sort done. ["19th February, 1744," French and Spanish Fleets run out; 22d Feb. are attacked by Matthews and Lestock; are rather beaten, not beaten nearly enough (Matthews and Lestock blaming one another, Spaniards and French ditto, ditto: Adelung, iv. 32–35); with the endless janglings, correspondings, court-martialings that ensue (Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i. 197 et seqq.; *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Old Newspapers, for 1744; The other strong Fleet, twenty sail of the line, under Admiral Roquefeuille, is in Brest Harbor,—intended for a still more delicate operation; of which anon. Surely King Friedrich ought to admit that these are fine symptoms? King Friedrich has freely done so, all along; intending to strike in at the right moment. Let us see, a little, how things have gone; and how the right moment has been advancing in late months.

JANUARY 17th, 1744, There landed at Antibes on French soil a young gentleman, by name "Conte di Spinelli," direct from Genoa, from Rome; young gentleman seemingly of small importance, but intrinsically of considerable; who hastened off for Paris, and there disappeared. Disappeared into subterranean consultations with the highest Official people; intending reappearance with emphasis at Dunkirk, a few weeks hence, in much more emphatic posture. And all through February there is observable a brisk diligence of War-preparation, at Dunkirk: transport-ships in quantity, finally four war-ships; 15,000 chosen troops, gradually marching in; nearly all on board, with their equipments, by the end of the month.

Clearly an Invading Army intended somewhither, England judges too well whither. Anti-English Armament; to be led by, whom thinks the reader? That same "Conte di Spinelli," who is Charles Edward the Young Pretender,—Comte de Saxe commanding under him! This is no fable; it is a fact, somewhat formidable; brought about, they say, by one Cardinal Tencin, an Official Person of celebrity in the then Versailles world; who owes his red hat (whatever such debt really be) to old Jacobite influence, exerted for him at Rome; and takes this method of paying his debt and his court at once. Gets, namely, his proposal, of a Charles-Edward Invasion of England, to dovetail in with the other wide artilleries now bent on little George in the way we see. Had not little George better have stayed at home out of these Pragmatic Wars? Fifteen thousand, aided by the native Jacobite hosts, under command of Saxe,—a Saxe against a Wade is fearful odds,—may make some figure in England! We hope always they will not be able to land. Imagination may conceive the flurry, if not of Britannic mankind, at least of Britannic Majesty and his Official People, and what a stir and din they made:—of which this is the compressed upshot.

"SATURDAY, 1st MARCH, 1744. For nearly a week past, there has been seen hanging about in the Channel, and dangerously hovering to and fro [had entered by the Land's-End, was first noticed on Sunday last "nigh the Eddystone"] a considerable French Fleet, sixteen great ships; with four or five more, probably belonging to it, which now lie off Dunkirk: the intention of which is too well known in high quarters. This is the grand Brest Fleet, Admiral Roquefeuille's; which believes it can command the Channel, in present circumstances, the English Channel-Fleets being in a disjointed condition,—till Comte de Saxe, with his Charles-Edward and 15,000, do ship themselves across! Great alarm in consequence; our War-forces, 40,000 of them, all in Germany; not the least preparation to receive an Invasive Armament. Comte de Saxe is veritably at Dunkirk, since Saturday, March 1st: busy shipping his 15,000; equipments mostly shipped, and about 10,000 of the men: all is activity there; Roquefeuille hanging about Dungeness, with four of his twenty great ships detached for more immediate

protection of Saxe and those Dunkirk industries. To meet which, old Admiral Norris, off and on towards the Nore and the Forelands, has been doing his best to rally force about him; hopes he will now be match for Roquefeuille:—but if he should not?

"THURSDAY, 6th MARCH. Afternoon of March 5th, old Admiral Norris, hoping he was at length in something like equality, 'tided it round the South Foreland;' saw Roquefeuille hanging, in full tale, within few miles;—and at once plunged into him? No, reader; not at once, nor indeed at all. A great sea-fight was expected; but our old Norris thought it late in the day;—and, in effect, no fight proved needful. Daylight was not yet sunk, when there rose from the north—eastward a heavy gale; blew all night, and by six next morning was a raging storm; had blown Roquefeuille quite away out of those waters (fractions of him upon the rocks of Guernsey); had tumbled Comte de Saxe's Transports bottom uppermost (so to speak), in Dunkirk Roads;—and, in fact, had blown the Enterprise over the horizon, and relieved the Official Britannic mind in the usual miraculous manner.

"M. le Comte de Saxe—who had, by superhuman activity, saved nearly all his men, in that hideous topsy-turvy of the Transports and munitions—returned straightway, and much more M. le Comte de Spinelli with him, to Paris. Comte de Saxe was directly thereupon made Marechal de France; appointed to be Colleague of Noailles in the ensuing Netherlands Campaign. 'Comte de Spinelli went to lodge with his Uncle, the Cardinal Grand-Almoner Fitz-James' [a zealous gentleman, of influence with the Holy Father], and there in privacy to wait other chances that might rise. 'The 1,500 silver medals, that had been struck for distribution in Great Britain,' fell, for this time, into the melting-pot again. [Tindal, xxi. 22 (mostly a puddle of inaccuracies, as usual); Espagnac, i. 213; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xiv. 106, Barbier, ii. 382, 385, 388.]

"Great stir, in British Parliament and Public, there had latterly been on this matter: Arrestment of suspected persons, banishment of all Catholics ten miles from London; likewise registering of horses (to gallop with cannon whither wanted); likewise improvising of cavalry regiments by persons of condition, 'Set our plush people on our coach-horses; there!' [Yes, THERE will be a Cavalry,—inferior to General Ziethen's!]; and were actually drilling them in several places, when that fortunate blast of storm (March 6th) blew everything to quiet again. Field-marshal Earl of Stair, in regard to the Scottish populations, had shown a noble magnanimity; which was recognized: and a General Sir John Cope rode off, post-haste, to take the chief command in that Country;—where, in about eighteen months hence, he made a very shining thing of it!"—Take this other Cutting from the Old Newspapers:—

"FRIDAY, 31st (20th) MARCH, 1744, A general press began for recruiting his Majesty's regiments, and manning the Fleet; when upwards of 1,000 men were secured in the jails of London and Westminster; being allowed sixpence a head per diem, by the Commissioners of the Land-tax, who examine them, and send those away that are found fit for his Majesty's service. The same method was taken in each County." Press ceases; enough being got,—press no more till farther order: 5th (16th) June. [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1744, pp. 226, 333.]

Britannic Majesty shaken by such omens, does not in person visit Germany at all this Year; nor, by his Deputies, at all shine on the fields of War as lately. He, his English and he, did indeed come down with their cash in a prompt and manful manner, but showed little other activity this year. Their troops were already in the Netherlands, since Winter last; led now by a Field-marshal Wade, of whom one has heard; to whom joined themselves certain Austrians, under Duc d'Ahremberg, and certain Dutch, under some other man in cocked-hat: the whole of whom, under Marshal Wade's chief guidance, did as good as nothing whatever. "Inferior in force!" cried Marshal Wade; an indolent incompetent old gentleman, frightful to see in command of troops: "inferior in force!" cried he, which was not at first quite the case. And when, by additions to himself, and deductions (of a most unexpected nature) from his Enemy, he had become nearly double in force, it was all the same: Marshal Wade (against whom indeed was Marechal de Saxe, now in sole command, as we shall see) took shelter in safe places, witnessing therefrom the swift destruction of the Netherlands, and would attempt nothing. Which indeed was perhaps prudent on the Marshal's part. Much money was spent, and men enough did puddle themselves to death on the clay roads, or bivouacking in the safe swamps; but not the least stroke of battle was got out of them under this old Marshal. Had perhaps "a divided command, though nominal Chief," poor old gentleman;—yes, and a head that understood nothing of his business withal. One of those same astonishing "Generals" of the English, now becoming known in Natural History; the like of whom, till within these hundred and fifty years, were not heard of among sane Nations. Saxe VERSUS Wade is fearful odds. To judge by the way Saxe has of handling

Wade, may not we thank Heaven that it was not HERE in England the trial came on! Lift up both your hands, and bless—not General Wade, quite yet.

THE YOUNG DUKE OF WURTEMBERG GETS A VALEDICTORY ADVICE; AND POLLNITZ A DITTO TESTIMONIAL (February 6th; April 1st, 1744).

February 7th, 1744, Karl Eugen, the young Duke of Wurtemberg,— Friedrich having got, from the Kaiser, due Dispensation (VENIA AETATIS) for the young gentleman, and had him declared Duke Regnant, though only sixteen,—quitted Berlin with great pomp, for his own Country, on that errand. Friedrich had hoped hereby to settle the Wurtemberg matters on a good footing, and be sure of a friend in Wurtemberg to the Kaiser and himself. Which hope, like everybody's hopes about this young gentleman, was entirely disappointed; said young gentleman having got into perverse, haughty, sulky, ill-conditioned ways, and made a bad Life and Reign of it,—better to lie mostly hidden from us henceforth, at least for many years to come. The excellent Parting Letter which Friedrich gave him got abroad into the world; was christened the MIRROR OF PRINCES, and greatly admired by mankind. It is indeed an almost faultless Piece of its kind; comprising, in a flowing yet precise way, with admirable frankness, sincerity, sagacity, succinctness, a Whole Duty of Regnant Man; [In *OEuvres de Frederic*, ix. 4–7.]—but I fear it would only weary the reader; perfect ADVICE having become so plentiful in our Epoch, with little but "pavement" to a certain Locality the consequence!— There is, of the same months, a TESTIMONIAL TO POLLNITZ, which also got abroad and had its celebrity: this, as specimen of Friedrich on the comic side, will perhaps be less afflicting; and it will rid us of Pollnitz, poor soul, on handsome terms.

Goldstick Pollnitz is at Baireuth in these months; fallen quite disconsolate since we last heard of him. His fine marriage went awry,—rich lady, very wisely, drawing back;—and the foolish old creature has decided on REchanging his religion; which he has changed already thrice or so, in his vagabond straits; for the purpose of "retiring to a convent" this time. Friedrich, in candid brief manner, rough but wise, and not without some kindness for an old dog one is used to, has answered, "Nonsense; that will never do!" But Pollnitz persisting; formally demanding leave to demit, and lay down the goldstick, with that view,—Friedrich does at length send him Certificate of Leave; "which is drawn out with all the forms, and was despatched through Eichel to the proper Board;" but which bears date APRIL FIRST, and though officially valid, is of quizzical nature:—perhaps already known to some readers; having got into the Newspapers, and widely abroad, at a subsequent time. As authentic sample of Friedrich in that kind, here it accurately is, with only one or two slight abridgments, which are indicated:—

"Whereas the Baron de Pollnitz, born at Berlin [at Koln, if it made any matter], of honest parents so far as We know,—after having served Our Grandfather as Gentleman of the Chamber, Madam d'Orleans [wicked Regent's Mother, a famed German Lady] in the same rank, the King of Spain in quality of Colonel, the deceased Kaiser in that of Captain of Horse, the Pope as Chamberlain, the Duke of Brunswick as Chamberlain, Duke of Weimar as Ensign, our Father as Chamberlain, and, in fine, Us as Grand Master of the Ceremonies,"—has, in spite of such accumulation of honors, become disgusted with the world; and requests a Parting Testimony, to support his good reputation,—

"We, remembering his important services to the House, in diverting for nine years long the late King our Father, and doing the honors of our Court during the now Reign, cannot refuse such request; but do hereby certify, That the said Baron has never assassinated, robbed on the highway, poisoned, forcibly cut purses, or done other atrocity or legal crime at our Court; but has always maintained gentlemanly behavior, making not more than honest use of the industry and talents he has been endowed with at birth; imitating the object of the Drama, that is, correcting mankind by gentle quizzing; following, in the matter of sobriety, Boerhaave's counsels; pushing Christian charity so far as often to make the rich understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive;—possessing perfectly the anecdotes of our various Mansions, especially of our worn-out Furnitures; rendering himself, by his merits, necessary to those who know him; and, with a very bad head, having a very good heart.

"Our anger the said Baron never kindled but once,"—in atrociously violating the grave of an Ancestress (or Step Ancestress) of ours. [Step-Ancestress was Dorothea, the Great Elector's second Wife; of whom Pollnitz, in his *Memoirs and Letters*, repeats the rumor that once she, perhaps, tried to poison her Stepson Friedrich, First King. (See supra, vol. v. p. 47).] "But as the loveliest countries have their barren spots, the beautifullest forms their imperfections, pictures by the greatest masters their faults, We are willing to cover with the veil of oblivion those of the said Baron; do hereby grant him, with regret, the Congee he requires;—and abolish his Office altogether, to

blot it from men's memory, not judging that anybody after the said Baron can be worthy to fill it. "Done at Potsdam, this 1st of April, 1744. FREDERIC." [*OEuvres*, xv. 193.]

The Office of Grand Master of the Ceremonies was, accordingly, abolished altogether. But Pollnitz, left loose in this manner, did not gallop direct, or go at all, into monkhood, as he had expected; but, in fact, by degrees, crept home to Berlin again; took the subaltern post of Chamberlain; and there, in the old fashion (straitened in finance, making loans, retailing anecdotes, not witty but the cause of wit), wore out life's gray evening; till, about thirty years hence, he died; "died as he had lived, swindling the very night before his decease," writes Friedrich; [Letter to Voltaire, 13th August, 1775 (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 344). See Preuss, v. 241 (URKUNDENBUCH), the Letters of Friedrich to Pollnitz.] who was always rather kind to the poor old dog, though bantering him a good deal.

TWO CONQUESTS FOR PRUSSIA, A GASEOUS AND A SOLID: CONQUEST FIRST, BARBERINA THE DANCER.

Early in May, the Berlin public first saw its Barberina dance, and wrote ecstatic Latin Epigrams about that miracle of nature and art; [Rodenbeck, pp. 111, 190.]—miracle, alas, not entirely omissible by us. Here is her Story, as the Books give it; slightly mythical, I judge, in some of its non-essential parts; but good enough for the subject:—

Barberina the Dancer had cost Friedrich some trouble; the pains he took with her elegant pirouettings and poussettings, and the heavy salary he gave her, are an unexpected item in his history. He wished to favor the Arts, yes; but did he reckon Opera-dancing a chief one among them? He had indeed built an Opera-House, and gave free admissions, supporting the cost himself; and among his other governings, governed the dancer and singer troops of that establishment. Took no little trouble about his Opera:—yet perhaps he privately knew its place, after all. "Wished to encourage strangers of opulent condition to visit his Capital," say the cunning ones. It may be so; and, at any rate, he probably wished to act the King in such matters, and not grudge a little money. He really loved music, even opera music, and knew that his people loved it; to the rough natural man, all rhythm, even of a Barberina's feet, may be didactic, beneficial: do not higgel, let us do what is to be done in a liberal style. His agent at Venice— for he has agents everywhere on the outlook for him—reports that here is a Female Dancer of the first quality, who has shone in London, Paris and the Capital Cities, and might answer well, but whose terms will probably be dear. "Engage her," answers Friedrich. And she is engaged on pretty terms; she will be free in a month or two, and then start. [Zimmermann, *Fragmente uber Friedrich den Grossen* (Leipzig, 1790), i. 88–92; Collini, *ubi infra*; Denina; compare Rodenbeck, p. 191.]

Well;—but Barberina had, as is usual, subsidiary trades to her dancing: in particular, a young English Gentleman had followed her up and down, says Zimmermann, and was still here in Venice passionately attached to her. Which fact, especially which young English gentleman, should have been extremely indifferent to me, but for a circumstance soon to be mentioned. The young English gentleman, clear against Barberina's Prussian scheme, passionately opposes the same, passionately renews his own offers;—induces Barberina to inform the Prussian agent that she renounces her engagement in that quarter. Prussian agent answers that it is not renounceable; that he has legal writing on it, and that it must be kept. Barberina rises into contumacy, will laugh at all writing and compulsion. Prussian agent applies to Doge and Senate on the subject, in his King's name; who answer politely, but do nothing: "How happy to oblige so great a King; but—" And so it lasts for certain months; Barberina and the young English gentleman contumacious in Venice, and Doge and Senate merely wishing we may get her.

Meanwhile a Venetian Ambassador happens to be passing through Berlin, in his way to or from some Hyperborean State; arrives at some hotel, in Berlin;—finds, on the morrow, that his luggage is arrested by Royal Order; that he, or at least IT, cannot get farther, neither advance nor return, till Barberina do come. "Impossible, Signor: a bargain is a bargain; and States ought to have law-courts that enforce contracts entered into in their territories." The Venetian Doge and Senate do now lay hold of Barberina; pack her into post-chaises, off towards Berlin, under the charge of armed men, with the proper transit-papers,—as it were under the address, "For his Majesty of Prussia, this side uppermost,"—and thus she actually is conveyed, date or month uncertain, by Innsbruck or the Splugen, I cannot say which, over mountain, over valley, from country to country, and from stage to stage, till she arrives at Berlin; Ambassador with baggage having been let go, so soon as the affair was seen to be safe.

As for the young English gentleman passionately attached, he followed, it is understood; faithful, constant as shadow to the sun, always a stage behind; arrived in Berlin two hours after his Barberina, still passionately attached; and now, as the rumor goes, was threatening even to marry her, and so save the matter. Supremely indifferent to my readers and me. But here now is the circumstance that makes it mentionable. The young English is properly a young Scotch gentleman; James Mackenzie the name of him,—a grandson of the celebrated Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie; and younger Brother of a personage who, as Earl of Bute, became extremely conspicuous in this Kingdom in after years. That makes it mentionable,—if only in the shape of MYTH. For Friedrich, according to rumor, being still like to lose his Dancer in that manner, warned the young gentleman's friends; and had him peremptorily summoned home, and the light fantastic toe left free in that respect. Which procedure the indignant young gentleman (thinks my Author) never forgave; continuing a hater of Friedrich all his days; and instilling the same sentiment into the Earl of Bute at a period which was very critical, as we shall see. This is my Author's, the often fallacious though not mendacious Dr. Zimmermann's, rather deliberate account; a man not given to mendacity, though filled with much vague wind, which renders him fallacious in historical points.

Readers of Walpole's *George the Third* know enough of this Mackenzie, "Earl's Brother, MACKINSY," and the sorrowful difficulties about his Scotch law—office or benefice; in which matter "Mackinsy" behaves always in a high way, and only the Ministerial Outs and Inns higgler-like, vigilant of the Liberties of England, as they call them. In the end, Mackinsy kept his law—office or got it restored to him; 3,000 pounds a year without excess of work; a man much the gentleman, according to the rule then current: in contemplative rare moments, the man, looking back through the dim posterns of the mind, might see afar off a certain pirouetting Figure, once far from indifferent, and not yet quite melted into cheerless gray smoke, as so much of the rest is— to Mr. Mackinsy and us. I have made, in the Scotch Mackenzie circles, what inquiry was due; find no evidence, but various likelihoods, that this of the Barberina and him is fact, and a piece of his biography. As to the inference deduced from it, in regard to Friedrich and the Earl of Bute, on a critical occasion,— that rests entirely with Zimmermann; and the candid mind inclines to admit that, probably, it is but rumor and conjecture; street—dust sticking to the Doctor's shoes, and demanding merely to be well swept out again. Heigho!—

Barberina, though a dancer, did not want for more essential graces. Very sprightly, very pretty and intelligent; not without piquancy and pungency: the King himself has been known to take tea with her in mixed society, though nothing more; and with passionate young gentlemen she was very successful. Not long after her coming to Berlin, she made conquest of Cocceji, the celebrated Chancellor's Son; who finding no other resource, at length privately married her. Voltaire's Collini, when he came to Berlin, in 1750, recommended by a Signora Sister of the Barberina's, found the Barberina and her Mother dining daily with this Cocceji as their guest: [Collini, *Mon Sejour aupres de Voltaire* (a Paris, 1807), pp. 13–19.] Signora Barberina privately informed Collini how the matter was; Signorina still dancing all the same,—though she had money in the English funds withal; and Friedrich had been so generous as give her the fixing of her own salary, when she came to him, this—side—uppermost, in the way we described. She had fixed, too modestly thinks Collini, on 5,000 thalers (about 750 pounds) a year; having heart and head as well as heels, poor little soul. Perhaps her notablest feat in History, after all, was her leading this Collini, as she now did, into the service of Voltaire, to be Voltaire's Secretary. As will be seen. Whereby we have obtained a loyal little Book, more credible than most others, about that notable man.

At a subsequent period, Barberina decided on declaring her marriage with Cocceji; she drew her money from the English funds, purchased a fine mansion, and went to live with the said Cocceji there, giving up the Opera and public pirouettes. But this did not answer either. Cocceji's Mother scorned irreconcilably the Opera alliance; Friedrich, who did not himself like it in his Chancellor's Son, promoted the young man to some higher post in the distant Silesian region. But there, alas, they themselves quarrelled; divorced one another; and rumor again was busy. "You, Cocceji yourself, are but a schoolmaster's grandson [Barberina, one easily supposes, might have a temper withal]; and it is I, if you will recollect, that drew money from the English funds!" Barberina married again; and to a nobleman of sixteen quarters this time, and with whom at least there was no divorce. Successful with passionate gentlemen; having money from the English funds. Her last name was Grafinn—I really know not what. Her descendants probably still live, with sixteen quarters, in those parts. It was thus she did her life—journey, waltzing and walking; successfully holding her own against the world. History declares itself

ashamed of spending so many words on such a subject. But the Dancer of Friedrich, and the authoress, prime or proximate, of *Collini's Voltaire*, claims a passing remembrance. Let us, if we can easily help it, never speak of her more.

CONQUEST SECOND IS OST-FRIESLAND, OF A SOLID NATURE.

May 25th, 1744, just while Barberina began her pirouettings at Berlin, poor Karl Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, long a weak malingering creature, died, rather suddenly; childless, and the last of his House, which had endured there about 300 years. Our clever Wilhelmina at Baireuth, though readers have forgotten the small circumstance, had married a superfluous Sister-in-law of hers to this Karl Edward; and, they say, it was some fond hope of progeny, suddenly dashed into nothingness, that finished the poor man, that night of May 25th. In any case, his Territory falls to Prussia, by Reich's Settlement of long standing (1683-1694); which had been confirmed anew to the late King, Friedrich Wilhelm: --we remember how he returned with it, honest man, from that KLADRUP JOURNEY in 1732, and was sniffed at for bringing nothing better. And in the interim, his royal Hanover Cousins, coveting East Friesland, had clapt up an ERBVERBRUDERUNG with the poor Prince there (Father, I think, of the one just dead): "A thing ULTRA VIRES," argued Lawyers; "private, quasi-clandestine; and posterior (in a sense) to Reich's CONCLUSUM, 1694."

On which ground, however, George II. now sued Friedrich at Reich's Law,--Friedrich, we need not say, having instantly taken possession of Ost-Friesland. And there ensued arguing enough between them, for years coming; very great expenditure of parchment, and of mutual barking at the moon (done always by proxy, and easy to do); which doubtless increased the mutual ill-feeling, but had no other effect. Friedrich, who had been well awake to Ost-Friesland for some time back, and had given his Official people (Cocceji his Minister of Justice, Chancellor by and by, and one or two subordinates) their precise Instructions, laid hold of it, with a maximum of promptitude; thereby quashing a great deal of much more dangerous litigation than Uncle George's.

"In all Germany, not excepting even Mecklenburg, there had been no more anarchic spot than Ost-Friesland for the last sixty or seventy years. A Country with parliamentary-life in extraordinary vivacity (rising indeed to the suicidal or internecine pitch, in two or three directions), and next to no regent-life at all. A Country that had loved Freedom, not wisely but too well! Ritter Party, Prince's Party, Towns' Party;--always two or more internecine Parties: 'False Parliament you: traitors!' 'We? False YOU, traitors!'--The Parish Constable, by general consent, kept walking; but for Government there was this of the Parliamentary Eloquences (three at once), and Freedom's battle, fancy it, bequeathed from sire to son! 'The late Karl Edzard never once was in Embden, his chief Town, though he lived within a dozen miles of it.'--And then, still more questionable, all these energetic little Parties had applied to the Neighboring Governments, and had each its small Foreign Battalion, 'To protect US and our just franchises!' Imperial Reich's--Safeguard Battalion, Dutch Battalion, Danish Battalion,--Prussian, it first of all was (year 1683, Town of Embden inviting the Great Elector), but it is not so now. The Prussians had needed to be quietly swift, on that 25th day of May, 1744.

"And truly they were so; Cocceji having all things ready; leading party-men already secured to him, troops within call, and the like. The Prussians--Embden Town-Councils inviting their astonished Dutch Battalion not to be at home--marched quietly into Embden 'next day,' and took possession of the guns. Marched to Aurich (official metropolis), Danes and Imperial Safeguard saying nothing; and, in short, within a week had, in their usual exact fashion, got firm hold of chaotic Ost-Friesland. And proceeded to manage it, in like sort,--with effects soon sensible, and steadily continuing. Their Parliamentary-life Friedrich left in its full vigor: 'Tax yourselves; what revenue you like; and see to the outlay of it yourselves. Allow me, as LANDES-HERR, some trifle of overplus: how much, then? Furthermore a few recruits,--or recruit- money in lieu, if you like better!' And it was astonishing how the Parliamentary vitality, not shortened of its least franchise, or coerced in any particular, but merely stroked the right way of the hair, by a gently formidable hand, with good head guiding, sank almost straightway into dove-life, and never gave Friedrich any trouble, whatever else it might do. The management was good; the opportunity also was good. 'In one sitting, the Prussian Agent, arbitrating between Embden and the Ritters, settled their controversy, which had lasted fifty years.' The poor Country felt grateful, which it might well do; as if for the laying of goblins, for the ending of long-continued local typhoon! Friedrich's first Visit, in 1751, was welcomed with universal jubilation; and poor Ost-Friesland thanked him in still more solid ways, when occasion rose. [Ranke, iii. 370-382.]

"It is not an important Country:--only about the size of Cheshire; wet like it, and much inferior to it in

cheese, in resources for leather and live-stock, though it perhaps excels, again, in clover-seeds, rape-seeds, Flanders horses, and the flax products. The 'clear overplus' it yielded to Friedrich, as Sovereign Administrator and Defender, was only 3,200 pounds; for recruit-MONEY, 6,000 pounds (no recruits in CORPORE); in all, little more than 9,000 pounds a year. But it had its uses too. Embden, bigger than Chester, and with a better harbor, was a place of good trade; and brought Friedrich into contact with sea-matters; in which, as we shall find, he did make some creditable incipencies, raising expectations in the world; and might have carried it farther, had not new Wars, far worse than this now at hand, interrupted him."

Friedrich was at Pymont, taking the waters, while this of Friesland fell out; he had gone thither May 20th; was just arrived there, four days before the death of Karl Edzard. [Rodenbeck, p. 102.] His Officials, well pre-instructed, managed the Ost-Friesland Question mainly themselves. Friedrich was taking the waters; ostensibly nothing more. But he was withal, and still more earnestly, consulting with a French Excellency (who also had felt a need of the waters), about the French Campaign for this Season: Whether Coigny was strong enough in the Middle-Rhine Countries; how their Grand Army of the Netherlands shaped to prosper; and other the like interesting points. [Ranke, iii. 165, 166.] Frankfurt Union is just signed (May 22d). Most Christian Majesty is himself under way to the Netherlands, himself going to command there, as we shall see. "Good!" answers Friedrich: "But don't weaken Coigny, think of Prince Karl on that side; don't detach from Coigny, and reduce his 60,000 to 40,000!"

Plenty of mutual consulting, as they walk in the woods there. And how profoundly obscure, to certain Official parties much concerned, judge from the following small Document, preserved by accident:—

LYTTELTON (our old Soissons Friend, now an Official in Prince Fred's Household, friend of Pitt, and much else) TO HIS FATHER AT HAGLEY.

ARGYLE STREET, LONDON, "May 5th [16th], 1744. "DEAR SIR,—Mr. West [Gilbert West, of whom there is still some memory] comes with us to Hagley; and, if you give me leave, I will bring our friend Thomson too"—oh Jamie Thamson, Jamie Thamson, oh! "His SEASONS will be published in about a week's time, and a most noble work they will be.

"I have no public news to tell you, which you have not had in the Gazettes, except what is said in Private Letters from Germany, of the King of Prussia's having drunk himself into direct madness, and being confined on that account; which, if true, may have a great effect upon the fate of Europe at this critical time." Yes indeed, if true. "Those Letters say, that, at a review, he caused two men to be taken out of the line, and shot, without any cause assigned for it, and ordered a third to be murdered in the same manner; but the Major of the regiment venturing to intercede for him, his Majesty drew his sword, and would have killed the Officer too, if he, perceiving his madness, had not taken the liberty to save himself, by disarming the King; who was immediately shut up; and the Queen, his Mother, has taken the Regency upon herself till his recovery." PAPA! "I do not give you this news for certain; but it is generally believed in town. Lord Chesterfield says, 'He is only thought to be MAD in Germany, because he has MORE WIT than other Germans.'

"The King of Sardinia's Retreat from his lines at Villa Franca, and the loss of that Town [20th April, one of those furious tussles, French and Spaniard VERSUS Sardinian Majesty, in the COULISSES or side-scenes of the Italian War-Theatre, neither stage nor side-scenes of which shall concern us in this place], certainly bear a very ill aspect; but it is not considered as"—anything to speak of; nor was it. "We expect with impatience to know what will be the effect of the Dutch Ambassador to Paris,—[to Valenciennes, as it turns out, King Louis, on his high errand to the Netherlands, being got so far; and the "effect" was no effect at all, except good words on his part, and persistence in the battering down of Menin and the Dutch Barrier, of which we shall hear ere long].

"I pray God the Summer may be happy to us, by being more easy than usual to you,"—dear Father, much suffering by incurable ailments. "It is the only thing wanting to make Hagley Park a Paradise.

"Poor Pope is, I am afraid, going to resign all that can die of him to death;"—did actually die, 30th May (10th June): a world-tragedy that too, though in small compass, and acting itself next door, at Twickenham, without noise; a star of the firmament going out;— twin-star, Swift (Carteret's old friend), likewise going out, sunk in the socket, "a driveller and a show." ... "I am, with the truest respect and affection, dear Sir, your most dutiful Son,—

"GEORGE LYTTELTON." [Ayscough, *Lord Lyttelton's Miscellaneous Works*, (Lond., 1776), iii. 318.]

Friedrich returned from Pymont, 11th June; saw, with a grief of his own, with many thoughts well hidden, his Sister Ulrique whirled away from him, 26th July, in the gray of the summer dawn. In Berlin, in Prussia, nobody

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but one is aware of worse just coming. And now the War-drums suddenly awaken again; and poor readers--not to speak of poor Prussia and its King!--must return to that uncomfortable sphere, till things mend.

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**BOOK XV. SECOND SILESIAN WAR, IMPORTANT EPISODE IN THE
GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE. 15th Aug. 1744–25th Dec. 1745.**

Chapter I. PRELIMINARY: HOW THE MOMENT ARRIVED.

Battle being once seen to be inevitable, it was Friedrich's plan not to wait for it, but to give it. Thanks to Friedrich Wilhelm and himself, there is no Army, nor ever was any, in such continual preparation. Military people say, "Some Countries take six months, some twelve, to get in motion for war: but in three weeks Prussia can be across the marches, and upon the throat of its enemy." Which is an immense advantage to little Prussia among its big neighbors. "Some Countries have a longer sword than Prussia; but none can unsheathe it so soon:"—we hope, too, it is moderately sharp, when wielded by a deft hand.

The French, as was intimated, are in great vigor, this Year; thoroughly provoked; and especially since Friedrich sent his Rothenburg among them, have been doing their very utmost. Their main effort is in the Netherlands, at present;—and indeed, as happened, continues all through this War to be. They by no means intend, or ever did, to neglect Teutschland; yet it turns out, they have pretty much done with their fighting there. And next Year, driven or led by accidents of various kinds, they quit it altogether; and turning their whole strength upon the Netherlands and Italy, chiefly on the Netherlands, leave Friedrich, much to his astonishment, with the German War hanging wholly round HIS neck, and take no charge of it farther! In which, to Friedrich's Biographers, there is this inestimable benefit, if far the reverse to Friedrich's self: That we shall soon have done with the French, then; with them and with so much else; and may, in time coming, for most part, leave their huge Sorcerer's Sabbath of a European War to dance itself out, well in the distance, not encumbering us farther, like a circumambient Bedlam, as it has hitherto done. Courage, reader! Let us give, in a glance or two, some notion of the course things took, and what moment it was when Friedrich struck in;—whom alone, or almost alone, we hope to follow thenceforth; "Dismal Swamp" (so gracious was Heaven to us) lying now mostly to rearward, little as we hoped it!

It was mere accident, a series of bad accidents, that led King Louis and his Ministers into gradually forsaking Friedrich. They were the farthest in the world from intending such a thing. Contrariwise, what brain-beating, diplomatic spider-weaving, practical contriving, now and afterwards, for that object; especially now! Rothenburg, Noailles, Belleisle, Cardinal Tencin, have been busy; not less the mistress Chateauroux, who admires Friedrich, being indeed a high-minded unfortunate female, as they say; and has thrown out Amelot, not for stammering alone. They are able, almost high people, this new Chateauroux Ministry, compared with some; and already show results.

Nay, what is most important of all, France has (unconsciously, or by mere help of Noailles and luck) got a real General to her Armies: Comte de Saxe, now Marechal de Saxe; who will shine very splendid in these Netherland operations,—counter-shone by mere Wades, D'Ahrembergs, Cumberlands,—in this and the Four following Years. Noailles had always recognized Comte de Saxe; had long striven for him, in Official quarters; and here gets the light of him unveiled at last, and set on a high place: loyal Noailles.

This was the Year, this 1744, when Louis XV., urged by his Chateauroux, the high-souled unfortunate female, appeared in person at the head of his troops: "Go, Sire, go, MON CHOU (and I will accompany); show yourself where a King should be, at the head of your troops; be a second Louis-le-Grand!" Which he did, his Chateauroux and he; actually went to the Netherlands, with baggage-train immeasurable, including not cooks only, but play-actors with their thunder-barrels (off from Paris, May 3d), to the admiration of the Universe. [Adelung, iv. 113; Barbier, ii. 391, 394; Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris*; Took the command, nominal-command, first days of June; and captured in no-time Menin, Ipres, Furnes, and the Fort of Knock, and as much of the Austrian Netherlands as he liked,—that is to say, saw Noailles and Saxe do it;—walking rapidly forward from Siege to Siege, with a most thundering artillery; old Marshal Wade and consorts dismally eating their victuals, and looking on from the distance, unable to attempt the least stroke in opposition. So that the Dutch Barrier, if anybody now cared for it, did go all flat; and the Balance of Power gets kicked out of its sacred pivot: to such purpose have the Dutch been hoisted! Terrible to think of;—had not there, from the opposite quarter, risen a surprising counterpoise; had not there been a Prince Karl, with his 70,000, pressing victoriously over the Rhine; which stayed the French in these sacrilegious procedures.

PRINCE KARL GETS ACROSS THE RHINE (20 JUNE–2 JULY, 1744).

Prince Karl, some weeks ago, at Heilbronn, joined his Rhine Army, which had gathered thither from the Austrian side, through Baiern, and from the Hither–Austrian or Swabian Winter–quarters; with full intent to be across the Rhine, and home upon Elsass and the Compensation Countries, this Summer, under what difficulties soever. Karl, or, as some whisper, old Marshal Traun, who is nominally second in command, do make a glorious campaign of it, this Year;—and lift the Cause of Liberty, at one time, to the highest pitch it ever reached. Here, in brief terms, is Prince Karl's Operation on the Rhine, much admired by military men:—

"STOCKSTADT, JUNE 20th, 1744. Some thirty and odd miles north of Mannheim, the Rhine, before turning westward at Mainz, makes one other of its many Islands (of which there are hundreds since the leap at Schaffhausen): one other, and I think the biggest of them all; perhaps two miles by five; which the Germans call KUHKOPF (Cowhead), from the shape it has,—a narrow semi–ellipse; River there splitting in two, one split (the western) going straight, the other bending luxuriantly round: so that the HIND– head or straight end of the Island lies towards France, and the round end, or cow–LIPS (so to speak) towards native Teutschland, and the woody Hills of the Berg–Strasse thereabouts. Stockstadt, chief little Town looking over into this Cowhead Island, lies under the CHIN: understand only farther that the German branch carries more than two–thirds of the River; that on the Island itself there is no town, or post of defence; and that Stockstadt is the place for getting over. Coigny and the French, some 40,000, are guarding the River hereabouts, with lines, with batteries, cordons, the best they can; Seckendorf, with 20,000 more ('Imperial' Old Bavarian Troops, revived, recruited by French pay), is in his garrison of Philipsburg, ready to help when needed:"—not moulting now, at Wembdingen, in that dismal manner; new–feathered now into "Kaiser's Army;" waiting in his Philipsburg to guard the River there. "Coigny's French have ramparts, ditches, not quite unfurnished, on their own shore, opposite this Cowhead Island (ISLE DE HERON, as they call it); looking over to the hind–head, namely: but they have nothing considerable there; and in the Island itself, nothing whatever. 'If now Stockstadt were suddenly snatched by us,' thinks Karl;—'if a few pontoons were nimbly swung in?'

"JUNE 20th,—Coigny's people all shooting FEU–DE–JOIE, for that never enough to be celebrated Capture of Menin and the Dutch Barrier a fortnight ago,—this is managed to be done. The active General Barenklau, active Brigadier Daun under him, pushes rapidly across into Kuhkopf; rapidly throws up intrenchments, ramparts, mounts cannon, digs himself in,—greatly to Coigny's astonishment; whose people hereabouts, and in all their lines and posts, are busy shooting FEU–DE–JOIE for those immortal Dutch victories, at the moment, and never dreaming of such a thing. Fresh force floods in, Prince Karl himself arrives next day, in support of Barenklau; Coigny (head–quarters at Speyer, forty miles south) need not attempt dislodging him; but must stand upon his guard, and prepare for worse. Which he does with diligence; shifting northward into those Stockstadt–Mainz parts; calling Seckendorf across the River, and otherwise doing his best,—for about ten days more, when worse, and almost worst, did verily befall him.

"No attempt was made on Barenklau; nor, beyond the alarming of the Coigny–Seckendorf people, did anything occur in Cowhead Island,— unless it were the finis of an ugly bully and ruffian, who has more than once afflicted us: which may be worth one word. Colonel Mentzel [copper–faced Colonel, originally Play–actor, "Spy in Persia," and I know not what] had been at the seizure of Kuhkopf; a prominent man. Whom, on the fifth day after ('June 25th'), Prince Karl overwhelmed with joy, by handing him a Patent of Generalcy: 'Just received from Court, my Friend, on account of your merits old and late.'—'Aha,' said Barenklau, congratulating warmly: 'Dine with me, then, Herr General Mentzel, this very day. The Prince himself is to be there, Highness of Hessen–Darmstadt, and who not; all are impatient to drink your health!' Mentzel had a glorious dinner; still more glorious drink,—Prince Karl and the others, it is said, egging him into much wild bluster and gasconade, to season their much wine. Eminent swill of drinking, with the loud coarse talk supposable, on the part of Mentzel and consorts did go on, in this manner, all afternoon: in the evening, drunk Mentzel came out for air; went strutting and staggering about; emerging finally on the platform of some rampart, face of him huge and red as that of the foggiest rising Moon;—and stood, looking over into the Lorraine Country; belching out a storm of oaths, as to his taking it, as to his doing this and that; and was even flourishing his sword by way of accompaniment; when, lo, whistling slightly through the summer air, a rifle–ball from some sentry on the French side (writers say, it was a French drummer, grown impatient, and snatching a sentry's piece) took the brain of him, or the belly of him; and he rushed down at once, a totally collapsed monster, and mere heap of dead ruin, never to trouble mankind more."

[*Guerre de Boheme*, iii. 165.] For which my readers and I are rather thankful. Voltaire, and perhaps other memorable persons, sometimes mention this brute (miraculous to the Plebs and Gazetteers); otherwise eternal oblivion were the best we could do with him. Trenck also, readers will be glad to understand, ends in jail and bedlam by and by.

"Prince Karl had not the least intention of crossing by this Cowhead Island. Nevertheless he set about two other Bridges in the neighborhood, nearer Mainz (few miles below that City); kept manoeuvring his Force, in huge half-moon, round that quarter, and mysteriously up and down; alarming Coigny wholly into the Mainz region. For the space of ten days; and then, stealing off to Schrock, a little Rhine Village above Philipsburg, many miles away from Coigny and his vigilantes, he--

"NIGHT OF 30th JUNE-1st JULY, Suddenly shot Pandour Trenck, followed by Nadasti and 6,000, across at Schrock who scattered Seckendorf's poor outposts thereabouts to the winds; 'built a bridge before morning, and next day another.' Next day Prince Karl in person appeared; and on the 3d of July, had his whole Army with its luggages across; and had seized the Lines of Lauterburg and Weissenburg (celebrated northern defence of Elsass),--much to Coigny's amazement; and remained inexpugnable there, with Elsass open to him, and to Coigny shut, for the present! [Adelung, iv. 139-141.] Coigny made bitter wail, accusation, blame of Seckendorf, blame of men and of things; even tried some fighting, Seckendorf too doing feats, to recover those Lines of Weissenburg: but could not do it. And, in fact, blazing to and fro in that excited rather than luminous condition, could not do anything; except retire into the strong posts of the background; and send express on express, swifter than the wind if you can, to a victorious King overturning the Dutch Barrier: 'Help, your Majesty, or we are lost; and France is--what shall I say!'"

"Admirable feat of Strategy! What a General, this Prince Karl!" exclaimed mankind,--Cause-of-Liberty mankind with special enthusiasm; and took to writing LIVES of Prince Karl, [For instance, *The Life of his Highness Prince Charles of with* (London, 1746); one of the most distracted Blotches ever published under the name of Book;-- wakening thoughts of a public dimness very considerable indeed, to which this could offer itself as lamp!] as well as tar-burning and TE-DEUM-ing on an extensive scale. For it had sent the Cause of Liberty bounding up again to the top of things, this of crossing the Rhine, in such fashion. And, in effect, the Cause of Liberty, and Prince Karl himself, had risen hereby to their acme or culminating point in World-History; not to continue long at such height, little as they dreamt of that, among their tar-burnings. The feat itself--contrived by Nadasti, people say, and executed (what was the real difficulty) by Traun--brought Prince Karl very great renown, this Year; and is praised by Friedrich himself, now and afterwards, as masterly, as Julius Caesar's method, and the proper way of crossing rivers (when executable) in face of an enemy. And indeed Prince Karl, owing to Traun or not, is highly respectable in the way of Generalship at present; and did in these Five Months, from June onward, really considerable things. At his very acme of Life, as well as of Generalship; which, alas, soon changed, poor man; never to culminate again. He had got, at the beginning of the Year, the high Maria Theresa's one Sister, Archduchess Maria Anna, to Wife; [Age then twenty-five gone: "born 14th September, 1718; married to Prince Karl 7th January, 1744; died, of childbirth, 16th December same year" (Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. erstes Baudchen, 54).] the crown of long mutual attachment; she safe now at Brussels, diligent Co-Regent, and in a promising family-way; he here walking on victorious:--need any man be happier? No man can be supremely happy long; and this General's strategic felicity and his domestic were fatally cut down almost together. The Cause of Liberty, too, now at the top of its orbit, was--But let us stick by our Excerpting:

"DUNKIRK, 19th JULY, 1744 [Princess Ulrique's Wedding, just two days ago]. King Louis, on hearing of the Job's-news from Elsass, instantly suspended his Conquests in Flanders; detached Noailles, detached this one and that, double-quick, Division after Division (leaving Saxe, with 45,000, to his own resources, and the fatuities of Marshal Wade); and, 19th July, himself hastens off from Dunkirk (leaving much of the luggage, but not the Chateauroux behind him), to save his Country, poor soul. But could not, in the least, save it; the reverse rather. August 4th, he got to Metz, Belleisle's strong town, about 100 miles from the actual scene; his detached reinforcements, say 50,000 men or so, hanging out ahead like flame- clouds, but uncertain how to act;--Noailles being always cunctatious in time of crisis, and poor Louis himself nothing of a Cloud-Compeller;--and then,

"METZ, AUGUST 8th, The Most Christian King fell ill; dangerously, dreadfully, just like to die. Which entirely paralyzed Noailles and Company, or reduced them to mere hysterics, and excitement of the unluminous

kind. And filled France in general, Paris in particular, with terror, lamentation, prayers of forty hours; and such a paroxysm of hero-worship as was never seen for such an object before." [Espagnac, ii. 12; Adelung, iv. 180; *Fastes de Louis XV.*, ii. 423;

For the Cause of Liberty here, we consider, was the culminating moment; Elsass, Lorraine and the Three Bishoprics lying in their quasi-moribund condition; Austrian claims of Compensation ceasing to be visions of the heated brain, and gaining some footing on the Earth as facts. Prince Karl is here actually in Elsass, master of the strong passes; elate in heart, he and his; France, again, as if fallen paralytic, into temporary distraction; offering for resistance nothing hitherto but that universal wailing of mankind, Hero-worship of a thrice-lamentable nature, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours! Most Christian Majesty, now IN EXTREMIS, centre of the basest hubbub that ever was, is dismissing Chateauroux. Noailles, Coigny and Company hang well back upon the Hill regions, and strong posts which are not yet menaced; or fly vaguely, more or less distractedly, hither and thither; not in the least like fighting Karl, much less like beating him. Karl has Germany free at his back (nay it is a German population round him here); neither haversack nor cartridge-box like to fail: before him are only a Noailles and consorts, flying vaguely about;—and there is in Karl, or under the same cloak with him at present, a talent of manoeuvring men, which even Friedrich finds masterly. If old Marshal Wade, at the other end of the line, should chance to awaken and press home on Saxe, and his remnant of French, with right vigor? In fact, there was not, that I can see, for centuries past, not even at the Siege of Lille in Marlborough's time, a more imminent peril for France.

FRIEDRICH DECIDES TO INTERVENE.

King Friedrich, on hearing of these Rhenish emergencies and of King Louis's heroic advance to the rescue, perceived that for himself too the moment was come; and hastened to inform heroic Louis, That though the terms of their Bargain were not yet completed, Sweden, Russia and other points being still in a pendent condition, he, Friedrich,—with an eye to success of their Joint Adventure, and to the indispensability of joint action, energy, and the top of one's speed now or never,—would, by the middle of this same August, be on the field with 100,000 men. "An invasion of Bohemia, will not that astonish Prince Karl; and bring him to his Rhine-Bridges again? Over which, if your Most Christian Majesty be active, he will not get, except in a half, or wholly ruined state. Follow him close; send the rest of your force to threaten Hanover; sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl. Him as he hurries homeward, ruined or half-ruined, him, or whatever Austrian will fight, I do my best to beat. We may have Bohemia, and a beaten Austria, this very Autumn: see,—and, in one Campaign, there is Peace ready for us!" This is Friedrich's scheme of action; success certain, thinks he, if only there be energy, activity, on your side, as there shall be on mine; —and has sent Count Schmettau, filled with fiery speed and determination, to keep the French full of the like, and concert mutual operations.

"Magnanimous!" exclaim Noailles and the paralyzed French Gentlemen (King Louis, I think, now past speech, for Schmettau only came August 9th): "Most sublime behavior, on his Prussian Majesty's part!" own they. And truly it is a fine manful indifference (by no means so common as it should be) to all interests, to all considerations, but that of a Joint Enterprise one has engaged in. And truly, furthermore, it was immediate salvation to the paralyzed French Gentlemen, in that alarming crisis; though they did not much recognize it afterwards as such: and indeed were conspicuously forgetful of all parts of it, when their own danger was over.

Maria Theresa's feelings may be conceived; George II's feelings; and what the Cause of Liberty in general felt, and furiously said and complained, when—suddenly as a DEUS EX MACHINA, or Supernal Genie in the Minor Theatres—Friedrich stepped in. Precisely in this supreme crisis, 7th August, 1744, Friedrich's Minister, Graf von Dohna, at Vienna, has given notice of the Frankfurt Union, and solemn Engagement entered into: "Obliged in honor and conscience; will and must now step forth to right an injured Kaiser; cannot stand these high procedures against an Imperial Majesty chosen by all the Princes of the Reich, this unheard-of protest that the Kaiser is no Kaiser, as if all Germany were but Austria and the Queen of Hungary's. Prussian Majesty has not the least quarrel of his own with the Queen of Hungary, stands true, and will stand, by the Treaty of Berlin and Breslau;—only, with certain other German Princes, has done what all German Princes and peoples not Austrian are bound to do, on behalf of their down-trodden Kaiser, formed a Union of Frankfurt; and will, with armed hand if indispensable, endeavor to see right done in that matter." [In *Adelung*, iv. 155, 156, the Declaration itself (Audience, "7th August, 1744." Dohna off homeward "on the second day after").]

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This is the astonishing fact for the Cause of Liberty; and no clamor and execration will avail anything. This man is prompt, too; does not linger in getting out his Sword, when he has talked of it. Prince Karl's Operation is likely to be marred amazingly. If this swift King (comparable to the old Serpent for devices) were to burst forth from his Silesian strengths; tread sharply on the TAIL of Prince Karl's Operation, and bring back the formidably fanged head of IT out of Alsace, five hundred miles all at once,—there would be a business!

We will now quit the Rhine Operations, which indeed are not now of moment; Friedrich being suddenly the key of events again. I add only, what readers are vaguely aware of, that King Louis did not die; that he lay at death's door for precisely one week (8th–15th August), symptoms mending on the 15th. In the interim,—Grand-Almoner Fitz-James (Uncle of our Conte di Spinelli) insisting that a certain Cardinal, who had got the Sacraments in hand, should insist; and endless ministerial intrigue being busy,—moribund Louis had, when it came to the Sacramental point, been obliged to dismiss his Chateauroux. Poor Chateauroux; an unfortunate female; yet, one almost thinks, the best man among them: dismissed at Metz here, and like to be mobbed! That was the one issue of King Louis's death-sickness. Sublime sickness; during which all Paris wept aloud, in terror and sorrow, like a child that has lost its mother and sees a mastiff coming; wept sublimely, and did the Prayers of Forty-Hours; and called King Louis Le BIEN-AIME (The Well-beloved):—merely some obstruction in the royal bowels, it turned out;—a good cathartic, and the Prayers of Forty-Hours, quite reinstated matters. Nay reinstated even Chateauroux, some time after,—"the Devil being well again," and, as the Proverb says, quitting his monastic view. Reinstated Chateauroux: but this time, poor creature, she continued only about a day:—"Sudden fever, from excitement," said the Doctors: "Fever? Poison, you mean!" whispered others, and looked for changes in the Ministry. Enough, oh, enough!—

Old Marshal Wade did not awaken, though bawled to by his Ligoniers and others, and much shaken about, poor old gentleman. "No artillery to speak of," murmured he; "want baggage-wagons, too!" and lay still. "Here is artillery!" answered the Official people; "With my own money I will buy you baggage-wagons!" answered the high Maria Anna, in her own name and her Prince Karl's, who are Joint-Governors there. Possibly he would have awakened, had they given him time. But time, in War especially, is the thing that is never given. Once Friedrich HAD struck in, the moment was gone by. Poor old Wade! Of him also enough.

Chapter II. FRIEDRICH MARCHES UPON PRAG, CAPTURES PRAG.

It was on Saturday, "early in the morning," 15th August, 1744, that Friedrich set out, attended by his two eldest Brothers, Prince of Prussia and Prince Henri, from Potsdam, towards this new Adventure, which proved so famous since. Sudden, swift, to the world's astonishment;—actually on march here, in three Columns (two through Saxony by various routes southeastward, one from Silesia through Glatz southwestward), to invade Bohemia: rumor says 100,000 strong, fact itself says upwards of 80,000, on their various routes, converging towards Prag. [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1165. Orlich (ii. 25, 27) enumerates the various regiments.] His Columns, especially his Saxon Columns, are already on the road; he joins one Column, this night, at Wittenberg; and is bent, through Saxony, towards the frontiers of Bohemia, at the utmost military speed he has.

Through Saxony about 60,000 go: he has got the Kaiser's Order to the Government of Saxony, "Our august Ally, requiring on our Imperial business a transit through you;"—and Winterfeld, an excellent soldier and negotiator, has gone forward to present said Order. A Document which flurries the Dresden Officials beyond measure. Their King is in Warsaw; their King, if here, could do little; and indeed has been inclining to Maria Theresa this long while. And Winterfeld insists on such despatch;—and not even the Duke of Weissenfels is in Town, Dresden Officials "send off five couriers and thirteen estafettes" to the poor old Duke; [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1163.] get him at last; and— The march is already taking effect; they may as well consent to it: what can they do but consent! In the uttermost flurry, they had set to fortifying Dresden; all hands driving palisades, picking, delving, making COUPURES (trenches, or sunk barricades) in the streets;—fatally aware that it can avail nothing. Is not this the Kaiser's Order? Prussians, to the amount of 60,000, are across our Frontiers, rapidly speeding on.

"Friedrich's Manifesto—under the modest Title, 'ANZEIGE DER URSACHEN (Advertisement of the Causes which have induced his Prussian Majesty to send the Romish Kaiser's Majesty some Auxiliary Troops)'—had appeared in the Berlin Newspapers Thursday, 13th, only two days before. An astonishment to all mankind; which gave rise to endless misconceptions of Friedrich: but which, supporting itself on proofs, on punctually excerpted foot-notes, is intrinsically a modest, quiet Piece; and, what is singular in Manifestoes, has nothing, or almost nothing, in it that is not, so far as it goes, a perfect statement of the fact. 'Auxiliary troops, that is our essential character. No war with her Hungarian Majesty, or with any other, on our own score. But her Hungarian Majesty, how has she treated the Romish Kaiser, her and our and the Reich's Sovereign Head, and to what pass reduced him; refusing him Peace on any terms, except those of self-annihilation; denying that he is a Kaiser at all;'—and enumerates the various Imperial injuries, with proof given, quiet footnotes by way of proof; and concludes in these words: 'For himself his Majesty requires nothing. The question here is not of his Majesty's own interest at all [everything his Majesty required, or requires, is by the Treaty of Berlin solemnly his, if the Reich and its Laws endure]: and he has taken up arms simply and solely in the view of restoring to the Reich its freedom, to the Kaiser his Headship of the Reich, and to all Europe the Peace which is so desirable.' [Given in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 121–136, with date "August, 1744."]

"'Pretences, subterfuges, lies!' exclaimed the Austrian and Allied Public everywhere, or strove to exclaim; especially the English Public, which had no difficulty in so doing;—a Public comfortably blank as to German facts or non-facts; and finding with amazement only this a very certain fact, That hereby is their own Pragmatic thunder checked in mid-volley in a most surprising manner, and the triumphant Cause of Liberty brought to jeopardy again. 'Perfidious, ambitious, capricious!' exclaimed they: 'a Prince without honor, without truth, without constancy;'—and completed, for themselves, in hot rabid humor, that English Theory of Friedrich which has prevailed ever since. Perhaps the most surprising item of which is this latter, very prominent in those old times, That Friedrich has no 'constancy,' but follows his 'caprices,' and accidental whirls of impulse:—item which has dropped away in our times, though the others stand as stable as ever. A monument of several things! Friedrich's suddenness is an essential part of what fighting talent he has: if the Public, thrown into flurry, cannot judge it well, they must even misjudge it: what help is there?

"That the above were actually Friedrich's reasons for venturing into this Big Game again, is not now disputable. And as to the rumor, which rose afterwards (and was denied, and could only be denied diplomatically

to the ear, if even to the ear), That Friedrich by Secret Article was 'to have for himself the Three Bohemian Circles, Konigsgratz, Bunzlau, Leitmeritz, which lie between Schlesien and Sachsen,' [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1081; Scholl, ii. 349.]—there is not a doubt but Friedrich had so bargained, 'Very well, if we can get said Circles!' and would right cheerfully have kept and held them, had the big game gone in all points completely well (game, to reinstate the Kaiser BOTH in Bohemia and Bavaria) by Friedrich's fine playing. Not a doubt of all this:—nor of what an extremely hypothetical outlook it then and always was; greatly too weak for enticing such a man."

Friedrich goes in Three Columns. One, on the south or left shore of the Elbe, coming in various branches under Friedrich himself; this alone will touch on Dresden, pass on the south side of Dresden; gather itself about Pirna (in the Saxon Switzerland so called, a notable locality); thence over the Metal Mountains into Bohmen, by Toplitz, by Lowositz, Leitmeritz, and the Highway called the Pascopol, famous in War. The Second Column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes on the other or north side of the Elbe, at a fair distance; marching through the Lausitz (rendezvous or starting-point was Bautzen in the Lausitz) straight south, to meet the King at Leitmeritz, where the grand Magazine is to be; and thence, still south, straight upon Prag, in conjunction with his Majesty or parallel to him. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1081.] These are the Two Saxon Columns. The Third Column, under Schwerin, collects itself in the interior of Silesia; is issuing, by Glatz Country, through the Giant Mountains, BOHMISCHE KAMME (Bohemian COMBS as they are called, which Tourists know), by the Pass of Braunau,—disturbing the dreams of Rubezahl, if Rubezahl happen to be there. This, say 20,000, will come down upon Prag from the eastern side; and be first on the ground (31st August),—first by one day. In the home parts of Silesia, well eastward of Glatz, there is left another Force of 20,000, which can go across the Austrian Border there, and hang upon the Hills, threatening Olmutz and the Moravian Countries, should need be.

And so, in its Three Columns, from west, from north, from east, the march, with a steady swiftness, proceeds. Important especially those Two Saxon Columns from west and north: 60,000 of them, "with a frightful (ENTSETZLICH) quantity of big guns coming up the Elbe." Much is coming up the Elbe; indispensable Highway for this Enterprise. Three months' provisions, endless artillery and provender, is on the Elbe; 480 big boats, with immense VORSPANN (of trace-horses, dreadful swearing, too, as I have heard), will pass through the middle of Dresden: not landing by any means. "No, be assured of it, ye Dresdeners, all flurried, palisaded, barricaded; no hair of you shall be harmed." After a day or two, the flurry of Saxony subsided; Prussians, under strict discipline, molest no private person; pay their way; keep well aloof, to south and to north, of Dresden (all but the necessary ammunition-escorts do);— and require of the Official people nothing but what the Law of the Reich authorizes to "Imperial Auxiliaries" in such case. "The Saxons themselves," Friedrich observes, "had some 40,000, but scattered about; King in Warsaw:—dreadful terror; making COUPURES and TETES-DE-PONT;—could have made no defence." Had we diligently spent eight days on them! reflects he afterwards. "To seize Saxony [and hobble it with ropes, so that at any time you could pin it motionless, and even, if need were, milk the substance out of it], would not have detained us eight days." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 53.] Which would have been the true plan, had we known what was getting ready there! Certain it is, Friedrich did no mischief, paid for everything; anxious to keep well with Saxony; hoping always they might join him again, in such a Cause. "Cause dear to every Patriot German Prince," urges Friedrich,—though Bruhl, and the Polish, once "Moravian," Majesty are of a very different opinion:—

"Maria Theresa, her thoughts at hearing of it may be imagined: 'The Evil Genius of my House afoot again! My high projects on Elsass and Lorraine; Husband for Kaiser, Elsass for the Reich and him, Lorraine for myself and him; gone probably to water!' Nevertheless she said (an Official person heard her say), 'My right is known to God; God will protect me, as He has already done.' [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1024.] And rose very strong, and magnanimously defiant again; perhaps, at the bottom of her heart, almost glad withal that she would now have a stroke for her dear Silesia again, unhindered by Paladin George and his Treaties and notions. What measures, against this nefarious Prussian outbreak, hateful to gods and men, are possible, she rapidly takes: in Bohemia, in Bavaria and her other Countries, that are threatened or can help. And abates nothing of heart or hope;— praying withal, immensely, she and her People, according to the mode they have. Sending for Prince Karl, we need not say, double- quick, as the very first thing.

"Of Maria Theresa in Hungary,—for she ran to Presburg again with her woes (August 16th, Diet just assembling there),—let us say only that Hungary was again chivalrous; that old Palfy and the general Hungarian Nation answered in the old tone,—VIVAT MARIA; AD ARMA, AD ARMA! with Tolpatches, Pandours,

Warasdins;—and, in short, that great and small, in infinite 'Insurrection,' have still a stroke of battle in them PRO REGE NOSTRO. Scarcely above a District or two (as the JASZERS and KAUEERS, in their over-cautious way) making the least difficulty. Much enthusiasm and unanimity in all the others; here and there a Hungarian gentleman complaining scornfully that their troops, known as among the best fighters in Nature, are called irregular troops,—irregular, forsooth! In one public consultation [District not important, not very spellable, though doubtless pronounceable by natives to it], a gentleman suggests that 'Winter is near; should not there be some slight provision of tents, of shelter in the frozen sleety Mountains, to our gallant fellows bound thither?' Upon which another starts up, 'When our Ancestors came out of Asia Minor, over the Palus Maeotis bound in winter ice; and, sabre in hand, cut their way into this fine Country which is still ours, what shelter had they? No talk of tents, of barracks or accommodation there; each, wrapt in his sheep skin, found it shelter sufficient. Tents!' [*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1030.] And the thing was carried by acclamation.

"Wide wail in Bohemia that War is coming back. Nobility all making off, some to Vienna or the intermediate Towns lying thitherward, some to their Country-seats; all out of Prag. Willing mind on the part of the Common People; which the Government strains every nerve to make the most of. Here are fasts, processions, Prayers of Forty-Hours; here, as in Vienna and elsewhere. In Vienna was a Three Days' solemn Fast: the like in Prag, or better; with procession to the shrine of St. Vitus,—little likely to help, I should fear. 'Rise, all fencible men,' exclaims the Government,—'at least we will ballot, and make you rise:'—Militia people enter Prag to the extent of 10,000; like to avail little, one would fear. General Harsch, with reinforcement of real soldiers, is despatched from Vienna; Harsch, one of our ablest soldiers since Khevenhuller died, gets in still in time; and thus increases the Garrison of regulars to 4,000, with a vigorous Captain to guide it. Old Count Ogilvy, the same whom Saxe surprised two years ago in the moonlight, snatching ladders from the gallows,—Ogilvy is again Commandant; but this time nominal mainly, and with better outlooks, Harsch being under him. In relays, 3,000 of the Militia men dig and shovel night and day; repairing, perfecting the ramparts of the place. Then, as to provisions, endless corn is introduced,—farmers forced, the unwilling at the bayonet's point, to deliver in their corn; much of it in sheaf, so that we have to thrash it in the market-place, in the streets that are wide: and thus in Prag is heard the sound of flails, among the Militia-drums and so many other noises. With the great church-organs growling; and the bass and treble MISERERE of the poor superstitious People rising, to St. Vitus and others. In fact, it is a general Dance of St. Vitus, —except that of the flails, and Militia-men working at the ramparts,—mostly not leading any-whither." ["LETTER from a Citizen of Prag," date, 21st Sept. (in *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1168), which gives several curious details.]

Meanwhile Friedrich's march from west, from north, from east, is flowing on; diligent, swift; punctual to its times, its places; and meets no impediment to speak of. At Tetschen on the Saxon-Bohemian Frontier,—a pleasant Schloss perched on its crags, as Tourists know, where the Elbe sweeps into Saxon Switzerland and its long stone labyrinths,—at Tetschen the Austrians had taken post; had tried to block the River, driving piles into it, and tumbling boulders into it, with a view to stop the 480 Prussian Boats. These people needed to be torn out, their piles and they: which was done in two days, the soldier part of it; and occupied the boatmen above a week, before all was clear again. Prosperous, correct to program, all the rest; not needing mention from us;—here are the few sparks from it that dwell in one's memory:—

"AUGUST 15th, 1744, King left Potsdam; joined his First Column that night, at Wittenberg. Through Mieissen, Torgau, Freyberg; is at Peterswalde, eastern slope of the Metal Mountains, August 25th; all the Columns now on Bohemian ground.

"Friedrich had crossed Elbe by the Bridge of Meissen: on the southern shore, politely waiting to receive his Majesty, there stood Feldmarschall the Duke of Weissenfels; to whom the King gave his hand," no doubt in friendly style, "and talked for above half an hour,"—with such success! thinks Friedrich by and by. We have heard of Weissenfels before; the same poor Weissenfels who was Wilhelmina's Wooer in old time, now on the verge of sixty; an extremely polite but weakish old gentleman; accidentally preserved in History. One of those conspicuous "Human Clothes-Horses" (phantasmal all but the digestive part), which abound in that Eighteenth Century and others like it; and distress your Historical studies. Poor old soul; now Feldmarschall and Commander-in-Chief here. Has been in Turk and other Wars; with little profit to himself or others. Used to like his glass, they say; is still very poor, though now Duke in reality as well as title (succeeded two egregious Brothers, some years since, who had been spendthrift): he has still one other beating to get in this world, —from

Friedrich next year. Died altogether, two years hence; and Wilhelmina heard no more of him.

"At Meissen Bridge, say some, was this Half-hour's Interview; at Pirna, the Bridge of Pirna, others say; [See Orlich, ii. 25; and *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1166.]—quite indifferent to us which. At Pirna, and hither and thither in Saxon Switzerland, Friedrich certainly was. 'Who ever saw such positions, your Majesty?' For Friedrich is always looking out, were it even from the window of his carriage, and putting military problems to himself in all manner of scenery, 'What would a man do, in that kind of ground, if attacking, if attacked? with that hill, that brook, that bit of bog?' and advises every Officer to be continually doing the like. [MILITARY INSTRUCTIONS? RULES FOR A GOOD COMMANDER OF have, for certain, read this Passage; but the reference is gone again, like a sparrow from the house— top!] That is the value of picturesque or other scenery to Friedrich, and their effect on good Prussian Officers and him.

"... At Tetschen, Colonel Kahlbutz," diligent Prussian Colonel, "plucks out those 100 Austrians from their rock nest there; makes them prisoners of war;—which detained the Leitmeritz branch of us two days. August 28th, junction at Leitmeritz thereupon. Magazine established there. Boats coming on presently. Friedrich himself camped at Lobositz in this part,"—Lobositz, or Lowositz, which he will remember one day.

"AUGUST 29th, March to Budin; that is, southward, across the Eger, arrive within forty miles of Prag. Austrian Bathyani, summoned hastily out of his Bavarian posts, to succor in this pressing emergency, has arrived in these neighborhoods,—some 12,000 regulars under him, preceded by clouds of hussars, whom Ziethen smites a little, by way of handsel;—no other Austrian force to speak of hereabouts; and we are now between Bathyani and Prag.

"SEPTEMBER 1st, To Mickowitz, near Welwarn, twenty miles from Prag. September 2d, Camp on the Weissenberg there." [*Helden- Geschichte*, i. 1080.]

And so they are all assembled about Prag, begirdling the poor City,—third Siege it has stood within these three years (since that moonlight November night in 1741);—and are only waiting for their heavy artillery to begin battering. The poor inhabitants, in spite of three sieges; the 10,000 raw militia—men, mostly of Hungarian breed; the 4,000 regulars, and Harsch and old Ogilvy, are all disposed to do their best. Friedrich is naturally in haste to get hold of Prag. But he finds, on taking survey: that the sword— in—hand method is not now, as in 1741, feasible at all; that the place is in good posture of strength; and will need a hot battering to tear it open. Owing to that accident at Tetschen, the siege— cannon are not yet come up: "Build your batteries, your Moldau— bridges, your communications, till the cannon come; and beware of Bathyani meddling with your cannon by the road!"

"Bathyani is within twenty miles of us, at Beraun, a compact little Town to southwest; gathering a Magazine there; and ready for enterprises,—in more force than Friedrich guesses. 'Drive him out, seize that Magazine of his!' orders Friedrich (September 5th); and despatches General Hacke on it, a right man,"—at whose wedding we assisted (wedding to an heiress, long since, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time), if anybody now remembered. "And on the morrow there falls out a pretty little 'Action of Beraun,' about which great noise was made in the Gazettes PRO and CONTRA: which did not dislodge Bathyani by airy means; but which might easily have ruined the impetuous Hacke and his 6,000, getting into masked batteries, Pandour whirlwinds, charges of horses 'from front, from rear, and from both flanks,'—had not he, with masterly promptitude, whirled himself out of it, snatched instantly what best post there was, and defended himself inexpugnably there, for six hours, till relief came." [DIE BEY BERAUN VORGEFALLENE ACTION (in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 136, 137).] Brilliant little action, well performed on both sides, but leading to nothing; and which shall not concern us farther. Except to say that Bathyani did now, more at his leisure, retire out of harm's way; and begin collecting Magazines at Pilsen far rearward, which may prove useful to Prince Karl, in the route Prince Karl is upon.

Siege—cannon having at last come (September 8th), the batteries are all mounted:—on Wednesday, 9th, late at night, the Artillery, "in enormous quantity," opens its dread throat; poor Prag is startled from its bed by torrents of shot, solid and shell, from three different quarters; and makes haste to stand to its guns. From three different quarters; from Bubenetsch northward; from the Upland of St. Lawrence (famed WEISSENBERG, or White—Hill) westward; and from the Ziscaberg eastward (Hill of Zisca, where iron Zisca posted himself on a grand occasion once),—which latter is a broad long Hill, west end of it falling sheer over Prag; and on another point of it, highest point of all, the Praguers have a strong battery and works. The Prag guns otherwise are not too effectual; planted mostly on low ground. By much the best Prag battery is this of the Ziscaberg. And this, after two days' experience had of it, the Prussians determine to take on the morrow.

SEPTEMBER 12th, Schwerin, who commands on that side, assaults accordingly; with the due steadfastness and stormfulness: throwing shells and balls by way of prelude. Friedrich, with some group of staff-officers and dignitaries, steps out on the Bubenetsch post, to see how this affair of the Ziscaberg will prosper: the Praguers thereabouts, seeing so many dignitaries, turn cannon on them. "Disperse, IHR HERREN; have a care!" cried Friedrich; not himself much minding, so intent upon the Ziscaberg. And could have skipt indifferently over your cannon-balls ploughing the ground,—had not one fateful ball shattered out the life of poor Prince Wilhelm; a good young Cousin of his, shot down here at his hand. Doubtless a sharp moment for the King. Prince Margraf Wilhelm and a poor young page, there they lie dead; indifferent to the Ziscaberg and all coming wars of mankind. Lamentation, naturally, for this young man,—Brother to the one who fell at Mollwitz, youngest Brother of the Margraf Karl, who commands in this Bubenetsch redoubt:—But we must lift our eye-glass again; see how Schwerin is prospering. Schwerin, with due steadfastness and stormfulness, after his prelude of bomb-shells, rushes on double-quick; cannot be withstood; hurls out the Praguers, and seizes their battery; a ruinous loss to them.

Their grand Zisca redoubt is gone, then; and two subsidiary small redoubts behind it withal, which the French had built, and named "the magpie-nests (NIDS A PIE);" these also are ours. And we overhang, from our Zisca Hill, the very roofs, as it were; and there is nothing but a long bare curtain now in this quarter, ready to be battered in breach, and soon holed, if needful. It is not needful,—not quite. In the course of three days more, our Bubenetsch battery, of enormous power, has been so diligent, it has set fire to the Water-mill; burns irretrievably the Water-mill, and still worse, the wooden Sluice of the Moldau; so that the river falls to the everywhere wadable pitch. And Governor Harsch perceives that all this quarter of the Town is open to any comer;— and, in fact, that he will have to get away, the best he can.

White flag accordingly (Tuesday, 15th): "Free withdrawal, to the Wischerad; won't you?" "By no manner of means!" answers Friedrich. Bids Schwerin from his Ziscaberg make a hole or two in that "curtain" opposite him; and gets ready for storm. Upon which Harsch, next morning, has to beat the chamade, and surrender Prisoner of War. And thus, Wednesday, 16th, it is done: a siege of one week, no more,—after all that thrashing of grain, drilling of militia, and other spirited preparation. Harsch could not help it; the Prussian cannonading was so furious. [Orlich, ii. 36–39; *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1082, and ii. 1168; *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 56;

Prag has to swear fealty to the Kaiser; and "pay a ransom of 200,000 pounds." Drilled militia, regulars, Hungarians, about 16,000,—only that many of the Tolpatches contrived to whisk loose,—are marched prisoners to Glatz and other strong places. Prag City, with plenty of provision in it, is ours. A brilliant beginning of a Campaign; the eyes of all Europe turned again, in very various humor, on this young King. If only the French do their duty, and hang well on the skirts of Marshal Traun (or of Prince Karl, the Cloak of Traun), who is hastening hitherward all he can.

Chapter III. FRIEDRICH, DILIGENT IN HIS BOHEMIAN CONQUESTS, UNEXPECTEDLY COMES UPON PRINCE KARL, WITH NO FRENCH ATTENDING HIM.

This electrically sudden operation on Prag was considered by astonished mankind, whatever else they might think about it, a decidedly brilliant feat of War: falling like a bolt out of the blue,—like three bolts, suddenly coalescing over Prag, and striking it down. Friedrich himself, though there is nothing of boast audible here or anywhere, was evidently very well satisfied; and thought the aspects good. There is Prince Karl whirling instantly back from his Strasburg Prospects; the general St. Vitus Dance of Austrian things rising higher and higher in these home parts:—reasonable hope that "in the course of one Campaign," proud obstinate Austria might feel itself so wrung and screwed as to be glad of Peace with neighbors not wishing War. That was the young King's calculation at this time. And, had France done at all as it promised,—or had the young King himself been considerably wiser than he was,—he had not been disappointed in the way we shall see!

Friedrich admits he did not understand War at this period. His own scheme now was: To move towards the southwest, there to abolish Bathyani and his Tolpatches, who are busy gathering Magazines for Prince Karl's advent; to seize the said Magazines, which will be very useful to us; then advance straight towards the Passes of the Bohemian Mountains. Towns of Furth, Waldmunchen, unfortunate Town of Cham (burnt by Trenck, where masons are now busy); these stand successive in the grand Pass, through which the highway runs; some hundred miles or so from where we are: march, at one's swiftest, thitherward, Bathyani's Magazines to help; and there await Prince Karl? It was Friedrich's own notion; not a bad one, though not the best. The best, he admits, would have been: To stay pretty much where he was; abolish Bathyani's Tolpatch people, seizing their Magazines, and collecting others; in general, well rooting and fencing himself in Prag, and in the Circles that lie thereabouts upon the Elbe,—bounded to southward by the Sazawa (branch of the Moldau), which runs parallel to the Elbe;—but well refusing to stir much farther at such an advanced season of the year.

That second plan would have been the wisest:—then why not, follow it? Too tame a plan for the youthful mind. Besides, we perceive, as indeed is intimated by himself, he dreaded the force of public opinion in France. "Aha, look at your King of Prussia again. Gone to conquer Bohemia; and, except the Three Circles he himself is to have of it, lets Bohemia go to the winds!" This sort of thing, Friedrich admits, he dreaded too much, at that young period; so loud had the criticisms been on him, in the time of the Breslau Treaty: "Out upon your King of Prussia; call you that an honorable Ally!" Undoubtedly a weakness in the young King; inasmuch, says he, as "every General [and every man, add we] should look to the fact, not to the rumor of the fact." Well; but, at least, he will adopt his own other notion; that of making for the Passes of the Bohemian Mountains; to abolish Bathyani at least, and lock the door upon Prince Karl's advent? That was his own plan; and, though second— best, that also would have done well, had there been no third.

But there was, as we hinted, a third plan, ardently favored by Belleisle, whose war—talent Friedrich much respected at this time: plan built on Belleisle's reminiscences of the old Tabor—Budweis businesses, and totally inapplicable now. Belleisle said, "Go southeast, not southwest; right towards the Austrian Frontier itself; that will frighten Austria into a fine tremor. Shut up the roads from Austria: Budweis, Neuhaus; seize those two Highroad Towns, and keep them, if you would hold Bohemia; the want of them was our ruin there." Your ruin, yes: but your enemy was not coming from Alsace and the southwest then. He was coming from Austria; and your own home lay on the southwest: it is all different now! Friedrich might well think himself bewitched not to have gone for Cham and Furth, and the Passes of the Bohmer—Wald, according to his own notion. But so it was; he yielded to the big reputation of Belleisle, and to fear of what the world would say of him in France; a weakness which he will perhaps be taught not to repeat. In fact, he is now about to be taught several things;—and will have to pay his school—wages as he goes.

FRIEDRICH, LEAVING SMALL GARRISON IN PRAG, RUSHES SWIFTLY UP THE MOLDAU VALLEY, UPON THE TABOR—BUDWEIS COUNTRY; TO PLEASE HIS FRENCH FRIENDS.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Friedrich made no delay in Prag; in haste at this late time of year. September 17th, on the very morrow of the Siege, the Prussians get in motion southward; on the 19th, Friedrich, from his post to north of the City, defiles through Prag, on march to Kunraditz,—first stage on that questionable Expedition up the Moldau Valley, right bank; towards Tabor, Budweis, Neuhaus; to threaten Austria, and please Belleisle and the French.

Prag is left under General Einsiedel with a small garrison of 5,000;—Einsiedel, a steady elderly gentleman, favorite of Friedrich Wilhelm's, has brief order, or outline of order to be filled up by his own good sense. Posadowsky follows the march, with as many meal-wagons as possible,—draught-cattle in very ineffectual condition. Our main Magazine is at Leitmeritz (should have been brought on to Prag, thinks Friedrich); Commissariat very ill-managed in comparison to what it ought to be,—to what it shall be, if we ever live to make another Campaign. Heavy artillery is left in Prag (another fault); and from each regiment, one of its baggage-wagons. [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1083; Orlich, ii. 41 et seqq.; *Frederic*, iii. 59; "We rest a day here at Kunraditz: 21st September, get to the Sazawa River; --22d, to Bistritz (rest a day);--26th, to Miltschin; and 27th, to Tabor:"--But the Diary would be tedious.

Friedrich goes in two Columns; one along the great road towards Tabor, under Schwerin this, and Friedrich mainly with him; the other to the right, along the River's bank, under Leopold, Young Dessauer, which has to go by wild country roads, or now and then roads of its own making; and much needs the pioneer (a difficult march in the shortening days). Posadowsky follows with the proviant, drawn by cattle of the horse and ox species, daily falling down starved: great swearing there too, I doubt not! General Nassau is vanguard, and stretches forward successfully at a much lighter pace.

There are two Rivers, considerable branches of the Moldau, coming from eastward; which, and first of them the Sazawa, concern us here. After mounting the southern Uplands from Prag for a day or two, you then begin to drop again, into the hollow of a River called Sazawa, important in Bohemian Wars. It is of winding course, the first considerable branch of the Moldau, rising in Teutschbrod Country, seventy or eighty miles to east of us: in regard to Sazawa, there is, at present, no difficulty about crossing; the Country being all ours. After the Sazawa, mount again, long miles, day after day, through intricate stony desolation, rocks, bogs, untrimmed woods, you will get to Miltschin, thence to Tabor: Miltschin is the crown of that rough moor country; from Prag to Tabor is some sixty miles. After Miltschin the course of those brown mountain-brooks is all towards the Luschnitz, the next considerable branch of the Moldau; branch still longer and more winding than the Sazawa; Tabor towers up near this branch; Budweis, on the Moldau itself, is forty miles farther; and there at last you are out of the stony moors, and in a rich champaign comfortable to man and horse, were you but once there, after plodding through the desolations. But from that Sazawa by the Luschnitz on to Budweis, mounting and falling in such fashion, there must be ninety miles or thereby. Plod along; and keep a sharp eye on the whirling clouds of Pandours, for those too have got across upon us,—added to the other tempests of Autumn.

On the ninth day of their march, the Prussians begin to descry on the horizon ahead the steeples and chimney-tops of Tabor, on its high scarped rock, or "Hill of Zisca,"—for it was Zisca and his Hussites that built themselves this Bit of Inexpugnability, and named it Tabor from their Bibles,—in those waste mountain regions. On the tenth day (27th September), the Prussians without difficulty took Tabor; walls being ruined, garrison small. We lie at Tabor till the 30th, last day of September. Thence, 2d October, part of us to Moldau—Tein rightwards; where cross the Moldau by a Bridge,— "Bridge" one has heard of, in old Broglio times;—cross there, with intent (easily successful) to snatch that "Castle of Frauenberg," darling of Broglio, for which he fought his Pharsalia of a Sahay to no purpose!

Both Columns got united at Tabor; and paused for a day or two, to rest, and gather up their draggled skirts there. The Expedition does not improve in promise, as we advance in it; the march one of the most untowardly; and Posadowsky comes up with only half of his provision-carts,—half of his cattle having fallen down of bad weather, hill-roads and starvation; what could he do? That is an ominous circumstance, not the less.

Three things are against the Prussians on this march; two of them accidental things. FIRST, there is, at this late season too, the intrinsic nature of the Country; which Friedrich with emphasis describes as boggy, stony, precipitous; a waste, hungry and altogether barren Country,—too emphatically so described. But then SECONDLY, what might have been otherwise, the Population, worked upon by Austrian officials, all fly from the sight of us; nothing but fireless deserted hamlets; and the corn, if they ever had any, all thrashed and hidden. No amount of money can purchase any service from them. Poor dark creatures; not loving Austria much, but loving

some others even less, it would appear. Of Bigoted Papist Creed, for one thing; that is a great point. We do not meddle with their worship more or less; but we are Heretics, and they hate us as the Night. Which is a dreadful difficulty you always have in Bohemia: nowhere but in the Circle of Konigsgraz, where there are Hussites (far to the rear of us at this time), will you find it otherwise. This is difficulty second.

Then, THIRDLY, what much aggravates it,--we neglected to abolish Bathyani! And here are Bathyani's Pandours come across the Moldau on us. Plenty of Pandours;--to whom "10,000 fresh Hungarians," of a new Insurrection which has been got up there, are daily speeding forward to add themselves:--such a swarm of hornets, as darkens the very daylight for you. Vain to scourge them down, to burn them off by blaze of gunpowder: they fly fast; but are straightway back again. They lurk in these bushy wildernesses, scraggy woods: no foraging possible, unless whole regiments are sent out to do it; you cannot get a letter safely carried for them. They are an unspeakable contemptible grief to the earnest leader of men.--Let us proceed, however; it will serve nothing to complain. Let us hope the French sit well on the skirts of Prince Karl: these sorrowful labors may all turn to good, in that case.

Friedrich pushes on from Tabor; shoots partly (as we have seen) across the Moldau, to the left bank as well; captures romantic Frauenberg on its high rock, where Broglio got into such a fluster once. We could push to Pisek, too, and make a "Bivouac of Pisek," if we lost our wits! Nassau is in Budweis, in Neuhaus; and proper garrisons are gone thither: nothing wanting on our side of the business. But these Pandours, these 10,000 Insurrection Hungarians, with their Trencks spurring them! A continual unblest swarm of hornets, these; which shut out the very light of day from us. Too literally the light of day: we can get no free messaging from part to part of our own Army even. "As many as six Orderlies have been despatched to an outlying General; and not one of them could get through to him. They have snapt up three Letter-bags destined for the King himself. For four weeks he is absolutely shut out from the rest of Europe;" knows not in the least what the Kaiser, or the Most Christian or any other King, is doing; or whether the French are sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts, or not attempting that at all. This also is a thing to be amended, a thing you had to learn, your Majesty? An Army absolutely shut out from news, from letters, messages to or fro, and groping its way in darkness, owing to these circumambient thunder-clouds of Tolpatches, is not a well-situated Army! And alas, when at last the Letter-bag did get through, and-- But let us not anticipate!

At Tabor there arose two opinions; which, in spite of the King's presence, was a new difficulty. South from Tabor a day's march, the Highway splits; direct way for Vienna; left-hand goes to Neuhaus, right-hand, or straightforward rather, goes to Budweis, bearing upon Linz: which of these two? Nassau has already seized Budweis; and it is a habitable champaign country in comparison. Neuhaus, farther from the Moldau and its uses, but more imminent on Austria, would be easy to seize; and would frighten the Enemy more. Leopold the Young Dcssauer is for Budweis; rapid Schwerin, a hardy outspoken man, is emphatic for the other place as Head-quarter. So emphatic are both, that the two Generals quarrel there; and Friedrich needs his authority to keep them from outbreaks, from open incompatibility henceforth, which would be destructive to the service. For the rest, Friedrich seizes both places; sends a detachment to Neuhaus as well; but holds by Budweis and the Moldau region with his main Army; which was not quite gratifying to the hardy Schwerin. On the opposite or left bank, holding Frauenberg, the renowned Hill-fortress there, we make inroads at discretion: but the country is woody, favorable to Pandours; and the right bank is our chief scene of action. How we are to maintain ourselves in this country? To winter in these towns between the Sazawa and the Luschnitz? Unless the French sit well on Prince Karl's skirts, it will not be possible.

**THE FRENCH ARE LITTLE GRATEFUL FOR THE PLEASURE DONE THEM
AT SUCH RUINOUS EXPENSE.**

French sitting well on Prince Karl's skirts? They are not molesting Prince Karl in the smallest; never tried such a thing;--are turned away to the Brisgan, to the Upper Rhine Country; gone to besiege Freyburg there, and seize Towns; about the Lake of Constance, as if there were no Friedrich in the game! It must be owned the French do liberally pay off old scores against Friedrich,--if, except in their own imagination, they had old scores against him. No man ever delivered them from a more imminent peril; and they, the rope once cut that was strangling them, magnificently forget who cut it; and celebrate only their own distinguished conduct during and after the operation. To a degree truly wonderful.

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It was moonlight, clear as day that night, 23d August, when Prince Karl had to recross the Rhine, close in their neighborhood; [Guerre de Boheme, iii. 196.]—and instead of harassing Prince Karl "to half or to whole ruin," as the bargain was, their distinguished conduct consisted in going quietly to their beds (old Marechal de Noailles even calling back some of his too forward subalterns), and joyfully leaving Prince Karl, then and afterwards, to cross the Rhine, and march for Bohmen, at his own perfect convenience.

"Seckendorf will sit on Karl's skirts," they said: "too late for US, this season; next season, you shall see!" Such was their theory, after Louis got that cathartic, and rose from bed. Schmettau, with his importunities, which at last irritated everybody, could make nothing more of it. "Let the King of France crown his glories by the Siege of Freyburg, the conquest of Brisgau:—for behoof of the poor Kaiser, don't you observe? Hither Austria is the Kaiser's;—and furthermore, were Freyburg gone, there will be no invading of Elsass again" (which is another privately very interesting point)!

And there, at Freyburg, the Most Christian King now is, and his Army up to the knees in mud, conquering Hither Austria; besieging Freyburg, with much difficulty owing to the wet,—besieging there with what energy; a spectacle to the world! And has, for the present, but one wife, no mistress either! With rapturous eyes France looks on; with admiration too big for words. Voltaire, I have heard, made pilgrimage to Freyburg, with rhymed Panegyric in his pocket; saw those miraculous operations of a Most Christian King miraculously awakened; and had the honor to present said Panegyric; and be seen, for the first time, by the royal eyes,—which did not seem to relish him much. [The Panegyric (EPITRE AU ROI DEVANT FRIBOURG) is in OEuvres de Voltaire, xvii. 184.] Since the first days of October, Freyburg had been under constant assault; "amid rains, amid frosts; a siege long and murderous" (to the besieging party);—and was not got till November 5th; not quite entirely, the Citadels of it, till November 25th; Majesty gone home to Paris, to illuminations and triumphal arches, in the interim. [Adelung, iv. 266; Barbier, ii. 414 (13th November, for the illuminations, grand in the extreme, in spite of wild rains and winds.) It had been a difficult and bloody conquest to him, this of Freyburg and the Brisgau Country; and I never heard that either the Kaiser or he got sensible advantage by it,—though Prince Karl, on the present occasion, might be said to get a great deal.

"Seckendorf will do your Prince Karl," they had cried always: "Seckendorf and his Prussian Majesty! Are not we conquering Hither Austria here, for the Kaiser's behoof?" Seckendorf they did officially appoint to pursue; appoint or allow;—and laid all the blame on Seckendorf; who perhaps deserved his share of it. Very certain it is, Seckendorf did little or nothing to Prince Karl; marched "leisurely behind him through the Ober-Pfalz,"—skirting Baireuth Country, Karl and he, to Wilhelmina's grief; [Her Letters (OEuvres de Frederic, xxvii. i. 133, y behind him at a distance of four days," knew better than meddle with Prince Karl. So that Prince Karl, "in twenty-one marches," disturbed only by the elements and bad roads, reached Waldmunchen 26th September, in the Furth-Cham Country; [Ranke, iii. 187.] and was heard to exclaim: "We are let off for the fright, then (NOUS VOILA QUITTES POUR LA PEUR)!"—Seckendorf, finding nothing to live upon in Ober-Pfalz, could not attend Prince Karl farther; but turned leftwards home to Bavaria; made a kind of Second "Reconquest of Bavaria" (on exactly the same terms as the First, Austrian occupants being all called off to assist in Bohmen again);—concerning which, here is an Excerpt:—

"Seckendorf, following at his leisure, and joined by the Hessians and Pfalzers, so as now to exceed 30,000, leaves Prince Karl and the rest of the enterprise to do as it can; and applies himself, for his own share, as the needfulest thing, to getting hold of Bavaria again, that his poor Kaiser may have where to lay his head, and pay old servants their wages. Dreadfully exclaimed against, the old gentleman, especially by the French co-managers: 'Why did not the old traitor stick in the rear of Prince Karl, in the difficult passes, and drive him prone,—while we went besieging Freyburg, and poaching about, trying for a bit of the Brisgau while chance served!' A traitor beyond doubt; probably bought with money down: thinks Valori. But, after all, what could Seckendorf do? He is now of weight for Barenklau and Bavaria, not for much more. He does sweep Barenklau and his Austrians from Bavaria, clear out (in the course of this October), all but Ingolstadt and two or three strong towns,—Passau especially, 'which can be blockaded, and afterwards besieged if needful.' For the rest, he is dreadfully ill—off for provisions, incapable of the least, attempt on Passau (as Friedrich urged, on hearing of him again); and will have to canton himself in home-quarters, and live by his shifts till Spring.

"The noise of French censure rises loud, against not themselves, but against Seckendorf:—Friedrich, before that Tolpatch eclipse of Correspondence [when three of his Letter-bags were seized, and he fell quite dark], had

too well foreboded, and contemptuously expressed his astonishment at the blame BOTH were well earning: Passau, said he, cannot you go at least upon Passau; which might alarm the Enemy a little, and drag him homewards? 'Adieu, my dear Seckendorf, your Officer will tell you how we did the Siege of Prag. You and your French are wetted hens (POULES MOUILLEES),'— cowering about like drenched hens in a day of set rain. 'As I hear nothing of either of you, I must try to get out of this business without your help;'—otherwise it will be ill for me indeed! [Excerpted Fragment of a Letter from Friedrich,—(exact date not given, date of EXCERPT is, Donanworth Country, 23d September, 1744),—which the French Agent in Seckendorf's Army had a reading of (Campagnes de Coigny, iv. 185–187; ib. 216–219: cited in Adelung, iv. 225).] "Which latter expression alarmed the French, and set them upon writing and bustling, but not upon doing anything."

"Prince Karl had crossed the Rhine unmolested, in the clearest moonlight, August 23d–24th; Seckendorf was not wholly got to Heilbronn, September 8th: a pretty way behind Prince Karl! The 6,000 Hessians, formerly in English pay, indignant Landgraf Wilhelm [who never could forgive that Machiavellian conduct of Carteret at Hanau, never till he found out what it really was] has, this year, put into French pay. And they have now joined Seckendorf; [Espagnac, ii. 13; Buchholz, ii. 123.] Prince Friedrich [Britannic Majesty's Son-in-law], not good fat Uncle George, commanding them henceforth:—with extreme lack of profit to Prince Friedrich, to the Hessians, and to the French, as will appear in time. These 6,000, and certain thousands of Pfaltzers likewise in French pay, are now with Seckendorf, and have raised him to above 30,000;—it is the one fruit King Friedrich has got by that 'Union of Frankfurt,' and by all his long prospective haggling, and struggling for a 'Union of German Princes in general.' Two pears, after that long shaking of the tree; both pears rotten, or indeed falling into Seckendorf, who is a basket of such quality! 'Seckendorf, increased in this munificent manner, can he still do nothing?' cry the French: 'the old traitor!'—'I have no magazines,' said Seckendorf, 'nothing to live upon, to shoot with; no money!' And it is a mutual crescendo between the 'perfidious Seckendorf' and them; without work done. In the Nurnberg Country, some Hussars of his picked up Lord Holderness, an English Ambassador making for Venice by that bad route. 'Prisoner, are not you?' But they did not use him ill; on consideration, the Heads of Imperial Departments gave him a Pass, and he continued his Venetian Journey (result of it zero) without farther molestation that I heard of. [Adelung, iv. 222.]

"These French–Seckendorf cunctations, recriminations and drenched–hen procedures are an endless sorrow to poor Kaiser Karl; who at length can stand it no longer; but resolves, since at least Bavaria, though moneyless and in ruins, is his, he will in person go thither; confident that there will be victual and equipment discoverable for self and Army were he there. Remonstrances avail not: 'Ask me to die with honor, ask me not to lie rotting here;' [Ib. iv. 241.]—and quits Frankfurt, and the Reich's–Diet and its babble, 17th October, 1744 (small sorrow, were it for the last time),—and enters his Munchen in the course of a week. [17th October, 1744, leaves Frankfurt; arrives in Munchen 23d (Adelung, iv. 241–244).] Munchen is transported with joy to see the Legitimate Sovereign again; and blazes into illuminations,—forgetful who caused its past wretchednesses, hoping only all wretchedness is now ended. Let ruined huts, and Cham and the burnt Towns, rebuild themselves; the wasted hedges make up their gaps again: here is the King come home! Here, sure enough, is an unfortunate Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich, who can once more hope to pay his milk–scores, being a loved Kurfurst of Bavaria at least. Very dear to the hearts of these poor people;—and to their purses, interests and skins, has not he in another sense been dear? What a price the ambitions and cracked phantasms of that weak brain have cost the seemingly innocent population! Population harried, hungered down, dragged off to perish in Italian Wars; a Country burnt, tribulated, torn to ruin, under the harrow of Fate and ruffian Trenck and Company. Britannic George, rather a dear morsel too, has come much cheaper hitherto. England is not yet burnt; nothing burning there,—except the dull fire of deliriums; Natural Stupidities all set flaming, which (whatever it may BE in the way of loss) is not felt as a loss, but rather as a comfort for the time being;—and in fact there are only, say, a forty or fifty thousand armed Englishmen rotted down, and scarcely a Hundred Millions of money yet spent. Nothing to speak of, in the cause of Human Liberty. Why Populations suffer for their guilty Kings? My friend, it is the Populations too that are guilty in having such Kings. Reverence, sacred Respect for Human Worth, sacred Abhorrence of Human Unworth, have you considered what it means? These poor Populations have it not, or for long generations have had it less and less. Hence, by degrees, this sort of 'Kings' to them, and enormous consequences following!"—

Karl VII. got back to Munchen 23d October, 1744; and the tar–barrels being once burnt, and indispensable sortings effected, he went to the field along with Seckendorf, to encourage his men under Seckendorf, and urge

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the French by all considerations to come on. And really did what he could, poor man. But the cordage of his life had been so strained and torn, he was not now good for much; alas, it had been but little he was ever good for. A couple of dear Kurfursts, his Father and he; have stood these Bavarian Countries very high, since the Battle of Blenheim and downwards!

Chapter IV. FRIEDRICH REDUCED TO STRAITS; CANNOT MAINTAIN HIS MOLDAU CONQUESTS AGAINST PRINCE KARL.

One may fancy what were Friedrich's reflections when he heard that Prince Karl had, prosperously and unmolested, got across, by those Passes from the Ober-Pfalz, into Bohmen and the Circle of Pilsen, into junction with Bathyani and his magazines; ["At Mirotitz, October 2d" (Ranke, iii. 194); Orlich, ii. 49.] heard, moreover, that the Saxons, 20,000 strong, under Weissenfels, crossing the Metal Mountains, coming on by Eger and Karlsbad regions, were about uniting with him (bound by Treaty to assist the Hungarian Majesty when invaded);—and had finally, what confirms everything, that the said Prince Karl in person (making for Budweis, "just seen his advanced guard," said rumor under mistake) was but few miles off. Few miles off, on the other side of the Moldau;—of unknown strength, hidden in the circumambient clouds of Pandours.

Suppressing all the rages and natural reflections but those needful for the moment, Friedrich (October 4th, by Moldau-Tein) dashes across the Moldau, to seek Prince Karl, at the place indicated, and at once smite him down if possible;—that will be a remedy for all things. Prince Karl is not there, nor was; the indication had been false; Friedrich searches about, for four days, to no purpose. Prince Karl, he then learns for certain, has crossed the Moldau farther down, farther northward, between Prag and us. Means to cut us off from Prag, then, which is our fountain of life in these circumstances? That is his intention:—"Old Traun, who is with him, understands his trade!" thinks Friedrich. Traun, or the Prince, is diligently forming magazines, all the Country carrying to him, in the Town of Beneschau, hither side of the Sazawa, some seventy miles north of us, an important Town where roads meet:—unless we can get hold of Beneschau, it will be ill with us here! Across the River again, at any rate; and let us hasten thither. That is an affair which must be looked to; and speed is necessary!

OCTOBER 8th, After four days' search ending in this manner, Friedrich swiftly crosses towards Tabor again, to Bechin (over on the Luschnitz, one march), there to collect himself for Beneschau and the other intricacies. Towards Tabor again, by his Bridge of Moldau-Tein;—clouds of Pandour people, larger clouds than usual, hanging round; hidden by the woods till Friedrich is gone. Friedrich being gone, there occurs the AFFAIR OF MOLDAU-TEIN, much talked of in Prussian Books. Of which, in extreme condensation, this is the essence:—

"OCTOBER 9th. Friedrich once off to Bechin, the Pandour clouds gather on his rearguard next day at Tein Bridge here, to the number of about 10,000 [rumor counts 14,000]; and with desperate intent, and more regularity than usual, attack the Tein-Bridge Party, which consists of perhaps 2,000 grenadiers and hussars, the whole under Ziethen's charge,—obliged to wait for a cargo of Bread-wagons here. 'Defend your Bridge, with cannon, with case-shot:' that is what the grenadiers do. The Pandour cloud, with horrid lanes cut in it, draws back out of this; then plunges at the River itself, which can be ridden above or below; rides it, furious, by the thousand: 'Off with your infantry; quit the Bridge!' cries Ziethen to his Captain there: 'Retire you, Parthian-like; thrice-steady,' orders Ziethen: 'It is to be hoped our hussars can deal with this mad-doggery!' And they do it; cutting in with iron discipline, with fierceness not undrilled; a wedge of iron hussars, with ditto grenadiers continually wheeling, like so many reapers steady among wind-tossed grain; and gradually give the Pandours enough. Seven hours of it, in all: 'of their sixty cartridges the grenadiers had fired fifty-four,' when it ended, about 7 P.M. The coming Bread-wagons, getting word, had to cast their loaves into the River (sad to think of); and make for Bechin at their swiftest. But the rearguard got off with its guns, in this victorious manner: thanks to Major-General Ziethen, Colonel Reusch and the others concerned. [*Feldzuge der Preussen*, i. 268; *Orlich*, ii. 55.]

"Ziethen handsels his Major-Generalcy in this fine way: [Patent given him "3d October, 1744," only a week ago, "and ordered to be dated eight months back" (Rodenbeck, i. 109).] a man who has had promotion, and also has had none, and may again come to have none;—and is able to do either way. Never mind, my excellent tacit friend! Ziethen is five-and-forty gone; has a face which is beautiful to me, though one of the coarsest. Face thrice-honest, intricately ploughed with thoughts which are well kept silent (the thoughts, indeed, being themselves mostly inarticulate; thoughts of a simple-hearted, much-enduring, hot-tempered son of iron and oatmeal);—decidedly rather likable, with its lazily hanging under-lip, and respectable bearskin cylinder atop."

FRIEDRICH TRIES TO HAVE BATTLE FROM PRINCE KARL, IN THE MOLDAU

COUNTRIES; CANNOT, OWING TO THE SKILL OF PRINCE KARL OR OF OLD FELDMARSCHALL TRAUN;—HAS TO RETIRE BEHIND THE SAZAWA, AND ULTIMATELY BEHIND THE ELBE, WITH MUCH LABOR IN VAIN.

OCTOBER 14th–18th: RETREAT FROM BECHIN–TABOR COUNTRY TO BENESCHAU. ... "These Pandours give us trouble enough; no Magazine here, no living to be had in this Country beside them. Unfortunate Colonel Jahnus went out from Tabor lately, to look after requisitioned grains: infinite Pandours set upon him [Muhlhausen is the memorable place]; Jahnus was obstinate (too obstinate, thinks Friedrich), and perished on the ground, he and 200 of his. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 61.] Nay, next, a swarm of them came to Tabor itself, Nadasti at their head; to try whether Tabor, with its small garrison, could not be escaladed, and perhaps Prince Henri, who lies sick there, be taken? Tabor taught them another lesson; sent them home with heads broken;—which Friedrich thinks was an extremely suitable thing. But so it stands: Here by the thousand and the ten thousand they hang round us; and Prince Karl— It is of all things necessary we get hold of that Beneschau, and the Magazine he is gathering there!

"Rapidity is indispensable,—and yet how quit Tabor? We have detachments out at Neuhaus, at Budweis, and in Tabor 300 men in hospital, whom there are no means of carrying. To leave them to the Tolpaches? Friedrich confesses he was weak on this occasion; he could not leave these 300 men, as was his clear duty, in this extremity of War. He ordered in his Neuhaus Detachment; not yet any of the others. He despatched Schmerin towards Beneschau with all his speed; Schwerin was lucky enough to take Beneschau and its provender,—a most blessed fortune,—and fences himself there. Hearing which, Friedrich, having now got the Neuhaus Detachment in hand, orders the other Three, the Budweis, the Tabor here, and the Frauenberg across the River, to maintain themselves; and then, leaving those southern regions to their chance, hastens towards Beneschau and Schwerin; encamps (October 18th) near Beneschau,— 'Camp of Konopischt,' unattackable Camp, celebrated in the Prussian Books;—and there, for eight days, still on the south side of Sazawa, tries every shift to mend the bad posture of affairs in that Luschnitz–Sazawa Country. His Three Garrisons (3,000 men in them, besides the 300 sick) he now sees will not be able to maintain themselves; and he sends in succession 'eight messengers,' not one messenger of whom could get through, to bid them come away. His own hope now is for a Battle with Prince Karl; which might remedy all things. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 62–64.]"

That is Friedrich's wish; but it is by no means Traun's, who sees that hunger and wet weather will of themselves suffice for Friedrich. There ensues accordingly, for three weeks to come, in that confused Country, a series of swift shufflings, checkings and manoeuvrings between these two, which is gratifying and instructive to the strategic mind, but cannot be inflicted upon common readers. Two considerable chess–players, an old and a young; their chess–board a bushy, rocky, marshy parallelogram, running fifty miles straight east from Prag, and twenty or fewer south, of which Prag is the northwest angle, and Beneschau, or the impregnable Konopischt the southwest: the reader must conceive it; and how Traun will not fight Friedrich, yet makes him skip hither and thither, chiefly by threatening his victuals. Friedrich's main magazine is now at Pardubitz, the extreme northeast angle of the parallelogram. Parallelogram has one river in it, with the innumerable rocks and brooks and quagmires, the river Sazawa; and on the north side, where are Kuttenberg, Czaslau, Chotusitz, places again become important in this business, it is bounded by another river, the Elbe. Intricate manoeuvring there is here, for three weeks following: "old Traun an admirable man!" thinks Friedrich, who ever after recognized Traun as his Schoolmaster in the art of War. We mark here and there a date, and leave it to readers.

"RADICZ, OCTOBER 21st–22d. At Radicz, a march to southwest of us, and on our side of the Moldau, the Saxons, under Weissenfels, 20,000 effective, join Prince Karl; which raises his force to 69,514 men, some 10,000 more than Friedrich is master of. [Orlich, ii. 66.] Prospect of wintering between the Luschnitz and the Sazawa there is now little; unless they will fight us, and be beaten. Friedrich, from his inaccessible Camp of Konopischt, manoeuvres, reconnoitres, in all directions, to produce this result; but to no purpose. An Austrian Detachment did come, to look after Beneschau and the Magazines there; but rapidly drew back again, finding Konopischt on their road, and how matters were. Friedrich will guard the door of this Sazawa–Elbe tract of Country; hope of the Sazawa–Luschnitz tract has, in few days, fallen extinct. Here is news come to Konopischt: our Three poor Garrisons, Budweis, Tabor, Frauenberg, already all lost; guns and men, after defence to the last cartridge,—in Frauenberg their water was cut off, it was eight–and–forty hours of thirst at Frauenberg:—one way or other, they are all Three gone; eight couriers galloping with message, 'Come away,' were all picked up by the Pandours; so

they stood, and were lost. 'Three thousand fighting men gone, for the weak chance of saving three hundred who were in hospital!' thinks Friedrich: War is not a school of the weak pities. For the chance of ten, you lose a hundred and the ten too. Sazawa–Elbe tract of country, let us vigilantly keep the door of that!

"SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24th, Friedrich out reconnoitring from Konopischt discovers of a certainty that the whole Austrian–Saxon force is now advaucing towards Beneschau, and will, this night, encamp at Marschowitz, to southwest, only one march from us! On the instant Friedrich hurries back; gets his Army on march thitherward, though the late October sun is now past noon; off instantly; a stroke yonder will perhaps be the cure of all. Such roads we had, says Friedrich, as never Army travelled before: long after nightfall, we arrive near the Austrian camp, bivouac as we can till daylight return. At the first streak of day, Friedrich and his chief generals are on the heights with their spy–glasses: Austrian Army sure enough; and there they have altered their posture overnight (for Traun too has been awake); they lie now opposite our RIGHT flank; 'on a scarp'd height, at the foot of which, through swamps and quagmires, runs a muddy stream.' Unattackable on this side: their right flank and foot are safe enough. Creep round and see their left:—Nothing but copses, swampy intricacies! We may shoulder arms again, and go back to Konopischt: no fight here! [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 63, 64; Orlich, ii. 69.] Speaking of defensive Campaigns, says Friedrich didactically, years afterwards, 'If such situations are to answer the purpose intended, the front and flanks must be equally strong, but the rear entirely open. Such, for instance, are those heights which have an extensive front, and whose flanks are covered by morasses:—as was Prince Karl's Camp at Marschowitz in the year 1744, with its front covered by a stream, and the wings by deep hollows; or that which we ourselves then occupied at Konopischt,—as you well remember. [*Military Instructions* (above cited), p. 44.]

"OCTOBER 26th–NOVEMBER 1st. The Sazawa–Luschnitz tract of Country is quite lost, then; lost with damages: the question now is, Can we keep the Sazawa–Elbe tract? For about three weeks more, Friedrich struggles for that object; cannot compass that either. Want of horse–provender is very great:—country entirely eaten, say the peasants, and not a truss remaining. October 26th, Friedrich has to cross the Sazawa; we must quit the door of that tract (hunger driving us), and fight for the interior in detail. Traun gets to Beneschau in that cheap way; and now, in behalf of Traun, the peasants find forage enough, being zealous for Queen and creed. Pandours spread themselves all over this Sazawa–Elbe country; endanger our subsistences, make our lives miserable. It is the old story: Friedrich, famine and mud and misery of Pandours compelling, has to retire northward, Elbe–ward, inch by inch; whither the Austrians follow at a safe distance, and, in spite of all manoeuvring, cannot be got to fight.

"Brave General Nassau, who much distinguishes himself in these businesses, has (though Friedrich does not yet know it) dexterously seized Kolin, westward in those Elbe parts,—ground that will be notable in years coming. Important little feat of Nassau's; of which anon. On the other hand, our Magazine at Pardubitz, eastward on the Elbe, is not out of danger: Pandours and regulars 2,000 and odd, 'sixty of the Pandour kind disguised as peasants leading hay–carts,' made an attempt there lately; but were detected by the vigilant Colonel, and blown to pieces, in the nick of time, some of them actually within the gate. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 65.] Nay, a body of Austrian regulars were in full march for Kolin lately, intending to get hold of the Elbe itself at that point (midway between Prag and Pardubitz): but the prompt General Nassau, as we remarked, had struck in before them; and now holds Kolin;—though, for several days, Friedrich could not tell what had become of Nassau, owing to the swarms of Pandours.

"Friedrich, standing with his back to Prag, which is fifty miles from him, and rather in need of his support than able to give him any; and drawing his meal from the uncertain distance, with Pandours hovering round,—is in difficult case. While old Traun is kept luminous as mid–day; the circumambient atmosphere of Pandours is tenebrific to Friedrich, keeps him in perpetual midnight. He has to read his position as with flashes of lightning, for most part. A heavy–laden, sorely exasperated man; and must keep his haggard miseries strictly secret; which I believe he does. Were Valori here, it is very possible he might find the countenance FAROUCHE again; eyes gloomy, on damp November mornings! Schwerin, in a huff, has gone home: Since your Majesty is pleased to prefer his young Durchlaucht of Anhalt's advice, what can an elderly servant (not without rheumatisms) do other?—'Well!' answers Friedrich, not with eyes cheered by the phenomenon. The Elbe–Sazawa tract, even this looks as if it would be hard to keep. A world very dark for Friedrich, enveloped so by the ill chances and the Pandours. But what help?

"From the French Camp far away, there comes, dated 17th October (third week of their Siege of Freyburg), by

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way of help to Friedrich, magnanimous promise: 'So soon as this Siege is done, which will be speedily, though it is difficult, we propose to send fifty battalions and a hundred squadrons,'"—say only 60,000 horse and foot (not a hoof or toe of which ever got that length, on actually trying it),—"towards Westphalia, to bring the Elector of Koln to reason [poor Kaiser's lanky Brother, who cannot stand the French procedures, and has lately sold himself, that is sold his troops, to England], and keep the King of England and the Dutch in check,"—by way of solacement to your Majesty. Will you indeed, you magnanimous Allies?—This was picked up by the Pandours; and I know not but Friedrich was spared the useless pain of reading it. [Orlich, ii. 73.]

"NOVEMBER 1st–9th: FRIEDRICH LOSES SAZAWA–ELBE COUNTRY TOO. On the first day of November, here is a lightning–flash which reveals strange things to Friedrich. Traun's late manoeuvrings, which have been so enigmatic, to right and to left, upon Prag and other points, issue now in an attempt towards Pardubitz; which reveals to Friedrich the intention Traun has formed, of forcing him to choose one of those two places, and let go the other. Formidable, fatal, thinks Friedrich; and yet admirable on the part of Traun: 'a design beautiful and worthy of admiration.' If we stay near Prag, what becomes of our communication with Silesia; what becomes of Silesia itself? If we go towards Pardubitz, Prag and Bohmen are lost! What to do? 'Despatch reinforcement to Pardubitz; thanks to Nassau, the Kolin–Pardubitz road is ours!' That is done, Pardubitz saved for the moment. Could we now get to Kuttenberg before the old Marshal, his design were overset altogether. Alas, we cannot march at once, have to wait a day for the bread. Forward, nevertheless; and again forward, and again; three heavy marches in November weather: let us make a fourth forced march, start to–morrow before dawn,—Kuttenberg above all things! In vain; to–morrow, 4th November, there is such a fog, dark as London itself, from six in the morning onwards, no starting till noon: and then impossible, with all our efforts, to reach Kuttenberg. We have to halt an eight miles short of it, in front of Kolin; and pitch tents there. On the morrow, 5th November, Traun is found encamped, unattackable, between us and our object; sits there, at his ease in a friendly Country, with Pandour whirlpools flowing out and in; an irreducible case to Friedrich. November 5th, and for three days more, Friedrich, to no purpose, tries his utmost;—finds he will have to give up the Elbe–Sazawa region, like the others. Monday, November 9th, Friedrich gathers himself at Kolin; crosses the Elbe by Kolin Bridge, that day. Point after point of the game going against him."

Kolin was, of course, attacked, that Monday evening, so soon as the main Army crossed: but, so soon as the Army left, General Nassau had taken his measures; and, with his great guns and his small, handled the Pandours in a way that pleased us. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 68.] Thursday night following, they came back, with regular grenadiers to support; under cloud of night, in great force, ruffian Trenck at the head of them: a frightful phenomenon to weak nerves. But this also Nassau treated in such a fiery fashion that it vanished without return; three hundred dead left on the ground, and ruffian Trenck riding off with his own crown broken,—beautiful indigo face streaking itself into GINGHAM–pattern, for the moment!

Except Pardubitz, where also the due battalions are left, Friedrich now holds no post south of the Elbe in this quarter; Elbe–Sazawa Tract is gone like the others, to all appearance. And we must now say, Silesia or Prag? Prince Leopold, Council–of–War being held on the matter, is for keeping hold of Prag: "Pity to lose all the excellent siege–artillery we brought thither," says he. True, too true; an ill–managed business that of Prag! thinks Friedrich sadly to himself: but what is Prag and artillery, compared to Silesia? Parthian retreat into Silesia; and let Prag and the artillery go: that, to Friedrich, is clearly the sure course. Or perhaps the fatal alternative will not actually arrive? So long as Pardubitz and Kolin hold; and we have the Elbe for barrier? Truth is, Prince Karl has himself written to Court that, having now pushed his Enemy fairly over the Elbe, and winter being come with its sleets and slushes, ruinous to troops that have been so marched about, the Campaign ought to end;—nay, his own young Wife is in perilous interesting circumstances, and the poor Prince wishes to be home. To which, however, it is again understood, Maria Theresa has emphatically answered, "No,—finish first!"

NOVEMBER 9th–19th: WE DEFEND THE ELBE RIVER. Friedrich has posted himself on the north shore of the Elbe, from Pardubitz to the other side of Kolin; means to defend that side of the River, where go the Silesian roads. At Bohdenetz, short way across from Pardubitz, he himself is; Prince Leopold is near Kolin: thirty miles of river–bank to dispute. The controversy lasts ten days; ends in ELBE–TEINITZ, a celebrated "passage," in Books and otherwise. Friedrich is in shaggy, intricate country; no want of dingles, woods and quagmires; now and then pleasant places too,—here is Kladrup for example, where our Father came three hundred miles to dine with the Kaiser once. The grooms and colts are all off at present; Father and Kaiser are off; and much is changed

since then. Grim tussle of War now; sleety winter, and the Giant Mountains in the distance getting on their white hoods! Friedrich doubtless has his thoughts as he rides up and down, in sight of Kladrup, among other places, settling many things; but what his thoughts were, he is careful not to say except where necessary. Much is to be looked after, in this River controversy of thirty miles. Detachments lie, at intervals, all the way; and mounted sentries, a sentry every five miles, patrol the River-bank; vigilant, we hope, as lynxes. Nothing can cross but alarm will be given, and by degrees the whole Prussian force be upon it. This is the Circle of Konigsgratz, this that now lies to rear; and happily there are a few Hussites in it, not utterly indisposed to do a little spying for us, and bring a glimmering of intelligence, now and then.

It is now the second week that Friedrich has lain so, with his mounted patrols in motion, with his Hussite spies; guarding Argus-like this thirty miles of River; and the Austrians attempt nothing, or nothing with effect. If the Austrians go home to their winter-quarters, he hopes to issue from Kolin again before Spring, and to sweep the Elbe-Sazawa Tract clear of them, after all. Maria Theresa having answered No, it is likely the Austrians will try to get across: Be vigilant therefore, ye mounted sentries. Or will they perhaps make an attempt on Prag? Einsiedel, who has no garrison of the least adequacy, apprises us That "in all the villages round Prag people are busy making ladders,"—what can that mean? Friedrich has learned, by intercepted letters, that something great is to be done on Wednesday, 18th: he sends Rothenburg with reinforcement to Einsiedel, lest a scalade of Prag should be on the cards. Rothenburg is right welcome in the lines of Prag, though with reinforcement still ineffectual; but it is not Prag that is meant, nor is Wednesday the day. Through Wednesday, Friedrich, all eye and ear, could observe nothing: much marching to and fro on the Austrian side of the River; but apparently it comes to nothing? The mounted patrols had better be vigilant, however.

On the morrow, 5 A.M., what is this that is going on? Audible booming of cannon, of musketry and battle, echoing through the woods, penetrates to Friedrich's quarters at Bohdenetz in the Pardubitz region: Attack upon Kolin, Nassau defending himself there? Out swift scouts, and see! Many scouts gallop out; but none comes back. Friedrich, for hours, has to remain uncertain; can only hope Nassau will defend himself. Boom go the distant volleyings; no scout comes back. And it is not Nassau or Kolin; it is something worse: very glorious for Prussian valor, but ruinous to this Campaign.

The Austrians, at 2 o'clock this morning, Austrians and Saxons, came in great force, in dead silence, to the south brink of the River, opposite a place called Teinitz (Elbe-Teinitz), ten miles east of Kolin; that was the fruit of their marching yesterday. They sat there forbidden to speak, to smoke tobacco or do anything but breathe, till all was ready; till pontoons, cannons had come up, and some gleam of dawn had broken. At the first gleam of dawn, as they are shoving down their pontoon boats, there comes a "WER-DA, Who goes?" from our Prussian patrol across the River. Receiving no answer, he fires; and is himself shot down. One Wedell, Wedell and Ziethen, who keep watch in this part, start instantly at sound of these shots; and make a dreadful day of it for these invasive Saxon and Austrian multitudes. Naturally, too, they send off scouts, galloping for more help, to the right and to the left. But that avails not. Wild doggerly of Pandours, it would seem, have already swum or waded the River, above Teinitz and below:—"Want of vigilance!" barks Friedrich impatiently: but such a doggerly is difficult to watch with effect. At any rate, to the right and to the left, the woods are already beset with Pandours; every scout sent out is killed: and to east or to west there comes no news but an echoing of musketry, a boom of distant cannon. [Orlich, ii. 82-85.] Saxon-Austrian battalions, four or five, with unlimited artillery going, VERSUS Wedell's one battalion, with musketry and Ziethen's hussars: it is fearful odds. The Prussians stand to it like heroes; doggedly, for four hours, continue the dispute,—till it is fairly desperate; "two bridges of the enemy's now finished;"—whereupon they manoeuvre off, with Parthian or Prussian countenance, into the woods, safe, towards Kolin; "despatching definite news to Friedrich, which does arrive about 11 A.M., and sets him at once on new measures."

This is a great feat in the Prussian military annals; for which, sad as the news was, Wedell got the name of Leonidas attached to him by Friedrich himself. And indeed it is a gallant passage of war; "Forcing of the Elbe at Teinitz;" of which I could give two Narratives, one from the Prussian, and one from the Saxon side; [Seyfarth, *Beilage*, i. 595-598; *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1175-1181.] didactic, admonitory to the military mind, nay to the civic reader that has sympathy with heroisms, with work done manfully, and terror and danger and difficulty well trampled under foot. Leonidas Wedell has an admirable silence, too; and Ziethen's lazily hanging under-lip is in its old attitude again, now that the spasm is over. "WAS THUTS? They are across, without a doubt. We would

have helped it, and could not. Steady!"—

FRIEDRICH'S RETREAT; ESPECIALLY EINSIEDEL'S FROM PRAG.

Seeing, then, that they are fairly over, Friedrich, with a creditable veracity of mind, sees also that the game is done; and that same night he begins manoeuvring towards Silesia, lest far more be lost by continuing the play. One column, under Leopold the Young Dessauer, goes through Glatz, takes the Magazine of Pardubitz along with it: good to go in several columns, the enemy will less know which to chase. Friedrich, with another column, will wait for Nassau about Konigsgratz, then go by the more westerly road, through Nachod and the Pass of Braunau. Nassau, who is to get across from Kolin, and join us northwards, has due rendezvous appointed him in the Konigsgratz region. Einsiedel, in Prag, is to spike his guns, since he cannot carry them; blow up his bastions, and the like; and get away with all discretion and all diligence,—northwestward first, to Leitmeritz, where our magazines are; there to leave his heavier goods, and make eastward towards Friedland, and across the "Silesian Combs" by what Passes he can. Will have a difficult operation; but must stand to it. And speed; steady, simultaneous, regular, unresting velocity; that is the word for all. And so it is done,—though with difficulty, on the part of poor Einsiedel for one. It was Thursday, 19th November, when the Austrians got across the Elbe: on Monday, 23d, the Prussian rendezvousings are completed; and Friedrich's column, and the Glatz one under Leopold, are both on march; infinite baggage—wagons groaning orderly along ("sick—wagons well ahead," and the like precautions and arrangements), on both these highways for Silesia: and before the week ends, Thursday, 26th, even Einsiedel is under way. Let us give something of poor Einsiedel, whose disasters made considerable noise in the world, that Winter and afterwards.

"The two main columns were not much molested; that which went by Glatz, under Leopold, was not pursued at all. On the rear of Friedrich's own column, going towards Braunau, all the way to Nachod or beyond, there hung the usual doggery of Pandours, which required whipping off from time to time; but in the defiles and difficult places due precaution was taken, and they did little real damage. Truchsess von Waldburg [our old friend of the Spartan feat near Austerlitz in the MORAVIAN—FORAY time, whom we have known in London society as Prussian Envoy in bygone years] was in one of the divisions of this column; and one day, at a village where there was a little river to cross (river Mietau, Konigsgratz branch of the Elbe), got provoked injudiciously into fighting with a body of these people. Intent not on whipping them merely, but on whipping them to death, Truchsess had already lost some forty men, and the business with such crowds of them was getting hot; when, all at once a loud squeaking of pigs was heard in the village,"—apprehensive swineherd hastily penning his pigs belike, and some pig refractory;—"at sound of which, the Pandour multitude suddenly pauses, quits fighting, and, struck by a new enthusiasm, rushes wholly into the village; leaving Truchsess, in a tragi-comic humor, victorious, but half ashamed of himself. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 73.] In the beginning of December, Friedrich's column reached home, by Braunau through the Mountains, the same way part of it had come in August; not quite so brilliant in equipment now as then.

"It was upon Einsiedel's poor Garrison, leaving Prag in such haste, that the real stress of the retreat fell; its difficulties great indeed, and its losses great. Einsiedel did what was possible; but all things are not possible on a week's warning. He spiked great guns, shook endless hundredweights of powder, and 10,000 stand of arms, into the River; he requisitioned horses, oxen, without number; put mines under the bastions, almost none of which went off with effect. He kept Prag accurately shut, the Praguers accurately in the dark; took his measures prudently; and labored night and day. One measure I note of him: stringent Proclamation to the inhabitants of Prag, 'Provision yourselves for three months; nothing but starvation ahead otherwise.' Alas, we are to stand a fourth siege, then? say the Praguers. But where are provisions to be had? At such and such places; from the Royal Magazines only, if you bring a certificate and ready money! Whereby Einsiedel got delivered of his meal—magazine, for one thing. But his difficulties otherwise were immense.

"On the Thursday morning, 26th November, 1744, he marched. His wagons had begun the night before; and went all night, rumbling continuous (Anonymous of Prag [Second "LETTER from a Citizen, (date, 27th November, see supra, p. 348), in *Helden—Geschichte*, ii. 1181—1188.] hearing them well), through the Karlthor, northwest gate of Prag, across the Moldau Rridge. All night across that bridge,—Leitmeritz road, great road to the northwest:—followed finally by the march of horse and foot. But news had already fled abroad. Five hundred Pandours were in the City, backed by the Butchers' lads and other riotous GESINDEL, before the rear—guard got

away. Sad tugging and wriggling in consequence, much firing from windows, and uproarious chaos;—so that Rothenburg had at last to remount a couple of guns, and blow it off with case-shot. A drilled Prussian rear-guard struggling, with stern composure, through a real bit of burning chaos. With effect, though not without difficulty. Here is the scene on the Noldau Bridge, and past that high Hradschin [Old Palace of the Bohemian Kings (pronounce RADsheen); one of the steepest Royal Sites in the world.] mass of buildings; all Prag, not the Hradschin only, struggling to give us fatal farewell if it durst. River is covered with Pandours firing out of boats; Bridge encumbered to impassability by forsaken wagons, the drivers of which had cut traces and run; shot comes overhead from the Hradschin on our left, much shot, infinite tumult all round; thoroughfare impossible for two-wheeled vehicle, or men in rank. 'Halt!' cries Colonel Brandes, who has charge of the thing; divides them in three: 'First one party, deal with these river-boats, that Pandour doggery; second party, pull these stray wagons to right and left, making the way clear; third party, drag our own wagons forward, shoulder to shaft, and yoke them out of shot-range;—you, Captain Carlowitz,' and calls twenty volunteers to go with Carlowitz, and drag their own cannon, 'step you forward, keep the gate of that Hradschin till we all pass!' In this manner, rapid, hard of stroke, clear-headed and with stern regularity, drilled talent gets the burning Nessus'- shirt wriggled off; and tramps successfully forth with its baggages. About 11 A.M., this rearguard of Brandes's did; should have been at seven,—right well that it could be at all.

"Einsiedel, after this, got tolerably well to Leitmeritz; left his heavy baggage there; then turned at an acute angle right eastward, towards the Silesian Combs, as ordered: still a good seventy miles to do, and the weather getting snowy and the days towards their shortest. Worse still; old Weissenfels, now in Prag with his Saxons, is aware that Einsiedel, before ending, will touch on a wild high-lying corner of the Lausitz which is Saxon Country; and thitherward Weissenfels has despatched Chevalier de Saxe (in plenty of time, November 29th), with horse and foot, to waylay Einsiedel, and block the entrance of the Silesian Mountains for him. Whereupon, in the latter end of his long march, and almost within sight of home, ensues the hardest brush of all for Einsiedel. And, in the desolation of that rugged Hill country of the Lausitz, 'HOCHWALD (Upper Weld),' twenty or more miles from Bohemian Friedland, from his entrance on the Mountain Barrier and Silesian Combs, there are scenes—which gave rise to a Court-Martial before long. For unexpectedly, on the winter afternoon (December 9th), Einsiedel, struggling among the snows and pathless Hills, comes upon Chevalier de Saxe and his Saxon Detachment,—intrenched with trees, snow-redoubts, and a hollow bog dividing us; plainly unassailable;—and stands there, without covering, without 'food, fire, or salt,' says one Eye-witness, 'for the space of fourteen hours.' Gazing gloomily into it, exchanging a few shots, uncertain what more to do; the much-dubitating Einsiedel. 'At which the men were so disgusted and enraged, they deserted [the foreign part of them, I fancy] in groups at a time,' says the above Eye-witness. Not to think what became of the equipments, baggage-wagons, sick-wagons:—too evident Einsiedel's loss, in all kinds, was very considerable. Nassau, despatched by Leopold out of Glatz, from the other side of the Combs, is marching to help Einsiedel;—who knows, at this moment, where or whitherward? For the peasants are all against us; our very guides desert, and become spies. 'Push to the left, over the Hochwald top, must not we?' thinks Einsiedel: 'that is Lausitz, a Saxon Country; and Saxony, though the Saxons stand intrenched here, with the knife at our throat, are not at war with us, oh no, only allies of her Majesty of Hungary, and neutral otherwise!' And here, it is too clear, the Chevalier de Saxe stands intrenched behind his trees and snow; and it is the fourteenth hour, men deserting by the hundred, without fire and without salt; and Nassau is coming,—God knows by what road!

"Einsiedel pushes to the left, the Hochwald way; finds, in the Hochwald too, a Saxon Commandant waiting him, with arms strictly shouldered. 'And we cannot pass through this moor skirt of Lausitz, say you, then?' 'Unarmed, yes; your muskets can come in wagons after you,' replies the Saxon Commandant of Lausitz. 'Thousand thanks, Herr Commandant; but we will not give you all that trouble,' answer Einsiedel and his Prussians; 'and march on, overwhelming him with politenesses,' says Friedrich;—the approach of Nassau, above all, being a stringent civility. Of course, despatch is very requisite to Einsiedel; the Chevalier, with his force, being still within hail. The Prussians march all night, with pitch-links flaring,—nights (I think) of the 13th–15th December, 1744, up among the highlands there, rugged buttresses of the Silesian Combs: a sight enough to astonish Rubezahl, if he happened to be out! As good chance would have it, Nassau and Einsiedel, by preconcert, partly by lucky guess of their own, were hurrying by the same road: three heaven-rending cheers (December 16th) when we get sight of Nassau; and find that here is land! December 16th, we are across,—by Ruckersdorf,

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not far from Friedland (Bohmisch Friedland, not the Silesian town of that name, once Wallenstein's); --and rejoice now to look back on labor done." [*Helden- Geschichte*, ii. 1181-1190, 1191-1194; *Feldzuge*, i. 278-280.]

These were intricate strange scenes, much talked of at the time: Rothenburg, ugly Walrave, Hacke, and other known figures, concerned in them. Scenes in which Friedrich is not well informed; who much blames Einsiedel, as he is apt to do the unsuccessful. Accounts exist, both from the Prussian and from the Saxon side, decipherable with industry; not now worth deciphering to English readers. Only that final scene of the pitch-links, the night before meeting with Nassau, dwells voluntarily in one's memory. And is the farewell of Einsiedel withal. Friedrich blames him to the last: though a Court-Martial had sat on his case, some months after, and honorably acquitted him. Good solid, silent Einsiedel;--and in some months more, he went to a still higher court, got still stricter justice: I do not hear expressly that it was the winter marches, or strain of mind; but he died in 1745; and that flare of pitch-links in Rubezahl's country is the last scene of him to us,--and the end of Friedrich's unfortunate First Expedition in the Second Silesian War.

"Foiled, ultimately, then, on every point; a totally ill-ordered game on our part! Evidently we, for our part, have been altogether in the wrong, in various essential particulars. Amendment, that and no other, is the word now. Let us take the scathe and the scorn candidly home to us;--and try to prepare for doing better. The world will crow over us. Well, the world knows little about it; the world, if it did know, would be partly in the right!"--Wise is he who, when beaten, learns the reasons of it, and alters these. This wisdom, it must be owned, is Friedrich's; and much distinguishes him among generals and men. Veracity of mind, as I say, loyal eyesight superior to sophistries; noble incapacity of self-delusion, the root of all good qualities in man. His epilogue to this Campaign is remarkable;--too long for quoting here, except the first word of it and the last:--

"No General committed more faults than did the King in this Campaign. ... The conduct of M. de Traun is a model of perfection, which every soldier that loves his business ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the talent. The king has himself admitted that he regarded this Campaign as his school in the Art of War, and M. de Traun as his teacher." But what shall we say? "Bad is often better for Princes than good;--and instead of intoxicating them with presumption, renders them circumspect and modest." [*OEuvres*, iii.76, 77.] Let us still hope!--

Chapter V. FRIEDRICH, UNDER DIFFICULTIES, PREPARES FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN.

To the Court of Vienna, especially to the Hungarian Majesty, this wonderful reconquest of Bohemia, without battle fought,—or any cause assignable but Traun's excellent manoeuvring and Friedrich's imprudences and trust in the French,—was a thing of heavenly miracle; blessed omen that Providence had vouchsafed to her prayers the recovery of Silesia itself. All the world was crowing over Friedrich: but her Majesty of Hungary's views had risen to a clearly higher pitch of exultation and triumphant hope, terrestrial and celestial, than any other living person's. "Silesia back again," that was now the hope and resolution of her Majesty's high heart: "My wicked neighbor shall be driven out, and smart dear for the ill he has done; Heaven so wills it!" "Very little uplifts the Austrians," says Valori; which is true, under such a Queen; "and yet there is nothing that can crush them altogether down," adds he.

No sooner is Bohemia cleared of Friedrich, than Maria, winter as it is, orders that there be, through the Giant-Mountains, vigorous assault upon Silesia. Highland snows and ices, what are these to Pandour people, who, at their first entrance on the scene of History, "crossed the Palus-Maeotis itself [Father of Quagmires, so to speak] in a frozen state," and were sufficiently accommodated each in his own dirty sheepskin? "Prosecute the King of Prussia," ordered she; "take your winter-quarters in Silesia!"—and Traun, in spite of the advanced season, and prior labors and hardships, had to try, from the southwestern Bohemian side, what he could do; while a new Insurrection, coming through the Jablunka, spread itself over the southeast and east. Seriously invasive multitudes; which were an unpleasant surprise to Friedrich; and did, as we shall see, require to be smitten back again, and re-smitten; making a very troublesome winter to the Prussians and themselves; but by no means getting winter-quarters, as they once hoped.

In a like sense, Maria Theresa had already (December 2d) sent forth her Manifesto or Patent, solemnly apprising her ever-faithful Silesian Populations, "That the Treaty of Breslau, not by her fault, is broken; palpably a Treaty no longer. That they, accordingly, are absolved from all oaths and allegiance to the King of Prussia; and shall hold themselves in readiness to swear anew to her Majesty, which will be a great comfort to such faithful creatures; suffering, as her Majesty explains to them that they have done, under Prussian tyranny for these two years past. Immediate dead-lift effort there shall be; that is certain: and 'the Almighty God assisting, who does not leave such injustices unpunished, We have the fixed Christian hope, Omnipotence blessing our arms, of almost immediately (EHSTENS) delivering you from this temporary Bondage (BISHERIGEN JOCH).' You can pray, in the mean while, for the success of her Majesty's arms; good fighting, aided by prayer, in a Cause clearly Heaven's, will now, to appearance, bring matters swiftly round again, to the astonishment and confusion of bad men." [In *Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 1194–1198; Ib. 1201–1206, is Friedrich's Answer, "19th December, 1744."]

These are her Majesty's views; intensely true, I doubt not, to her devout heart. Robinson and the English seem not to be enthusiastic in that direction; as indeed how can they? They would fain be tender of Silesia, which they have guaranteed; fain, now and afterwards, restrain her Majesty from driving at such a pace down hill: but the declivity is so encouraging, her Majesty is not to be restrained, and goes faster and faster for the time being. And indeed, under less devout forms, the general impression, among Pragmatic people, Saxon, Austrian, British even, was, That Friedrich had pretty much ruined himself, and deserved to do so; that this of his being mere "Auxiliary" to a Kaiser in distress was an untenable pretext, now justly fallen bankrupt upon him. The evident fact, That he had by his "Frankfurt Union," and struggles about "union," reopened the door for French tribulations and rough-ridings in the Reich, was universally distasteful; all chance of a "general union of German Princes, in aid of their Kaiser," was extinct for the present.

Friedrich's rapidity had served him ill with the Public, in this as in some other instances! Friedrich, contemplating his situation, not self-delusively, but with the candor of real remorse, was by no means yet aware how very bad it was. For six months coming, partly as existing facts better disclosed themselves, as France, Saxony and others showed what spirit they were of; partly as new sinister events and facts arrived one after the other,—his outlook continued to darken and darken, till it had become very dark indeed. There is perennially the great comfort, immense if you can manage it, of making front against misfortune; of looking it frankly in the face,

and doing with a resolution, hour by hour, your own utmost against it. Friedrich never lacked that comfort; and was not heard complaining. But from December 13th, 1744, when he hastened home to Berlin, under such aspects, till June 4th, 1745, when aspects suddenly changed, are probably the worst six months Friedrich had yet had in the world. During which, his affairs all threatening to break down about him, he himself, behooving to stand firm if the worst was not to realize itself, had to draw largely on what silent courage, or private inexpugnability of mind, was in him,—a larger instalment of that royal quality (as I compute) than the Fates had ever hitherto demanded of him. Ever hitherto; though perhaps nothing like the largest of all, which they had upon their Books for him, at a farther stage! As will be seen. For he was greatly drawn upon in that way, in his time. And he paid always; no man in his Century so well; few men, in any Century, better. As perhaps readers may be led to guess or acknowledge, on surveying and considering. To see, and sympathetically recognize, cannot be expected of modern readers, in the present great distance, and changed conditions of men and things.

Friedrich, after despatching Nassau to cut out Einsiedel, had delivered the Silesian Army to the Old Dessauer, who is to command in chief during Winter; and had then hastened to Berlin,—many things there urgently requiring his presence; preparations, reparations, not to speak of diplomacies, and what was the heaviest item of all, new finance for the coming exertions. In Schweidnitz, on Leopold's appearance, there had been an interview, due consultings, orderings; which done, Friedrich at once took the road; and was at Berlin, Monday, December 14th,—precisely in the time while Nassau and Einsiedel were marching with torchlights in Rubezahl's Country, and near ending their difficult enterprise better or worse.

Friedrich, fastening eagerly on Home business, is astonished and provoked to learn that the Austrians, not content with pushing him out of Bohmen, are themselves pushing into Schlesien,—so Old Leopold reports, with increasing emphasis day by day; to whom Friedrich sends impatient order: Hurl them out again; gather what force you need, ten thousand, or were it twenty or thirty thousand, and be immediate about it; "I will as soon be pitched (HERAUSGESCHMISSEN) out of the Mark of Brandenburg as out of Schlesien:" no delay, I tell you! And as the Old Dessauer still explains that the ten or fifteen thousand he needs are actually assembling, and cannot be got on march quite in a moment, Friedrich dashes away his incipient Berlin Operations; will go himself and do it. Haggle no more, you tedious Old Dessauer:—

BERLIN, "19th DECEMBER," 1744. "On the 21st [Monday, one week after my arriving], I leave Berlin, and mean to be at Neisse on the 24th at latest. Your Serenity will in the interim make out the Order-of-Battle [which is also Order-of-March] for what regiments are come in. For I will, on the 25th, without delay, cross the Neisse, and attack those people, cost what it may,—to chase them out of Schlesien and Glatz, and follow them so far as possible. Your Serenity will therefore take your measures, and provide everything, so far as in this short time you can, that the project may be executable the moment I arrive." [Friedrich to the Old Dessauer (*Orlich*, ii. 356).]

And rushed off accordingly, in a somewhat flamy humor; but at Schweidnitz, where the Old Dessauer met him again, became convinced that the matter was weightier than he thought; not one of Tolpatchery alone, but had Traun himself in it. Upon which Friedrich candidly drew bridle; hastened back, and, with a loss of four days, was at his Potsdam Affairs again. To which he stuck henceforth, ardently, and I think rather with increase of gloom, though without spurt of impatience farther, for three months to come. Before his return,—nay, had he known, it was the night before he went away,—a strange little thing had happened in the opposite or Western parts: surprising accident to Marechal de Belleisle; which now lies waiting his immediate consideration. But let us finish Silesia first.

OLD DESSAUER REPELS THE SILESIAN INVASION (Winter, 1744–45).

"This Silesian Affair includes due inroad of Pandours; or indeed two inroads, southwest and southeast; and in the southwest, or Traun quarter, regulars are the main element of it. Traun, 20,000 strong, PLUS stormy-enough Pandour ACCOMPANIMENT, is by this time through into Glatz; in three columns;—is master of all Glatz, except the Rock-Fortress itself; and has spread himself, right and left, along the Neisse River, and from the southwest northwards, in a skilful and dangerous manner. In concert with whom, far to the east, are Pandour whirlwinds on their own footing (brand-new 'Insurrection' of them, got thus far) starting from Olmutz and Brunn; scouring that eastern country, as far as Namslau northward [a place we were at the taking of, in old Brieg times]; much more, infesting the Mountains of the South. A rather serious thing; with Traun for general manager of it."

With Traun, we say: poor Prince Karl is off, weeks ago; on the saddest of errands. His beautiful young

Wife,—Hungarian Majesty's one Sister, Vice—Regents of the Netherlands he and she, conspicuous among the bright couples of the world,—she had a bad lying—in (child still—born), while those grand Moldau Operations went on; has been ill, poor lady, ever since; and, at Brussels, on December 16th, she herself lies dead, Prince Karl weeping over her and the days that will not return. Prince Karl's felicities, private and public, had been at their zenith lately, which was very high indeed; but go on declining from this day. Never more the Happiest of Husbands (did not wed again at all); still less the Greatest of Captains, equal or superior to Caesar in the Gazetteer judgment, with distracted EULOGIES, BIOGRAPHIES and such like filling the air: before long, a War—Captain of quite moderate renown; which we shall see sink gradually into no renown at all, and even (unjustly) into MINUS quantities, before all end. A mad world, my masters!

"Between Traun on the southwest hand, and his Pandours on the southeast, the small Prussian posts have all been driven in upon Troppau—Jagerndorf region; more and more narrowed there;—and, in fine (two days before this new Interview of Leopold and the impatient King at Schweidnitz), have had to quit the Troppau—Jagerndorf position; to quit the Hills altogether, and are now in full march towards Brieg. Of which march I should say nothing, were it not that Marwitz, Father of Wilhelmina's giggling Marmitzes, commanded;—and came by his death in the course of it; though our Wilhelmina is not now there, pen in hand, to tell us what the effects at Baireuth were. Marwitz had been left for dead on the Field of Mollwitz; lay so all night, but was nursed to some kind of strength again by those giggling young women; and came back to Schlesien, to posts of chief trust, for the last year or two,—was guarding the Mountains, and even invading Mahren, during the late Campaign;—but saw himself reduced latterly to Jagerndorf and Troppau; and had even to retreat out of these. And in the whirlpool of hurries thereupon,—how is not very clear; by apoplexy, say some; by accidental pistol from a servant of his own; in actual skirmish with Pandours,—too certainly, one way or the other, on December 23d (just during that second Interview at Schweidnitz), brave old Marwitz did suddenly sink dead, and is ended. [*Helden—Geschichte, ii. 1201.*] Even so, ye poor giggling creatures, and your loud weeping will not mend it at all!

"Friedrich, looking candidly into these phenomena, could not but see that: what with Tolpatcheries, what with Traun's 20,000 regulars, and the whole Army at their back, his Silesian Border is girt in by a very considerable inroad of Austrians,— huge Chain of them, in horse—shoe form, 300 miles long, pressing in; from beyond Glatz and Landshut, round by the southern Mountains, and up eastward again as far as Namslau, nothing but war whirlwinds in regular or irregular form, in the centre of them Traun;—and that the Old Dessauer really must have time to gird himself for dealing with Traun and them.

"It was not till January 9th that Old Leopold, 25,000 strong, equipped to his mind, which was a difficult matter, crossed the Neisse River; and marched direct upon Traun, with Ziethen charging ahead. Actually marched; after which the main wrestle was done in a week. January 16th, Old Leopold got to Jagerndorf; found the actual Traun concentrated at Jagerndorf; and drew up, to be ready for assault to—morrow morning,—had not Traun, candidly computing, judged it better to glide wholly away in the night—time, diligently towards Mahren, breaking the bridges behind him. And so, in effect, to give up the Silesian Invasion for this time. After which, though there remained a good deal of rough tussling with Pandour details, and some rugged exploits of fight, there is—except that of Lehwald in clearing of Glatz—nothing farther that we can afford to speak of. Lehwald's exploit, Lehwald VERSUS Wallis (same Wallis who defended Glogau long since), which came to be talked of, and got name and date, 'Action of Habelschwert, February 14th,' something almost like a pitched fight on the small scale, is to the following effect:—

"PLOMNITZ, NEAR HABELSCHWERT, 14th FEBRUARY, 1745. Old General Lehwald, marching in the hollow ground near Habelschwert (hollow of the young Neisse River, twenty miles south of Glatz), with intent to cut that Country free; the Enemy, whom he is in search of, appears in great force,—posted on the uphill ground ahead, half— frozen difficult stream in front of them, cannon on flank, Pandour multitude in woods; all things betokening inexpugnability on the part of the Enemy. So that Lehwald has to take his measures; study well where the vital point is, the root of that extensive Austrian junglery, and cut in upon the same. By considerable fire of effort, the uphill ground, half—frozen stream, sylvan Pandours, cannon— batteries, and what inexpugnabilities there may be, are subdued; Austrian wide junglery, the root of it slit asunder rolls homeward simultaneously, not too fast: nay it halted, and re—ranked itself twice over, finding woods and quaggy runlets to its mind; but was always slit out again, disrooted, and finally tumbled home, having had enough. 'Wenzel Wallis,' Friedrich asserts with due scorn, 'was all this while in a Chapel; praying ardently,' to St. Vitus, or one knows not whom; 'without

effect; till they shouted to him, "Beaten, Sir! Off, or you are lost!" upon which he sprang to saddle, and spurred with both heels (PIQUA DES DEUX).' [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 79. 80.] That was the feat of Lehwald, clearing the Glatz Country with one good cut: a skilful Captain; now getting decidedly oldish, close on sixty; whom we shall meet again a dozen years hence, still in harness.

"The old Serene Highness himself, face the color of gun-powder, and bluer in the winter frost, went rushing far and wide in an open vehicle, which he called his 'cart;' pushing out detachments, supervising everything; wheeling hither and thither as needful; sweeping out the Pandour world, and keeping it out: not much of fighting needed, but 'a great deal of marching [murmurs Friedrich], which in winter is as bad, and wears down the force of the battalions.' Of all which we give no detail: sufficient to fancy, in this manner, the Old Dessauer flapping his wide military wings in the faces of the Pandour hordes, with here and there a hard twitch from beak or claws; tolerably keeping down the Pandour interest all Winter. His sons, Leopold and Dietrich, were under him, occasionally beside him; the Junior Leopold so worn down with feverish gout he could hardly sit on horseback at all, while old Papa went tearing about in his cart at that rate." [*Unternehmung in Ober-Schlesien, unter dem Fursten Leopold von Anhalt-Dessau, im Januar und Februar, 1745* (Seyfarth, *Beilage*, i. 141-152); Stenzel, iv. 232;

There was, on the 21st of February, TE-DEUM sung in the churches of Berlin "for the Deliverance of Silesia from Invasion." Not that even yet the Pandours would be quite quiet, or allow Old Leopold to quit his cart; far from it. And they returned in such increased and tempestuous state, as will again require mention, with the earliest Spring:--precursors to a second, far more serious and deadly "Invasion of Silesia;" for which it hangs yet on the balance whether there will be a TE-DEUM or a MISERERE to sing!

Hungarian Majesty, disappointed of Silesia,--which, it seems, is not to be had "all at once (EHESTENS)," in the form of miracle,-- makes amends by a rush upon Seckendorf and Bavaria; attacks Seckendorf furiously ("Bathyani pressing up the Donau Valley, with Browne on one hand, and Barenklau on the other") in midwinter; and makes a terrible hand of him; reducing his "Reconquest of Bavaria" to nothing again, nay to less. Of which in due time.

THE FRENCH FULLY INTEND TO BEHAVE BETTER NEXT SEASON TO FRIEDRICH AND THEIR GERMAN ALLIES;--BUT ARE PREVENTED BY VARIOUS ACCIDENTS

(November, 1744-April, 1745; April-August, 1745).

It is not divine miracle, Friedrich knows well, that has lost him his late Bohemian Conquests without battle fought: it was rash choosing of a plan inexecutable without French co-operation,-- culpable blindness to the chance that France would break its promises, and not co-operate. Had your Majesty forgotten the Joint- Stock Principle, then? His Majesty has sorrowful cause to remember it, from this time, on a still larger scale!

Reflections, indignant or exculpatory, on the conduct of the French in this Business are useless to Friedrich, and to us. The performance, on their part, has been nearly the worst;--though their intentions, while the Austrian Dragon had them by the throat, were doubtless enthusiastically good! But, the big Austrian Dragon being jerked away from Elsass, by Friedrich's treading on his tail, 500 miles off, they were charmed, quite into new enthusiasm, to be rid of said Dragon: and, instead of chasing HIM according to bargain, took to destroying his DEN, that he might be harmless thenceforth. Freyburg is a captured Town, to the joy and glory of admiring France; and Friedrich's Campaign has gone the road we see! The Freyburg Illuminations having burnt out, there might rise, in the triumphant mind, some thought of Friedrich again,--perhaps almost of a remorseful nature? Certain it is, the French intentions are now again magnanimous, more so than ever; coupled now with some attempts at fulfilment, too; which obliges us to mention them here. They were still a matter of important hope to Friedrich; hope which did not quite go out till August coming. Though, alas, it did then go out, in gusts of indignation on Friedrich's part! And as the whole of these magnanimous French intentions, latter like former, again came to zero, we are interested only in rendering them conceivable to readers for Friedrich's sake,--with the more brevity, the better for everybody. Two grand French Attempts there were; listen, on the threshold, a little:--

... "It is certain the French intend gloriously; regardless of expense. They are dismantling Freyburg, to render it harmless henceforth. But, withal, in answer to the poor Kaiser's shrieks, they have sent Segur [our old Linz friend], with 12,000, to assist Seckendorf; 'the bravest troops in the world,'"--who did bravely take one beating (at Pfaffenhofen, as will be seen), and go home again. ("They have Coigny guarding those fine Brisgau

Conquests. And are furthermore diplomatizing diligently, not to say truculently, in the Rhine Countries; bullying poor little fat Kur–Trier, lean Kur–Koln and others, 'To join the Frankfurt Union' (not one of whom would, under menace),—though 'it is the clear duty of all Reich's–Princes with a Kaiser under oppression:'—and have marched Maillebois, directly after Freyburg, into the Middle–Rhine Countries, to Koln Country, to Mainz Country, and to and fro, in support of said compulsory diplomacies;—but without the least effect."

To the "Middle–Rhine Countries," observe, and under Maillebois, then under Conti, little matter under whom: only let readers recollect the name of it;—for it is the FIRST of the French Attempts to do something of a joint–stock nature; something for self AND Allies, instead of for self only. It caused great alarm in those months, to Britannic George and others; and brought out poor Duc d'Ahremberg with portions (no English included) of the poor Pragmatic Army, to go marching about in the winter slushes, instead of resting in bed, [Adelung, iv. 276, 420 ("December, 1744–June, 1745").]—and is indeed a very loud business in the old Gazettes and books, till August coming. Business which almost broke poor D'Ahremberg's heart, he says, "till once I got out of it" (was TURNED out, in fact): Business of Pragmatic Army, under D'Ahremberg, VERSUS Middle–Rhine Army under Maillebois, under Conti; Business now wholly of Zero VERSUS Zero to us,—except for a few dates and reflex glimmerings upon King Friedrich. Result otherwise— We shall see the Result!

"Attempt SECOND was still more important to Friedrich; being directed upon the Kaiser and Bavaria. Belleisle is to go thither and take survey; Belleisle thither first: you may judge if the intention is sincere! Valori is quite eloquent upon it. Directly after Freyburg, says he, Sechelles, that first of Commissaries, was sent to Munchen. Sechelles cleared up the chaos of Accounts; which King Louis then instantly paid. 'Your Imperial Majesty shall have Magazines also,' said Louis, regardless of expense; 'and your Army, with auxiliaries (Segur and 25,000 of them French), shall be raised to 60,000.' Belleisle then came: 'We will have Ingolstadt, the first thing, in Spring.' Alas, Belleisle had his Accident in the Harz; and all went aback, from that time." [Valori, i. 322–329.] Aback, too indisputably, all!—"And Belleisle's Accident?" Patience, readers.

"The truth is, Attempt SECOND, and chief, broke down at once [Bathyani beating it to pieces, as will be seen],—the ruins of it painfully reacting on Attempt FIRST; which had the like fate some months later;—and there was no THIRD made. And, in fact, from the date of that latter down–break, August, or end of July, 1745 [and quite especially from "September 13th," by which time several irrevocable things had happened, which we shall hear of], the French withdrew altogether out of German entanglements; and concentrated themselves upon the Netherlands, there to demolish his Britannic Majesty, as the likelier enterprise. This was a course to which, ever since the Exit of Broglio and the Oriflamme, they had been more and more tending and inclining, 'Nothing for us but loss on loss, to be had in Germany!' and so they at last frankly gave up that bad Country. They fought well in the Netherlands, with great splendor of success, under Saxe VERSUS Cumberland and Company. They did also some successful work in Italy;—and left Friedrich to bear the brunt in Germany; too glad if he or another were there to take Germany off their hand! Friedrich's feelings on his arriving at this consummation, and during his gradual advance towards it, which was pretty steady all along from those first 'drenched–hen (POULES MOUILLEES)' procedures, were amply known to Excellency Valori, and may be conceived by readers,"—who are slightly interested in the dates of them at farthest. And now for the Belleisle Accident, with these faint preliminary lights.

STRANGE ACCIDENT TO MARECHAL DE BELLEISLE IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS (20th December, 1744).

Siege of Freyburg being completed, and the River and most other things (except always the bastions, which we blow up) being let into their old channels there, Marechal de Belleisle, who is to have a chief management henceforth,—the Most Christian King recognizing him again as his ablest man in war or peace,—sets forth on a long tour of supervision, of diplomacy and general arrangement, to prepare matters for the next Campaign. Need enough of a Belleisle: what a business we have made of it, since Friedrich trod on the serpent's tail for us.! Nothing but our own Freyburg to show for ourselves; elsewhere, mere down–rush of everything whitherward it liked;—and King Friedrich got into such a humor! Friedrich must be put in tune again; something real and good to be agreed on at Berlin: let that be the last thing, crown of the whole. The first thing is, look into Bavaria a little; and how the Kaiser, poor gentleman, in want of all requisites but good–will, can be put into something of fighting posture.

"In the end of November, Marechal Duc de Belleisle, with his Brother the Chevalier (now properly the Count, there having been promotions), and a great retinue more, alights at Munchen; holds counsel with the poor Kaiser for certain days:—Money wanted; many things wanted; and all things, we need not doubt, much fallen out of square. 'Those Seckendorf troops in their winter-quarters,' say our French Inspectors and Segur people, as usual, 'do but look on it, your Excellency! Scattered, along the valleys, into the very edge of Austria; Austria will swallow them, the first thing, next year; they will never rendezvous again except in the Austrian prisons. Surely, Monseigneur, only a man ignorant of war, or with treasonous intention [or ill-off for victuals],—could post troops in that way? Seckendorf is not ignorant of war!' say they. [Valori, i. 206.] For, in fact, suspicion runs high; and there is no end to the accusations just and unjust; and Seckendorf is as ill treated as any of us could wish. Poor old soul. Probably nobody in all the Earth, but his old Wife in the Schloss of Altenburg, has any pity for him,—if even she, which I hope. He has fought and diplomatized and intrigued in many countries, very much; and in his old days is hard bested. Monseigneur, whose part is rather that of Jove the Cloud-compeller, is studious to be himself noiseless amid this noise; and makes no alteration in the Seckendorf troops; but it is certain he meant to do it, thinks Valori."

And indeed Seckendorf, tired of the Bavarian bed-of-roses, had privately fixed with himself to quit the same;—and does so, inexorable to the very Kaiser, on New-Year arriving. [*Seckendorfs Leben*, p. 365.] Succeeded by Thorryng (our old friend DRUM Thorryng), if that be an improvement. Marechal de Belleisle has still a long journey ahead, and infinitely harder problems than these,—assuagement of the King of Prussia, for example. Let us follow his remarkable steps.

"WEDNESDAY, 9th DECEMBER, 1744, the Marechal leaves Munchen, northwards through Oettingen and the Bamberg-Anspach regions towards Cassel;—journey of some three hundred and fifty miles: with a great retinue of his own; with an escort of two hundred horse from the Kaiser; these latter to prevent any outfall or insult in the Ingolstadt quarter, where the Austrians have a garrison, not at all very tightly blocked by the Seckendorf people thereabouts. No insult or outfall occurring, the Marechal dismisses his escort at Oettingen; fares forward in his twenty coaches and fourgons, some score or so of vehicles:—mere neutral Imperial Countries henceforth, where the Kaiser's Agent, as Marechal de Belleisle can style himself, and Titular Prince of the German Empire withal, has only to pay his way. By Donauworth, by Oettingen; over the Donau acclivities, then down the pleasant Valley of the Mayn. [See REVIEW OF THE CASE OF MARSHAL BELLEISLE (or Abstract of it, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, pp. 366–373);

"SUNDAY, 13th DECEMBER, Marechal de Belleisle arrives at Hanau [where we have seen Conferences held before now, and Carteret, Prince Karl and great George our King very busy], there to confer with Marshals Coigny, Maillebois and other high men, Commanders in those Rhine parts. Who all come accordingly, except Marechal Maillebois, who is sorry that he absolutely cannot; but will surely do himself the honor as Monseigneur returns." As Monseigneur returns! "And so, on Monday, 14th, Monseigneur starts for Cassel; say a hundred miles right north; where we shall meet Prince Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel, a zealous Ally; inform him how his Troops, under Seckendorf, are posted [at Vilshofen yonder; hiding how perilous their post is, or promising alterations]; perhaps rest a day or two, consulting as to the common weal: How the King of Prussia takes our treatment of him? How to smooth the King of Prussia, and turn him to harmony again? We are approaching the true nodus of our business, difficulty of difficulties; and Wilhelm, the wise Landgraf, may afford a hint or two. Thus travels magnanimous Belleisle in twenty vehicles, a man loaded with weighty matters, in these deep Winter months; suffering dreadfully from rheumatic neuralgic ailments, a Doctor one of his needfulest equipments; and has the hardest problem yet ahead of him.

"Prince Wilhelm's consultations are happily lost altogether; buried from sight forever, to the last hint,—all except as to what road to Berlin would be the best from Cassel. By Leipzig, through low-lying country, is the great Highway, advisable in winter; but it runs a hundred and thirty miles to right, before ever starting northward; such a roundabout. Not to say that the Saxons are allies of Austria,—if there be anything in that. Enemies, they, to the Most Christian King: though surely, again, we are on Kaiser's business, nay we are titular 'Prince of the Reich,' for that matter, such the Kaiser's grace to us? Well; it is better perhaps to AVOID the Saxon Territory. And, of course, the Hanoverian much more; through which lies the other Great Road! 'Go by the Harz,' advises Landgraf Wilhelm: 'a rugged Hill Country; but it is your hypotenuse towards Berlin; passes at once, or nearly so, from Cassel Territory into Prussian: a rugged road, but a shorter and safer.' That is the road Belleisle resolves

upon. Twenty carriages; his Brother the Chevalier and himself occupy one; and always the courier rides before, ordering forty post-horses to be ready harnessed.

"SUNDAY, 20th DECEMBER, 1744. In this way they have climbed the eastern shin of the Harz Range, where the Harz is capable of wheel-carriages; and hope now to descend, this night, to Halberstadt; and thence rapidly by level roads to Berlin. It is sinking towards dark; the courier is forward to Elbingerode, ordering forty horses to be out. Roughish uphill road; winter in the sky and earth, winter vapors and tumbling wind-gusts: westward, in torn storm-cloak, the Bracken, with its witch-dances; highland Goslar, and ghost of Henry the Fowler, on the other side of it. A multifarious wizard Country, much overhung by goblin reminiscences, witch-dances, sorcerers'-sabbaths and the like,—if a rheumatic gentleman cared to look on it, in the cold twilight. Brh! Waste chasmy uplands, snow-choked torrents; wild people, gloomy firs! Here at last, by one's watch 5 P.M., is Elbingerode, uncomfortable little Town; and it is to be hoped the forty post-horses are ready.

"Behold, while the forty post-horses are getting ready, a thing takes place, most unexpected;—which made the name of Elbingerode famous for eight months to come. Of which let us hastily give the bare facts, Fancy making of them what she can. Was Monseigneur aware that this Elbingerode, with a patch of territory round it, is Hanoverian ground; one of those distracted patches or ragged outskirts frequent in the German map? Prussia is not yet, and Hessen-Cassel has ceased to be. Undoubtedly Hanoverian! Apparently the Landgraf and Monseigneur had not thought of that. But Munchhausen of Hanover, spies informing him, had. The Bailiff (Vogt, AdVOCATus) has gathered twenty JAGER [official Game-keepers] with their guns, and a select idle Sunday population of the place with or without guns: the Vogt steps forward, and inquires for Monseigneur's passport. 'No passport, no need of any!'—'Pardon!' and signifies to Monseigneur, on the part of George Elector of Hanover, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, that Monseigneur is arrested!

"Monseigneur, with compressed or incompressible feelings, indignantly complies,—what could he else, unfortunate rheumatic gentleman?—and is plucked away in such sudden manner, he for one, out of that big German game of his raising. The twenty vehicles are dragged different roads; towards Scharzfelds, Osterode, or I know not where,—handiest roads to Hanover;—and Monseigneur himself has travelling treatment which might be complained of, did not one disdain complaint: 'my Brother parted from me, nay my Doctor, and my Interpreter;'—not even speech possible to me. [Letter of Belleisle next morning, "Neuhof, 21st December, 9 A.M." (in *Valori*, i. 204), to Munchhausen at Hanover,—by no possibility "to Valori," as the distracted French Editor has given it!] That was the Belleisle Accident in the Harz, Sunday Evening, 20th December, 1744.

"Afflicted indignant Valori, soon enough apprised, runs to Friedrich with the news,—greeted Friedrich with it just alighting from that Silesian run of his own. Friedrich, not without several other things to think of, is naturally sorry at such news; sorry for his own sake even; but not overmuch. Friedrich refuses 'to despatch a party of horse,' and cut out Marechal de Belleisle. "That will never do, MON CHER!"—and even gets into FROIDES PLAISANTERIES: 'Perhaps the Marechal did it himself? Tallard, prisoner after Blenheim, made PEACE, you know, in England?'—and the like; which grieved the soul of Valori, and convinced him of Friedrich's inhumanity, in a crying case.

"Belleisle is lugged on to Hanover; his case not doubtful to Munchhausen, or the English Ministry,—though it raised great argument, (was the capture fair, was it unfair? Is he entitled to exchange by cartel, or not entitled?) and produced, in the next eight months, much angry animated pamphleteering and negotiation. For we hear by and by, he is to be forwarded to Stade, on the Hamburg sea-coast, where English Seventy-fours are waiting for him; his case still undecided;—and, in effect, it was not till after eight months that he got dismissal. 'Lodged handsomely in Windsor Palace,' in the interim; free on his parole, people of rank very civil to him, though the Gazetteers were sometimes ill-tongued,—had he understood their PATOIS, or concerned himself about such things. ["TUESDAY, 18th FEBRUARY [1st March, 1745], Marshal Belleisle landed at Harwich; lay at Greenwich Palace, having crossed Thames at the Isle of Dogs: next morning, about 10, set out, in a coach—and-six, Colonel Douglas and two troops of horse escorting; arrived 3 P.M.,—by Camberwell, Clapham, Wandsworth, over Kingston and Staines Bridges,—at Windsor Castle, and the apartments ready for him." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, p 107.) Was let go 13th (24th) August, again with great pomp and civilities (ib. p. 442). See Adelung, iv. 299, 346; v. 83, 84.]

"It was a current notion among contemporary mankind, this of Friedrich, that Belleisle's capture might be a mere collusion, meant to bring about a Peace in that Tallard fashion,—wide of the truth as such a notion is, far as

any Peace was from following. To Britannic George and his Hanoverians it had merely seemed, Here was a chief War—Captain and Diplomatist among the French; the pivot of all these world—wide movements, as Valori defines him; which pivot, a chance offering, it were well to twitch from its socket, and see what would follow. Perhaps nothing will follow; next to nothing? A world, all waltzing in mad war, is not to be stopped by acting on any pivot; your waltzing world will find new pivots, or do without any, and perhaps only waltz the more madly for wanting the principal one."

This withdrawal of Belleisle, the one Frenchman respected by Friedrich, or much interested for his own sake in things German, is reckoned a main cause why the French Alliance turned out so ill for Friedrich; and why French effort took more and more a Netherlands direction thenceforth, and these new French magnanimities on Friedrich's behalf issued in futility again. Probably they never could have issued in very much: but it is certain that, from this point, they also do become zero; and that Friedrich, from his French alliance, reaped from first to last nothing at all, except a great deal of obloquy from German neighbors, and from the French side endless trouble, anger and disappointment in every particular. Which 'might be a joy (though not unmixed) to Britannic Majesty and the subtle followers who had ginned this fine Belleisle bird in its flight over the Harz Range? Though again, had they passively let him wing his way, and he had GOT "to be Commander and Manager," as was in agitation,—he, Belleisle and in Germany, instead of Marechal de Saxe with the Netherlands as chief scene,—what an advantage might that have been to them!

THE KAISER KARL VII. GETS SECURED FROM OPPRESSIONS, IN A TRAGIC WAY. FRIEDRICH PROPOSES PEACE, BUT TO NO PURPOSE.

A still sadder cross for Friedrich, in the current of foreign Accidents and Diplomacies, was the next that befell; exactly a month later,—at Munchen, 20th January, 1745. Hardly was Belleisle's back turned, when her Hungarian Majesty, by her Bathyani and Company, broke furiously in upon the poor Kaiser and his Seckendorf—Segur defences. Belleisle had not reached the Harz, when all was going topsy—turvy there again, and the Donau—Valley fast falling back into Austrian hands. Nor is that the worst, or nearly so.

"MUNCHEN, 20th JANUARY, 1745. This day poor Kaiser Karl laid down his earthly burden here, and at length gave all his enemies the slip. He had been ill of gout for some time; a man of much malady always, with no want of vexations and apprehensions. Too likely the Austrians will drive him out of Munchen again; then nothing but furnished lodgings, and the French to depend upon. He had been much chagrined by some Election, just done, in the Chapter of Salzburg. [Adelung, iv. 249, 276, 313.] The Archbishop there—it was Firmian, he of the SALZBURG EMIGRATION, memorable to readers—had died, some while ago. And now, in flat contradiction to Imperial customs, prerogatives, these people had admitted an Austrian Garrison; and then, in the teeth of our express precept, had elected an Austrian to their benefice: what can one account it but an insult as well as an injury? And the neuralgic maladies press sore, and the gouty twinges; and Belleisle is seized, perhaps with important papers of ours; and the Seckendorf—Segur detachments were ill placed; nay here are the Austrians already on the throat of them, in midwinter! It is said, a babbling valet, or lord—in—waiting, happened to talk of some skirmish that had fallen out (called a battle, in the valet rumor), and how ill the French and Bavarians had fared in it, owing to their ill behavior. And this, add they, proved to be the ounce—weight too much for the so heavy—laden back.

"The Kaiser took to bed, not much complaining; patient, mild, though the saddest of all mortals; and, in a day or two, died. Adieu, adieu, ye loved faithful ones; pity me, and pray for me! He gave his Wife, poor little fat devout creature, and his poor Children (eldest lad, his Heir, only seventeen), a tender blessing; solemnly exhorted them, To eschew ambition, and be warned by his example;—to make their peace with Austria; and never, like him, try COM' E DURO CALLE, and what the charity of Christian Kings amounts to. This counsel, it is thought, the Empress Dowager zealously accedes to, and will impress upon her Son. That is the Austrian and Cause—of—Liberty account: King Friedrich, from the other side, has heard a directly opposite one. How the Kaiser, at the point of death, exhorted his son, 'Never forget the services which the King of France and the King of Prussia have done us, and do not repay them with ingratitude.' [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 92;—and see (PER CONTRA) in Adelung, iv. 314 A; in Coxe, The reader can choose which he will, or reject both into the region of the uncertain. 'Karl Albert's pious and affectionate demeanor drew tears from all eyes,' say the by—standers: 'the manner in which he took leave of his Empress would have melted a heart of stone.' He was in his forty—eighth

year; he had been, of all men in his generation, the most conspicuously unhappy."

What a down-rush of confusion there ensued on this event, not to Bavaria alone, but to all the world, and to King Friedrich more than another, no reader can now take the pains of conceiving. The "Frankfurt Union," then, has gone to air! Here is now no "Kaiser to be delivered from oppression:" here is a new Kaiser to be elected,—"Grand-Duke Franz the man," cry the Pragmatic Potentates with exultation, "no Belleisle to disturb!"—and questions arise innumerable thereupon, Will France go into electioneering again? The new Kur-Baiern, only seventeen, poor child, cannot be set up as candidate. What will France do with HIM; what he with France? Whom can the French try as Candidate against the Grand-Duke? Kur-Sachsen, the Polish Majesty again? Belleisle himself must have paused uncertain over such a welter,—and probably have done, like the others, little or nothing in it, but left it to collapse by natural gravitation.

Hungarian Majesty checked her Bavarian Armaments a little: "If perhaps this young Kur-Baiern will detach himself from France, and on submissive terms come over to us?" Whereupon, at Munchen, and in the cognate quarters, such wriggling, dubitating and diplomatizing, as seldom was,—French, Anti-French (Seckendorf busiest of all), straining every nerve in that way, and for almost three months, nothing coming of it,—till Hungarian Majesty sent her Barenklaus and Bathyanis upon them again; and these rapidly solved the question, in what way we shall see!

Friedrich has still his hopes of Bavaria, so grandiloquent are the French in regard to it; who but would hope? The French diplomatize to all lengths in Munchen, promising seas and mountains; but they perform little; in an effectual manner, nothing. Bavarian "Army raised to 60,000;" counts in fact little above half that number; with no General to it but an imaginary one; Segur's actual French contingent, instead of 25,000, is perhaps 12,000;—and so of other things. Add to all which, Seckendorf is there, not now as War-General, but as extra-official "Adviser;" busier than ever,— "scandalous old traitor!" say the French;—and Friedrich may justly fear that Bavaria will go, by collapse, a bad road for him.

Friedrich, a week or two after the Kaiser's death, seeing Bavarian and French things in such a hypothetic state, instructs his Ambassador at London to declare his, Friedrich's, perfect readiness and wish for Peace: "Old Treaty of Breslau and Berlin made indubitable to me; the rest of the quarrel has, by decease of the Kaiser, gone to air." To which the Britannic Majesty, rather elated at this time, as all Pragmatic people are, answers somewhat in a careless way, "Well, if the others like it!" and promises that he will propose it in the proper quarter. So that henceforth there is always a hope of Peace through England; as well as contrariwise, especially till Bavaria settle itself (in April next), a hope of great assistance from the French. Here are potentialities and counter-potentialities, which make the Bavarian Intricacy very agitating to the young King, while it lasts. And indeed his world is one huge imbroglio of Potentialities and Diplomatic Intricacies, agitating to behold. Concerning which we have again to remark how these huge Spectres of Diplomacy, now filling Friedrich's world, came mostly in result to Nothing;—shaping themselves wholly, for or against, in exact proportion, direct or inverse, to the actual Quantity of Battle and effective Performance that happened to be found in Friedrich himself. Diplomatic Spectralities, wide Fatamorganas of hope, and hideous big Bugbears blotting out the sun: of these, few men ever had more than Friedrich at this time. And he is careful, none carefuller, not to neglect his Diplomacies at any time;—though he knows, better than most, that good fighting of his own is what alone can determine the value of these contingent and aerial quantities,—mere Lapland witchcraft the greater part of them.

A second grand Intricacy and difficulty, still more enigmatic, and pressing the tighter by its close neighborhood, was that with the Saxons. "Are the Saxons enemies; are they friends? Neutrals at lowest; bound by Treaty to lend Austria troops; but to lend for defence merely, not for offence! Could not one, by good methods, make friends with his Polish Majesty?" Friedrich was far from suspecting the rages that lurked in the Polish Majesty, and least of all owing to what. Owing to that old MORAVIAN-FORAY business; and to his, Friedrich's, behavior to the Saxons in it; excellent Saxons, who had behaved so beautifully to Friedrich! That is the sad fact, however. Stupid Polish Majesty has his natural envies, jealousies, of a Brandenburg waxing over his head at this rate. But it appears, the Moravian Foray entered for a great deal into the account, and was the final overwhelming item. Bruhl, by much descanting on that famous Expedition,—with such candid Eye-witnesses to appeal to, such corroborative Staff-officers and appliances, powerful on the idle heart and weak brain of a Polish Majesty,—has brought it so far. Fixed indignation, for intolerable usage, especially in that Moravian-Foray time: fixed; not very malignant, but altogether obstinate (as, I am told, that of the pacific sheep species usually is);

which carried Bruhl and his Polish Majesty to extraordinary heights and depths in years coming! But that will deserve a section to itself by and by.

A third difficulty, privately more stringent than any, is that of Finance. The expenses of the late Bohemian Expedition, "Friedrich's Army costing 75,000 pounds a month," have been excessive. For our next Campaign, if it is to be done in the way essential, there are, by rigorous arithmetic, "900,000 pounds" needed. A frugal Prussia raises no new taxes; pays its Wars from "the Treasure," from the Fund saved beforehand for emergencies of that kind; Fund which is running low, threatening to be at the lees if such drain on it continue. To fight with effect being the one sure hope, and salve for all sores, it is not in the Army, in the Fortresses, the Fighting Equipments, that there shall be any flaw left! Friedrich's budget is a sore problem upon him; needing endless shift and ingenuity, now and onwards, through this war:—already, during these months, in the Berlin Schloss, a great deal of those massive Friedrich–Wilhelm plate Sumptuosities, especially that unparalleled Music–Balcony up stairs, all silver, has been, under Fredersdorf's management, quietly taken away; "carried over, in the night–time, to the Mint." [Orlich, ii. 126–128.]

And, in fact, no modern reader, not deeper in that distressing story of the Austrian–Succession War than readers are again like to be, can imagine to himself the difficulties of Friedrich at this time, as they already lay disclosed, and kept gradually disclosing themselves, for months coming; nor will ever know what perspicacity, patience of scanning, sharpness of discernment, dexterity of management, were required at Friedrich's hands;—and under what imminency of peril, too; victorious deliverance, or ruin and annihilation, wavering fearfully in the balance for him, more than once, or rather all along. But it is certain the deeper one goes into that hideous Medea's Caldron of stupidities, once so flamy, now fallen extinct, the more is one sensible of Friedrich's difficulties; and of the talent for all kinds of Captaincy,—by no means in the Field only, or perhaps even chiefly,—that was now required of him. Candid readers shall accept these hints, and do their best:—Friedrich himself made not the least complaint of men's then misunderstanding him; still less will he now! We, keeping henceforth the Diplomacies, the vaporous Foreshadows, and general Dance of Unclean Spirits with their intrigues and spectralities, well underground, so far as possible, will stick to what comes up as practical Performance on Friedrich's part, and try to give intelligible account of that.

Valori says, he is greatly changed, and for the better, by these late reverses of fortune. All the world notices it, says Valori. No longer that brief infallibility of manner; that lofty light air, that politely disdainful view of Valori and mankind: he has now need of men. Complains of nothing, is cheerful, quizzical;—ardently busy to "grind out the notches," as our proverb is; has a mild humane aspect, something of modesty, almost of piety in him. Help me, thou Supreme Power, Maker of men, if my purposes are manlike! Though one does not go upon the Prayers of Forty–Hours, or apply through St. Vitus and such channels, there may be something of authentic petition to Heaven in the thoughts of that young man. He is grown very amiable; the handsomest young bit of Royalty now going. He must fight well next Summer, or it will go hard with him!

Chapter VI. VALORI GOES ON AN ELECTIONEERING MISSION TO DRESDEN.

Some time in January, a new Frenchman, a "Chevalier de Courten," if the name is known to anybody, was here at Berlin; consulting, settling about mutual interests and operations. Since Belleisle is snatched from us, it is necessary some Courten should come; and produce what he has got: little of settlement, I should fear, of definite program that will hold water; in regard to War operations chiefly a magazine of clouds. [Specimens of it, in Ranke, iii. 219.] For the rest, the Bavarian question; and very specially, Who the new Emperor is to be? "King of Poland, thinks your Majesty?"—"By all means," answers Friedrich, "if you can! Detach him from Austria; that will be well!" Which was reckoned magnanimous, at least public-spirited, in Friedrich; considering what Saxony's behavior to him had already been. "By all means, his Polish Majesty for Kaiser; do our utmost, Excellencies Valori, Courten and Company!" answers Friedrich,—and for his own part, I observe, is intensely busy upon Army matters, looking after the main chance.

And so Valori is to go to Dresden, and manage this cloud or cobwebbery department of the thing; namely, persuade his Polish Majesty to stand for the Kaisership: "Baiern, Pfalz, Koln, Brandenburg, there are four votes, Sire; your own is five: sure of carrying it, your Polish Majesty; backed by the Most Christian King, and his Allies and resources!" And Polish Majesty does, for his own share, very much desire to be Kaiser. But none of us yet knows how he is tied up by Austria, Anti-Friedrich, Anti-French considerations; and can only "accept if it is offered me:" thrice-willing to accept, if it will fall into my mouth; which, on those terms, it has so little chance of doing!—Saxony and its mysterious affairs and intentions having been, to Friedrich, a riddle and trouble and astonishment, during all this Campaign, readers ought to know the fact well;—and no reader could stand the details of such a fact. Here, in condensed form, are some scraps of Excerpt; which enable us to go with Valori on this Dresden Mission, and look for ourselves:—

1. FRIEDRICH'S POSITION TOWARDS SAXONY.

"... By known Treaty, the Polish Majesty is bound to assist the Hungarian with 12,000 men, 'whenever invaded in her own dominions.' Polish Majesty had 20,000 in the field for that object lately,— part of them, 8,000 of them, hired by Britannic subsidy, as he alleges. The question now is, Will Saxony assist Austria in invading Silesia, with or without Britannic subsidy? Friedrich hopes that this is impossible! Friedrich is deeply unaware of the humor he has raised against himself in the Saxon Court-circles; how the Polish Majesty regards that Moravian Foray; with what a perfect hatred little Bruhl regards him, Friedrich; and to what pitch of humor, owing to those Moravian-Foray starvings, marchings about and inhuman treatment of the poor Saxon Army, not to mention other offences and afflictive considerations, Bruhl has raised the simple Polish Majesty against Friedrich. These things, as they gradually unfolded themselves to Friedrich, were very surprising. And proved very disadvantageous at the present juncture and for a long time afterwards. To Friedrich disadvantageous and surprising; and to Saxony, in the end, ruinous; poor Saxony having got its back broken by them, and never stood up in the world since! Ruined by this wretched little Bruhl; and reduced, from the first place in Northern Teutschland, to a second or third, or no real place at all."

2. THERE IS A, "UNION OF WARSAW" (8th January, 1745); AND STILL MORE SPECIALLY A "TREATY OF WARSAW" (8th January-18th May, 1745).

"January 8th, 1745, before the Old Dessauer got ranked in Schlesien against Traun, there had concluded itself at Warsaw, by way of counterpoise to the 'Frankfurt Union,' a 'Union of Warsaw,' called also 'Quadruple Alliance of Warsaw;' the Parties to which were Polish Majesty, Hungarian ditto, Prime-Movers, and the two Sea-Powers as Purseholders; stipulating, to the effect: 'We Four will hold together in affairs of the Reich VERSUS that dangerous Frankfurt Union; we will'—do a variety of salutary things; and as one practical thing, 'There shall be, this Season, 30,000 Saxons conjoined to the Austrian Force, for which we Sea-Powers will furnish subsidy.'—This was the one practical point stipulated, January 8th; and farther than this the Sea-Powers did not go, now or afterwards, in that affair.

"But there was then proposed by the Polish and Hungarian Majesties, in the form of Secret Articles, an ulterior Project; with which the Sea-Powers, expressing mere disbelief and even abhorrence of it, refused to have any concern now or henceforth. Polish Majesty, in hopes it would have been better taken, had given his 30,000 soldiers at a rate of subsidy miraculously low, only 150,000 pounds for the whole: but the Sea-Powers were inexorable, perhaps almost repented of their 150,000 pounds; and would hear nothing farther of secret Articles and delirious Projects.

"So that the 'Union of Warsaw' had to retire to its pigeon-hole, content with producing those 30,000 Saxons for the immediate occasion; and there had to be concocted between the Polish and Hungarian Majesties themselves what is now, in the modern Pamphlets, called a 'TREATY of Warsaw,'—much different from the innocent, 'UNION of Warsaw;' though it is merely the specifying and fixing down of what had been shadowed out as secret codicils in said 'Union,' when the Sea-Power parties obstinately recoiled. Treaty of Warsaw let us continue to call it; though its actual birth-place was Leipzig (in the profoundest secrecy, 18th May, 1745), above four months after it had tried to be born at Warsaw, and failed as aforesaid. Warsaw Union is not worth speaking of; but this other is a Treaty highly remarkable to the reader,—and to Friedrich was almost infinitely so, when he came to get wind of it long after.

"Treaty which, though it proved abortional, and never came to fulfilment in any part of it, is at this day one of the remarkablest bits of sheepskin extant in the world. It was signed 18th May, 1745; [Scholl, ii. 350.] and had cost a great deal of painful contriving, capable still of new altering and retouching, to hit mutual views: Treaty not only for reconquering Silesia (which to the Two Majesties, though it did not to the Sea-Powers, seems infallible, in Friedrich's now ruined circumstances), but for cutting down that bad Neighbor to something like the dimensions proper for a Brandenburg Vassal;—in fact, quite the old 'Detestable Project' of Spring, 1741, only more elaborated into detail (in which Britannic George knows better than to meddle!)— Saxony to have share of the parings, when we get them. 'What share?' asked Saxony, and long keeps asking. 'A road to Warsaw; Strip of Country carrying us from the end of the Lausitz, which is ours, into Poland, which we trust will continue ours, would be very handy! Duchy of Glogau; some small paring of Silesia, won't your Majesty?' 'Of my Silesia not one hand-breadth,' answered the Queen impatiently (though she did at last concede some outlying hand-breadths, famed old 'Circle of Schwiebus,' if I recollect); and they have had to think of other equivalent parings for Saxony's behoof (Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Saale-Circle, or one knows not what); and have had, and will have, their does to get it fixed. Excellent bearskin to be slit into straps; only the bear is still on his feet!—Polish Majesty and Hungarian, Polish with especial vigor, Bruhl quite restless upon it, are—little as Valori or any mortal could dream of it—engaged in this partition of the bearskin, when Valori arrives. Of their innocent Union of Warsaw, there was, from the first, no secret made; but the Document now called 'TREATY of Warsaw' needs to lie secret and thrice-secret; and it was not till 1756 that Friedrich, having unearthed it by industries of his own, and studied it with great intensity for some years, made it known to the world." [Adelung, v. 308. 397; Ranke, iii. 231 (who, for some reason of his own, dates "3d May" instead of 18th).]

Treaties, vaporous Foreshadows of Events, have oftenest something of the ghost in them; and are importune to human nature, longing for the Events themselves; all the more if they have proved abortional Treaties, and become doubly ghost-like or ghastly. Nevertheless the reader is to note well this Treaty of Warsaw, as important to Friedrich and him; and indeed it is perhaps the remarkablest Treaty, abortional or realized, which got to parchment in that Century. For though it proved abortional, and no part of it, now or afterwards, could be executed, and even the subsidy and 30,000 Saxons (stipulated in the "UNION of Warsaw") became crow's-meat in a manner,—this preternatural "Treaty of Warsaw," trodden down never so much by the heel of Destiny, and by the weight of new Treaties, superseding it or presupposing its impossibility or inconceivability, would by no means die (such the humor of Bruhl, of the Two Majesties and others); but lay alive under the ashes, carefully tended, for Ten or Twenty Years to come;—and had got all Europe kindled again, for destruction of that bad Neighbor, before it would itself consent to go out! And did succeed in getting Saxony's back broken, if not the bad Neighbor's,—in answer to the humor of little Bruhl; unfortunate Saxony to possess such a Bruhl!

In those beautiful Saxon-Austrian developments of the Treaty of Warsaw, Czarina Elizabeth, bobbing about in that unlovely whirlpool of intrigues, amours, devotions and strong liquor, which her History is, took (ask not for what reason) a lively part:—and already in this Spring of 1745, they hope she could, by "a gift of two millions for her pleasures" (gift so easy to you Sea-Powers), be stirred up to anger against Friedrich. And she did, in

effect, from this time, hover about in a manner questionable to Friedrich; though not yet in anger, but only with the wish to be important, and to make herself felt in Foreign affairs. Whether the Sea-Powers gave her that trifle of pocket-money ("for her pleasures"), I never knew; but it is certain they spent, first and last, very large amounts that way, upon her and hers; especially the English did, with what result may be considered questionable.

As for Graf von Bruhl, most rising man of Saxony, once a page; now by industry King August III.'s first favorite and factotum; the fact that he cordially hates Friedrich is too evident; but the why is not known to me. Except indeed, That no man—especially no man with three hundred and sixty-five fashionable suits of clothes usually about him, different suit each day of the year—can be comfortable in the evident contempt of another man. Other man of sarcastic bantering turn, too; tongue sharp as needles; whose sayings many birds of the air are busy to carry about. Year after year, Bruhl (doubtless with help enough that way, if there had needed such) hates him more and more; as the too jovial Czarina herself comes to do, wounded by things that birds have carried. And now we will go with Valori,—seeing better into some things than Valori yet can.

3. VALORI'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MISSION (in compressed form).

[Valori, i. 211–219.]

"Valori [I could guess about the 10th of February, but there is no date at all] was despatched to Dresden with that fine project, Polish Majesty for Kaiser: is authorized to offer 60,000 men, with money corresponding, and no end of brilliant outlooks;—must keep back his offers, however, if he find the people indisposed. Which he did, to an extreme degree; nothing but vague talk, procrastination, hesitation on the part of Bruhl. This wretched little Bruhl has twelve tailors always sewing for him, and three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes: so many suits, all pictured in a Book; a valet enters every morning, proposes a suit, which, after deliberation, with perhaps amendments, is acceded to, and worn at dinner. Vainest of human clothes—horses; foolishlest coxcomb Valori has seen: it is visibly his notion that it was he, Bruhl, by his Saxon auxiliaries, by his masterly strokes of policy, that checkmated Friedrich, and drove him from Bohemia last Year; and, for the rest, that Friedrich is ruined, and will either shirk out of Silesia, or be cut to ribbons there by the Austrian force this Summer. To which Valori hints dissent; but it is ill received. Valori sees the King; finds him, as expected, the fac-simile of Bruhl in this matter; Jesuit Guarini the like: how otherwise? They have his Majesty in their leash, and lead him as they please.

"At four every morning, this Guarini, Jesuit Confessor to the King and Queen, comes to Bruhl; Bruhl settles with him what his Majesty shall think, in reference to current business, this day; Guarini then goes, confesses both Majesties; confesses, absolves, turns in the due way to secular matters. At nine, Bruhl himself arrives, for Privy Council: 'What is your Majesty pleased to think on these points of current business?' Majesty serenely issues his thoughts, in the form of orders; which are found correct to pattern. This is the process with his Majesty. A poor Majesty, taking deeply into tobacco; this is the way they have him benetted, as in a dark cocoon of cobwebs, rendering the whole world invisible to him. Which cunning arrangement is more and more perfected every year; so that on all roads he travels, be it to mass, to hunt, to dinner, any—whither in his Palace or out of it, there are faithful creatures keeping eye, who admit no unsafe man to the least glimpse of him by night or by day. In this manner he goes on; and before the end of him, twenty years hence, has carried it far. Nothing but disgust to be had out of business;—mutinous Polish Diets too, some forty of them, in his time, not one of which did any business at all, but ended in LIBERUM VETO, and Billingsgate conflagration, perhaps with swords drawn: [See Buchholz, 154; more and more disagreeable to him. What can Valori expect, on this heroic occasion, from such a King?

"The Queen herself, Maria Theresa's Cousin, an ambitious hard-favored Majesty,—who had sense once to dislike Bruhl, but has been quite reconciled to him by her Jesuit Messenger of Heaven (which latter is an oily, rather stupid creature, who really wishes well to her, and loves a peaceable life at any price),—even she will not take the bait. Valori was in Dresden nine days (middle part of February, it is likely); never produced his big bait, his 60,000 men and other brilliancies, at all. He saw old Feldmarschall Konigseck passing from Vienna towards the Netherlands Camp; where he is to dry-nurse (so they irreverently call it, in time coming) his Royal Highness of Cumberland, that magnificent English Babe of War, and do feats with him this Summer." Konigseck, though Valori did not know it, has endless diplomacies to do withal; inspections of troops, advisings, in Hanover, in Holland, in Dresden here; [Anonymous, *Duke of Cumberland*, p. 186.]—and secures the Saxon Electoral-Vote for his Grand-Duke in passing. "The welcome given to Konigseck disgusted Valori; on the ninth day he left; said

adieu, seeing them blind to their interest; and took post for Berlin,"—where he finds Friedrich much out of humor at the Saxon reception of his magnanimities. [Valori, i. 211–219; *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 81–85. For details on Bruhl, see *Graf von Bruhl, Leben und Charakter* (1760, No Place): Anonymous, by one Justi, a noted Pamphleteer of the time: exists in English too, or partly exists; but is unreadable, except on compulsion; and totally unintelligible till after very much inquiry elsewhere.]

This Saxon intricacy, indecipherable, formidable, contemptible, was the plague of Friedrich's life, one considerable plague, all through this Campaign. Perhaps nothing in the Diplomatic sphere of things caused him such perplexity, vexation, indignation. An insoluble riddle to him; extremely contemptible, yet,—with a huge Russia tacked to it, and looming minatory in the distance,—from time to time, formidable enough. Let readers keep it in mind, and try to imagine it. It cost Friedrich such guessing, computing, arranging, rearranging, as would weary the toughest reader to hear of in detail. How Friedrich did at last solve it (in December coming), all readers will see with eyes!—

MIDDLE–RHINE AWNY IN A STAGGERING STATE; THE BAVARIAN INTRICACY SETTLES ITSELF, THE WRONG WAY.

Early in March it becomes surmisable that Maillebois's Middle–Rhine Army will not go a good road. Maillebois has been busy in those countries, working extensive discontent; bullying mankind "to join the Frankfurt Union," to join France at any rate, which nobody would consent to; and exacting merciless contributions, which everybody had to consent to and pay.—And now, on D'Ahremberg's mere advance, with that poor Fraction of Pragmatic Army, roused from its winter sleep, Maillebois, without waiting for D'Ahremberg's attack, rapidly calls in his truculent detachments, and rolls confusedly back into the Frankfurt regions. [Adelung, iv. 276–352 (December, 1744–March, 1745).] Upon which D'Ahremberg—if by no means going upon Maillebois's throat—sets, at least, to coercing Wilhelm of Hessen, our only friend in those parts; who is already a good deal disgusted with the Maillebois procedures, and at a loss what to do on the Kaiser's death, which has killed the Frankfurt Union too. Wise Wilhelm consents, under D'Ahremberg's menaces, to become Neutral; and recall his 6,000 out of Baiern,—wishes he had them home beside him even now!

With an Election in the wind, it is doubly necessary for the French, who have not even a Candidate as yet, to stand supreme and minatory in the Frankfurt Country; and to King Friedrich it is painfully questionable, whether Maillebois can do it. "Do it we will; doubt not that, your Majesty!" answer Valori and the French;—and study to make improvements, reinforcements, in their Rhine Army. And they do, at least, change the General of their Middle–Rhine Army,—that is to say, recall Prince Conti out of Italy, where he has distinguished himself, and send Maillebois thither in his stead,—who likewise distinguishes himself THERE, if that could be a comfort to us! Whether the distinguished Conti will maintain that Frankfurt Country in spite of the Austrians and their Election movements, is still a question with Friedrich, though Valori continued assuring him (always till July came) that, it was beyond question. "Siege of Tournay, vigorous Campaign in the Netherlands (for behoof of Britannic George)!" this is the grand French program for the Year. This good intention was achieved, on the French part; but this, like Aaron's rod among the serpents, proved to have EATEN the others as it wriggled along!—

Those Maillebois–D'Ahremberg affairs throw a damp on the Bavarian Question withal;—in fact, settle the Bavarian Question; her Hungarian Majesty, tired of the delays, having ordered Bathyani to shoulder arms again, and bring a decision. Bathyani, with Barenklau to right of him, and Browne (our old Silesian friend) to left, goes sweeping across those Seckendorf–Segur posts, and without difficulty tumbles everything to ruin, at a grand rate. The traitor Seckendorf had made such a choice of posts,—left unaltered by Drum Thorryng;—what could French valor do? Nothing; neither French valor, nor Bavarian want of valor, could do anything but whirl to the right—about, at sight of the Austrian Sweeping–Apparatus; and go off explosively, as in former instances, at a rate almost unique in military annals. Finished within three weeks or so!— We glance only at two points of it. March 21st, Bathyani stood to arms (to BESOMS we might call it), Browne on the left, Barenklau on the right: it was March 21st when Bathyani started from Passau, up the Donau Countries;—and within the week coming, see:—

"VILSHOFEN, 28th MARCH, 1745. Here, at the mouth of the Vils River (between Inn and Iser), is the first considerable Post; garrison some 4,000; Hessians and Prince Friedrich the main part,—who have their share of valor, I dare say; but with such news out of Hessen, not to speak of the prospects in this Country, are probably in

poorish spirits for acting. General Browne summons them in Vilshofen, this day; and, on their negative, storms in upon them, bursts them to pieces; upon which they beat chamade. But the Croats, who are foremost, care nothing for chamade: go plundering, slaughtering; burn the poor Town; butcher [in round numbers] 3,000 of the poor Hessians; and wound General Browne himself, while he too vehemently interferes." [Adelung, iv. 356, and the half-intelligible Foot-note in Ranke, iii. 220.] This was the finale of those 6,000 Hessians, and indeed their principal function, while in French pay;—and must have been, we can Judge how surprising to Prince Friedrich, and to his Papa on hearing of it! Note another point.

Precisely about this time twelvemonth, "March 16th, 1746," the same Prince Friedrich, with remainder of those Hessians, now again completed to 6,000, and come back with emphasis to the Britannic side of things, was—marching out of Edinburgh, in much state, with streamers, kettle-drums, Highness's coaches, horses, led-horses, on an unexpected errand. [Henderson (Whig Eye-witness). *History of the Rebellion*, 1745 and 1746 (London, 1748, reprint from the Edinburgh edition), pp. 104, 106, 107.] Toward Stirling, Perth; towards Killiecrankie, and raising of what is called "the Siege of Blair in Athol" (most minute of "sieges," but subtending a great angle there and then);—much of unexpected, and nearer home than "Tournay and the Netherlands Campaign," having happened to Britannic George in the course of this year, 1746! "Really very fine troops, those Hessians [observes my orthodox Whig friend]: they carry swords as well as guns and bayonets; their uniform is blue turned up with white: the Hussar part of them, about 500, have scimitars of a great length; small horses, mostly black, of Swedish breed; swift durable little creatures, with long tails." Honors, dinners, to his Serene Highness had been numerous, during the three weeks we had him in Edinburgh; "especially that Ball, February 21st (o.s.), eve of his Consort the Princess Mary's Birthday [EVE of birthday, "let us dance the auspicious morning IN] was, for affluence of Nobility and Gentry of both sexes," a sublime thing. ...

PFAFFENHOFEN, APRIL 15th. "Unfortunate Segur, the Segur of Linz three years ago,—whose conduct was great, according to Valori, but powerless against traitors and fate!—was again, once more, unfortunate in those parts. Unfortunate Segur drew up at Pfaffenhofen (centre of the Country, many miles from Vilshofen) to defend himself, when fallen upon by Barenklau, in that manner; but could not, though with masterly demeanor; and had to retreat three days, with his face to the enemy, so to speak, fighting and manoeuvring all the way: no shelter for him either but Munchen, and that, a most temporary one. Instead of taking Straubingen, taking Passau, perhaps of pushing on to Vienna itself, this is what we have already come to. No Rhine Army, Middle-Rhine Army, Coigny, Maillebois, Conti, whoever it was, should send us the least reinforcement, when shrieked to. No outlook whatever but rapid withdrawal, retreat to the Rhine Army, since it will not stir to help us." [Adelung, iv. 360.]

"The young Kur-Baiern is still polite, grateful [to us French], overwhelms us with politeness; but flies to Augsburg, as his Father used to do. Notable, however, his poor fat little Mother won't, this time: 'No, I will stay here, I for one, and have done with flying and running; we have had enough of that!' Seckendorf, quite gone from Court in this crisis, reappears, about the middle of April, in questionable capacity; at a place called Fussen, not far off, at the foot of the Tyrol Hills;—where certain Austrian Dignitaries seem also to be enjoying a picturesque Easter! Yes indeed: and, on APRIL 22d, there is signed a 'PEACE OF FUSSEN' there; general amicable AS-YOU-WERE, between Austria and Bavaria ('Renounce your Anti-Pragmatic moonshine forevermore, vote for our Grand-Duke; there is your Bavaria back, poor wretches!')— and Seckendorf, it is presumable, will get his Turkish arrears liquidated.

"The Bavarian Intricacy, which once excelled human power, is settled, then. Carteret and Haslang tried it in vain [dreadful heterodox intentions of secularizing Salzburg, secularizing Passau, Regensburg, and loud tremulous denial of such];—Carteret and Wilhelm of Hesseu [Conferences of Hanau, which ruined Carteret], in vain; King Friedrich, and many Kings, in vain: a thing nobody could settle;—and it has at last settled itself, as the generality of ill-guided and unlucky things do, by collapse. Delirium once out, the law of gravity acts; and there the mad matter lies."

"Bought by Austria, that old villain!" cry the French. Friedrich does not think the Austrians bought Seckendorf, having no money at present; but guesses they may have given him to understand that a certain large arrear of payment due ever since those Turkish Wars,—when Seckendorf, instead of payment, was lodged in the Fortress of Gratz, and almost got his head cut off,—should now be paid down in cash, or authentic Paper-money, if matters become amicable. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 22; *Seckendorfs Leben*, pp. 367–376.] As they have done, in Friedrich's despite;—who seems angrier at the old stager for this particular ill-turn than for all the other many;

and long remembers it, as will appear.

Chapter VII. FRIEDRICH IN SILESIA; UNUSUALLY BUSY.

Here, sure enough, are sad new intricacies in the Diplomatic, hypothetic sphere of things; and clouds piling themselves ahead, in a very minatory manner to King Friedrich. Let King Friedrich, all the more, get his Fighting Arrangements made perfect. Diplomacy is clouds; beating of your enemies is sea and land. Austria and the Gazetteer world consider Friedrich to be as good as finished: but that is privately far from being Friedrich's own opinion;— though these occurrences are heavy and dismal to him, as none of us can now fancy.

Herr Ranke has got access, in the Archives, to a series of private utterances by Friedrich,—Letters from him, of a franker nature than usual, and letting us far deeper into his mind;—which must have been well worth reading in the original, in their fully dated and developed condition. From Herr Ranke's Fragmentary Excerpts, let us, thankful for what we have got, select one or two. The Letters are to Minister Podewils at Berlin; written from Silesia (Neisse and neighborhood), where, since the middle of March, Friedrich has been, personally pushing on his Army Preparations, while the above sinister things befell.

KING FRIEDRICH TO PODEWILS, IN BERLIN (under various dates, March–April, 1745).

NEISSE, 29th MARCH. ... "We find ourselves in a great crisis. If we don't, by mediation of England, get Peace, our enemies from different sides [Saxony, Austria, who knows if not Russia withal!] will come plunging in against me. Peace I cannot force them to. But if they must have War, we will either beat them, or none of us will see Berlin again." [Ranke, iii. 236 et seqq.]

APRIL (no day given). ... "In any case, I have my troops well together. The sicknesses are ceasing; the recruitments are coming in: shortly all will be complete. That does not hinder us from making Peace, if it will only come; but, in the contrary case, nobody can accuse me of neglecting what was necessary."

APRIL 17th (still from Neisse). ... "I toil day and night to improve our situation. The soldiers will do their duty. There is none among us who will not rather have his backbone broken than give up one foot–breadth of ground. They must either grant us a good Peace, or we will surpass ourselves by miracles of daring; and force the enemy to accept it from us."

APRIL 20th. "Our situation is disagreeable; constrained, a kind of spasm: but my determination is taken. If we needs must fight, we will do it like men driven desperate. Never was there a greater peril than that I am now in. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie this knot; or Destiny, if there is one, determine the event. The game I play is so high, one cannot contemplate the issue with cold blood. Pray for the return of my good luck."—Two days hence, the poor young Kur–Baiern, deaf to the French seductions and exertions, which were intense, had signed his "Peace of Fussen" (22d April 1745),—a finale to France on the German Field, as may be feared! The other Fragments we will give a little farther on.

Friedrich had left Berlin for Silesia March 15th; rather sooner than he counted on,—Old Leopold pleading to be let home. At Glogau, at Breslau, there had been the due inspecting: Friedrich got to Neisse on the 23d (Bathyani just stirring in that Bavarian Business, Vilshofen and the Hessians close ahead); and on the 27th, had dismissed Old Leopold, with thanks and sympathies,— sent him home, "to recover his health." Leopold's health is probably suffering; but his heart and spirits still more. Poor old man, he has just lost—the other week, "5th February" last—his poor old Wife, at Dessau; and is broken down with grief. The soft silk lining of his hard Existence, in all parts of it, is torn away. Apothecary Fos's Daughter, Reich's Princess, Princess of Dessau, called by whatever name, she had been the truest of Wives; "used to attend him in all his Campaigns, for above fifty years back." "Gone, now, forever gone!"—Old Leopold had wells of strange sorrow in the rugged heart of him,—sorrow, and still better things,—which he does not wear on his sleeve. Here is an incident I never can forget;—dating twelve or thirteen years ago (as is computable), middle of July, 1732.

"Louisa, Leopold's eldest Daughter, Wife of Victor Leopold, reigning Prince of Anhalt–Bernburg, lay dying of a decline." Still only twenty–three, poor Lady, though married seven years ago; —the end now evidently drawing nigh. "A few days before her death,—perhaps some attendant sorrowfully asking, 'Can we do nothing, then?'—she was heard to say, 'If I could see my Father at the head of his Regiment, yet once!'"—Halle, where the

Regiment lies, is some thirty or more miles off; and King Friedrich Wilhelm, I suppose, would have to be written to:—Leopold was ready the soonest possible; and, "at a set hour, marched, in all pomp, with banner flying, music playing, into the SCHLOSS-HOF (Palace Court) of Bernburg; and did the due salutations and manoeuvrings,—his poor Daughter sitting at her window, till they ended;"—figure them, the last glitter of those muskets, the last wail of that band-music!—"The Regiment was then marched to the Waisenhaus (ORPHAN-HOUSE), where the common men were treated with bread and beer; all the Officers dining at the Prince's Table. All the Officers, except Leopold alone, who stole away out of the crowd; sat himself upon the balustrade of the Saale Bridge, and wept into the river." [LEBEN (12mo; not Rannft's, but Anonymous like his), p. 234 n.]—Leopold is now on the edge of seventy; ready to think all is finished with him. Perhaps not quite, my tough old friend; recover yourself a little, and we shall see!

Old Leopold is hardly home at Dessau, when new Pandour Tempests, tides of ravaging War, again come beating against the Giant Mountains, pouring through all passes; from utmost Jablunka, westward by Jagerndorf to Glatz, huge influx of wild riding hordes, each with some support of Austrian grenadiers, cannoniers; threatening to submerge Silesia. Precursors, Friedrich need not doubt, of a strenuous regular attempt that way, Hungarian Majesty's fixed intention, hope and determination is, To expel him straightway from Silesia. Her Patent circulates, these three months; calling on all men to take note of that fixed fact, especially on all Silesian men to note it well, and shift their allegiance accordingly. Silesian men, in great majority,—our friend the Mayor of Landshut, for example?—are believed to have no inclination towards change: and whoever has, had clearly better not show any till he see! [In Ranke (iii. 234), there is vestige of some intended "voluntary subscription by the common people of Glatz," for Friedrich's behoof;—contrariwise, in Orlich (ii. 380, "6th February, 1745," from the Dessau Archives), notice of one individual, suspected of stirring for Austria, whom "you are to put under lock and key;"—but he runs off, and has no successor, that I hear of.]—

Friedrich's thousand-fold preliminary orderings, movements, rearrangings in his Army matters, must not detain us here;—still less his dealings with the Pandour element, which is troublesome, rather than dangerous. Vigilance, wise swift determination, valor drilled to its work, can deal with phenomena of that nature, though never so furious and innumerable. Not a cheering service for drilled valor, but a very needful one. Continual bickerings and skirmishings fell out, sometimes rising to sharp fight on the small scale:—Austrian grenadiers with cannon are on that Height to left, and also on this to right, meaning to cut off our march; the difficult landscape furnished out, far and wide, with Pandour companies in position: you must clash in, my Burschen; seize me that cannon-battery yonder; master such and such a post,—there is the heart of all that network of armed doggery; slit asunder that, the network wholly will tumble over the Hills again. Which is always done, on the part of the Prussian Burschen; though sometimes not, without difficulty.—His Majesty is forming Magazines at Neisse, Brieg, and the principal Fortresses in those parts; driving on all manner of preparations at the rapidest rate of speed, and looking with his own eyes into everything. The regiments are about what we may call complete, arithmetically and otherwise; the cavalry show good perfection in their new mode of manoeuvring; —it is to be hoped the Fighting Apparatus generally will give fair account of itself when the time comes. Our one anchor of hope, as now more and more appears.

On the Pandour element he first tried (under General Hautcharmoi, with Winterfeld as chief active hand) a direct outburst or two, with a view to slash them home at once. But finding that it was of no use, as they always reappeared in new multitudes, he renounced that; took to calling in his remoter outposts; and, except where Magazines or the like remained to be cared for, let the Pandours baffle about, checked only by the fortified Towns, and more and more submerge the Hill Country. Prince Karl, to be expected in the form of lion, mysteriously uncertain on which side coming to invade us,—he, and not the innumerable weasel kind, is our important matter! By the end of April (news of the PEACE OF FUSSEN coming withal), Friedrich had quitted Neisse; lay cantoned, in Neisse Valley (between Frankenstein and Patschkau, "able to assemble in forty-eight hours"); studying, with his whole strength, to be ready for the mysterious Prince Karl, on whatever side he might arrive; —and disregarding the Pandours in comparison.

The points of inrush, the tideways of these Pandour Deluges seem to be mainly three. Direct through the Jablunka, upon Ratibor Country, is the first and chief; less direct (partly supplied by REFLUENCES from Ratibor, when Ratibor is found not to answer), a second disembogues by Jagerndorf; a third, the westernmost, by Landshut. Three main ingresses: at each of which there fall out little Fights; which are still celebrated in the

Prussian Books, and indeed well deserve reading by soldiers that would know their trade. In the Ratibor parts, the invasive leader is a General Karoly, with 12,000 under him, who are the wildest horde of all: "Karoly lodges in a wood: for himself there is a tent; his companions sleep under trees, or under the open sky, by the edge of morasses." [Ranke, iii. 244.] It was against this Karoly and his horde that Hautcharmoi's little expedition, or express attacking party to drive them home again, was shot out (8th–21st April). Which did its work very prettily; Winterfeld, chief hand in it, crowning the matter by a "Fight of Wurbitz," [Orlich, ii. 136 (21st April).]—where Winterfeld, cutting the taproot, in his usual electric way, tumbles Karoly quite INTO the morasses, and clears the country of him for a time. For a time; though for a time only; —Karoly or others returning in a week or two, to a still higher extent of thousands; mischievous as ever in those Ratibor–Namslau countries. Upon which, Friedrich, finding this an endless business, and nothing like the most important, gives it up for the present; calls in his remoter detachments; has his Magazines carted home to the Fortress Towns,—Karoly trying, once or so, to hinder in that operation, but only again getting his crown broken. ["Fight of Mocker," May 4th (Orlich, ii. 141).] Or if carting be too difficult, still do not waste your Magazine:—Margraf Karl, for instance, is ordered to Jagerndorf with his Detachment, "to eat the Magazine;" hungry Pandours looking on, till he finish. On which occasion a renowned little Fight took place (Fight of Neustadt, or of Jagerndorf–Neustadt), as shall be mentioned farther on.

So that, for certain weeks to come, the Tolpatcheries had free course, in those Frontier parts; and were left to rove about, under check only of the Garrison Towns; Friedrich being obliged to look elsewhere after higher perils, which were now coming in view. In which favorable circumstances, Karoly and Consorts did, at last, make one stroke in those Ratibor countries; that of Kosel, which was greatly consolatory. [26th May, 1743 (Orlich, ii. 156–158).] "By treachery of an Ensign who had deserted to them [provoked by rigor of discipline, or some intolerable thing], they glided stealthily, one night, across the ditches, into Kosel" (a half–fortified place, Prussian works only half finished): which, being the Key of the Oder in those parts, they reckoned a glorious conquest; of good omen and worthy of TE–DEUMS at Vienna. And they did eagerly, without the least molestation, labor to complete the Prussian works at Kosel: "One garrison already ours!"—which was not had from them without battering (and I believe, burning), when General von Nassau came to inquire after it; in Autumn next.

Friedrich had always hoped that the Saxons, who are not yet in declared War with him, though bound by Treaty to assist the Queen of Hungary under certain conditions, would not venture on actual Invasion of his Territories; but in this, as readers anticipate, Friedrich finds himself mistaken. Weissenfels is hastening from the Leitmeritz northwestern quarter, where he has wintered, to join Prince Karl, who is gathering himself from Olmutz and his southeastern home region; their full intention is to invade Silesia together, and they hope now at length to make an end of Friedrich and it. These Pandour hordes, supported by the necessary grenadiers and cannoniers, are sent as vanguard; these cannot themselves beat him; but they may induce him (which they do not) to divide his Force; they may, in part, burn him away as by slow fire, after which he will be the easier to beat. Instead of which, Friedrich, leaving the Pandours to their luck, lies concentrated in Neisse Valley; watching, with all his faculties, Prince Karl's own advent (coming on like Fate, indubitable, yet involved in mysteries hitherto); and is perilously sensible that only in giving that a good reception is there any hope left him.

Prince Karl "who arrived in Olmutz April 30th," commands in chief again,—saddened, poor man, by the loss of his young Wife, in December last; willing to still his grief in action for the cause SHE loved;—but old Traun is not with him this year: which is a still more material circumstance. Traun is to go this year, under cloak not of Prince Karl, but of Grand–Duke Franz, to clear those Frankfurt Countries for the KAISERWAHL and him. Prince Conti lies there, with his famous "Middle–Rhine Army" (D'Ahremberg, from the western parts, not nearly so diligent upon him as one could wish); and must, at all rates, be cleared away. Traun, taking command of Bathyani's Army (now that it has finished the Bavarian job), is preparing to push down upon Conti, while Bathyani (who is to supersede the laggard D'Ahremberg) shall push vigorously up;—and before summer is over, we shall hear of Traun again, and Conti will have heard!—

Friedrich's indignation, on learning that the Saxons were actually on march, and gradually that they intended to invade him, was great; and the whole matter is portentously enigmatic to him, as he lies vigilant in Neisse Valley, waiting on the When and the How. Indignation;—and yet there is need of caution withal. To be ready for events, the Old Dessauer has, as one sure measure, been requested to take charge, once more, of a "Camp of Observation" on the Saxon Frontier (as of old, in 1741); and has given his consent: ["April 25th" consents (Orlich,

ii. 130).] "Camp of Magdeburg," "Camp of Dieskau;" for it had various names and figures; checkings of your hand, then layings of it on, heavier, lighter and again heavier, according to one's various READINGS of the Saxon Mystery; and we shall hear enough about it, intermittently, till December coming: when it ended in a way we shall not forget!—On which take this Note:—

"The Camp of Observation was to have begun May 1st; did begin somewhat later, 'near Magdeburg,' not too close on the Frontier, nor in too alarming strength; was reinforced to about 30,000; in which state [middle of August] it stept forward to Wieskau, then to Dieskau, close on the Saxon Border; and became,—with a Saxon Camp lying close opposite, and War formally threatened, or almost declared, on Saxony by Friedrich,—an alarmingly serious matter. Friedrich, however, again checked his hand; and did not consummate till November–December. But did then consummate; greatly against his will; and in a way flamingly visible to all men!" [Orlich, ii. 130, 209, 210: *Helden–Geschichte*, ii. 1224–1226; i. 1117.]

Friedrich's own incidental utterances (what more we have of Fractions from the Podewils Letters), in such portentous aspect of affairs, may now be worth giving. It is not now to Jordan that he writes, gayly unbosoming himself, as in the First War,—poor Jordan lies languishing, these many months; consumptive, too evidently dying:—Not to Jordan, this time; nor is the theme "GLOIRE" now, but a far different!

FRIEDRICH TO PODEWILS (as before, April–May, 1745).

April 20th or so, Orders are come to Berlin (orders, to Podewils's horror at such a thought), Whitherward, should Berlin be assaulted, the Official Boards, the Preciosities and household gods are to betake themselves:—to Magdeburg, all these, which is an impregnable place; to Stettin, the Two Queens and Royal Family, if they like it better. Podewils in horror, "hair standing on end," writes thereupon to Eichel, That he hopes the management, "in a certain contingency," will be given to Minister Boden; he Podewils, with his hair in that posture, being quite unequal to it. Friedrich answers:—

"APRIL 26th. ... 'I can understand how you are getting uneasy, you Berliners. I have the most to lose of you all; but I am quiet, and prepared for events. If the Saxons take part,' as they surely will, 'in the Invasion of Silesia, and we beat them, I am determined to plunge into Saxony. For great maladies, there need great remedies. Either I will maintain my all, or else lose my all. [Hear it, friend; and understand it,—with hair lying flat!] It is true, the disaffection of the Russian Court, on such trifling grounds, was not to be expected; and great misfortune can befall us. Well; a year or two sooner, a year or two later,—it is not worth one's while to bother about the very worst. If things take the better turn, our condition will be surer and firmer than it was before. If we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, neither need we fret and plague ourselves about bad events, which can happen to any man.'—'I am causing despatch a secret Order for Boden [on YOU know what], which you will not deliver him till I give sign.'— On hearing of the Peace of Fussen, perhaps a day or so later, Friedrich again writes:—

"APRIL [no distinct date; Neisse still? QUILTS Neisse, April 28th]. ... Peace of Fussen, Bavaria turned against me? 'I can say nothing to it,—except, There has come what had to come. To me remains only to possess myself in patience. If all alliances, resources, and negotiations fail, and all conjunctures go against me, I prefer to perish with honor, rather than lead an inglorious life deprived of all dignity. My ambition whispers me that I have done more than another to the building up of my House, and have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. To maintain myself there, has become as it were a personal duty; which I will fulfil at the expense of my happiness and my life. I have no choice left: I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the Prussian name be buried under it. If the enemy attempt anything upon us, we will either beat him, or we will all be hewed to pieces, for the sake of our Country, and the renown of Brandenburg. No other counsel can I listen to.'"

SAME LETTER, OR ANOTHER? (Herr Ranke having his caprices!) ... "You are a good man, my Podewils, and do what can be expected of you" (Podewils has been apologizing for his terrors; and referring hopefully "to Providence"): "Perform faithfully the given work on your side, as I on mine; for the rest, let what you call 'Providence' decide as it likes [UNE PROVIDENCE AVEUGLE? Ranke, who alone knows, gives "BLINDE VORSEHUNG." What an utterance, on the part of this little Titan! Consider it as exceptional with him, unusual, accidental to the hard moment, and perhaps not so impious as it looks!]"—Neither our prudence nor our courage shall be liable to blame; but only circumstances that would not favor us. ...

"I prepare myself for every event. Fortune may be kind or be unkind, it shall neither dishearten me nor uplift me. If I am to perish, let it be with honor, and sword in hand. What the issue is to be— Well, what pleases

Heaven, or the Other Party (J'AI JETE LE BONNET PAR DESSUS LES MOULINS)! Adieu, my dear Podewils; become as good a philosopher as you are a politician; and learn from a man who does not go to Elsner's Preaching [fashionable at the time], that one must oppose to ill fortune a brow of iron; and, during this life, renounce all happiness, all acquisitions, possessions and lying shows, none of which will follow us beyond the grave." [Ranke, iii. pp. 238–241.]

"By what points the Austrian–Saxon Armament will come through upon us? Together will it be, or separately? Saxons from the Lausitz, Austrians from Bohmen, enclosing us between two fires?"—were enigmatic questions with Friedrich; and the Saxons especially are an enigma. But that come they will, that these Pandours are their preliminary veiling–apparatus as usual, is evident to him; and that he must not spend himself upon Pandours; but coalesce, and lie ready for the main wrestle. So that from April 28th, as above noticed, Friedrich has gone into cantonments, some way up the Neisse Valley, westward of Neisse Town; and is calling in his outposts, his detachments; emptying his Frontier Magazines;— abandoning his Upper–Silesian Frontier more and more, and in the end altogether, to the Pandour hordes; a small matter they, compared to the grand Invasion which is coming on. Here, with shiftings up the Neisse Valley, he lies till the end of May; watching Argus–like, and scanning with every faculty the Austrian– Saxon motions and intentions, until at length they become clear to him, and we shall see how he deals with them.

His own lodging, or head–quarter, most of this time (4th May–27th May), is in the pleasant Abbey of Camenz (mythic scene of that BAUMGARTEN–SKIRMISH business, in the First Silesian War). He has excellent Tobias Stusche for company in leisure hours; and the outlook of bright Spring all round him, flowering into gorgeous Summer, as he hurries about on his many occasions, not of an idyllic nature. [Orlich, ii. 139; Ranke, iii. 242–249.] But his Army is getting into excellent completeness of number, health, equipment, and altogether such a spirit as he could wish. May 22d, here is another snatch from some Note to Podewils, from this balmy Locality, potential with such explosions of another kind. CAMENZ, MAY 22d. ... "The Enemies are making movements; but nothing like enough as yet for our guessing their designs. Till we see, therefore, the thunder lies quiet in us (LA FOUDRE REPOSE EN MES MAINS). Ah, could we but have a Day like that May Eleventh!" [Ranke, iii. 248 n.]

What "that May Eleventh" is or was? Readers are curious to know; especially English readers, who guess FONTENOY. And Historic Art, if she were strict, would decline to inform them at any length; for really the thing is no better than a "Victory on the Scamander, and a Siege of Pekin" (as a certain observer did afterwards define it), in reference to the matter now on hand! Well, Pharsalia, Arbela, the Scamander, Armageddon, and so many Battles and Victories being luminous, by study, to cultivated Englishmen, and one's own Fontenoy such a mystery and riddle,—Art, after consideration, reluctantly consents to be indulgent; will produce from her Paper Imbroglios a slight Piece on the subject, and print instead of burning.

Chapter VIII. THE MARTIAL BOY AND HIS ENGLISH VERSUS THE LAWS OF NATURE.

"Glorious Campaign in the Netherlands, Siege of Tournay, final ruin of the Dutch Barrier!" this is the French program for Season 1745, —no Belleisle to contradict it; Belleisle secure at Windsor, who might have leant more towards German enterprises. And to this his Britannic Majesty (small gain to him from that adroitness in the Harz, last winter!) has to make front. And is strenuously doing so, by all methods; especially by heroic expenditure of money, and ditto exposure of his Martial Boy. Poor old Wade, last year,— perhaps Wade did suffer, as he alleged, from "want of sufficient authority in that mixed Army"? Well, here is a Prince of the Blood, Royal Highness of Cumberland, to command in chief. With a Konigseck to dry—nurse him, may not Royal Highness, luck favoring, do very well? Luck did not favor; Britannic Majesty, neither in the Netherlands over seas, nor at home (strange new domestic wool, of a tarry HIGHLAND nature, being thrown him to card, on the sudden!), made a good Campaign, but a bad. And again a bad (1746) and again (1747), ever again, till he pleased to cease altogether. Of which distressing objects we propose that the following one glimpse be our last.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY (11th May, 1745).

... "In the end of April, Marechal de Saxe, now become very famous for his sieges in the Netherlands, opened trenches before Tournay; King Louis, with his Dauphin, not to speak of mistresses, play— actors and cookery apparatus (in wagons innumerable), hastens to be there. A fighting Army, say of 70,000, besides the garrisons; and great things, it is expected, will be done; Tournay, in spite of strong works and Dutch garrison of 9,000, to be taken in the first place.

"Of the Siege, which was difficult and ardent, we will remember nothing, except the mischance that befell a certain 'Marquis de Talleyrand' and his men, in the trenches, one night. Night of the 8th—9th May, by carelessness of somebody, a spark got into the Marquis's powder, two powder—barrels that there were; and, with horrible crash, sent eighty men, Marquis Talleyrand and Engineer Du Mazis among them, aloft into the other world; raining down their limbs into the covered way, where the Dutch were very inhuman to them, and provoked us to retaliate. [Espagnac, ii. 27.] Du Mazis I do not know; but Marquis de Talleyrand turns out, on study of the French Peerages, to be Uncle of a lame little Boy, who became Right Reverend Tallyrand under singular conditions, and has made the name very current in after—times!—

"Hearing of this Siege, the Duke of Cumberland hastened over from England, with intent to raise the same. Mustered his 'Allied Army' (once called 'Pragmatic'),—self at the head of it; old Count Konigseck, who was NOT burnt at Chotusitz, commanding the small Austrian quota [Austrians mainly are gone laggarding with D'Ahremberg up the Rhine]; and a Prince of Waldeck the Dutch,—on the plain of Anderlecht near Brussels, May 4th; [Anonymous, *Life of Cumberland*, p. 180; Espagnac, ii. 26.] and found all things tolerably complete. Upon which, straightway, his Royal Highness, 60,000 strong let us say, set forth; by slowish marches, and a route somewhat leftward of the great Tournay Road [no place on it, except perhaps STEENKERKE, ever heard of by an English reader]; and on Sunday, 9th May, [Espagnac, ii. 27.] precisely on the morrow after poor Talleyrand had gone aloft, reached certain final Villages: Vezon, Maubray, where he encamps, Briffoeil to rear; Camp looking towards Tournay and the setting sun,—with Fontenoy short way ahead, and Antoine to left of it, and Barry with its Woods to right:—small peaceable Villages, which become famous in the Newspapers shortly after. [Patch of Map at p. 440.] Royal Highness, resting here at Vezon, is but some six or seven miles from Tournay; in low undulating Country, woody here and there, not without threads of running water, and with frequent Villages and their adjuncts: the part of it now interesting to us lies all between the Brussels—Tournay Road and the Scheld River,— all in immediate front of his Royal Highness,—to southeastward from beleaguered Tournay, where said Road and River intersect. How shall he make some impression on the Siege of Tournay? That is now the question; and his Royal Highness struggles to manoeuvre accordingly.

Marechal de Saxe, whose habit is much that of vigilance, forethought, sagacious precaution, singular in so dissolute a man, has neglected nothing on this occasion. He knows every foot of the ground, having sieged here, in his boyhood, once before. Leaving the siege—trenches at Tournay, under charge of a ten or fifteen thousand, he

has taken camp here; still with superior force (56,000 as they count, Royal Highness being only 50,000 ranked), barring Royal Highness's way. Tournay, or at least the Marechal's trenches there, are on the right bank of the Scheld; which flows from southeast, securing all on that hand. The broad Brussels Highway comes in to him from the east;—north of that he has nothing to fear, the ground being cut with bogs; no getting through upon him, that way, to Tournay and what he calls the 'Under Scheld.' The 'Upper Scheld' too, avail them nothing. There is only that triangle to the southeast, between Road and River, where the Enemy is now manoeuvring in front of him, from which damage can well come; and he has done his best to be secure there. Four villages or hamlets, close to the Scheld and onwards to the Great Road,— Antoine, Fontenoy, Barry, Ramecroix, with their lanes and boscages, —make a kind of circular base to his triangle; base of some six or eight miles; with hollows in it, brooks, and northward a considerable Wood [BOIS DE BARRY, enveloping Barry and Ramecroix, which do not prove of much interest to us, though the BOIS does of a good deal]. In and before each of those villages are posts and defences; in Antoine and Fontenoy elaborate redoubts, batteries, redans connecting: in the Wood (BOIS DE BARRY), an abattis, or wall of felled trees, as well as cannon; and at the point of the Wood, well within double range of Fontenoy, is a Redoubt, called of Eu (REDOUTE D'EU, from the regiment occupying it), which will much concern his Royal Highness and us. Saxe has a hundred pieces of cannon [say the English, which is correct], consummately disposed along this space; no ingress possible anywhere, except through the cannon's throat; torrents of fire and cross-fire playing on you. He is armed to the teeth, as they say; and has his 56,000 arranged according to the best rules of tactics, behind this murderous line of works. If his Royal Highness think of breaking in, he may count on a very warm reception indeed.

"Saxe is only afraid his Royal Highness will not. Outside of these lines, with a 50,000 dashing fiercely round us, under any kind of leading; pouncing on our convoys; harassing and sieging US,—our siege of Toumay were a sad outlook. And this is old Austrian Konigseck's opinion, too; though, they say, Waldeck and the Dutch (impetuous in theory at least) opined otherwise, and strengthened Royal Highness's view. Two young men against one old: 'Be it so, then!' His Royal Highness, resolute for getting in, manoeuvres and investigates, all Monday 10th; his cannon is not to arrive completely till night; otherwise he would be for breaking in at once: a fearless young man, fearless as ever his poor Father was; certainly a man SANS PEUY, this one too; whether of much AVIS, we shall see anon.

"Tuesday morning early, 11th May, 1745, cannon being up, and dispositions made, his Royal Highness sallies out; sees his men taking their ground: Dutch and Austrians to the left, chiefly opposite Antoine; English, with some Hanoverians, in the centre and to the right; infantry in front, facing Fontenoy, cavalry to rear flanking the Wood of Barry,—Konigseck, Ligonier and others able, assisting to plant them advantageously; cannon going, on both sides, the while; radiant enthusiasm, SANS PEUR ET SANS AVIS, looking from his Royal Highness's face. He has been on horseback since two in the morning; cannon started thundering between five and six,—has killed chivalrous Grammont over yonder (the Grammont of Dettingen), almost at the first volley. And now about the time when ploughers breakfast (eight A.M., no ploughing hereabouts to-day!), begins the attack, simultaneously or in swift succession, on the various batteries which it will be necessary to attack and storm.

"The attacks took place; but none of them succeeded. Dutch and Austrians, on the extreme left, were to have stormed Antoine by the edge of the River; that was their main task; right skirt of them to help US meanwhile with Fontenoy. And they advanced, accordingly; but found the shot from Antoine too fierce: especially when a subsidiary battery opened from across the River, and took them in flank, the Dutch and Austrians felt astonished; and hastily drew aside, under some sheltering mound or earthwork they had found for themselves, or prudently thrown up the night before. There, under their earthwork, stood the Dutch and Austrians; patiently expecting a fitter time,—which indeed never occurred; for always, the instant they drew out, the batteries from Antoine, and from across the River, instantly opened upon them, and they had to draw in again. So that they stood there, in a manner, all day; and so to speak did nothing but patiently expect when it should be time to run. For which they were loudly censured, and deservedly. Antoine is and remains a total failure on the part of the Dutch and Austrians.

"Royal Highness in person, with his English, was to attack Fontenoy;—and is doing so, by battery and storm, at various points; with emphasis, though without result. As preliminary, at an early stage he had sent forward on the right, by the Wood of Barry, a Brigadier Ingoldsby 'with Semple's Highlanders' and other force, to silence 'that redoubt yonder at the point of the Wood,'— redoubt, fort, or whatever it be (famous REDOUTE D'EU, as it

turned out!),—which guards Fontenoy to north, and will take us in flank, nay in rear, as we storm the cannon of the Village. Ingoldsby, speed imperative on him, pushed into the Wood; found French light-troops ('God knows how many of them!') prowling about there; found the Redoubt a terribly strong thing, with ditch, drawbridge, what not; spent thirty or forty of his Highlanders, in some frantic attempt on it by rule of thumb;—and found 'He would need artillery' and other things. In short, Ingoldsby, hasten what he might, could not perfect the preparations to his mind, had to wait for this and for that; and did not storm the Redoubt d'Eu at all; but hung fire, in an unaccountable manner. For which he had to answer (to Court-Martial, still more to the Newspapers) afterwards; and prove that it was misfortune merely, or misfortune and stupidity combined. Too evident, the REDOUTE D'EU was not taken, then or thenceforth; which might have proved the saving of the whole affair, could Ingoldsby have managed it. Royal Highness attacked Fontenoy, and re-attacked, furiously, thrice over; and had to desist, and find Fontenoy impossible on those terms.

"Here is a piece of work. Repulsed at all those points; and on the left and on the right, no spirit visible but what deserves repulse! His Royal Highness blazes into resplendent PLATT-DEUTSCH rage, what we may call spiritual white-heat, a man SANS PEUR at any rate, and pretty much SANS AVIS; decides that he must and will be through those lines, if it please God; that he will not be repulsed at his part of the attack, not he for one; but will plunge through, by what gap there is [900 yards Voltaire measures it [*OEuvres*, xxviii. 150 (SIECLE DE LOUIS QUINZE, c. xv. "BATAILLE DE FONTENOI,"—elaborately exact on all such points).]] between Fontenoy and that Redoubt with its laggard Ingoldsby; and see what the French interior is like! He rallies rapidly, rearranges; forms himself in thin column or columns [three of them, I think,—which gradually got crushed into one, as they advanced, under caunon-shot on both hands],—wheeling his left round, to be rear, his right to be head of said column or columns. In column, the cannon-shot from Fontenoy on the left, and Redoubt d'Eu on our right, will tell less on us; and between these two death-dealing localities, by the hollowest, least shelterless way discoverable, we mean to penetrate: (Forward, my men, steady and swift, till we are through the shot-range, and find men to grapple with, instead of case-shot and projectile iron! Marechal de Saxe owned afterwards, 'He should have put an additional redoubt in that place, but he did not think any Army would try such a thing' (cannon batteries playing on each hand at 400 yards distance);—nor has any Army since or before!

"These columns advance, however; through bushy hollows, water-courses, through what defiles or hollowest grounds there are; endure the cannon-shot, while they must; trailing their own heavy guns by hand, and occasionally blasting out of them where the ground favors;—and do, with indignant patience, wind themselves through, pretty much beyond direct shot-range of either d'Eu or Fontenoy. And have actually got into the interior mystery of the French Line of Battle,—which is not a little astonished to see them there! It is over a kind of blunt ridge, or rising ground, that they are coming: on the crown of this rising ground, the French regiment fronting it (GARDES FRANCAISES as it chanced to be) notices, with surprise, field-cannon pointed the wrong way; actual British artillery unaccountably showing itself there. Regiment of GARDES rushes up to seize said field-pieces: but, on the summit, perceives with amazement that it cannot; that a heavy volley of musketry blazes into it (killing sixty men); that it will have to rush back again, and report progress: Huge British force, of unknown extent, is readjusting itself into column there, and will be upon us on the instant. Here is news!

"News true enough. The head of the English column comes to sight, over the rising ground, close by: their officers doff their hats, politely saluting ours, who return the civility: was ever such politeness seen before? It is a fact; and among the memorablest of this Battle. Nay a certain English Officer of mark—Lord Charles Hay the name of him, valued surely in the annals of the Hay and Tweeddale House—steps forward from the ranks, as if wishing something. Towards whom [says the accurate Espagnac] Marquis d'Auteroche, grenadier-lieutenant, with air of polite interrogation, not knowing what he meant, made a step or two: 'Monsieur,' said Lord Charles (LORD CHARLES-HAY), 'bid your people fire (FAITES TIRER VOS GENS)!' 'NON, MONSIEUR, NOUS NE TIRONS JAMAIS LES PREMIERS (We never fire first).' [Espagnac, ii. 60 (of the ORIGINAL, Toulouse, 1789); ii. 48 of the German Translation (Leipzig, 1774), our usual reference. Voltaire, endlessly informed upon details this time, is equally express: "MILORD CHARLES HAY, CAPITAINE AUX GARDES ANGLAISES, CRIA: 'MESSIEURS DES GARDES FRANCAISES, TIREZ!' To which Count d'Auteroche with a loud voice answered" (*OEuvres*, vol. xxviii. p. 155.) See also *Souvenirs du Marquis de Valfons* (edited by a Grand-Nephew, Paris, 1860), p. 151;—a poor, considerably noisy and unclean little Book; which proves unexpectedly worth looking at, in regard to some of those poor Battles and personages and occurrences: the Bohemian Belleisle-Broglio part, to

my regret, if to no other person's, has been omitted, as extinct, or undecipherable by the Grand-Nephew.] After YOU, Sirs! Is not this a bit of modern chivalry? A supreme politeness in that sniffing pococurante kind; probably the highest point (or lowest) it ever went to. Which I have often thought of."

It is almost pity to disturb an elegant Historical Passage of this kind, circulating round the world, in some glory, for a century past: but there has a small irrefragable Document come to me, which modifies it a good deal, and reduces matters to the business form. Lord Charles Hay, "Lieutenant-Colonel," practical Head, "of the First Regiment of Foot-guards," wrote, about three weeks after (or dictated in sad spelling, not himself able to write for wounds), a Letter to his Brother, of which here is an Excerpt at first hand, with only the spelling altered: ... "It was our Regiment that attacked the French Guards: and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them, I advanced before our Regiment; drank to them [to the French, from the pocket-pistol one carries on such occasions], and told them that we were the English Guards, and hoped that they would stand till we came quite up to them, and not swim the Scheld as they did the Mayn at Dettingen [shameful THIRD-BRIDGE, not of wood, though carpeted with blue cloth there]! Upon which I immediately turned about to our own Regiment; speeched them, and made them huzza,"--I hope with a will. "An Officer [d'Auteroche] came out of the ranks, and tried to make his men huzza; however, there were not above three or four in their Brigade that did." ["Ath, May ye 20th, o.s." (to John, Fourth Marquis of Tweeddale, last "Secretary of State for Scotland," and a man of figure in his day): Letter is at Yester House, East Lothian; Excerpt PENES ME.] ...

Very poor counter-huzza. And not the least whisper of that sublime "After you, Sirs!" but rather, in confused form, of quite the reverse; Hay having been himself fired into ("fire had begun on my left;" Hay totally ignorant on which side first),--fired into, rather feebly, and wounded by those D'Auteroche people, while he was still advancing with shouldered arms;--upon which, and not till which, he did give it them: in liberal dose; and quite blew them off the ground, for that day. From all which, one has to infer, That the mutual salutation by hat was probably a fact; that, for certain, there was some slight preliminary talk and gesticulation, but in the Homeric style, by no means in the Espagnac-French,--not chivalrous epigram at all, mere rough banter, and what is called "chaffing;"--and in short, that the French Mess-rooms (with their eloquent talent that way) had rounded off the thing into the current epigrammatic redaction; the authentic business-form of it being ruggedly what is now given. Let our Manuscript proceed.

"D'Auteroche declining the first fire,"--or accepting it, if ever offered, nobody can say,--"the three Guards Regiments, Lord Charles's on the right, give it him hot and heavy, 'tremendous rolling fire;' so that D'Auteroche, responding more or less, cannot stand it; but has at once to rustle into discontinuity, he and his, and roll rapidly out of the way. And the British Column advances, steadily, terribly, hurling back all opposition from it; deeper and deeper into the interior mysteries of the French Host; blasting its way with gunpowder;--in a magnificent manner. A compact Column, slowly advancing,--apparently of some 16,000 foot. Pauses, readjusts itself a little, when not meddled with; when meddled with, has cannon, has rolling fire,--delivers from it, in fact, on both hands such a torrent of deadly continuous fire as was rarely seen before or since. 'FEU INFERNAL,' the French call it. The French make vehement resistance. Battalions, squadrons, regiment after regiment, charge madly on this terrible Column; but rush only on destruction thereby. Regiment This storms in from the right, regiment That from the left; have their colonels shot, 'lose the half of their people;' and hastily draw back again, in a wrecked condition. The cavalry-horses cannot stand such smoke and blazing; nor indeed, I think, can the cavaliers. REGIMENT DU ROI rushing on, full gallop, to charge this Column, got one volley from it [says Espagnac] which brought to the ground 460 men. Natural enough that horses take the bit between their teeth; likewise that men take it, and career very madly in such circumstances!

"The terrible Column with slow inflexibility advances; cannon (now in reversed position) from that Redoubt d'Eu ('Shame on you, Ingoldsby!'), and irregular musketry from Fontenoy side, playing upon it; defeated regiments making barriers of their dead men and firing there; Column always closing its gapped ranks, and girdled with insupportable fire. It ought to have taken Fontenoy and Redoubt d'Eu, say military men; it ought to have done several things! It has now cut the French fairly in two;--and Saxe, who is earnestly surveying it a hundred paces ahead, sends word, conjuring the King to retire instantly,--across the Scheld, by Calonne Bridge and the strong rear-guard there,--who, however, will not. King and Dauphin, on horseback both, have stood 'at the Justice (GALLOWS, in fact) of our Lady of the Woods,' not stirring much, occasionally shifting to a windmill which is still higher,--ye Heavens, with what intrepidity, all day!--'a good many country-folk in trees close

behind them.' Country—folk, I suppose, have by this time seen enough, and are copiously making off: but the King will not, though things do look dubious.

"In fact, the Battle hangs now upon a hair; the Battle is as good as lost, thinks Marechal de Saxe. His battle—lines torn in two in that manner, hovering in ragged clouds over the field, what hope is there in the Battle? Fontenoy is firing blank, this some time; its cannon—balls done. Officers, in Antoine, are about withdrawing the artillery,—then again (on new order) replacing it awhile. All are looking towards the Scheld Bridge; earnestly entreating his Majesty to withdraw. Had the Dutch, at this point of time, broken heartily in, as Waldeck was urging them to do, upon the redoubts of Antoine; or had his Royal Highness the Duke, for his own behoof, possessed due cavalry or artillery to act upon these ragged clouds, which hang broken there, very fit for being swept, were there an artillery—and—horse besom to do it,—in either of these cases the Battle was the Duke's. And a right fiery victory it would have been; to make his name famous; and confirm the English in their mad method of fighting, like Baresarks or Janizaries rather than strategic human creatures. [See, in Busching's Magazin, xvi. 169 ("Your illustrious 'Column,' at Fontenoy? It was fortuitous, I say; done like janizaries;" and so forth), a Criticism worth reading by soldiers.]

"But neither of these contingencies had befallen. The Dutch— Austrian wing did evince some wish to get possession of Antoine; and drew out a little; but the guns also awoke upon them; whereupon the Dutch—Austrians drew in again, thinking the time not come. As for the Duke, he had taken with him of cannon a good few; but of horse none at all (impossible for horse, unless Fontenoy and the Redoubt d'Eu were ours!)—and his horse have been hanging about, in the Wood of Barry all this while, uncertain what to do; their old Commander being killed withal, and their new a dubitative person, and no orders left. The Duke had left no orders; having indeed broken in here, in what we called a spiritual white—heat, without asking himself much what he would do when in: 'Beat the French, knock them to powder if I can!'—Meanwhile the French clouds are reassembling a little: Royal Highness too is readjusting himself, now got '300 yards ahead of Fontenoy,'—pauses there about half an hour, not seeing his way farther.

"During which pause, Duc de Richelieu, famous blackguard man, gallops up to the Marechal, gallops rapidly from Marechal to King; suggesting, 'were cannon brought AHEAD of this close deep Column, might not they shear it into beautiful destruction; and then a general charge be made?' So counselled Richelieu: it is said, the Jacobite Irishman, Count Lally of the Irish Brigade, was prime author of this notion,—a man of tragic notoriety in time coming. ["Thomas Arthur Lally Comte de Tollendal," patronymically "O'MuLALLY of TULLINDALLY" (a place somewhere in Connaught, undiscoverable where, not material where): see our dropsical friend (in one of his wheeziest states), *King James's Irish Army—List* (Dublin, 1855), pp. 594–600.] Whoever was author of it, Marechal de Saxe adopts it eagerly, King Louis eagerly: swift it becomes a fact. Universal rally, universal simultaneous charge on both flanks of the terrible Column: this it might resist, as it has done these two hours past; but cannon ahead, shearing gaps through it from end to end, this is what no column can resist;—and only perhaps one of Friedrich's columns (if even that) with Friedrich's eye upon it, could make its half—right— about (QUART DE CONVERSION), turn its side to it, and manoeuvre out of it, in such circumstances. The wrathful English column, slit into ribbons, can do nothing at manoeuvring; blazes and rages,— more and more clearly in vain; collapses by degrees, rolls into ribbon—coils, and winds itself out of the field. Not much chased,— its cavalry now seeing a job, and issuing from the Wood of Barry to cover the retreat. Not much chased;—yet with a loss, they say, in all, of 7,000 killed and wounded, and about 2,000 prisoners; French loss being under 5,000.

"The Dutch and Austrians had found that the fit time was now come, or taken time by the forelock,—their part of the loss, they said, was a thousand and odd hundreds. The Battle ended about two o'clock of the day; had begun about eight. Tuesday, 11th May, 1745: one of the hottest half—day's works I have known. A thing much to be meditated by the English mind.—King Louis stepped down from the Gallows—Hill of Our Lady; and KISSED Marechal de Saxe. Saxe was nearly dead of dropsy; could not sit on horseback, except for minutes; was carried about in a wicker bed; has had a lead bullet in his mouth, all day, to mitigate the intolerable thirst. Tournay was soon taken; the Dutch garrison, though strong, and in a strong place, making no due debate.

"Royal Highness retired upon Ath and Brussels; hovered about, nothing daunted, he or his: 'Dastard fellows, they would not come out into the open ground, and try us fairly!' snort indignantly the Gazetteers and enlightened Public. [Old Newspapers.] Nothing daunted;—but, as it were, did not do anything farther, this Campaign; except lose Gand, by negligence VERSUS vigilance, and eat his victuals,—till called home by the Rebellion Business, in

an unexpected manner! Fontenoy was the nearest approach he ever made to getting victory in a battle; but a miss too, as they all were. He was nothing like so rash, on subsequent occasions; but had no better luck; and was beaten in all his battles—except the immortal Victory of Culloden alone. Which latter indeed, was it not itself (in the Gazetteer mind) a kind of apotheosis, or lifting of a man to the immortal gods,—by endless tar—barrels and beer, for the time being?

"Old Marechal de Noailles was in this Battle; busy about the redans, and proud to see his Saxe do well. Chivalrous Grammont, too, as we saw, was there,——killed at the first discharge. Prince de Soubise too (not killed); a certain Lord George Sackville (hurt slightly,—perhaps had BETTER have been killed!)—and others known to us, or that will be known. Army—Surgeon La Mettrie, of busy brain, expert with his tourniquets and scalpels, but of wildly blustering heterodox tongue and ways, is thrice—busy in Hospital this night,—'English and French all one to you, nay, if anything, the English better!' those are the Royal orders:—La Mettrie will turn up, in new capacity, still blustering, at Berlin, by and by.

"The French made immense explosions of rejoicing over this Victory of Fontenoy; Voltaire (now a man well at Court) celebrating it in prose and verse, to an amazing degree (21,000 copies sold in one day); the whole Nation blazing out over it into illuminations, arcs of triumph and universal three—times—three:—in short, I think, nearly the heartiest National Huzza, loud, deep, long—drawn, that the Nation ever gave in like case. Now rather curious to consider, at this distance of time. Miraculous Anecdotes, true and not true, are many. Not to mention again that surprising offer of the first fire to us, what shall we say of the 'two camp—sutlers whom I noticed,' English females of the lowest degree; 'one of whom was busy slitting the gold—lace from a dead Officer, when a cannon—ball came whistling, and shore her head away. Upon which, without sound uttered, her neighbor snatched the scissors, and deliberately proceeded.' [De Hordt, *Memoires*, i. 108. A FRENCH OFFICER'S ACCOUNT (translated in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745; where, pp. 246, 250, 291, 313, are many confused details and speculations on this subject).] A deliberate gloomy people;—unconquerable except by French prowess, glory to that same!"

Britannic Majesty is not successful this season; Highland Rebellions rising on him, and much going awry. He is founding his National Debt, poor Majesty; nothing else to speak of. His poor Army, fighting never so well in Foreign quarrels,—and generally itself standing the brunt, with the co—partners looking on till it is time to run (as at Roucoux again next season, and at Lauffeld next),—can win nothing but hard knocks and losses. And is defined by mankind,—in phraseology which we have heard again since then! —as having "the heart of a Lion and the head of an Ass." [Old Pamphlets, SOEPIUS.] Portentous to contemplate!—

Cape Breton was besieged this Summer, in a creditable manner; and taken. The one real stroke done upon France this Year, or indeed (except at sea) throughout the War. "Ruin to their Fisheries, and a clear loss of 1,400,000 pounds a year." Compared with which all these fine "Victories in Flanders" are a bottle of moonshine. This was actually a kind of stroke;—and this, one finds, was accomplished, under presidency of a small squadron of King's ships, by ('New—England Volunteers," on funds raised by subscription, in the way of joint—stock. A shining Colonial feat; said to be very perfectly done, both scrip part of it, and fighting part; [Adelung, v. 32–35 ("27th June, 1745, after a siege of forty—nine days"): see "Gibson, *Journal of the Siege*;" "Mr. Prince (of the South Church, Boston), THANKSGIVING SERMON (price fourpence);" in the Old Newspapers, 1745, 1748, multifarious Notices about it, and then about the "repayment" of those excellent "joint—stock" people.] —and might have yielded, what incalculable dividends in the Fishery way! But had to be given up again, in exchange for the Netherlands, when Peace came. Alas, your Majesty! Would it be quite impossible, then, to go direct upon your own sole errand, the JENKINS'S—EAR one, instead of stumbling about among the Foreign chimney—pots, far and wide, under nightmares, in this terrible manner?—Let us to Silesia again.

Chapter IX. THE AUSTRIAN–SAXON ARMY INVADES SILESIA, ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

Valori, who is to be of Friedrich's Campaign this Year, came posting off directly in rear of the glorious news of Fontenoy; found Friedrich at Camenz, rather in spirits than otherwise; and lodged pleasantly with Abbot Tobias and him, till the Campaign should begin. Two things surprise Valori: first, the great strength, impregnable as it were, to which Neisse has been brought since he saw it last,—superlative condition of that Fortress, and of the Army itself, as it gathers daily more and more about Frankenstein here:—and then secondly, and contrariwise, the strangely neglected posture of mountainous or Upper Silesia, given up to Pandours. Quite submerged, in a manner: Margraf Karl lies quiet among them at Jagerndorf, "eating his magazine;" General Hautcharmoi (Winterfeld's late chief in that Wurben affair), with his small Detachment, still hovers about in those Ratibor parts, "with the Strong Towns to fall—back upon," or has in effect fallen back accordingly; and nothing done to coerce the Pandours at all. While Prince Karl and Weissenfels are daily coming on, in force 100,000, their intention certain; force, say, about 100,000 regular! Very singular to Valori.

"Sire, will not you dispute the Passes, then?" asks Valori, amazed: "Not defend your Mountain rampart, then?" "MON CHER; the Mountain rampart is three or four hundred miles long; there are twelve or twenty practicable roads through it. One is kept in darkness, too; endless Pandour doggery shutting out your daylight:—ill defending such a rampart," answers Friedrich. "But how, then," persists Valori; "but—?" "One day the King answered me," says Valori, "'MON AMI, if you want to get the mouse, don't shut, the trap; leave the trap open (ON LAISSE LA SOURICIERE OUVERTE)!" Which was a beam of light to the inquiring thought of Valori, a military man of some intelligence. [See VALORI, i. 222, 224, 228.]

That, in fact, is Friedrich's purpose privately formed. He means that the Austrians shall consider him cowed into nothing, as he understands they already do; that they shall enter Silesia in the notion of chasing him; and shall, if need be, have the pleasure of chasing him,—till perhaps a right moment arrive. For he is full of silent finesse, this young King; soon sees into his man, and can lead him strange dances on occasion. In no man is there a plentifuler vein of cunning, nor of a finer kind. Lynx-eyed perspicacity, inexhaustible contrivance, prompt ingenuity,—a man very dangerous to play with at games of skill. And it is cunning regulated always by a noble sense of honor, too; instinctively abhorrent of attorneyism and the swindler element: a cunning, sharp as the vulpine, yet always strictly human, which is rather beautiful to see. This is one of Friedrich's marked endowments. Intellect sun-clear, wholly practical (need not be specially deep), and entirely loyal to the fact before it; this—if you add rapidity and energy, prompt weight of stroke, such as was seldom met with— will render a man very dangerous to his adversary in the game of war.—Here is the last of our Pandour Adventures for the present:—

"From May 12th, Friedrich had been gathering closer and closer about Frankenstein; by the end of the month (28th, as it proved) he intends that all Detachments shall be home, and the Army take Camp there. The most are home; Margraf Karl, at Jagerndorf, has not yet done eating his magazine; but he too must come home. Summon the Margraf home:—it is not doubted he will cut himself through, he and his 12,000; but such is the swarm of Pandours hovering between him and us, no estafette, or cleverest letter-bearer, can hope to get across to him. Ziethen with 500 Hussars, he must take the Letter; there is no other way. Ziethen mounts; fares swiftly forth, towards Neustadt, with his Letter; lodges in woods; dodges the thick-crowding Tolpatcheries (passes himself off for a Tolpatchery, say some, and captures Hungarian Staff-Officers who come to give him orders [Frau van Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen*, pp. 171–181 (extremely romantic; now given up as mythical, for most part): see Orlich (ii. 150); but also Ranke (iii. 245), Preuss, is at length found out, and furiously set upon, 'Ziethen, Hah!'—but gets to Jagerndorf, Margraf Karl coming out to the rescue, and delivers his Letter. 'Home, then, all of us to-morrow!' And so, Saturday, 22d May, before we get to Neustadt on the way home, there is an authentic passage of arms, done very brilliantly by Margraf Karl against Pandours and others. "To right of us, to left, barring our road, the enemy, 20,000 of them, stand ranked on heights, in chosen positions; cannon-batteries, grenadiers, dragoons of Gotha and infinite Pandours: military jungle bristling far and wide. And you must push it heartily, and likewise cut the tap-root of it (seize its big guns), or it will not roll away. Margraf Karl shoots forth his steady infantry ('Silent till you see the whites of their eyes!'),—his cavalry with new manoeuvres; whose

behavior is worthy of Ziethen himself:—in brief, the jungle is struck as by a whirlwind, the tap—root of it cut, and rolls simultaneously out of range, leaving only the Regiment of Gotha., Regiment of Ogilvy and some Regulars, who also get torn to shreds, and utterly ruined. Seeing which, the Pandour jungle plunges wholly into the woods, uttering horrible cries (EN POUSSANT DES CRIS TERRIBLES), says Friedrich. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 106. More specially BERICHTE VON DER AM 22 MAI, 1745 BEY NEUSTADT IN OBER—SCHLESISIEN VORGEFALLENER ACTION (Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 159–166).] Our new cavalry—manoeuvres deserve praise. Margraf Karl had the honor to gain his Cousin's approbation this day; and to prove himself, says the Cousin, (worthy of the grandfather he came from,'—my own great—grandfather; Great Elector, Friedrich—Wilhelm; whose style of motion at Fehrbellin, or on the ice of the Frische Haf (soldiers all in sledges, tearing along to be at the Swedes), was probably somewhat of this kind." ...

"Some days ago, Winterfeld had been pushed out to Landshut, with Detachment of 2,000, to judge a little for himself which way the Austrians were coming, and to scare off certain Uhlans (the SAXON species of Tolpatchery), who were threatening to be mischievous thereabouts. The Uhlans, at sound of Winterfeld, jingled away at once: but, in a day or two, there came upon him, on the sudden, Pandour outburst in quite other force;—and in the very hours while Ziethen was struggling into Jagerndorf, and still more emphatically next day, while Margraf Karl was handling his Pandours,—Colonel Winterfeld, a hundred miles to westward lapped among the Mountains, chanced to be dealing again with the same article. Very busy with it, from 4 o'clock this morning; likely to give a good account of the job. Steadily defending Landshut and himself, against the grenadier battalions, cannon and furious overplus of Pandours (8,000 or 9,000, it is said, six to one or so in the article of cavalry), which General Nadasti, a scientific leader of men or Pandours, skilfully and furiously hurls upon Landshut and him, in an unexpected manner. Colonel Winterfeld had need of all his heart and energy, in the intricate ground; against the furious overplus well manoeuvred: but in him too there are manoeuvres; if he fall back here, it is to rush on double strong there; hour after hour he inexpugnably defends himself,—till General Stille, Friedrich's old Tutor, our worthy writing friend, whom we occasionally quote, comes up with help; and Nadasti is at once brushed home again, with sore smart of failure, and 'the loss of 600 killed,' among other items. [*Bericht von der am 21 Mai, 1745 bey Landshut vorgefallener Action, in Feldzuge*, i. 302–305 (or in Seyfarth, *Beylage*, i. 155–158); *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 105; Stille, pp. 120–124 (who misdates, "23d May" for 22d).] Colonel Winterfeld was made Major—General next day, for this action. Colonel Winterfeld is cutting out a high course for himself, by his conduct in these employments; solidity, brilliant effectuality, shining through all he does; his valor and value, his rapid just insight, fiery energy and nobleness of mind more and more disclosing themselves,—to one who is a judge of men, and greatly needs for his own use the first—rate quality in that article."

Friedrich has left the mouse—trap open;—and latterly has been baiting it with a pleasant spicing of toasted cheese. One of his Spies, reporting from Prince Karl's quarters, Friedrich has at this time discovered to be a Double—Spy, reporting thither as well. Double—Spy, there is an ugly fact;—perhaps not quite convenient to abolish it by hemp and gibbet; perhaps it could be turned to use, as most facts can? "Very good, my expert Herr von Schonfeld [that was the knave's name]; and now of all things, whenever the Prince does get across,—instant word to us of that! Nothing so important to us. If he should get BETWEEN us and Breslau, for example, what would the consequence be!" To this purport Friedrich instructs his Double—Spy; sends him off, unchanged, to Prince Karl's Camp, to blab this fresh bit of knowledge. "We likewise," says Friedrich, "ordered some repairs on the roads leading to Breslau;"—last turn of the hand to our bit of toasted fragrancy. And Prince Karl is actually striding forward, at an eager pace:—and Nadasti VERSUS Winterfeld, the other day, could Winterfeld have guessed it, was the actual vanguard of the march; and will be up again straightway! Whereupon Winterfeld too is called home; and all eyes are bent on the Landshut side.

Prince Karl, under these fine omens, had been urgent on the Saxons to be swift; Saxons under Weissenfels did at last "get their cannon up," and we hear of them for certain, in junction with the Austrians, at Schatzlar, on the Bohemian side of the Giant—Mountains; climbing with diligence those wizard solitudes and highland wastes. In a word, they roll across into Silesia, to Landshut (29th May); nothing doubting but Friedrich has cowered into what retreats he has, as good as desperate of Silesia, and will probably be first heard of in Breslau, when they get thither with their sieging guns. No cautious sagacious old Feldmarschall Traun is in that Host at present; nothing but a Prince Karl, and a poor Duke of Weissenfels; who are too certain of several things;—very capable of

certainty, and also of doubt, the wrong way of the facts. Their force is, by strict count, 75,000; and they march from Landshut, detained a little by provender concerns, on the last day of May. [Orlich, ii. 146; Ranke, iii. 247; Stenzel, iv. 245.]

May 28th, Friedrich had encamped at Frankenstein; May 30th, he sets forth northwestward, to be nearer the new scene; encamps at Reichenbach, that night; pushes forward again, next day, for Schweidnitz, for Striegau (in all, a shift northwest of some forty miles);—and from June 1st, lies stretched out between Schweidnitz and Striegau, nine miles long; well hidden in the hollows of the little Rivers thereabouts (Schweidnitz Water, Striegau Water), with their little knolls and hills; watching Prince Karl's probable place of egress from the Mountain Country opposite. His main Camp is from Schweidnitz to Jauernik, some five miles long; but he has his vanguard up as far as Striegau, Dumoulin and Winterfeld as vanguard, in good strength, a little way behind or westward of that Town and Stream; Nassau and his Division are screened in the Wood called Nonnenbusch (NUN'S BUSH), and there are outposts sprinkled all about, and vedettes watching from the hill-tops, from the Stanowitz Foxhill; the Zedlitz "Cowhill," "Winchill:" an Army not courting observation, but intent very much to observe. Nadasti has appeared again; at Freyburg, few miles off, on this side of the Mountains; goes out scouting, reconnoitring; but is "fired at from the growing corn," and otherwise hoodwinked by false symptoms, and makes little of that business. Friedrich's Army we will compute at 70,000. [General-Lieutenant Freiherr Leo von Lutzow, *Die Schlacht von Hohenfriedberg* (Potsdam, 1845), pp. 18, 21.] Not quite equal in number to Prince Karl's; and, in other particulars, willing and longing that Prince Karl would arrive, and try its quality.

Friedrich's head-quarter is at Jauernik: he goes daily riding hither, thither; to the top of the Fuchsberg (FOXHILL at Stanowitz) with eager spy-glass; daily many times looks with his spy-glass to the ragged peaks about Bolkenhayn, Kauder, Rohnstock; expecting the throw of the dice from that part. On Thursday, 3d June: Do you notice that cloud of dust rising among the peaks over yonder? Dust-cloud mounting higher and higher. There comes the big crisis, then! There are the combined Weissenfels and Karl with their Austrian Saxons, issuing proudly from their stone labyrinth; guns, equipments, baggages, all perfectly brought through; rich Silesian plain country now fairly at their feet, Breslau itself but a few marches off:—at sight of all which, the Austrian big host bursts forth into universal field-music, and shakes out its banners to the wind. Thursday, 3d June, 1745; a dramatic Entry of something quite considerable on the Stage of History.

Friedrich, with Nassau and generals round, stands upon the Fuchsberg,—his remarks not given, his looks or emotions not described to us, his thought well known,—and looks at it through his TUBUS (or spy-glass): There they are, then, and the big moment is come! Friedrich had seen the dust and the manoeuvring of them, deeper in the Hills, from this same Fuchsberg yesterday, and inferred what was coming; calculated by what roads or hill-tracks they could issue: and how he, in each case, was to deal with them; his march-routes are all settled, plank-bridges repaired, all privately is ready for these proud Austrian musical gentlemen, here in the hollow. Friedrich has been upon this Fuchsberg with his TUBUS daily, many times since Monday last: it is our general observatorium, says Stille, and commands a fine view into the interior of these Hills. A Fuchsberg which has become notable in the Prussian maps: "the Stanowitz Fuchsberg," east side of Striegau Water,—let no tourist mistake himself; for there are two or even three other Fuchsbergs, a mile or so northward on the western side of that Stream, which need to be distinguished by epithets, as the Striegau Fuchsberg, the Graben Fuchsberg, and perhaps still others: comparable to the FOUR Neisse rivers, three besides the one we know, which occur in this piece of Country! Our German cousins, I have often sorrowed to find, have practically a most poor talent for GIVING NAMES; and indeed much, for ages back, is lying in a sad state of confusion among them. Many confused things, rotting far and wide, in contradiction to the plainest laws of Nature; things as well as names! All the welcomer this Prussian Army, this young Friedrich leading it; they, beyond all earthly entities of their epoch, are not in a state of confusion, but of most strict conformity to the laws of Arithmetic and facts of Nature: perhaps a very blessed phenomenon for Germany in the long-run.

Prince Karl with Weissenfels, General Berlichingen and many plumed dignitaries, are dining on the Hill-top near Hohenfriedberg: after having given order about everything, they witness there, over their wine, the issue of their Columns from the Mountains; which goes on all afternoon, with field-music, spread banners; and the oldest General admits he never saw a finer review—manoeuvre, or one better done, if so well. Thus sit they on the Hill-top (GALGENBERG, not far from the gallows of the place, says Friedrich), in the beautiful June afternoon. Silesia lying beautifully azure at their feet; the Zobtenberg, enchanted Mountain, blue and high on one's eastern

horizon; Prussians noticeable only in weak hussar parties four or five miles off, which vanish in the hollow grounds again. All intending for Breslau, they, it is like;—and here, red wine and the excellent manoeuvre going on. "The Austrian—and—Saxon Army streamed out all afternoon," says a Country Schoolmaster of those parts, whose Day—book has been preserved, [In Lutzow, pp. 123—132.] "each regiment or division taking the place appointed it; all afternoon, till late in the night, submerging the Country as in a deluge," five miles long of them; taking post at the foot of the Hills there, from Hohenfriedberg round upon Striegau, looking towards the morrow's sunrise. To us poor country—folk not a beautiful sight; their light troops flying ahead, and doing theft and other mischief at a sad rate.

On the other hand, the Austrian and Saxon gentlemen, from their Gallows—Hill at Hohenfriedberg, notice, four or five miles in the distance, opposite them, or a little to the left of opposite, a Body of Prussian horse and foot, visibly wending northward; like a long glittering serpent, the glitter of their muskets flashing back yonder on the afternoon sun and us, as they mount from hollow to height. Ten or twelve thousand of them; making for Striegau, to appearance. Intending to bivouac or billet there, and keep some kind of watch over us; belike with an eye to being rear—guard, on the retreat towards Breslau to—morrow? Or will they retreat without attempting mischief? Serenity of Weissenfels engages to seize the heights and proper posts, over yonder, this night yet; and will take Striegau itself, the first thing, to—morrow morning.

Yes, your Serenities, those are Prussians in movement: Vanguard Corps of Dumoulin, Winterfeld;—Rittmeister Seydlitz rides yonder: —and it is not their notion to retreat without mischief. For there stands, not so far off, on the Stanowitz Fuchsberg, a brisk little Gentleman, if you could notice him; with his eyes fixed on you, and plans in the head of him now getting nearly mature. For certain, he is pushing out that column of men; and all manner of other columns are getting order to push out, and take their ground; and to—morrow morning—you will not find him in retreat! Such are the phenomena in that Striegau—Hohenfriedberg region, while the sun is bending westward, on Thursday, 3d June, 1745.

"From Hohenfriedberg, which leans against the higher Mountains, there may be, across to Striegau northeast, which stands well apart from them, among lower Hills of its own, a distance of about five English miles. The intervening country is of flat, though upland nature: the first broad stage, or STAIR—STEP, so to speak, leading down into the general interior levels of Silesia in those parts. A tract which is now tolerably dried by draining, but was then marshy as well as bushy:—flat to the eye, yet must be imperceptibly convexed a little, for the line of watershed is hereabouts: walk from Hohenfriedberg to Striegau, the water on your left hand flows, though mainly in ditches or imperceptible ooziings, to the north and west,—there to fall into an eastern fork of the Roaring Neisse [one of our three new Neisses, which is a very quiet stream here; runs close by the Mountain base, fed by many torrents, and must get its name, WUTHENDE or Roaring, from the suddenness of its floods]: into this, bound northward and westward, run or ooze all waters on your left hand, as you go to Striegau. Right hand, again, or to eastward, you will find all sauntering, or running in visible brooks into Striegau Water [little River notable to us], which comes circling from the Mountains, past Hohenfriedberg, farther south; and has got to some force as a stream before it reaches Striegau, and turns abruptly eastward;—eastward, to join Schweidnitz Water, and form with it the SECOND stair—step downwards to the Plain Country. Has its Fuchsbergs, Kuhbergs and little knolls and heights interspersed, on both sides of it, in the conceivable way.

"So that, looking eastward from the heights of Hohenfriedberg, our broad stage or stair—step has nothing of the nature of a valley, but rather is a kind of insensibly swelling plain between two valleys, or hollows, of small depth; and slopes both ways. Both ways; but MORE towards the Striegau—Water valley or hollow; and thence, in a lazily undulating manner, to other hollows and waters farther down. Friedrich's Camp lies in the next, the Schweidnitz—Water hollow; and is five, or even nine miles long, from Schweidnitz northward;—much hidden from the Austrian—Saxon gentlemen at present. No hills farther, mere flat country, to eastward of that. But to the north, again, about Striegau, the hollow deepens, narrows; and certain Hills," much notable at present, "rise to west of Striegau, definite peaked Hills, with granite quarries in them and basalt blocks atop:—Striegau, it appears, is, in old Czech dialect, TRZIZA, which means TRIPLE HILL, the 'Town of the Three Hills.' [Lutzow, p. 28.] An ancient quaint little Town, of perhaps 2,000 souls: brown—gray, the stones of it venerably weathered; has its wide big market—place, piazza, plain—stones, silent enough except on market—days: nestles itself compactly in the shelter of its Three Hills, which screen it from the northwest; and has a picturesque appearance, its Hills and it, projected against the big Mountain range beyond, as you approach it from the Plain Country.

"Hohenfriedberg, at the other corner of our battle-stage, on the road to Landshut, is a Village of no great compass; but sticks pleasantly together, does not straggle in the usual way; climbs steep against its Gallows-Hill (now called 'SIEGESBERG, Victory Hill,' with some tower or steeple-monument on it, built by subscription); and would look better, if trimmed a little and habitually well swept. The higher Mountain summits, Landshut way, or still more if you look southeastward, Glatz-ward, rise blue and huge, remote on your right; to left, the Roaring Neisse range close at hand, is also picturesque, though less Alpine in type." [Tourist's Note (1858).] ... And of all Hills, the notablest, just now to us, are those "Three" at Striegau.

Those Three Hills of Striegau his Serenity of Weissenfels is to lay hold of, this night, with his extreme left, were it once got deployed and bivouacked. Those Hills, if he can: but Prussian Dumoulin is already on march thither; and privately has his eye upon them, on Friedrich's part!--For the rest, this upland platform, insensibly sloping two ways, and as yet undrained, is of scraggy boggy nature in many places; much of it damp ground, or sheer morass; better parts of it covered, at this season, with rank June grass, or greener luxuriance of oats and barley. A humble peaceable scene; peaceable till this afternoon; dotted, too, with six or seven poor Hamlets, with scraggy woods, where they have their fuel; most sleepy littery ploughman Hamlets, sometimes with a SCHLOSS or Mansion for the owner of the soil (who has absconded in the present crisis of things), their evening smoke rising rather fainter than usual; much cookery is not advisable with Uhlans and Tolpatches flying about. Northward between Striegau and the higher Mountains there is an extensive TEICHWIRTHSCHAFT, or "Pond-Husbandry" (gleaming visible from Hohenfriedberg Gallows-Hill just now); a combination of stagnant pools and carp-ponds, the ground much occupied hereabouts with what they name Carp-Husbandry. Which is all drained away in our time, yet traceable by the studious:--quaggy congeries of sluices and fish-ponds, no road through them except on intricate dams; have scrubby thickets about the border;--this also is very strong ground, if Weissenfels thought of defence there.

Which Weissenfels does not, but only of attack. He occupies the ground nevertheless, rearward of this Carp-Husbandry, as becomes a strategic man; gradually bivouacking all round there, to end on the Three Hills, were his last regiments got up. The Carp-Husbandry is mainly about Eisdorf Hamlet:--in Pilgramshayn, where Weissenfels once thought of lodging, lives our Writing Schoolmaster. The Mountains lie to westward; flinging longer shadows, as the invasive troops continually deploy, in that beautiful manner; and coil themselves strategically on the ground, a bent rope, cordon, or line (THREE lines in depth), reaching from the front skirts of Hohenfriedberg to the Hills at Striegau again,--terrible to behold.

In front of Hohenfriedberg, we say, is the extremity or right wing of the Austrian-Saxon bivouac, or will be when the process is complete; five miles to northeast, sweeping round upon Striegau region, will be their left, where mainly are the Saxons,--to nestle upon those Three Hills of Striegau: whitherward however, Dumoulin, on Friedrich's behalf, is already on march. Austrian-Saxon bivouac, as is the way in regulated hosts, can at once become Austrian-Saxon order-of-battle: and then, probably, on the Chord of that Arc of five miles, the big Fight will roll to-morrow; Striegau one end of it, Hohenfriedberg the other. Flattish, somewhat elliptic upland, stair-step from the Mountains, as we called it; tract considerably cut with ditches, carp-husbandries, and their tufts of wood; line from Striegau to Hohenfriedberg being axis or main diameter of it, and in general the line of watershed: there, probably, will the tug of war be. Friedrich, on his Fuchsberg, knows this; the Austrian-Saxon gentlemen, over their wine on the Gallows-Hill, do not yet know it, but will know.

It was about four in the afternoon, when Valori, with a companion, waiting a good while in the King's Tent at Jauernik, at last saw his Majesty return from the Fuchsberg observatory. Valori and friend have great news: "Tournay fallen; siege done, your Majesty!" Valori's friend is one De Latour; who had brought word of Fontenoy ("important victory on the Scamander," as Friedrich indignantly defined it to himself); and was bid wait here till this Siege-of-Tournay consummation ("as helpful to me as the Siege of Pekin!") should supervene. They hasten to salute his Majesty with the glorious tidings, Hmph! thinks Friedrich: and we are at death-grips here, little to be helped by your taking Pekin! However, he lets wit of nothing. "I make my compliments; mean to fight to-morrow." [Valori, i. 228.] Valori, as old soldier and friend, volunteers to be there and assist:--Good.

Friedrich, I presume, at this late hour of four, may be snatching a morsel of dinner; his orderlies are silently speeding, plans taken, orders given: To start all, at eight in the evening, for the Bridge of Striegau; there to cross, and spread to the right and to the left. Silent, not a word spoken, not a pipe lighted: silently across the Striegau Water there. A march of three miles for the nearest, who are here at Jauernik; of nine miles for the farthest about

Schweidnitz; at Schweidnitz leave all your baggage, safe under the guns there. To the Bridge of Striegau, diligently, silently march along; Bridge of Striegau, there cross Striegau Water, and deploy to right and to left, in the way each of you knows. These are Friedrich's orders.

Late in the dusk, Dumoulin and Winterfeld, whom we saw silently on march some hours ago, have silently glided past Striegau, and got into the Three-Hill region, which is some furlong or so farther north:--to his surprise, Dumoulin finds Saxon parties posting themselves thereabouts. He attacks said Saxon parties; and after some slight tussle, drives them mostly from their Three Hills; mostly, not altogether; one Saxon Hill is precipitous on our hither side of it, and we must leave that till the dawn break. Of the other Heights Dumoulin takes good possession, with cannon too, to be ready against dawn;--and ranks himself out to leftward withal, along the plain ground; for he is to be right wing, had the other troops come up. These are now all under way; astir from Jauernik and Schweidnitz, silently streaming along; and Dumoulin bivouacs here,--very silent he: not so silent the Saxons; who are still marching in, over yonder, to westward of Dumoulin, their rear-guard groping out its posts as it best can in the dark. Elsewhere, miles and miles along the foot of the Mountains, Austrian-Saxon watch-fires flame through the ambrosial night; and it is an impressive sight for Dumoulin,--still more for the poor Schoolmaster at Pilgramshayn and others, less concerned than Dumoulin. "It was beautiful," says Stille, who was there, "to see how the plain about Rohnstock, and all over that way, was ablaze with thousands of watch-fires (TAUSEND UND ABER TAUSEND); by the light of these, we could clearly perceive the enemy's troops continually defile from the Hills the whole night through." [Cited in Seyfarth, i. 630.]

Serenity of Weissenfels, after all, does not lodge at Pilgramshayn; far in the night, he goes to sleep at Rohnstock, a Schloss and Hamlet on that fork of Roaring Neisse, by the foot of the Mountains; three or four miles off, yet handy enough for picking up Striegau the first thing to-morrow. His Highness Prince Karl lies in Hausdorf, tolerable quarters, pretty much in the centre of his long bivouac; day's business well done, and bottle (as one's wont rather is) well enjoyed. Nadasti has been out scouting; but was pricked into by hussar parties, fired into from the growing corn; and could make out little, but the image of his own ideas. Nadasti's ultimate report is, That the Prussians are perfectly quiet in their camp; from Jauernik to Schweidnitz, watch-fires all alight, sentries going their rounds. And so they are, in fact; sentries and watch-fires,--but now nothing else there, a mere shell of a camp; the men of it streaming steadily along, without speech, without tobacco; and many of them are across Striegau Bridge by this time!--

It was past eleven, so close and continuous went this march, before Valori and his Latour, with their carriages and furnitures, could find an interval, and get well into it. Never will Valori forget the discipline of these Prussians, and how they marched. Difficult ways; the hard road is for their artillery; the men march on each side, sometimes to mid-leg in water,--never mind. Wholly in order, wholly silent; Valori followed them three leagues close, and there was not one straggler. Every private man, much more every officer, knows well what grim errand they are on; and they make no remarks. Steady as Time; and, except that their shoes are not of felt, silent as he. The Austrian watch-fires glow silent manifold to leftward yonder; silent overhead are the stars:--the path of all duty, too, is silent (not about Striegau alone) for every well-drilled man. To-morrow;--well, to-morrow?

A grimish feeling against the Saxons is understood to be prevalent among these men. Bruhl, Weissenfels himself, have been reported talking high,--"Reduce our King to the size of an Elector again," and other foolish things;--indeed, grudges have been accumulating for some time. "KEIN PARDON (No quarter)!" we hear has been a word among the Saxons, as they came along; the Prussians growl to one another, "Very well then, None!" Nay Friedrich's general order is, "No prisoners, you cavalry, in the heat of fight; cavalry, strike at the faces of them: you infantry, keep your fire till within fifty steps; bayonet withal is to be relied on." These were Friedrich's last general orders, given in the hollow of the night, near the foot of that Fuchsberg where he had been so busy all day; a widish plain space hereabouts, Striegau Bridge now near: he had lain some time in his cloak, waiting till the chief generals, with the heads of their columns, could rendezvous here. He then sprang on horseback; spoke briefly the essential things (one of them the above);--"Had meant to be more minute, in regard to positions and the like; but all is so in darkness, embroiled by the flare of the Austrian watch-fires, we can make nothing farther of localities at present: Striegau for right wing, left wing opposite to Hohenfriedberg,--so, and Striegau Water well to rear of us. Be diligent, exact, all faculties awake: your own sense, and the Order of Battle which you know, must do the rest. Forward; steady: can I doubt but you will acquit yourselves like Prussian men?" And so they march, across the Bridge at Striegau, south outskirt of the Town,--plank Bridge, I am afraid;--and pour

themselves, to right and to left, continually the livelong night.

To describe the Battle which ensued, Battle named of Striegau or Hohenfriedberg, excels the power of human talent,—if human talent had leisure for such employment. It is the huge shock and clash of 70,000 against 70,000, placed in the way we said. An enormous furious SIMALTAS (or "both—at—once," as the Latins phrase it), spreading over ten square miles. Rather say, a wide congeries of electric simultaneities; all ELECTRIC, playing madly into one another; most loud, most mad: the aspect of which is smoky, thunderous, abstruse; the true SEQUENCES of which, who shall unravel? There are five accounts of it, all modestly written, each true-looking from its own place: and a thrice-diligent Prussian Officer, stationed on the spot in late years, has striven well to harmonize them all. [Five Accounts: 1. The Prussian Official Account, in *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1098–1102. 2. The Saxon, *ib.* 1103–1108. 3. The Austrian, *ib.* 1109–1115. 4. Stille's (ii. 125–133, of English Translation). 5. Friedrich's own, *OEuvres*, iii. 108–118. Lutzow, above cited, is the harmonizer. Besides which, two of value, in *Feldzuge*, i. 310–323, 328–336; not to mention Cogniazzo, *Confessions of an Austrian Veeran* (Breslau, 1788–1791: strictly Anonymous at that time, and candid, or almost more, to Prussian merit;—still worth reading, here and throughout), ii. 123–135; Well worth the study of military men;—who might make tours towards this and the other great battle-field, and read such things, were they wise. For us, a feature or two, in the huge general explosion, to assist the reader's fancy in conceiving it a little, is all that can be pretended to.

Chapter X. BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.

With the first streak of dawn, the dispute renewed itself between those Prussians and Saxons who are on the Heights of Striegau. The two Armies are in contact here; they lie wide apart as yet at the other end. Cannonading rises here, on both sides, in the dim gray of the morning, for the possession of these Heights. The Saxons are out-cannonaded and dislodged, other Saxons start to arms in support: the cry "To arms!" spreads everywhere, rouses Weissenfels to horseback; and by sunrise a furious storm of battle has begun, in this part. Hot and fierce on both sides; charges of horse, shock after shock, bayonet-charges of foot; the great guns going like Jove's thunder, and the continuous tearing storm of small guns, very loud indeed: such a noise, as our poor Schoolmaster, who lives on this spot, thinks he will hear only once again, when the Last Trumpet sounds! It did indeed, he informs us, resemble the dissolution of Nature: "For all fell dark too;" a general element of sulphurous powder-smoke, streaked with dull blazes; and death and destruction very nigh. What will become of poor pacific mortals hereabouts? Rittmeister Seydlitz, Winterfeld his patron ride, with knit brows, in these horse-charges; fiery Rothenburg too; Truchsess von Waldburg, at the head of his Division,—poor Truchsess known in London society, a cannon-ball smites the life out of him, and he ended here.

At the first clash of horse and foot, the Saxons fancied they rather had it; at the second, their horse became distressed; at the third, they rolled into disorderly heaps. The foot also, stubborn as they were, could not stand that swift firing, followed by the bayonet and the sabre; and were forced to give ground. The morning sun shone into their eyes, too, they say; and there had risen a breath of easterly wind, which hurled the smoke upon them, so that they could not see. Decidedly staggering backwards; getting to be taken in flank and ruined, though poor Weissenfels does his best. About five in the morning, Friedrich came galloping hitherward; Valori with him: "MON AMI, this is looking well! This will do, won't it?" The Saxons are fast sinking in the scale; and did nothing thenceforth but sink ever faster; though they made a stiff defence, fierce exasperation on both sides; and disputed every inch. Their position, in these scraggy Woods and Villages, in these Morasses and Carp-Husbandries, is very strong.

It had proved to be farther north, too, than was expected; so that the Prussians had to wheel round a little (right wing as a centre, fighting army as radius) before they could come parallel, and get to work: a delicate manoeuvre, which they executed to Valori's admiration, here in the storm of battle; tramp, tramp, velocity increasing from your centre outwards, till at the end of the radius, the troops are at treble-quick, fairly running forward, and the line straight all the while. Admirable to Valori, in the hot whirlwind of battle here. For the great guns go, in horrid salvos, unabated, and the crackling thunder of the small guns; "terrible tussling about those Carp-ponds, that quaggy Carp-husbandry," says the Schoolmaster, "and the Heavens blotted out in sulphurous fire—streaked smoke. What had become of us pacific? Some had run in time, and they were the wisest; others had squatted, who could find a nook suitable. Most of us had gathered into the Nursery-garden at the foot of our Village; we sat quaking there,—our prayers grown tremulously vocal;—in tears and wail, at least the women part. Enemies made reconciliation with each other," says he, "and dear friends took farewell." [His Narrative, in Lutzow, UBI SUPRA.] One general Allelu; the Last Day, to all appearance, having come. Friedrich, seeing things in this good posture, gallops to the left again, where much urgently requires attention from him.

On the Austrian side, Prince Karl, through his morning sleep at Hausdorf, had heard the cannonading: "Saxons taking Striegau!" thinks he; a pleasant lullaby enough; and continues to sleep and dream. Agitated messengers rush in, at last; draw his curtains: "Prussians all in rank, this side Striegau Water; Saxons beaten, or nearly so, at Striegau: we must stand to arms, your Highness!"—"To arms, of course," answers Karl; and hurries now, what he can, to get everything in motion. The bivouac itself had been in order of battle; but naturally there is much to adjust, to put in trim; and the Austrians are not distinguished for celerity of movement. All the worse for them just now.

On Friedrich's side, so far as I can gather, there have happened two cross accidents. First, by that wheeling movement, done to Valori's admiration in the Striegau quarter, the Prussian line has hitched itself up towards Striegau, has got curved inward, and covers less ground than was counted on; so that there is like to be some gap in the central part of;—as in fact there was, in spite of Friedrich's efforts, and hitchings of battalions and

squadrons: an indisputable gap, though it turned to rich profit for Friedrich; Prince Karl paying no attention to it. Upon such indisputable gap a wakeful enemy might have done Friedrich some perilous freak; but Karl was in his bed, as we say;—in a terrible flurry, too, when out of bed. Nothing was done upon the gap; and Friedrich had his unexpected profit by it before long.

The second accident is almost worse. Striegau Bridge (of planks, as I feared), creaking under such a heavy stream of feet and wheels all night, did at last break, in some degree, and needed to be mended; so that the rearward regiments, who are to form Friedrich's left wing, are in painful retard;—and are becoming frightfully necessary, the Austrians as yet far outflanking us, capable of taking us in flank with that right wing of theirs! The moment was agitating to a General-in-chief: Valori will own this young King's bearing was perfect; not the least flurry, though under such a strain. He has aides-de-camp, dashing out every-whither with orders, with expedients; Prince Henri, his younger Brother: galloping the fastest; nay, at last, he begs Valori himself to gallop, with orders to a certain General Gessler, in whose Brigade are Dragoons. Which Valori does,—happily without effect on Gessler; who knows no Valori for an aide-de-camp, and keeps the ground appointed him; rearward of that gap we talked of.

Happily the Austrian right wing is in no haste to charge. Happily Ziethen, blocked by that incumbrance of the Bridge mending, "finds a ford higher up," the assiduous Ziethen; splashes across, other regiments following; forms in line well leftward; and instead of waiting for the Austrian charge, charges home upon them, fiercely through the difficult grounds, No danger of the Austrians outflanking us now; they are themselves likely to get hard measure on their flank. By the ford and by the Bridge, all regiments, some of them at treble-quick, get to their posts still in time. Accident second has passed without damage. Forward, then; rapid, steady; and reserve your fire till within fifty paces!— Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (Friedrich's Brother-in-law, a bright-eyed steady young man, of great heart for fight) tramps forth with his Division:—steady!—all manner of Divisions tramp forth; and the hot storm, Ziethen and cavalry dashing upon that right wing of theirs, kindles here also far and wide.

The Austrian cavalry on this wing and elsewhere, it is clear, were ill off. "We could not charge the Prussian left wing, say they, partly because of the morasses that lay between us; and partly [which is remarkable] because they rushed across and charged us." [Austrian report, *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1113.] Prince Karl is sorry to report such things of his cavalry; but their behavior was bad and not good. The first shock threw them wavering; the second,—nothing would persuade them to dash forth and meet it. High officers commanded, obtested, drew out pistols, Prince Karl himself shot a fugitive or two,—it was to no purpose; they wavered worse at every new shock; and at length a shock came (sixth it was, as the reporter counts) which shook them all into the wind. Decidedly shy of the Prussians with their new manoeuvres, and terrible way of coming on, as if sure of beating. In the Saxon quarter, certain Austrian regiments of horse would not charge at all; merely kept firing from their carbines, and when the time came ran.

As for the Saxons, they have been beaten these two hours; that is to say, hopeless these two hours, and getting beaten worse and worse. The Saxons cannot stand, but neither generally will they run; they dispute every ditch, morass and tuft of wood, especially every village. Wrecks of the muddy desperate business last, hour after hour. "I gave my men a little rest under the garden walls," says one Saxon Gentleman, "or they would have died, in the heat and thirst and extreme fatigue: I would have given 100 gulden [10 pounds Sterling] for a glass of water." [*Helden-Geschichte*, ubi supra.] The Prussians push them on, bayonet in back; inexorable, not to be resisted; slit off whole battalions of them (prisoners now, and quarter given); take all their guns, or all that are not sunk in the quagmires;—in fine, drive them, part into the Mountains direct, part by circuit thither, down upon the rear of the Austrian fight: through Hausdorf, Seifersdorf and other Mountain gorges, where we hear no more of them, and shall say no more of them. A sore stroke for poor old Weissenfels; the last public one he has to take, in this world, for the poor man died before long. Nobody's blame, he says; every Saxon man did well; only some Austrian horse-regiments, that we had among us, were too shy. Adieu to poor old Weissenfels. Luck of war, what else,—thereby is he in this pass.

And now new Prussian force, its Saxons being well abolished, is pressing down upon Prince Karl's naked left flank. Yes;—Prince Karl too will have to go. His cavalry is, for most part, shaken into ragged clouds; infantry, steady enough men, cannot stand everything. "I have observed," says Friedrich, "if you step sharply up to an Austrian battalion [within fifty paces or so], and pour in your fire well, in about a quarter of an hour you see the

ranks beginning to shake, and jumble towards indistinctness;" [*Military Instructions*.] a very hopeful symptom to you!

It was at this moment that Lieutenant-General Gessler, under whom is the Dragoon regiment Baireuth, who had kept his place in spite of Valori's message, determined on a thing,—advised to it by General Schmettau (younger Schmettau), who was near. Gessler, as we saw, stood in the rear line, behind that gap (most likely one of several gaps, or wide spaces, left too wide, as we explained); Gessler, noticing the jumbly condition of those Austrian battalions, heaped now one upon another in this part,—motions to the Prussian Infantry to make what farther room is needful; then dashes through, in two columns (self and the Dragoon-Colonel heading the one, French Chasot, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, heading the other), sabre in hand, with extraordinary impetus and fire, into the belly of these jumbly Austrians; and slashes them to rags, "twenty battalions of them," in an altogether unexampled manner. Takes "several thousand prisoners," and such a haul of standards, kettle-drums and insignia of honor, as was never got before at one charge. Sixty-seven standards by the tale, for the regiment (by most All-Gracious Permission) wears, ever after, "67" upon its cartridge-box, and is allowed to beat the grenadier march; [Orlich, ii. 179 (173 n., 179 n., slightly wrong); *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 9, iv. 465, 468. See Preuss, i. 212; *OEuvres de Frederic*; many kettle-drums memory does not say.

Prince Karl beats retreat, about 8 in the morning; is through Hohenfriedberg about 10 (cannon covering there, and Nadasti as rear-guard): back into the Mountains; a thoroughly well-beaten man. Towards Bolkenhayn, the Saxons and he; their heavy artillery and baggage had been left safe there. Not much pursued, and gradually rearranging himself; with thoughts,—no want of thoughts! Came pouring down, triumphantly invasive, yesterday; returns, on these terms, in about fifteen hours. Not marching with displayed banners and field-music, this time; this is a far other march. The mouse-trap had been left open, and we rashly went in!—Prince Karl's loss, including that of the Saxons (which is almost equal, though their number in the field was but HALF), is 9,000 dead and wounded, 7,000 prisoners, 66 cannon, 73 flags and standards; the Prussian is about 5,000 dead and wounded. [In Orlich (ii. 182) all the details.] Friedrich, at sight of Valori, embraces his GROS VALORI; says, with a pious emotion in voice and look, "My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day!" Actually there was a kind of devout feeling visible in him, thinks Valori: "A singular mixture, this Prince, of good qualities and of bad; I never know which preponderates." [Valori, SOEPIUS.] As is the way with fat Valoris, when they come into such company.

Friedrich is blamed by some military men, and perhaps himself thought it questionable, that he did not pursue Prince Karl more sharply. He says his troops could not; they were worn out with the night's marching and the day's fighting. He himself may well be worn out. I suppose, for the last four-and-twenty hours he, of all the contemporary sons of Adam, has probably been the busiest. Let us rest this day; rest till to-morrow morning, and be thankful. "So decisive a defeat," writes he to his Mother (hastily, misdating "6th" June for 4th), "has not been since Blenheim" [Letter in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 71.] (which is tolerably true); and "I have made the Princes sign their names," to give the good Mother assurance of her children in these perils of war. Seldom has such a deliverance come to a man.

Chapter XI. CAMP OF CHLUM: FRIEDRICH CANNOT ACHIEVE PEACE.

Friedrich marched, on the morrow, likewise to Bolkenhayn; which the enemy have just left; our hussars hanging on their rear, and bickering with Nadasti. Then again on the morrow, Sunday,—“twelve hours of continuous rain,” writes Valori; but there is no down-pour, or distress, or disturbance that will shake these men from their ranks, writes Valori. And so it goes on, march after march, the Austrians ahead, Dumoulin and our hussars infesting their rear, which skilfully defended itself: through Landshut down into Bohemia; where are new successive marches, the Prussian quarterstaff stuck into the back of defeated Austria, “Home with you; farther home!”—and shogging it on,—without pause, for about a fortnight to come. And then only with temporary pause; that is to say, with intricate manoeuvrings of a month long, which shove it to Konigsgratz, its ultimatum, beyond which there is no getting it. The stages and successive campings, to be found punctually in the old Books and new, can interest only military readers. Here is a small theological thing at Landshut, from first hand:—

JUNE 8th, 1745. “The Army followed Dumoulin's Corps, and marched upon Landshut. On arriving in that neighborhood, the King was surrounded by a troop of 2,000 Peasants,”—of Protestant persuasion very evidently! (which is much the prevailing thereabouts),—“who begged permission of him 'to massacre the Catholics of these parts, and clear the country of them altogether.' This animosity arose from the persecutions which the Protestants had suffered during the Austrian domination, when their churches used to be taken from them and given to the Popish priests,”—churches and almost their children, such was the anxiety to make them orthodox. The patience of these peasants had run over; and now, in the hour of hope, they proposed the above sweeping measure. “The King was very far from granting them so barbarous a permission. He told them, ‘They ought rather to conform to the Scripture precept, to bless those that cursed them, and pray for those that despitefully used them; such was the way to gain the Kingdom of Heaven.’ The peasants,” rolling dubious eyes for a moment, “answered, ‘His Majesty was right; and desisted from their cruel pretension.’ [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ii.218.] ...—“On Hohenfriedberg Day,” says another Witness, “as far as the sound of the cannon was heard, all round, the Protestants fell on their knees, praying for victory to the Prussians;” [In Ranke, iii. 259.] and at Breslau that evening, when the “Thirteen trumpeting Postilions” came tearing in with the news, what an enthusiasm without limit!

Prince Karl has skill in choosing camps and positions: his Austrians are much cowed; that is the grievous loss in his late fight. So, from June 8th, when they quit Silesia,—by two roads to go more readily,—all through that month and the next, Friedrich spread to the due width, duly pricking into the rear of them, drives the beaten hosts onward and onward. They do not think of fighting; their one thought is to get into positions where they can have living conveyed to them, and cannot be attacked; for the former of which objects, the farther homewards they go, it is the better. The main pursuit, as I gather, goes leftward from Landshut, by Friedland,—the Silesian Friedland, once Wallenstein's. Through rough wild country, the southern slope of the Giant Mountains, goes that slow pursuit, or the main stream of it, where Friedrich in person is; intricate savage regions, cut by precipitous rocks and soaking quagmires, shaggy with woods: watershed between the Upper Elbe and Middle Oder; Glatz on our left,—with the rain of its mountains gathering to a Neisse River, eastward, which we know; and on their west or hither side, to a Mietau, Adler, Aupa and other many-branched feeders of the Elbe. Most complex military ground, the manoeuvrings on it endless,—which must be left to the reader's fancy here.

About the end of June, Karl and his Austrians find a place suitable to their objects: Konigsgratz, a compact little Town, in the nook between the Elbe and Adler; covered to west and to south by these two streams; strong enough to east withal; and sure and convenient to the southern roads and victual. Against which Friedrich's manoeuvres avail nothing; so that he at last (20th July) crosses Elbe River; takes, he likewise, an inexpugnable Camp on the opposite shore, at a Village called Chlum; and lies there, making a mutual dead-lock of it, for six weeks or more. Of the prior Camps, with their abundance of strategic shufflings, wheelings, pushings, all issuing in this of Chlum, we say nothing: none of them,—except the immediately preceding one, called of Nahorzan, called also of Drewitz (for it was in parts a shifting entity, and flung the LIMBS of it about, strategically clutching at Konigsgratz),—had any permanency: let us take Chlum (the longest, and essentially the last in those parts) as the general summary of them, and alone rememberable by us. [“Camp of Gross-Parzitz [across the Mietau, to dislodge Prince Karl from his shelter behind that stream], June 14th:” “Camp of Nahorzan, June 18th [and

abstruse manoeuvrings, of a month, for Konigsgratz]: 20th July," cross Elbe for Chlum; and lie, yourself also inexpugnable, there. See *OEuvres de Frederic*, (iii. 120 et seq.); especially see Orlich (ii. pp. 193, 194, 203, an amplitude of inorganic details, sufficient to astonish the robustest memory!]

Friedrich's purposes, at Chlum or previously, are not towards conquests in Bohemia, nor of fighting farther, if he can help it. But, in the mean while, he is eating out these Bohemian vicinages; no invasion of Silesia possible from that quarter soon again. That is one benefit: and he hopes always his enemies, under screw of military pressure with the one hand, and offer of the olive-branch with the other, will be induced to grant him Peace. Britannic Majesty, after Fontenoy and Hohenfriedberg, not to mention the first rumors of a Jacobite Rebellion, with France to rear of it, is getting eager to have Friedrich settled with, and withdrawn from the game again;—the rather, as Friedrich, knowing his man, has ceased latterly to urge him on the subject. Peace with George the Purseholder, does not that mean Peace with all the others? Friedrich knows the high Queen's indignation; but he little guesses, at this time, the humor of Bruhl and the Polish Majesty. He has never yet sent the Old Dessauer in upon them; always only keeps him on the slip, at Magdeburg; still hoping actualities may not be needed. He hopes too, in spite of her indignation, the Hungarian Majesty, with an Election on hand, with the Netherlands at such a pass, not to speak of Italy and the Middle Rhine, will come to moderate views again. On which latter points, his reckoning was far from correct! Within three months, Britannic Majesty and he did get to explicit Agreement (CONVENTION OF HANOVER, 26th August): but in regard to the Polish Majesty and the Hungarian there proved to be no such result attainable, and quite other methods necessary first!

"Of military transactions in this Camp of Chlum, or in all these Bohemian-Silesian Camps, for near four months, there is nothing, or as good as nothing: Chlum has no events; Chlum vigilantly guards itself; and expects, as the really decisive to it, events that will happen far away. We are to conceive this military business as a dead-lock; attended with hussar skirmishes; attacks, defences, of outposts, of provision-wagons from Moravia or Silesia:—Friedrich has his food from Silesia chiefly, by several routes, 'convoys come once in the five days.' His horse-provender he forages; with Tolpatches watching him, and continual scufflings of fight: 'for hay and glory,' writes one Prussian Officer, 'I assure you we fight well!' Endless enterprising, manoeuvring, counter-manoevring there at first was; and still is, if either party stir: but here, in their mutually fixed camps, tacit mutual observances establish themselves; and amid the rigorous armed vigilantes, there are traits of human neighborship. As usual in such cases. The guard-parties do not fire on one another, within certain limits: a signal that there are dead to bury, or the like, is strictly respected. On one such occasion it was (June 30th, Camp-of-Nahorzan time) that Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick—Prince Ferdinand, with a young Brother Albert volunteering and learning his business here, who are both Prussian—had a snatch of interview with a third much-loved Brother, Ludwig, who is in the Austrian service. A Prussian officer, venturing beyond the limits, had been shot; Ferdinand's message, 'Grant us burial of him!' found, by chance, Brother Ludwig in command of that Austrian outpost; who answers: 'Surely;—and beg that I may embrace my Brothers!' And they rode out, those three, to the space intermediate; talked there for half an hour, till the burial was done. [Mauvillon, *Geschichte Ferdinands von Braunschweig-Luneburg*, i. 118.] *Fancy such an interview between the poor young fellows, the soul of honor each, and tied in that manner!*

"Trenck of the Life-guard was not quite the soul of honor. It was in the Nahorzan time too that Trenck, who had, in spite of express order to the contrary, been writing to his Cousin the indigo Pandour, was put under arrest when found out. 'Wrote merely about horses: purchase of horses, so help me God!' protests the blustering Life-guardsmen, loud as lungs will,—whether with truth in them, nobody can say. 'Arrest for breaking orders!' answers Friedrich, doubting or disbelieving the horses; and loud Trenck is packed over the Hills to Glatz; to Governor Fouquet, or Substitute; —where, by not submitting and repenting, by resisting and rebelling, and ever again doing it, he makes out for himself, with Fouquet and his other Governors, what kind of life we know! 'GARDEZ E'TROITEMENT CE DROLE-LA, IL A VOULU DEVENIR PANDOUR AUPRES DE SON ONCLE (Keep a tight hold of this fine fellow; he wanted to become Pandour beside his Uncle)!' writes Friedrich:—'Uncle' instead of 'Cousin,' all one to Friedrich. This he writes with his own hand, on the margin: 28th June, 1745; the inexorable Records fix that date. [Rodenbeck. iii. 381. Copy of the Warrant, once PENES ME.] Which I should not mention, except for another inexorable date (30th September), that is coming; and the perceptible slight comfort there will be in fixing down a loud-blustering, extensively fabulous blockhead, still fit for the Nurseries, to one undeniable premeditated lie, and tar-marking him therewith, for benefit of more serious

readers." As shall be done, were the 30th of September come!

Here is still something,--if it be not rather nothing, by a great hand! Date uncertain; Camp--of--Chlum time, pretty far on: ... "There are continual foragings, on both sides; with parties mutually dashing out to hinder the same. The Prussians have a detached post at Smirzitz; which is much harassed by Hungarians lurking about, shooting our sentry and the like. An inventive head contrives this expedient. Stuff a Prussian uniform with straw; fix it up, by aid of ropes and check-strings, to stand with musket shouldered, and even to glide about to right and left, on judicious pulling. So it is done: straw man is made; set upon his ropes, when the Tolpatches approach; and pensively saunters to and fro,--his living comrades crouching in the bushes near by. Tolpatches fire on the walking straw sentry; straw sentry falls flat; Tolpatches rush in, esurient, triumphant; are exploded in a sharp blast of musketry from the bushes all round, every wounded man made prisoner;--and come no more back to that post." Friedrich himself records this little fact: "slight pleasantry to relieve the reader's mind," says he, in narrating it. [*OEuvres*, iii. 123.] --Enough of those small matters, while so many large are waiting.

June 26th, a month before Chlum, General Nassau had been detached, with some 8 or 10,000, across Glatz Country, into Upper Silesia, to sweep that clear again. Hautcharmoi, quitting the Frontier Towns, has joined, raising him to 15,000; and Nassau is giving excellent account of the multitudinous Pandour doggeries there; and will retake Kosel, and have Upper Silesia swept before very long. [Kosel, "September 5th:" Excellent, lucid and even entertaining Account of Nassau's Expedition, in the form of DIARY (a model, of its kind), in *Feldzuge*, iv. 257, 371, 532.] On the other hand, the Election matter (KAISERWAHL, a most important point) is obviously in threatening, or even in desperate state! That famed Middle--Rhine Army has gone to the--what shall we say?

JULY 5th--19th, MIDDLE--RHINE COUNTRY. "The first Election--news that reaches Friedrich is from the Middle--Rhine Country, and of very bad complexion. Readers remember Traun, and his Bathyanis, and his intentions upon Conti there. In the end of May, old Traun, things being all completed in Bavaria, had got on march with his Bavarian Army, say 40,000, to look into Prince Conti down in those parts; a fact very interesting to the Prince. Traun held leftward, westward, as if for the Neckar Valley,--'Perhaps intending to be through upon Elsass, in those southern undefended portions of the Rhine?' Conti, and his Segur, and Middle--Rhine Army stood diligently on their guard; got their forces, defences, apparatuses, hurried southward, from Frankfurt quarter where they lay on watch, into those Neckar regions. Which seen to be done, Traun whirled rapidly to rightward, to northward; crossed the Mayn at Wertheim, wholly leaving the Neckar and its Conti; having weighty business quite in the other direction,--on the north side of the Mayn, namely; on the Kinzig River, where Bathyani (who has taken D'Ahremberg's command below Frankfurt, and means to bestir himself in another than the D'Ahremberg fashion) is to meet him on a set day. Traun having thus, by strategic suction, pulled the Middle--Rhine Army out of his and Bathyani's way, hopes they two will manage a junction on the Kinzig; after junction they will be a little stronger than Conti, though decidedly weaker taken one by one. Traun, in the long June days, had such a march, through the Spessart Forest (Mayn River to his left, with our old friends Dettingen, Aschaffenburg, far down in the plain), as was hardly ever known before: pathless wildernesses, rocky steeps and chasms; the sweltering June sun sending down the upper snows upon him in the form of muddy slush; so that 'the infantry had to wade haunch-- deep in many of the hollow parts, and nearly all the cavalry lost its horse--shoes.' A strenuous march; and a well--schemed. For at the Kinzig River (Conti still far off in the Neckar country), Bathyani punctually appeared, on the opposite shore; and Traun and he took camp together; July 5th, at Langen--Selbord (few miles north of Hanau, which we know);--and rest there; calculating that Conti is now a manageable quantity;--and comfortably wait till the Grand-- Duke arrives. [Adelung, iv. 421; v. 36.] For this is, theoretically, HIS Army; Grand--Duke Franz being the Commander's Cloak, this season; as Karl was last,--a right lucky Cloak he, while Traun lurked under him, not so lucky since! July 13th, Franz arrived; and Traun, under Franz, instantly went into Conti (now again in those Frankfurt parts); clutched at Conti, Briareus--like, in a multiform alarming manner: so that Conti lost head; took to mere retreating, rushing about, burning bridges;--and in fine, July 19th, had flung himself bodily across the Rhine (clouds of Tolpatches sticking to him), and left old Traun and his Grand--Duke supreme lord in those parts. Who did NOT invade Elsass, as was now expected; but lay at Heidelberg, intending to play pacifically a surer card. All French are out of Teutschland again; and the game given up. In what a premature and shameful manner! thinks Friedrich.

"Nominally it was the Grand--Duke that flung Conti over the Rhine; and delivered Teutschland from its plagues. After which fine feat, salvatory to the Cause of Liberty, and destructive to French influence, what is to

prevent his election to the Kaisership? Friedrich complains aloud: 'Conti has given it up; you drafted 15,000 from him (for imaginary uses in the Netherlands),—you have given it up, then! Was that our bargain?' 'We have given it up,' answers D'Argenson the War-minister, writing to Valori; 'but,'— And supplies, instead of performance according to the laws of fact, eloquent logic; very superfluous to Friedrich and the said laws!— Valori, and the French Minister at Dresden, had again been trying to stir up the Polish Majesty to stand for Kaiser; but of course that enterprise, eager as the Polish Majesty might be for such a dignity, had now to collapse, and become totally hopeless. A new offer of Friedrich's to co-operate had been refused by Bruhl, with a brevity, a decisiveness—'Thinks me finished (AUX ABOIS),' says Friedrich; 'and not worth giving terms to, on surrendering!' The foolish little creature; insolent in the wrong quarter!' [OEuvres de Frederic, iii. 128.]

The German Burden, then,—which surely was mutual, at lowest, and lately was French altogether,—the French have thrown it off; the French have dropped their end of the BEARING-POLES (so to speak), and left Friedrich by himself, to stand or stagger, under the beweltered broken harness-gear and intolerable weight! That is one's payment for cutting the rope from their neck last year!— Long since, while the present Campaign was being prepared for, under such financial pressures, Friedrich had bethought him, "The French might, at least give me money, if they can nothing else?"—and he had one day penned a Letter with that object; but had thrown it into his desk again, "No; not till the very last extremity, that!" Friedrich did at last despatch the unpleasant missive: "Service done you in Elsass, let us say little of it; but the repayment has been zero hitherto: your Bavarian expenses (poor Kaiser gone, and Peace of Fussen come!) are now ended:— A round sum, say of 600,000 pounds, is becoming indispensable here, if we are to keep on our feet at all!" Herr Ranke, who has seen the Most Christian King's response (though in a capricious way), finds "three or four successive redactions" of the difficult passage; all painfully meaning, "Impossible, alas!"—painfully adding, "We will try, however!" And, after due cunctations, Friedrich waiting silent the while,—Louis, Most Christian King, who had failed in so many things towards Friedrich, does empower Valori To offer him a subsidy of 600,000 livres a month, till we see farther. Twenty thousand pounds a month; he hopes this will suffice, being himself run terribly low. Friedrich's feeling is to be guessed: "Such a dole might answer to a Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt; but to me is not in the least suitable;"—and flatly refuses it; FIEREMENT, says Valori. [Ranke, iii. 235, 299 n. (not the least of DATE allowed us in either case); Valori. i. 240.]

MON GROS VALORI, who could not himself help all this, poor soul, "falls now into complete disgrace;" waits daily upon Friedrich at the giving out of the parole, "but frequently his Majesty does not speak to me at all." Hardly looks at me, or only looks as if I had suddenly become Zero Incarnate. It is now in these days, I suppose, that Friedrich writes about the "Scamander Battle" (of Fontenoy), and "Capture of Pekin," by way of helping one to fight the Austrians according to Treaty. And has a touch of bitter sarcasm in uttering his complaints against, such treatment,—the heart of him, I suppose, bitter enough. Most Christian King has felt this of the Scamander, Friedrich perceives; Louis's next letter testifies pique;—and of course we are farther from help, on that side, than ever. "From the STANDE of the Kur-Mark [Brandenburg] Friedrich was offered a considerable subsidy instead; and joyfully accepted the same, 'as a loan:'"—paid it punctually back, too; and never, all his days, forgot it of those STANDE. [Stenzel, iv. 255; Ranke,

CAMP OF DIESKAU: BRITANNIC MAJESTY MAKES PEACE, FOR HIMSELF,
WITH FRIEDRICH; BUT CANNOT FOR AUSTRIA OR SAXONY.

About the middle of August, there are certain Saxon phenomena which awaken dread expectation in the world. Friedrich, watching, Argus-like, near and far, in his Chlum observatory, has noticed that Prince Karl is getting reinforced in Konigsgratz; 10,000 lately, 7,000 more coming;—and contrariwise that the Saxons seem to be straggling off from him; ebbing away, corps after corps,—towards Saxony, can it be? There are whispers of "Bavarian auxiliaries" being hired for them, too. And little Bruhl's late insolence; Bruhl's evident belief that "we are finished (AUX ABOIS)"? Putting all this together, Friedrich judges—with an indignation very natural—that there is again some insidious Saxon mischief, most likely an attack on Brandenburg, in the wind. Friedrich orders the Old Dessauer, "March into them, delay no longer!" and publishes a clangorously indignant Manifesto (evidently his own writing, and coming from the heart): [In Adelung, v. 64–71 (no date; "middle of August," say the Books).] "How they have, not bound by their Austrian Treaty, wantonly invaded our Silesia; have, since and before, in spite of our forbearance, done so many things:—and, in fact, have finally exhausted our patience; and

are forcing us to seek redress and safety by the natural methods," which they will see how they like!—

Old Leopold advances straightway, as bidden, direct for the Saxon frontier. To whom Friedrich shoots off detachments,—Prince Dietrich, with so many thousands, to reinforce Papa; then General Gessler with so many,—till Papa is 30,000 odd; and could eat Saxony at a mouthful; nothing whatever being yet ready there on Bruhl's part, though he has such immense things in the wind!— Nevertheless Friedrich again paused; did not yet strike. The Saxon question has Russian bug-bears, no end of complications. His Britannic Majesty, now at Hanover, and his prudent Harrington with him, are in the act of laboring, with all earnestness, for a general Agreement with Friedrich. Without farther bitterness, embroilment and bloodshed: how much preferable for Friedrich! Old Dessauer, therefore, pauses: "Camp of Dieskau," which we have often heard of, close on the Saxon Border; stands there, looking over, as with sword drawn, 30,000 good swords,—but no stroke, not for almost three months more. In three months, wretched Bruhl had not repented; but, on the contrary, had completed his preparations, and gone to work;—and the stroke did fall, as will be seen. That is Bruhl's posture in the matter. [Ranke, iii. 231, 314.]

To Britannic George, for a good while past, it has been manifest that the Pragmatic Sanction, in its original form, is an extinct object; that reconquest of Silesia, and such like, is melancholy moonshine; and that, in fact, towards fighting the French with effect, it is highly necessary to make peace with Friedrich of Prussia again. This once more is George's and his Harrington's fixed view. Friedrich's own wishes are known, or used to be, ever since the late Kaiser's death,—though latterly he has fallen silent, and even avoids the topic when offered (knowing his man)! Herrington has to apply formally to Friedrich's Minister at Hanover. "Very well, if they are in earnest this time," so Friedrich instructs his Minister: "My terms are known to you; no change admissible in the terms;—do not speak with me on it farther: and, observe, within four weeks, the thing finished, or else broken off!" [Ranke, iii. 277–281.] And in this sense they are laboring incessantly, with Austria, with Saxony,—without the least success;—and Excellency Robinson has again a panting uncomfortable time. Here is a scene Robinson transacts at Vienna, which gives us a curious face-to-face glimpse of her Hungarian Majesty, while Friedrich is in his Camp at Chlum.

SCHONBRUNN, 2d AUGUST, 1745, ROBINSON HAS AUDIENCE OF HER HUNGARIAN MAJESTY.

Robinson, in a copious sonorous speech (rather apt to be copious, and to fall into the Parliamentary CANTO-FERMO), sets forth how extremely ill we Allies are faring on the French hand; nothing done upon Silesia either; a hopeless matter that,—is it not, your Majesty? And your Majesty's forces all lying there, in mere dead-lock; and we in such need of bhem! "Peace with Prussia is indispensable."—To which her Majesty listened, in statuesque silence mostly; "never saw her so reserved before, my Lord." ...

ROBINSON. ... "Madam, the Dutch will be obliged to accept Neutrality' [and plump down again, after such hoisting]!

QUEEN. "Well, and if they did, they? "It would be easier to accommodate with France itself, and so finish the whole matter, than with Prussia." My Army could not get to the Netherlands this season. No General of mine would undertake conducting it at this day of the year. Peace with Prussia, what good could it do at present?'

ROBINSON. "England has already found, for subsidies, this year, 1,178,753 pounds. Cannot go on at that rate. Peace with Prussia is one of the returns the English Nation expects for all it has done.'

QUEEN. "I must have Silesia again: without Silesia the Kaiserhood were an empty title. "Or would you have us administer it under the guardianship of Prussia!" ...

ROBINSON. "In Bohemia itself things don't look well; nothing done on Friedrich: your Saxons seem to be quarrelling with you, and going home.'

QUEEN. "Prince Karl is himself capable of fighting the Prussians again. Till that, do not speak to me of Peace! Grant me only till October!'

ROBINSON. "Prussia will help the Grand-Duke to Kaisership.'

QUEEN. "The Grand-Duke is not so ambitious of an empty honor as to engage in it under the tutelage of Prussia. Consider farther: the Imperial dignity, is it compatible with the fatal deprivation of Silesia? "One other battle, I say! Good God, give me only till the month of October!"

ROBINSON. "A battle, Madam, if won, won't reconquer Silesia; if lost, your Majesty is ruined at home.'

QUEEN. "DUSSE'JE CONCLURE AVEC LUI LE LENDEMAIN, JE LUI LIVRERAI BATAILLE CE SOIR (Had I to agree with him to-morrow, I would try him in a battle this evening)!" [Robinson's Despatch, 4th August, 1745. Ranke, iii. 287; Raumer, pp. 161, 162.]

Her Majesty is not to be hindered; deaf to Robinson, to her Britannic George who pays the money. "Cruel man, is that what you call keeping the Pragmatic Sanction; dismembering me of Province after Province, now in Germany, then in Italy, on pretext of necessity? Has not England money, then? Does not England love the Cause of Liberty? Give me till October!" Her Majesty did take till October, and later, as we shall see; poor George not able to hinder, by power of the purse or otherwise: who can hinder high females, or low, when they get into their humors? Much of this Austrian obstinacy, think impartial persons, was of female nature. We shall see what profit her Majesty made by taking till October.

As for George, the time being run, and her Majesty and Saxony unpersuadable, he determined to accept Friedrich's terms himself, in hope of gradually bringing the others to do it. August 26th, at Hanover, there is signed a CONVENTION OF HANOVER between Friedrich and him: "Peace on the old Breslau-Berlin terms,—precisely the same terms, but Britannic Majesty to have them guaranteed by All the Powers, on the General Peace coming,—so that there be no snake-procedure henceforth." Silesia Friedrich's without fail, dear Hanover unmolested even by a thought of Friedrich's;—and her Hungarian Majesty to be invited, nay urged by every feasible method, to accede. [Adelung, v. 75; is "in Rousset, xix. 441;" in Which done, Britannic Majesty—for there has hung itself out, in the Scotch Highlands, the other day ("Glenfinlas, August 12th"), a certain Standard "TANDEM TRIUMPHANS," and unpleasant things are imminent!—hurries home at his best pace, and has his hands full there, for some time. On Austria, on Saxony, he could not prevail: "By no manner of means!" answered they; and went their own road,—jingling his Britannic subsidies in their pocket; regardless of the once Supreme Jove, who is sunk now to a very different figure on the German boards.

Friedrich's outlook is very bad: such a War to go on, and not even finance to do it with. His intimates, his Rothenburg one time, have "found him sunk in gloomy thought." But he wears a bright face usually. No wavering or doubting in him, his mind made up; which is a great help that way. Friedrich indicates, and has indicated everywhere, for many months, that Peace, precisely on the old footing, is all he wants: "The Kaiser being dead, whom I took up arms to defend, what farther object is there?" says he. "Renounce Silesia, more honestly than last time; engage to have it guaranteed by everybody at the General Peace (or perhaps Hohenfriedberg will help to guarantee it),—and I march home!" My money is running down, privately thinks he; guarantee Silesia, and I shall be glad to go. If not, I must raise money somehow; melt the big silver balustrades at Berlin, borrow from the STANDE, or do something; and, in fact, must stand here, unless Silesia is guaranteed, and struggle till I die.

That latter withal is still privately Friedrich's thought. Under his light air, he carries unspoken that grimly clear determination, at all times, now and henceforth; and it is an immense help to the guidance of him. An indispensable, indeed. No king or man, attempting anything considerable in this world, need expect to achieve it except, tacitly, on those same terms, "I will achieve it or die!" For the world, in spite of rumors to the contrary, is always much of a bedlam to the sanity (so far as he may have any) of every individual man. A strict place, moreover; its very bedlamisms flowing by law, as do alike the sudden mud-deluges, and the steady Atlantic tides, and all things whatsoever: a world inexorable, truly, as gravitation itself;—and it will behoove you to front it in a similar humor, as the tacit basis for whatever wise plans you lay. In Friedrich, from the first entrance of him on the stage of things, we have had to recognize this prime quality, in a fine tacit form, to a complete degree; and till his last exit, we shall never find it wanting. Tacit enough, unconscious almost, not given to articulate itself at all;—and if there be less of piety than we could wish in the silence of it, there is at least no play-actor mendacity, or cant of devoutness, to poison the high worth of it. No braver little figure stands on the Earth at that epoch. Ready, at the due season, with his mind silently made up;—able to answer diplomatic Robinsons, Bartensteins and the very Destinies when they apply. If you will withdraw your snakish notions, will guarantee Silesia, will give him back his old Treaty of Berlin in an irrefragable shape, he will march home; if not, he will never march home, but be carried thither dead rather. That is his intention, if the gods permit.

GRAND-DUKE FRANZ IS ELECTED KAISER (13TH SEPTEMBER, 1745);
FRIEDRICH, THE SEASON AND FORAGE BEING DONE, MAKES
FOR SILESIA.

There occurred at Frankfurt—the clear majority, seven of the nine Electors, Bavaria itself (nay Bohemia this time, "distaff" or not), and all the others but Friedrich and Kur–Pfalz, being so disposed or so disposable, Traun being master of the ground—no difficulty about electing Grand–Duke Franz Stephan of Tuscany? Joint–King of Bohemia, to be Kaiser of the Holy Romish Reich. Friedrich's envoy protested;—as did Kur–Pfalz's, with still more vehemence, and then withdrew to Hanau: the other Seven voted September 13th 1745: and it was done. A new Kaiser, Franz Stephan, or Franz I.,—with our blessing on him, if that can avail much. But I fear it cannot. Upon such mendacious Empty–Case of Kaiserhood, without even money to feed itself, not to speak of governing, of defending and coercing; upon such entities the blessings of man avail little; the gods, having warned them to go, do not bless them for staying! —However, tar–barrels burn, the fountains play (wine in some of them, I hope); Franz is to be crowned in a fortnight hence, with extraordinary magnificence. At this last part of it Maria Theresa will, in her own high person, attend; and proceeds accordingly towards Frankfurt, in the end of September (say the old Books), so soon as the Election is over.

Hungarian Majesty's bearing was not popular there, according to Friedrich,—who always admires her after a sort, and always speaks of her like a king and gentleman:—but the High Lady, it is intimated, felt somewhat too well that she was high. Not sorry to have it known, under the due veils, that her Kaiser–Husband is but of a mimetic nature; that it is she who has the real power; and that indeed she is in a victorious posture at present. Very high in her carriage towards the Princes of the Reich, and their privileges:—poor Kur–Pfalz's notary, or herald, coming to protest (I think, it was the second time) about something, she quite disregarded his tabards, pasteboards, or whatever they were, and clapt him in prison. The thing was commented upon; but Kur–Pfalz got no redress. Need we repeat,—lazy readers having so often met him, and forgotten him again,—this is a new younger Kur–Pfalz: Karl Theodor, this one; not Friedrich Wilhelm's old Friend, but his Successor, of the Sulzbach line; of whom, after thirty years or so, we may again hear. He can complain about his violated tabard; will get his notary out of jail again, but no redress.

Highish even towards her friends, this "Empress–Queen" (KAISERIN–KONIGIN, such her new title), and has a kind of "Thank–you–for– Nothing" air towards them. Prussian Majesty, she said, had unquestionable talents; but, oh, what a character! Too much levity, she said, by far; heterodox too, in the extreme; a BOSER MANN;—and what a neighbor has he been! As to Silesia, she was heard to say, she would as soon part with her petticoat as part with it. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 126, 128.]— So that there is not the least prospect of peace here? "None," answer Friedrich's emissaries, whom he had empowered to hint the thing. Which is heavy news to Friedrich.

Early in August, not long after that Audience of Robinson's, her Majesty, after repeated written messages to Prince Karl, urging him to go into fight again or attempt something, had sent two high messengers: Prince Lobkowitz, Duke d'Ahremberg, high dignitaries from Court, have come to Konigsgatz with the latest urgencies, the newest ideas; and would fain help Prince Karl to attempt something. Daily they used to come out upon a little height, in view of Friedrich's tent, and gaze in upon him, and round all Nature, "with big tubes," he says, "as if they had been astronomers;" but never attempted anything. We remember D'Ahremberg, and what part he has played, from the Dettingen times and onward. "A debauched old fellow," says Friedrich; "gone all to hebetude by his labors in that line; agrees always with the last speaker." Prince Karl seems to have little stomach himself; and does not see his way into (or across) another Battle. Lobkowitz, again, is always saying: "Try something! We are now stronger than they, by their detachings, by our reinforcings" (indeed, about twice their number, regular and irregular), though most of the Saxons are gone home. After much gazing through their tubes, the Austrians (August 23d) do make a small shift of place, insignificant otherwise; the Prussians, next day, do the like, in consequence; quit Chlum, burning their huts; post themselves a little farther up the Elbe,—their left at a place called Jaromirz, embouchure of the Aupa into Elbe, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 129.]—and are again unattackable.

The worst fact is the multitude of Pandours, more and more infesting our provision–roads; and that horse–forage itself is, at last, running low. Detachments lie all duly round to right and left, to secure our communications with Silesia, especially to left, out of Glatz, where runs one of the chief roads we have. But the service is becoming daily more difficult. For example:—

"NEUSTADT, 8th SEPTEMBER. In that left–hand quarter, coming out of Glatz at a little Bohemian Town called Neustadt, the Prussian Commander, Tauenzien by name, was repeatedly assaulted; and from September

8th, had to stand actual siege, gallantly repulsing a full 10,000 with their big artillery, though his walls were all breached, for about a week, till Friedrich sent him relief. Prince Lobkowitz, our old anti-Belleisle friend, who is always of forward fiery humor, had set them on this enterprise; which has turned out fruitless. The King is much satisfied with Tauenzien; [Ib. 132.] of whom we shall hear again. Who indeed becomes notable to us, were it only for getting one Lessing as secretary, by and by: Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, whose fame has since gone into all countries; the man having been appointed a 'Secretary' to the very Destinies, in some sort; that is to say, a Writer of Books which have turned out to have truth in them! Tauenzien, a grimmish aquiline kind of man, of no superfluous words, has distinguished himself for the present by defending Neustadt, which the Austrians fully counted to get hold of."

Let us give another little scene; preparatory to quitting this Country, as it is evident the King and we will soon have to do; Country being quite eaten out, Pandours getting ever rifer, and the Season done:—

JAROMIRZ, "EARLY IN SEPTEMBER," 1745. "Jaromirz is a little Bohemian Town on the Aupa, or between the Aupa and Metau branches of the Upper Elbe; four or five miles north of Semonitz, where Friedrich's quarter now is. Valori, so seldom spoken to, is lodged in a suburb there: 'Had not you better go into the town itself?' his Majesty did once say; but Valori, dreading nothing, lodged on, —'Landlord a Burgher whom I thought respectable.' Respectable, yes he; but his son had been dealing with Franquini the Pandour, and had sold Valori,—night appointed, measures all taken; a miracle if Valori escape. Franquini, chief of 30,000 Pandours, has come in person to superintend this important capture; and lies hidden, with a strong party, in the woods to rearward. Prussians about 200, scattered in posts, occupy the hedges in front, for guard of the ovens; to rear, Jaromirz being wholly ours, there is no suspicion.

"In the dead of the night, Franquini emerges from the woods; sends forward a party of sixty, under the young Judas; who, by methods suitable, gets them stealthily conducted into Papa's Barn, which looks across a courtyard into Valori's very windows. From the Barn it is easy, on paws of velvet, to get into the House, if you have a Judas to open it. Which you have:—bolts all drawn for you, and even beams ready for barricading if you be meddled with. 'Upstairs is his Excellency asleep; Excellency's room is—to right, do you remember; or to left'—'Pshaw, we shall find it!' The Pandours mount; find a bedroom, break it open,—some fifteen or sixteen of them, and one who knows a little French;—come crowding forward: to the horror and terror of the poor inhabitant.' 'QUE VOULEZ-VOUS DONC?' 'His Excellency Valori!' 'Well, no violence; I am your prisoner: let me dress!' answers the supposed Excellency,—and contrives to secrete portfolios, and tear or make away with papers. And is marched off, under a select guard, who leave the rest to do the pillage. And was not Valori at all; was Valori's Secretary, one D'Arget, who had called himself Valori on this dangerous occasion! Valori sat quaking behind his partition; not till the Pandours began plundering the stables did the Prussian sentry catch sound of them, and plunge in."

Friedrich had his amusement out of this adventure; liked D'Arget, the clever Secretary; got D'Arget to himself before long, as will be seen;—and, in quieter times, dashed off a considerable Explosion of Rhyme, called LE PALLADION (Valori as Prussia's "Palladium," with Devils attempting to steal him, and the like), which was once thought an exquisite Burlesque,—Kings coveting a sight of it, in vain,—but is now wearisome enough to every reader. [Valori, i. 242; *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 130: for the Fact. Exquisite Burlesque, PALLADION itself, is in *OEuvres*, xi. 192–271 (see IB. 139): a bad copy of that very bad Original, JEANNE D'ARC,—the only thing now good in it, Friedrich's polite yet positive refusal to gratify King Louis and his Pompdour with a sight of it (see IB. PREFACE, x–xiv, Friedrich's Letter to Louis; date of request and of refusal, March, 1750).]—Let us attend his Majesty's exit from Bohemia.

Chapter XII. BATTLE OF SOHR.

The famed beautiful Elbe River rises in romantic chasms, terrible to the picturesque beholder, at the roots of the Riesengebirge; overlooked by the Hohe-Kamms, and highest summits of that chain. "Out of eleven wells," says gentle Dulness, "EILF or ELF QUELLEN, whence its name, Elbe for ELF." Sure enough, it starts out of various wells; [Description, in Zollner, *Briefe uber Schlesien*, ii. 305; in rushes out, like a great peacock's or pasha's tail, from the roots of the Giant Mountains thereabouts; and hurries southward,—or even rather eastward, at first; for (except the Iser to westward, which does not fall in for a great while) its chief branches come from the eastern side: Aupa, Metau, Adler, the drainings of Glatz, and of that rugged Country where Friedrich has been camping and manoeuvring all summer. On the whole, its course is southward for the first seventy or eighty miles, washing Jaromirz, Konigshof, Konigsgratz, down to Pardubitz: at Pardubitz it turns abruptly westward, and holds on so, bending even northward, by hill and plain, through the rest of its five or six hundred miles.

Its first considerable branch, on that eastern or left bank, is the Aupa, which rises in the Pass of Schatzlar (great struggling there, for convoys, just now); goes next by Trautenau, which has lately been burnt; and joins the Elbe at Jaromirz, where Valori was stolen, or nearly so, from under the Prussian left wing. The Aupa runs nearly straight south; the Elbe, till meeting it, has run rather southeast; but after joining they go south together, augmented by the Metau, by the Adler, down to Pardubitz, where the final turn to west occurs. Jaromirz, which lies in the very angle of Elbe and Aupa, is the left wing of Friedrich's Camp; main body of the Camp lies on the other side of the Elbe, but of course has bridges (as at Smirzitz, where that straw sentry did his pranks lately); bridges are indispensable, part of our provision coming always by that BOHEMIAN Neustadt, from the northeast quarter out of Silesia; though the main course of our meal (and much fighting for it) is direct from the north, by the Pass of Schatzlar,— "Chaslard," as poor Valori calls it.

Thus Friedrich lay, when Valori escaped being stolen; when Tauenzien was assailed by the 10,000 Pandours with siege artillery, and stood inexpugnable in the breach till Friedrich relieved him. Those Pandours "had cut away his water, for the last two days;" so that, except for speedy relief, all valor had been in vain. Water being gone, not recoverable without difficulties, Neustadt was abandoned (September 16th, as I guess);—one of our main Silesian roads for meal has ceased. We have now only Schatzlar to depend on; where Franquini—lying westward among the glens of the Upper Elbe, and possessed of abundant talent in the Tolpatch way (witness Valori's narrow miss lately)—gives us trouble enough. Friedrich determines to move towards Schatzlar. Homewards, in fact; eating the Country well as he goes.

Saturday, 18th September, Friedrich crosses the Elbe at Jaromirz. Entirely unopposed; the Austrians were all busy firing FEU-DE-JOIE for the Election of their Grand-Duke: Election done five days ago at Frankfurt, and the news just come. So they crackle about, and deliver rolling fire, at a great rate; proud to be "IMPERIAL Army" henceforth, as if that could do much for them. There was also vast dining, for three days, among the high heads, and a great deal of wine spent. That probably would have been the chance to undertake something upon them, better than crossing the Elbe, says Friedrich looking back. But he did not think of it in time; took second-best in place of best.

He is now, therefore, over into that Triangular piece of Country between Elbe and Aupa (if readers will consult their Map); in that triangle, his subsequent notable operations all lie. He here proposes to move northward, by degrees,—through Trautenau, Schatzlar, and home; well eating this bit of Country too, the last uneaten bit, as he goes. This well eaten, there will be no harbor anywhere for Invasion, through the Winter coming. One of my old Notes says of it, in the topographic point of view:—

"It is a triangular patch of Country, which has lain asleep since the Creation of the World; traversed only by Boii (BOI-HEIM-ERS, Bohemians), Czechs and other such populations, in Human History; but which Friedrich has been fated to make rather notable to the Moderns henceforth. Let me recommend it to the picturesque tourist, especially to the military one. Lovers of rocky precipices, quagmires, brawling torrents and the unadulterated ruggedness of Nature, will find scope there; and it was the scene of a distinguished passage of arms, with notable display of human dexterity and swift presence of mind. For the rest, one of the wildest, and perhaps (except to the picturesque tourist) most unpleasant regions in the world. Wild stony upland; topmost Upland, we may say, of

Europe in general, or portion of such Upland; for the rainstorms hereabouts run several roads,—into the German Ocean and Atlantic by the Elbe, into the Baltic by the Oder, into the Black Sea by the Donau;—and it is the waste Outfield whither you rise, by long weeks—journeys, from many sides.

"Much of it, towards the angle of Elbe and Aupa, is occupied by a huge waste Wood, called 'Kingdom Forest' (KONIGREICH SYLVA or WALD, peculium of Old Czech Majesties, I fancy); may be sixty square miles in area, the longer side of which lies along the Elbe. A Country of rocky defiles; lowish hills chaotically shoved together, not wanting their brooks and quagmires, straight labyrinthic passages; shaggy with wild wood. Some poor Hamlets here and there, probably the sleepest in Nature, are scattered about; there may be patches ploughable for rye [modern Tourist says snappishly, There are many such; whole region now drained; reminded me of Yorkshire Highlands, with the Western Sun gilding it, that fine afternoon!]
—ploughable for rye, buckwheat; boggy grass to be gathered in summer; charcoaling to do; pigs at least are presumable, among these straggling outposts of humanity in their obscure Hamlets: poor ploughing, moiling creatures, they little thought of becoming notable so soon! None of the Books (all intent on mere soldiering) take the least notice of them; not at the pains to spell their Hamlets right: no more notice than if they also had been stocks and moss—grown stones. Nevertheless, there they did evidently live, for thousands of years past, in a dim manner;—and are much terrified to have become the seat of war, all on a sudden. Their poor Hamlets, Sohr, Staudentz, Prausnitz, Burgersdorf and others still send up a faint smoke; and have in them, languidly, the live—coal of mysterious human existence, in those woods,—to judge by the last maps that have come out. A thing worth considering by the passing tourist, military or other."

It is in this Kingdom Forest (which he calls ROYAUME DE SILVA, instead of SYLVA DE ROYAUME) that Friedrich now marches; keeping the body of the Forest well on his left, and skirting the southern and eastern sides of it. Rough marching for his Majesty; painfully infested by Nadastian Tolpatches; who run out on him from ambushes, and need to be scourged; one ambush in particular, at a place called Liebenthal (second day's march, and near the end of it),— where our Prussian Hussars, winding like fiery dragons on the dangerous precipices, gave them better than they brought, and completely quenched their appetite for that day. After Liebenthal, the march soon ends; three miles farther on, at the dim wold—hamlet of Staudentz: here a camp is pitched; here, till the Country is well eaten out, or till something else occur, we propose to tarry for a time.

Horse—forage abounds here; but there is no getting of it without disturbance from those dogs; you must fight for every truss of grass: if a meal—train is coming, as there does every five days, you have to detach 8,000 foot and 3,000 horse to help it safe in. A fretting fatiguing time for regular troops. Our bakery is at Trautenau,—where Valori is now lodging. The Tolpatchery, unable to take Trautenau, set fire to it, though it is their own town, their own Queen's town; thatchy Trautenau, wooden too in the upper stories of it, takes greedily to the fire; goes all aloft in flame, and then lies black. A scandalous transaction, thinks Friedrich. The Prussian corn lay nearly all in cellars; little got, even of the Prussians, by such an atrocity: and your own poor fellow— subjects, where are they? Valori was burnt out here; again exploded from his quarters, poor man;—seems to have thought it a mere fire in his own lodging, and that he was an unfortunate diplomatist. Happily he got notice (PRIVATISSIME, for no officer dare whisper in such cases) that there is an armed party setting out for Silesia, to guard meal that is coming: Valori yokes himself to this armed party, and gets safe over the Hills with it,—then swift, by extra post, to Breslau and to civilized (partially civilized) accommodation, for a little rest after these hustlings and tossings.

Friedrich had lain at Staudentz, in this manner, bickering continually for his forage, and eating the Country, for about ten days: and now, as the latter process is well on, and the season drawing to a close: he determines on a shift northward. Thursday, 30th September next, let there be one other grand forage, the final one in this eaten tract, then northward to fresh grounds. That, it appears, was the design. But, on Wednesday, there came in an Austrian deserter; who informs us that Prince Karl is not now in Konigsgratz, but in motion up the Elbe; already some fifty miles up; past Jaromirz: his rear at Konigshof, his van at Arnau,—on a level with burnt Trautenau, and farther north than we ourselves are. This is important news. "Intending to block us out from Schatzlar? Hmh!" Single scouts, or small parties, cannot live in this Kingdom Wood, swarming with Pandours: Friedrich sends out a Colonel Katzler, with 500 light horse, to investigate a little. Katzler pushes forward, on such lane or forest road—track as there is, towards Konigshof; beats back small hussar parties;—comes, in about an hour's space, not upon hussars merely, but upon dense masses of heavy horse winding through the forest lanes; and, with that imperfect intelligence, is obliged to return. The deserter spake truth, apparently; and that is all we can know.

Forage scheme is given up; the order is, "Baggage packed, and MARCH to-morrow morning at ten." Long before ten, there had great things befallen on the morrow!—Try to understand this Note a little:—

"The Camp of Staudentz— which two persons (the King, and General Stille, a more careful reporter, who also was an eye-witness) have done their best to describe—will, after all efforts, and an Ordnance Map to help, remain considerably unintelligible to the reader; as is too usual in such cases. A block of high-lying ground; Friedrich's Camp on it, perhaps two miles long, looks to the south; small Village of Staudentz in front; hollow beyond that, and second small Village, Deutsch Prausnitz, hanging on the opposite slope, with shaggy heights beyond, and the Kingdom Forest there beginning: on the left, defiles, brooks and strait country, leading towards the small town of Eypel: that is our left and front aspect, a hollow well isolating us on those sides. Hollow continues all along the front; hollow definite on our side of it, and forming a tolerable defence:—though again, I perceive, to rightward at no great distance, there rise High Grounds which considerably overhang us." A thing to be marked! "These we could not occupy, for want of men; but only maintain vedettes upon them. Over these Heights, a mile or two westward of this hollow of ours, runs the big winding hollow called Georgengrund (GEORGE'S BOTTOM), which winds up and down in that Kingdom Forest, and offers a road from Konigshof to Trautenau, among other courses it takes.

"From the crown of those Heights on our right flank here, looking to the west, you might discern (perhaps three miles off, from one of the sheltering nooks in the hither side of that Georgengrund), rising faintly visible over knolls and dingles, the smoke of a little Forest Village. That Village is Sohr; notable ever since, beyond others, in the Kingdom Wood. Sohr, like the other Villages, has its lane-roads; its road to Trautenau, to Konigshof, no doubt; but much nearer you, on our eastern slope of the Heights, and far hitherward of Sohr, which is on the western, goes the great road [what is now the great road], from Konigshof to Trautenau, well visible from Friedrich's Camp, though still at some distance from it. Could these Heights between us and Sohr, which lie beyond the great road, be occupied, we were well secured; isolated on the right too, as on the other sides, from Kingdom Forest and its ambushes. 'Should have been done,' admits Friedrich; 'but then, as it is, there are not troops enough:' with 18,000 men you cannot do everything!"

Here, however, is the important point. In Sohr, this night, 29th September, in a most private manner, the Austrians, 30,000 of them and more, have come gliding through the woods, without even their pipe lit, and with thick veil of hussars ahead! Outposts of theirs lie squatted in the bushes behind Deutsch Prausnitz, hardly 500 yards from Friedrich's Camp. And eastward, leftward of him, in the defiles about Eypel, lie Nadasti and Ruffian Trenck, with ten or twelve thousand, who are to take him in rear. His "Camp of Staudentz" will be at a fine pass to-morrow morning. The Austrian Gentlemen had found, last week, a certain bare Height in the Forest (Height still known), from which they could use their astronomer tubes day after day; [Orlich, ii. 225.] and now they are about attempting something!

Thursday morning, very early, 30th September, 1745, Friedrich was in his tent, busy with generals and march-routes,—when a rapid orderly comes in, from that Vedette, or strong Piquet, on the Heights to our right: "Austrians visibly moving, in quantity, near by!" and before he has done answering, the officer himself arrives: "Regular Cavalry in great force; long dust-cloud in Kingdom Forest, in the gray dawn; and, so far as we can judge, it is their Army coming on." Here is news for a poor man, in the raw of a September morning, by way of breakfast to him! "To arms!" is, of course, Friedrich's instant order; and he himself gallops to the Piquet on the Heights, glass in hand. "Austrian Army sure enough, thirty to thirty-five thousand of them, we only eighteen. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 139.] Coming to take us on the right flank here; to attack our Camp by surprise: will crush us northward through the defiles, and trample us down in detail? Hmh! To run for it, will never do. We must fight for it, and even attack THEM, as our way is, though on such terms. Quick, a plan!" The head of Friedrich is a bank you cannot easily break by coming on it for plans: such a creature for impromptu plans, and unexpected dashes swift as the panther's, I have hardly known,—especially when you squeeze him into a corner, and fancy he is over with it! Friedrich gallops down, with his plan clear enough; and already the Austrians, horse and foot, are deploying upon those Heights he has quitted; Fifty Squadrons of Horse for left wing to them, and a battery of Twenty-eight big Guns is establishing itself where Friedrich's Piquet lately stood.

Friedrich's right flank has to become his front, and face those formidable Austrian Heights and Batteries; and this with more than Prussian velocity, and under the play of those twenty-eight big guns, throwing case-shot (GRENADES ROYALES) and so forth, all the while. To Valori, when he heard of the thing, it is inconceivable

how mortal troops could accomplish such a movement; Friedrich himself praises it, as a thing honorably well done. Took about half an hour; case-shot raining all the while; soldier honorably never-minding: no flurry, though a speed like that of spinning-tops. And here we at length are, Staudentz now to rear of us, behind our centre a good space; Burgersdorf in front of us to right, our left reaching to Prausnitz: Austrian lines, three deep of them, on the opposite Height; we one line only, which matches them in length.

They, that left wing of horse, should have thundered down on us, attacking us, not waiting our attack, thinks Friedrich; but they have not done it. They stand on their height there, will perhaps fire carbines, as their wont is. "You, Buddenbrock, go into them with your Cuirassiers!" Buddenbrock and the Cuirassiers, though it is uphill, go into them at a furious rate; meet no countercharge, mere sputter of carbines;—tumble them to mad wreck, back upon their second line, back upon their third: absurdly crowded there on their narrow height, no room to manoeuvre; so that they plunge, fifty squadrons of them, wholly into the Georgengrund rearward, into the Kingdom Wood, and never come on again at all. Buddenbrock has done his job right well.

Seeing which, our Infantry of the right wing, which stood next to Buddenbrock, made impetuous charge uphill, emulous to capture that Battery of Twenty-eight; but found it, for some time, a terrible attempt. These Heights are not to be called "hills," still less "mountains" (as in some careless Books); but it is a stiff climb at double-quick, with twenty-eight big guns playing in the face of you. Storms of case-shot shear away this Infantry, are quenching its noble fury in despair; Infantry visibly recoiling, when our sole Three Regiments of Reserve hurry up to support. Round these all rallies; rushes desperately on, and takes the Battery,—of course, sending the Austrian left wing rapidly adrift, on loss of the same.

This, I consider, is the crisis of the Fight; the back of the Austrian enterprise is already broken, by this sad winging of it on the left. But it resists still; comes down again,—the reserve of their left wing seen rapidly making for Burgersdorf, intending an attack there; which we oppose with vigor, setting Burgersdorf on fire for temporary screen; and drive the Austrian reserve rapidly to rearward again. But there is rally after rally of them. They rank again on every new height, and dispute there; loath to be driven into Kingdom Wood, after such a flourish of arms. One height, "bushy steep height," the light-limbed valiant Prince, little Ferdinand of Brunswick, had the charge of attacking; and he did it with his usual impetus and irresistibility:—and, strangely enough, the defender of it chanced to be that Brother of his, Prince Ludwig, with whom he had the little Interview lately. Prince Ludwig got a wound, as well as lost his height. The third Brother, poor Prince Albrecht, who is also here, as volunteer apprentice, on the Prussian side, gets killed. There will never be another Interview, for all three, between the Camps! Strange times for those poor Princes, who have to seek soldiering for their existence.

Meanwhile the Cavalry of Buddenbrock, that is to say of the right wing, having now no work in that quarter, is despatched to reinforce the left wing, which has stood hitherto apart on its own ground; not attacked or attacking,—a left wing REFUSED, as the soldiers style it. Reinforced by Buddenbrock, this left wing of horse does now also storm forward;—"near the Village of Prausnitz" (Prausnitz a little way to rear of it), thereabouts, is the scene of its feat. Feat done in such fashion that the Austrians opposite will not stand the charge at all; but gurgle about in a chaotic manner; then gallop fairly into Kingdom Wood, without stroke struck; and disappear, as their fellows had done. Whereupon the Prussian horse breaks in upon the adjoining Infantry of that flank (Austrian right flank, left bare in this manner); champs it also into chaotic whirlpools; cuts away an outskirt of near 2,000 prisoners, and sets the rest running. This seems to have been pretty much the COUP-DE-GRACE of the Fight; and to have brought the Austrian dispute to finis. From the first, they had rallied on the heights; had struggled and disputed. Two general rallies they made, and various partial, but none had any success. They were driven on, bayonet in back, as the phrase is: with this sad slap on their right, added to that old one on their left, what can they now do but ebb rapidly; pour in cataracts into Kingdom Wood, and disappear there? [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 135–143; *Stille*, pp. 144–163; *Orlich*, ii. 227–243; *Feldzuge*, i. 357, 363, 374.]

Prince Karl's scheme was good, says Friedrich; but it was ill executed. He never should have let us form; his first grand fault was that he waited to be attacked, instead of attacking. Parts of his scheme were never executed at all. Duke d'Ahremberg, for instance, it is said, had so dim a notion of the ground, that he drew up some miles off, with his back to the Prussians. Such is the rumor,—perhaps only a rumor, in mockery of the hebetated old gentleman fallen unlucky? On the other hand, that Nadasti made a failure which proved important, is indubitable. Nadasti, with some thousands of Tolpatchery, was at Liebenthal, four miles to southeast of the action; Ruffian Trenck lay behind Eypel, perhaps as far to east, of it: Trenck and Nadasti were to rendezvous, to unite, and attack

the Prussian Camp on its rear,—“Camp,” so ran the order, for it was understood the Prussians would all be there, we others attacking it in front and both flanks;—which turned out otherwise, not for Nadasti alone!

Nadasti came to his rendezvous in time; Ruffian Trenck did not: Nadasti grew tired of waiting for Trenck, and attacked the Camp by himself:—Camp, but not any men; Camp being now empty, and the men all fighting, ranked at right angles to it, furlongs and miles away. Nadasti made a rare hand of the Camp; plundered everything, took all the King's Camp—furniture, ready money, favorite dog Biche,—likewise poor Eichel his Secretary, who, however, tore the papers first. Tolpatchery exultingly gutted the Camp; and at last set fire to it,—burnt even some eight or ten poor Prussian sick, and also “some women whom they caught. We found the limbs of these poor men and women lying about,” reports old General Lehwald; who knew about it. A doggery well worthy of the gallows, think Lehwald and I. “Could n't help it; ferocity of wild men,” says Nadasti. “Well; but why not attack, then, with your ferocity?” Confused Court—martial put these questions, at Vienna subsequently; and Ruffian Trenck, some say, got injustice, Nadasti shuffling things upon him; for which one cares almost nothing. Lehwald, lying at Trautenau, had heard the firing at sunrise; and instantly marched to help: he only arrived to give Nadasti a slash or two, and was too late for the Fight. Oue Schlichtling, on guard with a weak party, saved what was in the right wing of the Camp,—small thanks to him, the Main Fight being so near: Friedrich's opinion is, an Officer, in Schlichtling's place, ought to have done more, and not have been so helpless.

This was the Battle of Sohr; so called because the Austrians had begun there, and the Prussians ended there. The Prussian pursuit drew bridle at that Village; unsafe to prosecute Austrians farther, now in the deeps of Kingdom Forest. The Battle has lasted five hours. It must be now getting towards noon; and time for breakfast, if indeed any were to be had; but that is next to impossible, Nadasti having been so busy. Not without extreme difficulty is a manchet of bread, with or without a drop of wine, procured for the King's Majesty this day. Many a tired hero will have nothing but tobacco, with spring—water, to fall back upon. Never mind! says the King, says everybody. After all, it is a cheap price to pay for missing an attack from Pandours in the rear, while such crisis went on ahead.

Lying COUSIN Trenck, of the Life—guard, who is now in Glatz, gives vivid eye—witness particulars of these things, time of the morning and so on; says expressly he was there, and what he did there, [Frederic Baron de Trenck, *Memoires, traduits par lui—meme* (Strasbnrg and Paris, 1789), i. 74–78, 79.]—though in Glatz under lock and key, three good months before. “How could I help mistakes,” said he afterwards, when people objected to this and that in his blustering mendacity of a Book: “I had nothing but my poor agitated memory to trust to!” A man's memory, when it gets the length of remembering that he was in the Battle of Sohr while bodily absent, ought it not to—in fact, to strike work; to still its agitations altogether, and call halt? Trenck, some months after, got clambered out of Glatz, by sewers, or I forget how; and leaped, or dropped, from some parapet into the River Neisse,— sinking to the loins in tough mud, so that he could not stir farther. “Fouquet let me stand there half a day, before he would pick me out again.” Rigorous Bouquet, human—mercy forbidding, could not let him stand there in permanence,—as we, better circumstanced, may with advantage try to do, in time coming!

Friedrich lay at Sohr five days; partly for the honor of the thing, partly to eat out the Country to perfection. Prince Karl, from Konigshof, soon fell back to Konigsgratz; and lay motionless there, nothing but his Tolpatcheries astir, Sohr Country all eaten, Friedrich, in the due Divisions, marched northward. Through Trautenau, Schatzlar, his own Division, which was the main one;—and, fencing off the Tolpatches successfully with trouble, brings all his men into Silesia again. A good job of work behind them, surely! Cantons them to right and left of Landshut, about Rohnstock and Hohenfriedberg, hamlets known so well; and leaving the Young Dessauer to command, drives for Berlin (30th October),— rapidly, as his wont is. Prince Karl has split up his force at Konigsgratz; means, one cannot doubt, to go into winter—quarters. If he think of invading, across that eaten Country and those bad Mountains,—well, our troops can all be got together in six hours' time.

At Trautenau, a week after Sohr, Friedrich had at last received the English ratification of that Convention of Hanover, signed 26th August, almost a month ago; not ratified till September 22d. About which there had latterly been some anxiety, lest his Britannic Majesty himself might have broken off from it. With Austria, with Saxony, Britannic Majesty has been entirely unsuccessful:—“May not Sohr, perhaps, be a fresh persuasive?” hopes Friedrich;—but as to Britannic Majesty's breaking off, his thoughts are far from that, if we knew! Poor Majesty: not long since, Supreme Jove of Germany; and now—is like to be swallowed in ragamuffin street—riots; not a thunder—bolt within clutch of him (thunder—bolts all sticking in the mud of the Netherlands, far off), and not a

constable's staff of the least efficacy! Consider these dates in combination. Battle of Sohr was on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th:—

"SUNDAY preceding, SEPTEMBER 26th, was such a Lord's-Day in the City of Edinburgh, as had not been seen there,—not since Jenny Geddes's stool went flying at the Bishop's head, above a hundred years before. Big alarm-bell bursting out in the middle of divine service; emptying all the Churches ('Highland rebels just at hand!')—into General Meeting of the Inhabitants, into Chaos come again, for the next forty hours. Till, in the gaunt midnight, Tuesday, 2 A.M., Lochiel with about 1,000 Camerons, waiting slight opportunity, crushed in through the Netherbow Port; and"—And, about noon of that day, a poor friend of ours, loitering expectant in the road that leads by St. Anthony's Well, saw making entry into paternal Holyrood,—the Young Pretender, in person, who is just being proclaimed Prince of Wales, up in the High-street yonder! "A tall slender young man, about five feet ten inches high; of a ruddy complexion, high-nosed, large rolling brown eyes; long-visaged, red-haired, but at that time wore a pale periwig. He was in a Highland habit [coat]; over the shoulder a blue sash wrought with gold; red velvet breeches; a green velvet bonnet, with white cockade on it and a gold lace. His speech seemed very like that of an Irishman; very sly [how did you know, my poor friend?];—spoke often to O'Sullivan [thought to be a person of some counsel; had been Tutor to Maillebois's Boys, had even tried some irregular fighting under Maillebois]—to O'Sullivan and" [Henderson, *Highland Rebellion*, p. 14.] ... And on Saturday, in short, came PRESTONPANS. Enough of such a Supreme Jove; good for us here as a timetable chiefly, or marker of dates!

Sunday, 3d October, King's Adjutant, Captain Mollendorf, a young Officer deservedly in favor, arrives at Berlin with the joyful tidings of this Sohr business ("Prausnitz" we then called it): to the joy of all Prussians, especially of a Queen Mother, for whom there is a Letter in pencil. After brief congratulation, Mollendorf rushes on; having next to give the Old Dessauer notice of it in his Camp at Dieskau, in the Halle neighborhood. Mollendorf appears in Halle suddenly next morning, Monday, about ten o'clock, sixteen postilions trumpeting, and at their swiftest trot, in front of him;—shooting, like a melodious morning-star, across the rusty old city, in this manner,—to Dieskau Camp, where he gives the Old Dessauer his good news. Excellent Victory indeed; sharp striking, swift self-help on our part. Halle and the Camp have enough to think of, for this day and the next. Whither Mollendorf went next, we will not ask: perhaps to Brunswick and other consanguineous places?—Certain it is,

"On Wednesday, the 6th, about two in the afternoon, the Old Dessauer has his whole Army drawn out there, with green sprigs in their hats, at Dieskau, close upon the Saxon Frontier; and, after swashing and manoeuvring about in the highest military style of art, ranks them all in line, or two suitable lines, 30,000 of them; and then, with clangorous outburst of trumpet, kettle-drum and all manner of field-music, fires off his united artillery a first time; almost shaking the very hills by such a thunderous peal, in the still afternoon. And mark, close fitted into the artillery peal, commences a rolling fire, like a peal spread out in threads, sparkling strangely to eye and ear; from right to left, long spears of fire and sharp strokes of sound, darting aloft, successive simultaneous, winding for the space of miles, then back by the rear line, and home to the starting-point: very grand indeed. Again, and also again, the artillery peal, and rolling small-arms fitted into it, is repeated; a second and a third time, kettle-drums and trumpets doing what they can. That was the Old Dessauer's bonfiring (what is called FEU-DE-JOIE), for the Victory of Sohr; audible almost at Leipzig, if the wind were westerly. Overpowering to the human mind; at least, to the old Newspaper reporter of that day. But what was strangest in the business," continues he "(DAS CURIEUSESTE DABEY), was that the Saxon Uhlans, lying about in the villages across the Border, were out in the fields, watching the sight, hardly 300 yards off, from beginning to end; and little dreamed that his High Princely Serenity," blue of face and dreadful in war, "was quite close to them, on the Height called Bornhock; condescending to 'take all this into High-Serene Eye-shine there; and, by having a white flag waved, deigning to give signal for the discharges of the artillery.'" [*Helden-Geschichte*, i. 1124.]

By this the reader may know that the Old Dessauer is alive, ready for action if called on; and Bruhl ought to comprehend better how riskish his game with edge-tools is. Bruhl is not now in an unprepared state:—here are Uhlans at one's elbow looking on. Rutowski's Uhlans; who lies encamped, not far off, in good force, posted among morasses; strongly entrenched, and with schemes in his head, and in Bruhl's, of an aggressive, thrice-secret and very surprising nature! I remark only that, in Heidelberg Country, victorious old Traun is putting his people into winter-quarters; himself about to vanish from this History, [Went to SIEBENBURGEN

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(Transylvania) as Governor; died there February, 1748, age seventy-one (*Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 56 n.).]—and has detached General Grune with 10,000 men; who left Heidelberg October 9th, on a mysterious errand, heeded by nobody; and will turn up in the next Chapter.

Chapter XIII. SAXONY AND AUSTRIA MAKE A SURPRISING LAST ATTEMPT.

After this strenuous and victorious Campaign, which has astonished all public men, especially all Pragmatic Gazetteers, and with which all Europe is disharmoniously ringing, Friedrich is hopeful there will be Peace, through England;—cannot doubt, at least, but the Austrians have had enough for one year;—and looks forward to certain months, if not of rest, yet of another kind of activity. Negotiation, Peace through England, if possible; that is the high prize: and in the other case, or in any case, readiness for next Campaign;—which with the treasury exhausted, and no honorable subsidy from France, is a difficult problem.

That was Friedrich's, and everybody's, program of affairs for the months coming: but in that Friedrich and everybody found themselves greatly mistaken. Bruhl and the Austrians had decided otherwise. "Open mouse-trap," at Striegau; claws of the sleeping cat, at Sohr: these were sad experiences; ill to bear, with the Sea-Powers grumbling on you, and the world sniffing its pity on you;—but are not conclusive, are only provoking and even maddening, to the sanguine mind. Two sad failures; but let us try another time. "A tricky man; cunning enough, your King of Prussia!" thinks Bruhl, with a fellness of humor against Friedrich which is little conceivable to us now: "Cunning enough. But it is possible cunning may be surpassed by deeper cunning!"—and decides, Bartenstein and an indignant Empress-Queen assenting eagerly, That there shall, in the profoundest secrecy till it break out, be a third, and much fiercer trial, this Winter yet. The Bruhl-Bartenstein plan (owing mainly to the Russian Bugbear which hung over it, protective, but with whims of its own) underwent changes, successive redactions or editions; which the reader would grudge to hear explained to him. [Account of them in Orlich, ii. 273–278 (from various RUTOWSKI Papers; and from the contemporary satirical Pamphlet, "MONDSCHNEINWURFE, Mirror-castings of Moonshine, by ZEBEDAUS Cuckoo, beaten Captain of a beaten Army."] Of the final or acted edition, some loose notion, sufficient for our purpose, may be collected from the following fractions of Notes:—

NOVEMBER 17th (INTERIOR OF GERMANY). ... "Feldmarschall-Lieutenant von Grune, a General of mark, detached by Traun not long since, from the Rhine Country, with a force of 10,000 men, why is he marching about: first to Baireuth Country, 'at Hof, November 9th,' as if for Bohemia; then north, to Gera ('lies at Gera till the 17th'), as if for Saxony Proper? Prince Karl, you would certainly say, has gone into winter-quarters; about Konigsgratz, and farther on? Gone or going, sure enough, is Prince Karl, into the convenient Bohemian districts,—uncertain which particular districts; at least the Young Dessauer, watching him from the Silesian side, is uncertain which. Better be vigilant, Prince Leopold!—Grune, lying at Gera yonder, is not intending for Prince Karl, then? No, not thither. Then perhaps towards Saxony, to reinforce the Saxons? Or some-whither to find fat winter-quarters: who knows? Indeed, who cares particularly, for such inconsiderable Grune and his 10,000!—

"The Saxons quitted their inexpugnable Camp towards Halle, some time ago; went into cantonments farther inland;—the Old Dessauer (middle of October) having done the like, and gone home: his force lies rather scattered, for convenience of food and forage. From the Silesian side, again, Prince Leopold, whose head-quarters are about Striegau, intimates, That he cannot yet say, with certainty, what districts Prince Karl will occupy for winter-quarters in Bohemia. Prince Karl is vaguely roving about; detaching Pandours to the Silesian Mountains, as if for checking our victorious Nassau there;—always rather creeping northward; skirting Western Silesia with his main force; 30,000 or better, with Lobkowitz and Nadasti ahead. Meaning what? Be vigilant, my young friend.

"The private fact is, Prince Karl does not mean to go into winter-quarters at all. In private fact, Prince Karl is one of Three mysterious Elements or Currents, sent on a far errand: Grune is another: Rutowski's Saxon Camp (now become Cantonment) is a third. Three Currents instinct with fire and destruction, but as yet quite opaque; which have been launched,—whitherward thinks the reader? On Berlin itself, and the Mark of Brandenburg; there to collide, and ignite in a marvellous manner. There is their meeting-point: there shall they, on a sudden, smite one another into flame; and the destruction blaze, fiery enough, round Friedrich and his own Brandenburg homesteads there!—

"It is a grand scheme; scheme at least on a grand scale. For the LEGS of it, Grune's march and Prince Karl's,

are about 600 miles long! Plan due chiefly, they say, to the yellow rage of Bruhl; aided by the contrivance of Rutowski, and the counsel of Austrian military men. For there is much consulting about it, and redacting of it; Polish Majesty himself very busy. To Bruhl's yellow rage it is highly solacing and hopeful. 'Rutowski, lying close in his Cantonments, and then suddenly springing out, will overwhelm the Old Dessauer, who lies wide;—can do it, surely; and Grune is there to help if necessary. Dessauer blown to pieces, Grune, with Rutowski combined, push in upon Brandenburg,—Grune himself upon Berlin,—from the west and south, nobody expecting him. Prince Karl, not taking into winter-quarters in Bohemia, as they idly think; but falling down the Valley of the Bober, or Bober and Queiss, into the Lausitz (to Gorlitz, Guben, where we have Magazines for him), comes upon it from the southeast,—nobody expecting any of them. Three simultaneous Armies hurled on the head of your Friedrich; combustible deluges flowing towards him, as from the ends of Germany; so opaque, silent, yet of fire wholly: will not that surprise him!' thinks Bruhl. These are the schemes of the little man."

Bruhl, having constituted himself rival to Friedrich, and fallen into pale or yellow rage by the course things took, this Plan is naturally his chief joy, or crown of joys; a bubbling well of solace to him in his parched condition. He should, obviously, have kept it secret; thrice-secret, the little fool;—but a poor parched man is not always master of his private bubbling wells in that kind! Wolfstierna is Swedish Envoy at Dresden; Rudenskjold, Swedish Envoy at Berlin, has run over to see him in the dim November days. Swedes, since Ulrique's marriage, are friendly to Prussia. Bruhl has these two men to dinner; talks with them, over his wine, about Friedrich's insulting usage of him, among other topics. "Insulting; how, your Excellency?" asks Rudenskjold, privately a friend of Friedrich. Bruhl explains, with voice quivering, those cuts in the Friedrich manifesto of August last, and other griefs suffered; the two Swedes soothing him with what oil they have ready. "No matter!" hints Bruhl; and proceeds from hint to hint, till the two Swedes are fully aware of the grand scheme: Grune, Prince Karl; and how Destruction, with legs 500 miles long, is steadily advancing to assuage one with just revenge. "Right, your Excellency!"—only that Rudenskjold proceeds to Berlin; and there straightway ("8th November") punctually makes Friedrich also aware. [Stenzel, iv. 262; Ranke, iii. 317–323; Friedrich's own narrative of it, *OEuvres*, iii. 148.] Foolish Bruhl: a man that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.

FRIEDRICH GOES OUT TO MEET HIS THREE-LEGGED MONSTER;
CUTS ONE LEG OF IT IN TWO (Fight of
Hennersdorf, 23d November, 1745).

Friedrich, having heard the secret, gazes into it with horror and astonishment: "What a time I have! This is not living; this is being killed a thousand times a day!" [Ranke (iii. 321 n.): TO whom said, we are not told.]—with horror and astonishment; but also with what most luminous flash of eyesight is in him; compares it with Prince Karl's enigmatic motions, Grune's open ones and the other phenomena;—perceives that it is an indisputable fact, and a thrice-formidable; requiring to be instantly dealt with by the party interested! Whereupon, after hearty thanks to Rudenskjold, there occur these rapidly successive phases of activity, which we study to take up in a curt form.

FIRST (probably 9th or 10th November), there is Council held with Minister Podewils and the Old Dessauer; Council from which comes little benefit, or none. Podewils and Old Leopold stare incredulous; cannot be made to believe such a thing. "Impossible any Saxon minister or man would voluntarily bring the theatre of war into his own Country, in this manner!" thinks the Old Dessauer, and persists to think,—on what obstinate ground Friedrich never knew. To which Podewils, "who has properties in the Lausitz, and would so fain think them safe," obstinately, though more covertly, adheres. "Impossible!" urge both these Councillors; and Friedrich cannot even make them believe it. Believe it; and, alas, believing it is not the whole problem!

Happily Friedrich has the privilege of ordering, with or without their belief. "You, Podewils, announce the matter to foreign Courts. You, Serene Highness of Anhalt, at your swiftest, collect yonder, and encamp again. Your eye well on Grune and Rutowski; and the instant I give you signal—! I am for Silesia, to look after Prince Karl, the other long leg of this Business." Old Leopold, according to Friedrich's account, is visibly glad of such opportunity to fight again before he die: and yet, for no reason except some senile jealousy, is not content with these arrangements; perversely objects to this and that. At length the King says,—think of this hard word, and of the eyes that accompany it!—"When your Highness gets Armies of your own, you will order them accordiug to your mind; at present, it must be according to mine." On, then; and not a moment lost: for of all things we must be

swift!

Old Leopold goes accordingly. Friedrich himself goes in a week hence. Orders, correspondences from Podewils and the rest, are flying right and left;—to Young Leopold in Silesia, first of all. Young Leopold draws out his forces towards the Silesian–Lausitz border, where Prince Karl's intentions are now becoming visible. And,—here is the second phase notable,—

"On Monday, 15th, ["18th," *Feldzuge*, i. 402 (see Rodenbeck, i. 122).] at 7 A.M.," Friedrich rushes off, by Crossen, full speed for Liegnitz; "with Rothenburg, with the Prince of Prussia and Ferdinand of Brunswick accompanying." With what thoughts,—though, in his face, you can read nothing; all Berlin being already in such tremor! Friedrich is in Liegnitz next day; and after needful preliminaries there, does, on the Thursday following, "at Nieder–Adelsdorf," not far off, take actual command of Prince Leopold's Army, which had lain encamped for some days, waiting him. And now with such force in hand,—35,000, soldiers every man of them, and freshened by a month's rest,—one will endeavor to do some good upon Prince Karl. Probably sooner than Prince Karl supposes. For there is great velocity in this young King; a panther–like suddenness of spring in him: cunning, too, as any Felis of them; and with claws like the Felis Leo on occasion. Here follows the brief Campaign that ensued, which I strive greatly to abridge.

Prince Karl's intentions towards Frankfurt–on–Oder Country, through the Lausitz, are now becoming practically manifest. There is a Magazine for him at Guben, within thirty miles of Frankfurt; arrangements getting ready all the way. A winter march of 150 miles;—but what, say the spies, is to hinder? Prince Karl dreams not that Friedrich is on the ground, or that anybody is aware. Which notion Friedrich finds that it will be extremely suitable to maintain in Prince Karl. Friedrich is now at Adelsdorf, some thirty miles eastward of the Lausitz Border, perhaps forty or more from the route Prince Karl will follow through that Province.

"It is a high–lying irregularly hilly Country; hilly, not mountainous. Various streams rise out of it that have a long course,—among others, the Spree, which washes Berlin;—especially three Valleys cross it, three Rivers with their Valleys: Bober, Queiss, Neisse (the THIRD Neisse we have come upon); all running northward, pretty much parallel, though all are branches of the Oder. This is Neisse THIRD, we say; not the Neisse of Neisse City, which we used to know at the north base of the Giant Mountains, nor the Roaring Neisse, which we have seen at Hohenfriedberg; but a third [and the FOURTH and last, "Black Neisse," thank Heaven, is an upper branch of this, and we have, and shall have, nothing to do with it!]<—third Neisse, which we may call the Lausitz Neisse. On which, near the head of it, there is a fine old spinning, linen–weaving Town called Zittau,—where, to make it memorable, one Tourist has read, on the Town–house, an Inscription worth repeating: 'BENE FACERE ET MALE AUDIRE REGIUM EST, To do good and have evil said of you, is a kingly thing.' Other Towns, as Gorlitz, and seventy miles farther the above–said Guben, lie on this same Neisse,—shall we add that Herrnhuth stands near the head of it? The wondrous Town of Herrnhuth (LORD'S– KEEPING), founded by Count Zinzendorf, twenty years before those dates; ["In 1722, the first tree felled" (LIVES of Zinzendorf).] where are a kind of German Methodist–Quakers to this day, who have become very celebrated in the interim. An opulent enough, most silent, strictly regular, strange little Town. The women are in uniform; wives, maids, widows, each their form of dress. Missionaries, speaking flabby English, who have been in the West Indies or are going thither, seem to abound in the place; male population otherwise, I should think, must be mainly doing trade elsewhere; nothing but prayers, preachings, charitable boarding–schooling and the like, appeared to be going on. Herrnhuth is 'a Sabbath Petrified; Calvinistic Sabbath done into Stone,' as one of my companions called it." [Tourist's Note (Autumn, 1852).]

Herrnhuth, of which all Englishmen have heard, stands near the head of this our third Neisse; as does Zittau, a few miles higher up. I can do nothing more to give it mark for them. Bober Valley, then Queiss Valley, which run parallel though they join at last, and become Bober wholly before getting into the Oder,—these two Valleys and Rivers lie in Friedrich's own Territory; and are between him and the Lausitz, Queiss River being the boundary of Silesia and the Lausitz here. It is down the Neisse that Prince Karl means to march. There are Saxons already gathering about Zittau; and down as far as Guben they are making Magazines and arrangements,—for it is all their own Country in those years, though most of it is Prussia's now. Prince Karl's march will go parallel to the Bober and the Queiss; separated from the Queiss in this part by an undulating Hill–tract of twenty miles or more.

Friedrich has had somewhat to settle for the Southern Frontier of Silesia withal, which new doggeries of Pandours are invading,—to lie ready for Prince Karl on his return thither, whose grand meaning all this while (as

Friedrich well knows), is "Silesia in the lump" again, had he once cut us off from Brandenburg and our supplies! General Nassau, far eastward, who is doing exploits in Moravia itself,—him Friedrich has ordered homeward, westward to his own side of the Mountains, to attend these new Pandour gentlemen; Winterfeld he has called home, out of those Southern mountains, as likely to be usefuler here on this Western frontier. Winterfeld arrived in Camp the same day with Friedrich; and is sent forward with a body of 3,000 light troops, to keep watch about the Lausitz Frontier and the River Queiss; "careful not to quit our own side of that stream,"—as we mean to hoodwink Prince Karl, if we can!

Friedrich lies strictly within his own borders, for a day or two; till Prince Karl march, till his own arrangements are complete. Friedrich himself keeps the Bober, Winterfeld the Queiss; "all pass freely out of the Lausitz; none are allowed to cross into it: thereby we hear notice of Prince Karl, he none of us." Perfectly quiescent, we, poor creatures, and aware of nothing! Thus, too, Friedrich—in spite of his warlike Manifesto, which the Saxons are on the eve of answering with a formal Declaration of War—affects great rigor in considering the Saxons as not yet at war with him: respects their frontier, Winterfeld even punishes hussars "for trespassing on Lausitz ground." Friedrich also affects to have roads repaired, which he by no means intends to travel:— the whole with a view of lulling Prince Karl; of keeping the mouse-trap open, as he had done in the Striegau case. It succeeded again, quite as conspicuously, and at less expense.

Prince Karl—whose Tolpatch doggery Winterfeld will not allow to pass the Queiss, and to whom no traveller or tidings can come from beyond that River—discerns only, on the farther shore of it, Winterfeld with his 3,000 light troops. Behind these, he discerns either nothing, or nothing immediately momentous; but contentedly supposes that this, the superficies of things, is all the solid-content they have. Prince Karl gets under way, therefore, nothing doubting; with his Saxons as vanguard. Down the Neisse Valley, on the right or Queiss-ward side of it: Saturday, 20th November, is his first march in Lusatian territory. He lies that night spread out in three Villages, Schonberg, Schonbrunn, Kieslingswalde; [*Feldzuge*, i. 407 (Bericht von der Action bey Katholisch-Hennersdorf, some ten miles long; parallel to the Neisse River, and about four miles from it, east or Queiss-ward of it. Karl himself is rear, at Schonberg; fierce Lobkowitz is centre; the Saxons are vanguard, 6,000 in all, posted in Villages, which again are some ten or twelve miles ahead of Prince Karl's forces; the Queiss on their right hand, and the Naumburg Bridge of Queiss, where Winterfeld now is, about fifteen miles to east. Their Uhlans circulate through the intervening space (were much patrolling needed, in such quiet circumstances), and maintain the due communication. There lies Prince Karl, on Saturday night, 20th November, 1745; an Army of perhaps 40,000, dangerously straggling out above twenty miles long; and appears to see no difficulty ahead. The Saxons, I think, are to continue where they are; guarding the flank, while the Prince and Lobkowitz push forward, closer by Neisse River. In four marches more, they can be in Brandenburg, with Guben and their Magazines at hand.

Seeing which state of matters, Winterfeld gives Friedrich notice of it; and that he, Winterfeld, thinks the moment is come. "Pontoons to Naumburg, then!" orders Friedrich. Winterfeld, at the proper moment, is to form a Bridge there. One permanent Bridge there already is; and two fords, one above it, one below: with a second Bridge, there will be roadway for four columns, and a swift transit when needful. Sunday, 21st, Friedrich quits the Bober, diligently towards Naumburg; marches Sunday, Monday; Tuesday, 23d, about eleven A.M., begins to arrive there; Winterfeld and passages all ready. Forward, then, and let us drive in upon Prince Karl; and either cut him in two, or force him to fight us; he little thinks where or on what terms. Sure enough, in the worst place we can choose for him! Friedrich begins crossing in four columns at one P.M.; crosses continuously for four hours; unopposed, except some skirmishing of Uhlans, while his Cavalry is riding the Fords to right and left; Uhlans were driven back swiftly, so soon as the Cavalry got over. At five in the evening, he has got entirely across, 35,000 horse and foot: Ziethen is chasing the Uhlans at full speed; who at least will show us the way,—for by this time a mist has begun falling, and the brief daylight is done.

Friedrich himself, without waiting for the rear of his force, and some while before this mist fell (as I judge), is pushing forward, "a miller lad for his guide," across to Hennersdorf,—Katholisch-Hennersdorf, a long straggling Village, eight or ten miles off, and itself two miles long,—where he understands the Saxons are. Miller lad guides us, over height and hollow, with his best skill, at a brisk pace;—through one hollow, where he has known the cattle pasture in summer time; but which proves impassable, and mere quagmire, at this season. No getting through it, you unfortunate miller lad (GARCON DE MEUNIER). Nevertheless, we did find passage through the

skirts of it: nay this quagmire proved the luck of us; for the enemy, trusting to it, had no outguard there, never expecting us on that side. So that the vanguard, Ziethen and rapid Hussars, made an excellent thing of it. Ziethen sends us word, That he has got into the body of Hennersdorf,—“found the Saxon Quartermaster quietly paying his men;”—that he, Ziethen, is tolerably master of Hennersdorf, and will amuse the enemy till the other force come up.

Of course Friedrich now pushes on, double speed; detaches other force, horse and foot: which was lucky, says my informant; for the Ziethen Hussars, getting good plunder, had by no means demolished the Saxons; but had left them time to draw up in firm order, with a hedge in front, a little west of the Village;—from which post, unassailable by Ziethen, they would have got safe off to the main body, with little but an affront and some loss of goods. The new force—a rapid Katzler with light horse in the van, cuirassiers and foot rapidly following him—sweeps past the long Village, “through a thin wood and a defile;” finds the enemy firmly ranked as above said; cavalry their left, infantry on right, flanked by an impenetrable hedge; and at once strikes in. At once, Katzler does, on order given; but is far too weak. Charges, he; but is counter-charged, tumbled back; the Saxons, horse and foot, showing excellent fight. At length, more Prussian force coming up, cuirassiers charge them in front, dragoons in flank, hussars in rear; all attacking at once, and with a will; and the poor Saxon Cavalry is entirely cut to shreds.

And now there remains only the Infantry, perhaps about 1,000 men (if one must guess); who form a square; ply vigorously their field-pieces and their fire-arms; and cannot be broken by horse-charges. In fact, these Saxons made a fierce resistance;—till, before long, Prussian Infantry came up; and, with counter field-pieces and musketries, blasted gaps in them; upon which the Cavalry got admittance, and reduced the gallant fellows nearly wholly to annihilation either by death or capture. There are 914 Prisoners in this Action, 4 big guns, and I know not how many kettle-drums, standards and the like,—all that were there, I suppose. The number of dead not given. [Orlich, ii. 291; *Feldzuge*, i. 400–413.] But, in brief, this Saxon Force is utterly cut to pieces; and only scattered twos and threes of it rush through the dark mist; scattering terror to this hand and that. The Prussians take their post at and round Hennersdorf that night; —bivouacking, though only in sack trousers, a blanket each man:— “We work hard, my men, and suffer all things for a day or two, that it may save much work afterwards,” said the King to them; and they cheerfully bivouacked.

This was the Action of Katholisch-Hennersdorf, fought on Tuesday, 23d November, 1745; and still celebrated in the Prussian Annals, and reckoned a brilliant passage of war. KATHOLISCH-Hennersdorf, some ten miles southwest of Naumburg ON THE QUEISS (for there are, to my knowledge, Twenty-five other Villages called Hennersdorf, and Three several Towns of Naumburg, and many Castles and Hamlets so named in dear Germany of the Nomenclatures):—Katholisch-Hennersdorf is the place, and Tuesday about dusk the time. A sharp brush of fighting; not great in quantity, but laid in at the right moment, in the right place. Like the prick of a needle, duly sharp, into the spinal marrow of a gigantic object; totally ruinous to such object. Never, or rarely, in the Annals of War, was as much good got of so little fighting. You may, with labor and peril, plunge a hundred dirks into your boaconstrictor; hack him with axes, bray him with sledge-hammers; that is not uncommon: but the one true prick in the spinal marrow, and the Artist that can guide you well to that, he and it are the notable and beneficent phenomena.

PRINCE KARL, CUT IN TWO, TUMBLES HOME AGAIN DOUBLE-QUICK.

Next morning, Wednesday, 24th, the Prussians are early astir again; groping, on all manner of roads, to find what Prince Karl is doing, in a world all covered in thick mist. They can find nothing of him, but broken tumbrils, left baggage-wagons, rumor of universal marching hither and marching thither;—evidences of an Army fallen into universal St. Vitus's-Dance; distractedly hurrying to and fro, not knowing whitherward for the moment, except that it must be homewards, homewards with velocity.

Prince Karl's farther movements are not worth particularizing. Ordering and cross-ordering; march this way; no, back again: such a scene in that mist. Prince Karl is flowing homeward; confusedly deluging and gurgling southward, the best he can. Next afternoon, near Gorlitz, and again one other time, he appears drawn up, as if for fighting; but has himself no such thought; flies again, without a shot; leaves Gorlitz to capitulate, that afternoon; all places to capitulate, or be evacuated. We hear he is for Zittau; Winterfeld with light horse hastens after him, gets sight of him on the Heights at Zittau yonder, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 157; Orlich, ii. 296.] “about two in

the morning:" but the Prince has not the least notion to fight. Prince leaves Zittau to capitulate,—quits silently the Heights of Zittau at two A.M. (Winterfeld, very lively in the rear of him, cutting off his baggage);—and so tumbles, pell—mell, through the Passes of Gabel, home to Bohemia again. Let us save this poor Note from the fire:

"On Saturday night, November 27th, the Prussians, pursuing Prince Karl, were cantoned in the Herrnhuth neighborhood,—my informant's regiment in the Town of Herrnhuth itself. [*Feldzuge*, i. ubi supra.] Yes, there lay the Prussians over Sunday; and might hear some weighty expounder, if they liked. Considerably theological, many of these poor Prussian soldiers; carrying a Bible in their knapsack, and devout Psalms in the heart of them. Two—thirds of every regiment are LANDESKINDER, native Prussians; each regiment from a special canton,—generally rather religious men. The other third are recruits, gathered in the Free Towns of the Reich, or where they can be got; not distinguished by devotion these, we may fancy, only trained to the uttermost by Spartan drill."

Before the week is done, that "first leg" of the grand Enterprise (the Prince—Karl leg) is such a leg as we see. "Silesia in the lump,"—fond dream again, what a dream! Old Dessauer getting signal, where now, too probably, is Saxony itself?—Ranking again at Aussig in Bohemia, Prince Karl—5,000 of his men lost, and all impetus and fire gone—falls gently down the Elbe, to join Rutowski at least; and will reappear within four weeks, out of Saxon Switzerland, still rather in dismal humor.

The Prussian Troops, in four great Divisions, are cantoned in that Lausitz Country, now so quiet; in and about Bautzen and three other Towns of the neighborhood; to rest and be ready for the old Dessauer, when we hear of him. The "Magazine at Guben in 138 wagons," the Gorkitz and other Magazines of Prince Karl in the due number of wagons, supply them with comfortable unexpected provender. Thus they lie cantoned; and have with despatch effectually settled their part of the problem. Question now is, How will it stand with the Old Dessauer and his part? Or, better still, Would not perhaps the Saxons, in this humiliated state, accept Peace, and finish the matter?

Chapter XIV. BATTLE OF KESSELSDORF.

A "Correspondence" of a certain Excellency Villiers, English Minister at Dresden,—Sir Thomas Villiers, Grandfather of the present Earl of Clarendon,—was very famous in those weeks; and is still worth mention, as a trait of Friedrich's procedure in this crisis. Friedrich, not intoxicated with his swift triumph over Prince Karl, but calculating the perils and the chances still ahead,—miserably off for money too,—admits to himself that not revenge or triumph, that Peace is the one thing needful to him. November 29th, Old Leopold is entering Saxony; and in the same hours, Podewils at Berlin, by order of Friedrich, writes to Villiers who is in Dresden, about Peace, about mediating for Peace: "My King ready and desirous, now as at all times, for Peace; the terms of it known; terms not altered, not alterable, no bargaining or higgling needed or allowable. CONVENTION OF HANOVER, let his Polish Majesty accede honestly to that, and all these miseries are ended." ["CORRESPONDANCE DU ROI AVEC SIR THOMAS VILLIERS;"] commences, on Podewils's part, 28th November; on Friedrich's, 4th December; ends, on Villier's, 18th December; fourteen Pieces in all, four of them Friedrich's: Given in *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 183–216 (see IB, 158), and in many other Books.]

Villiers starts instantly on this beneficent business; "goes to Court, on it, that very night;" Villiers shows himself really diligent, reasonable, loyal; doing his very best now and afterwards; but has no success at all. Polish Majesty is obstinate, —I always think, in the way sheep are, when they feel themselves too much put upon;—and is deaf to everybody but Bruhl. Bruhl answers: "Let his Prussian Majesty retire from our Territory;—what is he doing in the Lausitz just now! Retire from our Territory; THEN we will treat!" Bruhl still refuses to be desperate of his bad game;—at any rate, Bruhl's rage is yellower than ever. That, very evening, while talking to Villiers, he has had preparations going on;—and next morning takes his Master, Polish Majesty August III., with some comfortable minimum of apparatus (cigar-boxes not forgotten), off to Prag, where they can be out of danger till the thing decide itself. Villiers follows to Prag; desists not from his eloquent Letters, and earnest persuasions at Prag; but begins to perceive that the means of persuading Bruhl will be a much heavier kind of artillery.

On the whole, negotiations have yet done little. Britannic George, though Purseholder, what is his success here? As little is the Russian Bugbear persuasive on Friedrich himself. The Czarina of the Russias, a luxurious lady, of far more weight than insight, has just notified to him, with more emphasis than ever, That he shall not attack Saxony; that if he do, she with considerable vigor will attack him! That has always been a formidable puzzle for Friedrich: however, he reflects that the Russians never could draw sword, or be ready with their Army, in less than six months, probably not in twelve; and has answered, translating it into polite official terms: "Fee-faw-fum, your Czarish Majesty! Question is not now of attacking, but of being myself attacked!"—and so is now running his risks with the Czarina.

Still worse was the result he got from Louis XV. Lately, "for form's sake," as he tells us, "and not expecting anything," he had (November 15th) made a new appeal to France: "Ruin menacing your Most Christian Majesty's Ally, in this huge sudden crisis of invasive Austrian-Saxons; and for your Majesty's sake, may I not in some measure say?" To which Louis's Answer is also given. A very sickly, unpleasant Document; testifying to considerable pique against Friedrich;—Ranke says, it was a joint production, all the Ministers gradually contributing each his little pinch of irony to make it spicier, and Louis signing when it was enough;—very considerable pique against Friedrich; and something of the stupid sulkiness as of a fat bad boy, almost glad that the house is on fire, because it will burn his nimble younger brother, whom everybody calls so clever: "Sorry indeed, Sir my Brother, most sorry:—and so you have actually signed that HANOVER CONVENTION with our worst Enemy? France is far from having done so; France has done, and will do, great things. Our Royal heart grieves much at your situation; but is not alarmed; no, Your Majesty has such invention, vigor and ability, superior to any crisis, our clever younger Brother! And herewith we pray God to have you in his holy keeping." This is the purport of King Louis's Letter;—which Friedrich folds together again, looking up from perusal of it, we may fancy with what a glance of those eyes. [Louis's Original, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 173, 174 (with a much more satirical paraphrase than the above), and Friedrich's Answer adjoined,—after the events had come.]

He is getting instructed, this young King, as to alliances, grand combinations, French and other. His third Note to Villiers intimates, "It being evident that his Polish Majesty will have nothing from us but fighting, we must try

to give it him of the best kind we have." ["Bautzen, 11th December, 1745" (UBI SUPRA).] Yes truly; it is the ULTIMATE persuasive, that. Here, in condensed form, are the essential details of the course it went, in this instance:--

General Grune, on the road to Berlin, hearing of the rout at Hennersdorf, halted instantly,--hastened back to Saxony, to join Rutowski there, and stand on the defensive. Not now in that Halle-- Frontier region (Rutowski has quitted that, and all the intrenchments and marshy impregnabilities there); not on that Halle--Frontier, but hovering about in the interior, Rutowski and Grune are in junction; gravitating towards Dresden;--expecting Prince Karl's advent; who ought to emerge from the Saxon Switzerland in few days, were he sharp; and again enable us to make a formidable figure. Be speedy, Old Dessauer: you must settle the Grune--Rutowski account before that junction, not after it!

The Old Dessauer has been tolerably successful, and by no means thinks he has been losing time. November 29th, "at three in the morning," he stept over into Saxony with its impregnable camps; drove Rutowski's rear-guard, or remnant, out of the quagmires, canals and intrenchments, before daylight; drove it, that same evening, or before dawn of the morrow, out of Leipzig: has seized that Town,--lays heavy contribution on it, nearly 50,000 pounds (such our strait for finance), "and be sure you take only substantial men as sureties!" [Orlich, ii. 308.]--and will, and does after a two days' rest, advance with decent celerity inwards; though "One must first know exactly whither; one must have bread, and preparations and precautions; do all things solidly and in order," thinks the Old Dessauer. Friedrich well knows the whither; and that Dresden itself is, or may be made, the place for falling in with Rutowski. Friedrich is now himself ready to join, from the Bautzen region; the days and hours precious to him; and spurs the Old Dessauer with the sharpest remonstrances. "All solidly and in order, your Majesty!" answers the Old Dessauer: solid strong-boned old coach-horse, who has his own modes of trotting, having done many a heavy mile of it in his time; and whose skin, one hopes, is of the due thickness against undue spurring.

Old Dessauer wishes two things: bread to live upon; and a sure Bridge over the Elbe whereby Friedrich may join him. Old Dessauer makes for Torgau, far north, where is both an Elbe Bridge and a Magazine; which he takes; Torgau and pertinents now his. But it is far down the Elbe, far off from Bautzen and Friedrich: "A nearer Bridge and rendezvous, your Highness! Meissen [where they make the china, only fifty miles from me, and twenty from Dresden], let that be the Bridge, now that you have got victual. And speedy; for Heaven's sake, speedy!" Friedrich pushes out General Lehwald from Bautzen, with 4,000 men, towards Meissen Bridge; Lehwald does not himself meddle with the Bridge, only fires shot across upon the Saxon party, till the Old Dessauer, on the other bank, come up;-- and the Old Dessauer, impatience thinks, will never come. "Three days in Torgau, yes, Your Majesty: I had bread to bake, and the very ovens had to be built." A solid old roadster, with his own modes of trotting; needs thickness of skin. [Friedrich's Letters to Leopold, in Orlich, ii. 431, 435 (6th--10th December, 1745).]

At long last, on Sunday, 12th December, about two P.M., the Old Dessauer does appear; or General Gessler, his vanguard, does appear,--Gessler of the sixty--seven standards,--"always about an hour ahead." Gessler has summoned Meissen; has not got it, is haggling with it about terms, when, towards sunset of the short day, Old Dessauer himself arrives. Whereupon the Saxon Commandant quits the Bridge (not much breaking it); and glides off in the dark, clear out of Meissen, towards Dresden,--chased, but successfully defending himself. [See Plan, p. 10.] "Had he but stood out for two days!" say the Saxons,--"Prince Karl had then been up, and much might have been different." Well, Friedrich too would have been up, and it had most likely been the same on a larger scale. But the Saxon Commandant did not stand out; he glided off, safe; joined Rutowski and Grune, who are lying about Wilsdruf, six or seven miles on the hither side of Dresden, and eagerly waiting for Prince Karl. "Bridge and Town of Meissen are your Majesty's," reports the Old Dessauer that night: upon which Friedrich instantly rises, hastening thitherward. Lehwald comes across Meissen Bridge, effects the desired junction; and all Monday the Old Dessauer defiles through Meissen town and territory; continually advances towards Dresden, the Saxons harassing the flanks of him a little,--nay in one defile, being sharp strenuous fellows, they threw his rear into some confusion; cut off certain carts and prisoners, and the life of one brave General, Lieutenant-- General Roel, who had charge there. "Spurring one's trot into a gallop! This comes of your fast marching, of your spurring beyond the rules of war!" thinks Old Leopold; and Friedrich, who knows otherwise, is very angry for a moment.

But indeed the crisis is pressing. Prince Karl is across the Metal Mountains, nearing Dresden from the east;

Friedrich strikes into march for the same point by Meissen, so soon as the Bridge is his. Old Leopold is advancing thither from the westward,—steadily hour by hour; Dresden City the fateful goal. There,—in these middle days of December, 1745 (Highland Rebellion just whirling back from Derby again, "the London shops shut for one day"),—it is clear there will be a big and bloody game played before we are much older. Very sad indeed: but Count Bruhl is not persuadable otherwise. By slumbering and sluggarding, over their money—tills and flesh—pots; trying to take evil for good, and to say, "It will do," when it will not do, respectable Nations come at last to be governed by Bruhls; cannot help themselves;—and get their backs broken in consequence. Why not? Would you have a Nation live forever that is content to be governed by Bruhls? The gods are wiser!—It is now the 13th; Old Dessauer tramping forward, hour by hour, towards Dresden and some field of Fate.

On Tuesday, 14th, by break of day, Old Dessauer gets on march again; in four columns, in battle order; steady all day,—hard winter weather, ground crisp, and flecked with snow. The Pass at Neustadt, "his cavalry went into it at full gallop;" but found nobody there. That night he encamps at a place called Rohrsdorf; which may be eight miles west—by—north from Dresden, as the crow flies; and ten or more, if you follow the highway round by Wilsdruf on your right. The real direct Highway from Meissen to Dresden is on the other side of the Elbe, and keeps by the River—bank, a fine level road; but on this western side, where Leopold now is, the road is inland, and goes with a bend. Leopold, of course, keeps command of this road; his columns are on both sides of it, River on their left at some miles distance; and incessantly expect to find Rutowski, drawn out on favorable ground somewhere. The country is of fertile, but very broken character; intersected by many brooks, making obliquely towards the Elbe (obliquely, with a leaning Meissen—wards); country always mounting, till here about Rohrsdorf we seem to have almost reached the watershed, and the brooks make for the Elbe, leaning Dresden way. Good posts abound in such broken country, with its villages and brooks, with its thickets, hedges and patches of swamp. But Rutowski has not appeared anywhere, during this Tuesday.

Our four columns, therefore, lie all night, under arms, about Rohrsdorf: and again by morrow's dawn are astir in the old order, crunching far and wide the frozen ground; and advance, charged to the muzzle with potential battle. Slightly upwards always, to the actual watershed of the country; leaving Wilsdruf a little to their right. Wilsdruf is hardly past, when see, from this broad table—land, top of the country: "Yonder is Rutowski, at last;—and this new Wednesday will be a day!" Yonder, sure enough: drawn out three or four miles long; with his right to the Elbe, his left to that intricate Village of Kesselsdorf; bristling with cannon; deep gullet and swampy brook in front of him: the strongest post a man could have chosen in those parts.

The Village of Kesselsdorf itself lies rather in a hollow; in the slight beginning, or uppermost extremity, of a little Valley or Dell, called the Tschonengrund,—which, with its, quaggy brook of a Tschone, wends northeastward into the Elbe, a course of four or five miles: a little Valley very deep for its length, and getting altogether chasmy and precipitous towards the Elbe—ward or lower end. Kesselsdorf itself, as we said, is mainly in a kind of hollow: between Old Leopold and Kesselsdorf the ground rather mounts; and there is perceptibly a flat knoll or rise at the head of it, where the Village begins. Some trees there, and abundance of cannon and grenadiers at this moment. It is the southwestern or left—most point of Rutowski's line; impregnable with its cannon—batteries and grenadiers. Rightward Rutowski extends in long lines, with the quaggy—dell of Tschonengrund in front of him, parallel to him; Dell ever deepening as it goes. Northeastward, at the extreme right, or Elbe point of it, where Grune and the Austrians stand, it has grown so chasmy, we judge that Grune can neither advance nor be

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advanced upon: so we leave him standing there,—which he did all day, in a purely meditative posture. Rutowski numbers 35,000, now on this ground, with immensity of cannon; 32,000 we, with only the usual field—artillery, and such a Tschonengrund, with its half—frozen quagmires ahead. A ticklish case for the old man, as he grimly reconnoitres it, in the winter morning.

Grim Old Dessauer having reconnoitred, and rapidly considered, decides to try it,—what else?—will range himself on the west side of that Tschonengrund, horse and foot; two lines, wide as Rutowski opposite him; but means to direct his main and prime effort against Kesselsdorf, which is clearly the key of the position, if it can be taken. For which end the Old Dessauer lengthens himself out to rightward, so as to outflank Kesselsdorf;—neglecting Grune (refusing Grune, as the soldiers say):—"our horse of the right wing reached from the Wood called Lerchenbusoh (LARCH—BUSH) rightward as far as Freyberg road; foot all between that

Lerchenbusch and the big Birch-tree on the road to Wilsdruf; horse of the left wing, from there to Roitsch." [Stille (p. 181), who was present. See Plan.] It was about two P.M. before the old man got all his deployments completed; what corps of his, deploying this way or that, came within wind of Kesselsdorf, were saluted with cannon, thirty pieces or more, which are in battery, in three batteries, on the knoll there; but otherwise no fighting as yet. At two, the Old Dessauer is complete; he reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. A grim fervor of prayer is in his heart, doubtless; though the words as reported are not very regular or orthodox: "O HERR GOTT, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days! Or if thou wilt not help me, don't help those HUNDSVOGTE [damned Scoundrels, so to speak], but leave us to try it ourselves!" That is the Old Scandinavian of a Dessauer's prayer; a kind of GODUR he too, Priest as well as Captain: Prayer mythically true as given; mythically, not otherwise. [Ranke, iii. 334 n.] Which done, he waves his hat once, "On, in God's name!" and the storm is loose. Prussian right wing pushing grandly forward, bent in that manner, to take Kesselsdorf and its fire-throats in flank.

The Prussians tramp on with the usual grim-browed resolution, foot in front, horse in rear; but they have a terrible problem at that Kesselsdorf, with its retrenched batteries, and numerous grenadiers fighting under cover. The very ground is sore against them; uphill, and the trampled snow wearing into a slide, so that you sprawl and stagger sadly. Thirty-one big guns, and about 9,000 small, pouring out mere death on you, from that knoll-head. The Prussians stagger; cannot stand it; bend to rightwards, and get out of shot-range; cannot manage it this bout. Rally, reinforce; try it again. Again, with a will; but again there is not a way. The Prussians are again repulsed; fall back, down this slippery course, in more disorder than the first time. Had the Saxons stood still, steadily handling arms, how, on such terms, could the Prussians ever have managed it?

But at sight of this second repulse, the Saxon grenadiers, and especially one battalion of Austrians who were there (the only Austrians who fought this day), gave a shout "Victory!"—and in the height of their enthusiasm, rushed out, this Austrian battalion first and the Saxons after them, to charge these Prussians, and sweep the world clear of them. It was the ruin of their battle; a fatal hollaing before you are out of the woods. Old Leopold, quick as thought, noticing the thing, hurls cavalry on these victorious down-plunging grenadiers; slashes them asunder, into mere recoiling whirlpools of ruin; so that "few of them got back unwounded;" and the Prussians storming in along with them,—aided by ever new Prussians, from beyond the Tschonengrund even,—the place was at length carried; and the Saxon battle became hopeless.

For, their right being in such hurricane, the Prussians from the centre, as we hint, storm forward withal; will not be held back by the Tschonengrund. They find the Tschonengrund quaggy in the extreme, "brook frozen at the sides, but waist-deep of liquid mud in the centre;" cross it, nevertheless, towards the upper part of it,—young Moritz of Dessau leading the way, to help his old Father in extremity. They climb the opposite side,—quite slippery in places, but "helping one another up;"—no Saxons there till you get fairly atop, which was an oversight on the Saxon part. Fairly atop, Moritz is saluted by the Saxons with diligent musket-volleys; but Moritz also has musket-volleys in him, bayonet-charges in him; eager to help his old Papa at this hard pinch. Old Papa has the Saxons in flank; sends more and ever more other cavalry in on them; and in fact, the right wing altogether storms violently through Kesselsdorf, and sweeps it clean. Whole regiments of the Saxons are made prisoners; Roel's Light Horse we see there, taking standards; cutting violently in to avenge Roel's death, and the affront they had at Meissen lately. Furious Moritz on their front, from across the Tschonengrund; furious Roel (GHOST of Roel) and others in their flank, through Kesselsdorf: no standing for the Saxons longer.

About nightfall,—their horse having made poorish fight, though the foot had stood to it like men,—they roll universally away. The Prussian left wing of horse are summoned through the Tschonengrund to chase: had there remained another hour of daylight, the Saxon Army had been one wide ruin. Hidden in darkness, the Saxon Army ebbed confusedly towards Dresden: with the loss of 6,000 prisoners and 3,000 killed and wounded: a completely beaten Army. It is the last battle the Saxons fought as a Nation,— or probably will fight. Battle called of Kesselsdorf: Wednesday, 15th December, 1745.

Prince Karl had arrived at Dresden the night before; heard all this volleying and cannonading, from the distance; but did not see good to interfere at all. Too wide apart, some say; quartered at unreasonably distant villages, by some irrefragable ignorant War-clerk of Bruhl's appointing,—fatal Bruhl. Others say, his Highness had himself no mind; and made excuses that his troops were tired, disheartened by the two beatings lately,—what will become of us in case of a third or fourth! It is certain, Prince Karl did nothing. Nor has Grime's corps, the

right wing, done anything except meditate:—it stood there unattacked, unattacking; till deep in the dark night, when Rutowski remembered it, and sent it order to come home. One Austrian battalion, that of grenadiers on the knoll at Kesselsdorf, did actually fight;—and did begin that fatal outbreak, and quitting of the post there; "which lost the Battle to us!" say the Saxons.

Had those grenadiers stood in their place, there is no Prussian but admits that it would have been a terrible business to take Kesselsdorf and its batteries. But they did not stand; they rushed out, shouting "Victory;" and lost us the battle. And that is the good we have got of the sublime Austrian Alliance; and that is the pass our grand scheme of Partitioning Prussia has come to? Fatal little Bruhl of the three hundred and sixty-five clothes—suits; Valet fatally become divine in Valet-hood,—are not you costing your Country dear!

Old Dessauer, glorious in the last of his fields, lay on his arms all night in the posts about; three bullets through his roquelaure, no scratch of wound upon the old man. Young Moritz too "had a bullet through his coat-skirt, and three horses shot under him; but no hurt, the Almighty's grace preserving him." [*Feldzuge*, i. 434.] This Moritz is the Third of the Brothers, age now thirty-three; and we shall hear considerably about him in times coming. A lean, tall, austere man; and, "of all the Brothers, most resembled his Father in his ways." Prince Dietrich is in Leipzig at present; looking to that contribution of 50,000 pounds; to that, and to other contributions and necessary matters;—and has done all his fighting (as it chanced), though he survived his Brothers many years. Old Papa will now get his discharge before long (quite suddenly, one morning, by paralytic stroke, 7th April, 1747); and rest honorably with the Sons of Thor. [Young Leopold, the successor, died 16th December, 1751, age fifty-two; Dietrich (who had thereupon quitted soldiering, to take charge of his Nephew left minor, and did not resume it), died 2d December, 1769; Moritz (soldier to the last), 11th April, 1760. See *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 43, 34, 38,47.]

Chapter XV. PEACE OF DRESDEN: FRIEDRICH DOES MARCH HOME.

Friedrich himself had got to Meissen, Tuesday, 14th; no enemy on his road, or none to speak of: Friedrich was there, or not yet far across, all Wednesday; collecting himself, waiting, on the slip, for a signal from Old Leopold. Sound of cannon, up the Elbe Dresden-ward, is reported there to Friedrich, that afternoon: cannon, sure enough, notes Friedrich; and deep dim-rolling peals, as of volleying small-arms; "the sky all on fire over there," as the hoar-frosty evening fell. Old Leopold busy at it, seemingly. That is the glare of the Old Dessauer's countenance; who is giving voice, in that manner, to the earthly and the heavenly powers; conquering Peace for us, let us hope!

Friedrich, as may be supposed, made his best speed next morning: "All well!" say the messengers; all well, says Old Leopold, whom he meets at Wilsdruf, and welcomes with a joyful embrace; "dismounting from his horse, at sight of Leopold, and advancing to meet him with doffed hat and open arms,"—and such words and treatments, that day, as made the old man's face visibly shine. "Your Highness shall conduct me!" And the two made survey together of the actual Field of Kesselsdorf; strewn with the ghastly wrecks of battle,—many citizens of Dresden strolling about, or sorrowfully seeking for their lost ones among the wounded and dead. No hurt to these poor citizens, who dread none; help to them rather: such is Friedrich's mind,—concerning which, in the Anecdote-Books, there are Narratives (not worth giving) of a vapidly romantic character, credible though inexact. [For the indisputable part, see Orlich, ii. 343, 344; and *OEuvres de Frederic*, iii. 170.] Friedrich, who may well be profuse of thanks and praises, charms the Old Dessauer while they walk together; brave old man with his holed roquelaure. For certain, he has done the work there,—a great deal of work in his time! Joy looks through his old rough face, of gunpowder color: the Herr Gott has not delivered him to those damned Scoundrels in the end of his days.—On the morrow, Friday, Leopold rolled grandly forward upon Dresden; Rutowski and Prince Karl vanishing into the Metal Mountains, by Pirna, for Bohemia, at sound of him,—as he had scarcely hoped they would.

On the Saturday evening, Dresden, capable of not the least defence, has opened all its gates, and Friedrich and the Prussians are in Dresden; Austrians and wrecked Saxons falling back diligently towards the Metal Mountains for Bohemia, diligent to clear the road for him. Queen and Junior Princes are here; to whom, as to all men, Friedrich is courtesy itself; making personal visit to the Royalties, appointing guards of honor, sacred respect to the Royal Houses; himself will lodge at the Princess Lubomirski's, a private mansion.

"That ferocious, false, ambitious King of Prussia"—Well, he is not to be ruined in open fight, on the contrary is ruinous there; nor by the cunningest ambuscades, and secret combinations, in field or cabinet: our overwhelming Winter Invasion of him—see where it has ended! Bruhl and Polish Majesty—the nocturnal sky all on fire in those parts, and loud general doomsday come—are a much-illuminated pair of gentlemen.

From the time Meissen Bridge was lost, Prince Karl too showing himself so languid, even Bruhl had discerned that the case was desperate. On the very day of Kesselsdorf,—not the day BEFORE, which would have been such a thrift to Bruhl and others!—Friedrich had a Note from Villiers, signifying joyfully that his Polish Majesty would accept Peace. Thanks to his Polish Majesty:—and after Kesselsdorf, perhaps the Empress-Queen too will! Friedrich's offers are precisely what they were, what they have always been: "Convention of Hanover; that, in all its parts; old treaty of Breslau, to be guaranteed, to be actually kept. To me Silesia sure;—from you, Polish Majesty, one million crowns as damages for the trouble and cost this Triple Ambuscade of yours has given me; one million crowns, 150,000 pounds we will say; and all other requisitions to cease on the day of signature. These are my terms: accept these; then wholly, As you were, Empress-Queen and you, and all surviving creatures: and I march home within a week." Villiers speeds rapidly from Prag, with the due olive-branch; with Count Harrach, experienced Austrian, and full powers. Harrach cannot believe his senses: "Such the terms to be still granted, after all these beatings and rebeatings!"—then at last does believe, with stiff thankfulness and Austrian bows. The Negotiation need not occupy many hours.

"His Majesty of Prussia was far too hasty with this Peace," says Valori: "he had taken a threap that he would have it finished before the Year was done:"—in fact, he knows his own mind, MON GROS VALORI, and that is what few do. You shear through no end of cobwebs with that fine implement, a wisely fixed resolution of your own. A Peace slow enough for Valori and the French: where could that be looked for?—Valori is at Berlin, in

complete disgrace; his Most Christian King having behaved so like a Turk of late. Valori, horror-struck at such Peace, what shall he do to prevent it, to retard it? One effort at least. D'Arget his Secretary, stolen at Jaromirz, is safe back to him; ingenious, ingenuous D'Arget was always a favorite with Friedrich: despatch D'Arget to him. D'Arget is despatched; with reasons, with remonstrances, with considerations. D'Arget's Narrative is given: an ingenuous off-hand Piece;—poor little crevice, through which there is still to be had, singularly clear, and credible in every point, a direct glimpse of Friedrich's own thoughts, in that many-sounding Dresden,—so loud, that week, with dinner-parties, with operas, balls, Prussian war-drums, grand-parades and Peace-negotiations.

THE SIEUR D'ARGET TO EXCELLENCY VALORI (at Berlin).

"DRESDEN, 1745" (dateless otherwise, must be

December, between 18th and 25th). "MONSEIGNEUR,—I arrived yesterday at 7 P.M.; as I had the honor of forewarning you, by the word I wrote to the Abbe [never mind what Abbe; another Valori—Clerk] from Sonnenwalde [my half-way house between Berlin and this City]. I went, first of all, to M. de Vaugrenand," our Envoy here; "who had the goodness to open himself to me on the Business now on hand. In my opinion, nothing can be added to the excellent considerations he has been urging on the King of Prussia and the Count de Podewils.

"At half-past 8, I went to his Prussian Majesty's; I found he was engaged with his Concert,"—lodges in the Lubomirski Palace, has his snatch of melody in the evening of such discordant days,— "and I could not see him till after half-past 9. I announced myself to M. Eichel; he was too overwhelmed with affairs to give me audience. I asked for Count Rothenburg; he was at cards with the Princess Lubomirski. At last, I did get to the King: who received me in the most agreeable way; but was just going to Supper; said he must put off answering till to-morrow morning, morning of this day. M. de Vaugrenand had been so good as prepare me on the rumors of a Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. I went to M. Podewils; who said a great many kind things to me for you. I could only sketch out the matter, at that time; and represented to Podewils the brilliant position of his Master, who had become Arbiter of the Peace of Europe; that the moment was come for making this Peace a General One, and that perhaps there would be room for repentance afterwards, if the opportunity were slighted. He said, his Master's object was that same; and thus closed the conversation by general questions.

"This morning, I again presented myself at the King of Prussia's. I had to wait, and wait; in fine, it was not till half-past 5 in the evening that he returned, or gave me admittance; and I stayed with him till after 7,"—when Concert-time was at hand again. Listen to a remarkable Dialogue, of the Conquering Hero with a humble Friend whom he likes. "His Majesty condescended (A DAIGNE) to enter with me into all manner of details; and began by telling me,

"That M. de Valori had done admirably not to come, himself, with that Letter from the King [Most Christian, OUR King; Letter, the sickly Document above spoken of]; that there could not have been an Answer expected,—the Letter being almost of ironical strain; his Majesty [Most Christian] not giving him the least hope, but merely talking of his fine genius, and how that would extricate him from the perilous entanglement, and inspire him with a wise resolution in the matter! That he had, in effect, taken a resolution the wisest he could; and was making his Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. That he had felt all the dangers of the difficult situations he had been in,"—sheer destruction yawning all round him, in huge imminency, more than once, and no friend heeding;—"that, weary of playing always double-or-quits, he had determined to end it, and get into a state of tranquillity, which both himself and his People had such need of. That France could not, without difficulty, have remedied his mishaps; and that he saw by the King's Letter, there was not even the wish to do it. That his, Friedrich's, military career was completed,"—so far as HE could foresee or decide! "That he would not again expose his Country to the Caprices of Fortune, whose past constancy to him was sufficiently astonishing to raise fears of a reverse (HEAR!). That his ambitions were fulfilled, in having compelled his Enemies to ask Peace from him in their own Capital, with the Chancellor of Bohemia [Harrach, typifying fallen Austrian pride] obliged to co-operate.

"That he would always be attached to our King's interests, and set all the value in the world on his friendship; but that he had not been sufficiently assisted to be content. That, observing henceforth an exact neutrality, he might be enabled to do offices of mediation; and to carry, to the one side and to the other, words of peace. That he offered himself for that object, and would be charmed to help in it; but that he was fixed to stop there. That in

regard to the basis of General Peace, he had Two Ideas [which the reader can attend to, and see where they differed from the Event, and where not]:—One was, That France should keep Ypres, Furnes, Tournay [which France did not], giving up the Netherlands otherwise, with Ostend, to the English [to the English!] in exchange for Cape Breton. The other was, To give up more of our Conquests [we gave them all up, and got only the glory, and our Cod-fishery, Cape Breton, back, the English being equally generous], and bargain for liberty to re-establish Dunkirk in its old condition [not a word of your Dunkirk; there is your Cape Breton, and we also will go home with what glory there is,—not difficult to carry!]. But that it was by England we must make the overtures, without addressing ourselves to the Court of Vienna; and put it in his, Friedrich's, power to propose a receivable Project of Peace. That he well conceived the great point was the Queen of Spain [Termagant and Jenkins's Ear; Termagant's Husband, still living, is a lappet of Termagant's self]: but that she must content herself with Parma and Piacenza for the Infant, Don Philip [which the Termagant did]; and give back her hold of Savoy [partial hold, of no use to her without the Passes] to the King of Sardinia." And of the JENKINS'S-EAR question, generous England will say nothing? Next to nothing; hopes a modicum of putty and diplomatic varnish may close that troublesome question,—which springs, meanwhile, in the centre of the world!—

"These kind condescensions of his Majesty emboldened me to represent to him the brilliant position he now held; and how noble it would be, after having been the Hero of Germany, to become, instead of one's own pacificator, the Pacificator of Europe. 'I grant you,' said he, (MON CHER D'Arget; but it is too dangerous a part for playing. A reverse brings me to the edge of ruin: I know too well the mood of mind I was in, last time I left Berlin [with that Three-legged Immensity of Atropos, NOT yet mown down at Hennersdorf by a lucky cut], ever to expose myself to it again! If luck had been against me there, I saw myself a Monarch without throne; and my subjects in the cruelest oppression. A bad game that: always, mere CHECK TO YOUR KING; no other move;—I refer it to you, friend D'Arget:—in fine, I wish to be at peace.'

"I represented to him that the House of Austria would never, with a tranquil eye, see his House in possession of Silesia. 'Those that come after me,' said he, 'will do as they like; the Future is beyond man's reach. Those that come after will do as they can. I have acquired; it is theirs to preserve. I am not in alarm about the Austrians;—and this is my answer to what you have been saying about the weakness of my guarantees. They dread my Army; the luck that I have. I am sure of their sitting quiet for the dozen years or so which may remain to me of life;—quiet till I have, most likely, done with it. What! Are we never to have any good of our life, then (NE DOIS-JE DONC JAMAIS JOUIR)? There is more for me in the true greatness of laboring for the happiness of my subjects, than in the repose of Europe. I have put Saxony out of a condition to do hurt. She owes 14,775,000 crowns of debt [two millions and a quarter sterling]; and by the Defensive Alliance which I form with her, I provide myself [but ask Bruhl withal!] a help against Austria. I would not henceforth attack a cat, except to defend myself.' ["These are his very words," adds D'Arget;—and well worth noting.] (Ambition (GLOIRE) and my interests were the occasion of my first Campaigns. The late Kaiser's situation, and my zeal for France [not to mention interests again], gave rise to these second: and I have been fighting always since for my own hearths,—for my very existence, I might say! Once more, I know the state I had got into:—if I saw Prince Karl at the gates of Paris, I would not stir.'—'And us at the gates of Vienna,' answered I promptly, 'with the same indifference?'—'Yes; and I swear it to you, D'Arget. In a word, I want to have some good of my life (VEUX JOUIR). What are we, poor human atoms, to get up projects that cost so much blood? Let us live, and help to live.'

"The rest of the conversation passed in general talk, about Literature, Theatres and such objects. My reasonings and objectings, on the great matter, I need not farther detail: by the frank discourse his Prussian Majesty was kind enough to go into, you may gather perhaps that my arguments were various, and not ill-chosen;—and it is too evident they have all been in vain."— Your Excellency's (really in a very faithful way)— D'ARGET. [Valori, i. 290–294 (no date, except "Dresden, 1745,"—sleepy Editor feeling no want of any).]

D'Arget, about a month after this, was taken into Friedrich's service; Valori consenting, whose occupation was now gone;—and we shall hear of D'Arget again. Take this small Note, as summary of him: "D'Arget (18th January, 1746) had some title, 'Secretary at Orders (SECRETAIRE DES COMMANDEMENTS),' bit of pension; and continued in the character of reader, or miscellaneous literary attendant and agent, very much liked by his Master, for six years coming. A man much heard of, during those years of office. March, 1752, having lost his dear little Prussian Wife, and got into ill health and spirits, he retired on leave to Paris; and next year had to give

up the thought of returning;—though he still, and to the end, continued loyally attached to his old Master, and more or less in correspondence with him. Had got, before long, not through Friedrich's influence at Paris, some small Appointment in the ECOLE MILITAIRE there. He is, of all the Frenchmen Friedrich had about him, with the exception of D'Argens alone, the most honest-hearted. The above Letter, lucid, innocent, modest, altogether rational and practical, is a fair specimen of D'Arget: add to it the prompt self-sacrifice (and in that fine silent way) at Jaromirz for Valori, and readers may conceive the man. He lived at Paris, in meagre but contented fashion, RUE DE L'ECOLE MILITAIRE, till 1778; and seems, of all the Ex-Prussian Frenchmen, to have known most about Friedrich; and to have never spoken any falsity against him. Duvernet, the 'M-----' Biographer of VOLTAIRE, frequented him a good deal; and any true notions, or glimmerings of such, that he has about Prussia, are probably ascribable to D'Arget." [See *OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. (p. xii of PREFACE to the D'ARGET CORRESPONDENCE there).]

The Treaty of Dresden can be read in Scholl, Flassan, Rousset, Adelung; but, except on compulsion, no creature will now read it,—nor did this Editor, even he, find it pay. Peace is made. Peace of Dresden is signed, Christmas Day, 1745: "To me Silesia, without farther treachery or trick; you, wholly as you were." Europe at large, as Friedrich had done, sees "the sky all on fire about Dresden." The fierce big battles done against this man have, one and all of them, become big defeats. The strenuous machinations, high-built plans cunningly devised,—the utmost sum-total of what the Imperial and Royal Potencies can, for the life of them, do: behold, it has all tumbled down here, in loud crash; the final peal of it at Kesselsdorf; and the consummation is flame and smoke, conspicuous over all the Nations. You will let him keep his own henceforth, then, will you? Silesia, which was NOT yours nor ever shall be? Silesia and no afterthought? The Saxons sign, the high Plenipotentiaries all; in the eyes of Villiers, I am told, were seen sublimely pious tears. Harrach, bowing with stiff, almost incredulous, gratitude, swears and signs;—hurries home to his Sovereign Lady, with Peace, and such a smile on his face; and on her Imperial Majesty's such a smile!—readers shall conceive it.

There are but Two new points in the Treaty of Dresden,—nay properly there is but One point, about which posterity can have the least care or interest; for that other, concerning "The Toll of Schidlo," and settlement of haggles on the Navigation of the Elbe there, was not kept by the Saxons, but continued a haggle still: this One point is the Eleventh Article. Inconceivably small; but liable to turn up on us again, in a memorable manner. That let us translate,—for M. de Voltaire's sake, and time coming! STEUER means Land-Tax; OBER-STEUER-EINNAHME will be something like Royal Exchequer, therefore; and STEUER-SCHEIN will be approximately equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Article Eleventh stipulates:

"All subjects and servants of his Majesty the King of Prussia who hold bonds of the Saxon OBER-STEUER-EINNAHME shall be paid in full, capital and interest, at the times, and to the amount, specified in said STEUER-SCHEINE or Bonds." That is Article Eleventh.—"The Saxon Exchequer," says an old Note on it, "thanks to Bruhl's extravagance, has been as good as bankrupt, paying with inconvertible paper, with SCHEINE (Things to be SHOWN), for some time past; which paper has accordingly sunk, let us say, 25 per cent below its nominal amount in gold. All Prussian subjects, who hold these Bonds, are to be paid in gold; Saxons, and others, will have to be content with paper till things come round again, if things ever do." Yes;—and, by ill chance, the matter will attract M. de Voltaire's keen eye in the interim!

Friedrich stayed eight days in Dresden, the loud theme of Gazetteers and rumors; the admired of two classes, in all Countries: of the many who admire success, and also of the few who can understand what it is to deserve success. Among his own Countrymen, this last Winter has kindled all their admirations to the flaming pitch. Saved by him from imminent destruction; their enemies swept home as if by one invincible; nay, sent home in a kind of noble shame, conquered by generosity. These feelings, though not encouraged to speak, run very high. The Dresdeners in private society found him delightful; the high ladies especially: "Could you have thought it; terrific Mars to become radiant Apollo in this manner!" From considerable Collections of Anecdotes illustrating this fact, in a way now fallen vapid to us,—I select only the Introduction:—

"Do readers recollect Friedrich's first visit to Dresden [in 1728], seventeen years ago; and a certain charming young Countess Flemming, at that time only fourteen; who, like a Hebe as she was, contrived beautiful surprises for him, and among other things presented him, so gracefully, on the part of August the Strong, with his first flute?"—No reader of this History can recollect it; nor indeed, except in a mythic sense, believe it! A young Countess Flemming (daughter of old Feldmarschall Flemming) doubtless there might be, who presented him a

flute; but as to HIS FIRST flute—? "That same charming young Countess Flemming is still here, age now thirty-one; charming, more than ever, though now under a changed name; having wedded a Von Racknitz (Supreme Gentleman-Usher, or some such thing) a few years ago, and brought him children and the usual felicities. How much is changed! August the Strong, where is he; and his famous Three Hundred and Fifty-four, Enchantress Orzelska and the others, where are they? Enchantress Orzelska wedded, quarrelled, and is in a convent: her charming destiny concluded. Rutowski is not now in the Prussian Army: he got beaten, Wednesday last, at Kesselsdorf, fighting against that Army. And the Chevalier de Saxe, he too was beaten there;—clambering now across the Metal Mountains, ask not of him. And the Marechal de Saxe, he takes Cities, fights Battles of Fontenoy, 'mumbling a lead bullet all day;' being dropsical, nearly dead of debaucheries; the most dissolute (or probably so) of all the Sons of Adam in his day. August the Physically Strong is dead. August the Spiritually Weak is fled to Prag with his Bruhl. And we do not come, this time, to get a flute; but to settle the account of Victories, and give Peace to Nations. Strange, here as always, to look back,—to look round or forward,—in the mad huge whirl of that loud-roaring Loom of Time!—One of Countess Racknitz's Sons happened to leave MANUSCRIPT DIARIES [rather feeble, not too exact-looking], and gives us, from Mamma's reminiscences" ... Not a word more. [Rodenbeck, *Beitrag*e, i. 440, et seq.]

The Peace, we said, was signed on Christmas-day. Next day, Sunday, Friedrich attended Sermon in the Kreuzkirche (Protestant High-Church of Dresden), attended Opera withal; and on Monday morning had vanished out of Dresden, as all his people had done, or were diligently doing. Tuesday, he dined briefly at Wusterhausen (a place we once knew well), with the Prince of Prussia, whose it now is; got into his open carriage again, with the said Prince and his other Brother Ferdinand; and drove swiftly homeward. Berlin, drunk with joy, was all out on the streets, waiting. On the Heath of Britz, four or five miles hitherward of Berlin, a body of young gentlemen ("Merchants mostly, who had ridden out so far") saluted him with "VIVAT FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE (Long live Friedrich THE GREAT)!" thrice over;—as did, in a less articulate manner, Berlin with one voice, on his arrival there; Burgher Companies lining the streets; Population vigorously shouting; Pupils of the Koln Gymnasium, with Clerical and School Functionaries in mass, breaking out into Latin Song:—

"VIVAT, VIVAT FRIDERICUS REX;

VIVAT AUGUSTUS, MAGNUS, FELIX, PATER, PATRI-AE—!" —and what not. [Preuss, i. 220; who cites *Beschreibung* ("Description of his Majesty's Triumphant Entry, on the" and other Contemporary Pamphlets. Rodenbeck, i. 124.) On reaching the Portal of the Palace, his Majesty stepped down; and, glancing round the Schloss-Platz and the crowded windows and simmering multitudes, saluted, taking off his hat; which produced such a shout,—naturally the loudest of all. And so EXIT King, into his interior. Tuesday, 2–3 P.M., 28th December, 1745: a King new-christened in the above manner, so far as people could.

Illuminated Berlin shone like noon, all that night (the beginning of a GAUDEAMUS which lasted miscellaneously for weeks):—but the King stole away to see a friend who was dying; that poor Duhan de Jaudun, his early Schoolmaster, who had suffered much for him, and whom he always much loved. Duhan died, in a day or two. Poor Jordan, poor Keyserling (the "Cesarion" of young days): them also he has lost; and often laments, in this otherwise bright time. {In *OEuvres*, xvii. 288; xviii. 141; IB. 142 (painfully tender Letters to Frau von Camas and others, on these events).

END OF BOOK XV-----

BOOK XVI. THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE. 1746–1756.

Chapter I. SANS-SOUCI.

Friedrich has now climbed the heights, and sees himself on the upper table-land of Victory and Success; his desperate life-and-death struggles triumphantly ended. What may be ahead, nobody knows; but here is fair outlook that his enemies and Austria itself have had enough of him. No wringing of his Silesia from this "bad Man." Not to be overset, this one, by never such exertions; oversets US, on the contrary, plunges us heels-over-head into the ditch, so often as we like to apply to him; nothing but heavy beatings, disastrous breaking of crowns, to be had on trying there! "Five Victories!" as Voltaire keeps counting on his fingers, with upturned eyes,—Mollwitz, Chotusitz, Striegau, Sohr, Kesselsdorf (the last done by Anhalt; but omitting Hennersdorf, and that sudden slitting of the big Saxon-Austrian Projects into a cloud of feathers, as fine a feat as any),—"Five Victories!" counts Voltaire; calling on everybody (or everybody but Friedrich himself, who is easily sated with that kind of thing) to admire. In the world are many opinions about Friedrich. In Austria, for instance, what an opinion; sinister, gloomy in the extreme: or in England, which derives from Austria,—only with additional dimness, and with gloomy new provocations of its own before long! Many opinions about Friedrich, all dim enough: but this, that he is a very demon for fighting, and the stoutest King walking the Earth just now, may well be a universal one. A man better not be meddled with, if he will be at peace, as he professes to wish being.

Friedrich accordingly is not meddled with, or not openly meddled with; and has, for the Ten or Eleven Years coming, a time of perfect external Peace. He himself is decided "not to fight with a cat," if he can get the peace kept; and for about eight years hopes confidently that this, by good management, will continue possible;—till, in the last three years, electric symptoms did again disclose themselves, and such hope more and more died away. It is well known there lay in the fates a Third Silesian War for him, worse than both the others; which is now the main segment of his History still lying ahead for us, were this Halcyon Period done. Halcyon Period counts from Christmas-day, Dresden, 1745,—"from this day, Peace to the end of my life!" had been Friedrich's fond hope. But on the 9th day of September, 1756, Friedrich was again entering Dresden (Saxony some twelve days before); and the Crowning Struggle of his Life was, beyond all expectation, found to be still lying ahead for him, awfully dubious for Seven Years thereafter!—

Friedrich's History during this intervening Halcyon or Peace Period must, in some way, be made known to readers: but for a great many reasons, especially at present, it behooves to be given in compressed form; riddled down, to an immense extent, out of those sad Prussian Repositories, where the grain of perennial, of significant and still memorable, lies overwhelmed under rubbish-mountains of the fairly extinct, the poisonously dusty and forgettable;—ACH HIMMEL! Which indispensable preliminary process, how can an English Editor, at this time, do it; no Prussian, at any time, having thought of trying it! From a painful Predecessor of mine, I collect, rummaging among his dismal Paper-masses, the following Three Fragments, worth reading here:—

1. "Friedrich was as busy, in those Years, as in the generality of his life; and his actions, and salutary conquests over difficulties, were many, profitable to Prussia and to himself. Very well worth keeping in mind. But not fit for History; or at least only fit in the summary form; to be delineated in little, with large generic strokes,—if we had the means;—such details belonging to the Prussian Antiquary, rather than to the English Historian of Friedrich in our day. A happy Ten Years of time. Perhaps the time for Montesquieu's aphorism, 'Happy the People whose Annals are blank in History-Books!' The Prussian Antiquary, had he once got any image formed to himself of Friedrich, and of Friedrich's History in its human lineaments and organic sequences, will glean many memorabilia in those Years: which his readers then (and not till then) will be able to intercalate in their places, and get human good of. But alas, while there is no intelligible human image, nothing of lineaments or organic sequences, or other than a jumbled mass of Historical Marine-Stores, presided over by Dryasdust and Human Stupor (unsorted, unlabelled, tied up in blind sacks), the very Antiquary will have uphill work of it, and his readers will often turn round on him with a gloomy expression of countenance!"

2. "Friedrich's Life—little as he expected it, that day when he started up from his ague-fit at Reinsberg, and grasped the fiery Opportunity that was shooting past—is a Life of War. The chief memory that will remain of him is that of a King and man who fought consummately well. Not Peace and the Muses; no, that is denied him, —though he was so unwilling, always, to think it denied! But his Life-Task turned out to be a Battle for Silesia.

It consists of Three grand Struggles of War. And not for Silesia only;— unconsciously, for what far greater things to his Nation and to him!

"Deeply unconscious of it, they were passing their 'Trials,' his Nation and he, in the great Civil–Service–Examination Hall of this Universe: 'Are you able to defend yourselves, then; and to hang together coherent, against the whole world and its incoherencies and rages?' A question which has to be asked of Nations, before they can be recognized as such, and be baptized into the general commonwealth; they are mere Hordes or accidental Aggregates, till that Question come. Question which this Nation had long been getting ready for; which now, under this King, it answered to the satisfaction of gods and men: 'Yes, Heaven assisting, we can stand on our defence; and in the long–run (as with air when you try to annihilate it, or crush it to NOTHING) there is even an infinite force in us; and the whole world does not succeed in annihilating us!' Upon which has followed what we term National Baptism;—or rather this was the National Baptism, this furious one in torrent whirlwinds of fire; done three times over, till in gods or men there was no doubt left. That was Friedrich's function in the world; and a great and memorable one;—not to his own Prussian Nation only, but to Teutschland at large, forever memorable.

"Is Teutschland a Nation; is there in Teutschland still a Nation?' Austria, not dishonestly, but much sunk in superstitions and involuntary mendacities, and liable to sink much farther, answers always, in gloomy proud tone, 'Yes, I am the Nation of Teutschland!'—but is mistaken, as turns out. For it is not mendacities, conscious or other, but veracities, that the Divine Powers will patronize, or even in the end will put up with at all. Which you ought to understand better than you do, my friend. For, on the great scale and on the small, and in all seasons, circumstances, scenes and situations where a Son of Adam finds himself, that is true, and even a sovereign truth. And whoever does not know it,—human charity to him (were such always possible) would be, that HE were furnished with handcuffs as a part of his outfit in this world, and put under guidance of those who do. Yes; to him, I should say, a private pair of handcuffs were much usefuler than a ballot–box,—were the times once settled again, which they are far from being!" ...

"So that, if there be only Austria for Nation, Teutschland is in ominous case. Truly so. But there is in Teutschland withal, very irrecognizable to Teutschland, yet authentically present, a Man of the properly unconquerable type; there is also a select Population drilled for him: these two together will prove to you that there is a Nation. Conquest of Silesia, Three Silesian Wars; labors and valors as of Alcides, in vindication of oneself and one's Silesia: —secretly, how unconsciously, that other and higher Question of Teutschland, and of its having in it a Nation, was Friedrich's sore task and his Prussia's at that time. As Teutschland may be perhaps now, in our day, beginning to recognize; with hope, with astonishment, poor Teutschland!" ...

3. "And in fine, leaving all that, there is one thing undeniable: In all human Narrative, it is the battle only, and not the victory, that can be dwelt upon with advantage. Friedrich has now, by his Second Silesian War, achieved Greatness: 'Friedrich the Great;' expressly so denominated, by his People and others. The struggle upwards is the Romance; your hero once wedded,—to GLORY, or whoever the Bride may be,—the Romance ends. Precise critics do object, That there may still lie difficulties, new perils and adventures ahead:—which proves conspicuously true in this case of ours. And accordingly, our Book not being a Romance but a History, let us, with all fidelity, look out what these are, and how they modify our Royal Gentleman who has got his wedding done. With all fidelity; but with all brevity, no less. For, inasmuch as"—

Well, brevity in most cases is desirable. And, privately, it must be owned there is another consideration of no small weight: That, our Prussian resources falling altogether into bankruptcy during Peace–Periods, Nature herself has so ordered it, in this instance! Partly it is our Books (the Prussian Dryasdust reaching his acme on those occasions), but in part too it is the Events themselves, that are small and want importance; that have fallen dead to us, in the huge new Time and its uproars. Events not of flagrant notability (like battles or war–passages), to bridle Dryasdust, and guide him in some small measure. Events rather which, except as characteristic of one memorable Man and King, are mostly now of no memorability whatever. Crowd all these indiscriminately into sacks, and shake them out pell–mell on us: that is Dryasdust's sweet way. As if the largest Marine–Stores Establishment in all the world had suddenly, on hest of some Necromancer or maleficent person, taken wing upon you; and were dancing, in boundless mad whirl, round your devoted head;— simmering and dancing, very much at its ease; no–whither; asking YOU cheerfully, "What is your candid opinion, then?" "Opinion," Heavens!—

You have to retire many yards, and gaze with a desperate steadiness; assuring yourself: "Well, it does, right

indisputably, shadow forth SOMETHING. This was a Thing Alive, and did at one time stick together, as an organic Fact on the Earth, though it now dances in Dryasdust at such a rate!" It is only by self-help of this sort, and long survey, with rigorous selection, and extremely extensive exclusion and oblivion, that you gain the least light in such an element. "Brevity"—little said, when little has been got to be known—is an evident rule! Courage, reader; by good eyesight, you will still catch some features of Friedrich as we go along. To SAY our little in a not unintelligible manner, and keep the rest well hidden, it is all we can do for you!—

FRIEDRICH DECLINES THE CAREER OF CONQUERING HERO; GOES INTO LAW-REFORM; AND GETS READY A COTTAGE RESIDENCE FOR HIMSELF.

Friedrich's Journey to Pymont is the first thing recorded of him by the Newspapers. Gone to take the waters; as he did after his former War. Here is what I had noted of that small Occurrence, and of one or two others contiguous in date, which prove to be of significance in Friedrich's History.

"MAY 12-17th, 1746," say the old Books, "his Majesty sets out for Pymont, taking Brunswick by the way; arrives at Pymont May 17th; stays till June 8th;" three weeks good. "Is busy corresponding with the King of France about a General Peace; but, owing to the embitterment of both parties, it was not possible at this time." Taking the waters at least, and amusing himself. From Brunswick, in passing, he had brought with him his Brother-in-law the reigning Duke; Rothenburg was there, and Brother Henri; D'Arget expressly; Flute-player Quanz withal, and various musical people: "in all, a train of above sixty persons." I notice also that Prince Wilhelm of Hessen was in Pymont at the time. With whom, one fancies, what speculations there might be: About the late and present War—passages, about the poor Peace Prospects; your Hessian "Siege" so called "of Blair in Athol" (CULLODEN now comfortably done), and other cognate topics. That is the Pymont Journey.

It is no surprise to us to hear, in these months, of new and continual attention to Army matters, to Husbandry matters; and to making good, on all sides, the ruins left by War. Of rebuilding (at the royal expense) "the town of Schmiedeberg, which had been burnt;" of rebuilding, and repairing from their damage, all Silesian villages and dwellings; and still more satisfactory, How, "in May, 1746, there was, in every Circle of the Country, by exact liquidation of Accounts [so rapidly got done], exact payment made to the individuals concerned, 1. of all the hay, straw and corn that had been delivered to his Majesty's Armies; 2. of all the horses that had perished in the King's work; 3. of all the horses stolen by the Enemy, and of all the money—contributions exacted by the Enemy: payment in ready cash, and according to the rules of justice (BAAR UND BILLIGMASSIG), by his Majesty." [Seyfarth, ii. 22, 23.]

It was from Pymont, May, 1746,—or more definitely, it was "at Potsdam early in the morning, 15th September," following,—that Friedrich launched, or shot forth from its moorings, after much previous attempting and preparing, a very great Enterprise; which he has never lost sight of since the day he began reigning, nor will till his reign and life end: the actual Reform of Law in Prussia. "May 12th, 1746," Friedrich, on the road to Pymont, answers his Chief Law-Minister Cocceji's REPORT OF PRACTICAL PLAN on this matter: "Yes; looks very hopeful!"—and took it with him to consider at Pymont, during his leisure. Much considering of it, then and afterwards, there was. And finally, September 15th, early in the morning, Cocceji had an Interview with Friedrich; and the decisive fiat was given: "Yes; start on it, in God's name! Pommern, which they call the PROVINCIA LITIGIOSA; try it there first!" [Ranke, ii. 392.] And Cocceji, a vigorous old man of sixty—seven, one of the most learned of Lawyers, and a very Hercules in cleaning Law-Stables, has, on Friedrich's urgencies,—which have been repeated on every breathing-time of Peace there has been, and even sometimes in the middle of War (last January, 1745, for example; and again, express Order, January, 1746, a fortnight after Peace was signed),—actually got himself girt for this salutary work. "Wash me out that horror of accumulation, let us see the old Pavements of the place again. Every Lawsuit to be finished within the Year!"

Cocceji, who had been meditating such matters for a great while, ["1st March, 1738," Friedrich Wilhelm's "Edict" on Law Reform: Cocceji ready, at that time;—but his then Majesty forbore.] and was himself eager to proceed, in spite of considerable wigged oppositions and secret reluctances that there were, did now, on that fiat of September 15th, get his Select Commission of Six riddled together and adjoined to him,—the likeliest Six that Prussia, in her different Provinces, could yield;—and got the STANDE of Pommern, after due committeeing and deliberating, to consent and promise help. December 31st, 1746, was the day the STANDE consented: and January 10th, 1747, Cocceji and his Six set out for Pommern. On a longish Enterprise, in that Province and the

others;—of which we shall have to take notice, and give at least the dates as they occur.

To sweep out pettifogging Attorneys, cancel improper Advocates, to regulate Fees; to war, in a calm but deadly manner, against pedantries, circumlocutions and the multiplied forms of stupidity, cupidity and human owlery in this department;—and, on the whole, to realize from every Court, now and onwards, "A decision to all Lawsuits within a Year after their beginning." This latter result, Friedrich thinks, will itself be highly beneficial; and be the sign of all manner of improvements. And Cocceji, scanning it with those potent law-eyes of his, ventures to assure him that it will be possible. As, in fact, it proved;—honor to Cocceji and his King, and King's Father withal. "Samuel von Cocceji [says an old Note], son of a Law Professor, and himself once such,—was picked up by Friedrich Wilhelm, for the Official career, many years ago. A man of wholesome, by no means weakly aspect,—to judge by his Portrait, which is the chief 'Biography' I have of him. Potent eyes and eyebrows, ditto blunt nose; honest, almost careless lips, and deep chin well dewlapped: extensive penetrative face, not pincered together, but potently fallen closed;—comfortable to see, in a wig of such magnitude. Friedrich, a judge of men, calls him 'a man of sterling character (CARACTERE INTEGRÉ ET DROIT), whose qualities would have suited the noble times of the Roman Republic.'" [*Oeuvres*, iv. 2.] He has his Herculean battle, his Master and he have, with the Owlery and the vulturous Law-Pedantries,—which I always love Friedrich for detesting as he does:—and, during the next five years, the world will hear often of Cocceji, and of this Prussian Law-Reform by Friedrich and him.

His Majesty's exertions to make Peace were not successful; what does lie in his power is, to keep out of the quarrel himself. It appears great hopes were entertained, by some in England, of gaining Friedrich over; of making him Supreme Captain to the Cause of Liberty. And prospects were held out to him, quasi-offers made, of a really magnificent nature,—undeniable, though obscure. Herr Ranke has been among the Archives again; and comes out with fractional snatches of a very strange "Paper from England;" capriciously hiding all details about it, all intelligible explanation: so that you in vain ask, "Where, When, How, By whom?" —and can only guess to yourself that Carteret was somehow at the bottom of the thing; AUT CARTERETUS AUT DIABOLUS. "What would your Majesty think to be elected Stadtholder of Holland? Without a Stadtholder, these Dutch are worth nothing; not hoistable, nor of use when hoisted, all palavering and pulling different ways. Must have a Stadtholder; and one that stands firm on some basis of his own. Stadtholder of Holland, King of Prussia,—you then, in such position, take the reins of this poor floundering English-Dutch Germanic Anti-French War, you; and drive it in the style you have. Conquer back the Netherlands to us; French Netherlands as well. French and Austrian Netherlands together, yours in perpetuity; Dutch Stadtholderate as good as ditto: this, with Prussia and its fighting capabilities, will be a pleasant Protestant thing. Austria cares little about the Netherlands, in comparison. Austria, getting back its Lorraine and Alsace, will be content, will be strong on its feet. What if it should even lose Italy? France, Spain, Sardinia, the Italian Petty Principalities and Anarchies: suppose they tug and tussle, and collapse there as they can? But let France try to look across the Rhine again; and to threaten Teutschland, England, and the Cause of Human Liberty temporal or spiritual!"

This is authentically the purport of Herr Ranke's extraordinary Document; [Ranke, iii. 359.] guessable as due to CARTERETUS or DIABOLUS. Here is an outlook; here is a career as Conquering Hero, if that were one's line! A very magnificent ground-plan; hung up to kindle the fancy of a young King,—who is far too prudent to go into it at all. More definite quasi-official offers, it seems, were made him from the same quarter: Subsidies to begin with, such subsidies as nobody ever had before; say 1,000,000 pounds sterling by the Year. To which Friedrich answered, "Subsidies, your Excellency?" (Are We a Hackney-Coachman, then?)—and, with much contempt, turned his back on that offer. No fighting to be had, by purchase or seduction, out of this young man. Will not play the Conquering Hero at all, nor the Hackney-Coachman at all; has decided "not to fight a cat" if let alone; but to do and endeavor a quite other set of things, for the rest of his life.

Friedrich, readers can observe, is not uplifted with his greatness. He has been too much beaten and bruised to be anything but modestly thankful for getting out of such a deadly clash of chaotic swords. Seems to have little pride even in his "Five Victories;" or hides it well. Talks not overmuch about these things; talks of them, so far as we can hear, with his old comrades only, in praise of THEIR prowesses; as a simple human being, not as a supreme of captains; and at times acknowledges, in a fine sincere way, the omnipotence of Luck in matters of War.

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this

Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling–House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans–Souci. The plan of Sans–Souci—an elegant commodious little "Country Box," quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill–top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hill–side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. "April 14th, 1745," while he lay in those perilous enigmatic circumstances at Neisse with Pandours and devouring bugbears round him, "the foundation–stone was laid" (Knobelsdorf being architect, once more, as in the old Reinsberg case): and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May, 1747, that the formal occupation took place: "Mayday, 1747," he had a grand House–heating, or "First Dinner, of 200 covers: and May 19th–20th was the first night of his sleeping there." For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favorite retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. "SANS–SOUCI;" which we may translate "No–Bother." A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighborhood. Berlin and Charlottenburg are about twenty miles off; Potsdam, which, like the other two, is rather consummate among Palaces, lies leftwise in front of him within a short mile. And at length, to RIGHT hand, in a similar distance and direction, came the "NEUE SCHLOSS" (New Palace of Potsdam), called also the "PALACE of Sans–Souci," in distinction from the Dwelling–House, or as it were Garden–House, which made that name so famous.

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? "No–Bother" was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, "LESS–Bother"! The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: "OUI, ALORS JE SERAI SANS SOUCI (Once THERE, one will be out of bother)!" A saying which was rumored of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumor in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, "Sans–Souci;"—which Friedrich adopted; and, before the Year was out, had put upon his lintel in gold letters. So that, by "Mayday, 1747," the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since. [Preuss, i. 268, Nicolai, iii. 1200.] Tourists know this Cottage Royal: Friedrich's "Three Rooms in it; one of them a Library; in another, a little Alcove with an iron Bed" (iron, without curtains; old softened HAT the usual royal nightcap)—altogether a soldier's lodging:—all this still stands as it did. Cheerfully looking down on its garden–terraces, stairs, Greek statues, and against the free sky:—perhaps we may visit it in time coming, and take a more special view. In the Years now on hand, Friedrich, I think, did not much practically live there, only shifted thither now and then. His chief residence is still Potsdam Palace; and in Carnival time, that of Berlin; with Charlottenburg for occasional festivities, especially in summer, the gardens there being fine.

This of Sans–Souci is but portion of a wider Tendency, wider set of endeavors on Friedrich's part, which returns upon him now that Peace has returned: That of improving his own Domesticities, while he labors at so many public improvements. Gazing long on that simmering "Typhoon of Marine–stores" above mentioned, we do trace Three great Heads of Endeavor in this Peace Period. FIRST, the Reform of Law; which, as above hinted, is now earnestly pushed forward again, and was brought to what was thought completion before long. With much rumor of applause from contemporary mankind. Concerning which we are to give some indications, were it only dates in their order: though, as the affair turned out not to be completed, but had to be taken up again long after, and is an affair lying wide of British ken,—there need not, and indeed cannot, be much said of it just now. SECONDLY, there is eager Furthering of the Husbandries, the Commerces, Practical Arts,—especially at present, that of Foreign Commerce, and Shipping from the Port of Embden. Which shall have due notice. And THIRDLY, what must be our main topic here, there is that of Improving the Domesticities, the Household Enjoyments such as they were;—especially definable as Renewal of the old Reinsberg Program; attempt more strenuous than ever to realize that beautiful ideal. Which, and the total failure of which, and the consequent quasi–

abandonment of it for time coming, are still, intrinsically and by accident, of considerable interest to modern readers.

Curious, and in some sort touching, to observe how that old original Life-Program still re-emerges on this King: "Something of melodious possible in one's poor life, is not there? A Life to the Practical Duties, yes; but to the Muses as well!"--Of Friedrich's success in his Law-Reforms, in his Husbandries, Commerces and Furtherances, conspicuously great as it was, there is no possibility of making careless readers cognizant at this day. Only by the great results--a "Prussia QUADRUPLED" in his time, and the like--can studious readers convince themselves, in a cold and merely statistic way. But in respect of Life to the Muses, we have happily the means of showing that in actual vitality; in practical struggle towards fulfillment,--and how extremely disappointing the result was. In a word, Voltaire pays his Fifth and final Visit in this Period; the Voltaire matter comes to its consummation. To that, as to one of the few things which are perfectly knowable in this Period of TEN-YEARS PEACE, and in which mankind still take interest, we purpose mostly to devote ourselves here.

Ten years of a great King's life, ten busy years too; and nothing visible in them, of main significance, but a crash of Author's Quarrels, and the Crowning Visit of Voltaire? Truly yes, reader; so it has been ordered. Innumerable high-dressed gentlemen, gods of this lower world, are gone all to inorganic powder, no comfortable or profitable memory to be held of them more; and this poor Voltaire, without implement except the tongue and brain of him,--he is still a shining object to all the populations; and they say and symbol to me, "Tell us of him! He is the man!" Very strange indeed. Changed times since, for dogs barking at the heels of him, and lions roaring ahead,--for Asses of Mirepoix, for foul creatures in high dizenment, and foul creatures who were hungry valets of the same,--this man could hardly get the highways walked! And indeed had to keep his eyes well open, and always have covert within reach,--under pain of being torn to pieces, while he went about in the flesh, or rather in the bones, poor lean being. Changed times; within the Century last past! For indeed there was in that man what far transcends all dizenment, and temporary potency over valets, over legions, treasure-vaults and dim millions mostly blockhead: a spark of Heaven's own lucency, a gleam from the Eternities (in small measure);--which becomes extremely noticeable when the Dance is over, when your tallow-dips and wax-lights are burnt out, and the brawl of the night is gone to bed.

Chapter II. PEEP AT VOLTAIRE AND HIS DIVINE EMILIE (BY CANDLELIGHT) IN THE TIDE OF EVENTS.

Public European affairs require little remembrance; the War burning well to leeward of us henceforth. A huge world of smoky chaos; the special fires of it, if there be anything of fire, are all the more clear far in the distance. Of which sort, and of which only, the reader is to have notice. Marechal de Saxe—King Louis oftenest personally there, to give his name and countenance to things done—is very glorious in the Netherlands; captures, sometimes by surprisal, place after place (beautiful surprisal of Brussels last winter); with sieges of Antwerp, Mons, Charleroi, victoriously following upon Brussels: and, before the end of 1746, he is close upon Holland itself; intent on having Namur and Maestricht; for which the poor Sea-Powers, with a handful of Austrians, fight two Battles, and are again beaten both times. [1. Battle of Roucoux, 11th October, 1746; Prince Karl commanding, English taking mainly the stress of fight;—Saxe having already outwitted poor Karl, and got Namur. 2. Battle of Lawfelt, or Lauffeld, called also of VAL, 2d July, 1747; Royal Highness of Cumberland commanding (and taking most of the stress; Ligonier made prisoner, fighting ill, and Bathyani and his Austrians hardly in the fire at all.) A glorious, ever-victorious Marechal; and has an Army very "high-toned," in more than one sense: indeed, I think, one of the loudest-toned Armies ever on the field before. Loud not with well-served Artillery alone, but with play-actor Thunder-barrels (always an itinerant Theatre attends), with gasconading talk, with orgies, debaucheries,—busy service of the Devil, AND pleasant consciousness that we are Heaven's masterpiece, and are in perfect readiness to die at any moment;—our ELASTICITY and agility ("ELAN" as we call it) well kept up, in that manner, for the time being.

Hungarian Majesty, contrary to hope, neglects the Netherlands, "Holland and England, for their own sake, will manage there!"—and directs all her resources, and her lately Anti-Prussian Armies (General Browne leading them) upon Italy, as upon the grand interest now. Little to the comfort of the Sea-Powers. But Hungarian Majesty is decided to cut in upon the French and Spaniards, in that fine Country,—who had been triumphing too much of late; Maillebois and Senor de Gages doing their mutual exploits (though given to quarrel); Don Philip wintering in Milan even (1745–1746); and the King of Sardinia getting into French courses again.

Strong cuts her Hungarian Majesty does inflict, on the Italian side; tumbles Infant Philip out of Milan and his Carnival gayeties, in plenty of hurry; besieges Genoa, Marquis Botta d'Adorno (our old acquaintance Botta) her siege-captain, a native of this region; brings back the wavering Sardinian Majesty; captures Genoa, and much else. Captures Genoa, we say,—had not Botta been too rigorous on his countrymen, and provoked a revolt again, Revolt of Genoa, which proved difficult to settle. In fine, Hungarian Majesty has, in the course of this year 1746, with aid of the reconfirmed Sardinian Majesty, satisfactorily beaten the French and Spaniards. Has—after two murderous Battles gained over the Maillebois-Gages people—driven both French and Spaniards into corners, Maillebois altogether home again across the Var;—nay has descended in actual Invasion upon France itself. And, before New-year's day, 1747, General Browne is busy besieging Antibes, aided by English Seventy-fours; so that "sixty French Battalions" have to hurry home, from winter-quarters, towards those Provencal Countries; and Marechal de Belleisle, who commands there, has his hands full. Triumphant enough her Hungarian Majesty, in Italy; while in the Netherlands, the poor Sea-Powers have met with no encouragement from the Fates or her. ["Battle of Piacenza" (Prince Lichtenstein, with whom is Browne, VERSUS Gages and Maillebois), 16th June, 1746 (ADELUNG, v. 427); "Battle of Rottofreddo" (Botta chief Austrian there, and our old friend Barenklau getting killed there), 12th August, 1746 (IB. 462); whereupon, 7th SEPTEMBER, Genoa (which had declared itself Anti-Austrian latterly, not without cause, and brought the tug of War into those parts) is coerced by Botta to open its gates, on grievous terms (IB. 484–489); so that, NOVEMBER 30th, Browne, no Bourbon Army now on the field, enters Provence (crosses the Var, that day), and tries Antibes: 5th–11th DECEMBER, Popular Revolt in Genoa, and Expulsion of proud Botta and his Austrians (IB. 518–523); upon which surprising event (which could not be mended during the remainder of the War), Browne's enterprise became impossible. See Buonamici, *Histoire de la derniere Revolution de Genes*; Adelung, v. 516; vi. 31. All which the reader may keep imagining at his convenience;—but will be glad rather, for the present, to go with us for an actual look at M. de Voltaire and the divine Emilie, whom we have not seen for a long time. Not much has happened in the interim; one or two

things only which it can concern us to know;—scattered fragments of memorial, on the way thus far:—

1. M. DE VOLTAIRE HAS, IN 1745, MADE WAY AT COURT. Divine Emilie picked up her Voltaire from that fine Diplomatic course, and went home with him out of our sight, in the end of 1743; the Diplomatic career gradually declaring itself barred to him thenceforth. Since which, nevertheless, he has had his successes otherwise, especially in his old Literary course: on the whole, brighter sunshine than usual, though never without tempestuous clouds attending. Goes about, with his divine Emilie, now wearing browner and leaner, both of them; and takes the good and evil of life, mostly in a quiet manner; sensible that afternoon is come.

The thrice-famous Pompadour, who had been known to him in the Chrysalis state, did not forget him on becoming Head-Butterfly of the Universe. By her help, one long wish of his soul was gratified, and did not hunger or thirst any more. Some uncertain footing at Court, namely, was at length vouchsafed him:—uncertain; for the Most Christian Majesty always rather shuddered under those carbuncle eyes, under that voice "sombre and majestic," with such turns lying in it:—some uncertain footing at Court; and from the beginning of 1745, his luck, in the Court spheres, began to mount in a wonderful and world-evident manner. On grounds tragically silly, as he thought them. On the Dauphin's Wedding,—a Termagant's Infanta coming hither as Dauphiness, at this time,—there needed to be Court-shows, Dramaticules, Transparencies, Feasts of Lanterns, or I know not what. Voltaire was the chosen man; Voltaire and Rameau (readers have heard of RAMEAU'S NEPHEW, and musical readers still esteem Rameau) did their feat; we may think with what perfection, with what splendor of reward. Alas, and the feat done was, to one of the parties, so unspeakably contemptible! Voltaire pensively surveying Life, brushes the sounding strings; and hums to himself, the carbuncle eyes carrying in them almost something of wet:—

"MON Henri Quatre ET MA Zaire,
ET MON AMERICAIN Alzire,
NE M'ONT VALU JAMAIS UN SEUL REGARD DU ROI;
J'AVAIS MILLE ENNEMIS AVEC TRES PEU DE GLOIRE:
LES HONNEURS ET LES BIENS PLEUVENT ENFIN SUR MOI
POUR UN FARCE DE LA FOIRE."

["My HENRI QUATRE, my ZAIRE, my ALZIRE [high works very many], could never purchase me a single glance of the King; I had multitudes of enemies, and very little fame:—honors and riches rain on me, at last, for a Farce of the Fair" (*OEuvres*, ii. 151). The "Farce" (which by no means CALLED itself such) was PRINCESSE DE NAVARRE (*OEuvres*, lxxiii. 251): first acted 23d February, 1745, Day of the Wedding. Gentlemanship of the Chamber thereupon (which Voltaire, by permission, sold, shortly after, for 2,500 pounds, with titles retained), and appointment as Historiographer Royal. Poor Dauphiness did not live long; Louis XVI.'s Mother was a SECOND Wife, Saxon-Polish Majesty's Daughter.] Yes, my friend; it is a considerable ass, this world; by no means the Perfectly Wise put at the top of it (as one could wish), and the Perfectly Foolish at the bottom. Witness—nay, witness Psyche Pompadour herself, is not she an emblem! Take your luck without criticism; luck good and bad visits all.

2. AND GOT INTO THE ACADEMY NEXT YEAR, IN CONSEQUENCE. In 1746, the Academy itself, Pompadour favoring, is made willing; Voltaire sees himself among the Forty: soul, on that side too, be at ease, and hunger not nor thirst anymore. ["May 9th, 1746, Voltaire is received at the Academy; and makes a very fine Discourse" (BARBIER, ii. 488). *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355, 385, and i. 97.] This highest of felicities could not be achieved without an ugly accompaniment from the surrounding Populace. Desfontaines is dead, safe down in Sodom; but wants not for a successor, for a whole Doggery of such. Who are all awake, and giving tongue on this occasion. There is M. Roi the "Poet," as he was then reckoned; jingling Roi, who concocts satirical calumnies; who collects old ones, reprints the same,—and sends Travenol, an Opera-Fiddler, to vend them. From which sprang a Lawsuit, PROCES- TRAVENOL, of famous melancholy sort. As Voltaire had rather the habit of such sad melancholy Lawsuits, we will pause on this of Travenol for a moment:—

3. SUMMARY OF TRAVENOL LAWSUIT. "Monday, 9th May, 1746, was the Day or reception at the Academy; reception and fruition, thrice-savory to Voltaire. But what an explosion of the Doggeries, before, during and after that event! Voltaire had tried to be prudent, too. He had been corresponding with Popes, with Cardinals; and, in a fine frank-looking way, capturing their suffrages:—not by lying, which in general he wishes to avoid, but by speaking half the truth; in short, by advancing, in a dexterous, diplomatic way, the unclown foot, in those Vatican precincts. And had got the Holy Father's own suffrage for MAHOMET (think of that, you Ass of

Mirepoix!), among other cases that might rise. When this seat among the Forty fell vacant, his very first measure—mark it, Orthodox reader—was a Letter to the Chief Jesuit, Father Latour, Head of one's old College of Louis le Grand. A Letter of fine filial tenor: 'My excellent old Schoolmasters, to whom I owe everything; the representatives of learning, of decorum, of frugality and modest human virtue:—in what contrast to the obscure Doggeries poaching about in the street—gutters, and flying at the peaceable passenger!' [In *Voltaireiana, ou Eloges Amphigouriques*, (Paris, 1748), i. 150–160, the LETTER itself, "Paris, 7th February, 1746;" omitted (without need or real cause on any side) in the common Collections of *OEuvres de Voltaire*.] Which captivated Father Latour; and made matters smooth on that side; so that even the ANCIEN DE MIREPOIX said nothing, this time: What could he say? No cloven foot visible, and the Authorities strong.

"Voltaire had started as Candidate with these judicious preliminaries. Voltaire was elected, as we saw; fine Discourse, 9th May; and on the Official side all things comfortable. But, in the mean while, the Doggeries, as natural, seeing the thing now likely, had risen to a never–imagined pitch; and had filled Paris, and, to Voltaire's excruciated sense, the Universe, with their howlings and their hyena–laughter, with their pasquils, satires, old and new. So that Voltaire could not stand it; and, in evil hour, rushed downstairs upon them; seized one poor dog, Travenol, unknown to him as Fiddler or otherwise; pinioned Dog Travenol, with pincers, by the ears, him for one;—proper Police–pincers, for we are now well at Court;—and had a momentary joy! And, alas, this was not the right dog; this, we say, was Travenol a Fiddler at the Opera, who, except the street–noises, knew nothing of Voltaire; much less had the least pique at him; but had taken to hawking certain Pasquils (Jingler Roi's COLLECTION, it appears), to turn a desirable penny by them.

"And mistakes were made in the Affair Travenol,—old FATHER Travenol haled to prison, instead of Son,—by the Lieutenant of Police and his people. And Voltaire took the high–hand method (being well at Court):—and thereupon hungry Advocates took up Dog Travenol and his pincer ears: 'Serene Judges of the Chatelet, Most Christian Populace of Paris, did you ever see a Dog so pincer'd by an Academical Gentleman before, merely for being hungry?' And Voltaire, getting madder and madder, appealed to the Academy (which would not interfere); filed Criminal Informations; appealed to the Chatelet, to the Courts above and to the Courts below; and, for almost a year, there went on the 'PROCES–TRAVENOL:' [About Mayday, 1746, Seizure of Travenol; Pleadings are in vigor August, 1746; not done April, 1747. In *Voltaireiana*, ii. 141–206, Pleadings, copiously given; and most of the original Libels, in different parts of that sad Book (compiled by Travenol's Advocate, a very sad fellow himself): see also *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355 n., 385 n.; IB. i. 97; BARBIER, ii. 487. All in a very jumbled, dateless, vague and incorrect condition.] Olympian Jove in distressed circumstances VERSUS a hungry Dog who had eaten dirty puddings. Paris, in all its Saloons and Literary Coffee–houses (figure the ANTRE DE PROCOPE, on Publication nights!), had, monthly or so, the exquisite malign banquet; and grinned over the Law Pleadings: what Magazine Serial of our day can be so interesting to the emptiest mind!

"Lasted, I find, for above a year. From Spring, 1746, till towards Autumn, 1747: Voltaire's feelings being—Haha, so exquisite, all the while!—Well, reader, I can judge how amusing it was to high and low. And yet Phoebus Apollo going about as mere Cowherd of Admetus, and exposed to amuse the populace by his duels with dogs that have bitten him? It is certain Voltaire was a fool, not to be more cautious of getting into gutter–quarrels; not to have a thicker skin, in fact."

PROCES–TRAVENOL escorting one's Triumphal Entry; what an adjunct! Always so: always in your utmost radiance of sunshine a shadow; and in your softest outburst of Lydian or Spherical symphonies something of eating Care! Then too, in the Court–circle itself, "is Trajan pleased," or are all things well? Readers have heard of that "TRAJAN EST–IL CONTENT?" It occurred Winter, 1745 (27th November, 1745, a date worth marking), while things were still in the flush of early hope. That evening, our TEMPLE DE LA GLOIRE (Temple of Glory) had just been acted for the first time, in honor of him we may call "Trajan," returning from a "Fontenoy and Seven Cities captured:" [Seven of them; or even eight of a kind: Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Nieuport, Dendermond, Ath, Ostend; and nothing lost but Cape Breton and one's Codfishery.]—

"Reviens, divin Trajan, vainqueur doux et terrible;
Le monde est mon rival, tous les coeurs sont a toi;
Mais est–il un coeur plus sensible,
Et qui t'adore plus que moi?" [TEMPLE DE LA GLOIRE, Acte iv. (*OEuvres*, xii. 328).]

"Return, divine Trajan, conqueror sweet and terrible;
The world is my rival, all hearts are thine;
But is there a heart more loving,
Or that adores thee more than I?"

An allegoric Dramatic Piece; naturally very admirable at Versailles. Issuing radiant from Fall of the Curtain, Voltaire had the farther honor to see his Majesty pass out; Majesty escorted by Richelieu, one's old friend in a sense: "Is Trajan pleased?" whispered Voltaire to his Richelieu; overheard by Trajan,—who answered in words nothing, but in a visible glance of the eyes did answer, "Impertinent Lackey!"—Trajan being a man unready with speech; and disliking trouble with the people whom he paid for keeping his boots in polish. O my winged Voltaire, to what dunghill Bubbly-Jocks (COQS D'INDE) you do stoop with homage, constrained by their appearance of mere size!—

Evidently no perfect footing at Court, after all. And then the Pompadour, could she, Head-Butterfly of the Universe, be an anchor that would hold, if gales rose? Rather she is herself somewhat of a gale, of a continual liability to gales; unstable as the wind! Voltaire did his best to be useful, as Court Poet, as director of Private Theatricals;—above all, to soothe, to flatter Pompadour; and never neglected this evident duty. But, by degrees, the envious Lackey-people made cabals; turned the Divine Butterfly into comparative indifference for Voltaire; into preference of a Crebillon's poor faded Pieces: "Suitabler these, Madame, for the Private Theatricals of a Most Christian Majesty." Think what a stab; crueler than daggers through one's heart: "Crebillon?" M. de Voltaire said nothing; looked nothing, in those sacred circles; and never ceased outwardly his worship, and assiduous tuning, of the Pompadour: but he felt—as only Phoebus Apollo in the like case can! "Away!" growled he to himself, when this atrocity had culminated. And, in effect, is, since the end of 1746 or so, pretty much withdrawn from the Versailles Olympus; and has set, privately in the distance (now at Cirey, now at Paris, in our PETIT PALAIS there), with his whole will and fire, to do Crebillon's dead Dramas into living ones of his own. Dead CATILINA of Crebillon into ROME SAUVEE of Voltaire, and the other samples of dead into living,—that stupid old Crebillon himself and the whole Universe may judge, and even Pompadour feel a remorse!—Readers shall fancy these things; and that the world is coming back to its old poor drab color with M. de Voltaire; his divine Emilie and he rubbing along on the old confused terms. One face-to-face peep of them readers shall now have; and that is to be enough, or more than enough:—

VOLTAIRE AND THE DIVINE EMILIE APPEAR SUDDENLY, ONE NIGHT,
AT SCEAUX.

About the middle of August, 1747, King Friedrich, I find, was at home;—not in his new SANS-SOUCI by any means, but running to and fro; busy with his Musterings, "grand review, and mimic attack on Bornstadt, near Berlin;" INVALIDEN-HAUS (Military Hospital) getting built; Silesian Reviews just ahead; and, for the present, much festivity and moving about, to Charlottenburg, to Berlin and the different Palaces; Wilhelmina, "August 15th," having come to see him; of which fine visit, especially of Wilhelmina's thoughts on it,—why have the envious Fates left us nothing!

While all this is astir in Berlin and neighborhood, there is, among the innumerable other visits in this world, one going on near Paris, in the Mansion or Palace of Sceaux, which has by chance become memorable. A visit by Voltaire and his divine Emilie, direct from Paris, I suppose, and rather on the sudden. Which has had the luck to have a LETTER written on it, by one of those rare creatures, a seeing Witness, who can make others see and believe. The seeing Witness is little Madame de Staal (by no means Necker's Daughter, but a much cleverer), known as one of the sharpest female heads; she from the spot reports it to Madame du Deffand, who also is known to readers. There is such a glimpse afforded here into the actuality of old things and remarkable human creatures, that Friedrich himself would be happy to read the Letter.

Duchesse du Maine, Lady of Sceaux, is a sublime old personage, with whom and with whose high ways and magnificent hospitalities at Sceaux, at Anet and elsewhere, Voltaire had been familiar for long years past. [In *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 434 n. x. 8, "Clog." and others represent THIS Visit as having been to Anet,—though the record otherwise is express.] This Duchess, grand-daughter of the great Conde, now a dowager for ten years, and herself turned of seventy, has been a notable figure in French History this great while: a living fragment of Louis le Grand, as it were. Was wedded to Louis's "Legitimated" Illegitimate, the Duc du Maine; was in trouble

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with the Regent d'Orleans about Alberoni–Cellamare conspiracies (1718), Regent having stript her lmsband of his high legitimatures and dignities, with little ceremony; which led her to conspire a good deal, at one time. [DUC DU MAINE with COMTE DE TOULOUSE were products of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan:—"legitimated" by Papa's fiat in 1673, while still only young children; DISlegitimated again by Regent d'Orleans, autumn, 1718; grand scene, "guards drawn out" and the like, on this occasion (BARBIER, i. 8–11, ii. 181); futile Conspiracies with Alberoni thereupon; arrest of Duchess and Duke (29th December, 1718), and closure of that poor business. Duc du Maine died 1736; Toulouse next year; ages, each about sixty–five. "Duc de Penthièvre," Egalite's father–in–law, was Toulouse's son; Maine has left a famous Dowager, whom we see. Nothing more of notable about the one or the other.] She was never very beautiful; but had a world of grace and witty intelligence; and knew a Voltaire when she saw him. Was the soul of courtesy and benignity, though proud enough, and carrying her head at its due height; and was always very charming, in her lofty gracious way, to mankind. Interesting to all, were it only as a living fragment of the Grand Epoch,—kind of French Fulness of Time, when the world was at length blessed with a Louis Quatorze, and Ne–plus–ultra of a Gentleman determined to do the handsome thing in this world. She is much frequented by high people, especially if of a Literary or Historical turn. President Henault (of the ABREGÉ CHRONOLOGIQUE, the well–frilled, accurately powdered, most correct old legal gentleman) is one of her adherents; Voltaire is another, that may stand for many: there is an old Marquis de St. Aulaire, whom she calls "MON VIEUX BERGER (my old shepherd," that is to say, sweetheart or flame of love); [BARBIER, ii. 87; see ib. (i. 8–11; ii. 181, 436; for many notices of her affairs and her.)] there is a most learned President de Mesmes, and others we have heard of, but do not wish to know. Little De Staal was at one time this fine Duchess's maid; but has far outgrown all that, a favorite guest of the Duchess's instead; holds now mainly by Madame du Deffand (not yet fallen blind),—and is well turned of fifty, and known for one of the shrewdest little souls in the world, at the time she writes. Her Letter is addressed "TO MADAME DU DEFFAND, at Paris;" most free–flowing female Letter; of many pages, runs on, day after day, for a fortnight or so;—only Excerpts of it introducible here:—

"SCEAUX, TUESDAY, 15th AUGUST, 1747. ... Madame du Chatelet and Voltaire, who had announced themselves as for to–day, and whom nobody had heard of otherwise, made their appearance yesternight, near midnight; like two Spectres, with an odor of embalment about them, as if just out of their tombs. We were rising from table; the Spectres, however, were hungry ones: they needed supper; and what is more, beds, which were not ready. The Housekeeper (CONCIERGE), who had gone to bed, rose in great haste. Gaya [amiable gentleman, conceivable, not known], who had offered his apartment for pressing cases, was obliged to yield it in this emergency: he flitted with as much precipitation and displeasure as an army surprised in its camp; leaving a part of his baggage in the enemy's hands. Voltaire thought the lodging excellent, but that did not at all console Gaya.

"As to the Lady, her bed turns out not to have been well made; they have had to put her in a new place to–day. Observe, she made that bed herself, no servants being up, and had found a blemish or DEFAUT of"—word wanting: who knows what?—"in the mattresses; which I believe hurt her exact mind, more than her not very delicate body. She has got, in the interim, an apartment promised to somebody else; and she will have to leave it again on Friday or Saturday, and go into that of Marechal de Maillebois, who leaves at that time."

—Yes; Maillebois in the body, O reader. This is he, with the old ape–face renewed by paint, whom we once saw marching with an "Army of Redemption," haggling in the Passes about Eger, unable to redeem Belleisle; marching and haggling, more lately, with a "Middle–Rhine Army," and the like non–effect; since which, fighting his best in Italy,—pushed home last winter, with Browne's bayonets in his back; Belleisle succeeding him in dealing with Browne. Belleisle, and the "Revolt of Genoa" (fatal to Browne's Invasion of us), and the Defence of Genoa and the mutual worryings thereabout, are going on at a great rate,—and there is terrible news out of those Savoy Passes, while Maillebois is here. Concerning which by and by. He is grandson of the renowned Colbert, this Maillebois. A Field–Marshal evidently extant, you perceive, in those vanished times: is to make room for Madame on Friday, says our little De Staal; and take leave of us,—if for good, so much the better!

"He came at the time we did, with his daughter and grand–daughter: the one is pretty, the other ugly and dreary [L'UNE, L'AUTRE; no saying which, in such important case! Madame la Marechale, the mother and grandmother, I think must be dead. Not beautiful she, nor very benignant, "UNE TRES–MECHANTE FEMME, very cat–witted woman," says Barbier; "shrieked like a devil, at Court, upon the Cardinal," about that old ARMY–OF–REDEMPTION business; but all her noise did nothing]. [Barbier, ii, 332 ("November, 1742").]—

M. le Marechal has hunted here with his dogs, in these fine autumn woods and glades; chased a bit of a stag, and caught a poor doe's fawn: that was all that could be got there.

"Our new Guests will make better sport: they are going to have their Comedy acted again [Comedy of THE EXCHANGE, much an entertainment with them]: Vanture [conceivable, not known] is to do the Count de Boursoufle (DE BLISTER or DE WINDBAG); you will not say this is a hit, any more than Madame du Chatelet's doing the Hon. Miss Piggery (LA COCHONNIERE), who ought to be fat and short." [L'ECHANGE, The Exchange, or WHEN SHALL I GET NARRIED? Farce in three acts: *OEuvres*, x. 167–222; *used to be played at Cirey and elsewhere (see plenty of details upon it, exact or not quite so, IB. 7–9).*]—*Little De Staal then abruptly breaks off, to ask about her Correspondent's health, and her Correspondent's friend old President Henault's health; touches on those "grumblings and discords in the Army (TRACASSERIES DE L'ARMEE)," which are making such astir; how M. d'Argenson, our fine War–Minister, man of talent amid blockheads, will manage them; and suddenly exclaims: "O my queen, what curious animals men and women are! I laugh at their manoeuvres, the days when I have slept well; if I have missed sleep, I could kill them. These changes of temper prove that I do not break off kind. Let us mock other people, and let other people mock us; it is well done on both sides.*—[*Poor little De Staal: to what a posture have things come with you, in that fast–rotting Epoch, of Hypocrisies becoming all insolvent!*]

"WEDNESDAY, 16th. Our Ghosts do not show themselves by daylight. They appeared yesterday at ten in the evening; I do not think we shall see them sooner to–day: the one is engaged in writing high feats [SIECLE DE LOUIS XV., or what at last became such]; the other in commenting Newton. They will neither play nor walk: they are, in fact, equivalent to ZEROS in a society where their learned writings are of no significance.—[Pauses, without notice given: for some hours, perhaps days; then resuming:] Nay, worse still: their apparition to–night has produced a vehement declamation on one of our little social diversions here, the game of CAVAGNOLE: ["Kind of BIRIBI," it would appear; in the height of fashion then.] it was continued and maintained," on the part of Madame du Chatelet, you guess, "in a tone which is altogether unheard of in this place; and was endured," on the part of Serene Highness, "with a moderation not less surprising. But what is unendurable is my babble"— And herewith our nimble little woman hops off again into the general field of things; and gossips largely, How are you, my queen, Whither are you going, Whither we; That the Maillebois people are away, and also the Villeneuves, if anybody knew them now; then how the Estillacs, to the number of four, are coming to–morrow; and Cousin Soquence, for all his hunting, can catch nothing; and it is a continual coming and going; and how Boursoufle is to be played, and a Dame Dufour is just come, who will do a character. Rubrics, vanished Shadows, nearly all those high Dames and Gentlemen; LA PAUVRE Saint–Pierre, "eaten with gout," who is she? "Still drags herself about, as well as she can; but not with me, for I never go by land, and she seems to have the hydrophobia, when I take to the water. [Thread of date is gone! I almost think we must have got to Saturday by this time:—or perhaps it is only Thursday, and Maillebois off prematurely, to be out of the way of the Farce? Little De Staal takes no notice; but continues gossiping rapidly:]

"Yesterday Madame du Chatelet got into her third lodging: she could not any longer endure the one she had chosen. There was noise in it, smoke without fire:—privately meseems, a little the emblem of herself! As to noise, it was not by night that it incommoded her, she told me, but by day, when she was in the thick of her work: it deranges her ideas. She is busy reviewing her PRINCIPLES"— NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA, no doubt, but De Staal will understand it only as PRINCIPES, Principles in general:—"it is an exercise she repeats every year, without which the Principles might get away, and perhaps go so far she would never find them again [You satirical little gypsy!]. Her head, like enough, is a kind of lock–up for them, rather than a birthplace, or natural home: and that is a case for watching carefully lest they get away. She prefers the high air of this occupation to every kind of amusement, and persists in not showing herself till after dark. Voltaire has produced some gallant verses [unknown to Editors] which help off a little the bad effect of such unusual behavior.

"SUNDAY, 27th. I told you on Thursday [no, you did n't; you only meant to tell] that our Spectres were going on the morrow, and that the Piece was to be played that evening: all this has been done. I cannot give you much of Boursoufle [done by one Vanture]. Mademoiselle Piggery [DE LA COCHONNIERE, Madame du Chatelet herself] executed so perfectly the extravagance of her part, that I own it gave me real pleasure. But Vanture only put his own fatuity into the character of Boursoufle, which wanted more: he played naturally in a Piece where all requires to be forced, like the subject of it."—What a pity none of us has read this fine Farce! "One Paris did the

part of MUSCADIN (Little Coxcomb), which name represents his character: in short, it can be said the Farce was well given. The Author ennobled it by a Prologue for the Occasion; which he acted very well, along with Madame Dufour as BARBE (Governess Barbara),—who, but for this brilliant action, could not have put up with merely being Governess to Piggery. And, in fact, she disdained the simplicity of dress which her part required;—as did the chief actress," Du Chatelet herself (age now forty-one); "who, in playing PIGGERY, preferred the interests of her own face to those of the Piece, and made her entry in all the splendor and elegant equipments of a Court Lady,"—her "PRINCIPLES," though the key is turned upon them, not unlike jumping out of window, one would say! "She had a crow to pluck [MAILLE A PARTIR, "clasp to open," which is better] with Voltaire on this point: but she is sovereign, and he is slave. I am very sorry at their going, though I was worn out with doing her multifarious errands all the time she was here.

"WEDNESDAY, 30th. M. le President [Henault] has been asked hither; and he is to bring you, my Queen! Tried all I could to hinder; but they would not be put off. If your health and disposition do suit, it will be charming. In any case, I have got you a good apartment: it is the one that Madame du Chatelet had seized upon, after an exact review of all the Mansion. There will be a little less furniture than she had put in it; Madame had pillaged all her previous apartments to equip this one. We found about seven tables in it, for one item: she needs them of all sizes; immense, to spread out her papers upon; solid, to support her NECESSAIRE; slighter, for her nicknacks (POMPONS), for her jewels. And this fine arrangement did not save her from an accident like that of Philip II., when, after spending all the night in writing, he got his despatches drowned by the oversetting of an ink-bottle. The Lady did not pretend to imitate the moderation of that Prince; at any rate, he was only writing on affairs of state; and the thing they blotted, on this occasion, was Algebra, much more difficult to clean up again.

"This subject ought to be exhausted: one word more, and then it does end. The day after their departure, I receive a Letter of four pages, and a Note enclosed, which announces dreadful burly-burly: M. de Voltaire has mislaid his Farce, forgotten to get back the parts, and lost his Prologue: I am to find all that again [excessively tremulous about his Manuscripts, M. de Voltaire; of such value are they, of such danger to him; there is LA PUCELLE, for example,—enough to hang a man, were it surreptitiously launched forth in print!]
—I am to send him the Prologue instantly, not by post, because they would copy it; to keep the parts for fear of the same accident, and to lock up the Piece 'under a hundred keys.' I should have thought one padlock sufficient for this treasure! I have duly executed his orders." [*Madame de Graffigny (Paris, 1820), pp. 283–291.*]

And herewith EXPLICIT DE STAAL. Scene closes: EXEUNT OMNES; are off to Paris or Versailles again; to Luneville and the Court of Stanislaus again,—where also adventures await them, which will be heard of!

"Figure to yourself," says some other Eye-witness, "a lean Lady, with big arms and long legs; small head, and countenance losing itself in a cloudery of head-dress; cocked nose [RETROUSSE, say you? Very slightly, then; quite an unobjectionable nose!] and pair of small greenish eyes; complexion tawny, and mouth too big: this was the divine Emilie, whom Voltaire celebrates to the stars. Loaded to extravagance with ribbons, laces, face-patches, jewels and female ornaments; determined to be sumptuous in spite of Economics, and pretty in spite of Nature:" Pooh, it is an enemy's hand that paints! "And then by her side," continues he, "the thin long figure of Voltaire, that Anatomy of an Apollo, affecting worship of her," [From Rodenbeck (quoting somebody, whom I have surely seen in French; whom Rodenbeck tries to name, as he could have done, but curiously without success), i. 179.]—yes, that thin long Gentleman, with high red-heeled shoes, and the daintiest polite attitudes and paces; in superfine coat, laced hat under arm; nose and under-lip ever more like coalescing (owing to decay of teeth), but two eyes shining on you like carbuncles; and in the ringing voice, such touches of speech when you apply for it! Thus they at Sceaux and elsewhere; walking their Life-minuet, making their entrances and exits.

One thing is lamentable: the relation with Madame is not now a flourishing one, or capable again of being: "Does not love me as he did, the wretch!" thinks Madame always;—yet sticks by him, were it but in the form of blister. They had been to Luneville, Spring, 1747; happy dull place, within reach of Cirey; far from Versailles and its cabals. They went again, 1748, in a kind of permanent way; Titular Stanislaus, an opulent dawdling creature, much liking to have them; and Father Menou, his Jesuit,—who is always in quarrel with the Titular Mistress,—thinking to displace HER (as you, gradually discover), and promote the Du Chatelet to that improper dignity! In which he had not the least success, says Voltaire; but got "two women on his ears instead of one." It was not to be Stanislaus's mistress; nor a TITULAR one at all, but a real, that Madame was fated in this dull happy place! Idle readers know the story only too well;—concerning which, admit this other Fraction and no

more:—

"Stanislaus, as a Titular King, cannot do without some kind of Titular Army,—were it only to blare about as Life-guard, and beat kettle-drums on occasion. A certain tall high-sniffing M. de St. Lambert, a young Lorrainer of long pedigree and light purse, had just taken refuge in this Life-guard [Summer 1748, or so], I know not whether as Captain or Lieutenant, just come from the Netherlands Wars: of grave stiff manners; for the rest, a good-looking young fellow; thought to have some poetic genius, even;— who is precious, surely, in such an out-of-the-way place. Welcome to Voltaire, to Madame still more. Alas, readers know the History,—on which we must not dwell. Madame, a brown geometric Lady, age now forty-two, with a Great Man who has scandalously ceased to love her, casts her eye upon St. Lambert: 'Yes, you would be the shoeing-horn, Monsieur, if one had time, you fine florid fellow, hardly yet into your thirties—' And tries him with a little coquetry; I always think, perhaps in this view chiefly? And then, at any rate, as he responded, the thing itself became so interesting: 'Our Ulysses-bow, we can still bend it, then, aha! 'And is not that a pretty stag withal, worth bringing down; florid, just entering his thirties, and with the susceptibilities of genius! Voltaire was not blind, could he have helped it,—had he been tremulously alive to help it. 'Your Verses to her, my St. Lambert,—ah, Tibullus never did the like of them. Yes, to you are the roses, my fine young friend, to me are the thorns:' thus sings Voltaire in response; [*OEuvres*, xvii. 223 (EPITRE A M. DE ST. LAMBERT, 1749); In *Memoires sur Voltaire par Longchamp et Wagniere* (Paris, 1826), ii. 229 et seq., details enough and more.] perhaps not thinking it would go so far. And it went,—alas, it went to all lengths, mentionable and not mentionable: and M. le Marquis had to be coaxed home in the Spring of 1749,—still earlier it had been suitable;— and in September ensuing, M. de St. Lambert looking his demurest, there is an important lying-in to be transacted! Newton's PRINCIPIA is, by that time, drawing diligently to its close;—complicated by such far abstruser Problems, not of the geometric sort! Poor little lean brown woman, what a Life, after all; what an End of a Life!"—

WAR-PASSAGES IN 1747.

The War, since Friedrich got out of it, does not abate in animosity, nor want for bloodshed, battle and sieging; but offers little now memorable. March 18th, 1747, a ghastly Phantasm of a Congress, "Congress of Breda," which had for some months been attempting Peace, and was never able to get into conference, or sit in its chairs except for moments, flew away altogether; [In September, 1746, had got together; but would not take life, on trying and again trying, and fell forgotten: February, 1747, again gleams up into hope: March 18th and the following days, vanishes for good (ADELUNG, v. 50; vi. 6, 62).] and left the War perhaps angrier than ever, more hopelessly stupid than ever. Except, indeed, that resources are failing; money running low in France, Parlements beginning to murmur, and among the Population generally a feeling that glory is excellent, but will not make the national pot boil. Perhaps all this will be more effective than Congresses of Breda? Here are the few Notes worth giving:

APRIL 23d–30th, 1747, THE FRENCH INVADE HOLLAND; WHEREUPON, SUDDENLY, A STADTHOLDER THERE. "After Fontenoy there has been much sieging and capturing in that Netherlands Country, a series of successes gloriously delightful to Marechal de Saxe and the French Nation: likewise (in bar of said sieging, in futile attempt to bar it) a Battle of Roucoux, October, 1746; with victory, or quasi-victory, to Saxe, at least with prostration to the opposite part. And farther on, there is a Battle of Lauffeld coming, 2d July, 1747; with similar results; frustration evident, retreat evident, victory not much to speak of. And in this gloriously delightful manner Saxe and the French Nation have proceeded, till in fact the Netherlands Territory with all strongholds, except Maestricht alone, was theirs,—and they decided on attacking the Dutch Republic itself. And (17th April, 1747) actually broke in upon the frontier Fortresses of Zealand; found the same dry-rotten everywhere; and took them, Fortress after Fortress, at the rate of a cannon salvo each: 'Ye magnanimous Dutch, see what you have got by not sitting still, as recommended! To the horror and terror of the poor Zealanders and general Dutch Population. Who shrieked to England for help;—and were, on the very instant, furnished with a modicum of Seventy-fours (Dutch Courier returning by the same); which landed the Courier April 23d, and put Walcheren in a state of security. [Adelung, vi. 105, 125–134.]

"Whereupon the Dutch Population turned round on its Governors, with a growl of indignation, spreading ever wider, waxing ever higher: 'Scandalous laggards, is this your mode of governing a free Republic? Freedom to let the State go to dry-rot, and become the laughing-stock of mankind. To provide for your own paltry kindred in the

State-employments; to palaver grandly with all comers; and publish melodious Despatches of Van Hoey? Had not Britannic Majesty, for his dear Daughter's sake, come to the rescue in this crisis, where had we been? We demand a Stadtholder again; our glorious Nassau Orange, to keep some bridle on you!' And actually, in this way, Populus and Plebs, by general turning out into the streets, in a gloomily indignant manner, which threatens to become vociferous and dangerous,—cowed the Heads of the Republic into choosing the said Prince, with Princess and Family, as Stadtholder, High-Admiral, High-Everything and Supreme of the Republic. Hereditary, no less, and punctually perpetual; Princess and Family to share in it. In which happy state (ripened into Kingship latterly) they continue to this day. A result painfully surprising to Most Christian Majesty; gratifying to Britannic proportionately, or more;—and indeed beneficial towards abating dry-rot and melodious palaver in that poor Land of the Free. Consummated, by popular outbreak of vociferation, in the different Provinces, in about a week from April 23d, when those helpful Seventy-fours hove in sight. Stadtholdership had been in abeyance for forty-five years. [Since our Dutch William's death, 1702.] The new Stadtholder did his best; could not, in the short life granted him, do nearly enough.—Next year there was a SECOND Dutch outbreak, or general turning into the streets; of much more violent character; in regard to glaringly unjust Excises and Taxations, and to 'instant dismissal of your Excise-Farmers,' as the special first item. [Adelung, vi. 364 et seq.; Raumer, 182-193 ("March-September, 1748"); or, in *Chesterfield's Works*, Dayrolles's Letters to Chesterfield: somewhat unintelligent and unintelligible, both Raumer and he.] Which salutary object being accomplished (new Stadtholder well aiding, in a valiant and judicious manner), there has no third dose of that dangerous remedy been needed since.

"JULY 19th, FATE OF CHEVALIER DE BELLEISLE. At the Fortress of Exilles, in one of those Passes of the Savoy Alps,—Pass of Col di Sieta, memorable to the French Soldier ever since,—there occurred a lamentable thing;" doubtless much talked of at Sceaux while Voltaire was there. "The Revolt of Genoa (popular outburst, and expulsion of our poor friend Botta and his Austrians, then a famous thing, and a rarer than now) having suddenly recalled the victorious General Browne from his Siege of Antibes and Invasion of Provence,—Marechal Duc de Belleisle, well reinforced and now become 'Army of Italy' in general, followed steadfastly for 'Defence of Genoa' against indignant Botta, Browne and Company. For defence of Genoa; nay for attack on Turin, which would have been 'defence' in Genoa and everywhere,—had the captious Spaniard consented to co-operate. Captious Spaniard would not; Couriers to Madrid, to Paris thereupon, and much time lost;—till, at the eleventh hour, came consent from Paris, 'Try it by yourself, then!' Belleisle tries it; at least his Brother does. His Brother, the Chevalier, is to force that Pass of Exilles; a terrible fiery business, but the backbone of the whole adventure: in which, if the Chevalier can succeed, he too is to be Marechal de France. Forward, therefore, climb the Alpine stairs again; snatch me that Fort of Exilles.

"And so, July 19th, 1747, the Chevalier comes in sight of the Place; scans a little the frowning buttresses, bristly with guns; the dumb Alps, to right and left, looking down on him and it. Chevalier de Belleisle judges that, however difficult, it can and must be possible to French valor; and storms in upon it, huge and furious (20,000, or if needful 30,000);—but is torn into mere wreck, and hideous recoil; rallies, snatches a standard, 'We must take it or die,'—and dies, does not take it; falls shot on the rampart, 'pulling at the palisades with his own hands,' nay some say 'with his teeth,' when the last moments came. Within one hour, he has lost 4,000 men; and himself and his Brother's Enterprise lie ended there. [Voltaire, xxv. 221 et seq. (SIECLE DE LOUIS QUINZE, c. 22); Adelung, vi 174.] Fancy his poor Brother's feelings, who much loved him! The discords about War-matters (TRACASSERIES DE L'ARMEE) were a topic at Sceaux lately, as De Staal intimated. 'Why starve our Italian Enterprises; heaping every resource upon the Netherlands and Saxe?' Diligent Defence of Genoa (chiefly by flourishing of swords on the part of France, for the Austrians were not yet ready) is henceforth all the Italian War there is; and this explosion at Exilles may fitly be finis to it here. Let us only say that Infant Philip did, when the Peace came, get a bit of Apanage (Parma and Piacenza or some such thing, contemptibly small to the Maternal heart), and that all things else lapsed to their pristine state, MINUS only the waste and ruin there had been."

JULY 12th-SEPTEMBER 18th: SIEGE OF THE CHIEF DUTCH FORTRESS. "Unexpected Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom; two months of intense excitement to the Dutch Patriots and Cause-of-Liberty Gazetteers, as indifferent and totally dead as it has now become. Marechal de Saxe, after his victory at Lauffeld, 2d July, did not besiege Maestricht, as had been the universal expectation; but shot off an efficient lieutenant of his, one Lowendahl, in due force, privately ready, to overwhelm Bergen-op-Zoom with sudden Siege, while he himself

lay between the beaten enemy and it. Bergen is the heart, of Holland, key of the Scheld, and quite otherwise important than Maestricht. 'Coehorn's masterpiece!' exclaim the Gazetteers; 'Impregnable, you may depend!' 'We shall see,' answered Saxe, answered Lowendahl the Dane (who also became Marechal by this business); and after a great deal of furious assaulting and battering, took the Place September 18th, before daylight," by a kind of surprisal or quasi-storm;—"the Commandant, one Cronstrom, a brave old Swede, age towards ninety, not being of very wakeful nature! 'Did as well as could be expected of him,' said the Court-Martial sitting on his case, and forbore to shoot the poor old man. [Adelung, vi. 184, 206;—"for Cronstrom," if any one is curious, "see Schlotzer, *Schwedische Biographie*, ii. 252 (in voce)."] A sore stroke, this of Bergen, to Britannic Majesty and the Friends of Liberty; who nevertheless refuse to be discouraged."

DECEMBER 25th, RUSSIANS IN BEHALF OF HUMAN LIBERTY. "March of 36,000 Russians from the City of Moscow, this day; on a very long journey, in the hoary Christmas weather! Most, Christian Majesty is ruinously short of money; Britannic Majesty has still credit, and a voting Parliament, but, owing to French influence on the Continent, can get no recruits to hire. Gradually driven upon Russia, in such stress, Britannic Majesty has this year hired for himself a 35,000 Russians; 30,000 regular foot; 4,000 ditto horse, and 1,000 Cossacks;—uncommonly cheap, only 150,000 pounds the lot, not, 4 pounds per head by the year. And, in spite of many difficulties and haggings, they actually get on march, from Moscow, 25th December, 1747; and creep on, all Winter, through the frozen peats wildernesses, through Lithuania, Poland, towards Bohmen, Mahren: are to appear in the Rhine Countries, joined by certain Austrians; and astonish mankind next Spring. Their Captain is one Repnin, Prince Repnin, afterwards famous enough in those Polish Countries;" —which is now the one point interesting to us in the thing. "Their Captain WAS, first, to be Lacy, old Marshal Lacy; then, failing Lacy, 'Why not General Keith?'—but proves to be Repnin, after much hustling and intriguing:" Repnin, not Keith, that is the interesting point.

"Such march of the Russians, on behalf of Human Liberty, in pay of Britannic Majesty, is a surprising fact; and considerably discomposes the French. Who bestir themselves in Sweden and elsewhere against Russia and it: with no result,—except perhaps the incidental one, of getting our esteemed old friend Guy Dickens, now Sir Guy, dismissed from Stockholm, and we hope put on half-pay on his return home." [Adelung, vi. 250, 302:—Sir Guy, not yet invalided, "went to Russia," and other errands.]

MARSHAL KEITH COMES TO PRUSSIA (September, 1747).

"Much hustling and intriguing," it appears, in regard to the Captaincy of these Russians. Concerning which there is no word worthy to be said,—except for one reason only, That it finished off the connection of General Keith with Russia. That this of seeing Repnin, his junior and inferior, preferred to him, was, of many disgusts, the last drop which made the cup run over;—and led the said General to fling it from him, and seek new fields of employment. From Hamburg, having got so far, he addresses himself, 1st September, 1747, to Friedrich, with offer of service; who grasps eagerly at the offer: "Feldmarschall your rank; income, \$1,200 a year; income, welcome, all suitable:"—and, October 28th, Feldmarschall Keith finishes, at Potsdam, a long Letter to his Brother Lord Marischal, in these words, worth giving, as those of a very clear-eyed sound observer of men and things:—"I have now the honor, and, which is still more, the pleasure, of being with the King at Potsdam; where he ordered me to come," 17th current, "two days after he declared me Fieldmarshal: Where I have the honor to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of Four Campaigns, he is not the best Officer of his Army. He has several persons," Rothenburg, Winterfeld, Swedish Rudenskjold (just about departing), not to speak of D'Argens and the French, "with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend,—but has no favorite;—and shows a natural politeness for everybody who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say I pretend to know a great deal of his character: but what I tell you, you may depend upon. With more time, I shall know as much of him as he will let me know;—and all his Ministry knows no more." [Varnhagen van Ense, *Leben des Feldmarschalls Jakob Keith* (Berlin, 1844,) p. 100; Adelung, vi. 244.]

A notable acquisition to Friedrich;—and to the two Keiths withal; for Friedrich attached both of them to his Court and service, after their unlucky wanderings; and took to them both, in no common degree. As will abundantly appear.

While that Russia Corps was marching out of Moscow, Cocceji and his Commissions report from Pommern,

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that the Pomeranian Law—stables are completely clear; that the New Courts have, for many months back, been in work, and are now, at the end of the Year, fairly abreast with it, according to program;—have "decided of Old—Pending Lawsuits 2,400, all that there were (one of them 200 years old, and filling seventy Volumes); and of the 994 New ones, 772; not one Lawsuit remaining over from the previous Year." A highly gratifying bit of news to his Majesty; who answers emphatically, EUGE! and directs that the Law Hercules proceed now to the other Provinces,—to the Kur—Mark, now, and Berlin itself,—with his salutary industries. Naming him "Grand Chancellor," moreover; that is to say, under a new title, Head of Prussian Law,—old Arnim, "Minister of Justice," having shown himself disaffected to Law—Reform, and got rebuked in consequence, and sulkily gone into private life. [Stenzel, iv. 321; Ranke, iii. 389.]

In February of this Year, 1747, Friedrich had something like a stroke of apoplexy; "sank suddenly motionless, one day," and sat insensible, perhaps for half an hour: to the terror and horror of those about him. Hemiplegia, he calls it; rush of blood to the head;—probably indigestion, or gouty humors, exasperated by over—fatigue. Which occasioned great rumor in the world; and at Paris, to Voltaire's horror, reports of his death. He himself made light of the matter: [To Voltaire, 22d February, 1747 (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 164); see IB. 164 n.] and it did not prove to have been important; was never followed by anything similar through his long life; and produced no change in his often—wavering health, or in his habits, which were always steady. He is writing MEMOIRS; settling "Colonies" (on his waste moors); improving Harbors. Waiting when this European War will end; politely deaf to the offers of Britannic Majesty as to taking the least personal share in it.

Chapter III. EUROPEAN WAR FALLS DONE: TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The preparations for Campaign 1748 were on a larger scale than ever. Britannic Subsidies, a New Parliament being of willing mind, are opulent to a degree; 192,000 men, 60,000 Austrians for one item, shall be in the Netherlands;—coupled with this remarkable new clause, "And they are to be there in fact, and not on paper only," and with a tare—and-tret of 30 or 40 per cent, as too often heretofore! Holland, under its new Stadtholder, is stanch of purpose, if of nothing else. The 35,000 Russians, tramping along, are actually dawning over the horizon, towards Teutschland,—King Friedrich standing to arms along his Silesian Border, vigilant "Cordon of Troops all the way," in watch of such questionable transit. [In ADELUNG, vi. 110, 143, 167, 399 ("April, 1747–August, 1748"), account of the more and more visible ill-will of the Czarina: "jealousy" about Sweden, about Dantzic, Poland, Britannic Majesty and Parliament seem resolute to try, once more, to the utmost, the power of the breeches-pocket in defending this sacred Cause of Liberty so called.

Breeches-pocket MINUS most other requisites: alas, with such methods as you have, what can come of it? Royal Highness of Cumberland is a valiant man, knowing of War little more than the White Horse of Hanover does;—certain of ruin again, at the hands of Marechal de Saxe. So think many, and have their dismal misgivings. "Saxe having eaten Bergen—op—Zoom before our eyes, what can withstand the teeth of Saxe?" In fact, there remains only Maestricht, of considerable; and then Holland is as good as his! As for King Louis, glory, with funds running out, and the pot ceasing to boil, has lost its charm to an afflicted France and him. King Louis's wishes are known, this long while;—and Ligonier, generously dismissed by him after Lauffeld, has brought express word to that effect, and outline of the modest terms proposed in one's hour of victory, with pot ceasing to boil.

On a sudden, too, "March 18th,"—wintry blasts and hailstorms still raging,—Marechal de Saxe, regardless of Domestic Hunger, took the field, stronger than ever. Manoeuvred about; bewildering the mind of Royal Highness and the Stadtholder ("Will he besiege Breda? Will he do this, will he do that?")—poor Highness and poor Stadtholder; who "did not agree well together," and had not the half of their forces come in, not to speak of handling them when come! Bewilderment of these two once completed, Marechal de Saxe made "a beautiful march upon Maestricht;" and, April 15th, opened trenches, a very Vesuvius of artillery, before that place; Royal Highness gazing into it, in a doleful manner, from the adjacent steeple-tops. Royal Highness, valor's self, has to admit: "Such an outlook; not half of us got together! The 60,000 Austrians are but 30,000; the— In fact, you will have to make Peace, what else?" [His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham* ("March 29th–April 2d, 1748"), i. 405–410.] Nothing else, as has been evident to practical Official People (especially to frugal Pelham, Chesterfield and other leading heads) for these two months last past.

In a word, those 35,000 Russians are still far away under the horizon, when thoughts of a new Congress, "Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle," are busying the public mind: "Mere moonshine again?" "Something real this time?"—And on and from March 17th (Lord Sandwich first on the ground, and Robinson from Vienna coming to help), the actual Congress begins assembling there. April 24th, the Congress gets actually to business; very intent on doing it; at least the three main parties, France, England, Holland, are supremely so. Who, finding, for five diligent days, nothing but haggle and objection on the part of the others, did by themselves meet under cloud of night, "night of April 29th–30th;" and—bring the Preliminaries to perfection. And have them signed before daybreak; which is, in effect, signing, or at least fixing as certain, the Treaty itself; so that Armistice can ensue straightway, and the War essentially end.

A fixed thing; the Purseholders having signed. On the safe rear of which, your recipient Subsidiary Parties can argue and protest (as the Empress-Queen and her Kaunitz vehemently did, to great lengths), and gradually come in and finish. Which, in the course of the next six months, they all did, Empress-Queen and Excellency Kaunitz not excepted. And so, October 18th, 1748, all details being, in the interim, either got settled, or got flung into corners as unsheddable (mostly the latter),—Treaty itself was signed by everybody; and there was "Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle." Upon which, except to remark transiently how inconclusive a conclusion it was, mere end of war because your powder is run out, mere truce till you gather breath and gunpowder again, we will spend no word in this place. [Complete details in ADELUNG, vi. 225–409: "October, 1747," Ligonier returning, and first

rumor of new Congress (226); "17th March, 1748," Sandwich come (323); "April 29th–30th," meet under cloud of night (326); Kaunitz protesting (339): "2d August," Russians to halt and turn (397); "are over into the Oberpfalz, magazines ahead at Nurnberg;" in September, get to Bohmen again, and winter there: "18th October, 1748," Treaty finished (398, 409); Treaty itself given (IB., Beylage, 44). See *Gentleman's Magazine*, and OLD NEWSPAPERS of 1748; Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 7–41, i. 366–416.]

"The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was done in a hurry and a huddle; greatly to Maria Theresa's disgust. 'Why not go on with your expenditures, ye Sea-Powers? Can money and life be spent better? I have yet conquered next to nothing for the Cause of Liberty and myself!' But the Sea-Powers were tired of it; the Dutch especially, who had been hoisted with such difficulty, tended strongly, New Stadtholder notwithstanding, to plump down again into stable equilibrium on the broad-bottom principle. Huddle up the matter; end it, well if you can; any way end it. The Treaty contained many Articles, now become forgettable to mankind. There is only One Article, and the Want of One, which shall concern us in this place. The One Article is: guarantee by all the European Powers to Friedrich's Treaty of Dresden. Punctually got as bargained for,— French especially willing; Britannic Majesty perhaps a little languid, but his Ministers positive on the point; so that Friedrich's Envoy had not much difficulty at Aix. And now, Friedrich's Ownership of Silesia recognized by all the Powers to be final and unquestionable, surely nothing more is wanted? Nothing,— except keeping of this solemn stipulation by all the Powers. How it was kept by some of them; in what sense some of them are keeping it even now, we shall see by and by.

"The Want of an Article was, on the part of England, concerning JENKINS'S EAR. There is not the least conclusion arrived at on that important Spanish-English Question; blind beginning of all these conflagrations; and which, in its meaning to the somnambulant Nation, is so immense. No notice taken of it; huddled together, some hasty shovelful or two of diplomatic ashes cast on it, 'As good as extinct, you see!' Left smoking, when all the rest is quenched. Considerable feeling there was, on this point, in the heart of the poor somnambulant English Nation; much dumb or semi-articulate growling on such a Peace-Treaty: 'We have arrived nowhere, then, by all this fighting, and squandering, and perilous stumbling among the chimney-pots? Spain (on its own showing) owed us 95,000 pounds. Spain's debt to Hanover; yes, you take care of that; some old sixpenny matter, which nobody ever heard of before: and of Spain's huge debt to England you drop no hint; of the 95,000 pounds, clear money, due by Spain; or of one's liberty to navigate the High Seas, none!' [PROTEST OF ENGLISH MERCHANTS AGAINST, ("May, 1748") given in ADELUNG, vi. 353–358.] A Peace the reverse of applauded in England; though the wiser Somnambulants, much more Pitt and Friends, who are broad awake on these German points, may well be thankful to see such a War end on any terms."

—Well, surely this old admitted 95,000 pounds should have been paid! And, to a moral certainty, Robinson and Sandwich must have made demand of it from the Spaniard. But there is no getting old Debts in, especially from that quarter. "King Friedrich [let me interrupt, for a moment, with this poor composite Note] is trying in Spain even now,—ever since 1746, when Termagant's Husband died, and a new King came,—for payment of old debt: Two old Debts; quite tolerably just both of them. King Friedrich keeps trying till 1749, three years in all: and, in the end, gets nothing whatever. Nothing,—except some Merino Rams in the interim," gift from the new King of Spain, I can suppose, which proved extremely useful in our Wool Industries; "and, from the same polite Ferdinand VI., a Porcelain Vase filled with Spanish Snuff." That was all!—

King Friedrich, let me note farther, is getting decidedly deep into snuff; holds by SPANIOL (a dry yellow pungency, analogous to Lundy-foot or Irish-Blackguard, known to snuffy readers); always by Spaniol, we say; and more especially "the kind used by her Majesty of Spain," the now Dowager Termagant: [Orders this kind, from his Ambassador in Paris, "30th September, 1743:" the earliest extant trace of his snuffing habits (Preuss, i. 409).—NOTE FARTHER (if interesting): "The Termagant still lasted as Dowager, consuming SPANIOL at least, for near twenty years (died 11th July, 1766); —the new King, Ferdinand VI., was her STEPson, not her son; he went mad, poor soul, and died (10th August, 1759): upon which, Carlos of Naples, our own 'Baby Carlos' that once was, succeeded in Spain, 'King Carlos III. of Spain;' leaving his Son, a young boy under tutelage, as King of the Two Sicilies (King 'Ferdinand IV.,' who did not die, but had his difficulties, till 1825). Don Philip, who had fought so in those Savoy Passes, and got the bit of Parmesan Country, died 1765, the year before Mamma."] which, also, is to be remembered. Dryasdust adds, in his sweetly consecutive way: "Friedrich was very expensive about his snuff-boxes; wore two big rich boxes in his pockets; five or six stood on tables about; and more than a hundred in store, coming out by turns for variety. The cheapest of them cost 300 pounds (2,000 thalers); he had

them as high as 1,500 pounds. At his death, there were found 130 of various values: they were the substance of all the jewelry he had; besides these snuff-boxes, two gold watches only, and a very small modicum of rings. Had yearly for personal Expenditure 1,200,000 thalers [180,000 pounds of Civil List, as we should say]; SPENT 33,000 pounds of it, and yearly gave the rest away in Royal beneficences, aid of burnt Villages, inundated Provinces, and multifarious PATER-PATRIAE objects." [Preuss, i. 409, 410.]— In regard to JENKINS'S EAR, my Constitutional Friend continues:—

"SILESIA and JENKINS'S EAR, we often say, were the two bits of realities in this enormous hurly-burly of imaginations, insane ambitions, and zeros and negative quantities. Negative Belleisle goes home, not with Germany cut in Four and put under guidance of the First Nation of the Universe (so extremely fit for guiding self and neighbors), but with the First Nation itself reduced almost to wallet and staff; bankrupt, beggared— 'Yes,' it answers, 'in all but glory! Have not we gained Fontenoy, Roucoux, Lauffeld; and strong-places innumerable [mostly in a state of dry-rot]? Did men ever fight as we Frenchmen; combining it with theatrical entertainments, too! Sublime France, First Nation of the Universe, will try another flight (ESSOR), were she breathed a little!'

"Yes, a new ESSOR ere long, and perhaps surprise herself and mankind! The losses of men, money and resource, under this mad empty Enterprise of Belleisle's, were enormous, palpable to France and all mortals: but perhaps these were trifling to the replacement of them by such GLOIRE as there had been. A GLOIRE of plunging into War on no cause at all; and with an issue consisting only of foul gases of extreme levity. Messieurs are of confessed promptitude to fight; and their talent for it, in some kinds, is very great indeed. But this treating of battle and slaughter, of death, judgment and eternity, as light play-house matters; this of rising into such transcendency of valor, as to snap your fingers in the face of the Almighty Maker; this, Messieurs, give me leave to say so, is a thing that will conduct you and your PREMIERE NATION to the Devil, if you do not alter it. Inevitable, I tell you! Your road lies that way, then? Good morning, Messieurs; let me still hope, Not!"

Diplomatist Kaunitz gained his first glories in this Congress of Aix; which are still great in the eyes of some. Age now thirty-seven; a native of these Western parts; but henceforth, by degrees ever more, the shining star and guide of Austrian Policies down almost to our own New Epoch. As, unluckily, he will concern us not a little, in time coming, let us read this Note, as foreshadow of the man and his doings:—

"The glory of Count, ultimately Prince, von Kaunitz-Rietberg, is great in Diplomatic Circles of the past Century. 'The greatest of Diplomats,' they all say;—and surely it is reckoned something to become the greatest in your line. Farther than this, to the readers of these times, Kaunitz-Rietberg's glory does not go. A great character, great wisdom, lasting great results to his Country, readers do not trace in Kaunitz's diplomacies,—only temporary great results, or what he and the by-standers thought such, to Kaunitz himself. He was the Supreme Jove, we perceive, in that extinct Olympus; and regards with sublime pity, not unallied to contempt, all other diplomatic beings. A man sparing of words, sparing even of looks; will hardly lift his eyelids for your sake, —will lift perhaps his chin, in slight monosyllabic fashion, and stalk superlatively through the other door. King of the vanished Shadows. A determined hater of Fresh Air; rode under glass cover, on the finest day; made the very Empress shut her windows when he came to audience; fed, cautiously daring, on boiled capons: more I remember not,—except also that he would suffer no mention of the word Death by any mortal. [Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (3tes), 231–283.] A most high-sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king;—ruled, in his time, the now vanished Olympus; and had the difficult glory (defective only in result) of uniting France and Austria AGAINST the poor old Sea-Power milk-cows, for the purpose of recovering Silesia from Friedrich, a few years hence!"—These are wondrous results; hidden under the horizon, not very far either; and will astonish Britannic Majesty and all readers, in a few years.

MARECHAL DE SAXE PAYS FRIEDRICH A VISIT.

In Summer, 1749, Marechal de Saxe, the other shiny figure of this mad Business of the Netherlands, paid Friedrich a visit; had the honor to be entertained by him three days (July 13th–16th, 1749), in his Royal Cottage of Sans-Souci seemingly, in his choicest manner. Curiosity, which is now nothing like so vivid as it then was, would be glad to listen a little, in this meeting of two Suns, or of one Sun and one immense Tar-Barrel, or Atmospheric Meteor really of shining nature, and taken for a Sun. But the Books are silent; not the least detail, or hint, or feature granted us. Only Fancy;—and this of Smelfungus, by way of long farewell to one of the parties:—

... "It was at Tongres, or in head-quarters near it, 10th October, 1746,—Battle expected on the morrow [Battle

of ROUCOUX, over towards Herstal, which we used to know],— that M. Favart, Saxe's Playwright and Theatre-Director, gave out in cheerful doggerel on fall of the Curtain, the announcement:—

*'Demain nous donnerons relache,
Quoique le Directeur s'en fache,
Vous voir combleroit nos desirs:*

To-morrow is no Play,
To the Manager's regret,
Whose sole study is to keep you happy:

*On doit ceder tout a la gloire;
Vous ne songes qu'a la victoire,
Nous ne songeons qu'a vos plaisirs'* [*Biographic Universelle*, xiv. 209, ? Favart; Espagnac, ii. 162.]

But, you being bent upon victory,
What can he do?—

Day after to-morrow,'—

'Day after to-morrow,' added he, taking the official tone, (in honor of your laurels [gained already, since you resolve on gaining them], we will have the honor of presenting'—such and such a gay Farce, to as many of you as remain alive! which was received with gay clapping of hands: admirable to the Universe, at least to the Parisian UNIVERSES and oneself. Such a prodigality of light daring is in these French gentlemen, skilfully tickled by the Marechal; who uses this Playwright, among other implements, for keeping them at the proper pitch. Was there ever seen such radiancy of valor? Very radiant indeed;—yet, it seems to me, gone somewhat into the phosphorescent kind; shining in the dark, as fish will do when rotten! War has actually its serious character; nor is Death a farcical transaction, however high your genius may go. But what then? it is the Marechal's trade to keep these poor people at the cutting pitch, on any terms that will hold for the moment.

"I know not which was the most dissolute Army ever seen in the world; but this of Saxe's was very dissolute. Playwright Favart had withal a beautiful clever Wife,—upon whom the courtships, munificent blandishments, threatenings and utmost endeavors of Marechal de Saxe (in his character of goat-footed Satyr) could not produce the least impression. For a whole year, not the least. Whereupon the Goat-footed had to get LETTRE DE CACHET for her; had to—in fact, produce the brutalest Adventure that is known of him, even in this brutal kind. Poor Favart, rushing about in despair, not permitted to run him through the belly, and die with his Wife undishonored, had to console himself, he and she; and do agreeable theatricalities for a living as heretofore. Let us not speak of it!

"Of Saxe's Generalship, which is now a thing fallen pretty much into oblivion, I have no authority to speak. He had much wild natural ingenuity in him; cunning rapid whirls of contrivance; and gained Three Battles and very many Sieges, amid the loudest clapping of hands that could well be. He had perfect intrepidity; not to be flurried by any amount of peril or confusion; looked on that English Column, advancing at Fontenoy with its FUE INFERNAL, steadily through his perspective; chewing his leaden bullet: 'Going to beat me, then? Well—!' Nobody needed to be braver. He had great good-nature too, though of hot temper and so full of multifarious veracities; a substratum of inarticulate good sense withal, and much magnanimity run wild, or run to seed. A big-limbed, swashing, perpendicular kind of fellow; haughty of face, but jolly too; with a big, not ugly strut;—captivating to the French Nation, and fit God of War (fitter than 'Dalhousie,' I am sure!) for that susceptible People. Understood their Army also, what it was then and there; and how, by theatricals and otherwise, to get a great deal of fire out of it. Great deal of fire;—whether by gradual conflagration or not, on the road to ruin or not; how, he did not care. In respect of military 'fame' so called, he had the great advantage of fighting always against bad Generals, sometimes against the very worst. To his fame an advantage; to himself and his real worth, far the reverse. Had he fallen in with a Friedrich, even with a Browne or a Traun, there might have been different news got. Friedrich (who was never stingy in such matters, except to his own Generals, where it might do hurt) is profuse in his eulogies, in his admirations of Saxe; amiable to see, and not insincere; but which, perhaps, practically do not mean very much.

"It is certain the French Army reaped no profit from its experience of Marechal de Saxe, and the high theatricalities, ornamental blackguardisms, and ridicule of death and life. In the long-run a graver face would

have been of better augury. King Friedrich's soldiers, one observes, on the eve of battle, settle their bits of worldly business; and wind up, many of them, with a hoarse whisper of prayer. Oliver Cromwell's soldiers did so, Gustaf Adolf's; in fact, I think all good soldiers: Roucoux with a Prince Karl, Lauffeld with a Duke of Cumberland; you gain your Roucoux, your Lauffeld, Human Stupidity permitting: but one day you fall in with Human Intelligence, in an extremely grave form;—and your 'ELAN,' elastic outburst, the quickest in Nature, what becomes of it? Wait but another decade; we shall see what an Army this has grown. Cupidity, dishonesty, floundering stupidity, indiscipline, mistrust; and an elastic outspurt (ELAN) turned often enough into the form of SAUVE—QUI—PEUT!

"M. le Marechal survived Aix—la—Chapelle little more than two years. Lived at Chambord, on the Loire, an Ex—Royal Palace; in such splendor as never was. Went down in a rose—pink cloud, as if of perfect felicity; of glory that would last forever,—which it has by no means done. He made despatch; escaped, in this world, the Nemesis, which often waits on what they call 'fame.' By diligent service of the Devil, in ways not worth specifying, he saw himself, November 21st, 1750, flung prostrate suddenly: 'Putrid fever!' gloom the doctors ominously to one another: and, November 30th, the Devil (I am afraid it was he, though clad in roseate effulgence, and melodious exceedingly) carried him home on those kind terms, as from a Universe all of Opera. 'Wait till 1759,—till 1789!' murmured the Devil to himself."

TRAGIC NEWS, THAT CONCERN US, OF VOLTAIRE AND OTHERS.

About two months after those Saxe—Friedrich hospitalities at Sans—Souci, Voltaire, writing, late at night, from the hospitable Palace of Titular Stanislaus, has these words, to his trusted D'Argental:—

LUNEVILLE, 4th SEPTEMBER, 1749. ... "Madame du Chatelet, this night, while scribbling over her NEWTON, felt a little twinge; she called a waiting—maid, who had only time to hold out her apron, and catch a little Girl, whom they carried to its cradle. The Mother arranged her papers, went to bed; and the whole of that (TOUT CELA) is sleeping like a dormouse, at the hour I write to you." My guardian angels, "poor I sha'n't have so easy a delivery of my CATILINA" (my ROME SAVED, for the confusion of old Crebillon and the cabals)! [*OEuvres*, lxxiv. 57 (Voltaire to D'Argental).] ...

And then, six days later, hear another Witness present there:—

LUNEVILLE PALACE, 10th SEPTEMBER. "For the first three or four days, the health of the Mother appeared excellent; denoting nothing but the weakness inseparable from her situation. The weather was very warm. Milk—fever came, which made the heat worse. In spite of remonstrances, she would have some iced barley—water; drank a big glass of it;—and, some instants after, had great pain in her head; followed by other bad symptoms." Which brought the Doctor in again, several Doctors, hastily summoned; who, after difficulties, thought again that all was coming right. And so, on the sixth night, 10th September, inquiring friends had left the sick—room hopefully, and gone down to supper, "the rather as Madame seemed inclined to sleep. There remained none with her but M. de St. Lambert, one of her maids and I. M. de St. Lambert, as soon as the strangers were gone, went forward and spoke some moments to her; but seeing her sleepy, drew back, and sat chatting with us two. Eight or ten minutes after, we heard a kind of rattle in the throat, intermixed with hiccoughs: we ran to the bed; found her, senseless; raised her to a sitting posture, tried vinaigrettes, rubbed her feet, knocked into the palms of her hands;—all in vain; she was dead!

"Of course the supper—party burst up into her room; M. le Marquis de Chatelet, M. de Voltaire, and the others. Profound consternation: to tears, to cries succeeded a mournful silence. Voltaire and St. Lambert remained the last about her bed. At length Voltaire quitted the room; got out by the Grand Entrance, hardly knowing which way he went. At the foot of the Outer Stairs, near a sentry's box, he fell full length on the pavement. His lackey, who was a step or two behind, rushed forward to raise him. At that moment came M. de St. Lambert; who had taken the same road, and who now hastened to help. M. de Voltaire, once on his feet again, and recognizing who it was, said, through his tears and with the most pathetic accent, 'AH, MON AMI, it is you that have killed her to me!'—and then suddenly, as if starting awake, with the tone of reproach and despair, 'EH, MON DIEU, MONSIEUR, DE QUOI VOUS AVISIEZ—VOUS DE LUI FAIRE UN ENFANT (Good God, Sir, what put it into your head to— to—)!' [Longchamp et Wagniere, *Memoires sur Voltaire*, ii. 250, 251;—Longchamp LOQUITUR.]

Poor M. de Voltaire; suddenly become widower, and flung out upon his shifts again, at his time of life! May now wander, Ishmael— like, whither he will, in this hard lonesome world. His grief is overwhelming, mixed with

other sharp feelings clue on the matter; but does not last very long, in that poignant form. He will turn up on us, in his new capacity of single-man, again brilliant enough, within year and day.

Last Autumn, September, 1748, Wilhelmina's one Daughter, one child, was wedded; to that young Durchlaucht of Wurtemberg, whom we saw gallanting the little girl, to Wilhelmina's amusement, some years ago. About the wedding, nothing; nor about the wedded life, what would have been more curious:—no Wilhelmina now to tell us anything; not even whether Mamma the Improper Duchess was there. From Berlin, the Two youngest Princes, Henri and Ferdinand, attended at Baireuth;—Mannstein, our old Russian friend, now Prussian again, escorting them. [Seyfarth, ii. 76.] The King, too busy, I suppose, with Silesian Reviews and the like, sends his best wishes,—for indeed the Match was of his sanctioning and advising; —though his wishes proved mere disappointment in the sequel. Friedrich got no "furtherance in the Swabian-Franconian Circles," or favor anywhere, by means of this Durchlaucht; in the end, far the reverse!—In a word, the happy couple rolled away to Wurtemberg (September 26th, 1748); he twenty, she sixteen, poor young creatures; and in years following became unhappy to a degree.

There was but one child, and it soon died. The young Serene Lady was of airy high spirit; graceful, clever, good too, they said; perhaps a thought too proud:—but as for her Reigning Duke, there was seldom seen so lurid a Serenity; and it was difficult to live beside him. A most arbitrary Herr, with glooms and whims; dim-eyed, ambitious, voracious, and the temper of an angry mule,—very fit to have been haltered, in a judicious manner, instead of being set to halter others! Enough, in six or seven years time, the bright Pair found itself grown thunderous, opaque beyond description; and (in 1759) had to split asunder for good. "Owing to the reigning Duke's behavior," said everybody. "Has behaved so, I would run him through the body, if we met!" said his own Brother once:—Brother Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian General by that time, whom we shall hear of. [Preuss, iv. 149; Michaelis, iii. 451.] What thoughts for our dear Wilhelmina, in her latter weak years;—lapped in eternal silence, as so much else is.

Chapter IV. COCCEJI FINISHES THE LAW-REFORM; FRIEDRICH IS PRINTING HIS POESIES.

In these years, Friedrich goes on victoriously with his Law-Reform; Herculean Cocceji with Assistants, backed by Friedrich, beneficently conquering Province after Province to him;—Kur-Mark, Neu-Mark, Cleve (all easy, in comparison, after Pommern), and finally Preussen itself;—to the joy and profit of the same. Cocceji's method, so far as the Foreign on-looker can discern across much haze, seems to be three-fold:—

1. Extirpation (painless, were it possible) of the Petti-fogger Species; indeed, of the Attorney Species altogether: "Seek other employments; disappear, all of you, from these precincts, under penalty!" The Advocate himself takes charge of the suit, from first birth of it; and sees it ended,—he knows within what limit of time.

2. Sifting out of all incompetent Advocates, "Follow that Attorney-Company, you; away!"—sifting out all these, and retaining in each Court, with fees accurately settled, with character stamped sound, or at least SOUNDEST, the number actually needed. In a milder way, but still more strictly, Judges stupid or otherwise incompetent are riddled out; able Judges appointed, and their salaries raised.

3. What seems to be Friedrich's own invention, what in outcome he thinks will be the summary of all good Law-Procedure: A final Sentence (three "instances" you can have, but the third ends it for you) within the Year. Good, surely. A justice that intends to be exact must front the complicacies in a resolute piercing manner, and will not be tedious. Nay a justice that is not moderately swift,—human hearts waiting for it, the while, in a cancerous state, instead of hopefully following their work,—what, comparatively, is the use of its being never so exact!—

Simple enough methods; rough and ready. Needing, in the execution, clear human eyesight, clear human honesty,—which happen to be present here, and without which no "method" whatever can be executed that will really profit.

In the course of 1748, Friedrich, judging by Pommern and the other symptoms that his enterprise was safe, struck a victorious Medal upon it: "FRIDERICUS BORUSSORUM REX," pressing with his sceptre the oblique Balance to a level posture; with Epigraph, "EMENDATO JURE." [Letter to Cocceji, accompanying Copy of the Medal in Gold, "24th June, 1748" (Seyfarth, ii. 67 n.).] And by New-year's day, 1750, the matter was in effect completed; and "justice cheap, expeditious, certain," a fact in all Prussian Lands.

Nay, in 1749–1751, to complete the matter, Cocceji's "Project of a general Law-Code," PROJEKT DES CORPORIS JURIS FRIDERICIANI, came forth in print: [Halle, 2 vols. folio (Preuss, i. 316; see IB. 315 n., as to the LAW-PROCEDURE, §c. now settled by Cocceji).] to the admiration of mankind, at home and abroad; "the First Code attempted since Justinian's time," say they. PROJECT translated into all languages, and read in all countries. A poor mildewed copy of this CODEX FRIDERICIANUS—done at Edinburgh, 1761, not said by whom; evidently bought at least TWICE, and mostly never yet read (nor like being read)—is known to me, for years past, in a ghastly manner! Without the least profit to this present, or to any other Enterprise;—though persons of name in Jurisprudence call it meritorious in their Science; the first real attempt at a Code in Modern times. But the truth is, this Cocceji CODEX remained a PROJECT merely, never enacted anywhere. It was not till 1773, that Friedrich made actual attempt to build a Law-Code and did build one (the foundation-story of one, for his share, completed since), in which this of Cocceji had little part. In 1773, the thing must again be mentioned; the "Second Law-Reform," as they call it. What we practically know from this time is, That Prussian Lawsuits, through Friedrich's Reign, do all terminate, or push at their utmost for terminating, within one year from birth; and that Friedrich's fame, as a beneficent Justinian, rose high in all Countries (strange, in Countries that had thought him a War-scourge and Conquering Hero); strange, but undeniable; [See *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 215–218 ("May, 1750"): eloquent, enthusiastic LETTER, given there, "of Baron de Spon to Chancellor D'Aguessan," on these inimitable Law Achievements.] and that his own People, if more silently, yet in practice very gladly indeed, welcomed his Law-Reform; and, from day to day, enjoyed the same,—no doubt with occasional remembrance who the Donor was.

Of Friedrich's Literary works, nobody, not even Friedrich himself, will think it necessary that we say much. But the fact is, he is doing a great many things that way: in Prose, the MEMOIRS OF BRANDENBURG, coming out as Papers in the Academy from time to time; [From 1746 and onward: first published complete (after slight

revision by Voltaire), Berlin, 1751.] in Verse, very secret as yet, the PALLADION ("exquisite Burlesque," think some), the ART OF WAR (reckoned truly his best Piece in verse):—and wishes sometimes he had Voltaire here to perfect him a little. This too would be one of the practical charms of Voltaire. [Friedrich's Letter to Algarotti (*OEuvres*, xviii. 66), "12th September, 1749."] For though King Friedrich knows and remembers always, that these things, especially the Verse part, are mere amusements in comparison, he has the creditable wish to do these well; one would not fantasy ILL even on the Flute, if one could help it. "Why does n't Voltaire come; as Quantz of the Flute has done?" Friedrich, now that Voltaire has fallen widower, renews his pressings, "Why don't you come?" Patience, your Majesty; Voltaire will come.

Nobody can wish details in this Department: but there is one thing necessary to be mentioned, That Friedrich in these years, 1749–1752, has Printers out at Potsdam, and is Printing, "in beautiful quarto form, with copperplates," to the extent of twelve copies, the OEUVRES (Poetical, that is) DU PHILOSOPHE DE SANS–SOUCI. Only twelve copies, I have heard; gift of a single copy indicating that you are among the choicest of the chosen. Copies have now fallen extremely rare (and are not in request at all, with my readers or me); but there was one Copy which, or the Mis–title of which, as OEUVRE DE "POESHIE" DU ROI MON MAITRE, became miraculously famous in a year or two;—and is still memorable to us all! On Voltaire's arrival, we shall hear more of these things. Enough to say at present that the OEUVRES DU PHILOSOPHE DE SANS–SOUCI: AU DONJON DU CHATEAU: AVEC PRIVILEGE D'APOLLON,—"three thinnish quarto volumes, all the Poetry then on hand,"—was finished early in 1750, before Voltaire came. That, when Voltaire came, a revision was undertaken, a new Edition, with Voltaire's corrections and other changes (total suppression of the PALLADION, for one creditable change): that this Edition was to have been in Two Volumes; that One, accordingly, rather thicker than the former sort, was got finished in 1752 (same TITLE, only the new Date, and "no DONJON DU CHATEAU this time"), One Volume in 1752; after which, owing to the explosions that ensued, no Second came, nor ever will;—and that the actual contents of that far– famed OEUVRE DE "POESHIE" (number of volumes even) are points of mystery to me, at this day. [Herr Preuss—in the CHRONOLOGICAL LIST of Friedrich's Writings (a useful accurate Piece otherwise), and in two other places where he tries—is very indistinct on this of DONJON DU CHATEAU; and it is all but impossible to ascertain from him WHAT, in an indisputable manner, the OEUVRE DE "POESHIE" may have been. Here are the places for groping, if another should be induced to try: *OEuvres de Frederic*, x. (Preface, p. ix); IB. xi. (Preface, p. ix); IB. *Table Chronologique* (in what Volume this is, you cannot yet say; seems preliminary to a GENERAL INDEX, which is infinitely wanted, but has not yet appeared to this Editor's aid), p. 14.]

Friedrich's other employments are multifarious as those of a Land's Husband (not inferior to his Father in that respect); and, like the benefits of the diurnal Sun, are to be considered incessant, innumerable and, in result to us–ward, SILENT also, impossible to speak of in this place. From the highest pitch of State–craft (Russian Czarina now fallen plainly hostile, and needing lynx–eyed diplomacy ever and anon), down to that of Dredging and Fascine–work (as at Stettin and elsewhere), of Oder–canals, of Soap–boiler Companies, and Mulberry–and–Silk Companies; nay of ordaining Where, and where not, the Crows are to be shot, and (owing to cattle– murrain) No VEAL to be killed: [Seyfarth, ii. 71, 83, 81; Preuss, *Buch fur Jedermann*, i. 101–109; daily comes the tide of great and of small, and daily the punctual Friedrich keeps abreast of it,—and Dryasdust has noted the details, and stuffed them into blind sacks,—for forty years.

The Review seasons, I notice, go somewhat as follows. For Berlin and neighborhood, May, or perhaps end of April (weather now bright, and ground firm); sometimes with considerable pomp ("both Queens out," and beautiful Female Nobilities, in "twenty–four green tents"), and often with great complicity of manoeuvre. In June, to Magdeburg, round by Cleve; and home again for some days. July is Pommern: Onward thence to Schlesien, oftenest in August; Schlesien the last place, and generally not done with till well on in September. But we will speak of these things, more specially, another time. Such "Reviews," for strictness of inspection civil and military, as probably were not seen in the world since,—or before, except in the case of this King's Father only.

Chapter V. STRANGERS OF NOTE COME TO BERLIN, IN 1750.

British Diplomacies, next to the Russian, cause some difficulties in those years: of which more by and by. Early in 1748, while Aix-la-Chapelle was starting, Ex-Exchequer Legge came to Berlin; on some obscure object of a small Patch of Principality, hanging loose during those Negotiations: "Could not we secure it for his Royal Highness of Cumberland, thinks your Majesty?" Ex-Exchequer Legge was here; [Coxe's *Pelham*, i. 431, Rodenbeck, pp. 155, 160 (first audience 1st May, 1748);—recalled 22d November, Aix being over.] got handsome assurances of a general nature; but no furtherance towards his obscure, completely impracticable object; and went home in November following, to a new Parliamentary Career.

And the second year after, early in 1750, came Sir Hanbury Williams, famed London Wit of Walpole's circle, on objects which, in the main, were equally chimerical: "King of the Romans, much wanted;" "No Damage to your Majesty's Shipping from our British Privateers;" and the like;—about which some notice, and not very much, will be due farther on. Here, in his own words, is Hanbury's Account of his First Audience:—

... "On Thursday," 16th July, 1750, "I went to Court by appointment, at 11 A.M. The King of Prussia arrived about 12 [at Berlin; King in from Potsdam, for one day]; and Count Podewils immediately introduced me into the Royal closet; when I delivered his Britannic Majesty's Letters into the King of Prussia's hands, and made the usual compliments to him in the best manner I was able. To which his Prussian Majesty replied, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:— "I have the truest esteem for the King of Britain's person; and I set the highest value on his friendship. I have at different times received essential proofs of it; and I desire you would acquaint the King your Master that I will (SIC) never forget them.' His Prussian Majesty afterwards said something with respect to myself, and then asked me several questions about indifferent things and persons. He seemed to express a great deal of esteem for my Lord Chesterfield, and a great deal of kindness for Mr. Villiers," useful in the Peace-of-Dresden time; "but did not once mention Lord Hyndford or Mr. Legge,"—how singular!

"I was in the closet with his Majesty exactly five minutes and a half. My audience done, Prussian Majesty came out into the general room, where Foreign Ministers were waiting. He said, on stepping in, just one word" to the Austrian Excellency; not even one to the Russian Excellency, nor to me the Britannic; "conversed with the French, Swedish, Danish;"—happy to be off, which I do not wonder at; to dine with Mamma at Monbijou, among faces pleasant to him; and return to his Businesses and Books next day. [Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 449; Rodenbeck, i. 204.]

Witty Excellency Hanbury did not succeed at Berlin on the "Romish— King Question," or otherwise; and indeed went off rather in a hurry. But for the next six or seven years he puddles about, at a great rate, in those Northern Courts; giving away a great deal of money, hatching many futile expensive intrigues at Petersburg, Warsaw (not much at Berlin, after the first trial there); and will not be altogether avoidable to us in time coming, as one could have wished. Besides, he is Horace Walpole's friend and select London Wit: he contributed a good deal to the English notions about Friedrich; and has left considerable bits of acrid testimony on Friedrich, "clear words of an Eye-witness," men call them,—which are still read by everybody; the said Walpole, and others, having since printed them, in very dark condition. [In Walpole, *George the Second* (i. 448–461), the Pieces which regard Friedrich. In *Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Works* (edited by a diligent, reverential, but ignorant gentleman, whom I could guess to be Bookseller Jeffery in person: London, 1822, 3 vols. small 8vo) are witty Verses, and considerable sections of Prose, relating to other persons and objects now rather of an obsolete nature.] Brevity is much due to Hanbury and his testimonies, since silence in the circumstances is not allowable. Here is one Excerpt, with the necessary light for reading it:—

... It is on this Romish—King and other the like chimerical errands, that witty Hanbury, then a much more admirable man than we now find him, is prowling about in the German Courts, off and on, for some ten years in all, six of them still to come. A sharp-eyed man, of shrewish quality; given to intriguing, to spying, to bribing; anxious to win his Diplomatic game by every method, though the stake (as here) is oftenest zero: with fatal proclivity to Scandal, and what in London circles he has heard called Wit. Little or nothing of real laughter in the soul of him, at any time; only a labored continual grin, always of malicious nature, and much trouble and jerking about, to keep that up. Had evidently some modicum of real intellect, of capacity for being wise; but now has

fatally devoted it nearly all to being witty, on those poor terms! A perverse, barren, spiteful little wretch; the grin of him generally an affliction, at this date. His Diplomatic Correspondence I do not know. [Nothing of him is discoverable in the State–Paper Office. Many of his Papers, it would seem, are in the Earl of Essex's hands;—and might be of some Historical use, not of very much, could the British Museum get possession of them. Abundance of BACKSTAIRS History, on those Northern Courts, especially on Petersburg, and Warsaw–Dresden,—authentic Court–gossip, generally malicious, often not true, but never mendacious on the part of Williams,—is one likely item.] He did a great deal of Diplomatic business, issuing in zero, of which I have sometimes longed to know the exact dates; seldom anything farther. His "History of Poland," transmitted to the Right Hon. Henry Fox, by instalments from Dresden, in 1748, is [See *Hanbury's Works*, vol. iii.]—Well, I should be obliged to call it worthier of Goody Two–Shoes than of that Right Hon. Henry, who was a man of parts, but evidently quite a vacuum on the Polish side!

Of Hanbury's News–Letters from Foreign Courts, four or five, incidentally printed, are like the contents of a slop–pail; uncomfortable to the delicate mind. Not lies on the part of Hanbury, but foolish scandal poured into him; a man more filled with credulous incredible scandal, evil rumors, of malfeasances by kings and magnates, than most people known. His rumored mysteries between poor Polish Majesty and pretty Daughter–in–law (the latter a clever and graceful creature, Daughter of the late unfortunate Kaiser, and a distinguished Correspondent of Friedrich's) are to be regarded as mere poisoned wind. [See *Hanbury's Works*, ii. 209–240.] That "Polish Majesty gets into his dressing–gown at two in the afternoon" (inaccessible thenceforth, poor lazy creature), one most readily believes; but there, or pretty much there, one's belief has to stop. The stories, in WALPOLE, on the King of Prussia, have a grain of fact in them, twisted into huge irre recognizable caricature in the Williams optic–machinery. Much else one can discern to be, in essence, false altogether. Friedrich, who could not stand that intriguing, spying, shrewish, unfriendly kind of fellow at his Court, applied to England in not many months hence, and got Williams sent away: ["22d January, 1751" (MS. LIST in State–Paper Office).] on to Russia, or I forget whither;—which did not mend the Hanbury optical–machinery on that side. The dull, tobacco–smoking Saxon–Polish Majesty, about whom he idly retails so many scandals, had never done him any offence.

On the whole, if anybody wanted a swim in the slop–pails of that extinct generation, Hanbury, could he find an Editor to make him legible, might be printed. For he really was deep in that slop–pail or extinct–scandal department, and had heard a great many things. Apart from that, in almost any other department,—except in so far as he seems to DATE rather carefully,—I could not recommend him. The Letters and Excerpts given in Walpole are definable as one pennyworth of bread,—much ruined by such immersion, but very harmless otherwise, could you pick it out and clean it,—to twenty gallons of Hanbury sherris–sack, or chamber–slop. I have found nothing that seems to be, in all points, true or probable, but this; worth cutting out, and rendering legible, on other accounts. Hanbury LOQUITUR (in condensed form):

"In the summer of last year, 1749, there was, somewhere in Mahren, a great Austrian Muster or Review;" all the more interesting, as it was believed, or known, that the Prussian methods and manoeuvres were now to be the rule for Austria. Not much of a Review otherwise, this of 1749; Empress–Queen and Husband not personally there, as in coming Years they are wont to be; that high Lady being ardent to reform her Army, root and branch, according to the Prussian model,—more praise to her. [*Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 160 (what she did that way, ANNO 1749); p. 162 (PRESENT at the Reviews, ANNO 1750).] "At this Muster in Mahren, Three Prussian Officers happened to make their appearance, —for several imaginable reasons, of little significance: 'For the purpose of inveigling people to desert, and enlist with them!' said the Austrian Authorities; and ordered the Three Prussian Officers unceremoniously off the ground. Which Friedrich, when he heard of it, thought an unhandsome pipe–clay procedure, and kept in mind against the Austrian Authorities.

"Next Summer," next Spring, 1750, "an Austrian Captain being in Mecklenburg, travelling about, met there an old acquaintance, one Chapeau [HAT! can it be possible?], who is in great favor with the King of Prussia:"—very well, Excellency Hanbury; but who, in the name of wonder, can this HAT, or Chapeau, have been? After study, one perceives that Hanbury wrote Chazeau, meaning CHASOT, an old acquaintance of our own! Brilliant, sabring, melodying Chasot, Lieutenant–Colonel of the Baireuth Dragoons; who lies at Treptow, close on Mecklenburg, and is a declared favorite of the Duchess, often running over to the RESIDENZ there. Often enough; but HONI SOIT, O reader; the clever Lady is towards sixty, childless, musical; and her Husband—do readers recollect him at all?—is that collapsed TAILORING Duke whom Friedrich once visited,—and whose

Niece, Half-Niece, is Charlotte, wise little hard-favored creature now of six, in clean bib and tucker, Ancestress of England that is to be; whose Papa will succeed, if the Serene Tailor die first,— which he did not quite. To this Duchess, musical gallant Chasot may well be a resource, and she to him. Naturally the Austrian Captain, having come to Mecklenburg, dined with Serene Highness, he and Chasot together, with concert following, and what not, at the Schloss of Neu-Strelitz:—And now we will drop the 'Chapeau,' and say Chasot, with comfort, and a shade of new interest.

"The grand May Review at Berlin just ahead, won't you look in; it is straight on your road home?" suggests Chasot to his travelling friend. 'One would like it, of all things,' answered the other: 'but the King?' 'Tush,' said Chasot; 'I will make that all straight!' And applies to the King accordingly: 'Permission to an Austrian Officer, a good acquaintance of mine.' 'Austrian Officer?' Friedrich's eyes lighten; and he readily gives the permission. This was at Berlin, on the very eve of the Review; and Chasot and his Austrian are made happy in that small matter. And on the morrow [end of May, 1750], the Austrian attends accordingly; but, to his astonishment, has hardly begun to taste the manoeuvres, when—one of Friedrich's Aides-de-Camp gallops up: 'By the King's command, Mein Herr, you retire on the instant!'

"Next day, the Austrian is for challenging Chasot. 'As you like, that way,' answers Chasot; 'but learn first, that on your affront I rode up to the King; and asked, publicly, Did not your Majesty grant me permission? Unquestionably, Monsieur Chasot;—and if he had not come, how could I have paid back the Moravian business of last year!'" [Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 457, 459.]—This is much in Friedrich's way; not the unwelcomer that it includes a satirical twitch on Chasot, whom he truly likes withal, or did like, though now a little dissatisfied with those too frequent Mecklenburg excursions and extra-military cares. Of this, merely squeezing the Hanbury venom out of it, I can believe every particular.

"Did you ever hear of anything so shocking?" is Hanbury's meaning here and elsewhere. "I must tell you a story of the King of Prussia's regard for the Law of Nations," continues he to Walpole? [Ib. i. 458.] Which proves to be a story, turned topsy-turvy, of one Hofmann, Brunswick Envoy, who (quite BEYOND commission, and a thing that must not be thought of at all!) had been detected in dangerous intrigues with the ever-busy Russian Excellency, or another; and got flung into Spandau, [Adelung, v. 534; vii. 132–144.]—seemingly pretty much his due in the matter. And so of other Hanbury things. "What a Prussia; for rigor of command, one huge prison, in a manner!" King intent on punctuality, and all his business upon the square. Society, official and unofficial, kept rather strictly to their tackle; their mode of movement not that of loose oxen at all! "Such a detestable Tyrant,"—who has ordered ME, Hanbury, else-whither with my exquisite talents and admired wit!—

CANDIDATUS LINSENBARTH (QUASI "Lentil-beard") LIKEWISE VISITS BERLIN.

By far the notablest arrival in Berlin is M. de Voltaire's July 10th; a few days before Hanbury got his First Audience, "five minutes long." But that arrival will require a Chapter to itself; —most important arrival, that, of all! The least important, again, is probably that of Candidatus Linsenbarth, in these same weeks;— a rugged poverty-stricken old Licentiate of Theology; important to no mortal in Berlin or elsewhere:—upon whom, however, and upon his procedures in that City, we propose, for our own objects, to bestow a few glances; rugged Narrative of the thing, in singular exotic dialect, but true every word, having fortunately come to us from Linsenbarth's own hand. [Through Rodenbeck, *Beitrag*, i. 463 et seq.]

Berlin, it must be admitted, after all one's reading in poor Dryasdust, remains a dim empty object; Teutschland is dim and empty: and out of the forty blind sacks, or out of four hundred such, what picture can any human head form to itself of Friedrich as King or Man? A trifling Adventure of that poor individual, called Linsenbarth CANDIDATUS THEOLOGIAE, one of the poorest of mortals, but true and credible in every particular, comes gliding by chance athwart all that; and like the glimmer of a poor rushlight, or kindled straw, shows it us for moments, a thing visible, palpable, as it worked and lived. In the great dearth, Linsenbarth, if I can faithfully interpret him for the modern reader, will be worth attending to.

Date of Linsenbarth's Adventure is June–August, 1750. "Schloss of Beichlingen" and "Village of Hemleben" are in the Thuringen Hill Country (Weimar not far off to eastward): the Hero himself, a tall awkward raw-boned creature, is, for perhaps near forty years past, a CANDIDATUS, say Licentiate, or Curate without Cure. Subsists, I should guess, by schoolmastering—cheapest schoolmaster conceivable, wages mere

nothing—in the Villages about; in the Village of Hemmleben latterly; age, as I discover, grown to be sixty-one, in those straitened but by no means forlorn circumstances. And so, here is veteran Linsenbarth of Hemmleben, a kind of Thuringian Dominie Sampson; whose Interview with such a brother mortal as Friedrich King of Prussia may be worth looking at,—if I can abridge it properly.

Well, it appears, in the year 1750, at this thrice-obscure Village of Hemmleben, the worthy old pastor Cannabich died;—worthy old man, how he had lived there, modestly studious, frugal, chiefly on farm-produce, with tobacco and Dutch theology; a modest blessing to his fellow-creatures! And now he is dead, and the place vacant. Twenty pounds a Year certain; let us guess it twenty, with glebe-land, piggeries, poultry-hutches: who is now to get all that? Linsenbarth starts with his Narrative, in earnest.

Linsenbarth, who I guess may have been Assistant to the deceased Cannabich, and was now out of work, says: "I had not the least thought of profiting by this vacancy; but what happened? The Herr Graf von Werthern, at Schloss Beichlingen, sent his Steward [LEHNSDIRECTOR, FIEF-DIRECTOR is the title of this Steward, which gives rise to obsolete thought of mill-dues, road-labor, payments IN NATURA], his Lehnsdirector, Herr Kettenbeil, over to my LOGIS [cheap boarding quarters]; who brought a gracious salutation from his Lord; saying farther, That I knew too well [excellent Cannabich gone from us, alas!] the Pastorate of Hemmleben was vacant; that there had various competitors announced themselves, SUPPLICANDO, for the place; the Herr Graf, however, had yet given none of them the FIAT, but waited always till I should apply. As I had not done so, he (the Lord Graf) would now of his own motion give me the preference, and hereby confer the Pastorate upon me!"—

"Without all controversy, here was a VOCATIO DIVINA, to be received with the most submissive thanks! But the lame second messenger came hitching in [HALTING MESSENGER, German proverb] very soon. Kettenbeil began again: 'He must mention to me SUB ROSA, Her Ladyship the Frau Gräfin wanted to have her Lady's-maid provided for by this promotion, too; I must marry her, and take the living at the same time.'"

Whew! And this is the noble Lady's way of thinking, up in her fine Schloss yonder? Linsenbarth will none of it. "For my notion fell at once," says he, "when I heard it was DO UT FACIAS, FACIO UT FACIAS (I give that thou mayest do, I do that thou mayest do; Wilt have the kirk, then take the irk, WILLST DU DIE PFARRE, SO NIMM DIE QUARRE); on those terms, my reply was: 'Most respectful thanks, Herr Fief-judge, and No, for such a vocation! And why? The vocation must have LIBERTATEM, there must be no VITIUM ESSENTIALE in it; it must be right IN ESSENTIALI, otherwise no honest man can accept it with a good conscience. This were a marriage on constraint; out of which a thousand INCONVENIENTIAE might spring!'" Hear Linsenbarth, in the piebald dialect, with the sound heart, and preference of starvation itself to some other things! Kettenbeil (CHAIN-AXE) went home; and there was found another Candidatus willing for the marriage on constraint, "out of which INCONVENIENTIAE might spring," in Linsenbarth's opinion.

"And so did the sneakish courtly gentleman [HOFMANN, courtier as Linsenbarth has it], who grasped with both hands at my rejected offer, experience before long," continues Linsenbarth. "For the loose thing of court-tatters led him such a life that, within three years, age yet only thirty, he had to bite the dust" (BITE AT THE GRASS, says Linsenbarth, proverbially), which was an INCONVENIENTIA including all others. "And I had LEGITIMAM CAUSAM to refuse the vocation CUM TALI CONDITIOE.

"However, it was very ill taken of me. All over that Thuringian region I was cried out upon as a headstrong foolish person: The Herr Graf von Werthern, so ran the story, had of his own kindness, without request of mine, offered me a living; RARA AVIS, singular instance; and I, rash and without head, flung away such gracious offer. In short, I was told to my face [by good-natured friends], Nobody would ever think of me for promotion again;"— universal suffrage giving it clear against poor Linsenbarth, in this way.

"To get out of people's sight at least," continues he, "I decided to leave my native place, and go to Berlin," 250 miles away or more. "And so it was that, on June the 20th, 1750, I landed at Berlin for the first time: and here straightway at the PACKHOF (or Custom-house), in searching of my things, 400 THALERS (some 60 pounds), all in Nurnberg BATZEN, were seized from me;"—BATZEN, quarter-groats we may say; 7 and a half batzen go to a shilling; what a sack there must have been of them, 9,000 in all, about the size of herring-scales, in bad silver; fruit of Linsenbarth's stern thrift from birth upwards:—all snatched from him at one swoop. "And why?" says he, quite historically: Yes, Why? The reader, to understand it wholly, would need to read in Mylius's *Edicten-Sammlung*, in SEYFARTH and elsewhere; [Mylius, *Edict* xli., January, 1744, and to know the

scandalous condition of German coinage at this time and long after; every needy little Potentate mixing his coin with copper at discretion, and swindling mankind with it for a season; needing to be peremptorily forbidden, confiscated or ordered home, by the like of Friedrich. Linsenbarth answers his own "And why?" with historical calmness:—

"The king had, some (six) years ago, had the batzen utterly cried down (GANZ UND GAR); they were not to circulate at all in his Countries; and I was so bold, I had brought batzen hither into the King's Capital, KONIGLICHE RESIDENZ itself! At the Packhof, there was but one answer, 'Contraband, Contraband!'"—Here was a welcome for a man. "I made my excuses: Did not the least know; came straight from Thuringen, many miles of road; could not guess there What His Majesty the King had been pleased to forbid in His (THEIRO) Countries. 'You should have informed yourself,' said the Packhof people; and were deaf to such considerations. 'A man coming into such a Residenz Town as Berlin, with intent to abide there, should have inquired a little what was what, especially what coins were cried down, and what allowed,' said they of the Packhof." Poor Linsenbarth! "But what am I to do now? How am I to live, if you take my very money from me?" 'That is your outlook,' said they; —and added, He must even find stowage for his stack of herring— scales or batzen, as soon as it was sealed up; 'we have no room for it in the Packhof!'" for a man: Here is a roughish welcome "I must leave all my money here; and find stowage for it, in a day or two.

"There was, accordingly, a truck—porter called in; he loaded my effects on his barrow, and rolled away. He brought me to the WHITE SWAN in the JUDENSTRASSE [none of the grandest of streets, that Berlin JEWRY], threw my things out, and demanded four groschen. Two of my batzen" 2 and a half exact, "would have done; but I had no money at all. The landlord came out: seeing that I had a stuffed feather—bed [note the luggage of Linsenbarth: "FEDER—BETT," of extreme tenuity], a trunk full of linens, a bag of Books and other trifles, he paid the man; and sent me to a small room in the court— yard [Inn forms a Court, perhaps four stories high]: 'I could stay there,' he said; 'he would give me food and drink in the meanwhile.' And so I lived in this Inn eight weeks long, without one red farthing, in mere fear and anxiety." June 20th PLUS eight weeks brings us to August 15th; Voltaire in HEIGHT of feather; and very great things just ahead! ["Grand Carrousel, 25th August;" which soon.

The White Swan was a place where Carriers lodged: some limb of the Law, of Subaltern sort, whom Linsenbarth calls "DER ADVOCAT B." (one of the Ousted of Cocceji, shall we fancy!), had to do with Carriers and their pie—powder lawsuits. Advocat B. had noticed the gray dreary CANDIDATUS, sitting sparrow—like in remote corners; had spoken to him;—undertook for a LOUIS D'OR, no purchase no pay, to get back his batzen for him. They went accordingly, one morning, to "a grand House;" it was a Minister's (name not given), very grand Official Man: he heard the Advocat B.'s short statement; and made answer: "Monsieur, and is it you that will pick holes in the King's Law? I have understood you were rather aiming at the HAUSVOGTEI [Common Jail of Berlin]: Go on in that way, and you are sure of your promotion!"—Advocat B. rushed out with Linsenbarth into the street; and there was neither pay nor purchase in that quarter.

Poor Linsenbarth was next advised, by simple neighbors, to go direct to the King; as every poor man can, at certain hours of the day. "Write out your Case (Memorial) with extreme brevity," said they; "nothing but the essential points, and those clear." Linsenbarth, steam at the high—pressure, composed (CONZIPIRTE) a Memorial of that right laconic sort; wrote it fair (MUNDIRTE ES);— and went off therewith "at opening of the Gates [middle time of August, 1750, no date farther), [August 21st? (See Rodenbeck, DIARY, which we often quote, i. 205.)]—without one farthing in my pocket, in God's name, to Potsdam." He continues:—

"And at Potsdam I was lucky enough to see the King; my first sight of him. He was on the Palace Esplanade there, drilling his troops [fine trim sanded Expanse, with the Palace to rear, and Garden— walks and River to front; where Friedrich Wilhelm sat, the last day he was out, and ordered Jockey Philips's house to be actually set about; where the troops do evolutions every morning;—there is Friedrich with cocked—hat and blue coat; say about 11 A.M.].

"When the drill was over, his Majesty went into the Garden, and the soldiers dispersed; only four Officers remained lounging upon the Esplanade, and walked up and down. For fright I knew not what to do; I pulled the Papers out of my pocket,—these were my Memorial, two Certificates of character, and a Thuringen Pass [poor soul]. The Officers noticed this; came straight to me, and said, 'What letters has He there, then?' I thankfully and gladly imparted the whole; and when the Officers had read them, they said, 'We will give you [Him, not even THEE] a good advice, The King is extra— gracious to—day, and is gone alone into the Garden. Follow him

straight. Thou wilt have luck.'

"This I would not do; my awe was too great. They thereupon laid hands on me [the mischievous dogs, not ill-humored either]: one took me by the right arm, another by the left, 'Off, off; to the Garden!' Having got me thither, they looked out for the King. He was among the gardeners, examining some rare plant; stooping over it, and had his back to us. Here I had to halt; and the Officers began, in underhand tone [the dogs!], to put me through my drill: 'Hat under left arm!—Right foot foremost!— Breast well forward!—Head up!—Papers from pouch!—Papers aloft in right hand!—Steady! Steady!'—And went their ways, looking always round, to see if I kept my posture. I perceived well enough they were pleased to make game of me; but I stood, all the same, like a wall, being full of fear. The Officers were hardly out of the Garden, when the King turned round, and saw this extraordinary machine,"—telegraph figure or whatever we may call it, with papers pointing to the sky. "He gave such a look at me, like a flash of sunbeams glancing through you; and sent one of the gardeners to bring my papers. Which having got, he struck into another walk with them, and was out of sight. In few minutes he appeared again at the place where the rare plant was, with my Papers open in his left hand; and gave me a wave with them To come nearer. I plucked up a heart, and went straight towards him. Oh, how thrice and four-times graciously this great Monarch deigned to speak to me!—

KING. "My good Thuringian (LIEBER THURINGER), you came to Berlin, seeking to earn your bread by industrious teaching of children; and here, at the Packhof, in searching your things, they have taken your Thuringen hoard from you. True, the batzen are not legal here; but the people should have said to you: You are a stranger, and did n't know the prohibition;—well then, we will seal up the Bag of Batzen; you send it back to Thuringen, get it changed for other sorts; we will not take it from you!—

"Be of heart, however; you shall have your money again, and interest too.—But, my poor man, Berlin pavement is bare, they don't give anything gratis: you are a stranger; before you are known and get teaching, your bit of money is done; what then?"

"I understood the speech right well; but my awe was too great to say: 'Your Majesty will have the all-highest grace to allow me something!' But as I was so simple and asked for nothing, he did not offer anything. And so he turned away; but had scarcely gone six or eight steps, when he looked round, and gave me a sign I was to walk by him; and then began catechising:—

KING. "Where did you (ER) study?"

LINSENBARTH. "Your Majesty, in Jena.'

KING. "What years?"

LINSENBARTH. "From 1716 to 1720.' ["Born 1689" (Rodenbeck, p. 474); twenty-five when he went.]

KING. "Under what Pro-rector were you inscribed?"

LINSENBARTH. "Under the PROFESSOR THEOLOGIAE Dr. Fortsch.'

KING. "Who were your other Professors in the Theological Faculty?"

LINSENBARTH—names famed men; sunk now, mostly, in the bottomless waste-basket: "Buddaus" (who did a DICTIONARY of the BAYLE sort, weighing four stone troy, out of which I have learned many a thing), "Buddaeus," "Danz," "Weissenborn," "Wolf" (now back at Halle after his tribulations,—poor man, his immortal System of Philosophy, where is it!).

KING. "Did you study BIBLICA diligently?"

LINSENBARTH. "With Buddaeus (BEYM BUDDAO).'

KING. "That is he who had such quarrelling with Wolf?"

LINSENBARTH. "Yea, your Majesty! He was—'

KING (does not want to know what he was). "What other useful Courses of Lectures (COLLEGIA) did you attend?"

LINSENBARTH. "Thetics and Exegetics with Fortsch [How the deuce did Fortsch teach these things?]; Hermeneutics and Polemics with Walch [editor of *Luther's Works*, I suppose]; Hebraics with Dr. Danz; Homiletics with Dr. Weissenborn; PASTORALE [not Pastoral Poetry, but the Art of Pastorship] and MORALE with Dr. Buddaeus.' [There, your Majesty!—what a glimpse, as into infinite extinct Continents, filled with ponderous thorny inanities, invincible nasal drawling of didactic Titans, and the awful attempt to spin, on all manner of wheels, road-harness out of split cobwebs: Hoom! Hoom—m! Harness not to be had on those terms. Let the dreary Limbus close again, till the general Day of Judgment for all this.]

KING (glad to get out of the Limbus). "Were things as wild then at Jena, in your time, as of old, when the Students were forever scuffling and ruffling, and the Couplet went:—

"Wer kommt von Jena ungeschlagen,

Der hat von grossen Gluck zu sagen.

"He that comes from Jena SINE BELLO,

He may think himself a lucky fellow"?'

LINSENBARTH. "That sort of folly is gone quite out of fashion; and a man can lead a silent and quiet life there, just as at other Universities, if he will attend to the DIC, CURHIC? [or know what his real errand is]. In my time their Serene Highnesses, the Nursing-fathers of the University (NUTRITORES ACADEMIAE),—of the Ernestine Line [Weimar-Gotha Highnesses, that is], were in the habit of having the Rufflers (RENOMISTEN), Renowners as they are called, who made so much disturbance, sent to Eisenach to lie in the Wartburg a while; there they learned to be quiet.' [Clock strikes Twelve,—dinner-time of Majesty.]

KING. "Now I must go: they are waiting for their soup" (and so ends Dialogue for the present). 'Did the King bid me wait?

"When we got out of the Garden," says Linsenbarth, silent on this point, "the four Officers were still there upon the Esplanade [Captains of Guard belike]; they went into the Palace with the King,"—clearly meaning to dine with his Majesty.

"I remained standing on the Esplanade. For twenty-seven hours I had not tasted food: not a farthing IN BONIS [of principal or interest] to get bread with; I had waded twenty miles hither, in a sultry morning, through the sand. Not a difficult thing to keep down laughter in such circumstances!"—Poor soul; but the Royal mind is human too.—"In this tremor of my heart, there came a KAMMER-HUSSAR [Soldier-Valet, Valet reduced to his simplest expression] out of the Palace, and asked, 'Where is the man that was with my King (MEINEM KONIG,—THY King particularly?) in the Garden?' I answered, 'Here!' And he led me into the Schloss, to a large Room, where pages, lackeys, and Kammer-hussars were about. My Kammer-hussar took me to a little table, excellently furnished; with soup, beef; likewise carp dressed with garden-salad, likewise game with cucumber-salad: bread, knife, fork, spoon and salt were all there [and I with an appetite of twenty-seven hours; I too was there]. My hussar set me a chair, said: 'This that is on the table, the King has ordered to be served for you (IHM): you are to eat your fill, and mind nobody; and I am to serve. Sharp, then, fall to!'— I was greatly astonished, and knew not what to do; least of all could it come into my head that the King's Kammer-hussar, who waited on his Majesty, should wait on me. I pressed him to sit by me; but as he refused, I did as bidden; sat down, took my spoon, and went at it with a will (FRISCH)!

"The hussar took the beef from the table, set it on the charcoal dish (to keep it hot till wanted); he did the like with the fish and roast game; and poured me out wine and beer—[was ever such a lucky Barmecide!] I ate and drank till I had abundantly enough. Dessert, confectionery, what I could,—a plateful of big black cherries, and a plateful of pears, my waiting-man wrapped in paper and stuffed them into my pockets, to be a refreshment on the way home. And so I rose from the Royal table; and thanked God and the King in my heart, that I had so gloriously dined,"—HERRLICH, "gloriously" at last. Poor excellent down-trodden Linsenbarth, one's heart opens to him, not one's larder only.

"The hussar took away. At that moment a Secretary came; brought me a sealed Order (Rescript) to the Packhof at Berlin, with my Certificates (TESTIMONIA), and the Pass; told down on the table five Tail-ducats (SCHWANZ-DUKATEN), and a Gold Friedrich under them [about 3 pounds 10s., I think; better than 10 pounds of our day to a common man, and better than 100 pounds to a Linsenbarth],— saying, The King sent me this to take me home to Berlin again.

"And if the hussar took me into the Palace, it was now the Secretary that took me out again. And there, yoked with six horses, stood a royal Proviant-wagon; which having led me to, the Secretary said: 'You people, the King has given order you are to take this stranger to Berlin, and also to accept no drink-money from him.' I again, through the HERRN SECRETARIUM, testified my most submissive thankfulness for all Royal graciousnesses; took my place, and rolled away.

"On reaching Berlin, I went at once to the Packhof, straight to the office-room,"—standing more erect this time,—and handed them my Royal Rescript. The Head man opened the seal; in reading, he changed color, went from pale to red; said nothing, and gave it to the second man to read. The second put on his spectacles; read, and

gave it to the third. However, he [the Head man] rallied himself at last: I was to come forward, and be so good as write a quittance (receipt), 'That I had received, for my 400 thalers all in Batzen, the same sum in Brandenburg coin, ready down, without the least deduction.' My cash was at once accurately paid. And thereupon the Steward was ordered, To go with me to the White Swan in the Judenstrasse, and pay what I owed there, whatever my score was. For which end they gave him twenty-four thalers; and if that were not enough, he was to come and get more." On these high terms Linsenbarth marched out of the Packhof for the second time; the sublime head of him (not turned either) sweeping the very stars.

"That was what the King had meant when he said, "You shall have your money back and interest too:' VIDELICET, that the Packhof was to pay my expenses at the White Swan. The score, however, was only 10 thaler, 4 groschen, 6 pfennigs [30 shillings, 5 pence, and 2 or perhaps 3 quarter-farthings], for what I had run up in eight weeks,"—an uncommonly frugal rate of board, for a man skilled in Hermeneutics, Hebraics, Polemics, Thetica, Exegetics, Pastoral, Morale (and Practical Christianity and the Philosophy of Zeno, carried to perfection, or nearly so)! "And herewith this troubled History had its desired finish." And our gray-whiskered, raw-boned, great-hearted Candidatus lay down to sleep, at the White Swan; probably the happiest man in all Berlin, for the time being.

Linsenbarth dived now into Private-teaching, "INFORMATION," as he calls it; forming, and kneading into his own likeness, such of the young Berliners as he could get hold of:—surely not without some good effect on them, the model having, besides Hermeneutics in abundance, so much natural worth about it. He himself found the mine of Informing a very barren one, as to money: continued poor in a high degree, without honor, without emolument to speak of; and had a straitened, laborious, and what we might think very dark Life-pilgrimage. But the darkness was nothing to him, he carried such an inextinguishable frugal rushlight within. Meat, clothes and fire he did not again lack, in Berlin, for the time he needed them,—some twenty-seven years still. And if he got no printed praise in the Reviews, from baddish judges writing by the sheet,— here and there brother mortals, who knew him by their own eyes and experiences, looked, or transiently spoke, and even did, a most real praise upon him now and then. And, on the whole, he can do without praise; and will stand strokes even without wincing or kicking, where there is no chance.

A certain Berlin Druggist ("Herr Medicinal-Assessor Rose," whom we may call Druggist First, for there were Two that had to do with Linsenbarth) was good and human to him. In Rose's House, where he had come to teach the children, and which continued, always thenceforth, a home to him when needful, he wrote this NARRATIVE (Anno 1774); and died there, three years afterwards,— "24th August, 1777, of apoplexy, age 88," say the Burial Registers. [In Rodenbeck, *Beitrag*, i. 472–475, these latter Details (with others, in confused form); IB. 462–471, the NARRATIVE itself.] Druggist Second, on succeeding the humane Predecessor, found Linsenbarth's papers in the drug-stores of the place: Druggist Second chanced to be one Klapproth, famed among the Scientific of the world; and by him the Linsenbarth Narrative was forwarded to publication, and such fame as is requisite.

SIR JONAS HANWAY STALKS ACROSS THE SCENE, TOO; IN A Pondering and Observing Manner.

Of the then very famous "Berlin Carrousel of 1750" we propose to say little; the now chief interesting point in it being that M. de Voltaire is curiously visible to us there. But the truth is, they were very great days at Berlin, those of Autumn, 1750; distinguished strangers come or coming; the King giving himself up to entertainment of them, to enjoyment of them; with such a hearty outburst of magnificence, this Carrousel the apex of it, as was rare in his reign. There were his Sisters of Schwedt and Baireuth, with suite, his dear Wilhelmina queen of the scene; ["Came 8th August" (Rodenbeck, 205).] there were— It would be tedious to count what other high Herrschaften and Durchlauchtig Persons. And to crown the whole, and entertain Wilhelmina as a Queen should be, there had come M. de Voltaire; conquered at length to us, as we hope, and the Dream of our Youth realized. Voltaire's reception, July 10th and ever since, has been mere splendor and kindness; really extraordinary, as we shall find farther on. Reception perfect in all points, except that of the Pompadour's Compliments alone. "That sublime creature's compliments to your Majesty; such her express command! " said Voltaire. "JE NE LA CONNAIS PAS," answered Friedrich, with his clear-ringing voice, "I don't know her;" [Voltaire to Madame Denis, "Potsdam, 11th August, 1750" (*OEuvres*, lxxiv. 184).]— sufficient intimation to Voltaire, but painful and surprising. For which some diplomatic persons blame Friedrich to this day; but not I, or any reader of mine. A

very proud young King; in his silent way, always the prouder; and stands in no awe of the Divine Butterflies and Crowned Infatuations never so potent, as more prudent people do.

In a Berlin of such stir and splendor, the arrivals of Sir Jonas Hanway, of the "young Lord Malton" (famed Earl or Marquis of Rockingham that will be), or of the witty Excellency Hanbury, are as nothing;—Sir Jonas's as less than nothing. A Sir Jonas noticed by nobody; but himself taking note, dull worthy man; and mentionable now on that account. Here is a Scrap regarding him, not quite to be thrown away:

"Sir Jonas Hanway was not always so extinct as he has now become. Readers might do worse than turn to his now old Book of TRAVELS again, and the strange old London it awakens for us: A 'Russian Trading Company,' full of hope to the then mercantile mind; a Mr. Hanway despatched, years ago, as Chief Clerk, inexpressibly interested to manage well;—and managing, as you may read at large. Has done his best and utmost, all this while; and had such travellings through the Naphtha Countries, sailings on the Caspian; such difficulties, successes,—ultimately, failure. Owing to Mr. Elton and Thamas Kouli Khan mainly. Thamas Kouli Khan—otherwise called Nadir Shah (and a very hard-headed fellow, by all appearance)—wiled and seduced Mr. Elton, an Ex-Naval gentleman, away from his Ledgers, to build him Ships; having set his heart on getting a Navy. And Mr. Elton did build him (spite of all I could say) a Bark or two on the Caspian;—most hopeful to the said Nadir Shah; but did it come to anything? It disgusted, it alarmed the Russians; and ruined Sir Jonas,—who is returning at this period, prepared to render account of himself at London, in a loftily resigned frame of mind. [Jonas Hanway, *An Account of* (or in brief, TRAVELS: London, 3 vols. 4to, 1753), ii. 183. "Arrived in Berlin," from the Caspian and Petersburg side, "August 15th, 1750."]

"The remarks of Sir Jonas upon Berlin—for he exercises everywhere a sapient observation on men and things—are of dim tumidly insignificant character, reminding us of an extinct Minerva's Owl; and reduce themselves mainly to this bit of ocular testimony, That his Prussian Majesty rides much about, often at a rapid rate; with a pleasant business aspect, humane though imperative; handsome to look upon, though with face perceptibly reddish [and perhaps snuff on it, were you near]. His age now thirty-eight gone; a set appearance, as if already got into his forties. Complexion florid, figure muscular, almost tending to be plump.

"Listen well through Hanway, you will find King Friedrich is an object of great interest, personal as well as official, and much the theme in Berlin society; admiration of him, pride in him, not now the audiblest tone, though it lies at the bottom too: 'Our Friedrich the Great,' after all [so Hanway intimates, though not express as to epithets or words used]. The King did a beautiful thing to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith the other day [as some readers may remember]: to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; that poor Keith who was nailed to the gallows for him (in effigy), at Wesel long ago; and got far less than he had expected. The other day, there had been a grand Review, part of it extending into Madam Knyphausen's grounds, who is Keith's Mother-in-law. 'Monsieur Keith,' said the King to him, 'I am sorry we had to spoil Madam's fine shrubbery by our manoeuvres: have the goodness to give her that, with my apologies,'—and handed him a pretty Casket with key to it, and in the interior 10,000 crowns. Not a shrub of Madam's had been cut or injured; but the King, you see, would count it 1,500 pounds of damage done, and here is acknowledgment for it, which please accept. Is not that a gracious little touch?

"This King is doing something at Embden, Sir Jonas fears, or trying to do, in the Trade-and-Navigation way; scandalous that English capitalists will lend money in furtherance of such destructive schemes by the Foreigner! For the rest, Sir Jonas went to call on Lord Malton (Marquis of Rockingham that will be): an amiable and sober young Nobleman, come thus far on his Grand Tour," and in time for the Carrousel. "His Lordship's reception at Court here, one regretted to hear, was nothing distinguished; quite indifferent, indeed, had not the Queen-Mother stepped in with amendments. The Courts are not well together; pity for it. My Lord and his Tutor did me the honor to return my visit; the rather as we all quartered in the same Inn. Amiable young Nobleman,"—so distinguished since, for having had unconsciously an Edmund Burke, and such torrents of Parliamentary Eloquence, in his breeches-pocket (BREECHES-POCKET literally; how unknown to Hanway!)—"Amiable young Nobleman, is not it one's duty to salute, in passing such a one? Though I would by no means have it over-done, and am a calmly independent man.

"Sir Jonas also saw the Carrousel [of which presently]; and admired the great men of Berlin. Great men, all obsolete now, though then admired to infinitude, some of them: 'You may abuse me,' said the King to some stranger arrived in Berlin; 'you may abuse me, and perhaps here and there get praise by doing it: but I advise you not to doubt of Lieberkuhn [the fashionable Doctor] in any company in Berlin,'" [Hanway, ii. 190, 202,

fashionable are men!

One Collini, a young Italian, quite new in Berlin, chanced also to be at the Carrousel, or at the latter half of it,—though by no means in quest of such objects just at present, poor young fellow! As he came afterwards to be Secretary or Amanuensis of Voltaire, and will turn up in that capacity, let us read this Note upon him:—

"Signor Como Alessandro Collini, a young Venetian gentleman of some family and education, but of no employment or resource, had in late years been asking zealously all round among his home circle, What am I to do with myself? mere echo answering, What,—till a Signora Sister of Barberina the Dancer's answered: 'Try Berlin, and King FRIDERICO IL GRANDE there? I could give you a letter to my Sister!' At which Collini grasps; gets under way for Berlin,—through wild Alpine sceneries, foreign guttural populations; and with what thoughts, poor young fellow. It is a common course to take, and sometimes answers, sometimes not. The cynosure of vague creatures, with a sense of faculty without direction. What clouds of winged migratory people gathering in to Berlin, all through this Reign. Not since Noah's Ark a stranger menagerie of creatures, mostly wild. Of whom Voltaire alone is, in our time, worth mention.

"Collini gazed upon the Alpine chasms, and shaggy ice-palaces, with tender memory of the Adriatic; courageously steered his way through the inoffensive guttural populations; had got to Berlin, just in this time; been had to dinner daily by the hospitable Barberinas, young Cocceji always his fellow-guest,—'Privately, my poor Signorina's Husband!' whispered old Mamma. Both the Barberinas were very kind to Collini; cheering him with good auguries, and offers of help. Collini does not date with any punctuality; but the German Books will do it for him. August 25th–27th was Carrousel; and Collini had arrived few days before." [Collini, *Mon Sejour aupres de Voltaire* (Paris, 1807), pp. 1–21.]

And now it is time we were at the Carrousel ourselves,—in a brief transient way.

Chapter VI. BERLIN CARROUSEL, AND VOLTAIRE VISIBLE THERE.

Readers have heard of the PLACE DU CARROUSEL at Paris; and know probably that Louis XIV. held world-famous Carrousel there (A.D. 1662); and, in general, that Carrousel has something to do with Tourneying, or the Shadow of Tourneying. It is, in fact, a kind of superb be-tailored running at the ring, instead of be-blacksmithed running at one another. A Second milder Edition of those Tournament sports, and dangerous trials of strength and dexterity, which were so grand a business in the Old iron Ages. Of which, in the form of Carrousel or otherwise, down almost to the present day, there have been examples, among puissant Lords;—though now it is felt to have become extremely hollow; perhaps incapable of fully entertaining anybody, except children and their nurses on a high occasion.

A century ago, before the volcanic explosion of so many things which it has since become wearisome to think of in this earnest world, the Tournament, emblem of an Age of Chivalry, which was gone: but had not yet declared itself to be quite gone, and even to be turned topsy-turvy, had still substance as a mummery,—not enough, I should say, to spend much money upon. Not much real money: except, indeed, the money were offered you gratis, from other parties interested? Sir Jonas kindly informs us, by insinuation, that this was, to a good degree, Friedrich's case in the now Carrousel: "a thing got up by the private efforts of different great Lords and Princes of the blood;" each party tailoring, harnessing and furbishing himself and followers; Friedrich contributing little but the arena and general outfit. I know not whether even the 40,000 lamps (for it took place by night) were of his purchase, though that is likely; and know only that the Suppers and interior Palace Entertainments would be his. "Did not cost the King much money," says Sir Jonas; which is satisfactory to know. For of the Carrousel kind, or of the Royal-Mummery kind in general, there has been, for graceful arrangement, for magnificence regardless of expense,—inviting your amiable Lord Malton, and the idlers of all Countries, and awakening the rapture of Gazetteers,—nothing like it since Louis the Grand's time. Nothing,—except perhaps that Camp of Muhlberg or Radowitz, where we once were. Done, this one, not at the King's expense alone, but at other people's chiefly: that is an unexpected feature, welcome if true; and, except for Sir Jonas, would not have helped to explain the puzzle for us, as it did in the then Berlin circles. Muhlberg, in my humble judgment, was worth two of this as a Mummery;—but the meritorious feature of Friedrich's is, that it cost him very little.

It was, say all Gazetteers and idle eye-witnesses, a highly splendid spectacle. By much the most effulgent exhibition Friedrich ever made of himself in the Expensive-Mummery department: and I could give in extreme detail the phenomena of it; but, in mercy to poor readers, will not. Fancy the assiduous hammering and sawing on the Schloss-Platz, amid crowds of gay loungers, giving cheerful note of preparation, in those latter days of August, 1750. And, on WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 25th AUGUST, look and see,—for the due moments only, and vaguely enough (as in the following Excerpt):—

PALACE-ESPLANADE OF BERLIN, 25th AUGUST, 1750 (dusk sinking into dark): "Under a windy nocturnal sky, a spacious Parallelogram, enclosed for jousting as at Aspramont or Trebisond. Wide enough arena in the centre; vast amphitheatre of wooden seats and passages, firm carpentry and fitted for its business, rising all round; Audience, select though multitudinous, sitting decorous and garrulous, say since half-past eight. There is royal box on the ground-tier; and the King in it, King, with Princess Amelia for the prizes: opposite to this is entrance for the Chevaliers,—four separate entrances, I think. Who come,—lo, at last!—with breathings and big swells of music, as Resuscitations from the buried Ages.

"They are in four 'Quadrilles,' so termed: Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks. Four Jousting Parties, headed each by a Prince of the Blood:—with such a splendor of equipment for jewels, silver helmets, sashings, housings, as eye never saw. Prancing on their glorious battle-steeds (sham-battle, steeds not sham, but champing their bits as real quadrupeds with fire in their interior):—how many in all, I forgot to count. Perhaps, on the average, sixty in each Quadrille, fifteen of them practical Ritters; the rest mythologic winged standard-bearers, blackamoors, lictors, trumpeters and shining melodious phantasms as escort,—of this latter kind say in round numbers Two Hundred altogether; and of actual Ritters threescore. [Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (Ziethen was in it, and gained a prize), i. 257–263 et seq.; Voltaire's LETTERS to Niece Denis (*OEuvres*, lxxiv. 174, 179, 198);—and two contemporary 4tos on the subject, with Drawings which may well continue unknown to every

reader.] Who run at rings, at Turks' heads, and at other objects with death—doing lance; and prance and flash and career along: glorious to see and hear. Under proud flourishings of drums and trumpets, under bursts and breathings of wind—music; under the shine of Forty Thousand Lamps, for one item. All Berlin and the nocturnal firmament looking on,—night rather gusty, 'which blew out many of the lamps,' insinuates Hanway.

"About midnight, Beauty in the form of Princess Amelia distributes the prizes; Music filling the air; and human 'EUGE'S,' and the surviving lamps, doing their best. After which the Principalities and Ritters withdraw to their Palace, to their Balls and their Supper of the gods; and all the world and his wife goes home again, amid various commentary from high and low. 'JAMAIS, Never,' murmured one high Gentleman, of the Impromptu kind, at the Palace Supper—table:—

'Jamais dans Athene et dans Rome

On n'eut de plus beaux jours, ni de plus digne prix.

J'ai vu le fils de Mars sous les traits de Paris,

Et Venus qui donnait la pomme.'" [Never in Athens or Rome were there braver sights or a worthier prize: I have seen the son of Mars [King Friedrich] with Paris's features, and Venus [Amelia] crowning the victorious." (*OEuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 320.)

And Amphitheatre and Lamps lapse wholly into darkness, and the thing has finished, for the time being. August 27th, it was repeated by daylight: if possible, more charming than ever; but not to be spoken of farther, under penalties. To be mildly forgotten again, every jot and tittle of it,—except one small insignificant iota, which, by accident, still makes it remarkable. Namely, that Collini and the Barberinas were there; and that not only was Voltaire again there, among the Princes and Princesses; but that Collini saw Voltaire, and gives us transient sight of him,—thanks to Collini. Thursday, 27th August, 1750, was the Daylight version of the Carrouse1; which Collini, if it were of any moment, takes to have PRECEDED that of the 40,000 Lamps. Sure enough Collini was there, with eyes open:—

"Madame de Cocceji [so one may call her, though the known alias is Barberina] had engaged places; she invited me to come and see this Festivity. We went;" and very grand it was. "The Palace—Esplanade was changed" by carpentries and draperies "into a vast Amphitheatre; the slopes of it furnished with benches for the spectators, and at the four corners of it and at the bottom, magnificently decorated boxes for the Court." Vast oval Amphitheatre, the interior arena rectangular, with its Four Entrances, one for each of the Four Quadrilles. "The assemblage was numerous and brilliant: all the Court had come from Potsdam to Berlin.

"A little while before the King himself made appearance, there rose suddenly a murmur of admiration, and I heard all round me, from everybody, the name 'Voltaire! Voltaire!' Looking down, I saw Voltaire accordingly; among a group of great lords, who were walking over the Arena, towards one of the Court Boxes. He wore a modest countenance, but joy painted itself in his eyes: you cannot love glory, and not feel gratefully the prize attached to it,"—attained as here. "I lost sight of him in few instants," as he approached his Box "the place where I was not permitting farther view." [Collini, *Mon Sejour*, p. 21.]

This was Collini's first sight of that great man (DE CE GRAND HOMME). With whom, thanks to Barberina, he had, in a day or two, the honor of an Interview (judgment favorable, he could hope); and before many months, Accident also favoring, the inexpressible honor of seeing himself the great man's Secretary,—how far beyond hope or aspiration, in these Carrousel days!

Voltaire had now been here some Seven Weeks,—arrived 10th July, as we often note;—after (on his own part) a great deal of haggling, hesitating and negotiating; which we spare our readers. The poor man having now become a Quasi—Widower; painfully rallying, with his whole strength, towards new arrangements,—now was the time for Friedrich to urge him: "Come to me! Away from all that dismal imbroglio; hither, I say!" To which Voltaire is not inattentive; though he hesitates; cannot, in any case, come without delay;—lingers in Paris, readjusting many things, the poor shipwrecked being, among kind D'Argentals and friends. Poor Ishmael, getting gray; and his tent in the desert suddenly carried off by a blast of wind!

To the legal Widower, M. le Marquis, he behaves in money matters like a Prince; takes that Paris Domicile, in the Rue Traversiere, all to himself; institutes a new household there,—Niece Denis to be female president. Niece Denis, widow without encumbrances; whom in her married state, wife to some kind of Commissariat—Officer at Lille, we have seen transiently in that City, her Uncle lodging with her as he passed. A gadding, flaunting, unreasonable, would—be fashionable female—(a Du Chatelet without the grace or genius, and who never was in

love with you!)—with whom poor Uncle had a baddish life in time coming. All which settled, he still lingers. Widowed, grown old and less adventurous! That House in the Rue Traversiere, once his and Another's, now his alone,—for the time being, it is probably more like a Mausoleum than a House to him. And Versailles, with its sulky Trajans, its Crebillon cabals, what charm is in Versailles? He thinks of going to Italy for a while; has never seen that fine Country: of going to Berlin for a while: of going to— In fact, Berlin is clearly the place where he will land; but he hesitates greatly about lifting anchor. Friedrich insists, in a bright, bantering, kindly way; "You were due to me a year ago; you said always, 'So soon as the lying-in is over, I am yours:'—and now, why don't you come?"

Friedrich, since they met last, has had some experiences of Voltaire, which he does not like. Their roads, truly—one adulating Trajan in Versailles, and growing great by "Farces of the Fair;" the other battling for his existence against men and devils, Trajan and Company included—have lain far apart. Their Correspondence perceptibly languishing, in consequence, and even rumors rising on the subject, Voltaire wrote once: "Give me a yard of ribbon, Sire [your ORDER OF MERIT, Sire], to silence those vile rumors!" Which Friedrich, on such free—and—easy terms, had silently declined. "A meddling, forward kind of fellow; always getting into scrapes and brabbles!" thinks Friedrich. But is really anxious, now that the chance offers again, to have such a Levite for his Priest, the evident pink of Human Intellect; and tries various incitements upon him;—hits at last (I know not whether by device or by accident) on one which, say the French Biographers, did raise Voltaire and set him under way.

A certain M. Baculard d'Arnaud, a conceited, foolish young fellow, much patronized by Voltaire, and given to write verses, which are unknown to me, has been, on Voltaire's recommending, "Literary Correspondent" to Friedrich (Paris Book-Agent and the like) for some time past; corresponding much with Potsdam, in a way found entertaining; and is now (April, 1750) actually going thither, to Friedrich's Court, or perhaps has gone. At any rate, Friedrich—by accident or by device—had answered some rhymes of this D'Arnaud, "Yes; welcome, young sunrise, since Voltaire is about to set!" [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xiv. 95 (Verses "A D'ARNAUD," of date December, 1749.)] I hope it was by device; D'Arnaud is such a silly fellow; too absurd, to reckon as morning to anybody's sunset. Except for his involuntary service, for and against, in this Voltaire Journey, his name would not now be mentionable at all. "Sunset?" exclaimed Voltaire, springing out of bed (say the Biographers), and skipping about indignantly in his shirt: "I will show them I am not set yet!" [Duvernet (Second), p. 159.] And instantly resolved on the Berlin Expedition. Went to Compiègne, where the Court then was; to bid his adieus; nay to ask formally the Royal leave,—for we are Historiographer and titular Gentleman of the Chamber, and King's servant in a sense. Leave was at once granted him, almost huffingly; we hope not with too much readiness? For this is a ticklish point: one is going to Prussia "on a Visit" merely (though it may be longish); one would not have the door of France slammed to behind one! The tone at Court did seem a little succinct, something almost of sneer in it. But from the Pompadour herself all was friendly; mere witty, cheery graciousities, and "My Compliments to his Majesty of Prussia,"— Compliments how answered when they came to hand: "JE NE LA CONNAIS PAS!"

In short, M. de Voltaire made all his arrangements; got under way; piously visited Fontenoy and the Battle-fields in passing: and is here, since July 10th,—in very great splendor, as we see:—on his Fifth Visit to Friedrich. Fifth; which proved his Last,—and is still extremely celebrated in the world. Visit much misunderstood in France and England, down to this day. By no means sorted out into accuracy and intelligibility; but left as (what is saying a great deal!) probably the wastest chaos of all the Sections of Friedrich's History. And has, alone of them, gone over the whole world; being withal amusing to read, and therefore well and widely remembered, in that mendacious and semi-intelligible state. To lay these goblins, full of noise, ignorance and mendacity, and give some true outline of the matter, with what brevity is consistent with deciphering it at all, is now our sad task,—laborious, perhaps disgusting; not impossible, if readers will loyally assist.

Voltaire had taken every precaution that this Visit should succeed, or at least be no loss to one of the parties. In a preliminary Letter from Paris,—prose and verse, one of the cleverest diplomatic pieces ever penned; Letter really worth looking at, cunning as the song of Apollo, Voltaire symbolically intimates: "Well, Sire, your old Danae, poor malingering old wretch, is coming to her Jove. It is Jove she wants, not the Shower of Jove; nevertheless"—And Friedrich (thank Hanbury, in part, for that bit of knowledge) had remitted him in hard money 600 pounds "to pay the tolls on his road." [Walpole, i. 451 ("Had it from Princess Amelia herself"); see Voltaire to Friedrich, "Paris, 9th June, 1750;" Friedrich to Voltaire, "Potsdam, 24th May" (*Oeuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv.

158, 155).] As a high gentleman would; to have done with those base elements of the business.

Nay furthermore, precisely two days before those splendors of the Carrousel, Friedrich,—in answer to new cunning croakeries and contrivances ("Sire, this Letter from my Niece, who is inconsolable that I should think of staying here;" where, finding oneself so divinized, one is disposed to stay),—has answered him like a King: By Gold Key of Chamberlain, Cross of the Order of Merit, and Pension of 20,000 francs (850 pounds) a year,—conveyed in as royal a Letter of Business as I have often read; melodious as Apollo, this too, though all in business prose, and, like Apollo, practical God of the SUN in this case. ["Berlin, 23d August, 1750" (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 255);—Voltaire to Niece Denis, "24th August" (misprinted "14th"); to D'Argental, "28th August" (*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 185, 196).] Dated 23d August, 1750. This Letter of Friedrich's I fancy to be what Voltaire calls, "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement with me," and often appeals to, in subsequent troubles. Not quite a Notarial Piece, on Friedrich's part; but strictly observed by him as such.

Four days after which, Collini sees Voltaire serenely shining among the Princes and Princesses of the world; Amphitheatre all whispering with bated breath, "Voltaire! Voltaire!" But let us hear Voltaire himself, from the interior of the Phenomenon, at this its culminating point:—

Voltaire to his D'Argentals,—to Niece Denis even, with whom, if with no other, he is quite without reserve, in showing the bad and the good,—continues radiantly eloquent in these first months: ... "Carrousel, twice over; the like never seen for splendor, for [rather copious on this sublimity]—After which we played ROME SAUVEE [my Anti-Crebillon masterpiece], in a pretty little Theatre, which I have got constructed in the Princess Amelia's Antechamber. I, who speak to you, I played CICERO." Yes; and was manager and general stage-king and contriver; being expert at this, if at anything. And these beautiful Theatricals had begun weeks ago, and still lasted many weeks; [Rodenbeck, "August-October," 1750.]—with such divine consultings, directings, even orderings of the brilliant Royalties concerned.—Duvernet (probably on D'Arget's authority) informs us that "once, in one of the inter-acts, finding the soldiers allowed him for Pretorian Guards not to understand their business here," not here, as they did at Hohenfriedberg and elsewhere, "Voltaire shrilled volcanically out to them [happily unintelligible]: 'F-----, Devil take it, I asked for men; and they have sent me Germans (J'AI DEMANDE DES HOMMES, ET L'ON M'ENVOIE DES ALLEMANDS)!' At which the Princesses were good-natured enough to burst into laughter." [Duvernet (Second), p. 162,—time probably 15th October.] Voltaire continues: "There is an English Ambassador here who knows Cicero's Orations IN CATILINAM by heart;" an excellent Etonian, surely. "It is not Milord Tyrconnell" (blustering Irish Jacobite, OUR Ambassador, note him, fat Valori having been recalled); no, "it is the Envoy from England," Excellency Hanbury himself, who knows his Cicero by heart. "He has sent me some fine verses on ROME SAUVEE; he says it is my best work. It is a Piece appropriate for Ministerial people; Madame la Chanceliere," Cocceji's better half, "is well pleased with it. [*OEuvres*, lxxiv. (LETTERS, to the D'Argentals and Denis, "20th August-23d September, 1750"), pp. 187, 219, 231, And then,"—But enough.

In Princess Amelia's Antechamber, there or in other celestial places, in Palace after Palace, it goes on. Gayety succeeding gayety; mere Princesses and Princes doing parts; in ROME SAUVEE, and in masterpieces of Voltaire's, Voltaire himself acting CICERO and elderly characters, LUSIGNAN and the like. Excellent in acting, say the witnesses; superlative, for certain, as Preceptor of the art,—though impatient now and then. And wears such Jewel-ornaments (borrowed partly from a Hebrew, of whom anon), such magnificence of tasteful dress;—and walks his minuet among the Morning Stars. Not to mention the Suppers of the King: chosen circle, with the King for centre; a radiant Friedrich flashing out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him; and it is such a blaze of spiritual sheet-lightnings,—wonderful to think of; Voltaire especially electric. Never, or seldom, were seen such suppers; such a life for a Supreme Man of Letters so fitted with the place due to him. Smelfungus says:—

"And so your Supreme of Literature has got into his due place at last,—at the top of the world, namely; though, alas, but for moments or for months. The King's own Friend; he whom the King delights to honor. The most shining thing in Berlin, at this moment. Virtually a kind of PAPA, or Intellectual Father of Mankind," sneers Smelfungus; "Pope improvised for the nonce. The new Fridericus Magnus does as the old Pipinus, old Carolus Magnus did: recognizes his Pope, in despite of the base vulgar; elevates him aloft into worship, for the vulgar and for everybody! Carolus Magnus did that thrice-salutary feat [sublimely human, if you think of it, and for long centuries successful more or less]; Fridericus Magnus, under other omens, unconsciously does the like, —the best

he can! Let the Opera Fiddlers, the Frerons, Travenols and Desfontaines—of—Sodom's Ghost look and consider!"—

Madame Denis, an expensive gay Lady, still only in her thirties, improvable by rouge, carries on great work in the Rue Traversiere; private theatricals, suppers, flirtations with Italian travelling Marquises;—finds Intendant Longchamp much in her way, with his rigorous account—books, and restriction to 100 louis per month; wishes even her Uncle were back, and cautions him, Not to believe in Friedrich's flattering unctions, or put his trust in Princes at all. Voltaire, with the due preliminaries, shows Friedrich her Letter, one of her Letters, [Now lost, as most of them are; Voltaire's Answer to it, already cited, is "24th August, 1750" (misprinted "14th August," *OEuvres*, lxxiv. 185; see *IB.* lxxv. 135); King Friedrich's PRACTICAL Answer (so munificent to Denis and Voltaire), "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement," bore date "August 23d."]—with result as we saw above.

Formey says: "In the Carnival time, which Voltaire usually passed at Berlin, in the Palace, people paid their court to him as to a declared Favorite. Princes, Marshals, Ministers of State, Foreign Ambassadors, Lords of the highest rank, attended his audience; and were received," says Formey, nowhere free from spite on this subject, "in a sufficiently lofty style (HAUTEUR ASSEZ DEDAIGNEUSE). [Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 235, 236.] A great Prince had the complaisance to play chess with him; and to let him win the pistoles that were staked. Sometimes even the pistole disappeared before the end of the game," continues Formey, green with spite;—and reports that sad story of the candle—ends; bits of wax—candle, which should have remained as perquisite to the valets, but which were confiscated by Voltaire and sent across to the wax—chandler's. So, doubtless, the spiteful rumor ran; probably little but spite and fable, Berlin being bitter in its gossip. Stupid Thiebault repeats that of the candle—ends, like a thing he had seen (twelve years BEFORE his arrival in those parts); and adds that Voltaire "put them in his pocket,"—like one both stupid and sordid. Alas, the brighter your shine, the blacker is the shadow you cast.

Friedrich, with the knowledge he already had of his yoke—fellow,— one of the most skittish, explosive, unruly creatures in harness,— cannot be counted wise to have plunged so heartily into such an adventure with him. "An undoubted Courser of the Sun!" thought Friedrich;—and forgot too much the signs of bad going he had sometimes noticed in him on the common highways. There is no doubt he was perfectly sincere and simple in all this high treatment of Voltaire. "The foremost, literary spirit of the world, a man to be honored by me, and by all men; the Trismegistus of Human Intellects, what a conquest to have made; how cheap is a little money, a little patience and guidance, for such solacement and ornament to one's barren Life!" He had rashly hoped that the dreams of his youth could hereby still be a little realized; and something of the old Reinsberg Program become a fruitful and blessed fact. Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water of intelligent mankind; the glory of one's own Court, and the envy of the world. "Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too; French Muses, and help us in our bits of Literature!" This latter, too, is a consideration with Friedrich, as why should it not,—though by no means the sole or chief one, as the French give it out to be.

On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmixed with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliances of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it,—love made up of gratitude for past favors, and lively anticipation of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex,—the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man:—in fine, a sum—total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich, which might, surely, have almost sufficed even for Voltaire, in a quieter element. But the element was not quiet,—far from it; nor was Voltaire easily sufficeable!

PERPETUAL PRESIDENT MAUPERTUIS HAS A VISIT FROM ONE KONIG,
OUT OF HOLLAND, CONCERNING THE INFINITELY LITTLE.

Whether Maupertuis, in red wig with yellow bottom, saw these high gauderies of the Carrousel, the Plays in Princess Amelia's Antechamber, and the rest of it, I do not know: but if so, he was not in the top place; nor did anybody take notice of him, as everybody did of Voltaire. Meanwhile, I have something to quote, as abridged and distilled from various sources, chiefly from Formey; which will be of much concernment farther on.

Some four weeks after those Carrousel effulgencies, Perpetual President Maupertuis had a visit (September 21st, just while the Sun was crossing the Line; thanks to Formey for the date, who keeps a Note-book, useful in these intricacies): visit from Professor Konig, an effective mathematical man from the Dutch parts. Whom readers have forgotten again; though they saw him once: in violent quarrel, about the Infinitely Little, with Madame du Chatelet, Voltaire witnessing with pain;—it was just as they quitted Cirey together, ten years ago, for these new courses of adventure. Do readers recall the circumstance? Maupertuis, referee in that quarrel, had, with a bluntness offensive to the female mind, declared Konig indisputably in the right; and there had followed a dryness between the divine Emilie and the Flattener of the Earth, scarcely to be healed by Voltaire's best efforts.

Konig has gone his road since then; become a fine solid fellow; Professor in a Dutch University; more latterly Librarian to the Dutch Stadtholder: still frank of speech, and with a rugged free- and-easy turn, but of manful manners; really a person of various culture, and as is still noticeable, of a solid geometric turn of mind. Having now, as Librarian at the Hague, more leisure and more money, he has made a run to Berlin,—chiefly or entirely to see his Maupertuis again, whom he still remembers gratefully as his first Patron in older times, and a man of sound parts, though rather blustering now and then. A little bit of scientific business also he has with him. Konig is Member of the Berlin Academy, for some years back; and there is a thing he would speak with the Perpetual President upon. "Wants nothing else in Berlin," says Formey: a hearing by the road that Maupertuis was not there, he had actually turned homewards again: but got truer tidings, and came on." The more was the pity, as perhaps will appear! "He arrived September 20th [if you will be particular on cheese-parings]; called on me that day, being lodged in my neighborhood; and next day, found Maupertuis at home;" [Formey, i. 176–179.]—and flew into his arms again, like a good boy long absent.

Maupertuis, not many months ago, had, in Two successive Papers, I think Two, communicated to the Academy a Discovery of Metaphysico- Mathematical or altogether Metaphysical nature, on the Laws of Motion;—Discovery which he has, since that, brought to complete perfection, and sent forth to the Universe at large, in his sublime little Book of COSMOLOGY; [In La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis* (Paris, 1856), pp. 105–130, confused account of this "Discovery," and of the gradual Publication of it to mankind,—very gradual; first of all in the old Paris times; in the Berlin ACADEMY latterly; and in fine, to all the world, in this ESSAI DE COSMOLOGIE (Berlin, Summer of 1750).]—grateful Academy striving to admire, and believe, with its Perpetual President, that the Discovery was sublime to a degree; second only to the flattening of the Earth; and would probably stand thenceforth as a milestone in the Progress of Human Thought. "Which Discovery, then?" Be not too curious, reader; take only of it what shall concern you!

It is well known there have been, to the metaphysical head, difficulties almost insuperable as to How, in the System of Nature, Motion is? How, in the name of wonder, it can be; and even, Whether it is at all? Difficulties to the metaphysical head, sticking its nose into the gutter there;—not difficult to my readers and me, who can at all times walk across the room, and triumphantly get over them. But stick your nose into any gutter, entity, or object, this of Motion or another, with obstinacy,—you will easily drown, if that be your determination!—Suffice it for us to know in this matter, that Maupertuis, intensely watching Nature, has discovered, That the key of her enigma (or at least the ultimate central DOOR, which hides all her Motional enigmas, the key to WHICH cannot even be imagined as discoverable!) is, that "Nature is superlatively THRIFTY in this affair of motion;" that she employs, for every Motion done or do-able, "a MINIMUM OF ACTION;" and that, if you well understand this, you will, at least, announce all her procedures in one proposition, and have found the DOOR which leads to everything. Which will be a comfort to you; still looking vainly for the key, if there is still no key conceivable.

Perpetual President Maupertuis, having surprised Nature in this manner, read Papers upon it to an Academy listening with upturned eyes; new Papers, perfected out of old,—for he has long been hatching these Phoenix-eggs; and has sent them out complete, quite lately, in a little Book called COSMOLOGIE, where alone I have had the questionable benefit of reading them. Grandly brief, as if coming from Delphi, the utterance is; loftily solemn, elaborately modest, abstruse to the now human mind; but intelligible, had it only been worth understanding:—a painful little Book, that COSMOLOGIE, as the Perpetual President's generally are. "Minimum of Action, LOI D'EPARGNE, Law of Thrift," he calls this sublime Discovery;—thinks it will be Sovereign in Natural Theology as well: "For how could Nature be a Save-all, without Designer present?"—and speaks, of course, among other technical points, about "VIS VIVA, or Velocity multiplied by the Square of the Time:" which two points, "LOI D'EPARGNE," and that "the VIS VIVA is always a Minimum," the reader can take along

with him; I will permit him to shake the others into Limbo again, as forgettable by human nature at this epoch and henceforth.

In La Beaumelle's *Vie de Maupertuis* (printed at last, Paris, 1856, after lying nearly a century in manuscript, an obtuse worthless leaden little Book), there is much loud droning and detailing, about this COSMOLOGIE, this sublime "Discovery," and the other sublime Discoveries, Insights and Apocalyptic Utterances of Maupertuis; though in so confused a fashion, it is seldom you can have the poor pleasure of learning exactly when, or except by your own severe scrutiny, exactly what. For reasons that will appear, certain of those Apocalyptic Utterances by Perpetual President Maupertuis have since got a new interest, and one has actually a kind of wish to read the IPSISSIMA VERBA of them, at this date! But in La Beaumelle (his modern Editor lying fast asleep throughout) there is no vestige of help. Nay Maupertuis's own Book, [*OEuvres de Maupertuis*, Lyon, 1756, 4 vols. 4to.] luxurious cream-paper Quartos, or Octaves made four-square by margin,—which you buy for these and the cognate objects,—proves altogether worthless to you. The Maupertuis Quartos are not readable for their own sake (solemnly emphatic statement of what you already know; concentrated struggle to get on wing, and failure by so narrow a miss; struggle which gets only on tiptoe, and won't cease wriggling and flapping); and then (to your horror) they prove to be carefully cleaned of all the Maupertuis-VOLTAIRE matter;— edition being SUBSEQUENT to that world-famous explosion. CAVEAT EMPTOR.—Our Excerpt proceeds:—

"Industrious Konig, like other mathematical people, has been listening to these Oracles on the 'Law of Minimum,' by the Perpetual President; and grieves to find, after study, That said Law does not quite hold; that in fact it is, like Descartes's old key or general door, worth little or nothing; as Leibnitz long ago seems to have transiently recognized. Konig has put his strictures on paper: but will not dream of publishing, till the Perpetual President have examined them and satisfied himself; and that is Konig's business at present, as he knocks on Maupertuis, while Sol is crossing the Line. Maupertuis has a House of the due style: Wife a daughter of Minister Borck's (high Borcks, 'old as the DIUVEL'); no children;—his back courts always a good deal dirty with pelicans, bustards, perhaps snakes and other zoological wretches, which sometimes intrude into the drawing-rooms, otherwise very fine. A man of some whims, some habits; arbitrary by nature, but really honest, though rather sublimish in his interior, with red Wig and yellow bottom.

"Konig, all filial gladness, is received gladly;—though, by degrees, with some surprise, on the paternal part, to find Konig ripened out of son, client and pupil, into independent posture of a grown man. Frankly certain enough about himself, and about the axioms of mathematics. Standing, evidently, on his own legs; kindly as ever, but on these new terms,—in fact rather an outspoken free-and-easy fellow (I should guess), not thinking that offence can be taken among friends. Formey confesses, this was uncomfortable to Maupertuis; in fact, a shock which he could not recover from. They had various meetings, over dinner and otherwise, at the Perpetual President's, for perhaps two weeks at this time (dates all to be had in Formey's Note-book, if anybody would consult); in the whole course of which the shock to the Perpetual President increased, instead of diminishing. Republican freedom and equality is evidently Konig's method; Konig heeds not a whit the oracular talent or majestic position of Maupertuis; argues with the frankest logic, when he feels dissent;—drives a majestic Perpetual President, especially in the presence of third parties, much out of patience. Thus, one evening, replying to some argument of the Perpetual President's, he begins: 'My poor friend, MON PAUVRE AMI, don't you perceive, then'— Upon which Maupertuis sprang from his chair, violently stamping, and pirouetted round the room, 'Poor friend, poor friend? are you so rich: then!' frank Konig merely grinning till the paroxysm passed. [Formey, i. 177.] Konig went home again, RE INFECTA about the end of the month."

Such a Konig—had better not have come! As to his strictures on the LAW OF THRIFT, the arguings on them, alone together, or with friends by, merely set Maupertuis pirouetting: and as to the Konig Manuscripts on them "to be published in the Leipzig ACTA, after your remarks and permission," Maupertuis absolutely refused to look at said Manuscripts: "Publish them there, here, everywhere, in the Devil and his Grandmother's name; and then there is an end, Monsieur!" Konig went his ways therefore, finding nothing else for it; published his strictures, in the Leipzig ACTA in March next,— and never saw Maupertuis again, for one result, out of several that followed! I have no doubt he was out to Voltaire, more than once, in this fortnight; and eat "the King's roast" pleasantly with that eminent old friend. Voltaire always thought him a BON GARCON (justly, by all the evidence I have); and finds his talk agreeable, and his Berlin news—especially that of Maupertuis and his explosive pirouettings. Adieu, Herr Professor; you know not, with your Leipzig ACTA and Fragment of Leibnitz, what an

explosion you are preparing!

Chapter VII. M. DE VOLTAIRE HAS A PAINFUL JEW-LAWSUIT.

Voltaire's Terrestrial Paradise at Berlin did not long continue perfect. Scarcely had that grand Carrousel vanished in the azure firmaments, when little clouds began rising in its stead; and before long, black thunder-storms of a very strange and even dangerous character.

It must have been a painful surprise to Friedrich to hear from his Voltaire, some few weeks after those munificences, That he, Voltaire, was in very considerable distress of mind, from the bad, not to call it the felonious and traitorous, conduct of M. D'Arnaud,—once Friedrich's shoeing-horn and "rising-sun" for Voltaire's behoof; now a vague flaunting creature, without significance to Friedrich or anybody! That D'Arnaud had done this and done that, of an Anti-Voltairian, treasonous nature;—and that, in short, life was impossible in the neighborhood of such a D'Arnaud! "D'Arnaud has corrupted my Clerk (Prince Henri hungering in vain for LA PUCELLE, has got sight of it, in this way); [Clerk was dismissed accordingly (one Tinois, an ingenious creature),—and COLLINI appointed in his stead.] D'Arnaud has been gossiping to Freron and the Paris Newspapers; D'Arnaud has" [Voltaire to Friedrich (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 257), undated, "November, 1750."]— Has, in effect, been a flaunting young fool; of dissolute, esurient, slightly profligate turn; occasionally helping in the Theatricals, and much studious to make himself notable, and useful to the Princely kind. A D'Arnaud of nearly no significance, to Friedrich or to anybody. A D'Arnaud whose bits of fooleries and struttings about, in the peacock or jackdaw way, might surely have been below the notice of a Trismegistus!

Friedrich, painfully made sensible what a skinless explosive Trismegistus he has got on hand, answers, I suppose, in words little or nothing,—in Letters, I observe, answers absolutely nothing, to Voltaire repeating and re-repeating;—does simply dismiss D'Arnaud (a "BON DIABLE," as Voltaire, to impartial people, calls him), or accept D'Arnaud's demission, and cut the poor fool adrift. Who sallies out into infinite space, to Paris latterly ("alive there in 1805"); and claims henceforth perpetual oblivion from us and mankind. And now there will be peace in our garden of the gods, and perpetual azure will return?

Alas, D'Arnaud is not well gone, when there has begun brewing in threefold secrecy a mass of galvanic matter, which, in few weeks more, filled the Heavens with miraculous foul gases and the blackness of darkness;—which, in short, exploded about New-year's time, as the world-famous VOLTAIRE-HIRSCH LAWSUIT, still remembered, though only as a portent and mystery, by observant on-lookers. Of which it is now our sad duty to say something; though nowhere, in the Annals of Jurisprudence, is there a more despicable thing, or a deeper involved in lies and deliriums by current reporters of it, about which the sane mind can be called upon accidentally to speak a word. Beaten, riddled, shovelled, washed in many waters, by a patient though disgusted Predecessor in this field, there lies by me a copious but wearisome Narrative of this matter;—the more vivid portions of which, if rightly disengaged, and shown in sequence, may satisfy the curious.

Duvernet (who, I can guess, had talked with D'Arget on the subject) has, alone of the French Biographers, some glimmer of knowledge about it; Duvernet admits that it was a thing of Illegal Stock—jobbing; that—

1. "That M. de Voltaire had agreed with a Jew named Hirsch to go to Dresden and, illegally, PURCHASE a good lot of STEUER-SCHEINE [Saxon Exchequer Bills, which are payable in gold to a BONA FIDE PRUSSIAN holding them, but are much in discount otherwise, as readers may remember]; and given Hirsch a Draft on Paris, due after some weeks, for payment of the same; Hirsch leaving him a stock of jewels in pledge till the STEUER-SCHEINE themselves come to hand.

2. "That Hirsch, having things of his own in view with the money, sent no STEUER-SCHEINE from Dresden, nothing but vague lying talk instead of STEUER: so that Voltaire's suspicions naturally kindling, he stopped payment of the Paris Draft, and ordered Hirsch to come home at once.

3. "That Hirsch coming, a settlement was tried: 'Give me back my Draft on Paris, you objectionable blockhead of a Hirsch; there are your Diamonds, there is something even for your expenses (some fair moiety, I think); and let me never see your unpleasant face again!' To which Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered [says Duvernet, not substantially incorrect hitherto, though stepping along in total darkness, and very partial on Voltaire's behalf],—Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered, 'But you have changed some of them! I cannot take these!'—and drove Voltaire quite to despair, and into the Law-Courts; which imprisoned Hirsch, and made

him do justice." [Duvernet (T.J.D.V.), 170, 173, 175:—vague utterly; dateless (tries one date, and is mistaken even in the Year); wrong in nearly every detail; "the 'STAIRE or STEUER was a BANK?"]

In which last clause, still more in the conclusion, that it was "to the triumph of Voltaire," Duvernet does substantially mistake! And indeed, except as the best Parisian reflex of this matter, his Account is worth nothing:—though it may serve as Introduction to the following irrefragable Documents and more explicit featurings. We learn from him, and it is the one thing we learn of credible, That "Voltaire, when it came to Law Procedures, begged Maupertuis to speak for him to M. Jarriges," a Prussian Frenchman, "one of the Judges; and that Maupertuis answered, 'I cannot interfere in a bad business (ME MELER D'UNE MAUVAISE AFFAIRE).'" The other French Biographies, definable as "IGNOR—AMUS speaking in a loud voice to IGNOR—ATIS," require to be altogether swept aside in this matter. Even "Clog." jumbling Voltaire's undated LETTERS into confusion thrice confounded, and droning out vituperatively in the dark, becomes a MINUS quantity in these Friedrich affairs. In regard to the Hirsch Process, our one irrefragable set of evidences is: The Prussian LAW—REPORT by KLEIN,—especially the Documents produced in Court, and the Sentence given. [Ernst Ferdinand Klein, *Annalen der Gesetzgebung und Rechtsgelehrsamkeit in den Preussischen Staaten* (Berlin und Stettin), 1790, v. 215–260.] Other lights are to be gathered, with severe scrutiny and caution, from the circumambient contemporary rumor,—especially from the PREFACE to a "Comedy" so called of "TANTALE EN PROCES (Tantalus," Voltaire, "at Law");—which PREFACE is evidently Hirsch's own Story, put into language for him by some humane friend, and addressed to a "clear—seeing Public." [TANTALE EN PROCES (ascribed to Friedrich himself, by some wonderful persons!) is in *Supplement aux OEuvres Posthumes de Frederic II.* (Cologne, 1789), i. 319 et seq. Among the weakest of Comedies (might be by D'Arnaud, or some such hand); nothing in it worth reading except the Preface.] "And in fine," says my Manuscript, "by sweeping out the distinctly false, and well discriminating the indubitable from what is still in part dubitable, sufficient twilight [abridgable in a high degree, I hope!] rises over the Affair, to render it visible in all its main features."

THE VOLTAIRE—HIRSCH TRANSACTION: PART I. ORIGIN OF LAWSUIT

(10th November—25th December, 1750).

"Saxon STEUER—SCHEIN, some readers know, is, in the rough, equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Payable at the Saxon Treasury; to Prussians, in gold; to all other men, in paper only,—which (thanks to Bruhl and his unheard-of expenditures and financierings) is now at a discount say of 25, or even 30 per cent. By Article Eleventh of the Dresden TREATY OF PEACE, King Friedrich, if our readers have not forgotten, got stipulated, That all Prussian holders of these SCHEINE should be paid in gold; interest at the due days; and at the due days principal itself:—in gold they, whatever became of others. No farther specifications, as to proof, method, limits or conditions of any kind, occur in regard to this Eleventh Article; which is a just one, beyond doubt, but most carelessly drawn up. Apparently it trusts altogether to the personal honesty of all Prussian subjects: 'Prove yourself a Prussian subject, and we pay your Steuer—Schein in real money.' But now if a Saxon or other Non—Prussian, who can get no payment save in paper, were to have his Note smuggled or trafficked over into Prussia, and presented as a Prussian one? In our time, such traffic would start on the morrow morning; and in a week or two, all Notes whatsoever would be presented as Prussian, payable in gold! Not so in those days;—though a small contraband of that kind does by degrees threaten to establish itself, and Friedrich had to publish severe rescripts (one before this Hirsch—Voltaire business, [10th August, 1748 (Seyfarth, i. 62).] one still severer after), and menace it down again. The malpractice seems to have proved menaceable in that manner; nor was any new arrangement made upon it,—no change, till the Steuer—Scheine, by their gradual terms, were all paid either in real money or imaginary, and thus, in the course of years, the thing burnt to the socket, and went out."

Voltaire's rash Adventure, dangerous Navigation and gradual Wreck, in this Forbidden Sea of Steuer—Scheine,—will become conceivable to readers, on study diligent enough of the following Documents and select Details:—

DOCUMENT FIRST (a small Missive, in Voltaire's hand).

"Je prie instamment monsieur hersch de venir demain mardi matin a potsdam pour affaire pressante, et d'apporter (SIC) avec luy les diamants qui doivent servir pour la representation de la tragedie qui se jouera a cinq

heures de soir chez S.A.R. Monseigneur le Prince henri

"Ce lundy a midy. VOLTAIRE."

Which being interpreted, rightly spelt, and dated (as by chance we can do) with distinctness, will run as follows in English:—

"POTSDAM, Monday, 9th November, 1750. "I earnestly request Mr. Hirsch to come to-morrow Tuesday morning to Potsdam, on business that is urgent; and to bring with him the Diamonds needed for the Tragedy which is to be represented, at five in the evening, in His Royal Highness Prince Henry's Apartment." [Klein, v. 260.]

"On Tuesday the 10th," say the Old Newspapers, "was ROME SAUVEE;"— with Voltaire, perceptible there as "CICERON," [Rodenbeck, i. 209.] in due splendor of diamonds; Hirsch having no doubt been punctual. A glorious enough Cicero;—and such a piece of "urgent business" done with your Hirsch, just before emerging on the stage!

"Hirsch, in that NARRATIVE, describes himself as a young innocent creature. Not very old, we will believe: but as to innocence!—For certain, he is named Abraham Hirsch, or Hirschel: a Berlin Jew of the Period; whom one inclines to figure as a florid oily man, of Semitic features, in the prime of life; who deals much in jewels, moneys, loans, exchanges, all kinds of Jew barter; whether absolutely in old clothes, we do not know—certainly not unless there is a penny to be turned. The man is of oily Semitic type, not old in years,—there is a fraternal Hirsch, and also a paternal, who is head of the firm;—and this young one seems to be already old in Jew art. Speaks French and other dialects, in a Hebrew, partially intelligible manner; supplies Voltaire with diamonds for his stage-dresses, as we perceive. To all appearance, nearly destitute of human intellect, but with abundance of vulpine instead. Very cunning; stupid, seemingly, as a mule otherwise;— and, on the whole, resembling in various points of character a mule put into breeches, and made acquainted with the uses of money. He is come 'on pressing business,'—perhaps not of stage-diamonds alone? Here now is DOCUMENT SECOND; nearly of the same date; may be of the very same;—more likely is a few days later, and betokens mysterious dialogue and consultation held on Tuesday 10th. It is in two hands: written on some scrap or TORN bit of paper, to judge by the length of the lines.

DOCUMENT SECOND.

"In Voltaire's hand, this part:—

'Savoir s'il est encore tems de declarer les billets qu'on a sur la steure. si on en specifie le numero dans la declaration.'

'If it is still time to declare [to announce in Saxony and demand payment for] Notes one holds on the Steuer? If one is to specify the No. in the declaration?'

"In Hirsch's hand, this part:—

'l'on peut declarer des billets sur la steure, qu'on a en depost en pays etranger, et dont on ne pourra savoir le numero que dans quinze jours ou trois Semaines.' [Klein, 259.]

'One can declare Notes on the Steuer, which one holds in deposit in Foreign Countries; and of which one cannot state the No. till after a fortnight or three weeks.'

"Which of these Two was the Serpent, which the Eve, in this STEUER- SCHEIN Tree of Knowledge, that grew in the middle of Paradise, remains entirely uncertain. Hirsch, of course, says it was Voltaire; Voltaire (not aware that DOCUMENT SECOND remained in existence) had denied that his Hirsch business was in any way concerned with STEUER;—and must have been a good deal struck, when DOCUMENT SECOND came to light; though what could he do but still deny! Hirsch asserts himself to have objected the 'illegality, the King's anger;' but that Voltaire answered in hints about his favor with the King; 'about his power to make one a Court-Jeweller,' if he liked; and so at last tempted the baby innocence of Hirsch;—for the rest, admits that the Steuer-Notes were expected to yield a Profit—of 35 per cent:—and, in fact, a dramatic reader can imagine to himself dialogue enough, at different times, going on, partly by words, partly by hint, innuendo and dumb-show, between this Pair of Stage-Beauties. But, for near a fortnight after DOCUMENT FIRST, there is nothing dated, or that can be clearly believed,—till,

"MONDAY, 23d NOVEMBER, 1750. It is credibly certain the Jew Hirsch came again, this day, to the Royal Schloss of Potsdam, to Voltaire's apartment there [right overhead of King Friedrich's, it is!]
—where, after such

dialogue as can be guessed at, there was handed to Hirsch by Voltaire, in the form of Two negotiable Bills, a sum of about 2,250 pounds; with which the Jew is to make at once for Dresden, and buy Steuer-Scheine. [Hirsch's Narrative, in Preface to *Tantale en Proces*, p. 340.] Steuer-Scheine without fail: 'but in talking or corresponding on the matter, we are always to call them FURS or DIAMONDS,'—mystery of mysteries being the rule for us. This considerable sum of 2,250 pounds may it not otherwise, contrives Voltaire, be called a 'Loan' to Jeweller Hirsch, so obliging a Jeweller, to buy 'Furs' or 'Diamonds' with? At a gain of 35 per 100 Pieces, there will be above 800 pounds to me, after all expenses cleared: a very pretty stroke of business do—able in few days!"—

"Monday, 23d November:" The beautiful Wilhelmina, one remarks, is just making her packages; right sad to end such a Visit as this had been! Thursday night, from her first sleeping-place, there is a touching Farewell to her Brother;—tender, melodiously sorrowful, as the Song of the Swan. [Wilhelmina to Friedrich, "Brietzen, 26th November, JOUR FUNESTE POUR MOI" (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 197).] To Voltaire she was always good; always liked Voltaire. Voltaire would be saying his Adieus, in state, among the others, to that high Being,—just in the hours while such a scandalous Hirsch-Concoction went, on underground!

"As to the Two Bills and Voltaire's security for them, readers are to note as follows. Bill FIRST is a Draft, on Voltaire's Paris Banker for 40,000 livres (about 1,600 pounds), not payable for some weeks: 'This I lend you, Monsieur Hirsch; mind, LEND you,—to buy Furs!' 'Yes, truly, what we call Furs;—and before the Bill falls payable, there will be effects for it in Monseigneur de Voltaire's hand; which is security enough for Monseigneur.' The SECOND Bill, again"—Truth is, there were in succession two Second Bills, an INTENDED-Second (of this same Monday 23d), which did not quite suit, and an ACTUAL-Second (two days later), which did. INTENDED-Second Bill was one for 4,000 thalers (about 600 pounds), drawn by Voltaire on the Sieur Ephraim,—a very famous Jew of Berlin now and henceforth, with whom as money-changer, if not yet otherwise (which perhaps Ephraim thinks unlucky), Voltaire, it would seem, is in frequent communication. This Bill, Ephraim would not accept; told Hirsch he owed M. de Voltaire nothing; "turned me rudely away," says Hirsch (two of a trade, and no friends, he and I!)—so that there is nothing to be said of this Ephraim Bill; and except as it elucidates some dark portions of the whirlpools, need not have been noticed at all. "Hirsch," continues my Authority, "got only Two available Bills; the first on Paris for 1,600 pounds, payable in some weeks; and, after a day or two, this other: The ACTUAL BILL SECOND; which is a Draft for 4,430 thalers (about 650 pounds), by old Father Hirsch, head of the Firm, on Voltaire himself:—'Furs too with that, Monsieur Hirsch, at the rate of 35 per piece, you understand?' 'Yea, truly, Monseigneur!'—Draft accepted by Voltaire, and the cash for it now handed to Hirsch Son: the only absolutely ready money he has yet got towards the affair.

"For these Two Bills, especially for this Second, I perceive, Voltaire holds borrowed jewels (borrowed in theatrical times, or partly bought, from the Hirsch Firm, and not paid for), which make him sure till he see the STEUER Papers themselves.—(And now off, my good Sieur Hirsch; and know that if you please ME, there are— things in my power which would suit a man in the Jeweller and Hebrew line!' Hirsch pushes home to Berlin; primed and loaded in this manner; Voltaire naturally anxious enough that the shot may hit. Alas, the shot will not even go off, for some time: an ill omen!

"SUNDAY, 29th NOVEMBER, Hirsch, we hear, is still in Berlin. Fancy the humor of Voltaire, after such a week as last! TUESDAY, December 1st) Hirsch still is not off: 'Go, you son of Amalek!' urges Voltaire; and sends his Servant Picard, a very sharp fellow, for perhaps the third time,—who has orders now, as Hirsch discovers, to stay with him, not quit sight of him till he do go. [Hirsch's Narrative; see Voltaire's Letter to D'Arget (*OEuvres*, lxiv. 11).] Hirsch's hour of departure for Dresden is not mentioned in the ACTS; but I guess he could hardly get over Wednesday, with Picard dogging him on these terms; and must have taken the diligence on Wednesday night: to arrive in Dresden about December 4th. 'Well; at least, our shot is off; has not burst out, and lodged in our person here,—thanked be all the gods!'

"Off, sure enough:—and what should we say if the whole matter were already oozing out; if, on this same Sunday evening, November 29th) not quite a week's time yet, the matter (as we learn long afterwards) had been privately whispered to his Majesty: 'That Voltaire has sent off a Jew to buy Steuer-Scheine, and has promised to get him made Court-Jeweller!' [Voltaire, *OEuvres*, lxxiv. 314 ("Letter to Friedrich, February, 1751,"—AFTER Catastrophe).], So; within a week, and before Hirsch is even gone! For men are very porous; weighty secrets oozing out of them, like quicksilver through clay jars. I could guess, Hirsch, by way of galling insolent Ephraim, had blabbed something; and in the course of five days, it has got to the very King,—this Kammerherr Voltaire

being such a favorite and famous man as never was; the very bull's-eye of all kinds of Berlin gossip in these days. 'Hm, Steuer-Scheine, and the Jew Hirsch to be Court-Jeweller, you say?' thinks the King, that Sunday night; but locks the rumor in his Royal mind, he, for his part; or dismisses it as incredible: 'There ought to be impervious vessels too, among the porous!' Voltaire notices nothing particular, or nothing that he speaks of as particular. This must have been a horrid week to him, till Hirsch got away." Hirsch is away (December 2d); in Dresden, safe enough; but—

"But, the fortnight that follows is conceivable as still worse. Hirsch writing darkly, nothing to the purpose; Voltaire driving often into Berlin, hearing from Ephraim hints about, 'No connection with that House;' 'If Monseigneur have intrusted Hirsch with money,—may there be a good account of it!' and the like. Black Care devouring Monseigneur; but nothing definite; except the fact too evident, That Hirsch does not send or bring the smallest shadow of Steuer-Scheine,—'Peltries,' or 'Diamonds,' we mean,—or any value whatever for that Paris Bill of ours, payable shortly, and which he has already got cashed in Dresden. Nothing but excuses, prevarications; stupid, incoherently deceptive jargon, as of a mule intent on playing fox with you. Vivid Correspondence is conceivable; but nothing of it definite to us, except this sample" (which we give translated):—

DOCUMENT THIRD (torn fraction in Voltaire's hand: To Hirsch, doubtless; early in December). ... "Not proper (IL NE FALLAIT PAS) to negotiate Bills of Exchange, and never produce a single diamond"—bit of peltry, or ware of any kind, you son of Amalek! "Not proper to say: I have got money for your bills of exchange, and I bring you nothing back; and I will repay your money when you shall no longer be here [in Germany at all]. Not proper to promise at 35 louis, and then say 30. To say 30, and then next morning 25. You should at least have produced goods (IL FALLAIT EN DONNER) at the price current; very easy to do when one was on the spot. All your procedures have been faults hitherto. [Klein, v. 259.]

"These are dreadful symptoms. Steuer-Notes, promised at 35 discount, are not to be had except at 30. Say 30 then, and get done with it, mule of a scoundrel! Next day the 30 sinks to 25; and not a Steuer-Note, on any terms, comes to hand. And the mule of a scoundrel has drawn money, in Dresden yonder, for my Bill on Paris,—excellent to him for trade of his own! What is to be done with such an Ass of Balaam? He has got the bit in his teeth, it would seem. Heavens, he too is capable of stopping short, careless of spur and cudgel; and miraculously speaking to a NEW Prophet [strange new "Revealer of the Lord's Will," in modern dialect], in this enlightened Eighteenth Century itself!—One thing the new Prophet, can do: protest his Paris Bill.

"DECEMBER 12th [our next bit of certainty], Voltaire writes, haste, haste, to Paris, 'Don't pay;' and intimates to Hirsch, 'You will have to return your Dresden Banker his money for that Paris Bill. At Paris I have protested it, mark me; and there it never will be paid to him or you. And you must come home again instantly, job undone, lies not untold, you—!' Hirsch, with money in hand, appears not to have wanted for a briskish trade of his own in the Dresden marts. But this of cutting off his supplies brings him instantly back:"—and at Berlin, DECEMBER 16th, new facts emerge again of a definite nature.

"WEDNESDAY, 16th DECEMBER, 1750. 'To-day the King with Court and Voltaire come to Berlin for the Carnival;' [Rodenbeck, i. 209.] to-day also Voltaire, not in Carnival humor, has appointed his Jew to meet him. In the Royal Palace itself,—we hope, well remote from Friedrich's Apartment!—this sordid conference, needing one's choicest diplomacy withal, and such exquisite handling of bit and spur, goes on. And probably at great length. Of which, as the FINALE, and one clear feature significant to the fancy, here is,— for record of what they call 'COMPLETE SETTLEMENT,' which it was far from turning out to be:—

DOCUMENT FOURTH (in Hirsch's hand, First Piece of it).

"*Pour quittance generale promettant de rendre a Mr. de Voltaire tous billets, ordres et lettres de change a moy donnez jusqu'a ce jour, 16 Decembre, 1750.* "Account all settled; I promising to return M. de Voltaire all Letters, Orders and Bills of Exchange given me to this day, 16th December, 1750.

[Hirsch signs. But you have forgotten something, Monsieur Hirsch! Whereupon] *et promets de donner a Mr. de Voltaire dans le jour de demain ou apres au plustard deux cent quatre-vingt frederics d'or au lieu de deux cent quatre-vingt louis d'or, que je lui ai payez, le tout pour quittance generale, ce 16 Decembre, 1750, a berlin* And promise to give M. de Voltaire, in the course of to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow at latest, 280 FREDERICS D'OR, instead of 280 LOUIS D'OR [gold FREDERICS the preferable coin, say experts] which I have now paid him; whereby All will be settled.

[Hirsch again signs; but has again forgotten something, most important thing. And]

je lui remettrai surtout les 40,000 livres de billets de change sur paris qu'il mavoit donnez et fiez' I will especially return him the Bill on Paris for 40,000 livres (1,600 pounds) which he had given and trusted to me,—but has since protested, as is too evident.

[and Hirsch signs for the last time]." [Klein, pp. 258, 260.]— Symptomatic, surely, of a haggly settlement, these THREE shots instead of one!—"Voltaire's return is:—

*"Pour quittance generale de tout compte solde entre nous, tout paye au sieur abraham hersch a berlin, 16 Decembre, 1750.—Voltaire' "*Account all settled between us, payment of the Sieur Abraham Hirsch in full: Berlin, 16th Deember, 1750.'

[which Second Piece, we perceive, is to lie in Hirsch's hand, to keep, if he find it valuable].

"This 'COMPLETE SETTLEMENT,'—little less than miraculous to Voltaire and us,—one finds, after sifting, to have been the fruit of Voltaire's exquisite skill in treating and tuning his Hirsch (no harshness of rebuke, rather some gleam of hope, of future bargains, help at Court): (Your expenses; compensation for protesting of that Bill on Paris? Tush, cannot we make all that good! In the first place, I will BUY of you these Jewels [this one discovers to have been the essence of the operation!], all or the best part of them, which I have here in pawn for Papa's Bill: 650 pounds was it not? Well, suppose I on the instant take 450 pounds worth, or so, of these Jewels (I want a great many jewels); and you to pay me down a 200 or so of gold LOUIS as balance,—gold LOUIS, no, we will say FREDERICS rather. There now, that is settled. Nothing more between us but settles itself, if we continue friends!' Upon which Hirsch walked home, thankful for the good job in Jewels; wondering only what the Allowance for Expenses and Compensation will be. And Voltaire steps out, new—burnished, into the Royal Carnival splendors, with a load rolled from his mind.

"This COMPLETE SETTLEMENT, meanwhile, rests evidently on two legs, both of which are hollow. 'What will the handsome Compensation be, I wonder?' thinks Hirsch;—and is horror—struck to find shortly, that Voltaire considers 60 thalers (about 9 pounds) will be the fair sum! 'More than ten times that!' is Hirsch's privately fixed idea. On the other hand, Voltaire has been asking himself, 'My 450 pounds worth of Jewels, were they justly valued, though?' Jew Ephraim (exaggerative and an enemy to this Hirsch House) answers, 'Justly? I would give from 300 pounds to 250 pounds for them!'—So that the legs both crumbling to powder, Complete Settlement crashes down into chaos: and there ensues,"—But we must endeavor to be briefer!

There ensues, for about a week following, such an inextricable scramble between the Sieur Hirsch and M. de Voltaire as,—as no reader, not himself in the Jew—Bill line, or paid for understanding it, could consent to have explained to him. Voltaire, by way of mending the bad jewel—bargain, will buy of Hirsch 200 pounds worth more jewels; gets the new 200 pounds worth in hand, cannot quite settle what articles will suit: "This, think you? That, think you?" And intricately shuffles them about, to Hirsch and back. Hirsch, singular to notice, holds fast by that Protested Paris Bill; on frivolous pretexts, always forgets to bring that: "May have its uses, that, in a Court of Justice yet!" Meetings there are, almost daily, in the Voltaire Palace—Apartment; DECEMBER 19th and DECEMBER 24th) there are Two DOCUMENTS (which we must spare the reader, though he will hear of them again, as highly notable, especially of one of them, as notable in the extreme!)— indicating the abstrusest jewel—bargainings, scramblings, re—bargainings.

"My Jewels are truly valued!" asseverates Hirsch always: "Ephraim is my enemy; ask Herr Reklam, chief Jeweller in Berlin, an impartial man!" The meetings are occasionally of stormy character; Voltaire's patience nearly out: "But did n't I return you that Topaz Ring, value 75 pounds? And you have NOT deducted it; you—!" "One day, Picard and he pulled a Ring [doubtless this Topaz] off my finger," says the pathetic Hirsch, "and violently shoved me out of the room, slamming their door,"—and sent me home, along the corridors, in a very scurvy humor! Thus, under a skin of second settlement, there are two galvanic elements, getting ever more galvanic, which no skin of settlement can prevent exploding before long.

Explosion there accordingly was; most sad and dismal; which rang through all the Court circles of Berlin; and, like a sound of hooting and of weeping mixed, is audible over seas to this day. But let not the reader insist on tracing the course of it henceforth. Klein, though faithful and exact, is not a Pitaval; and we find in him errors of the press. The acutest Actuary might spend weeks over these distracted Money—accounts, and inconsistent Lists of Jewels bought and not bought; and would be unreadable if successful. Let us say, The business catches fire at this point; the Voltaire—Hirsch theatre is as if blown up into mere whirlwinds of igneous rum and smoky darkness.

Henceforth all plunges into Lawsuit, into chaos of conflicting lies,—undecipherable, not worth deciphering. Let us give what few glimpses of the thing are clearly discernible at their successive dates, and leave the rest to picture itself in the reader's fancy.

It appears, that Meeting of DECEMBER 24th, above alluded to, was followed by another on Christmas-day, which proved the final one. Final total explosion took place at this new meeting;—which, we find farther, was at Chasot's Lodging (the CHAPEAU of Hanbury), who is now in Town, like all the world, for Carnival. Hirsch does not directly venture on naming Chasot: but by implication, by glimmers of evidence elsewhere, one sufficiently discovers that it is he: Lieutenant-Colonel, King's Friend, a man glorious, especially ever since Hohenfriedberg, and that haul of the "sixty-seven standards" all at once. In the way of Arbitration, Voltaire thinks Chasot might do something. In regard to those 450 pounds worth of bought Jewels, there is not such a judge in the world! Hirsch says: "Next morning [December 25th, morrow after that jumbly Account, with probable slamming of the door, and still worse!], Voltaire went to a Lieutenant-Colonel in the King's service; and ask him to send for me." [Duvernet (Second), p. 172; Hirsch's Narrative (in *Tantale*, p. 344).] This is Chasot; who knows these jewels well. Duvernet,—who had talked a good deal with D'Arget, in latter years, and alone of Frenchmen sometimes yields a true particle of feature in things Prussian,—Duvernet tells us, these Jewels were once Chasot's own: given him by a fond Duchess of Mecklenburg,—musical old Duchess, verging towards sixty; HONI SOIT, my friend! What Hirsch gave Chasot for these Jewels is not a doubtful quantity; and may throw conviction into Hirsch, hopes Voltaire.

DECEMBER 25th, 1750. The interview at Chasot's was not lengthy, but it was decisive. Hirsch never brings that Paris Bill; privately fixed, on that point. Hirsch's claims, as we gradually unravel the intricate mule-mind of him, rise very high indeed. "And as to the value of those Jewels, and what I allowed YOU for them, Monsieur Chasot; that is no rule: trade-profits, you know"—Nay, the mule intimates, as a last shift, That perhaps they are not the same Jewels; that perhaps M. de Voltaire has changed some of them! Whereupon the matter catches fire, irretrievably explodes. M. de Voltaire's patience flies quite done; and, fire-eyed fury now guiding, he springs upon the throat of Hirsch like a cat-o'-mountain; clutches Hirsch by the windpipe; tumbles him about the room: "Infamous canaille, do you know whom you have got to do with? That it is in my power to stick you into a hole underground for the rest of your life? Sirrah, I will ruin and annihilate you!"—and "tossed me about the room with his fist on my throat," says Hirsch; "offering to have pity nevertheless, if I would take back the Jewels, and return all writings." [Narrative (in *Tantale*).] Eyes glancing like a rattlesnake's, as we perceive; and such a phenomenon as Hirsch had not expected, this Christmas! In short, the matter has here fairly exploded, and is blazing aloft, as a mass of intricate fuliginous ruin, not to be deciphered henceforth. Such a scene for Chasot on the Christmas-day at Berlin! And we have got to

PART II. THE LAWSUIT ITSELF (30th December, 1750—18th and 26th February, 1751).

Hirsch slunk hurriedly home, uncertain whether dead or alive. Old Hirsch, hearing of such explosion, considered his house and family ruined; and, being old and feeble, took to bed upon it, threatening to break his heart. Voltaire writes to Niece Denis, on the morrow; not hinting at the Hirsch matter, far from that; but in uncommonly dreary humor: "My splendor here, my glory, never was the like of it; MAIS, MAIS," BUT, and ever again BUT, at each new item,—in fact, the humor of a glorious Phoenix-Peacock suddenly doused and drenched in dirty water, and feeling frost at hand! ["To Madame Denis" (lxxiv. 279, "Berlin Palace, 26th December, 1750;"—and ib. 249, 257, of other dates).] Humor intelligible enough, when dates are compared.

Better than that, Voltaire is applying, on all points of the compass, to Legal and Influential Persons, for help in a Court of Law. To Chancellor Cocceji; to Jarriges (eminent Prussian Frenchman), President of Court; to Maupertuis, who knows Jarriges, but "will not meddle in a bad business;"—at last, even to dull reverend Formey, whom he had not called on hitherto. Cocceji seems to have answered, to the effect, "Most certainly: the Courts are wide open;"—but as to "help"! December 30th, the Suit, Voltaire VERSUS Hirsch, "comes to Protocol,"—that is, Cocceji, Jarriges, Loper, three eminent men, have been named to try it; and Herr Hofrath Bell, Advocate for Voltaire Plaintiff, hands in his First Statement that day. Berlin resounds, we may fancy how! Rumor, laughter and wonder are in all polite quarters; and continue, more or less vivid, for above two months coming. Here is one direct glimpse of Plaintiff, in this interim; which we will give, though the eyes are none of the best: "The first visit

I," Formey, "had from Voltaire was in the afternoon of January 8th) 1751 [Suit begun ten days ago]. I had, at the time, a large party of friends. Voltaire walked across the Apartment, without looking at anybody; and, taking me by the hand, made me lead him to a cabinet adjoining. His Lawsuit with a Jew was the matter on hand. He talked to me at large about his Lawsuit, and with the greatest vehemence; he wound up by asking me to speak to Law—President M. de Jarriges (since Chancellor): I answered what was suitable;"— probably did speak to Jarriges, but might as well have held my tongue. "Voltaire then took his leave: stepping athwart the former Apartment with some precipitation, he noticed my eldest little girl, then in her fourth year, who was gazing at the diamonds on his Cross of the Order of Merit. 'Bagatelles, bagatelles, MON ENFANT!' said he, and disappeared." [Formey, i. 232.]

On New-Year's day, Friday, 1st January, 1751, Voltaire had legally applied to Herr Minister von Bismark, for Warrant to arrest Hirsch, as a person that will not give up Papers not belonging to him. Warrant was granted, and Hirsch lodged in Limbo. Which worsens the state of poor old Father Hirsch; threatening now really to die, of heart-break and other causes. Hirsch Son, from the interior of Limbo, appeals to Bismark, "Lord Chancellor Cocceji is seized of my Plea, your gracious Lordship!"—"All the same," answers Bismark; "produce CAUTION, or you can't get out." Hirsch produces caution; and gets out, after a day or two;—and has been "brought to Protocol January 4th." No delay in this Court: both parties, through their Advocates, are now brought to book; the points they agree in will be sifted out, and laid on this side as truth; what they differ in, left lying on that side, as a mixture of lies to be operated on by farther processes and protocols.

We will not detail the Lawsuit;—what I chiefly admire in it is its brevity. Cocceji has not reformed in vain. Good Advocates, none other allowed; and no Advocate talks; he merely endeavors to think, see and discover; holds his tongue if he can discover nothing: that doubtless is one source of the brevity!—Many lies are stated by Hirsch, many by Voltaire: but the Judges, without difficulty, shovel these aside; and come step by step upon the truth. Hirsch says plainly, He was sent to buy STEUER—SCHEINE at 35 per cent discount; Voltaire entirely denies the Steuer—Notes; says, It was an affair of Peltries and Jewelries, originating in loans of money to this ungrateful Jew. Which necessitates much wriggling on the part of M. de Voltaire;—but he has himself written in a Lawyer's Office, in his young days, and knows how to twist a turn of expression. The Judges are not there to judge about Steuer—Notes; but they give you to understand that Voltaire's Peltry—and—Jewelry story is moonshine. Hirsch produces the Voltaire Scraps of Writing, already known to our readers; Voltaire says, "Mere extinct jottings; which Hirsch has furtively picked out of the grate,"—or may be said to have picked; Papers annihilated by our Bargain of December 16th, and which should have been in the grate, if they were not; this felon never having kept his word in that respect. Peltries and Jewelries, I say: he will not give me back that Paris Bill which was protested; pays me the other 3,000 crowns (Draft of 650 pounds) in Jewels overvalued by half.—"Jewels furtively changed since Plaintiff had them of me!" answers Hirsch;—and the steady Judges keep their sieves going.

The only Documents produced by Voltaire are Two; of 19th DECEMBER and of 24th DECEMBER;—which the reader has not yet seen, but ought now to gain some notion of, if possible. They affect once more, as that of December 16th had done, to be "Final Settlements" (or Final Settlement of 19th, with CODICIL of 24th); and turn on confused Lists of Jewels, bought, returned, re-bought (that "Topaz ring" torn from one's hand, a conspicuous item), which no reader would have patience to understand, except in the succinct form. Let all readers note them, however;—at least the first of them, that of December 19th; especially the words we mark in Italics, which have merited a sad place for IT in the history of human sin and misery. Klein has given both Documents in engraved fac—simile; we must help ourselves by simpler methods. Berlin, December 19th, 1750; Voltaire writes, Hirsch signs;—and the Italics are believed to be words foisted in by M. de Voltaire, weeks after, while the Hirsch pleadings were getting stringent! Read,—a very sad memorial of M. de Voltaire,—

DOCUMENT FIFTH (in Voltaire's hand, written at two times; and the old writing MENDED in parts, to suit the new!).—"FOR PAYMENT OF 3,000 THALERS BY ME DUE, I have sold to M. de Voltaire, at the price costing by estimation and tax, with 2 per cent for my commission ["OR GRATIFICATION," written above], the following Diamonds, taxed [blotted into "TAXABLE"], as here adjoined; viz."— seven pieces of jewelry, pendeloques, with price affixed, among which is the violated Topaz,—"the whole estimated by him ["him" crossed out, and "ME" written over it], being 3,640 thalers. Whereupon, received from Monsieur de Voltaire [what is very strange; not intelligible without study!] the sum of 2,940 thalers, and he has given me back the

Topaz, with 60 crowns for my trouble. —Berlin, 19th December, 1750." (Hitherto in Voltaire's hand; after which Hirsch writes:) "APROUVE, A. Hirschel." [Sic: that is always his SIGNATURE; "Abraham HirschEL," so given by Klein, while Klein and everybody CALL him Hirsch (STAG), as we have done,—if only to save a syllable on the bad bargain.] And between these two lines ("... 1750" and "APPROVED ..."), there is crushed in, as afterthought, "VALUED BY MYSELF [Hirsch's self], 2,940, ADD 60, IS 3,000." And, in fine, below the Hirsch signature, on what may be called the bottom margin, there is,—I think, avowedly Voltaire's and subsequent,—this: "N.B. that Hirsch's valuing of all the jewels [present lot and former lot] is, by real estimation, between twice and thrice too high;" of which, it is hoped, your Lordships will take notice!

Was there ever seen such a Paper; one end of it contradicting the other? Payment TO M. de Voltaire, and payment BY M. de Voltaire;— with other blottings and foistings, which print and italics will not represent! Hirsch denies he ever signed this Paper. Is not that your writing, then: "APROUVE, A. Hirschel"?—"No!" and they convict him of falsity in that respect: the signature IS his, but the Paper has been altered since he signed it. That is what the poor dark mortal meant to express; and in his mulish way, he has expressed into a falsity what was in itself a truth. There is not, on candid examination of Klein's Fac-similes and the other evidence, the smallest doubt but Voltaire altered, added and intercalated, in his own privacy, those words which we have printed in italics; TAXES changed into TAXABLES ("estimated at" into "estimable at"), HIM for ME, and so on; and above all, the now first line of the Paper, FOR PAYMENT OF 3,000 THALERS BY ME DUE, and in last line the words VALUED BY MYSELF, are palpable interpolations, sheer falsifications, which Hirsch is made to continue signing after his back is turned!

No fact is more certain; and few are sadder in the history of M. de Voltaire. To that length has he been driven by stress of Fortune. Nay, when the Judges, not hiding their surprise at the form of this Document, asked, Will you swear it is all genuine? Voltaire answered, "Yes, certainly!"—for what will a poor man not do in extreme stress of Fortune? Hirsch, as a Jew, is not permitted to make oath, where a Quasi-Christian will swear to the contrary, or he gladly would; and might justly. The Judges, willing to prevent chance of perjury, did not bring Voltaire to swearing, but contrived a way to justice without that.

FEBRUARY 18th, 1751, the Court arrives at a conclusion. Hirsch's Diamonds, whatever may have been written or forged, are not, nor were, worth more than their value, think the Judges. The Paris Bill is admitted to be Voltaire's, not Hirsch's, continue they;—and if Hirsch can prove that Voltaire has changed the Diamonds, not a likely fact, let him do so. The rest does not concern us. And to that effect, on the above day, runs their Sentence: "You, Hirsch, shall restore the Paris Bill; mutual Papers to be all restored, or legally annihilated. Jewels to be valued by sworn Experts, and paid for at that price. Hirsch, if he can prove that the Jewels were changed, has liberty to try it, in a new Action. Hirsch, for falsely denying his Signature, is fined ten thalers (thirty shillings), such lie being a contempt of court, whatever more."

"Ha, fined, you Jew Villain!" hysterically shrieks Voltaire: "in the wrong, weren't you, then; and fined thirty shillings?" hysterically trying to believe, and make others believe, that he has come off triumphant. "Beaten my Jew, haven't I?" says he to everybody, though inwardly well enough aware how it stands, and that he is a Phoenix douched, and has a tremor in the bones! Chancellor Cocceji was far from thinking it triumphant to him. Here is a small Note of Cocceji's, addressed to his two colleagues, Jarriges and Loper, which has been found among the Law Papers:

"BERLIN, 20th FEBRUARY, 1751. The Herr President von Jarriges and Privy-Councillor Loper are hereby officially requested to bring the remainder of the Voltaire Sentence to its fulfilment: I am myself not well, and can employ my time much better. The Herr von Voltaire has given in a desperate Memorial (EIN DESPERATES MEMORIAL) to this purport: 'I swear that what is charged to me [believed of me] in the Sentence is true; and now request to have the Jewels valued.' I have returned him this Paper, with notice that it must be signed by an Advocate.—COCCEJI." [Klein, 256.]

So wrote Chancellor Cocceji, on the Saturday, washing his hands of this sorry business. Voltaire is ready to make desperate oath, if needful. We said once, M. de Voltaire was not given to lying; far the reverse. But yet, see, if you drive him into a corner with a sword at his throat,—alas, yes, he will lie a little! Forgery lay still less in his habits; but he can do a stroke that way, too (one stroke, unique in his life, I do believe), if a wild boar, with frothy tusks, is upon him. Tell it not in Gath,—except for scientific purposes! And be judicial, arithmetical, in passing sentence on it; not shrieky, mobbish, and flying off into the Infinite!

Berlin, of course, is loud on these matters. "The man whom the King delighted to honor, this is he, then!" King Friedrich has quitted Town, some while ago; returned to Potsdam "January 30th." Glad enough, I suppose, to be out of all this unmusical blowing of catcalls and indecent exposure. To Voltaire he has taken no notice; silently leaves Voltaire, in his nook of the Berlin Schloss, till the foul business get done. "VOLTAIRE FILOUTE LES JUIFS (picks Jew pockets)," writes he once to Wilhelmina: "will get out of it by some GAMBADE (summerset)," writes he another time; "but" ["31st December, 1750" (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii, i. 198); "3d February, 1751" (ib. 201).]— And takes the matter with boundless contempt, doubtless with some vexation, but with the minimum of noise, as a Royal gentleman might. Jew Hirsch is busy preparing for his new desperate Action; getting together proof that the Jewels have been changed. In proof Jew Hirsch will be weak; but in pleading, in public pamphlets, and keeping a winged Apollo fluttering disastrously in such a mud-bath, Jew Hirsch will be strong. Voltaire, "out of magnanimous pity to him," consents next week to an Agreement. Agreement is signed on Thursday, 26th February, 1751:—Papers all to be returned, Jewels nearly all, except one or two, paid at Hirsch's own price. Whereby, on the whole, as Klein computes, Voltaire lost about 150 pounds;—elsewhere I have seen it computed at 187 pounds: not the least matter which. Old Hirsch has died in the interim ("Of broken heart!" blubbers the Son); day not known.

And, on these terms, Voltaire gets out of the business; glad to close the intolerable rumor, at some cost of money. For all tongues were wagging; and, in defect of a *TIMES* Newspaper, it appears, there had Pamphlets come out; printed Satires, bound or in broadside;—sapid, exhilarative, for a season, and interesting to the idle mind. Of which, *TANTALE EN PROCES* may still, for the sake of that *PREFACE* to it, be considered to have an obscure existence. And such, reduced to its authenticities, was the Adventure of the Steuer-Notes. A very bad Adventure indeed; unspeakably the worst that Voltaire ever tried, who had such talent in the finance line. On which poor History is really ashamed to have spent so much time; sorting it into clearness, in the disgust and sorrow of her soul. But perhaps it needed to be done. Let us hope, at least, it may not now need to be done again. [Besides the *KLEIN*, the *TANTALE EN PROCES* and the Voltaire *LETTERS* cited above, there is (in *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxiv. pp. 61–106, as *SUPPLEMENT* there), written off-hand, in the very thick of the Hirsch Affair, a considerable set of *NOTES TO D'ARGET*, which might have been still more elucidative; but are, in their present dateless topsy-turviéd condition; a very wonder of confusion to the studious reader!]

This is the *FIRST ACT* of Voltaire's Tragic-Farce at the Court of Berlin: readers may conceive to what a bleared frost-bitten condition it has reduced the first Favonian efflorescence there. He considerably recovered in the *SECOND ACT*, such the indelible charm of the Voltaire genius to Friedrich. But it is well known, the First Act rules all the others; and here, accordingly, the Third Act failed not to prove tragical. Out of First Act into Second the following *EXTRACTS OF CORRESPONDENCE* will guide the reader, without commentary of ours.

Voltaire, left languishing at Berlin, has fallen sick, now that all is over;—no doubt, in part really sick, the unfortunate Phoenix-Peafowl, with such a tremor in his bones;—and would fain be near Friedrich and warmth again; fain persuade the outside world that all is sunshine with him. Voltaire's Letters to Friedrich, if he wrote any, in this Jew time, are lost; here are Friedrich's Answers to Two,—one lost, which had been written from Berlin *AFTER* the Jew affair was out of Court; and to another (not lost) after the Jew affair was done.

1. KING FRIEDRICH TO VOLTAIRE AT BERLIN.

"POTSDAM, 24th February, 1751. "I was glad to receive you in my house; I esteemed your genius, your talents and acquirements; and I had reason to think that a man of your age, wearied with fencing against Authors, and exposing himself to the storm, came hither to take refuge as in a safe harbor.

"But, on arriving, you exacted of me, in a rather singular manner, Not to take Freron to write me news from Paris; and I had the weakness, or the complaisance, to grant you this, though it is not for you to decide what persons I shall take into my service. D'Arnaud had faults towards you; a generous man would have pardoned them; a vindictive man hunts down those whom he takes to hating. In a word, though to me D'Arnaud had done nothing, it was on your account that he had to go. You were with the Russian Minister, speaking of things you had no concern with [Russian Excellency Gross, off home lately, in sudden dudgeon, like an angry sky-rocket, nobody can guess why! [Adelung, vii. 133 (about 1st December, 1750).]—and it was thought I had given you Commission." "You have had the most villanous affair in the world with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal all

over Town. And that Steuer– Schein business is so well known in Saxony, that they have made grievous complaints of it to me.

"For my own share, I have preserved peace in my house till your arrival: and I warn you, that if you have the passion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the wrong hand. I like peaceable composed people; who do not put into their conduct the violent passions of Tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, I shall be glad to see you; but if you abandon yourself to all the violences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you will do me no good by coming hither, and you may as well stay in Berlin." [Preuss, xxii. 262 (WANTING in the French Editions).]—F.

To which Voltaire sighing pathetically in response, "Wrong, ah yes, your Majesty;—and sick to death" (see farther down),—here is Friedrich's Second in Answer:—

2. FRIEDRICH TO VOLTAIRE AGAIN.

"POTSDAM, 28th February, 1751. "If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing of Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it, I congratulate you; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done. I hope you will have no more quarrels, neither with the OLD nor with the New TESTAMENT. Such worryings (CES SORTES DE COMPROMIS) leave their mark on a man; and with the talents of the finest genius in France, you will not cover the stains which this conduct would fasten on your reputation in the long–run. A Bookseller Gosse [read JORE, your Majesty? Nobody ever heard of Gosse as an extant quantity: Jore, of Rouen, you mean, and his celebrated Lawsuit, about printing the HENRIADE, or I know not what, long since [Unbounded details on the Jore Case, and from 1731 to 1738 continual LETTERS on it, in *OEuvres de Voltaire*; —came to a head in 1736 (ib. lxix. 375); Jore penitent, 1738 (ib. i. 262), a Bookseller Jore, an Opera Fiddler [poor Travenol, wrong dog pincered by the ear], and a Jeweller Jew, these are, of a surety, names which in no sort of business ought to appear by the side of yours. I write this Letter with the rough common–sense of a German, who speaks what he thinks, without employing equivocal terms, and loose assuagements which disfigure the truth: it is for you to profit by it.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 265.]

So that Voltaire will have to languish: "Wrong, yes;—and sick, nigh dead, your Majesty! Ah, could not one get to some Country Lodge near you, 'the MARQUISAT' for instance? Live silent there, and see your face sometimes?" [In *OEuvres de Frederic* (xxii. 259–261, 263–266) are Four lamenting and repenting, wheedling and ultimately whining, LETTERS from Voltaire, none of them dated, which have much about "my dreadful state of health," "my passion" for reposing in that MARQUISAT," —to one of which Four, or perhaps to the whole together, the above No. 2 of Friedrich seems to have been Answer. Of that indisputable "MARQUISAT" no Nicolai says a word; even careful Preuss passes "Gosse" and it with shut lips.] Languishing very much;—gives cosy little dinners, however. Here are two other Excerpts; and these will suffice:—

VOLTAIRE TO FORMEY ("BERLIN PALACE;" DATABLE, FIRST DAYS OF MARCH): "Will you, Monsieur, come and eat the King's roast meat (ROT DU ROI), to–day, Thursday, at two o'clock, in a philosophic, warm and comfortable manner (PHILOSOPHIQUEMENT ET CHAUDEMENT ET DOUCEMENT). A couple of philosophers, without being courtiers, may dine in the Palace of a Philosopher–King: I should even take the liberty of sending one of his Majesty's Carriages for you,—at two precise. After dinner, you would be at hand for your Academy meeting." [Formey, i. 234.]—V. How cosy!—And King Friedrich has relented, too; grants me the Marquisat; can refuse me nothing!

VOLTAIRE TO D'ARGENTAL (POTSDAM, 15th MARCH 1751). ... "I could not accompany our Chamberlain [Von Ammon, gone as Envoy to Paris, on a small matter ["Commercial Treaty;" which he got done. See LONGCHAMP, if any one is curious otherwise about this Gentleman: "D'Hamon" they call him, and sometimes "DAMON",—to whom Niece Denis wanted to be Phyllis, according to Longchamp.]], through the muds and the snows,—where I should have been buried; I was ill," and had to go to the MARQUISAT. "D'Arnaud and the pack of Scribblers would have been too glad. D'Arnaud, animated with the true love of glory, and not yet grown sufficiently illustrious by his own immortal Works, has done ONE of that kind,"—by his behavior here. Has behaved to me—oh, like a miserable, envious, intriguing, lying little scoundrel; and made Berlin too hot for him: seduced Tinois my Clerk, stole bits of the Pucelle (brief SIGHT of bits, for Prince Henri's sake) to ruin me. "D'Arnaud sent his lies to Freron for the Paris meridian [that is his real crime]; delightful news

from canaille to canaille: 'How Voltaire had lost a great Lawsuit, respectable Jew Banker cheated by Voltaire; that Voltaire was disgraced by the King, ' who of course loves Jews; 'that Voltaire was ruined; was ill; nay at last, that Voltaire was dead.'" To the joy of Freron, and the scoundrels that are printing one's PUCELLE. "Voltaire is still in life, however, my angels; and the King has been so good to me in my sickness, I should be the ungratefulest of men if I didn't still pass some months with him. When he left Berlin [30th January, six weeks ago], and I was too ill to follow him, I was the sole animal of my species whom he lodged in his Palace there [what a beautiful bit of color to lay on!]
—He left me equipages, cooks ET CETERA; and his mules and horses carted out my temporary furniture (MEUBLES DE PASSADE) to a delicious House of his, close by Potsdam [MARQUISAT to wit, where I now stretch myself at ease; Niece Denis coming to live with me there,—talks of coming, if my angels knew it],—and he has reserved for me a charming apartment in his Palace of Potsdam, where I pass a part of the week.

"And, on close view, I still admire this Unique Genius; and he deigns to communicate himself to me;—and if I were not 300 leagues from you, and had a little health, I should be the happiest of men." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 320.] ... Oh, my angels—

And, in short, better or worse, my SECOND ACT is begun, as you perceive!—And certain readers will be apt to look in again, before all is over.

Chapter VIII. OST-FRIESLAND AND THE SHIPPING INTERESTS.

Two Foreign Events, following on the heel of the Hirsch Lawsuit, were of interest to our Berlin friends, though not now of much to us or anybody. April 5th, 1751, the old King of Sweden, Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel, died; whereby not only our friend Wilhelm, the managing Landgraf, becomes Landgraf indeed (if he should ever turn up on us again), but Princess Ulrique is henceforth Queen of Sweden, her Husband the new King. No doubt a welcome event to Princess Ulrique, the high brave-minded Lady; but which proved intrinsically an empty one, not to say worse than empty, to herself and her friends, in times following. Friedrich's connection with Sweden, which he had been tightening lately by a Treaty of Alliance, came in the long-run to nothing for him, on the Swedish side; and on the Russian has already created umbrages, kindled abstruse suspicions, indignations,—Russian Excellency Gross, abruptly, at Berlin, demanding horses, not long since, and posting home without other leave-taking, to the surprise of mankind;— Russian Czarina evidently in the sullens against Friedrich, this long while; dull impenetrable clouds of anger lodging yonder, boding him no good. All which the Accession of Queen Ulrique will rather tend to aggravate than otherwise. [Adelung, vii. 205 (Accession of Adolf Friedrich); ib. 133 (Gross's sudden Departure).]

The Second Foreign Event is English, about a week prior in date, and is of still less moment: March 31st, 1751, Prince Fred, the Royal Heir-Apparent, has suddenly died. Had been ill, more or less, for an eight days past; was now thought better, though "still coughing, and bringing up phlegm,"—when, on "Wednesday night between nine and ten," in some lengthier fit of that kind, he clapt his hand on his breast; and the terrified valet heard him say, "JE SUIS MORT!"—and before his poor Wife could run forward with a light, he lay verily dead. [Walpole, GEORGE THE SECOND, i. 71.] The Rising Sun in England is vanished, then. Yes; and with him his MOONS, and considerable moony workings, and slushings hither and thither, which they have occasioned, in the muddy tide-currents of that Constitutional Country. Without interest to us here; or indeed elsewhere,—except perhaps that our dear Wilhelmina would hear of it; and have her sad reflections and reminiscences awakened by it; sad and many-voiced, perhaps of an almost doleful nature, being on a sick-bed at this time, poor Lady. She quitted Berlin months ago, as we observed,—her farewell Letter to Friedrich, written from the first stage homewards, and melodious as the voice of sorrowful true hearts to us and him, dates "November 24th," just while Voltaire (whom she always likes, and in a beautiful way protects, "FRERE VOLTAIRE," as she calls him) was despatching Hirsch on that ill-omened Predatory STEUER-Mission. Her Brother is in real alarm for Wilhelmina, about this time; sending out Cothenius his chief Doctor, and the like: but our dear Princess re-emerges from her eclipse; and we shall see her again, several times, if we be lucky.

And so poor Fred is ended;—and sulky people ask, in their cruel way, "Why not?" A poor dissolute flabby fellow-creature; with a sad destiny, and a sadly conspicuous too. Could write Madrigals; be set to make Opposition cabals. Read this sudden Epitaph in doggerel; an uncommonly successful Piece of its kind; which is now his main monument with posterity. The "Brother" (hero of Culloden), the "Sister" (Amelia, our Friedrich's first love, now growing gossipy and spiteful, poor Princess), are old friends:—

"Here lies Prince Fred, Who was alive and is dead: Had it been his Father, I had much rather; Had it been his Brother, Sooner than any other;

Had it been his Sister, There's no one would have missed her; Had it been his whole generation, Best of all for the Nation: But since it's only Fred, There's no more to be said." [Walpole, i. 436.]

FRIEDRIAH VISITS OST-FRIESLAND.

A thing of more importance to us, two months after that catastrophe in London, is Friedrich's first Visit to Ost-Friesland. May 31st, having done his Berlin-Potsdam Reviews and other current affairs, Friedrich sets out on this Excursion. With Ost-Friesland for goal, but much business by the way. Towards Magdeburg, and a short visit to the Brunswick Kindred, first of all. There is much reviewing in the Magdeburg quarter, and thereafter in the Wesel; and reviewing and visiting all along: through Minden, Bielfeld, Lingen: not till July 13th does he cross the Ost-Friesland Border, and enter Embden. His three Brothers, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were with him. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 506; Seyfarth, ii. 145; Rodenbeck, i. 216 (who gives a foolish German myth, of

Voltaire's being passed off for the King's Baboon, Voltaire not being there at all).] On catching view of Ost-Friesland Border, see, on the Border-Line, what an Arch got on its feet: Triumphal Arch, of frondent ornaments, inscriptions and insignia; "of quite extraordinary magnificence;" Arch which "sets every one into the agreeablest admiration." Above a hundred such Arches spanned the road at different points; multitudinous enthusiasm reverently escorting, "more than 20,000" by count: till we enter Embden; where all is cannon-salvo, and three-times-three; the thunder-shots continuing, "above 2,000 of them from the walls, not to speak of response from the ships in harbor." Embden glad enough, as would appear, and Ost-Friesland glad enough, to see their new King. July 13th, 1751; after waiting above six years.

Next day, his Majesty gave audience to the new "Asiatic Shipping Company" (of which anon), to the Stande, and Magisterial persons;— with many questions, I doubt not, about your new embankments, new improvements, prospects; there being much procedure that way, in all manner of kinds, since the new Dynasty came in, now six years ago. Embankments on your River, wide spaces changed from ooze to meadow; on the Dollart still more, which has lain 500 years hidden from the sun. Does any reader know the Dollart? Ost-Friesland has awakened to wonderful new industries within these six years; urged and guided by the new King, who has great things in view for it, besides what are in actual progress.

That of dikes, sea-embankments, for example; to Ost-Friesland, as to Holland, they are the first condition of existence; and, in the past times, of extreme Parliamentary vitality, have been slipping a good deal out of repair. Ems River, in those flat rainy countries, has ploughed out for itself a very wide embouchure, as boundary between Groningen and Ost-Friesland. Muddy Ems, bickering with the German Ocean, does not forget to act, if Parliamentary Commissioners do. These dikes, 120 miles of dike, mainly along both banks of this muddy Ems River, are now water-tight again, to the comfort of flax and clover: and this is but one item of the diking now on foot. Readers do not know the Dollart, that uppermost round gulf, not far from Embden itself, in the waste embouchure of Ems with its continents of mud and tide. Five hundred years ago, that ugly whirl of muddy surf, 100 square miles in area, was a fruitful field, "50 Villages upon it, one Town, several Monasteries and 50,000 souls:" till on Christmas midnight A.D. 1277, the winds and the storm-rains having got to their height, Ocean and Ems did, "about midnight," undermine the place, folded it over like a friable bedquilt or monstrous doomed griddle-cake, and swallowed it all away. Most of it, they say, that night, the whole of it within ten years coming; [Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 845, 846; Preuss, i. 308, 309.]—and there it has hung, like an unlovely GOITRE at the throat of Embden, ever since. One little dot of an Island, with six houses on it, near the Embden shore, is all that is left. Where probably his Majesty landed (July 15th, being in a Yacht that day); but did not see, afar off, the "sunk steeple-top," which is fabled to be visible at low-water.

Upon this Dollart itself there is now to be diking tried; King's Domain-Kammer showing the example. Which Official Body did accordingly (without Blue-Books, but in good working case otherwise) break ground, few months hence; and victoriously achieved a POLDER, or Diked Territory, "worth about 2,000 pounds annually;" "which, in 1756, was sold to the STANDE;" at twenty-five years purchase, let us say, or for 50,000 pounds. An example of a convincing nature; which many others, and ever others, have followed since; to gradual considerable diminution of the Dollart, and relief of Ost-Friesland on this side. Furtherance of these things is much a concern of Friedrich's. The second day after his arrival, those audiences and ceremonials done, Friedrich and suite got on board a Yacht, and sailed about all over this Dollart, twenty miles out to sea; dined on board; and would have, if the weather was bright (which I hope), a pleasantly edifying day. The harbor is much in need of dredging, the building docks considerably in disrepair; but shall be refitted if this King live and prosper. He has declared Embden a "Free-Haven," inviting trade to it from all peaceable Nations;—and readers do not know (though Sir Jonas Hanway and the jealous mercantile world well did) what magnificent Shipping Companies and Sea-Enterprises, of his devising, are afoot there. Of which, one word, and no second shall follow:

"September 1st, 1750, those Carrousel gayeties scarce done, 'The Asiatic Trading Company' stepped formally into existence; Embden the Head-quarters of it; [Patent, or FREYHEITS-BRIEF in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 457, 458.] chief Manager a Ritter De la Touche; one of the Directors our fantastic Bielfeld, thus turned to practical value. A Company patronized, in all ways, by the King; but, for the rest, founded, not on his money; founded on voluntary shares, which, to the regret of Hanway and others, have had much popularity in commercial circles. Will trade to China. A thing looked at with umbrage by the English, by the Dutch. A shame that English people should encourage such schemes, says Hanway. Which nevertheless many Dutch and many English private

persons do,—among the latter, one English Lady (name unknown, but I always suspect 'Miss Barbara Wyndham, of the College, Salisbury'), concerning whom there will be honorable notice by and by.

"At the time of Friedrich's visit, the Asiatic Company is in full vogue; making ready its first ship for Canton. First ship, KONIG VON PREUSSEN (tons burden not given), actually sailed 17th February next (1752); and was followed by a second, named TOWN OF EMBDEN, on the 19th of September following; both of which prosperously reached Canton, and prosperously returned with cargoes of satisfactory profit. The first of them, KONIG VON PREUSSEN, had been boarded in the Downs by an English Captain Thomson and his Frigate, and detained some days,—till Thomson 'took Seven English seamen out of her.' 'Act of Parliament, express!' said his Grace of Newcastle. Which done, Thomson found that the English jealousies would have to hold their hand; no farther, whatever one's wishes may be.

"Nay within a year hence, January 24th, 1753, Friedrich founded another Company for India: 'BENGALISCHE HANDELS-GESELLSCHAFT;' which also sent out its pair of ships, perhaps oftener than once; and pointed, as the other was doing, to wide fields of enterprise, for some time. But luck was wanting. And, 'in part, mismanagement,' and, in whole, the Seven-Years War put an end to both Companies before long. Friedrich is full of these thoughts, among his other Industrialisms; and never quits them for discouragement, but tries again, when the obstacles cease to be insuperable. Ever since the acquisition of Ost-Friesland, the furtherance of Sea-Commerce had been one of Friedrich's chosen objects. 'Let us carry our own goods at least, Silesian linens, Memel timbers, stock-fish; what need of the Dutch to do it?' And in many branches his progress had been remarkable,—especially in this carrying trade, while the War lasted, and crippled all Anti-English belligerents. Upon which, indeed, and the conduct of the English Privateers to him, there is a Controversy going on with the English Court in those years (began in 1747), most distressful to his Grace of Newcastle;—which in part explains those stingy procedures of Captain Thomson ('Home, you seven English sailors!') when the first Canton ship put to sea. That Controversy is by no means ended after three years, but on the contrary, after two years more, comes to a crisis quite shocking to his Grace of Newcastle, and defying all solution on his Grace's side,—the other Party, after such delays, five years waiting, having settled it for himself!" Of which, were the crisis come, we will give some account.

On the third day of his Visit, Friedrich drove to Aurich, the seat of Government, and official little capital of Ost-Friesland; where triumphal arches, joyful reverences, concourses, demonstrations, sumptuous Dinner one item, awaited his Majesty: I know not if, in the way thither or back, he passed those "Three huge Oaks [or the rotted stems or roots of them] under which the Ancient Frisians, Lords of all between Weser and Rhine, were wont to assemble in Parliament" (WITHOUT Fourth Estate, or any Eloquence except of the purely Business sort),—or what his thoughts on the late Ost-Friesland Bandbox Parliaments may have been! He returned to Embden that night; and on the morrow started homewards; we may fancy, tolerably pleased with what he had seen.

"King Friedrich's main Objects of Pursuit in this Period," says a certain Author, whom we often follow, "I define as being Three. 1. Reform of the Law; 2. Furtherance of Husbandry and Industry in all kinds, especially of Shipping from Embden; 3. Improvement of his own Domesticities and Household Enjoyments,"—renewal of the Reinsberg Program, in short.

"In the First of these objects," continues he, "King Friedrich's success was very considerable, and got him great fame in the world. In his Second head of efforts, that of improving the Industries and Husbandries among his People, his success, though less noised of in foreign parts, was to the near observer still more remarkable. A perennial business with him, this; which, even in the time of War, he never neglects; and which springs out like a stemmed flood, whenever Peace leaves him free for it. His labors by all methods to awaken new branches of industry, to cherish and further the old, are incessant, manifold, unwearied; and will surprise the uninstructed reader, when he comes to study them. An airy, poetizing, bantering, lightly brilliant King, supposed to be serious mainly in things of War, how is he moiling and toiling, like an ever-vigilant Land-Steward, like the most industrious City Merchant, hardest-working Merchant's Clerk, to increase his industrial Capital by any the smallest item!

"One day, these things will deserve to be studied to the bottom; and to be set forth, by writing hands that are competent, for the instruction and example of Workers,—that is to say, of all men, Kings most of all, when there are again Kings. At present, I can only say they astonish me, and put me to shame: the unresting diligence

displayed in them, and the immense sum—total of them,— what man, in any the noblest pursuit, can say that he has stood to it, six—and—forty years long, in the style of this man? Nor did the harvest fail; slow sure harvest, which sufficed a patient Friedrich in his own day; harvest now, in our day, visible to everybody: in a Prussia all shooting into manufactures, into commerces, opulences, —I only hope, not TOO fast, and on more solid terms than are universal at present! Those things might be didactic, truly, in various points, to this Generation; and worth looking back upon, from its high LAISSEZ—FAIRE altitudes, its triumphant Scrip— transactions and continents of gold—nuggets,—pleasing, it doubts not, to all the gods. To write well of what is called 'Political Economy' (meaning thereby increase of money's—worth) is reckoned meritorious, and our nearest approach to the rational sublime. But to accomplish said increase in a high and indisputable degree; and indisputably very much by your own endeavors wisely regulating those of others, does not that approach still nearer the sublime?

"To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich is the reverse of orthodox in 'Political Economy;' that he had not faith in Free—Trade, but the reverse;—nor had ever heard of those ultimate Evangels, unlimited Competition, fair Start, and perfervid Race by all the world (towards 'CHEAP—AND—NASTY,' as the likeliest winning—post for all the world), which have since been vouchsafed us. Probably in the world there was never less of a Free—Trader! Constraint, regulation, encouragement, discouragement, reward, punishment; these he never doubted were the method, and that government was good everywhere if wise, bad only if not wise. And sure enough these methods, where human justice and the earnest sense and insight of a Friedrich preside over them, have results, which differ notably from opposite cases that can be imagined! The desperate notion of giving up government altogether, as a relief from human blockheadism in your governors, and their want even of a wish to be just or wise, had not entered into the thoughts of Friedrich; nor driven him upon trying to believe that such, in regard to any Human Interest whatever, was, or could be except for a little while in extremely developed cases, the true way of managing it. How disgusting, accordingly, is the Prussia of Friedrich to a Hanbury Williams; who has bad eyes and dirty spectacles, and hates Friedrich: how singular and lamentable to a Mirabeau Junior, who has good eyes, and loves him! No knave, no impertinent blockhead even, can follow his own beautiful devices here; but is instantly had up, or comes upon a turnpike strictly shut for him. 'Was the like ever heard of?' snarls Hanbury furiously (as an angry dog might, in a labyrinth it sees not the least use for): 'What unspeakable want of liberty!'—and reads to you as if he were lying outright; but generally is not, only exaggerating, tumbling upside down, to a furious degree; knocking against the labyrinth HE sees not the least use for. Mirabeau's Gospel of Free—Trade, preached in 1788, [MONARCHIE PRUSSIENNE he calls it (A LONDRES, privately Paris, 1788), 8 vols. 8vo; which is a Dead—Sea of Statistics, compiled by industrious Major Mauvillon, with this fresh current of a "Gospel" shining through it, very fresh and brisk, of few yards breadth;—dedicated to Papa, the true PROTEvangelist of the thing.]—a comparatively recent Performance, though now some seventy or eighty years the senior of an English (unconscious) Fac—simile, which we have all had the pleasure of knowing,—will fall to be noticed afterwards [not by this Editor, we hope!]

"Many of Friedrich's restrictive notions,—as that of watching with such anxiety that 'money' (gold or silver coin) be not carried out of the Country,—will be found mistakes, not in orthodox Dismal Science as now taught, but in the nature of things; and indeed the Dismal Science will generally excommunicate them in the lump,—too heedless that Fact has conspicuously vindicated the general sum— total of them, and declared it to be much truer than it seems to the Dismal Science. Dismal Science (if that were important to me) takes insufficient heed, and does not discriminate between times past and times present, times here and times there."

Certain it is, King Friedrich's success in National Husbandry was very great. The details of the very many new Manufactures, new successful ever—spreading Enterprises, fostered into existence by Friedrich; his Canal—makings, Road—makings, Bog—drainings, Colonizings and unwearied endeavorings in that kind, will require a Technical Philosopher one day; and will well reward such study, and trouble of recording in a human manner; but must lie massed up in mere outline on the present occasion. Friedrich, as Land—Father, Shepherd of the People, was great on the Husbandry side also; and we are to conceive him as a man of excellent practical sense, doing unweariedly his best in that kind, all his life long. Alone among modern Kings; his late Father the one exception; and even his Father hardly surpassing him in that particular.

In regard to Embden and the Shipping interests, Ost—Friesland awakened very ardent speculations, which were a novelty in Prussian affairs; nothing of Foreign Trade, except into the limited Baltic, had been heard of there since the Great Elector's time. The Great Elector had ships, Forts on the Coast of Africa; and tried hard for

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Atlantic Trade,—out of this same Embden; where, being summoned to protect in the troubles, he had got some footing as Contingent Heir withal, and kept a "Prussian Battalion" a good while. And now, on much fairer terms, not less diligently turned to account, it is his Great-Grandson's turn. Friedrich's successes in this department, the rather as Embden and Ost-Friesland have in our time ceased to be Prussian, are not much worth speaking of; but they connect themselves with some points still slightly memorable to us. How, for example, his vigilantes and endeavors on this score brought him into rubbings, not collisions, but jealousies and gratings, with the English and Dutch, the reader will see anon.

Law-reform is gloriously prosperous; Husbandry the like, and Shipping Interest itself as yet. But in the Third grand Head, that of realizing the Reinsberg Program, beautifying his Domesticities, and bringing his own Hearth and Household nearer the Ideal, Friedrich was nothing like so successful; in fact had no success at all. That flattering Reinsberg Program, it is singular how Friedrich cannot help trying it by every new chance, nor cast the notion out of him that there must be a kind of Muses'-Heaven realizable on Earth! That is the Biographic Phenomenon which has survived of those Years; and to that we will almost exclusively address ourselves, on behalf of ingenuous readers.

Chapter IX. SECOND ACT OF TEE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

Voltaire's Visit lasted, in all, about Thirty-two Months; and is divisible into Three Acts or Stages. The first we have seen: how it commenced in brightness as of the sun, and ended, by that Hirsch business, in whirlwinds of smoke and soot,—Voltaire retiring, on his passionate prayer, to that silent Country-house which he calls the Marquisat; there to lie in hospital, and wash himself a little, and let the skies wash themselves.

The Hirsch business having blown over, as all things do, Voltaire resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all: and by degrees matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough; though the primal perfect splendor, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain gold Key, hung bright upon the man; a man the admired of men. He had work to do: work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal SIECLE DE LOUIS QUATORZE; which he stood by, and honestly did, while here; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his);—work for the King, "two hours, one hour, a day," which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough: plenty of society; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of window! Had the man been wise— But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very ILL-CHAINED; and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them!—

Reckoning up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself; and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover;—though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment; by no means of infinite, as it was to Voltaire. "At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away!" thinks Friedrich: "Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine: star fire-work shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man; and get a great deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals." To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating; but then its glories, were there nothing more! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies (safe hidings in one's MARQUISAT, or vacant interlunar cave), with alternations of offence and reconciliation; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called "visits," and privately intending to be final, but never proving so,—the Voltaire-Friedrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have staggered about, and not ended as it did.

But, alas, no relation can be left to itself in this world,— especially if you have a porous skin! There were other French here, as well as Voltaire, revolving in the Court-circle; and that, beyond all others, proved the fatal circumstance to him. "NE SAVEZ-VOUS PAS, Don't you know," said he to Chancellor Jarriges one day, "that when there are two Frenchmen in a Foreign Court or Country, one of them must die (FAUT QUE L'UN DES DEUX PERISSE)?" [Seyfarth, ii. 191; Which shocked the mind of Jarriges; but had a kind of truth, too. Jew Hirsch, run into for low smuggling purposes, had been a Cape of Storms, difficult to weather; but the continual leeshore were those French,—with a heavy gale on, and one of the rashest pilots! He did strike the breakers there, at last; and it is well known, total shipwreck was the issue. Our Second Act, holding out dubiously, in continual perils, till Autumn, 1752, will have to pass then into a Third of darker complexion, and into a Catastrophe very dark indeed.

Catastrophe which, by farther ill accident, proved noisy in the extreme; producing world-wide shrieks from the one party, stone-silence from the other; which were answered by unlimited hooting, catcalling and haha-ing from all parts of the World-Theatre, upon both the shrieky and the silent party; catcalling not fallen quite dead to this day. To Friedrich the catcalling was not momentous (being used to such things); though to poor Voltaire it

was unlimitedly so:—and to readers interested in this memorable Pair of Men, the rights and wrongs of the Affair ought to be rendered authentically conceivable, now at last. Were it humanly possible,— after so much catcalling at random! Smelfungus has a right to say, speaking of this matter:—

"Never was such a jumble of loud-roaring ignorances, delusions and confusions, as the current Records of it are. Editors, especially French Editors, treating of a Hyperborean, Cimmerian subject, like this, are easy-going creatures. And truly they have left it for us in a wonderful state. Dateless, much of it, by nature; and, by the lazy Editors, MISdated into very chaos; jumbling along there, in mad defiance of top and bottom; often the very Year given wrong:— full everywhere of lazy darkness, irradiated only by stupid rages, ill-directed mockeries:—and for issue, cheerfully malicious hootings from the general mob of mankind, with unbounded contempt of their betters; which is not pleasant to see. When mobs do get together, round any signal object; and editorial gentlemen, with talent for it, pour out from their respective barrel-heads, in a persuasive manner, instead of knowledge, ignorance set on fire, they are capable of carrying it far!—Will it be possible to pick out the small glimmerings of real light, from this mad dance of will-o'-wisps and fire-flies thrown into agitation?"

It will be very difficult, my friend;—why did not you yourself do it? Most true, "those actual Voltaire-Friedrich LETTERS of the time are a resource, and pretty much the sole one: Letters a good few, still extant; which all HAD their bit of meaning; and have it still, if well tortured till they give it out, or give some glimmer of it out:"—but you have not tortured them; you have left it to me, if I would! As I assuredly will not (never fear, reader!)— except in the thriftiest degree.

DETACHED FEATURES (NOT FABULOUS) OF VOLTAIRE AND HIS BERLIN-POTSDAM ENVIRONMENT IN 1751-1752.

To the outside crowd of observers, and to himself in good moments, Voltaire represents his situation as the finest in the world:—

"Potsdam is Sparta and Athens joined in one; nothing but reviewing and poetry day by day. The Algarottis, the Maupertuises, are here; have each his work, serious for himself; then gay Supper with a King, who is a great man and the soul of good company." ... Sparta and Athens, I tell you: "a Camp of Mars and the Garden of Epicurus; trumpets and violins, War and Philosophy. I have my time all to myself; am at Court and in freedom,—if I were not entirely free, neither an enormous Pension, nor a Gold Key tearing out one's pocket, nor a halter (LICOU), which they call CORDON of an ORDER, nor even the Suppers with a Philosopher who has gained Five Battles, could yield me the least happiness." [*OEuvres*, lxxiv. 325, 326, 333 (Letters, to D'Argental and others, "27th April-8th May, 1751").] Looked at by you, my outside friends,—ah, had I health and YOU here, what a situation!

But seen from within, it is far otherwise. Alongside of these warblings of a heart grateful to the first of Kings, there goes on a series of utterances to Niece Denis, remarkable for the misery driven into meanness, that can be read in them. Ill-health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes—a body diseased and a mind diseased. Fear, quaking continually for nothing at all, is not to be borne in a handsome manner. And it passes, often enough (in these poor LETTERS), into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred, with a tendency to relieve oneself by private scandal of the house we are in. Seldom was a miserabler wrong-side seen to a bit of royal tapestry. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself; like Pentheus by the Maenads, like Actaeon by his own Dogs. Nay, without devils, with only those terrible bowels of mine, and scorbutic gums, it is bad enough: "Glorious promotions to me here," sneers he bitterly; "but one thing is indisputable, I have lost seven of my poor residue of teeth since I came!" In truth, we are in a sadly scorbutic state; and that, and the devils we lodge within ourselves, is the one real evil. Could not Suspicion—why cannot she!—take her natural rest; and all these terrors vanish? Oh, M. de Voltaire!—The practical purport, to Niece Denis, always is: Keep my retreat to Paris open; in the name of Heaven, no obstruction that way!

Miserable indeed; a man fatally unfit for his present element! But he has Two considerable Sedatives, all along; two, and no third visible to me. Sedative FIRST: that, he can, at any time, quit this illustrious Tartarus-Elysium, the envy of mankind;—and indeed, practically, he is always as if on the slip; thinking to be off shortly, for a time, or in permanence; can be off at once, if things grow too bad. Sedative SECOND is far better: His own labor on LOUIS QUATORZE, which is steadily going on, and must have been a potent quietus in those

Court—whirlwinds inward and outward.

From Berlin, already in Autumn, 1750, Voltaire writes to D'Argental: "I sha'n't go to Italy this Autumn [nor ever in my life], as I had projected. But I will come to see YOU in the course of November" (far from it, I got into STEUER—SCHEINE then!)— And again, after some weeks: "I have put off my journey to Italy for a year. Next Winter too, therefore, I shall see you," on the road thither. "To my Country, since you live in it, I will make frequent visits," very! "Italy and the King of Prussia are two old passions with me; but I cannot treat Frederic—le—Grand as I can the Holy Father, with a mere look in passing." [To D'Argental, "Berlin, 14th September,—Potsdam, 15th October, 1750" (*OEuvres*, lxxiv. 220, 237).] Let this one, to which many might be added, serve as sample of Sedative First, or the power and intention to be off before long.

In regard to Sedative Second, again: ... "The happiest circumstance is, "brought with me all my LOUIS—FOURTEENTH Papers and Excerpts. 'I get from Leipzig, if no nearer, whatever Books are needed;'" and labor faithfully at this immortal Production. Yes, day by day, to see growing, by the cunning of one's own right hand, such perennial Solomon's—Temple of a SIECLE DE LOUIS QUATORZE:—which of your Kings, or truculent, Tiglath—Pileasers, could do that? To poor me, even in the Potsdam tempests, it is possible: what ugliest day is not beautiful that sees a stone or two added there!—Daily Voltaire sees himself at work on his SIECLE, on those fine terms; trowel in one hand, weapon of war in the other. And does actually accomplish it, in the course of this Year 1751,—with a great deal of punctuality and severe painstaking; which readers of our day, fallen careless of the subject, are little aware of, on Voltaire's behalf. Voltaire's reward was, that he did NOT go mad in that Berlin element, but had throughout a bower—anchor to ride by. "The King of France continues me as Gentleman of the Chamber, say you; but has taken away my Title of Historiographer? That latter, however, shall still be my function. 'My present independence has given weight to my verdicts on matters. Probably I never could have written this Book at Paris.' A consolation for one's exile, MON ENFANT." [To Niece Denis (*OEuvres*, lxxiv. 247, "28th October, 1750," and subsequent dates.)]

It is proper also to observe that, besides shining at the King's Suppers like no other, Voltaire applies himself honestly to do for his Majesty the small work required of him,—that of Verse— correcting now and then. Two Specimens exist; two Pieces criticised, ODE AUX PRUSSIENS, and THE ART OF WAR: portions of that Reprint now going on ("to the extent of Twelve Copies,"—woe lies in one of them, most unexpected at this time!) "AU DONJON DU CHATEAU;"—under benefit of Voltaire's remarks. Which one reads curiously, not without some surprise. [In *OEuvres de Frederic*, x. 276–303.] Surprise, first at Voltaire's official fidelity; his frankness, rigorous strictness in this small duty: then at the kind of correcting, instructing and lessoning, that had been demanded of him by his Royal Pupil. Mere grammatical stylistic skin—deep work: nothing (or, at least, in these Specimens nothing) of attempt upon the interior structure, or the interior harmony even of utterance: solely the Parisian niceties, graces, laws of poetic language, the FAS and the NEFAS in regard to all that: this is what his Majesty would fain be taught from the fountain—head;—one wonders his Majesty did not learn to spell, which might have been got from a lower source!—And all this Voltaire does teach with great strictness. For example, in the very first line, in the very first word, set, before him:—

"PRUSSIENS, QUE LA VALEUR CONDUISIT A LA GLOIRE," so Friedrich had written (ODE AUX PRUSSIENS, which is specimen First); and thus Voltaire criticises: "The Hero here makes his PRUSSIENS of two syllables; and afterwards, in another strophe, he grants them three. A King is master of his favors. At the same time, one does require a little uniformity; and the IENS are usually of two syllables, as LIENS, SILESIENS, AUTRICHIENS; excepting the monosyllables BIEN, RIEN"—Enough, enough!—A severe, punctual, painstaking Voltaire, sitting with the schoolmaster's bonnet on head; ferula visible, if not actually in hand. For which, as appears, his Majesty was very grateful to the Trismegistus of men.

Voltaire's flatteries to Friedrich, in those scattered little Billets with their snatches of verse, are the prettiest in the world,—and approach very near to sincerity, though seldom quite attaining it. Something traceable of false, of suspicious, feline, nearly always, in those seductive warblings; which otherwise are the most melodious bits of idle ingenuity the human brain has ever spun from itself. For instance, this heading of a Note sent from one room to another,—perhaps with pieces of an ODE AUX PRUSSIENS accompanying:—

*"Vous qui daignez me departir
Les fruits d'une Muse divine,
O roi! je ne puis consentir*

*Que, sans daigner m'en avertir,
 Vous alliez prendre medecine.
 Je suis votre malade—ne,
 Et sur la casse et le sene,
 J'ai des notions non communes.
 Nous sommes de mene metier;
 Faut—il de moi vous defier,
 Et cacher vos bonnes fortunes?"*

Was there ever such a turn given to taking physic! Still better is this other, the topic worse,—HAEMORRHOIDS (a kind of annual or periodical affair with the Royal Patient, who used to feel improved after):—

... (Ten or twelve verses on another point; then suddenly—)

*"Que la veine hemorrhoidale
 De votre personne royale
 Cesse de troubler le repos!
 Quand pourrai—je d'une style honnete
 Dire: 'Le cul de mon heros*

Va tout aussi bien que sa tete'?" [In *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 283, 267.]

A kittenish grace in these things, which is pleasant in so old a cat.

Smelfungus says: "He is a consummate Artist in Speech, our Voltaire: that, if you take the word SPEECH in its widest sense, and consider the much that can be spoken, and the infinitely more that cannot and should not, is Voltaire's supreme excellency among his fellow—creatures; never rivalled (to my poor judgment) anywhere before or since,—nor worth rivalling, if we knew it well."

Another fine circumstance is, that Voltaire has frequent leave of absence; and in effect passes a great deal of his time altogether by himself, or in his own way otherwise. What with Friedrich's Review Journeys and Business Circuits, considerable separations do occur of themselves; and at any time, Voltaire has but to plead illness, which he often does; with ground and without, and get away for weeks, safe into the distance more or less remote. He is at the Marquisat (as we laboriously make out); at Berlin, in the empty Palace, perhaps in Lodgings of his own (though one would prefer the GRATIS method); nursing his maladies, which are many; writing his LOUIS QUATORZE; "lonely altogether, your Majesty, and sad of humor,"—yet giving his cosy little dinners, and running out, pretty often, if well invited, into the brilliancies and gayeties. No want of brilliant social life here, which can shine, more or less, and appreciate one's shining. The King's Supper—parties— Yes, and these, though the brightest, are not the only bright things in our Potsdam—Berlin world. Take with you, reader, one or two of the then and there Chief Figures; Voltaire's fellow—players; strutting and fretting their hour on that Stage of Life. They are mostly not quite strangers to you.

We know the sublime Perpetual President in his red wig, and sublime supremacy of Pure Science. A gloomy set figure; affecting the sententious, the emphatic and a composed impregnability,—like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times. Friedrich always strove to honor his Perpetual President, and duly adore the Pure Sciences in him; but inwardly could not quite manage it, though outwardly he failed in nothing. Impartial witnesses confess, the King had a great deal of trouble with his gloomings and him. "Who is this Voltaire?" gloomily thinks the Perpetual President to himself. "A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from myself. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him!"

Voltaire from of old had faithfully done his kowtows to this King of the Sciences; and, with a sort of terror, had suffered with incredible patience a great deal from him. But there comes an end to all things; Voltaire's patience not excepted. It lay in the fates that Maupertuis should steadily accumulate, day after day, and now more than ever heretofore, upon the sensitive Voltaire. Till, as will be seen, the sensitive Voltaire could endure it no longer; but had to explode upon this big Bully (accident lending a spark); to go off like a Vesuvius of crackers, fire—serpents and sky—rockets; envelop the red wig, and much else, in delirious conflagration;—and produce the catastrophe of this Berlin Drama.

D'Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. He has married, after so many temporary

mariages with Actresses, one Actress in permanence, Mamsell Cochois, a patient kind being; and settled now, at Potsdam here, into perfectly composed household life. Really loves Friedrich, they say; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provencal fire and ingenuity; no ill-nature against any man. Never injures anybody, nor lies at all about anything. A great friend of fine weather; regrets, of his inheritances in Provence, chiefly one item, and this not overmuch,—the bright southern sun. Sits shivering in winter-time, wrapping himself in more and more flannel, two dressing-gowns, two nightcaps:—loyal to this King, in good times and in evil.

Was the King's friend for thirty years; helped several meritorious people to his Majesty's notice; and never did any man a mischief in that quarter. An erect, guileless figure; very tall; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind: full of bright sallies, irregular ingenuities; had a hot temper too, which did not often run away with him, but sometimes did. He thrice made a visit to Provence,—in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree,—but thrice came back. "At the end of the first stage, he had always privately forgiven the King, and determined that the pretended visit should really be a visit only." "Reads the King's Letters," which are many to him, "always bare-headed, in spite of the draughts!" [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 11–75,

Algarotti is too prudent, politely egoistic and self-contained, to take the trouble of hurting anybody, or get himself into trouble for love or hatred. He fell into disfavor not long after that unsuccessful little mission in the first Silesian War, of which the reader has lost remembrance. Good for nothing in diplomacy, thought Friedrich, but agreeable as company. "Company in tents, in the seat of War, has its unpleasantness," thought Algarotti;—and began very privately sounding the waters at Dresden for an eligible situation; so that there has ensued a quarrel since; then humble apologies followed by profound silence,—till now there is reconciliation. It is admitted Friedrich had some real love for Algarotti; Algarotti, as we gather, none at all for him; but only for his greatness. They parted again (February, 1753) without quarrel, but for the last time; [Algarotti–Correspondence (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 86).]—and I confess to a relief on the occasion.

Friedrich, readers know by this time, had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse; goes much upon the bantering vein; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal!) in stirring up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to RAWS; for we find he had "established," like the Dublin Hackney–Coachman, "raws for himself;" and habitually plied his implement there, when desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put up with a great deal of zanyism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any basis to tumble on; though with years he became more saturnine.

By far his chief Artist in this kind, indeed properly the only one, was La Mettrie, whom we once saw transiently as Army–Surgeon at Fontenoy: he is now out of all that (flung out, with the dogs at his heels); has been safe in Berlin for three years past. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes some pleasure in him: madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one of them, and was far from intending to be mad. Not Zanyism, but Wisdom of the highest nature, was what he drove at,—unluckily, with open mouth, and mind all in tumult. La Mettrie had left the Army, soon after that busy Fontenoy evening: Chivalrous Grammont, his patron and protector, who had saved him from many scrapes, lay shot on the field. La Mettrie, rushing on with mouth open and mind in tumult, had, from of old, been continually getting into scrapes. Unorthodox to a degree; the Sorbonne greedy for him long since; such his audacities in print, his heavy hits, boisterous, quizzical, logical. And now he had set to attacking the Medical Faculty, to quizzing Medicine in his wild way; Doctor Astruc, Doctor This and That, of the first celebrity, taking it very ill. So that La Mettrie had to demit; to get out of France rather in a hurry, lest worse befell.

He had studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave. He had in fact considerable medical and other talent, had he not been so tumultuous and open-mouthed. He fled to Leyden; and shot forth, in safety there, his fiery darts upon Sorbonne and Faculty, at his own discretion,—which was always a MINIMUM quantity:—he had, before long, made Leyden also too hot for him. His Books gained a kind of celebrity in the world; awoke laughter and attention, among the adventurous of readers; astonishment at the blazing madcap (a BON DIABLE, too, as one could see); and are still known to Catalogue–makers,—though, with one exception, L'HOMME MACHINE, not

otherwise, nor read at all. L'HOMME MACHINE (Man a Machine) is the exceptional Book; smallest of Duodecimos to have so much wildfire in it, This MAN A MACHINE, though tumultuous La Mettrie meant nothing but open-mouthed Wisdom by it, gave scandal in abundance; so that even the Leyden Magistrates were scandalized; and had to burn the afflicting little Duodecimo by the common hangman, and order La Mettrie to disappear instantly from their City.

Which he had to do,—towards King Friedrich, usual refuge of the persecuted; seldom inexorable, where there was worth, even under bad forms, recognizable; and not a friend to burning poor men or their books, if it could be helped. La Mettrie got some post, like D'Arget's, or still more nominal; "readership;" some small pension to live upon; and shelter to shoot forth his wildfire, when he could hold it no longer: fire, not of a malignant incendiary kind, but pleasantly lambent, though maddish, as Friedrich perceived. Thus had La Mettrie found a Goshen;—and stood in considerable favor, at Court and in Berlin Society in the years now current. According to Nicolai, Friedrich never esteemed La Mettrie, which is easy to believe, but found him a jester and ingenious madcap, out of whom a great deal of merriment could be had, over wine or the like. To judge by Nicolai's authentic specimen, their Colloquies ran sometimes pretty deep into the cynical, under showers of wildfire playing about; and the high-jinks must have been highish. [*Anekdoten*, vi. 197–227.] When there had been enough of this, Friedrich would lend his La Mettrie to the French Excellency, Milord Tyrconnel, to oblige his Excellency, and get La Mettrie out of the way for a while. Milord is at Berlin; a Jacobite Irishman, of blustering Irish qualities, though with plenty of sagacity and rough sense; likes La Mettrie; and is not much a favorite with Friedrich.

Tyrconnel had said, at first,—when Rothenburg, privately from Friedrich, came to consult him, "What are, in practical form, those 'assistances from the Most Christian Majesty,' should we MAKE Alliance with him, as your Excellency proposes, and chance to be attacked?"—"MORBLEU, assistance enough [enumerating several]: MAIS MORBLEU, SI VOUS NOUS TROMPEX, VOUS SEREZ ECRASES (if you deceive us, you will be squelched)!" [Valori, ii. 130, "He had been chosen for his rough tongue," says Valori; our French Court being piqued at Friedrich and his sarcasms. Tyrconnel gives splendid dinners: Voltaire often of them; does not love Potsdam, nor is loved by it. Nay, I sometimes think a certain DEMON NEWSWRITER (of whom by and by), but do not know, may be some hungry Attache of Tyrconnel's. Hungry Attache, shut out from the divine Suppers and upper planetary movements, and reduced to look on them from his cold hutch, in a dog-like angry and hungry manner? His flying allusions to Voltaire, "SON (Friedrich's) SQUELETTE D'APOLLON, skeleton of an Apollo," and the like, are barkings almost rabid.

Of the military sort, about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich's regard: Winterfeld is more a practical Counsellor, and does not shine in learned circles, as Rothenburg may. A fiery soldier too, this Rothenburg, withal;—a man probably of many talents and qualities, though of distinctly decipherable there is next to no record of him or them. He had a Parisian Wife; who is sometimes on the point of coming with Niece Denis to Berlin, and of setting up their two French households there; but never did it, either of them, to make an Uncle or a Husband happy. Rothenburg was bred a Catholic: "he headed the subscription for the famous 'KATHOLISCHE KIRCHE,'" so delightful to the Pope and liberal Christians in those years; "but never gave a sixpence of money," says Voltaire once: Catholic KIRK was got completed with difficulty; stands there yet, like a large washbowl set, bottom uppermost, on the top of a narrowish tub; but none of Rothenburg's money is in it. In Voltaire's Correspondence there is frequent mention of him; not with any love, but with a certain secret respect, rather inclined to be disrespectful, if it durst or could: the eloquent vocal individual not quite at ease beside the more silent thinking and acting one. What we know is, Friedrich greatly loved the man. There is some straggle of CORRESPONDENCE between Friedrich and him left; but it is worth nothing; gives no testimony of that, or of anything else noticeable:—and that is the one fact now almost alone significant of Rothenburg. Much loved and esteemed by the King; employed diplomatically, now and then; perhaps talked with on such subjects, which was the highest distinction. Poor man, he is in very bad health in these months; has never rightly recovered of his wounds; and dies in the last days of 1751,—to the bitter sorrow of the King, as is still on record. A highly respectable dim figure, far more important in Friedrich's History than he looks. As King's guest, he can in these months play no part.

Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its

sly twinkles of defensive humor, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappages. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him,—though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. "Very considerable military qualities in those Russians," thinks Keith: "imperturbably obedient, patient; of a tough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off." "Pooh, mere rubbish, MON CHER," thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer: "Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day; if I am wrong, it will be all the better for us!" Which Friedrich had occasion to remember by and by. Friedrich greatly respects this sagacious gentleman with the broad accent: his Brother, the Lord Marischal, is now in France: Ambassador at Paris, since September, 1751: ["Left Potsdam 28th August" (Rodenbeck, i. 220).] "Lord Marischal, a Jacobite, for Prussian Ambassador in Paris; Tyrconnel, a Jacobite, for French Ambassador in Berlin!" grumble the English.

FRACTIONS OF EVENTS AND INDICATIONS, FROM VOLTAIRE HIMSELF,
IN THIS TIME; MORE OR LESS ILLUMINATIVE WHEN REDUCED
TO ORDER.

Here, selected from more, are a few "fire-flies,"—not dancing or distracted, but authentic all, and stuck each on its spit; shedding a feeble glimmer over the physiognomy of those Fifteen caliginous Months, to an imagination that is diligent. Fractional utterances of Voltaire to Friedrich and others (in abridged form, abridgment indicated): the exact dates are oftenest irretrievably gone; but the glimmer of light is indisputable, all the more as, on Voltaire's part, it is mostly involuntary. Grouping and sequence must be other than that of Time.

POTSDAM, 5th JUNE, 1751.—King is off on that Ost-Friesland jaunt; Voltaire at Potsdam, "at what they call the Marquisat," in complete solitude,—preparing to die before long,—sends his Majesty some poor trifles of Scribbling, proofs of my love, Sire: "since I live solitary, when you are not at Potsdam, it would seem I came for you only" (note that, your Majesty)! ... "But in return for the rags here sent, I expect the Sixth Canto of your ART [ART DE LA GUERRE, one of the Two pupil-and-schoolmaster "Specimens" mentioned above]; I expect the ROOF to the Temple of Mars. It is for you, alone of men, to build that Temple; as it was for Ovid to sing of Love, and for Horace to give an ART OF POETRY." (Laying it on pretty thick!) ...

Then again, later (after severe study, ferula in hand): "Sire, I return your Majesty your Six Cantos; I surrender at discretion (LUI LAISSE CARTE-BLANCHE) on that question of 'VICTOIRE.' The whole Poem is worthy of you: if I had made this Journey only to see a thing so unique, I ought not to regret my Country." ... And again (still no date): "GRAND DIEU! is not all that [HISTORY OF THE GREAT ELECTOR, by your Majesty, which I am devouring with such appetite] neat, elegant, precise, and, above all, philosophical!"—"Sire, you are adorable; I will pass my days at your feet. Oh, never make game of me (DES NICHES)!" Has he been at that, say you! "If the Kings of Denmark, Portugal, Spain, did it, I should not care a pin; they are only Kings. But you are the greatest man that perhaps ever reigned." [[In *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 271, 273.]

IS ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE, NEAR BY; WISHES TO BE CALLED AGAIN (No date).—"Sire, if you like free criticism, if you tolerate sincere praises, if you wish to perfect a Work [ART DE LA GUERRE, or some other as sublime], which you alone in Europe are capable of doing, you have only to bid a Hermit come upstairs. At your orders for all his life." [Ib. 261.]

IN BERLIN PALACE: PLEASE DON'T TURN ME OUT! (No date)— ... "Next to you, I love work and retirement. Nobody whatever complains of me. I ask of your Majesty, in order to keep unaltered the happiness I owe to you, this favor, Not to turn me out of the Apartment you deigned to give me at Berlin, till I go for Paris [always talking of that]. If I were to leave it, they would put in the Gazettes that I"— Oh, what would n't they put in, of one that, belonging to King Friedrich, lives as it were in the Disc of the Sun, conspicuous to everybody!—"I will go out [of the Apartment] when some Prince, with a Suite needing it to lodge in, comes; and then the thing will be honorable. Chasot [gone to Paris] has been talking"—unguarded things of me! "I have not uttered the least complaint of Chasot: I never will of Chasot, nor of those who have set him on [Maupertuis belike]: I forgive everything, I!" [Ib. 270.]

ROTHENBURG IS ILL; VOLTAIRE HAS BEEN TO SEE HIM ("Berlin, 14th," no month; year, too surely, 1751, as we shall find! Letter is IN VERSE).—"Lieberkuhn was going to kill poor Rothenburg; to send him off to

Pluto,—for liking his dish a little;—monster Lieberkuhn! But Doctor Joyous," your reader, La Mettrie,—led by, need I say whom?—"has brought him back to us:—think of Lieberkuhn's solemn stare! Pretty contrasts, those, of sublime Quacksalverism, with Sense under the mask of Folly. May the haemorrhoidal vein"—follows HERE, note it, exquisite reader, that of "CUL DE MON HEROS," cited above!— ...

And then (a day or two after; King too haemorrhoidal to come twenty miles, but anxious to know): "Sire, no doubt Doctor Joyous (LE MEDECIN JOYEUX) has informed your Majesty that when we arrived, the Patient was sleeping tranquil; and Cothenius assured us, in Latin, that there was no danger. I know not what has passed since, but I am persuaded your Majesty approves my journey" (of a street or two),—MUST you speak of it, then!

GOES TO AN EVENING—PARTY NOW AND THEN (To Niece Denis).— ... "Madame Tyrconnel [French Excellency's Wife] has plenty of fine people at her house on an evening; perhaps too many" (one of the first houses in Berlin, this of my Lord Tyrcannel's, which we frequent a good deal). ... "Madame got very well through her part of ANDROMAQUE [in those old play—acting times of ours]: never saw actresses with finer eyes,"—how should you!

"As to Milord Tyrconnel, he is an Anglais of dignity,"—Irish in reality, and a thought blustering. "He has a condensed (SERRE) caustic way of talk; and I know not what of frank which one finds in the English, and does not usually find in persons of his trade. French Tragedies played at Berlin, I myself taking part; an Englishman Envoy of France there: strange circumstances these, are n't they?" [To D'Argental this (*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 289).] Yes, that latter especially; and Milord Marischal our Prussian Envoy with you! Which the English note, sulkily, as a weather—symptom.

AT POTSDAM, BIG DEVILS OF GRENADIERS (No date).— ... "But, Sire, one is n't always perched on the summit of Parnassus; one is a man. There are sicknesses about; I did not bring an athlete's health to these parts; and the scorbutic humor which is eating my life renders me truly, of all that are sick, the sickest. I am absolutely alone from morning till night. My one solace is the necessary pleasure of taking the air, I bethink me of walking, and clearing my head a little, in your Gardens at Potsdam. I fancy it is a permitted thing; I present myself, musing;—I find huge devils of Grenadiers, who clap bayonets in my belly, who cry FURT, SACRAMENT, and DER KONIG [OFF, SACKERMENT, THE KING, quite tolerably spelt]! And I take to my heels, as Austrians and Saxons would do before them. Have you ever read, that in Titus's or Marcus—Aurelius's Gardens, a poor devil of a Gaulish Poet"— In short, it shall be mended. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 273.]

HAVE BEEN LAYING IT ON TOO THICK (No date; IN VERSE).— "Marcus Aurelius was wont to"—(Well, we know who that is: What of Marcus, then?)—"A certain lover of his glory [STILL IN VERSE] spoke once, at Supper, of a magnanimity of Marcus's;—at which Marcus [flattery too thick] rather gloomed, and sat quite silent,— which was another fine saying of his [ENDS VERSE, STARTS PROSE]:—

"Pardon, Sire, some hearts that are full of you! To justify myself, I dare supplicate your Majesty to give one glance at this Letter (lines pencil—marked), which has just come from M. de Chauvelin, Nephew of the famous GARDE—DES—SCEAUX. Your Majesty cannot gloom at him, writing these from the fulness of his heart; nor at me, who"— Pooh; no, then! Perhaps do you a NICHE again,—poor restless fellow! [Ib. 280.]

POTSDAM PALACE (No date): SIRE, NZAY I CHANGE MY ROOM? ... "I ascend to your antechambers, to find some one by whom I may ask permission to speak with you. I find nobody: I have to return:" and what I wanted was this, "your protection for my SIECLE DE LOUIS QUATORZE, which I am about to print in Berlin." Surely,—but also this:—

"I am unwell, I am a sick man born. And withal I am obliged to work, almost as much as your Majesty. I pass the whole day alone. If you would permit that I might shift to the Apartment next the one I have,—to that where General Bredow slept last winter,— I should work more commodiously. My Secretary (Collini) and I could work together there. I should have a little more sun, which is a great point for me.—Only the whim of a sick man, perhaps! Well, even so, your Majesty will have pity on it. You promised to make me happy." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 277.]

I SUSPECT THAT I AM SUSPECTED (No date).— "Sire, if I am not brief, forgive me. Yesterday the faithful D'Arget told me with sorrow that in Paris people were talking of your Poem." Horrible; but, O Sire, —me?—"I showed him the eighteen Letters that I received yesterday. They are from Cadiz," all about Finance, no blabbing there! "Permit me to send you now the last six from my Niece, numbered by her own hand [no forgery, no suppression]; deign to cast your eyes on the places I have underlined, where she speaks of your

Majesty, of D'Argens, of Potsdam, of D'Ammon" (to whom she can't be Phyllis, innocent being)!—MON CHER VOLTAIRE, must I again do some NICHE upon you, then? Tie some tin—canister to your too— sensitive tail? What an element you inhabit within that poor skin of yours! [Ib. 269.]

MAJESTY INVITES US TO A LITERARY CHRISTENING, POTSDAM (No date. These "Six Twins" are the "ART DE LA GUERRE," in Six Chants; part of that revised Edition which is getting printed "AU DONJON DU CHATEAU;" time must be, well on in 1751). Friedrich writes to Voltaire:—

"I have just been brought to bed of Six Twins; which require to be baptized, in the name of Apollo, in the waters of Hippocrene. LA HENRIADE is requested to become godmother: you will have the goodness to bring her, this evening at five, to the Father's Apartment. D'Arget LUCINA will be there; and the Imagination of MAN—A—MACHINE will hold the poor infants over the Font." [Ib. 266.]

DEIGN TO SAY IF I HAVE OFFENDED.— ... "As they write to me from Paris that I am in disgrace with you, I dare to beg very earnestly that you will deign to say if I have displeased in anything! May go wrong by ignorance or from over—zeal; but with my heart never! I live in the profoundest retreat; giving to study my whole"— "Your assurances once vouchsafed [famous Document of August 23d]. I write only to my Niece. I" (a page more of this)—have my sorrows and merits, and absolutely no silence at all! [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 289.] "In the gift of Speech he is the most brilliant of mankind," said Smelfungus; but in the gift of Silence what a deficiency! Friedrich will have to do that for Two, it would seem.

BERLIN, 28th DECEMBER, 1751: LOUIS QUATORZE; AND DEATH OF ROTHENBURG.—"Our LOUIS QUATORZE is out. But, Heavens, see, your Majesty: a Pirate Printer, at Frankfurt—on—Oder, has been going on parallel with us, all the while; and here is his foul blotch of an Edition on sale, too! Bielfeld," fantastic fellow, "had proof— sheets; Bielfeld sent them to a Professor there, though I don't blame Bielfeld: result too evident. Protect me, your Majesty; Order all wagons, especially wagons for Leipzig, to be stopped, to be searched, and the Books thrown out,—it costs you but a word!"

Quite a simple thing: "All Prussia to the rescue!" thinks an ardent Proprietor of these Proof—sheets. But then, next day, hears that Rothenburg is dead. That the silent Rothenburg lay dying, while the vocal Voltaire was writing these fooleries, to a King sunk in grief. "Repent, be sorry, be ashamed!" he says to himself; and does instantly try;—but with little success; Frankfurt—on—Oder, with its Bielfeld proof—sheets, still jangling along, contemptibly audible, for some time. [Ib. 285—287.] And afterwards, from Frankfurt—on—Mayn new sorrow rises on LOUIS QUATORZE, as will be seen.—Friedrich's grief for Rothenburg was deep and severe; "he had visited him that last night," say the Books; "and quitted his bedside, silent, and all in tears." It is mainly what of Biography the silent Rothenburg now has.

From the current Narratives, as they are called, readers will recollect, out of this Voltaire Period, two small particles of Event amid such an ocean of noisy froth,—two and hardly more: that of the "Orange—Skin," and that of the "Dirty Linen." Let us put these two on their basis; and pass on:—

THE ORANGE—SKIN (Potsdam, 2d September, 1751, to Niece Denis)—Good Heavens, MON ENFANT, what is this I hear (through the great Dionysius'—Ear I maintain, at such expense to myself)! ... "La Mettrie, a man of no consequence, who talks familiarly with the King after their reading; and with me too, now and then: La Mettrie swore to me, that, speaking to the King, one of those days, of my supposed favor, and the bit of jealousy it excites, the King answered him: "I shall want him still about a year:—you squeeze the orange, you throw away the skin (ON EN JETTE LECORCE)!" Here is a pretty bit of babble (lie, most likely, and bit of mischievous fun) from Dr. Joyous. "It cannot be true, No! And yet— and yet—?" Words cannot express the agonizing doubts, the questionings, occasionally the horror of Voltaire: poor sick soul, keeping a Dionysius'—Ear to boot! This blurt of La Mettrie's goes through him like a shot of electricity through an elderly sick Household—Cat; and he speaks of it again and ever again,—though we will not farther.

DIRTY LINEN (Potsdam, 24th July, 1752, To Niece Denis).— ... "Maupertuis has discreetly set the rumor going, that I found the King's Works very bad; that I said to some one, on Verses from the King coming in, 'Will he never tire, then, of sending me his dirty linen to wash?' You obliging Maupertuis!"

Rumor says, it was General Mannstein, once Aide—de—Camp in Russia, who had come to have his WORK ON RUSSIA revised (excellent Work, often quoted by us [Did get out at last,—in England, through Lord Marischal and David Hume: see PREFACE to it (London, 1760).]), when the unfortunate Royal Verses came. Perhaps M. de Voltaire did say it:—why not, had it only been prudent? He really likes those Verses much more

than I; but knows well enough, SUB ROSA, what kind of Verses they are. This also is a horrible suspicion; that the King should hear of this,—as doubtless the King did, though without going delirious upon it at all. ["To Niece Denis," dates as above (*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 408, lxxv. 17).] Thank YOU, my Perpetual President, not the less!—

OF MAUPERTUIS, IN SUCCESSIVE PHASES.— ... "Maupertuis is not of very engaging ways; he takes my dimensions harshly with his quadrant: it is said there enters something of envy into his DATA. ... A somewhat surly gentleman; not too sociable; and, truth to say, considerably sunk here [ASSEZ BAISSE, my D'Argental].

... "I endure Maupertuis, not having been able to soften him. In all countries there are insociable fellows, with whom you are obliged to live, though it is difficult. He has never forgiven me for"—omitting to cite him, Paris he had got the Academy of Sciences into trouble, and himself into general dislike (DETESTER); then came this Berlin offer. "Old Fleuri, when Maupertuis called to take leave, repeated that verse of Virgil, NEC TIBI REGNANDI VENIAT TAM DIRA CUPIDO. Fleuri might have whispered as much to himself: but he was a mild sovereign lord, and reigned in a gentle polite manner. I swear to you, Maupertuis does not, in his shop [the Academy here]—where, God be thanked, I never go.

"He has printed a little Pamphlet on Happiness (SUR LE BONHEUR); it is very dry and miserable. Reminds you of Advertisements for things lost,—so poor a chance of finding them again. Happiness is not what he gives to those who read him, to those who live with him; he is not himself happy, and would be sorry that others were [to Niece Denis this].

... "A very sweet life here, Madame [Madame d'Argental, an outside party]: it would have been more so, if Maupertuis had liked. The wish to please, is no part of his geometrical studies; the problem of being agreeable to live with, is not one he has solved." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 330, 504 (4th May, 1751, and 14th March, 1752), to the D'Argentals; to Niece Denis (6th November, 1750, and 24th August, 1751), lxxiv. 250, 385.]—Add this Anecdote, which is probably D'Arget's, and worth credit:— "Voltaire had dinner-party, Maupertuis one of them; party still in the drawing-room, dinner just coming up. 'President, your Book, SUR LE BONHEUR, has given me pleasure,' said Voltaire, politely [very politely, considering what we have just read]; given me pleasure,— a few obscurities excepted, of which we will talk together some evening.' 'Obscurities?' said Maupertuis, in a gloomy arbitrary tone: 'There may be such for you, Monsieur!' Voltaire laid his hand on the President's shoulder [yellow wig near by], looked at him in silence, with many—twinkling glance, gayety the topmost expression, but by no means the sole one: 'President, I esteem you, JE VOUS ESTIME, MON PRESIDENT: you are brave; you want war: we will have it. But, in the mean while, let us eat the King's roast meat.'" [Duvernet (2d FORM of him, always, p. 176.)

Friedrich's Answers to these Voltaire Letters, if he wrote any, are all gone. Probably he answered almost nothing; what we have of his relates always to specific business, receipt of LOUIS QUATORZE, and the like; and is always in friendly tone. Handsomely keeping Silence for Two! Here is a snatch from him, on neutral figures and movements of the time:—

FRIEDRICH TO WILHELMINA (November 17th, 1751).—"I think the Margraf of Anspach will not have stayed long with you. He is not made to taste the sweets of society: his passion for hunting, and the tipling life he leads this long time, throw him out when he comes among reasonable persons. ... "I expect my Sister of Brunswick, with the Duke and their eldest Girl, the 4th of next month,"—to Carnival here. "It is seven years since the Queen (our Mamma) has seen her. She holds a small Board of Wit at Brunswick; of which your Doctor [Doctor Superville, Dutch-French, whose perennial merit now is, That he did not burn Wilhelmina's MEMOIRS, but left them safe to posterity, for long centuries],—of which your Doctor is the director and oracle. You would burst outright into laughing when she speaks of those matters. Her natural vivacity and haste has not left her time to get to the bottom of anything; she skips continually from one subject to the other, and gives twenty decisions in a minute." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 202:—On Superville, see Preuss's Note, ib. 56.]

About a month before Rothenburg's death, which was so tragical to Friedrich, there had fallen out, with a hideous dash of farce in it, the death of La Mettrie. Here are Two Accounts, by different hands,—which represent to us an immensity of babble in the then Voltaire circle.

LA METTRIE DIES.—Two Accounts: 1. King Friedrich's: to Wilhelmina. "21st November, 1751. ... We have lost poor La Mettrie. He died for a piece of fun: ate, out of banter, a whole pheasant-pie; had a horrible indigestion; took it into his head to have blood let, and convince the German Doctors that bleeding was good in

indigestion. But it succeeded ill with him: he took a violent fever, which passed into putrid; and carried him off. He is regretted by all that knew him. He was gay; BON DIABLE, good Doctor, and very bad Author: by avoiding to read his Books, one could manage to be well content with himself." [Ib. xxvii. i. 203.]

2. Voltaire's: to Niece Denis (NOT his first to her): Potsdam, 24th December, 1751. ... "No end to my astonishment. Milord Tyrconnel," always ailing (died here himself), "sends to ask La Mettrie to come and see him, to cure him or amuse him. The King grudges to part with his Reader, who makes him laugh. La Mettrie sets out; arrives at his Patient's just when Madame Tyrconnel is sitting down to table: he eats and drinks, talks and laughs more than all the guests; when he has got crammed (EN A JUSQU'AU MENTON), they bring him a pie, of eagle disguised as pheasant, which had arrived from the North, plenty of bad lard, pork-hash and ginger in it; my gentleman eats the whole pie, and dies next day at Lord Tyrconnel's, assisted by two Doctors," Cothenius and Lieberkuhn, "whom he used to mock at. ... How I should have liked to ask him, at the article of death, about that Orange-skin!" [*Oeuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 439, 450.]

Add this trait too, from authentic Nicolai, to complete the matter: "An Irish Priest, Father Macmahon, Tyrconnel's Chaplain [more power to him], wanted to convert La Mettrie: he pushed into the sick-room;—encouraged by some who wished to make La Mettrie contemptible to Friedrich [the charitable souls]. La Mettrie would have nothing to do with this Priest and his talk; who, however, still sat and waited. La Mettrie, in a twinge of agony, cried out, 'JESUS MARIE!' 'AH, VOUS VOILA ENFIN RETOURNE A CES NOMS CONSOLATEURS!' exclaimed the Irishman. To which La Mettrie answered (in polite language, to the effect), 'Bother you!' and expired a few minutes after." [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20 n.]

Enough of this poor madcap. Friedrich's ELOGE of him, read to the Academy some time after, it was generally thought (and with great justice), might as well have been spared. The Piece has nothing noisy, nothing untrue; but what has it of importance? And surely the subject was questionable, or more. La Mettrie might have done without Eulogy from a King of men.

... "He had been used to put himself at once on the most familiar footing with the King [says Thiebault, UNbelievable]. Entered the King's apartment as he would that of a friend; plunged down whenever he liked, which was often, and lay upon the sofas; if it was warm, took off his stock, unbuttoned his waistcoat, flung his periwig on the floor;" [Thiebault, v. 405 (calls him "La Metherie;" knows, as usual, nothing).]—highly probable, thinks stupid Thiebault!

"The truth is," says Nicolai, "the King put no real value on La Mettrie. He considered him as a merry-andrew fellow, who might amuse you, when half seas-over (ENTRE DEUX VINS). De la Mettrie showed himself unworthy of any favor he had. Not only did he babble, and repeat about Town what he heard at the King's table; but he told everything in a false way, and with malicious twists and additions. This he especially did at Lord Tyrconnel, the then French Ambassador's table, where at last he died." [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20.] But could not take the ORANGE-SKIN along with him; alas, no!—

On the whole, be not too severe on poor Voltaire! He is very fidgety, noisy; something of a pickthank, of a wheedler; but, above all, he is scorbutic, dyspeptic; hag-ridden, as soul seldom was; and (in his oblique way) APPEALS to Friedrich and us,—not in vain. And, in short, we perceive, after the First Act of the Piece, beginning in preternatural radiances, ending in whirlwinds of flaming soot, he has been getting on with his Second Act better than could be expected. Gyrating again among the bright planets, circum-jovial moons, in the Court Firmament; is again in favor, and might— Alas, he had his FELLOW-moons, his Maupertuis above all! Incurable that Maupertuis misery; gets worse and worse, steadily from the first day. No smallest entity that intervenes, not even a wandering La Beaumelle with his Book of PENSEES, but is capable of worsening it. Take this of Smelfungus; this Pair of Cabinet Sketches,—"hasty outlines; extant chiefly," he declares, "by Voltaire's blame:"—

LA BEAUMELLE.—"Voltaire has a fatal talent of getting into I quarrels with insignificant accidental people; and instead of silently, with cautious finger, disengaging any bramble that catches to him, and thankfully passing on, attacks it indignantly with potent steel implements, wood-axes, war-axes; brandishing and hewing;—till he has stirred up a whole wilderness of bramble-bush, and is himself bramble-chips all over. M. Angliviel de la Beaumelle, for example, was nothing but a bramble: some conceited Licentiate of Theology, who, finding the Presbytery of Geneva too narrow a field, had gone to Copenhagen, as Professor of Rhetoric or some such thing; and, finding that field also too narrow, and not to be widened by attempts at Literature, MES PENSEES and the

like, in such barbarous Country",—had now [end of 1751] come to Berlin; and has Presentation copies of MESS PENSEES, OU LE QU'EN DIRA-T-ON, flying right and left, in hopes of doing better there. Of these PENSEES (Thoughts so called) I will give but one specimen" (another, that of "King Friedrich a common man," being carefully suppressed in the Berlin Copies, of La Beaumelle's distributing):—

"There have been greater Poets than Voltaire; there was never any so well recompensed: and why? Because Taste (GOUT, inclination) sets no limits to its recompenses. The King of Prussia overloads men of talent with his benefits for precisely the reasons which induce a little German Prince to overload with benefits a buffoon or a dwarf." [*Oeuvres de Voltaire*, xxvii. 220 n.] Could there be a phenomenon more indisputably of bramble nature?

"He had no success at Berlin, in spite of his merits; could not come near the King at all; but assiduously frequented Maupertuis, the flower of human thinkers in that era,—who was very humane to him in consequence. 'How is it, O flower of human thinkers, that I cannot get on with his Majesty, or make the least way?' (HELAS, MONSIEUR, you have enemies!' answered he of the red wig; and told La Beaumelle (hear it, ye Heavens), That M. de Voltaire had called his Majesty's attention to the PENSEE given above, one evening at Supper Royal; 'heard it myself, Monsieur—husht!' Upon which—

"Upon which, see, paltry La Beaumelle has become my enemy for life!' shrieks Voltaire many times afterwards: 'And it was false, I declare to Heaven, and again declare; it was not I, it was D'Argens quizzing me about it, that called his Majesty's attention to that PENSEE of Blockhead La Beaumelle,—you treacherous Perpetual President, stirring up enemies against me, and betraying secrets of the King's table.' Sorrow on your red wig, and you!—It is certain La Beaumelle, soon after this, left Berlin: not in love with Voltaire. And there soon appeared, at Frankfurt—on—Mayn, a Pirate Edition of our brand—new SIECLE DE LOUIS QUATORZE (with Annotations scurrilous and flimsy);—La Beaumelle the professed Perpetrator; 'who received for the job 7 pounds 10s. net!' [Ib. xx.] asseverates the well—informed Voltaire. Oh, M. de Voltaire, and why not leave it to him, then? Poor devil, he got put into the Bastille too, by and by; Royal Persons being touched by some of his stupid foot—notes.

"La Beaumelle had a long course of it, up and down the world, in and out of the Bastille; writing much, with inconsiderable recompense, and always in a wooden manure worthy of his First vocation in the Geneva time. 'A man of pleasing physiognomy,' says Formey, 'and expressed himself well. I received his visit 14th January, 1752,'—to which latter small circumstance (welcome as a fixed date to us here) La Beaumelle's Biography is now pretty much reduced for mankind. [Formey, ii. 221.] He continued Maupertuis's adorer: and was not a bad creature, only a dull wooden one, with obstinate temper. A LIFE OF MAUPERTUIS of his writing was sent forth lately, [*Vie de Maupertuis* (cited above), Paris, 1866.] after lying hidden a hundred years: but it is dull, dead, painfully ligneous, like all the rest; and of new or of pleasant tells us nothing.

"His enmity to M. de Voltaire did prove perpetual:—a bramble that might have been dealt with by fingers, or by fingers and scissors, but could not by axes, and their hewing and brandishing. 'This is the ninety—fifth anonymous Calumny of La Beaumelle's, this that you have sent me!' says Voltaire once. The first stroke or two had torn the bramble quite on end: 'He says he will pursue you to Hell even,' writes one of the Voltaire kind friends from Frankfurt, on that 7 pounds 10s. business. 'A L'ENFER?' answers M. de Voltaire, with a toss: 'Well, I should think so, he, and at a good rate of speed. But whether he will find me there, must be a question!' If you want to have an insignificant accidental fellow trouble you all your days, this is the way of handling him when he first catches hold."

ABBE DE PRADES.—"De Prades, 'Abbe de Prades, Reader to the King,' though happily not an enemy of Voltaire's, is in some sort La Beaumelle's counterpart, or brother with a difference; concerning whom also, one wants only to know the exact date of his arrival. As La Beaumelle felt too strait—tied in the Geneva vestures (where it had been good for him to adjust himself, and stay); so did De Prades in the Sorbonne ditto,—and burst out, on taking Orders, not into eloquent Preachings or edifying Devotional Exercises; but into loud blurts of mere heresy and heterodoxy. Blurts which were very loud, and I believe very stupid; which failed of being sublime even to the Philosophic world; and kindled the Sorbonne into burning his Book, and almost burning himself, had not he at once run for it.

"Ran to Holland, and there continued blurting more at large,— decidedly stupid for most part, thinks Voltaire, 'but with glorious Passages, worth your Majesty's attention;'—upon which, D'Alembert too helping, poor De Prades was invited to the Readership, vacant by La Mettrie's eagle—pie; and came gladly, and stayed. At what

date? one occasionally asks: for there are Royal Letters, dateless, but written in his hand, that raise such question in the utter dimness otherwise. Date is 'September, 1752.' [Preuss, i. 368; ii. 115.] Farther question one does not ask about De Prades. Rather an emphatic intrusive kind of fellow, I should guess;—wrote, he, not Friedrich, that ABRIDGMENT OF PLEURY'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, and other the like dreary Pieces, which used to be inflicted on mankind as Friedrich's.

"For the rest, having place and small pension,—not, like La Beaumelle, obliged to pirate and annotate for 7 pounds 10s.—he went on steadily, a good while; got a Canonry of Glogau [small Catholic benefice, bad if it was not better than its now occupant]; —and unluckily, in the Seven—Years—War time, fell into treasonous Correspondence with his countrymen; which it was feared might be fatal, when found out. But no, not fatal. Friedrich did lock him in Magdeburg for some months; then let him out: 'Home to Glogau, sirrah; stick to your Canonry henceforth, and let us hear no more of you at all!' Which shall be his fate in these pages also."

Good, my friend; no more of him, then! Only recollect "September, 1752," if dateless Royal Letters in De Prades's hand turn up.

Chapter X. DEMON NEWSWRITER, OF 1752.

It must be owned, the King's French Colony of Wits were a sorry set of people. They tempt one to ask, What is the good of wit, then, if this be it? Here are people sparkling with wit, and have not understanding enough to discern what lies under their nose. Cannot live wisely with anybody, least of all with one another.

In fact, it is tragic to think how ill this King succeeded in the matter of gathering friends. With the whole world to choose from, one fancies always he might have done better! But no, he could not; —and chiefly for this reason: His love of Wisdom was nothing like deep enough, reverent enough; and his love of ESPRIT (the mere Garment or Phantasm of Wisdom) was too deep. Friends do not drop into one's mouth. One must know how to choose friends; and that of ESPRIT, though a pretty thing, is by no means the one requisite, if indeed it be a requisite at all. This present Wit Colony was the best that Friedrich ever had; and we may all see how good it was. He took, at last more and more, into bantering his Table-Companions (which I do not wonder at), as the chief good he could get of them. And had, as we said, especially in his later time, in the manner of Dublin Hackney-Coachmen, established upon each animal its RAW; and makes it skip amazingly at touch of the whip. "Cruel mortal!" thought his cattle:—but, after all, how could he well help it, with such a set?

Native Literary Men, German or Swiss, there also were about Friedrich's Court: of them happily he did not require ESPRIT; but put them into his Academy; or employed them in practical functions, where honesty and good sense were the qualities needed. Worthy men, several of these; but unmemorable nearly all. We will mention Sulzer alone,—and not for THEORIES and PHILOSOPHIES OF THE FINE ARTS [*Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste*, 3 vols.; (which then had their multitudes of readers); but for a Speech of Friedrich's to him once, which has often been repeated. Sulzer has a fine rugged wholesome Swiss-German physiognomy, both of face and mind; and got his admirations, as the Berlin HUGH BLAIR that then was: a Sulzer whom Friedrich always rather liked.

Friedrich had made him School Inspector; loved to talk a little with him, about business, were it nothing else. "Well, Monsieur Sulzer, how are your Schools getting on?" asked the King one day,—long after this, but nobody will tell me exactly when, though the fact is certain enough: "How goes our Education business?" "Surely not ill, your Majesty; and much better in late years," answered Sulzer.—"In late years: why?" "Well, your Majesty, in former time, the notion being that mankind were naturally inclined to evil, a system of severity prevailed in schools: but now, when we recognize that the inborn inclination of men is rather to good than to evil, schoolmasters have adopted a more generous procedure."—"Inclination rather to good?" said Friedrich, shaking his old head, with a sad smile: "Alas, dear Sulzer, ACH MEIN LIEBER SULZER, I see you don't know that damned race of creatures (ER KENNT NICHT DIESE VERDAMMTE RACE) as I do!" [Nicolai, iii. 274;—the thing appears to have been said in French ("JE VOIS BIEN, MON CHER SULZER, QUE VOUS NE CONNAISSEZ PAS, COMME MOI, CETTE RACE MAUDITE A LAQUELLE NOUS APPARTENONS"); but the German form is irresistibly attractive, and is now heard proverbially from time to time in certain mouths.] Here is a speech for you! "Pardon the King, who was himself so beneficent and excellent a King!" cry several Editors of the rose-pink type. This present Editor, for his share, will at once forgive; but how can he ever forget!—

"Perhaps I mistake," owns Voltaire, in his Pasquinade of a VIE PRIVEE, "but it seems to me, at these Suppers there was a great deal of ESPRIT (real wit and brilliancy) going. The King had it, and made others have; and, what is extraordinary, I never felt myself so free at any table." "Conversation most pleasant," testifies another, "most instructive, animated; not to be matched, I should guess, elsewhere in the world." [Bielfeld, LETTERS; Voltaire, Vie Privee.] Very sprightly indeed: and a fund of good sense, a basis of practicality and fact, necessary to be in it withal; though otherwise it can foam over (if some La Mettrie be there, and a good deal of wine in him) to very great heights.

A DEMON NEWSWRITER GIVES AN "IDEA" OF FRIEDRICH;
INTELLIGIBLE TO THE KNOWING CLASSES IN ENGLAND
AND ELSEWHERE.

Practically, I can add only, That these Suppers of the gods begin commonly at half-past eight ("Concert just over"); and last till towards midnight,—not later conveniently, as the King must be up at five (in Summer-time at four), and "needs between five and six hours of sleep." Or would the reader care to consult a Piece expressly treating on all these points; kind of MANUSCRIPT NEWSPAPER, fallen into my hands, which seems to have had a widish circulation in its day. ["IDEE DE LA PERSONNE, DE LA MANIERE DE VIVRE, ET DE LA COUR DU ROI DE PRUSSE: juin, 1752." In the *Robinson Papers* (one Copy) now in the British Museum.] I have met with Two Copies of it, in this Country: one of them, to appearance, once the property of George Selwyn. The other is among the Robinson Papers: doubtless very luculent to Robinson, who is now home in England, but remembers many a thing. Judging from various symptoms, I could guess this MS. to have been much about, in the English Aristocratic Circles of that time; and to have, in some measure, given said Circles their "Idea" (as they were pleased to reckon it) of that wonderful and questionable King:—highly distracted "Idea;" which, in diluted form, is still the staple English one. By the label, DEMON NEWSWRITER, it is not meant that the Author of this poor Paper was an actual Devil, or infernal Spiritual Essence of miraculous spectral nature. By no means! Beyond doubt, he is some poor Frenchman, more or less definable as flesh-and-blood; gesturing about, visibly, at Berlin in 1752; in cocked-hat and bright shoe-buckles; grinning elaborate salutations to certain of his fellow-creatures there. Possibly some hungry ATTACHE of Milord Tyrconnel's Legation; fatally shut out from the beatitudes of this barbarous Court, and willing to seek solacement, and turn a dishonest penny, in the PER-CONTRA course? Who he is, we need not know or care: too evident, he has the sad quality of transmuting, in his dirty organs, heavenly Brilliancy, more or less, into infernal Darkness and Hatred; which I reckon to have been, at all times, the principal function of a Devil;—function still carried on extensively, under Firms of another title, in this world.

Some snatches we will give. For, though it does not much concern a Man or King, seriously busy, what the idle outer world may see good to talk of him, his Biographers, in time subsequent, are called to notice the matter, as part of his Life-element, and characteristic of the world he had round him. Friedrich's affairs were much a wonder to his contemporaries. Especially his Domesticities, an item naturally obscure to the outer world, were wonderful; sure to be commented upon, to all lengths; and by the unintelligent, first of all. Of contemporary mankind, as we have sometimes said, nobody was more lied of:—of which, let this of the Demon Newswriter be example, one instead of many. The Demon Newswriter, deriving only from outside gossip and eavesdropping, is wrong very often,—in fact, he is seldom right, except on points which have been Officially fixed, and are within reach of an inquisitive Clerk of Legation. Wrong often enough, even in regard to external particulars, how much more as to internal;—and will need checking, as we go along.

Demon speaks first of Friedrich's stature, 5ft. 6in. (as we know better than this Demon); "pretty well proportioned, not handsome, and even something of awkward (GAUCHE), acquired by a constrained bearing [head slightly off the perpendicular, acquired by his flute, say the better-informed]. Is of the greatest politeness. Fine tone of voice,—fine even in swearing, which is as common with him as with a grenadier," adds this Demon; not worth attending to, on such points.

"Has never had a nightcap [sleeps bareheaded; in his later times, would sleep in his hat, which was always soft as duffel, kneaded to softness as its first duty, and did very well]: Never a nightcap, dressing-gown, or pair of slippers [TRUE]; only a kind of cloth cloak [NOT QUITE], much worn and very dirty, for being powdered in. The whole year round he goes in the uniform of his First Battalion of Guards:—blue with red facings, button-hole trimmings in silver, frogs at the inner end; his coat buttons close to the shape; waistcoat is plain yellow [straw-color]; hat [three-cornered] has edging of Spanish lace, white plume [horizontal, resting on the lace all round]: boots on his legs all his life. He cannot walk with shoes [pooh, you—!].

"He rises daily at five:"—No, he does n't at all! In fact, we had better clap the lid on this Demon, ill-informed as to all these points; and, on such suggestion, give the real account of them, distilled from Preuss, and the abundant authentic sources.

Preuss says (if readers could but remember him): "An Almanac lies on the King's Table, marking for each day what specific duties the day will bring. From five to six hours of sleep: in summer he rises about three, seldom after four; in winter perhaps an hour later. In his older time, seven hours' sleep came to be the stipulated quantity; and he would sleep occasionally eight hours or even nine, in certain medical predicaments. Not so in his younger years: four A.M. and five, the set hours then. Summer and winter, fire is lighted for him a quarter of an hour

before. King rises; gets into his clothes: 'stockings, breeches, boots, he did sitting on the bed' (for one loves to be particular); the rest in front of the fire, in standing posture. Washing followed; more compendious than his Father's used to be.

"Letters specifically to his address, a courier (leaving Berlin, 9 P.M.) had brought him in the dead of night: these, on the instant of the King's calling 'Here!' a valet in the ante chamber brought in to him, to be read while his hair was being done. His uniform the King did not at once put on; but got into a CASAQUIN [loose article of the dressing-gown kind, only shorter than ours] of rich stuff, sometimes of velvet with precious silver embroideries. These Casaquins were commonly sky-blue (which color he liked), presents from his Sisters and Nieces. Letters being glanced over, and hair-club done, the Life-guard General-Adjutant hands in the Potsdam Report (all strangers that have entered Potsdam or left it, the principal item): this, with a Berlin Report, which had come with the Letters; and what of Army-Reports had arrived (Adjutant-General delivering these),—were now glanced over. And so, by five o'clock in the summer morning, by six in the winter, one sees, in the gross, what one's day's-work is to be; the miscellaneous STONES of it are now mostly here, only mortar and walling of them to be thought of. General-Adjutant and his affairs are first settled: on each thing a word or two, which the General-Adjutant (always a highly confidential Officer, a Hacke, a Winterfeld, or the like) pointedly takes down.

"General-Adjutant gone, the King, in sky-blue casaquin [often in very faded condition] steps into his writing-room; walks about, reading his Letters more completely; drinking, first, several glasses of water; then coffee, perhaps three cups with or without milk [likes coffee, and very strong]. After coffee he takes his flute; steps about practising, fantasizing: he has been heard to say, speaking of music and its effects on the soul, That during this fantasizing he would get to considering all manner of things, with no thought of what he was playing; and that sometimes even the luckiest ideas about business-matters have occurred to him while dandling with the flute. Sauntering so, he is gradually breakfasting withal: will eat, intermittently, small chocolate cakes; and after his coffee, cherries, figs, grapes, fruits in their season [very fond of fruit, and has elaborate hot-houses]. So passes the early morning.

"Between nine and ten, most of one's plan-work being got through, the questions of the day are settled, or laid hold of for settling. Between nine and ten, King takes to reading the 'Excerpts' (I suppose, of the more intricate or lengthier things) of Yesterday, which his three Cabinet Rathes [Clerk Eichel and the other Two] have prepared for him. King summons these Three, one after the other, according to their Department; hands them the Letters just read, the Excerpts now decided on, and signifies, in a minimum of words, what the answers are to be,—Clerk, always in full dress, listening with both his ears, and pencil in hand. May have, of Answers, CABINET-ORDERS so called, perhaps a dozen, to be ready with before evening. ["In a certain Copy or Final-Register Book [Herr Preuss's Windfall, of which INFRA] entitled KABINETSORDENKOPIALBUCH, of One of the three Clerks, years 1746-1752, there are, on the average, ten CABINET-ORDERS daily, Sundays included" (Preuss, i. 352 n.).]

"Eichel and Company dismissed, King flings off his casaquin, takes his regimental coat; has his hair touched off with pomade, with powder; and is buttoned and ready in about five minutes;—ready for Parade, which is at the stroke of eleven, instead of later, as it used to be in Papa's time. If eleven is not yet come, he will get on horseback; go sweeping about, oftenest with errands still, at all events in the free solitude of air, till Parade-time do come. The Parole [Sentry's-WORD of the Day] he has already given his Adjutant-General. Parole, which only the Adjutant and Commandant had known till now, is formally given out; and the troops go through their exercises, manoeuvres, under a strictness of criticism which never abates." "Parade he by no chance ever misses," says our Demon friend.

"At the stroke of twelve," continues Preuss, "dinner is served. Dinner threefold; that is, a second table and a third. Only two courses, dishes only eight, even at the King's Table, (eight also at the Marshal's or second Table); guests from seven to ten. Dinner plentiful and savory (for the King had his favorites among edibles), by no means caring to be splendid,—yearly expense of threefold Dinner (done accurately by contract) was 1,800 pounds." Linsenbarth we saw at the Third Table, and how he fared. "The dinner-service was of beautiful porcelain; not silver, still less gold, except on the grandest occasions. Every guest eats at discretion,—of course!—and drinks at discretion, Moselle or Pontac [kind of claret]; Champagne and Hungary are handed round on the King's signal. King himself drinks Bergerac, or other clarets, with water. Dinner lasts till two;—if the conversation be seductive, it has been known to stretch to four. The King's great passion is for talk of the right kind; he himself

talks a great deal, tipping wine—and–water to the end, and keeps on a level with the rising tide.

"With a bow from Majesty, dinner ends; guests gently, with a little saunter of talk to some of them, all vanish; and the King is in his own Apartment again. Generally flute–playing for about half an hour; till Eichel and the others come with their day's work: tray–loads of Cabinet–Orders, I can fancy; which are to be 'executed,' that is, to be glanced through, and signed. Signature for most part is all; but there are Marginalia and Postscripts, too, in great number, often of a spicy biting character; which, in our time, are in request among the curious." Herr Preuss, who has right to speak, declares that the spice of mockery has been exaggerated; and that serious sense is always the aim both of Document and of Signer. Preuss had a windfall; 12,000 of these Pieces, or more, in a lump, in the way of gift; which fell on him like manna,—and led, it is said, to those Friedrich studies, extensive faithful quarryings in that vast wilderness of sliding shingle and chaotic boulders.

"Coffee follows this despatch of Eichel and Consorts; the day now one's own." Scandalous rumors, prose and verse, connect themselves with this particular epoch of the day; which appear to be wholly LIES. Of which presently. "In this after–dinner period fall the literary labors," says Preuss:—a facile pen, this King's; only two hours of an afternoon allowed it, instead of all day and the top of the morning. "About six, or earlier even, came the Reader [La Mettrie or another], came artists, came learned talk. At seven is Concert, which lasts for an hour; half–past eight is Supper." [Preuss, i. 344–347 (and, with intermittencies, pp. 356, 361, 363 to 376), abridged.]

Demon Newswriter says, of the Concert: "It is mostly of wind– instruments," King himself often taking part with his flute; "performers the best in Europe. He has three"—what shall we call them? of male gender,— "a counter–alt, and Mamsell Astrua, an Italian; they are unique voices. He cannot bear mediocrity. It is but seldom he has any singing here. To be admitted, needs the most intimate favor; now and then some young Lord, of distinction, if he meet with such." Concert, very well;—but let us now, suppressing any little abhorrences, hear him on another subject:—

"Dinner lasts one hour [says our Demon, no better informed]: upon which the King returns to his Apartment with bows. It pretty often happens that he takes with him one of his young fellows. These are all handsome, like a picture (FAITS A PEINDRE), and of the beautifulest face,"—adds he, still worse informed; poisonous malice mixing itself, this time, with the human darkness, and reducing it to diabolic. This Demon's Paper abounds with similar allusions; as do the more desperate sort of Voltaire utterances,—VIE PRIVEE treating it as known fact; Letters to Denis in occasional paroxysms, as rumor of detestable nature, probably true of one who is so detestable, at least so formidable, to a guilty sinner his Guest. Others, not to be called diabolical, as Herr Dr. Busching, for example, speak of it as a thing credible; as good as known to the well–informed. And, beyond the least question, there did a thrice–abominable rumor of that kind run, whispering audibly, over all the world; and gain belief from those who had appetite. A most melancholy business. Solacing to human envy;—explaining also, to the dark human intellect, why this King had commonly no Women at his Court. A most melancholy portion of my raw–material, this; concerning which, since one must speak of it, here is what little I have to say:—

1. That proof of the NEGATIVE, in this or in any such case, is by the nature of it impossible. That it is indisputable Friedrich did not now live with his Wife, nor seem to concern himself with the empire of women at all; having, except now and then his Sisters and some Foreign Princess on short visit, no women in his Court; and though a great judge of Female merits, graces and accomplishments, seems to worship women in that remote way alone, and not in any nearer. Which occasioned great astonishment in a world used so much to the contrary. And gave rise to many conjectures among the idle of mankind, "What, on Earth, or under Earth, can be the meaning of it?"—and among others, to the above scandalous rumor, as some solacement to human malice and impertinent curiosity.

2. That an opposite rumor—which would indeed have been pretty fatal to this one, but perhaps still more disgraceful in the eyes of a Demon Newswriter—was equally current; and was much elaborated by the curious impertinent. Till Nicolai got hold of it, in Herr Dr. Zimmermann's responsible hands; and conclusively knocked it on the head. [See Zimmermann's *Fragmente*, and Nicolai patiently pounding it to powder (whoever is curious on this disgusting subject).]

3". That, for me, proof in the affirmative, or probable indication that way, has not anywhere turned up. Nowhere for me, in these extensive minings and siftings. Not the least of probable indication; but contrariwise, here and there, rather definite indications pointing directly the opposite way. [For example ("CORRESPONDENCE WITH FREDERSDORF"), *OEuvres*, xxvii. iii. 145.] Friedrich, in his own utterances

and occasional rhymes, is abundantly cynical; now and then rises to a kind of epic cynicism, on this very matter. But at no time can the painful critic call it cynicism as of OTHER than an observer; always a kind of vinegar cleanness in it, EXCEPT in theory. Cynicism of an impartial observer in a dirty element; observer epically sensible (when provoked to it) of the brutal contemptibilities which lie in Human Life, alongside of its big struttings and pretensions. In Friedrich's utterances there is that kind of cynicism undeniable;—and yet he had a modesty almost female in regard to his own person; "no servant having ever seen him in an exposed state." [Preuss, i. 376.] Which had considerably strengthened rumor No. 2. O ye poor impious Long-eared,—Long-eared I will call you, instead of Two-horned and with only One hoof cloven! Among the tragical platitudes of Human Nature, nothing so fills a considering brother mortal with sorrow and despair, as this innate tendency of the common crowd in regard to its Great Men, whensoever, or almost whensoever, the Heavens do, at long intervals, vouchsafe us, as their all—including blessing, anything of such! Practical "BLASPHEMY," is it not, if you reflect? Strangely possible that sin, even now. And ought to be religiously abhorred by every soul that has the least piety or nobleness. Act not the mutinous flunky, my friend; though there be great wages going in that line.

4. That in these circumstances, and taking into view the otherwise known qualities of this high Fellow-Creature, the present Editor does not, for his own share, value the rumor at a pin's fee. And leaves it, and recommends his readers to leave it, hanging by its own head, in the sad subterranean regions,—till (probably not for a long while yet) it drop to a far Deeper and dolefuler Region, out of our way altogether.

"Lamentable, yes," comments Diogenes; "and especially so, that the idle public has a hankering for such things! But are there no obscene details at all, then? grumbles the disappointed idle public to itself, something of reproach in its tone. A public idle-minded; much depraved in every way. Thus, too, you will observe of dogs: two dogs, at meeting, run, first of all, to the shameful parts of the constitution; institute a strict examination, more or less satisfactory, in that department. That once settled, their interest in ulterior matters seems pretty much to die away, and they are ready to part again, as from a problem done."—Enough, oh, enough!

Practically we are getting no good of our Demon;—and will dismiss him, after a taste or two more.

This Demon Newswriter has, evidently, never been to Potsdam; which he figures as the abode of horrid cruelty, a kind of Tartarus on Earth;—where there is a dreadful scarcity of women, for one item; lamentable to one's moral feelings. Scarcity nothing like so great, even among the soldier-classes, as the Demon Newswriter imagines to himself; nor productive of the results lamented. Prussian soldiers are not encouraged to marry, if it will hurt the service; nor do their wives march with the Regiment except in such proportions as there may be sewing, washing and the like women's work fairly wanted in their respective Companies: the Potsdam First Battalion, I understand, is hardly permitted to marry at all. And in regard to lamentable results, that of "LIEBSTEN-SCHEINE, Sweetheart-TICKETS,"—or actual military legalizing of Temporary Marriages, with regular privileges attached, and fixed rules to be observed,—might perhaps be the notablest point, and the SEMI-lamentablest, to a man or demon in the habit of lamenting. [Preuss, i. 426.] For the rest, a considerably dreadful place this Potsdam, to the flaccid, esurient and disorderly of mankind;—"and strict as Fate [Demon correct for once] in inexorably punishing military sins.

"This King," he says, "has a great deal of ESPRIT; much less of real, knowledge (CONNAISSANCES) than is pretended. He excels only in the military part; really excellent there. Has a facile expeditious pen and head; understands what you say to him, at the first word. Not taking nor wishing advice; never suffering replies or remonstrances, not even from his Mother. Pretty well acquainted with Works of ESPRIT, whether in Prose or in Verse: burning [very hot indeed] to distinguish himself by performance of that kind; but unable to reach the Beautiful, unless held up by somebody (ETAYE). It is said that, in a splenetic moment, his Skeleton of an Apollo [SQUELETTE D'APOLLON, M. de Voltaire, who is lean exceedingly] exclaimed once, some time ago, 'When is it, then, that he will have done sending me his dirty linen to wash?'

"The King is of a sharp mocking tongue withal; pricking into whoever displeases him; often careless of policy in that. Understands nothing of Finance, or still less of Trade; always looking direct towards more money, which he loves much; incapable of sowing [as some of US do!] for a distant harvest. Treats, almost all the world as slaves. All his subjects are held in hard shackles. Rigorous for the least shortcoming, where his interest is hurt:—never pardons any fault which tends to inexactitude in the Military Service. Spandau very full,"—though I did not myself count. "Keeps in his pay nobody but those useful to him, and capable of doing employments well

[TRUE, ALWAYS]; and the instant he has no more need of them, dismissing them with nothing [FALSE, GENERALLY]. The Subsidies imposed on his subjects are heavy; in constant proportion to their Feudal Properties, and their Leases of Domains (CONTRATS ET BAUX); and, what is dreadful, are exacted with the same rigor if your Property gets into debt,"—no remission by the iron grip of this King in the name of the State! Sell, if you can find a Purchaser; or get confiscated altogether; that is your only remedy. Surely a tyrant of a King.

"People who get nearest him will tell you that his Politeness is not natural, but a remnant of old habit, when he had need of everybody, against the persecutions of his Father. He respects his Mother; the only Female for whom he has a sort of attention. He esteems his Wife, and cannot endure her; has been married nineteen years, and has not yet addressed one word to her [how true!]. It was but a few days ago she handed him a Letter, petitioning some things of which she had the most pressing want. He took the Letter, with that smiling, polite and gracious air which he assumes at pleasure; and without breaking the seal, tore the Letter up before her face, made her a profound bow, and turned his back on her." Was there ever such a Pluto varnished into Literary Rose—pink? Very proper Majesty for the Tartarus that here is.

... "The Queen—Mother," continues our Small Devil, "is a good fat woman, who lives and moves in her own way (RONDEMENT). She has 16,000 pounds a year for keeping up her House. It is said she hoards. Four days in the week she has Apartment [Royal Soiree]; to which you cannot go without express invitation. There is supper—table of twenty—four covers; only eight dishes, served in a shabby manner (INDECEMMENT) by six little scoundrels of Pages. Men and women of the Country [shivering Natives, cheering their dull abode] go and eat there. Steward Royal sends the invitations. At eleven, everybody has withdrawn. Other days, this Queen eats by herself. Stewardess Royal and three Maids of Honor have their separate table; two dishes the whole. She is shabbily lodged [in my opinion], when at the Palace. Her Monbijou, which is close to Berlin [now well within it], would be pretty enough, for a private person.

"The Queen Regnant is the best woman in the world. All the year [NOT QUITE] she dines alone. Has Apartment on Thursdays; everybody gone at nine o'clock. Her morsels are cut for her, her steps are counted, and her words are dictated; she is miserable, and does what she can to hide it"—according to our Small Devil. "She has scarcely the necessaries of life allowed her,"—spends regularly two—thirds of her income in charitable objects; translates French—Calvinist Devotional Works, for benefit of the German mind; and complains to no Small Devil, of never so sympathizing nature. "At Court she is lodged on the second floor [scandalous]. Schonhausen her Country House, with the exception of the Garden which is pretty enough,—our Shopkeepers of the Rue St. Honore would sniff at such a lodging.

"Princess Amelia is rather amiable [thank you for nothing, Small Devil]; often out of temper because—this is so shocking a place for Ladies, especially for maiden Ladies. Lives with her Mother; special income very small;—Coadjutress of Quedlinburg; will be actual Abbess" in a year or two. [11th April, 1756: Preuss, xxvii. p. xxxiv (of PREFACE).]

"Eldest Prince, Heir—Apparent,"—do not speak of him, Small Devil, for you are misinformed in every feature and particular:—enough, "he is fac—simile of his Brother. He has only 18,000 pounds a year, for self, Wife, Household and Children [two, both Boys];—and is said [falsely] to hoard, and to follow Trade, extensive Trade with his Brother's Woods.

"Prince Henri, who is just going to be married,"—thank you, Demon, for reminding us of that. Bride is Wilhelmina, Princess of Hessen—Cassel. Marriage, 25th June, 1752;—did not prove, in the end, very happy. A small contemporary event; which would concern Voltaire and others that concern us. Three months ago, April 14th, 1752, the Berlin Powder—Magazine flew aloft with horrible crash; [In *Helden—Geschichte* (iii. 531) the details.]—and would be audible to Voltaire, in this his Second Act. Events, audible or not, never cease.

"Prince Henri," in Demon's opinion, "is the amiablest of the House. He is polite, generous, and loves good company. Has 12,000 pounds a year left him by Papa." Not enough, as it proved. "If, on this Marriage, his Brother, who detests him [witness Reinsberg and other evidences, now and onward], gives him nothing, he won't be well off. They are furnishing a House for him, where he will lodge after wedding. Is reported to be—POTZDAMISTE [says the scandalous Small Devil, whom we are weary of contradicting],—Potsdamite, in certain respects. Poor Princess, what a destiny for you!

"Prince Ferdinand, little scraping of a creature (PETIT CHAFOUIN), crapulous to excess, niggardly in the extreme, whom everybody avoids,"—much more whose Portrait, by a Magic—lantern of this kind: which let us

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hastily shut, and fling into the cellar!-- "Little Ferdinand, besides his 15,000 pounds a year, Papa's bequest, gets considerable sums given him. Has lodging in the King's House; goes shifting and visiting about, wherever he can live gratis; and strives all he can to amass money. Has to be in boots and uniform every three days. Three months of the year practically with his regiment: but the shifts he has for avoiding expense are astonishing." ...

What an illuminative "Idea" are the Walpole-Selwyn Circles picking up for their money!--

Chapter XI. THIRD ACT AND CATASTROPHE OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

Meantime there has a fine Controversy risen, of mathematical, philosophical and at length of very miscellaneous nature, concerning that König–Maupertuis dissentience on the LAW OF THRIFT. Wonderful Controversy, much occupying the so–called Philosophic or Scientific world; especially the idler population that inhabit there. Upon this item of the Infinitely Little,—which has in our time sunk into Nothing—at–all, and but for Voltaire, and the accident of his living near it, would be forgotten altogether,—we must not enter into details; but a few words to render Voltaire's share in it intelligible will be, in the highest degree, necessary. Here, in brief form, rough and ready, are the successive stages of the Business; the origin and first stage of which have been known to us for some time past:—

"SEPTEMBER, 1750, König, his well–meant visit to Berlin proving so futile, had left Maupertuis in the humor we saw;—pirouetting round his Apartment, in tempests of rage at such contradiction of sinners on his sublime Law of Thrift; and fulminating permission to König: 'No time to read your Paper of Contradictions; publish it in Leipzig, in Jericho; anywhere in the Earth, in Heaven, in the Other Place, where you have the opportunity!' König, returning on these terms, had nothing for it but to publish his Paper; and did publish it, in the Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum* for March, 1751. There it stands, legible to this day: and if any of the human species should again think of reading it, I believe it will be found a reasonable, solid and decisive Paper; of steadfast, openly articulate, by no means insolent, tone; considerably modifying Maupertuis's Law of Thrift, or Minimum of Action;—fatal to the claim of its being a 'Sublime Discovery,' or indeed, so far as TRUE, any discovery at all. [In *Acta Eruditorum* (Lipsiae, 1751): "*De universali Principio AEquilibrii et Motus.*" By no means uncivil to Maupertuis; though obliged to controvert him. For example: "*Quoe itaque de Minima Actionis in modificationibus modum obtinente in genere proferuntur vehementer laudo;*" "*continent nempe facundum longeque pulcherrimum Dynamices sublimioris principium, cujus vim in difficillimis quoestionibus soepe expertus fui.*"] By way of finis to the Paper, there is given, what proves extremely important to us, an Excerpt from an old LETTER OF LEIBNITZ'S; which perhaps it will be better to present here IN CORPORE, as so much turned on it afterwards. König thus winds up:—

"I add only a word, in finishing; and that is, that it appears Mr. Leibnitz had a theory of Action, perhaps much more extensive than one would suspect at present. There is a Letter written by him to Mr. Hermann [an ancient mathematical sage at Basel], where he uses these expressions: 'Action, is not what you think; the consideration of Time enters into it; Action is as the product of the mass by the space and the velocity, or as the time by the VIS VIVA. I have remarked that in the modifications of motion, the action becomes usually a maximum or a minimum:—and from this there might several propositions of great consequence be deduced. It might serve to determine the curves described by bodies under attraction to one or more centres. I had meant to treat of these things in the Second Part of my DYNAMIQUE; which I suppressed, the reception of the First, by prejudice in many quarters, having disgusted me.'" [MAUPERTUISIANA, No. ii. 22 (from *Acta Eruditorum*, ubi supra). In MAUPERTUISIANA, No. iv. 166, is the whole Letter, "Hanover, 16th October, 1707;" no ADDRESS left, judged to be to Hermann. MAUPERTUISIANA (Hamburg, 1753) is a mere Bookseller's or even Bookbinder's Farrago, with printed TITLE– PAGE and LIST, of the chief Pamphlets which had appeared on this Business (sixteen by count, various type, all 8vo size, in my copy). Of which only No. ii. (König's APPEL AU PUBLIC) and No. iv. (2d edition of said APPEL, with APPENDIX OF CORRESPONDENCE) are illuminative to read.] Your Minimum of Action, it would appear, then, is in some cases a Maximum; nothing can be said but that, in every case it is EITHER a Maximum or Minimum. What a stroke for our LAW OF THRIFT, the "at last conclusive Proof" of an Intelligent Creator, as the Perpetual President had fancied it! "So–ho, what is this! My Discovery an Error? And Leibnitz discovered it, so far as true?"—

"May 28th–8th OCTOBER, 1751. Maupertuis, compressing himself what he can, writes to König: 'Very good, Monsieur. But please inform me where is that Letter of Leibnitz's; I have never seen or heard of it before,—and I want to make use of it myself.' To which König answers: 'Henzi gave it me, in Copy [unfortunate Conspirator Henzi, who lost his head three years ago, by sentence of the Oligarch Government at Berne]: [Government by "The Two Hundred;" of Select– Vestry nature, very stiff, arbitrary and become rife in abuses;

against whom had risen angry mutterings more than once, and in 1749 a Select Plot (not select ENOUGH, for they discovered it in time). Poor Ex-Captain Henzi, "Clerk *of the Salt-Office," most frugal, studious and quiet of men; a very miracle, It would appear, of genius, solid learning, philosophy and piety,—not the chief or first of the conspirators, but by far the most distinguished,—was laid hold of, July 2d, 1749, and beheaded, with another of them, a day or two after. Much bewailed in a private way, even by the better kinds of people. (Copious account of him in *Adelung*, vii. 86–91.)—he, poor fellow, had no end of Papers and Excerpts; had, as we know, above a hundred volumes of the latter kind; this, and some other Letters of Leibnitz's, among them,—I send you the whole Letter, copied faithfully from his Copy.' ["The Hague, 26th June," in *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 130.] To that effect, still in perfect good-humor, was Konig's reply to his Maupertuis.

"Hm, Copy? By Henzi?" grumbles Maupertuis to himself:—"Search in Berne, then; it must be there, if anywhere!" To Konig Maupertuis answers nothing: but sulkily resolves on having Search made;—and, to give solemnity to the matter, requests his Excellency Marquis de Paulmy, the French Ambassador at Berne, to ask the Government there,—Government having seized all Henzi's Papers, on beheading him. Excellency Paulmy does, accordingly, make inquiry in the highest quarter; some inquiries up and down. Not the least account of this, or of any Leibnitz Letter, to be had from among Henzi's Papers,—the 'hundred volumes,' seemingly, exist no longer;—Original of this Leibnitz Piece is nowhere. For eight months the highest Authorities have been looking about (with one knows not what vivacity or skill in searching), and have found nothing whatever." Stage second of the Business finishes in this manner.

How lucky for the Perpetual President, had he stopped here! To Konig and the common contradiction of sinners he could have opposed, as it was apparently his purpose to do, an Olympian silence, "Pshaw!" Whereby the small matter, interesting to few, would have dropped gently into dubiety, into oblivion, and been got well rid of. But this of the great Leibnitz, touching on one's LAW OF THRIFT; and not only "discovering" it, half a century beforehand, but discovering that it was not true: to Leibnitz one must speak;—and the abstruse question is, What is one to say? "Find me the original; let us be certain, first:" that you can say; that is one dear point; and pretty much the only one. The rest, at this time, as I conjecture, may have been not a little abstruse to the Perpetual President!

And now, had the Perpetual President but stopped here, there might still have rested a saving shadow of suspicion on Konig's Excerpt, That it was not exact, that it might be wrong in some vital point:—"You never showed me the Original, Monsieur!" Unluckily, the Perpetual President did not stop. One cannot well fancy him believing, now or ever, that Konig had forged the Excerpt. Most likely he had the fatal persuasion that these were Leibnitz's words; and the question, What was to be said or done, if the Original SHOULD turn up? might justly be alarming to a Son of the Pure Sciences. But at this point a new door of escape disclosed itself: "Where is the Original, I say!"—and he rushed, full speed, into that; galloping triumphantly, feeling all safe.

"OCTOBER 7th (1751), Maupertuis summons his Academy: 'Messieurs, permit me to submit a case perhaps requiring your attention. One of our number dissents from your President's Discovery of the Law of Thrift; which surely he is free to do: but furthermore he gives an Excerpt purporting to be from Leibnitz; whereby it would appear that your President's Discovery, sanctioned in your Acts as new, is not new, but Leibnitz's (so far as it is good for anything),— possibly stolen, therefore; and, at any rate, fifty-four years old. In self-defence, I have demanded to see the Original of said Excerpt; and the Honorable Member in question does not produce it. What say you?' 'Shame to him!' say they all [there seem to be but few Scientific Members, and most of them, it is insinuated, have Pensions from the King through their Perpetual President];—and determine to make a Star-chamber matter of it!

"Accordingly, next day, OCTOBER 8th) Secretary Formey writes officially to Konig, 'Produce that Letter within one month,'—and has got his Majesty to order, That our Prussian Minister at the Hague shall take charge of delivering such message, and shall mark on what day. Thing serious, you see!—Prussian Minister at the Hague delivers, and docket accordingly. To Konig's astonishment; who is in a scene of deep trouble at this time; Royal Highness the Stadtholder suddenly dead, or dying: 'died October 22d; leaving a very young Heir, and a very sorrowful Widow and Country.' Much to think of, that lies apart from the Maupertuis matter! Which latter, however, is so very serious too, his Prussian Majesty's Minister at Berne is now charged to make new perquisition for the Leibnitz Original there: In short, within one month that Document is preemtorily wanted at Berlin."

High proceedings these;—and calculated to have one result, if no other. Namely, that, at this point, as readers

can fancy, the idler Public, seeing a street-quarrel in progress, began to take interest in the Question of MINIMUM; and quasi-scientific gentlemen to gather round, and express, with cheery capable look, their opinions,—still legible in the vanished JUGEMENS LIBRES (of Hamburg), GAZETTE DE SAVANS (Leipzig), and other poor Shadows of JOURNALS, if you daringly evoke them from the other side of Styx. Which, the whole matter being now so indisputably extinct, shadowy, Stygian, we will not here be guilty of doing; but hasten to the catastrophes, that have still a memorability.

"Konig, having in fact nothing more to say about the Leibnitz Excerpt, was in no breathless haste to obey his summons; he sat almost two months before answering anything. Did then write however, in a friendly strain to Maupertuis (December 10th, 1751). [*Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 132.] Almost on which same day, as it chanced, the ACADEMIE, after two months' dignified waiting, had in brief terms repeated its order on Konig. [December 11th, 1751 (Ib. 137). To which Konig makes no special answer (having as good as answered the day before);—but does silently send off to Switzerland to make inquiries; and does write once or twice more, when there is occasion for explaining;—always in a clear, sonorous, manfully firm and respectful tone: 'That he himself had, or has, no kind of reason to doubt the authenticity of the Leibnitz Letter; that to himself (and, so far as he can judge, to Maupertuis) the question of its authenticity is without special interest;—he, Konig, having thrown it in as a mere marginal illustration, which decides nothing, either for or against the Law of Thrift. That he has, in obedience to the Academy, caused search to be made in Switzerland, especially at Basel, where he judged the chance might lie; but that of this particular Letter nothing has come to light; that he has two other Leibnitz Letters, of indifferent tenor, in the late Henzi's hand, if these will serve in aught, [*Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 155; and ib. 172–192, the two Letters themselves.]—but what farther can he do?' In short, Konig speaks always in a clear business-like manful tone; the one person that makes a really respectful and respectable figure in this Controversy of the Infinitely Little. A man whom, viewed from this quiet distance, it seems almost inconceivably absurd to have suspected of forging for so small an object. Oh, my President, that DIRA REGNANDI CUPIDO!—

"Question is, however, What the Academy will do? One Member, 'the best Geometer among them' [whose name is not given, but which the Berlin Academy should write in big letters across this sad Page of their Annals, by way of erasure to the same], dissented from the high line of procedure; asserting Konig's innocence in this matter; nay, hinting agreement with Konig's opinion. But was met by such a storm, that he withdrew from the deliberations; which henceforth went their own bad course, unanimous though slow. And so the matter pendulates all through Winter, 1751–52, and was much the theme of idle men."

Voltaire heard of it vaguely all along; but not with distinctness till the end of July following. As Spring advanced, Maupertuis had fallen ill of lungs,—threatened with spitting of blood ("owing to excess of brandy," hints the malicious Voltaire, "which is fashionable at St. Malo," birthplace of Maupertuis),—and could not farther direct the Academy in this affair. The Academy needs no direction farther. Here, very soon, for a sick President's consolation, is what the Academy decides on, by way of catastrophe:—

THURSDAY EVENING, 13th APRIL, 1752, The Academy met; Curator Monsieur de Keith, presiding; about a score of acting Members present. To whom Curator de Keith, as the first thing, reads a magnanimous brief Letter from our Perpetual President: "That, for two reasons, he cannot attend on this important occasion: First, because he is too ill, which would itself be conclusive; but secondly, and A FORTIORI, because he is in some sense a party to the cause, and ought not if he could." Whereupon, Secretary Formey having done his Documentary flourishings, Curator Euler— (great in Algebra, apparently not very great in common sense and the rules of good temper)—reads considerable "Report;" [Is No. 1 of *Maupertuisiana*.] reciting, not in a dishonest, but in a dim wearisome way, the various steps of the Affair, as readers already know them; and concludes with this extraordinary practical result: "Things being so (LES CHOSES ETANT TELLES): the Fragment being of itself suspect [what could Leibnitz know of Maxima and Minima? They were not developed till one Euler did it, quite in late years!], [*Maupertuisians*, No. i. 22.] of itself suspect; and Monsieur Konig having failed to" is assuredly manifest that his cause is one of the worst (DES PLUS MAUVAISES), and that this Fragment has been forged." Singular to think! "And the Academy, all things duly considered, will not hesitate to declare it false (SUPPOSE), and thereby deprive it publicly of all authority which may have been ascribed to it" (HEAR, HEAR! from all parts).

Curator de Keith then collects the votes,—twenty-three in all; some sixteen are of working Members; two are

from accidental Strangers ("travelling students," say the enemy); the rest from Curators of Quality:—Vote is unanimous, "Adopt the Report. Fragment evidently forged, and cannot have the least shadow of authority (AUCUNE OMBRE D'AUTORITE). Forged by whom, we do not now ask; nor what the Academy could, on plain grounds, now do to Monsieur Konig [NOT nail his ears to the pump, oh no!]; enough, it IS forged, and so remains." Signed, "Curator de Keith," and Six other Office-bearers; "Formey, Perpetual Secretary" closing the list.

At the name Keith, a slight shadow (very slight, for how could Keith help himself?) crosses the mind: "Is this, by ill luck, the Feldmarschall Keith?" No, reader; this is Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; he of Wesel, with "Effigy nailed to the Gallows" long since; whom none of us cares for. Sulzer, I notice too, is of this long-eared Sanhedrim. ACH, MEIN LIEBER SULZER, you don't know (do you, then?) DIESE VERDAMMTE RACE, to what heights and depths of stupid malice, and malignant length of ear, they are capable of going. "Thursday, 13th April," this is Forger Konig's doom:—and, what is observable, next morning, with a crash audible through Nature, the Powder-Magazine flew aloft, killing several persons! [Supra, p. 203.] Had no hand, he, I hope, in that latter atrocity?

On authentic sight of this Sentence (for which Konig had at once, on hearing of it, applied to Formey, and which comes to him, without help of Formey, through the Public Newspapers) Konig, in a brief, proud enough, but perfectly quiet, mild and manful manner, resigns his Membership. "Ceases, from this day (June 18th, 1752), to have the honor of belonging to your Academy; 'an honor I had been the prouder of, as it came to me unasked;'—and will wish, you, from the outside henceforth, successful campaigns in the field of Science." [*Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 129.] And sets about preparing his Pamphlet to instruct mankind on the subject. Maupertuis, it appears, did write, and made others write to Konig's Sovereign Lady, the Dowager Princess of Orange, "How extremely handsome it would be, could her Most Serene Highness, a friend to Pure Science, be pleased to induce Monsieur Konig not to continue this painful Controversy, but to sit quiet with what he had got." [Voltaire (infra).] Which her Most Serene Highness by no mean thought the suitable course. Still less did Konig himself; whose APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC, with DEFENCE OF APPEAL,—reasonably well done, as usual, and followed and accompanied by the multitude of Commentators,—appeared in due course. ["September, 1752, Konig's APPEL" (Preuss, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xv. 60 n.).] Till, before long, the Public was thoroughly instructed; and nobody, hardly the signing Curators, or thin Euler himself, not to speak of Perpetual Formey, who had never been strong in the matter, could well believe in "forgery" or care to speak farther on such a subject. Subject gone wholly to the Stygian Fens, long since; "forgery" not now imaginable by anybody!

The rumor of these things rose high and wide; and the quantity of publishing upon them, quasi-scientifically and otherwise, in the serious vein and the jocose, was greater than we should fancy. ["Letter from a Marquis;" "Letter from Mr. T--- to M. S---" (Mr. T. lives in London;—"JE TRAVERSE LE Queen's Square, ET JE RENCONTRE NOTRE AMI D---: 'AVEZ-VOUS LA l'Appel au Public?' DIT-IL"—); "Letter by Euler in the Berlin Gazette," (in *Maupertuisiana*).] Voltaire, for above a month past, had been fully aware of the case (24th July, 1752, writing to Niece, "heard yesterday"); not without commentary to oneself and others. Voltaire, with a kind of love to Konig, and a very real hatred to Maupertuis and to oppression generally, took pen himself, among the others (Konig's APPEAL just out),—could not help doing it, though he had better not! The following small Piece is perhaps the one, if there be one, still worth resuscitating from the Inane Kingdoms. Appeared in the BIBLIOTHEQUE RAISONNEE (mild-shining Quarterly Review of those days), JULY-SEPTEMBER Number.

"ANSWER FROM [VERY PRIVATELY VOLTAIRE, CALLING HIMSELF] A BERLIN ACADEMICIAN TO A PARIS ONE.

"BERLIN, 18th SEPTEMBER, 1752. This is the exact truth, in reply to your inquiry. M. Moreau de Maupertuis in a Pamphlet entitled ESSAI DE COSMOLOGIE, pretended that the only proof of the Existence of God is the circumstance that AR+nRB is a Minimum. [ONLY proof:

^??????^ (p.212 Book XVI)

VOILA!] He asserts that in all possible cases, 'Action is a Minimum,' what has been demonstrated false; and he says, 'He discovered this Law of Minimum,' what is not less false.

"M. Konig, as well as other Mathematicians, wrote against this strange assertion; and, among other things, M. Konig cited some sentences of a Letter by Leibnitz, in which that great man says, He has observed 'that, in the

modifications of motion, the Action usually becomes either a Maximum or else a Minimum.'

"M. Moreau de Maupertuis imagined that, by producing this Fragment, it had been intended to snatch from him the glory of his pretended discovery,—though Leibnitz says precisely the contrary of what he advances. He forced some pensioned members of the Academy, who are dependent on him, to summon M. Koinig"—As we know too well; and cannot bear to have repeated to us, even in the briefest and spiciest form! "Sentence (JUGEMENT) on M. Konig, which declares him guilty of having assaulted the glory of the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis by FORGING a Leibnitz Letter.—Wrote then, and made write, to her Serene Highness the Princess of Orange, who was indignant at so insolent"—... and in fine,

"Thus the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis has been convicted, in the face of Scientific Europe, not only of plagiarism and blunder, but of having abused his place to suppress free discussion, and to persecute an honest man who had no crime but that of not being of his opinion. Several members of our Academy have protested against so crying a procedure; and would leave the Academy, were it not for fear of displeasing the King, who is protector of it." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxiii. 227 (in *Maupertuisiana*, No. xvi).]

King Friedrich's position, in the middle of all this, was becoming uncomfortable. Of the controversy he understood, or cared to understand, nothing; had to believe steadily that his Academy must be right; that Konig was some loose bird, envious of an eagle Maupertuis, sitting aloft on his high Academic perch: this Friedrich took for the truth of the matter;—and could not let himself imagine that his sublime Perpetual President, who was usually very prudent and Jove-like, had been led, by his truculent vanity (which Friedrich knew to be immense in the man, though kept well out of sight), into such playing of fantastic tricks before high Heaven and other on-lookers. This view of the matter had hitherto been Friedrich's; nor do I know that he ever inwardly departed from it;—as outwardly he, for certain, never did; standing, King-like, clear always for his Perpetual President, till this hurricane of Pamphlets blew by. Voltaire's little Piece, therefore, was the unwelcomest possible.

This new bolt of electric fire, launched upon the storm-tost President from Berlin itself, and even from the King's House itself,—by whom, too clearly recognizable,—what an irritating thing! Unseemly, in fact, on Voltaire's part; but could not be helped by a Voltaire charged with electricity. Friedrich evidently in considerable indignation, finding that public measures would but worsen the uproar, took pen in hand; wrote rapidly the indignant LETTER FROM AN ACADEMICIAN OF BERLIN TO AN ACADEMICIAN OF PARIS: [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xv. 59–64 (not dated; datable "October, 1752").] which Piece, of some length, we cannot give here; but will briefly describe as manifesting no real knowledge of the LAW-OF-THRIFT Controversy; but as taking the above loose view of it, and as directed principally against "the pretended Member of our Academy" (mischievous Voltaire, to wit), whom it characterizes as "such a manifest retailer of lies," a "concocter of stupid libels:" "have you ever seen an action more malicious, more dastardly, more infamous?"—and other hard terms, the hardest he can find. This is the privilege of anonymity, on both sides of it.

But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case); with such a consciousness, burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752,—brown leaves, splashy rains and winds moaning outwardly withal. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire, still far from having ended, still only just beginning his Anti-Maupertuis discharges, has, in the interim, privately got his DOCTOR AKAKIA ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass!—Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and wit, could not continue. The credible account is, it soon cracked asunder; and, after the conceivable sputterings, sparklings and flashings of various complexion, issued in lambent airs of "tacit mutual understanding; and in reading of AKAKIA together,—with peals of laughter from the King," as the common French Biographers assert.

"Readers know AKAKIA," [DIATRIBE DU DOCTEUR AKAKIA (in Voltaire, *OEuvres*, lxi. 19–62).] says Smelfungus: "it is one of the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny; only too pleasant to the corrupt Race of Adam! There is not much, or indeed anything, of true poetic humor in it: but there is a gayety of malice, a dexterity, felicity, inexhaustibility of laughing mockery and light banter, capable of driving a Perpetual President delirious. What an Explosion of glass-crackers, fire-balls, flaming-serpents;—generally, of sleeping gunpowder, in its most artistic forms,—flaming out sky-high over all the Parish, on a sudden! The almost-sublime of Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, here is a new artist who knows how to treat it. The engineer of the Sublime

(always painfully engineering thitherward without effect),—an engineer of the Comic steps in on him, blows him up with his own petards in a most unexampled manner. Not an owlery has that poor Maupertuis, in the struggle to be sublime (often nearly successful, but never once quite), happened to drop from him, but Voltaire picks it up; manipulates it, reduces it to the sublimely ridiculous; lodges it, in the form of burning dust, about the head of MON PRESIDENT. Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he is unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the owleries of poor Maupertuis;—it is his function to BE all that. Clever, but wrong, do you say? Well, yes:—and yet the ridiculous does require ridicule; wise Nature has silently so ordered. And if ever truculent President in red wig, with his absurd truculences, tyrannies and perpetual struggles after the sublime, did deserve to be exploded in laughter, it could not have been more consummately done;—though perversely always, as must be owned.

"The hole bored through the Earth,' for instance: really, one sometimes reflects on such a thing; How you would see daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little over) foot to foot; how a little stone flung into it would exactly (but for air and friction) reach the other side of the world; would then, in a computable few moments, come back quiescent to your hand, and so continue forevermore;—with other the like uncriminal fancies.

"The Latin Town,' again: truly, if learning the Ancient Languages be human Education, it might, with a Greek Ditto, supersede the Universities, and prove excellently serviceable in our struggle Heavenward by that particular route. I can assure M. de Voltaire, it was once practically proposed to this King's Great-grandfather, the Grosse Kurfurst;—who looked into it, with face puckered to the intensest, in his great care for furtherance of the Terrestrial Sciences and Wisdoms; but forbore for that time. [Minute details about it in Stenzel, ii. 234–238; who quotes "Erman" (a poor old friend of ours) "SUR LE PROJET D'UNE VILLE SAVANTE DANS LE BRANDEBOURG (Berlin, 1792):" date of the Project was 1667.] Then as to 'Dissecting the Brains of Patagonians;' what harm, if you can get them gross enough? And as to that of (exalting your mind to predict the future,' does not, in fact, man look BEFORE and AFTER; are not Memory and (in a small degree) Prophecy the Two Faculties he has?

"These things— which are mostly to be found in the 'LETTRES DE MAUPERTUIS' (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new Book), but are now clipt out from the Maupertuis Treatises— we can fancy to be almost sublimities.—Almost, unfortunately not altogether. And then there is such a Sisyphus-effort visible in dragging them aloft so far: and the nimble wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisyphus; and sends him down, heels-over-head, in a torrent of roaring debris! 'From gradual transpiration of our vital force comes Death; which perhaps, by precautions, might be indefinitely retarded,' says Maupertuis. 'Yes, truly,' answers the other: 'if we got ourselves japanned, coated with resinous varnish (INDUITS DE POIX RESINEUX); who knows!' Not a sublime owlery can you drop, but it is manipulated, ground down, put in rifled cannon, comes back on you as tempests of burning dust." Enough to send Maupertuis pirouetting through the world, with red wig unquenchably on fire!

Peals of laughter (once you are allowed to be non-official) could not fail, as an ovation, from the King;—so report the French Biographers. But there was, besides, strict promise that the Piece should be suppressed: "Never do to send our President pirouetting through the world in this manner, with his wig on fire; promise me, on your honor!" Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform! Once more the Rhadamanthine fact is: Voltaire, as King's Chamberlain, was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an AKAKIA against the King's Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blustering Turkey-cock, who has, every now and then, been tyrannizing over you for twenty years, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark,—(edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makable by a little surreptitious legerdemain,—and I never knew whether it was AKAKIA in print, or AKAKIA in manuscript, that King and King's Chamberlain were now reading together, nor does it matter much):—your Turkey surreptitiously stuffed with gunpowder, I say; train ready waiting; one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds: and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark. Perhaps, had AKAKIA not yet been written—But all lies ready there; one spark will do it, at any moment;—and there are unguarded moments, and the Tempter must prevail!—

On what day AKAKIA blazed out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn (so stupid these reporters). But "on November 2d" the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis,

which is published in all the Newspapers; [Rodenbeck, IN DIE; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 531, "2d November, 1752, 5 P.M."]—and one might guess the AKAKIA conflagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. Then or later, sure enough, AKAKIA does blaze aloft about that time; and all Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Mauvertuis and it,—30,000 copies sold in Paris: —and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly his presence; to shriek, piteously, "Accident, your Majesty! Fatal treachery and accident; after such precautions too!"—and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has); and get into private lodgings in the TAUBEN-STRASSE, [At a "Hofrath Francheville's" (kind of subaltern Literary Character, see Denina, ii. 67), "TAUBEN-STRASSE (Dove Street), No. 20:" stayed there till "March, 1753" (Note by Preuss, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 306 n.)] till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again: "Ah, Sire"—let us give the Voltaire shriek of NOT-GUILTY, with the Friedrich Answer; both dateless unluckily:—

VOLTAIRE. "AH, MON DIEU, Sire, in the state I am in! I swear to you again, on my life, which I could renounce without pain, that it is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and confront them. What? You will judge me without hearing me! I demand justice or death."

FRIEDRICH. "Your effrontery astonishes me. After what you have done, and what is clear as day, you persist, instead of owning yourself culpable. Do not imagine you will make people believe that black is white; when one [ON, meaning _I_] does not see, the reason

?ONE p. 218, book XVI ++++++ is, one does not want to see everything. But if you drive the affair to extremity,—all shall be made public; and it will be seen whether, if your Works deserve statues, your conduct does not deserve chains." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 302, 301.]

Most dark element (not in date only), with terrific thunder—and- lightning. Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed,— "Ah, Sire, sick to death!"

December 24th, 1752, there is one thing dismally distinct, Voltaire himself looking on (they say), from his windows in Dove Street: the Public Burning of AKAKIA, near there, by the common Hangman. Figure it; and Voltaire's reflections on it:—haggardly clear that Act Third is culminating; and that the final catastrophe is inevitable and nigh. We must be brief. On the eighth day after this dread spectacle (New-year's-day 1753), Voltaire sends, in a Packet to the Palace, his Gold Key and Cross of Merit. On the interior wrappage is an Inscription in verse: "I received them with loving emotion, I return them with grief; as a broken-hearted Lover returns the Portrait of his Mistress:—

*Je les recus avec tendresse,
Je vous les rends avec douleur;
C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extreme ardeur,
Rend le portrait de sa maitresse."*

And—in a Letter enclosed, tender as the Song of Swans—has one wish: Permission for the waters of Plombieres, some alleviations amid kind nursing friends there; and to die craving blessings on your Majesty. [Collini, p. 48; LETTER, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 305.]

Friedrich, though in hot wrath, has not quite come that length. Friedrich, the same day, towards evening, sends Fredersdorf to him, with Decorations back. And a long dialogue ensues between Fredersdorf and Voltaire; in which Collini, not eavesdropping, "heard the voice of M. de Voltaire at times very loud." Precise result unknown. After which, for three months more, follows waiting and hesitation and negotiation, also quite obscure. Confused hithering and thithering about permission for Plombieres, about repentance, sorrow, amendment, blame; in the end, reconciliation, or what is to pass for such. Recorded for us in that whirl of misdated Letter-clippings; in those Narratives, ignorant, and pretending to know: perhaps the darkest Section in History, Sacred or Profane,—were it of moment to us, here or elsewhere!

Voltaire has got permission to return to Potsdam; Apartment in the Palace ready again: but he still lingers in Dove Street; too ill, in real truth, for Potsdam society on those new terms. Does not quit Francheville's "till March 5th;" and then only for another Lodging, called "the Belvedere", of suburban or rural kind. His case is intricate to a degree. He is sick of body; spectre-haunted withal, more than ever;—often thinks Friedrich, provoked, will refuse him leave. And, alas, he would so fain NOT go, as well as go! Leave for Plombieres,—leave in the angrily contemptuous shape, "Go, then, forever and a day!"—Voltaire can at once have: but to get it in the friendly shape, and as if for a time only? His prospects at Paris, at Versailles, are none of the best; to return as if dismissed will

never do! Would fain not go, withal;—and has to diplomatize at Potsdam, by D'Argens, De Prades, and at Paris simultaneously, by Richelieu, D'Argenson and friends. He is greatly to be pitied;—even Friedrich pities him, the martyr of bodily ailments and of spiritual; and sends him "extract of quinquina" at one time. [Letter of Voltaire's.] Three miserable months; which only an OEdipus could read, and an OEdipus who had nothing else to do! The issue is well known. Of precise or indisputable, on the road thither, here are fractions that will suffice:—

VOLTAIRE TO ONE BAGIEU HIS DOCTOR AT PARIS ("Berlin, 19th December," 1752, week BEFORE his AKAKIA was burnt). ... "Wish I could set out on the instant, and put myself into your hands and into the arms of my family! I brought to Berlin about a score of teeth, there remain to me something like six; I brought two eyes, I have nearly lost one of them; I brought no erysipelas, and I have got one, which I take a great deal of care of. ... Meanwhile I have buried almost all my Doctors; even La Mettrie. Remains only that I bury Codenius [Cothenius], who looks too stiff, however,"—and, at any rate, return to you in Spring, when roads and weather improve. [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxxv. 141.]

FRIEDRICH TO VOLTAIRE (Potsdam, uncertain date). "There was no need of that pretext about the waters of Plombieres, in demanding your leave (CONGE). You can quit my service when you like: but, before going, be so good as return me the Contract of your Engagement, the Key [Chamberlain's], the Cross [of Merit], and the Volume of Verses which I confided to you.

"I wish my Works, and only they, had been what you and Konig attacked. Them I sacrifice, with a great deal of willingness, to persons who think of increasing their own reputation by lessening that of others. I have not the folly nor vanity of certain Authors. The cabals of literary people seem to me the disgrace of Literature. I do not the less esteem honorable cultivators of Literature; it is only the caballers and their leaders that are degraded in my eyes. On this, I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping.—FRIEDRICH." [In De Prades's hand; *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 308, 309: Friedrich's own Minute to De Prades has, instead of these last three lines: "That I have not the folly and vanity of authors, and that the cabals of literary people seem to me the depth of degradation,"

VOLTAIRE SPECTRALLY GIVEN (Collini LOQUITUR). "One evening walking in the garden [at rural Belvedere,—after March 5th], talking of our situation, he asked me, 'Could you drive a coach—and—two?' I stared at him a moment; but knowing that there must be no direct contradiction of his ideas, I said 'Yes.'—'Well, then, listen; I have thought of a method for getting away. You could buy two horses; a chariot after that. So soon as we have horses, it will not appear strange that we lay in a little hay.'—'Yes, Monsieur; and what should we do with that?' said I. 'LE VOICI (this is it). We will fill the chariot with hay. In the middle of the hay we will put all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, on the top of the hay; and give myself out for a Calvinist Curate going to see one of his Daughters married in the next Town. You shall drive: we take the shortest road for the Saxon Border; safe there, we sell chariot, horses, hay; then straight to Leipzig, by post.' At which point, or soon after, he burst into laughing." [Collini, p. 53.]

VOLTAIRE TO FRIEDRICH ("Berlin, Belvedere," rural lodging, ["In the STRALAUER VORSTADT (HODIE, Woodmarket Street):" Preuss's Note to this Letter, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 306 n.] "12th March," 1753). "Sire, I have had a Letter from Konig, quite open, as my heart is. I think it my duty to send your Majesty a duplicate of my Answer. ... Will submit to you every step of my conduct; of my whole life, in whatever place I end it. I am Konig's friend; but assuredly I am much more attached to your Majesty; and if he were capable the least in the world of failing in respect [as is rumored], I would"—Enough!

FRIEDRICH RELENTS (To Voltaire; De Prades writing, Friedrich covertly dictating: no date). "The King has held his Consistory; and it has there been discussed, Whether your case was a mortal sin or a venial? In truth, all the Doctors owned that it was mortal, and even exceedingly confirmed as such by repeated lapses and relapses. Nevertheless, by the plenitude of the grace of Beelzebub, which rests in the said King, he thinks he can absolve you, if not in whole, yet in part. This would be, of course, in virtue of some act of contrition and penitence imposed on you: but as, in the Empire of Satan, there is a great respect had of genius, I think, on the whole, that, for the sake of your talents, one might pardon a good many things which do discredit to your heart. These are the Sovereign Pontiff's words; which I have carefully taken down. They are a Prophecy rather." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 307.]

VOLTAIRE TO DE PRADES ("Belvedere, 15th March," 1753). "Dear Abbe, —Your style has not appeared to me soft. You are a frank Secretary of State:—nevertheless I give you warning, it is to be a settled point that I

embrace you before going. I shall not be able to kiss you; my lips are too choppy from my devil of a disorder [SCURVY, I hear]. You will easily dispense with my kisses; but don't dispense, I pray you, with my warm and true friendship.

"I own I am in despair at quitting you, and quitting the King; but it is a thing indispensable. Consider with our dear Marquis [D'Argens], with Fredersdorf,---PARBLEU, with the King himself, How you can manage that I have the consolation of seeing him before I go. I absolutely will have it; I will embrace with my two arms the Abbe and the Marquis. The Marquis sha'n't be kissed, any more than you; nor the King either. But I shall perhaps fall blubbering; I am weak, I am a drenched hen. I shall make a foolish figure: never mind; I must, once more, have sight of you two. If I cannot throw myself at the King's feet, the Plombieres waters will kill me. I await your answer, to quit this Country as a happy or as a miserable man. Depend on me for life.--V." [Ib. 308.]---This is the last of these obscure Documents.

Three days after which, "evening of March 18th", [Collini, pp. 55, 56.] Voltaire, Collini with him and all his packages, sets out for Potsdam; King's guest once more. Sees the King in person "after dinner, next day;" stays with him almost a week, "quite gay together," "some private quizzing even of Maupertuis" (if we could believe Collini or his master on that point); means "to return in October, when quite refitted,"---does at least (note it, reader), on that ground, retain his Cross and Key, and his Gift of the OEUVRE DE POESIES: which he had much better have left! And finally, morning of March 25th) 1753, [Collini, p. 56; see Rodenbeck, i. 252.] drives off,---towards Dresden, where there are Printing Affairs to settle, and which is the nearest safe City;---and Friedrich and he, intending so or not, have seen one another for the last time. Not quite intending that extremity, either of them, I should think; but both aware that living together was a thing to be avoided henceforth.

"Take care of your health, above all; and don't forget that I expect to see you again after the Waters!" such was Friedrich's adieu, say the French Biographers, [Collini, p. 57; Duvernet, p. 186; *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 187 ("will return in October").] "who is himself just going off to the Silesian Reviews", add they;---who does, in reality, drive to Berlin that day; but not to the Silesian Reviews till May following. As Voltaire himself will experience, to his cost!

Chapter XII. OF THE AFTERPIECE, WHICH PROVED STILL MORE TRAGICAL.

Voltaire, once safe on Saxon ground, was in no extreme haste for Plombieres. He deliberately settled his Printing Affairs at Dresden; then at Leipzig;—and scattered through Newspapers, or what port-holes he had, various fiery darts against Maupertuis; aggravating the humors in Berlin, and provoking Maupertuis to write him an express Letter. Letter which is too curious, especially the Answer it gets, to be quite omitted:—

MAUPERTUIS TO VOLTAIRE (at Leipzig).

"BERLIN, 3d APRIL, 1753. If it is true that you design to attack me again [with your LA-BEAUMELLE doggeries and scurrilous discussions], I declare to you that I have still health enough to find you wherever you are, and to take the most signal vengeance on you (VENGEANCE LA PLUS ECLATANTE). Thank the respect and the obedience which have hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you from the worst adventure you have ever yet had. MAUPERTUIS."

VOLTAIRE'S ANSWER (from Leipzig, a few days after).

"M. le President,—I have had the honor to receive your Letter. You inform me that you are well; that your strength is entirely returned; and that, if I publish La Beaumelle's Letter [private Letter of his, lent me by a Friend, which proves that YOU set him against me], you will come and assassinate me. What ingratitude to your poor medical man Akakia! ... If you exalt your soul so as to discern futurity, you will see that if you come on that errand to Leipzig, where you are no better liked than in other places, and where your Letter is in safe Legal hands, you run some risk of being hanged. Poor me, indeed, you will find in bed; and I shall have nothing for you but my syringe and vessel of dishonor: but so soon as I have gained a little strength, I will have my pistols charged CUM PULVERE PYRIO; and multiplying the mass by the square of the velocity, so as to reduce the action and you to zero, I will put some lead in your head;—it appears to have need of it. ADIEU, MON PRESIDENT. AKAKIA." [Duvernet, pp. 186, 187; *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxi. 55–60.]

Here, in the history of Duelling, or challenging to mortal combat, is a unique article! At which the whole world haha'd again; perhaps King Friedrich himself; though he was dreadfully provoked at it, too: "No mending of that fellow!"—and took a resolution in consequence, as will be seen.

Dresden and Leipzig done with, Voltaire accepted an invitation to the Court of Sachsen-Gotha (most polite Serene Highnesses there, and especially a charming Duchess,—who set him upon doing the ANNALES DE L'EMPIRE, decidedly his worst Book). "About April 21st" Voltaire arrived, stayed till the last days of May; [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 182 n. Clogenson's Note).] and had, for five weeks, a beautiful time at Gotha;—Wilhelmina's Daughter there (young Duchess of Wurtemberg, on visit, as it chanced), [Wilhelmina-Friedrich Correspondence (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. iii. 258, 249).] and all manner of graces, melodies and beneficences; a little working, too, at the ANNALES, in the big Library, between whiles. Five decidedly melodious weeks. Beautiful interlude, or half-hour of orchestral fiddling in this Voltaire Drama; half-hour which could not last! On the heel of which there unhappily followed an Afterpiece or codicil to the Berlin Visit; which, so to speak, set the whole theatre on fire, and finished by explosion worse than AKAKIA itself. A thing still famous to mankind;—of which some intelligible notion must be left with readers.

The essence of the story is briefly this. Voltaire, by his fine deportment in parting with Friedrich, had been allowed to retain his Decorations, his Letter of Agreement, his Royal BOOK OF POESIES (one of those "Twelve Copies," printed AU DONJON DU CHATEAU, in happier times!)—and in short, to go his ways as a friend, not as a runaway or one dismissed. But now, by his late procedures at Leipzig, and "firings out of port-holes" in that manner, he had awakened Friedrich's indignation again,—Friedrich's regret at allowing him to take those articles with him; and produced a resolution in Friedrich to have them back. They are not generally articles of much moment; but as marks of friendship, they are now all falsities. One of the articles might be of frightful importance: that Book of Poesies; thrice-private OEUVRE DE POESIES, in which are satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head: one shudders to think what fires a spiteful Voltaire might cause by publishing these!

This was Friedrich's idea;—and by no means a chimerical one, as the Fact proved; said OEUVRE being actually reprinted upon him, at Paris afterwards (not by Voltaire), in the crisis of the Seven—Years War, to put him out with his Uncle of England, whom it quizzed in passages. [Title of it is, *OEuvres du Philosophe de Sans—Souci* (Paris, pretending to be "Potsdam," 1760), 1 vol. 12mo: at Paris, "in January" this; whereupon, at Berlin, with despatch, "April 9th," "the real edition" (properly castrated) was sent forth, under title, POESIES DIVERSES, 1 vol. big 8vo (Preuss, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, x. Preface, p. x. See Formey, ii. 255, under date misprinted "1763").] "We will have those articles back," thinks Friedrich; "that OEUVRE most especially! No difficulty: wait for him at Frankfurt, as he passes home; demand them of him there." And has (directly on those new "firings through port—holes" at Leipzig) bidden Fredersdorf take measures accordingly. ["Friedrich to Wilhelmina, 12th April, 1753" (*OEuvres*, xxvii. iii. 227).]

Fredersdorf did so; early in April and onward had his Official Person waiting at Frankfurt (one Freytag, our Prussian Resident there, very celebrated ever since), vigilant in the extreme for Voltaire's arrival,—and who did not miss that event. Voltaire, arriving at last (May 31st), did, with Freytag's hand laid gently on his sleeve, at once give up what of the articles he had about him;—the OEUVRE, unluckily, not one of them; and agreed to be under mild arrest ("PAROLE D'HONNEUR; in the LION—D'OR Hotel here!") till said OEUVRE should come up. Under Fredersdorf's guidance, all this, and what follows; King Friedrich, after the general Order given, had nothing more to do with it, and was gone upon his Reviews.

In the course of two weeks or more the OEUVRE DE POESIE did come. Voltaire was impatient to go. And he might perhaps have at once gone, had Freytag been clearly instructed, so as to know the essential from the unessential here. But he was not;—poor subaltern Freytag had to say, on Voltaire's urgencies: "I will at once report to Berlin; if the answer be (as we hope), 'All right,' you are that moment at liberty!" This was a thing unexpected, astonishing to Voltaire; a thing demanding patience, silence: in three days more, with silence, as turns out, it would have been all beautifully over,—but he was not strong in those qualities!

Voltaire's arrest hitherto had been merely on his word of honor, "I promise, on my honor, not to go beyond the Garden of this Inn." But he now, without warning anybody, privately revoked said word of honor; and Collini and he, next morning, whisked shiftily into a hackney—coach, and were on the edge of being clear off. To Freytag's terror and horror; who, however, caught them in time: and was rigorous enough now, and loud enough;—street—mob gathering round the transaction; Voltaire very loud, and Freytag too,—the matter taking fire here; and scenes occurring, which Voltaire has painted in a highly flagrant manner!

On the third day, Answer from Berlin had come, as expected; answer (as to the old score): "All right; let him go!" But to punctual Freytag's mind, here is now a new considerable item of sundries: insult to his Majesty, to wit; breaking his Majesty's arrest, in such insolent loud manner:—and Freytag finds that he must write anew. Post is very slow; and, though Fredersdorf answers constantly, from Berlin, "Let him go, let him go," there have to be writings and re—writings; and it is not till July 7th (after a detention, not of nearly three weeks, as it might and would have been, but of five and a day) that Voltaire gets off, and then too at full gallop, and in a very unseemly way.

This is authentically the world—famous Frankfurt Affair;—done by Fredersdorf, as we say; Friedrich, absent in Silesia, or in Preussen even, having no hand in it, except the original Order left with Fredersdorf. Voltaire has used his flamingest colors on this occasion, being indeed dreadfully provoked and chagrined; painting the thing in a very flagrant manner,—known to all readers. Voltaire's flagrant Narrative had the round of the world to itself, for a hundred years; and did its share of execution against Friedrich. Till at length, recently, a precise impartial hand, the Herr Varnhagen, thought of looking into the Archives; and has, in a distinct, minute and entertaining way, explained the truth of it to everybody;—leaving the Voltaire Narrative in rather sad condition. [Varnhagen von Ense, *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Mayn*, 1753 (separate, as here, 12mo, pp. 92; or in *Berliner Kalender* for 1846).] We have little room; but must give, compressed, from Varnhagen and the other evidences, a few of the characteristic points. The story falls into two Parts.

PART I. FREDERSDORF SENDS INSTRUCTIONS; THE "OEUVRE DE POESIE" IS GOT; BUT—

APRIL 11th, 1753 (few days after that of Maupertuis's Cartel, Voltaire having set to firing through port—holes again, and the King being swift in his resolution on it), Factotum Fredersdorf, who has a free—flowing yet a steady

and compact pen, directs Herr Freytag, our Resident at Frankfurt—on—Mayn, To procure from the Authorities there, on Majesty's request, the necessary powers; then vigilantly to look out for Voltaire's arrival; to detain the said Voltaire, and, if necessary, arrest him, till he deliver certain articles belonging to his Majesty: Cross of Merit, Gold Key, printed OEUVRE DE POESIES and Writings (SKRIPTUREN) of his Majesty's; in short, various articles,—the specification of which is somewhat indistinct. In Fredersdorf's writing, all this; not so mathematically luminous and indisputable as in Eichel's it would have been. Freytag put questions, and there passed several Letters between Fredersdorf and him; but it was always uncomfortably hazy to Freytag, and he never understood or guessed that the OEUVRE DE POESIES was the vital item, and the rest formal in comparison. Which is justly considered to have been an unlucky circumstance, as matters turned. For help to himself, Freytag is to take counsel with one Hofrath Schmidt; a substantial experienced Burgher of Frankfurt, whose rathship is Prussian.

APRIL 21st, Freytag answers, That Schmidt and he received his Majesty's All—gracious Orders the day before yesterday (Post takes eight days, it would seem); that they have procured the necessary powers; and are now, and will be, diligently watchful to execute the same. Which, one must say, they in right earnest are; patrolling about, with lips strictly closed, eyes vividly open; and have a man or two privately on watch at the likely stations, on the possible highways;—and so continue, Voltaire doing his ANNALS OF THE EMPIRE, and enjoying himself at Gotha, for weeks after, ["Left Gotha 25th May " (Clog. in *OEuvres de Voltaire*, xxv. 192 n.).]—much unconscious of their patrolling.

Freytag is in no respect a shining Diplomatist;—probably some EMERITUS Lieutenant, doing his function for 30 pounds a year: but does it in a practical solid manner. Writes with stiff brevity, stiff but distinct; with perfect observance of grammar both in French and German; with good practical sense, and faithful effort to do aright what his order is: no trace of "MonSIR," of "OEuvre de PoesHie," to be found in Freytag; and most, or all, of the ridiculous burs stuck on him by Voltaire, are to be pulled off again as—as fibs, or fictions, solacing to the afflicted Wit. Freytag is not of quick or bright intellect: and unluckily, just at the crisis of Voltaire's actual arrival, both Schmidt and Fredersdorf are off to Embden, where there is "Grand Meeting of the Embden Shipping Company" (with comfortable dividends, let us hope),—and have left Freytag to his own resources, in case of emergency.

THURSDAY, MAY 31st, "about eight in the evening," Voltaire does arrive,—most prosperous journey hitherto, by Cassel, Marburg, Warburg, and other places famous then or since; Landgraf of Hessen (wise Wilhelm, whom we knew) honorably lodging him; innkeepers calling him "Your Excellency," or "M. le Comte;"—and puts up at the Golden Lion at Frankfurt, where rooms have been ordered; Freytag well aware, though he says nothing.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 1st) "his Excellency and Suite" (Voltaire and Collini) have their horses harnessed, carriage out, and are about taking the road again,—when Freytag, escorted by a Dr. Rucker, "Frankfurt Magistrate DE MAUVAISE MINE," [Collini, p. 77.] and a Prussian recruiting Lieutenant, presents himself in Voltaire's apartment! Readers know Voltaire's account and MonSIR Collini's; and may now hear Freytag's own, which is painted from fact:—

"Introductory civilities done (NACH GEMACHTEN POLITESSEN), I made him acquainted with the will of your most All—gracious Majesty. He was much astonished (BESTURZT," no wonder); "he shut his eyes, and flung himself back in his chair." [Varnhagen, p. 16.] Calls in his friend Collini, whom, at first, I had requested to withdraw. Two coffers are produced, and opened, by Collini; visitation, punctual, long and painful, lasted from nine A.M. till five P.M. Packets are made,—a great many Papers, "and one Poem which he was unwilling to quit" (perilous LA PUCELLE);—inventories are drawn, duly signed. Packets are signeted, mutually sealed, Rucker claps on the Town—seal first, Freytag and Voltaire following with theirs. "He made thousand protestations of his fidelity to your Majesty; became pretty weak [like fainting, think you, Herr Resident?], and indeed he looks like a skeleton.—We then made demand of the Book, OEUVRE DE POESIES: That, he said, was in the Big Case; and he knew not whether at Leipzig or Hamburg" (knew very well where it was); and finding nothing else would do, wrote for it, showing Freytag the Letter; and engaged, on his word of honor, not to stir hence till it arrived.

Upon which,—what is farther to be noted, though all seems now settled,—Freytag, at Voltaire's earnest entreaty, "for behoof of Madame Denis, a beloved Niece, Monsieur, who is waiting for me hourly at Strasburg, whom such fright might be the death of!"—puts on paper a few words (the few which Voltaire has twisted into

"MonSIR," "PoesHies" and so forth), to the effect, "That whenever the OEUVRE comes, Voltaire shall actually have leave to go." And so, after eight hours, labor (nine A.M. to five P.M.), everything is hushed again. Voltaire, much shocked and astonished, poor soul, "sits quietly down to his ANNALES" (says Collini),—to working, more or less; a resource he often flies to, in such cases. Madame Denis, on receiving his bad news at Strasburg, sets off towards him: arrives some days before the OEUVRE and its Big Case. King Friedrich had gone, (May 1st) for some weeks, to his Silesian Reviews; June 1st (very day of this great sorting in the Lion d'Or), he is off again, to utmost Prussia this time;—and knows, hitherto and till quite the end, nothing, except that Voltaire has not turned up anywhere.

... Voltaire cannot have done much at his ANNALS, in this interim at the Golden Lion, "where he has liberty to walk in the Garden." He has been, and is, secretly corresponding, complaining and applying, all round, at a great rate: to Count Stadion the Imperial Excellency at Mainz, to French friends, to Princess Wilhelmina, ultimately to Friedrich himself. [In *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 207–214, Letters to Stadion (of strange enough tenor: see Varnhagen, pp. 30, In *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxii. 303, and in *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 185, is the Letter to Friedrich (dateless, totally misplaced, and rendered unintelligible, in both Works): Letter SENT through Wilhelmina (see her fine remarks in forwarding it, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. iii. 234).] He has been receiving visits, from Serene Highnesses, "Duke of Meiningen" and the like, who happen to be in Town. Visit from iniquitous Dutch Bookseller, Van Duren (Printer of the ANTI-MACHIAVEL); with whom we had such controversy once. Iniquitous, now opulent and prosperous, Van Duren, happening to be here, will have the pleasure of calling on an old distinguished friend: distinguished friend, at sight of him entering the Garden, steps hastily up, gives him a box on the ear, without words but an interjection or two; and vanishes within doors. That is something! "Monsieur," said Collini, striving to weep, but unable, "you have had a blow from the greatest man in the world." [Collini, p. 182.] In short, Voltaire has been exciting great sensation in Frankfurt; and keeping Freytag in perpetual fear and trouble.

MONDAY, 18th JUNE, the Big Case, lumbering along, does arrive. It is carried straight to Freytag's; and at eleven in the morning, Collini eagerly attends to have it opened. Freytag,—to whom Schmidt has returned from Embden, but no Answer from Potsdam, or the least light about those SKRIPTUREN,—is in the depths of embarrassment; cannot open, till he know completely what items and SKRIPTUREN he is to make sure of on opening: "I cannot, till the King's answer come!"—"But your written promise to Voltaire?" "Tush, that was my own private promise, Monsieur; my own private prediction of what would happen; a thing PRO FORMA", and to save Madame Denis's life. Patience; perhaps it will arrive this very day. Come again to me at three P.M.;—there is Berlin post today; then again in three days:—I surely expect the Order will come by this post or next; God grant it may be by this!" Collini attends at three; there is Note from Fredersdorf: King's Majesty absent in Preussen all this while; expected now in two days. Freytag's face visibly brightens: "Wait till next post; three days more, only wait!" [Varnhagen, pp. 39–41.] And in fact, by next post, as we find, the OPEN-SESAME did punctually come. Voltaire, and all this big cawing rookery of miseries and rages, would have at once taken wing again, into the serene blue, could Voltaire but have had patience three days more! But that was difficult for him, too Difficult.

PART II. VOLTAIRE, IN SPITE OF HIS EFFORTS, DOES GET AWAY

(June 20th–July 7th).

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20th, Voltaire and Collini ("word. of honor" fallen dubious to them, dubious or more),—havmg laid their plan, striving to think it fair in the circumstances,—walk out from the Lion d'Or, "Voltaire in black-velvet coat," [Ib. p. 46.] with their valuablest effects (LA PUCELLE and money-box included); leaving Madame Denis to wait the disimprisonment of OEUVRE DE POESIE and wind up the general business. Walk out, very gingerly,—duck into a hackney-coach; and attempt to escape by the Mainz Gate! Freytag's spy runs breathless with the news; never was a Freytag in such taking. Terrified Freytag has to "throw on his coat;" order out three men to gallop by various routes; jump into some Excellency's coach (kind Excellency lent it), which is luckily standing yoked near by; and shoot with the velocity of life and death towards Mainz Gate. Voltaire, whom the well-affected Porter, suspecting something, has rather been retarding, is still there: "Arrested, in the King's name!"—and there is such a scene! For Freytag, too, is now raging, ignited by such percussion of the terrors; and speaks, not like what they call "a learned sergeant", but like a drilled sergeant in

heat of battle: Voltaire's tongue, also, and Collini's,——"Your Excellenz never heard such brazen-faced lies thrown on a man; that I had offered, for 1,000 thalers, to let them go; that I had"— In short, the thing has caught fire; broken into flaming chaos again.

"Freytag [to give one snatch from Collini's side] got into the carriage along with us, and led us, in this way, across the mob of people to Schmidt's [to see what was to be done with us]. Sentries were put at the gate to keep out the mob; we are led into a kind of counting-room; clerk, maid— and man—servants are about; Madam Schmidt passes before Voltaire with a disdainful air, to listen to Freytag, recounting," in the tone not of a LEARNED sergent, what the matter is. They seize our effects; under violent protest, worse than vain. "Voltaire demands to have at least his snuffbox, cannot do without snuff; they answer, 'It is usual to take everything.'

"His," Voltaire's, "eyes were sparkling with fury; from time to time he lifted them on mine, as if to interrogate me. All on a sudden, noticing a door half open, he dashes through it, and is out. Madam Schmidt forms her squad, shopmen and three maid—servants; and, at their head, rushes after. 'What?' cries he, (cannot I be allowed to—to vomit, then?)" They form circle round him, till he do it; call out Collini, who finds him "bent down, with his fingers in his throat, attempting to vomit; and is terrified; 'MON DIEU, are you ill, then?' He answered in a low voice, tears in his eyes, 'FINGO, FINGO (I pretend,'" and Collini leads him back, RE INFECTA. "The Author of the HENRIADE and MEROPE; what a spectacle! [Collini, pp. 81, 86.] ... Not for two hours had they done with their writings and arrangements. Our portfolios and CASSETTE (money—box) were thrown into an empty trunk [what else could they be thrown into?]-—which was locked with a padlock, and sealed with a paper, Voltaire's arms on the one end, and Schmidt's cipher on the other. Dorn, Freytag's Clerk, was bidden lead us away. Sign of the BOUC" (or BILLY—GOAT; there henceforth; LION D,OR refusing to be concerned with us farther); twelve soldiers; Madame Denis with curtains of bayonets,—and other well-known fragrances. ... The 7th of July, Voltaire did actually go; and then in an extreme hurry,—by his own blame, again. These final passages we touch only in the lump; Voltaire's own Narrative of these being so copious, flamingly impressive, and still known to everybody. How much better for Voltaire and us, had nobody ever known it; had it never been written; had the poor hubbub, no better than a chance street—riot all of it, after amusing old Frankfurt for a while, been left to drop into the gutters forever! To Voltaire and various others (me and my poor readers included), that was the desirable thing.

Had there but been, among one's resources, a little patience and practical candor, instead of all that vituperative eloquence and power of tragi—comic description! Nay, in that case, this wretched street—riot hubbub need not have been at all. Truly M. de Voltaire had a talent for speech, but lamentably wanted that of silence!— We have now only the sad duty of pointing out the principal mendacities contained in M. de Voltaire's world—famous Account (for the other side has been heard since that); and so of quitting a painful business. The principal mendacities—deducting all that about "POE'SHIE" and the like, which we will define as poetic fiction—are:—

1. That of the considerable files of soldiers (almost a Company of Musketeers, one would think) stuck up round M. de Voltaire and Party, in THE BILLY—GOAT; Madame Denis's bed—curtains being a screen of bayonets, and the like. The exact number of soldiers I cannot learn: "a SCHILDWACHE of the Town—guard [means one; surely does not mean Four?] for each prisoner," reports the arithmetical Freytag; which, in the extreme case, would have been twelve in whole (as Collini gives it); and "next day we reduced them to two", says Freytag.

2. That of the otherwise frightful night Madame Denis had; "the fellow Dorn [Freytag's Clerk, a poor, hard—worked frugal creature, with frugal wife and family not far off] insisting to sit in the Lady's bedroom; there emptying bottle after bottle; nay at last [as Voltaire bethinks him, after a few days] threatening to"— Plainly to EXCEL all belief! A thing not to be spoken of publicly: indeed, what Lady could speak of it at all, except in hints to an Uncle of advanced years?—Proved fact being, that Madame Denis, all in a flutter, that first night at THE BILLY—GOAT, had engaged Dorn, "for a louis—d'or," to sit in her bedroom; and did actually pay him a louis—d'or for doing so! This is very bad mendacity; clearly conscious on M. de Voltaire's part, and even constructed by degrees.

3. Very bad also is that of the moneys stolen from him by those Official people. M. de Voltaire knows well enough how he failed to get his moneys, and quitted Frankfurt in a hurry! Here, inexorably certain from the Documents, and testimonies on both parts, is that final Passage of the long Fire—work: last crackle of the rocket

before it dropped perpendicular:—

JULY 6th, complete OPEN–SESAME having come, Freytag and Schmidt duly invited Voltaire to be present at the opening of seals (his and theirs), and to have his moneys and effects returned from that "old trunk" he speaks of. But Voltaire had by this time taken a higher flight. July 6th, Voltaire was protesting before Notaries, about the unheard-of violence done him, the signal reparations due; and disdained, for the moment, to concern himself with moneys or opening of seals: "Seals, moneys? Ye atrocious Highwaymen!"

Upon which, they sent poor Dorn with the sealed trunk in CORPORE, to have it opened by Voltaire himself. Collini, in THE BILLY–GOAT, next morning (July 7th) says, he (Collini) had just loaded two journey–pistols, part of the usual carriage–furniture, and they lay on the table. At sight of poor Dorn darkening his chamber–door, Voltaire, the prey of various flurries and high–flown vehemences, snatched one of the pistols ("pistol without powder, without flint, without lock," says Voltaire; "efficient pistol just loaded", testifies Collini);—snatched said pistol; and clicking it to the cock, plunged Dorn–ward, with furious exclamations: not quite unlikely to have shot Dorn (in the fleshy parts),—had not Collini hurriedly struck up his hand, "MON DIEU, MONSIEUR!" and Dorn, with trunk, instantly vanished. Dorn, naturally, ran to a Lawyer. Voltaire, dreading Trial for intended Homicide, instantly gathered himself; and shot away, self and Pucelle with Collini, clear off;— leaving Niece Denis, leaving moneys and other things, to wait till to–morrow, and settle as they could.

After due lapse of days, in the due legal manner, the Trunk was opened; "the 19 pounds of expenses" (19 pounds and odd shillings, not 100 pounds or more, as Voltaire variously gives it) was accurately taken from it by Schmidt and Freytag, to be paid where due,—(in exact liquidation, "Landlord of THE BILLY–GOAT" so much, "Hackney–Coachmen, Riding Constables sent in chase," so much, as per bill);—and the rest, 76 pounds 10s. was punctually locked up again, till Voltaire should apply for it. "Send it after him," Friedrich answered, when inquired of; "send it after him; but not [reflects he] unless there is somebody to take his Receipt for it,"—our gentleman being the man he is. Which case, or any application from Voltaire, never turned up. "Robbed by those highwaymen of Prussian Agents!" exclaimed Voltaire everywhere, instead of applying. Never applied; nor ever forgot. Would fain have engaged Collini to apply,—especially when the French Armies had got into Frankfurt,—but Collini did not see his way. [Three Letters to Collini on the subject (January–May, 1759), *Collini*, pp. 208–211.]

So that, except as consolatory scolding–stock for the rest of his life, Voltaire got nothing of his 76 pounds 10s., "with jewels and snuffbox," always lying ready in the Trunk for him. And it had, I suppose, at the long last, to go by RIGHT OF WINDFALL to somebody or other:—unless, perhaps, it still lie, overwhelmed under dust and lumber, in the garrets of the old Rathhaus yonder, waiting for a legal owner? What became of it, no man knows; but that no doit of it ever went Freytag's or King Friedrich's way, is abundantly evident. On the whole, what an entertaining Narrative is that of Voltaire's; but what a pity he had ever written it!

This was the finishing Catastrophe, tragical exceedingly; which went loud–sounding through the world, and still goes,—the more is the pity. Catastrophe due throughout to three causes: FIRST, That Fredersdorf, not Eichel, wrote the Order; and introduced the indefinite phrase SKRIPTUREN, instead of sticking by the OEUVRE DE POESIES, the one essential point. SECOND, That Freytag was of heavy pipe–clay nature. THIRD, That Voltaire was of impatient explosrve nature; and, in calamities, was wont, not to be silent and consider, but to lift up his voice (having such a voice), and with passionate melody appeal to the Universe, and do worse, by way of helping himself!—

"The poor Voltaire, after all!" ejaculates Smelfungus. "Lean, of no health, but melodious extremely (in a shallow sense); and truly very lonely, old and weak, in this world. What an end to Visit Fifth; began in Olympus, terminates in the Lock–up! His conduct, except in the Jew Case, has nothing of bad, at least of unprovokedly bad. 'Lost my teeth,' said he, when things were at zenith. 'Thought I should never weep again,'—now when they are at nadir. A sore blow to one's Vanity, in presence of assembled mankind; and made still more poignant by noises of one's own adding. France forbidden to him [by expressive signallings]; miraculous Goshen of Prussia shut: (these old eyes, which I thought would continue dry till they closed forever, were streaming in tears;)" [Letter from "Mainz, 9th July," third day of rout or flight; To Niece Denis, left behind (*OEuvres*, lxxv. 220).]—but soon brightened up again: Courage!

How Voltaire now wanders about for several years, doing his ANNALES, and other Works; now visiting Lyon City (which is all in GAUDEAMUS round him, though Cardinal Tencin does decline him as dinner–guest);

now lodging with Dom Calmet in the Abbey of Senones (ultimately in one's own first-floor, in Colmar near by), digging, in Calmet's Benedictine Libraries, stuff for his ANNALES;— wandering about (chiefly in Elsass, latterly on the Swiss Border), till he find rest for the sole of his foot: [Purchased LES DELICES (The Delights), as he named it, a glorious Summer Residence, on the Lake, near Geneva (supplemented by a Winter ditto, MONRION, near Lausanne), "in Febrnary, 1755" (*OEuvres*, xvii. 243 n.);—then purchased FERNEY, not far off, "in October, 1758;" and continued there, still more glorious, for almost twenty years thenceforth (ib. lxxvii. 398, xxxix. 307: thank the exact "Clog." for both these Notes).] all this may be known to readers; and we must say nothing of it. Except only that, next year, in his tent, or hired lodgings at Colmar, the Angels visited him (Abraham— like, after a sort). Namely, that one evening (late in October, 1754), a knock came to his door, "Her Serene Highness of Baireuth wishes to see you, at the Inn over there!" "Inn, Baireuth, say you? Heavens, what?"—Or, to take it in the prose form:—

"January 26th, 1753, about eight P.M. [while Voltaire sat desolate in Francheville's, far away], the Palace at Baireuth,—Margraf with candle at an open window, and gauze curtains near—had caught fire; inexorably flamed up, and burnt itself to ashes, it and other fine edifices adjoining. [Holle, STADT BAYREUTH (Bayreuth, 1833), p. 178.] Wilhelmina is always very ill in health; they are now rebuilding their Palace: Margraf has suggested, 'Why not try Montpellier; let us have a winter there!' On that errand they are (end of October, 1754) got the length of Colmar; and do the Voltaire miracle in passing. Very charming to the poor man, in his rustication here.

"Eight hours in a piece, with the Sister of the King of Prussia" writes he: think of that, my friends! 'She loaded me with bounties; made me a most beautiful present. Insisted to see my Niece; would have me go with them to Montpellier.' [Letters (in *OEuvres*, lxxv. 450, 452), "Colmar, 23d October, 1754."] Other interviews and meetings they had, there and farther on: Voltaire tried for the Montpellier; but could not. [Wrote to Friedrich about it (one of his first Letters after the Explosion), applying to Friedrich "for a Passport" or Letter of Protection; which Friedrich answers by De Prades, openly laughing at it (*OEuvres*, xxiii. 6).] Wilhelmina wintered at Montpellier, without Voltaire "Thank your stars!" writes Friedrich to her. The Friedrich—Wilhelmina LETTERS are at their best during this Journey; here unfortunately very few). [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. iii. 248–273 (September, 1754, and onwards).] Winter done, Wilhelmina went still South, to Italy, to Naples, back by Venice:—at Naples, undergoing the Grotto del Cane and neighborhood, Wilhelmina plucked a Sprig of Laurel from Virgil's Grave, and sent it to her Brother in the prettiest manner;—is home at Baireuth, new Palace ready, August, 1755."

These points, hurriedly put down, careful readers will mark, and perhaps try to keep in mind. Wilhelmina's Tourings are not without interest to her friends. Of her Voltaire acquaintanceship, especially, we shall hear again. With Voltaire, Friedrich himself had no farther Correspondence, or as good as none, for four years and more. What Voltaire writes to him (with Gifts of Books and the like, in the tenderest regretful pathetically COOING tone, enough to mollify rocks), Friedrich usually answers by De Prades, if at all,—in a quite discouraging manner. In the end of 1757, on what hint we shall see, the Correspondence recommenced, and did not cease again so long as they both lived.

Voltaire at Potsdam is a failure, then. Nothing to be made of that. Law is reformed; Embden has its Shipping Companies; Industry flourishes: but as to the Trismegistus of the Muses coming to our Hearth—! Some Eight of Friedrich's years were filled by these Three grand Heads of Effort; perfect Peace in all his borders: and in 1753 we see how the celestial one of them has gone to wreck. "Understand at last, your Majesty, that there is no Muses'—Heaven possible on Telluric terms; and cast that notion out of your head!"

Friedrich does cast it out, more and more, henceforth,— "ACH, MEIN LIEBER SULZER, what was your knowledge, then, of that damned race?" Casts it out, we perceive,—and in a handsome silently stoical way. Cherishing no wrath in his heart against any poor devil; still, in some sort, loving this and the other of them; Chasot, Algarotti, Voltaire even, who have gone from him, too weak for the place: "Too weak, alas, yes; and I, was I wise to try them, then?" With a fine humanity, new hope inextinguishably welling up; really with a loyalty, a modesty, a cheery brother manhood unexpected by readers.

Eight of the Eleven Peace Years are gone in these courses. The next three, still silent and smooth to the outward eye, were defaced by subterranean mutterings, electric heralds of coming storm. "Meaning battle and wrestle again?" thinks Friedrich, listening intent. A far other than welcome message to Friedrich. A message ominous; thrice unwelcome, not to say terrible. Requires to be scanned with all one's faculty; to be interpreted; to

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be obeyed, in spite of one's reluctances and lazinesses. To plunge again into the Mahlstrom, into the clash of Chaos, and dive for one's Silesia, the third time;—horrible to lazy human nature: but if the facts are so) it must be done!—

Chapter XIII. ROMISH-KING QUESTION; ENGLISH-PRIVATEER QUESTION.

The public Events so called, which have been occupying mankind during this Voltaire Visit, require now mainly to be forgotten;— and may, for our purposes, be conveniently riddled down to Three. FIRST, King-of-the-Romans Question; SECOND, English-Privateer Question; and then, hanging curiously related to these Two, a THIRD, or "English-French Canada Question." Of some importance all of them; extremely important to Friedrich, especially that Third and least expected of them.

Witty Hanbury Williams, the English Excellency at Berlin, busy intriguing little creature, became distasteful there, long since; and they had to take him away: "recalled," say the Documents, "22d January, 1751." Upon which, no doubt, he made a noise in Downing Street; and got, it appears, "re-credentials to Berlin, 4th March, 1751;" [Manuscript LIST in State-Paper Office.] but I think did not much reside, nor intend to reside; having all manner of wandering Continental duties to do; and a world of petty businesses and widespread intrigues, Russian, German and other, on hand. Robinson, too, is now home; returned, 1748 (Treaty of Aix in his pocket); and an Excellency Keith, more and more famous henceforth, has succeeded him in that Austrian post. Busy people, these and others; now legationing in Foreign parts: able in their way; but whose work proved to be that of spinning ropes from sand, and must not detain us at this time.

The errand of all these Britannic Excellencies is upon a notable scheme, which Royal George and his Newcastle have devised, Of getting all made tight, and the Peace of Aix double-riveted, so to speak, and rendered secure against every contingency,—by having Archduke Joseph at once elected "King of the Romans." King of the Romans straightway; whereby he follows at once as Kaiser, should his Father die; and is liable to no French or other intriguing; and we have taken a bond of Fate that the Balance cannot be canted again. Excellent scheme, think both these heads; and are stirring Germany with all their might, purse in hand, to co-operate, and do it. Inconceivable what trouble these prescient minds are at, on this uncertain matter. It was Britannic Majesty's and Newcastle's main problem in this world, for perhaps four years (1749–1753):— "My own child," as a fond Noodle of Newcastle used to call it; though I rather think it was the other that begot the wretched object, but had tired sooner of nursing it under difficulties.

Unhappily there needs unanimity of all the Nine Electors. The poorer you can buy; "Bavarian Subsidy," or annual pension, is only 45,000 pounds, for this invaluable object; Koln is only—a mere trifle: [Debate on "Bavarian Subsidy" (in Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 49): endless Correspondence between Newcastle and his Brother (curious to read, though of the most long-eared description on the Duke's part), in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii, 338–465 ("31st May, 1750–3d November, 1752"): precise Account (if anybody now wanted it), in *Adelung*, vii. 146, 149, 154, et seq.] trifles all, in comparison of the sacred Balance, and dear Hanover kept scathless. But unfortunately Friedrich, whom we must not think of buying, is not enthusiastic in the cause! Far from it. The now Kaiser has never yet got him, according to bargain, a Reichs-Guarantee for the Peace of Dresden; and needs endless flagitating to do it. [Does it, at length, by way of furtherance to this Romish-King Business, "23d January–14th May, 1751" (*Adelung*, vii. 217).] The chase of security and aggrandizement to the House of Austria is by no means Friedrich's chief aim! This of King of the Romans never could be managed by Britannic Majesty and his Newcastle.

It was very triumphant, and I think at its hopefulest, in 1750, soon after starting,—when Excellency Hanbury first appeared at Berlin on behalf of it. That was Excellency Hanbury's first journey on this errand; and he made a great many more, no man readier; a stirring, intriguing creature (and always with such moneys to distribute); had victorious hopes now and then,—which one and all proved fatuous. ["June, 1750," Hanbury for Berlin (Britannic Majesty much anxious Hanbury were there): Hanbury to Warsaw next (hiring Polish Majesty there); at Dresden, does make victorious Treaty, September, 1751; at Vienna, 1753 (still on the aawe quest). Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 339, 196, 469.] In 1751 and 1752, the darling Project met cross tides, foul winds, political whirlpools ("Such a set are those German Princes!")—and swam, indomitable, though near desperate, as Project seldom did; till happily, in 1753, it sank drowned:—and left his Grace of Newcastle asking, "Well—a-day! And is not England drowned too?" We hope not.

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"Owing mainly to Friedrich's opposition!" exclaimed Noodle and the Political Circles. Which—(though it was not the fact; Friedrich's opposition, once that Reichs—Guarantee of his own was got, being mostly passive, "Push it through the stolid element, then, YOU stolid fellows, if you can!")—awoke considerable outcry in England. Lively suspicion there, of treasonous intentions to the Cause of Liberty, on his Prussian Majesty's part; and—coupled with other causes that had risen—a great deal of ill—nature, in very dark condition, against his Prussian Majesty. And it was not Friedrich's blame, chiefly or at all. If indeed Friedrich would have forwarded the Enterprise:—but he merely did not; and the element was viscous, stolid. Austria itself had wished the thing; but with nothing like such enthusiasm as King George;—to whom the refusal, by Friedrich and Fate, was a bitter disappointment. Poor Britannic Majesty: Archduke Joseph came to be King of the Romans, in due course; right enough. And long before that event (almost before George had ended his vain effort to hasten it), Austria turned on its pivot; and had clasped, not England to its bosom, but France (thanks to that exquisite Kaunitz); and was in arms AGAINST England, dear Hanover, and the Cause of Liberty! Vain to look too far ahead,—especially with those fish—eyes. Smelfungus has a Note on Kaunitz; readable, though far too irreverent of that superlative Diplomatist, and unjust to the real human merits he had.

"The struggles of Britannic George to get a King of the Romans elected were many. Friedrich never would bite at this salutary scheme for strengthening the House of Austria: 'A bad man, is not he?' And all the while, the Court of Austria seemed indifferent, in comparison;—and Graf von Kaunitz—Rietberg, Ambassador at Paris, was secretly busy, wheeling Austria round on its axis, France round on its; and bringing them to embrace in political wedlock! Feat accomplished by his Excellency Kaunitz (Paris, 1752–1753);— accomplished, not consummated; left ready for consummating when he, Kaunitz, now home as Prime Minister, or helmsman on the new tack, should give signal. Thought to be one of the cleverest feats ever done by Diplomatic art.

"Admirable feat, for the Diplomatic art which it needed; not, that I can see, for any other property it had. Feat which brought, as it was intended to do, a Third Silesian War; death of about a million fighting men, and endless woes to France and Austria in particular. An exquisite Diplomatist this Kaunitz; came to be Prince, almost to be God—Brahma in Austria, and to rule the Heavens and Earth (having skill with his Sovereign Lady, too), in an exquisite and truly surprising manner. Sits there sublime, like a gilt crockery Idol, supreme over the populations, for near forty years.

"One reads all Biographies and Histories of Kaunitz: [Hormayr's (in *OEsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. 3tes, 231–283); one catches evidence of his well knowing his Diplomatic element, and how to rule it and impose on it. Traits there are of human cunning, shrewdness of eye;—of the loftiest silent human pride, stoicism, perseverance of determination,—but not, to my remembrance, of any conspicuous human wisdom whatever, One asks, Where is his wisdom? Enumerate, then, do me the pleasure of enumerating, What he contrived that the Heavens answered Yes to, and not No to? All silent! A man to give one thoughts. Sits like a God—Brahma, human idol of gilt crockery, with nothing in the belly of it (but a portion of boiled chicken daily, very ill—digested); and such a prostrate worship, from those around him, as was hardly seen elsewhere. Grave, inwardly unhappy— looking; but impenetrable, uncomplaining. Seems to have passed privately an Act of Parliament: 'Kaunitz—Rietberg here, as you see him, is the greatest now alive; he, I privately assure you!'—and, by continued private determination, to have got all men about him to ratify the same, and accept it as valid. Much can be done in that way with stupidish populations; nor is Beau Brummel the only instance of it, among ourselves, in the later epochs.

"Kaunitz is a man of long hollow face, nose naturally rather turned into the air, till artificially it got altogether turned thither. Rode beautifully; but always under cover; day by day, under glass roof in the riding—school, so many hours or minutes, watch in hand. Hated, or dreaded, fresh air above everything: so that the Kaiserinn, a noble lover of it, would always good—humoredly hasten to shut her windows when he made her a visit. Sumptuous suppers, soirees, he had; the pink of Nature assembling in his house; galaxy, domestic and foreign, of all the Vienna Stars. Through which he would walk one turn; glancing stoically, over his nose, at the circumambient whirlpool of nothings,—happy the nothing to whom he would deign a word, and make him something. O my friends!—In short, it was he who turned Austria on its axis, and France on its, and brought them to the kissing pitch. Pompadour and Maria Theresa kissing mutually, like Righteousness and—not PEACE, at any rate! 'MA CHERE COUSINE,' could I have believed it, at one time?"

A SECOND Prussian—English cause of offence had arisen, years ago, and was not yet settled; nay is now (Spring, 1753) at its height or crisis: Offence in regard to English Privateering.

Friedrich, ever since Ost-Friesland was his, has a considerable Foreign Trade,—not as formerly from Stettin alone, into the Baltic Russian ports; but from Embden now, which looks out into the Atlantic and the general waters of Europe and the World. About which he is abundantly careful, as we have seen. Anxious to go on good grounds in this matter, and be accurately neutral, and observant of the Maritime Laws, he had, in 1744, directly after coming to possession of Ost-Friesland, instructed Excellency Andrie, his Minister in London, to apply at the fountain-head, and expressly ask of my Lord Carteret: "Are hemp, flax, timber contraband?" "No," answered Carteret; Andrie reported, No. And on this basis they acted, satisfactorily, for above a year. But, in October, 1745, the English began violently to take PLANKS for contraband; and went on so, and ever worse, till the end of the War. [Adelung, vii. 334.] Excellency Andrie has gone home; and a Secretary of Legation, Herr Michel, is now here in his stead:—a good few dreary old Pamphlets of Michel's publishing (official Declaration, official Arguments, Documents, in French and English, 4to and 8vo, on this extinct subject), if you go deep into the dust-bins, can be disinterred here to this day. Tread lightly, touching only the chief summits. The Haggles stretch through five years, 1748–1753,—and then at last ceases HAGGLING:—

"JANUARY 8th, 1748 [War still on foot, but near ending], Michel applies about injuries, about various troubles and unjust seizures of ships; Secretary Chesterfield answers, 'We have an Admiralty Court; beyond question, right shall be done.' 'Would it were soon, then!' hints Michel. Chesterfield, who is otherwise politeness itself, confidently hopes so; but cannot push Judicial people.

"FEBRUARY, 1748. Admiralty being still silent, Michel applies by Memorial, in a specific case: 'Two Stettin Ships, laden with wine from Bordeaux, and a third vessel,' of some other Prussian port, laden with corn; taken in Ramsgate Roads, whither they had been driven by storm: 'Give me these Ships back!' Memorial to his Grace of Newcastle, this. Upon which the Admiralty sits; with deliberation, decides (June, 1748), 'Yes!' And 'there is hope that a Treaty of Commerce will follow;' [*Gentleman's Magazine*, xviii. (for 1748), pp. 64, 141.] which was far from being the issue just yet!

"On the contrary, his Prussian Majesty's Merchants, perhaps encouraged by this piece of British justice, came forward with more and ever more complaints and instances. To winnow the strictly true out of which, from the half-true or not provable, his Prussian Majesty has appointed a 'Commission,'" fit people, and under strict charges, I can believe, "Commission takes (to Friedrich's own knowledge) a great deal of pains;—and it does not want for clean corn, after all its winnowing. Plenty of facts, which can be insisted on as indisputable. 'Such and such Merchant Ships [Schedules of them given in, with every particular, time, name, cargo, value] have been laid hold of on the Ocean Highway, and carried into English Ports;—OUT of which his Prussian Majesty has, in all Friendliness, to beg that they be now re-delivered, and justice done.' 'Contraband of War,' answer the English; 'sorry to have given your Majesty the least uneasiness; but they were carrying'—'No, pardon me; nothing contraband discoverable in them;' and hands in his verified Schedules, with perfectly polite, but more and more serious request, That the said ships be restored, and damages accounted for. 'Our Prize Courts have sat on every ship of them,' eagerly shrieks Newcastle all along: 'what can we do!' 'Nay a Special Commission shall now [1751, date not worth seeking farther]—special Commission shall now sit, till his Prussian Majesty get every satisfaction in the world!

"English Special Commission, counterpart of that Prussian one (which is in vacation by this time), sits accordingly: but is very slow; reports for a long while nothing, except, 'Oh, give us time!' and reports, in the end, nothing in the least satisfactory. ["Have entirely omitted the essential points on which the matter turns; and given such confused account, in consequence, that it is not well possible to gather from their Report any clear and just idea of it at all." (Verdict of the PRUSSIAN Commission: which had been re-assembled by Friedrich, on this Report from the English one, and adjured to speak only "what they could answer to God, to the King and to the whole world," concerning it: *Seyfarth*, ii. 183.)] 'Prize Courts? Special Commission?' thinks Friedrich: 'I must have my ships back!' And, after a great many months, and a great many haggles, Friedrich, weary of giving time, instructs Michel to signify, in proper form ('23d November, 1752'), 'That the Law's delay seemed to be considerable in England; that till the fulness of time did come, and right were done his poor people, he, Friedrich himself, would hopefully wait; but now at last must, provisionally, pay his poor people their damages;—would accordingly, from the 23d day of April next, cease the usual payment to English Bondholders on their Silesian Bonds; and would henceforth pay no portion farther of that Debt, principal or interest [about 250,000 pounds now owing], but proceed to indemnify his own people from it, to the just length,—and deposit the remainder in Bank,

till Britannic Majesty and Prussian could UNITE in ordering payment of it; which one trusts may be soon!" [Walpole, i. 295; Seyfarth, ii. 183, 157; Adelung, vii. 331–338; *Gentleman's Magazine*;

"November 23d, 1752, resolved on by Friedrich;" "consummated April 23d, 1753:" these are the dates of this decisive passage (Michel's biggest Pamphlet, French and English, issuing on the occasion). February 8th, 1753, no redress obtainable, poor Newcastle shrieks, "Can't, must n't; astonishing!" and "the people are in great wrath about it. April 12th, Friedrich replies, in the kindest terms; but sticking to his point." [Adelung, vii. 336–338.] And punctually continued so, and did as he had said. With what rumor in the City, commentaries in the Newspapers and flutter to his Grace of Newcastle, may be imagined. "What a Nephew have I!" thinks Britannic Majesty: "Hah, and Embden, Ost–Friesland, is not his. Embden itself is mine!" A great deal of ill–nature was generated, in England, by this one affair of the Privateers, had there been no other: and in dark cellars of men's minds (empty and dark on this matter), there arose strange caricature Portraits of Friedrich: and very mad notions—of Friedrich's perversity, astucy, injustice, malign and dangerous intentions—are more or less vocal in the Old Newspapers and Distinguished Correspondences of those days. Of which, this one sample:

To what height the humor of the English ran against Friedrich is still curiously noticeable, in a small Transaction of tragic Ex–Jacobite nature, which then happened, and in the commentaries it awoke in their imagination. Cameron of Lochiel, who forced his way through the Nether–Bow in Edinburgh, had been a notable rebel; but got away to France, and was safe in some military post there. Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's Brother, a studious contemplative gentleman, bred to Physic, but not practising except for charity, had quitted his books, and attended the Rebel March in a medical capacity,——"not from choice," as he alleged, "but from compulsion of kindred;"—and had been of help to various Loyalists as well; a foe of Human Pain, and not of anything else whatever: in fact, as appears, a very mild form of Jacobite Rebel. He too got, to France; but had left his Wife, Children and frugal Patrimonies behind him, —and had to return in proper concealment, more than once, to look after them. Two Visits, I think two, had been successfully transacted, at intervals; but the third, in 1753, proved otherwise.

March 12th, 1753, wind of him being had, and the slot–hounds uncoupled and put on his trail, poor Cameron was unearthed "at the Laird of Glenbucket's," and there laid hold of; locked in Edinburgh Castle,—thence to the Tower, and to Trial for High Treason. Which went against him; in spite of his fine pleadings, and manful conciliatory appearances and manners. Executed 7th June, 1753. His poor Wife had twice squeezed her way into the Royal Levee at Kensington, with Petition for mercy;—fainted, the first time, owing to the press and the agitation; but did, the second time, fall on her knees before Royal George, and supplicate,—who had to turn a deaf ear, royal gentleman; I hope, not without pain.

The truth is, poor Cameron—though, I believe, he had some vague Jacobite errands withal—never would have harmed anybody in the rebel way; and might with all safety have been let live. But his Grace of Newcastle, and the English generally, had got the strangest notion into their head. Those appointments of Earl Marischal to Paris, of Tyrconnel to Berlin; Friedrich's nefarious spoiling of that salutary Romish–King Project; and now simultaneous with that, his nefarious oonduct in our Privateer Business: all this, does it not prove him—as the Hanburys, Demon Newswriters and well–informed persons have taught us—to be one of the worst men living, and a King bent upon our ruin? What is certain, though now well–nigh inconceivable, it was then, in the upper Classes and Political Circles, universally believed, That this Dr. Cameron was properly an "Emissary of the King of Prussia's;" that Cameron's errand here was to rally the Jacobite embers into new flame;—and that, at the first clear sputter, Friedrich had 15,000 men, of his best Prussian–Spartan troops, ready to ferry over, and help Jacobitism to do the matter this time! [Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 333, 353; and *Letters to Horace Mann* (Summer, 1753), for the belief held. Adelung, vii. 338–341, for the poor Cameron tragedy itself.]

About as likely as that the Cham of Tartary had interfered in the "Bangorian Controversy" (raging, I believe, some time since,—in Cremorne Gardens fist of all, which was Bishop Hoadly's Place,—to the terror of mitres and wigs); or that, the Emperor of China was concerned in Meux's Porter–Brewery, with an eye to sale of NUX VOMICA. Among all the Kings that then were, or that ever were, King Friedrich distinguished himself by the grand human virtue (one of the most important for Kings and for men) of keeping well at home, —of always minding his own affairs. These were, in fact, the one thing he minded; and he did that well. He was vigilant, observant all round, for weather–symptoms; thoroughly well informed of what his neighbors had on hand; ready to interfere, generally in some judicious soft way, at any moment, if his own Countries or their interests came to

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be concerned; certain, till then, to continue a speculative observer merely. He had knowledge, to an extent of accuracy which often surprised his neighbors: but there is no instance in which he meddled where he had no business;—and few, I believe, in which he did not meddle, and to the purpose, when he had.

Later in his Reign, in the time of the American War (1777), there is, on the English part, in regard to Friedrich, an equally distracted notion of the same kind brought to light. Again, a conviction, namely, or moral-certainty, that Friedrich is about assisting the American Insurgents against us;—and a very strange and indubitable step is ordered to be taken in consequence. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 394 (Friedrich to Prince Henri, 29th June, 1777.)] As shall be noticed, if we have time. No enlightened Public, gazing for forty or fifty years into an important Neighbor Gentleman, with intent for practical knowledge of him, could well, though assisted by the cleverest Hanburys, and Demon and Angel Newswriters, have achieved less!—

Question THIRD is— But Question Third, so extremely important was it in the sequel, will deserve a Chapter to itself.

Chapter XIV. THERE IS LIKE TO BE ANOTHER WAR AHEAD.

Question Third, French–English Canada Question, is no other than, under a new form, our old friend the inexorable JENKINS'S–EAR QUESTION; soul of all these Controversies, and—except Silesia and Friedrich's Question—the one meaning they have! Huddled together it had been, at the Peace of Aix–la–Chapelle, and left for closed under "New Spanish Assiento Treaty," or I know not what:—you thought to close it by Diplomatic putty and varnish in that manner: and here, by law of Nature, it comes welling up on you anew. For IT springs from the Centre, as we often say, and is the fountain and determining element of very large Sections of Human History, still hidden in the unseen Time.

"Ocean Highway to be free; for the English and others who have business on it?" The English have a real and weighty errand there. "English to trade and navigate, as the Law of Nature orders, on those Seas; and to ponderate or preponderate there, according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have? OR, English to have their ears torn off; and imperious French–Spanish Bourbons, grounding on extinct Pope's–meridians, GLOIRE and other imaginary bases, to take command?" The incalculable Yankee Nations, shall they be in effect YANGKEE ("English" with a difference), or FRANGCEE ("French" with a difference)? A Question not to be closed by Diplomatic putty, try as you will!

By Treaty of Utrecht (1713), "all Nova Scotia [ACADIE as then called], with Newfoundland and the adjacent Islands," was ceded to the English, and has ever since been possessed by them accordingly. Unluckily that Treaty omitted to settle a Line of Boundary to landward, or westward, for their "NOVA SCOTIA;" or generally, a Boundary from NORTH TO SOUTH between the British Colonies and the French in those parts.

The Treaty of Aix–la–Chapelle, eager to conclude itself, stipulated, with great distinctness, that Cape Breton, all its guns and furnishings entire, should be restored at once (France extremely anxious on that point); but for the rest had, being in such haste, flung itself altogether into the principle of STATUS–QUO–ANTE, as the short way for getting through. The boundary in America was vaguely defined, as "now to be what it had been before the War." It had, for many years before the War, been a subject of constant altercation. ACADIE, for instance, the NOVA SCOTIA of the English since Utrecht time, the French maintained to mean only "the Peninsula", or Nook included between the Ocean Waters and the Bay of Fundy. And, more emphatic still, on the "Isthmus" (or narrow space, at northwest, between said Bay and the Ocean or the Gulf of St. Lawrence) they had built "Forts:" "Stockades," or I know not what, "on the Missaquish" (HODIE Missiquash), a winding difficult river, northmost of the Bay of Fundy's rivers, which the French affirm to be the real limit in that quarter. The sparse French Colonists of the interior, subjects of England, are not to be conciliated by perfect toleration of religion and the like; but have an invincible proclivity to join their Countrymen outside, and wish well to those Stockades on the Missiquash. It must be owned, too, the French Official People are far from scrupulous or squeamish; show energy of management; and are very skilful with the Indians, who are an important item. Canada is all French; has its Quebecs, Montreals, a St. Lawrence River occupied at all the good military points, and serving at once as bulwark and highway.

Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humor, claims for itself The whole Basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole Basin of the Mississippi as well: "Have not we Stockades, Castles, at the military points; Fortified Places in Louisiana itself?" Yes;—and how many Ploughed Fields bearing Crop have you? It is to the good Plougher, not ultimately to the good Cannonier, that those portions of Creation will belong? The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, "To restrict those aspiring English Colonies," mere Ploughers and Traders, hardly numbering above one million, "to the Space eastward of the Alleghany Mountains," over which they are beginning to climb, "and southward of that Missiquash, or, at farthest, of the Penobscot and Kennebunk" (rivers HODIE in the State of Maine). [La Gallisonniere, Governor of Canada's DESPATCH, "Quebec, 15th January, 1749" (cited in Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Boston, 1839, et seq.). "The English Inhabitants are computed at 1,051,000; French (in Canada 45,000, in Louisiana 7,000), in all 52,000:" *History of British Dominions in North America* (London, 1773), p. 13. Bancroft (i. 154) counts the English Colonists in "1754 about 1,200,000."] That will be a very pretty Parallelogram for them and their ploughs and trade–packs: we, who are 50,000 odd, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world.

Such is the French exuberant notion: and, October, 1745, before signature at Aix-la-Chapelle, much more before Delivery of Cape Breton, the Commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders, "To oppose peremptorily every English Establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio or its tributaries; by monition first; and then by force, if monition do not serve."

Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is desert: "from the Canada Lakes to the Carolinas, mere hunting-ground of the Six Nations; dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous Squatter's farm:"--to whom now the French are to say: "Home you, instantly; and leave the Desert alone!" The French have distinct Orders from Court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct Orders from Nature, and do not want energy, or mind to obey these: confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual. Of which the history would be tiresome to everybody; and need only be indicated here by a mark or two of the main passages.

In 1749, three things had occurred worth mention. FIRST, Captain Coram, a public-spirited half-pay gentleman in London, originator of the Foundling Hospital there, had turned his attention to the fine capabilities and questionable condition of NOVA SCOTIA, with few inhabitants, and those mostly disaffected; and, by many efforts now forgotten, had got the Government persuaded to despatch (June, 1749) a kind of Half-pay or Military Colony to those parts: "more than 1,400 persons disbanded officers, soldiers and marines, under Colonel Edward Cornwallis," Brother of the since famous Lord Cornwallis. [Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 113.] Who landed, accordingly, on that rough shore; stockaded themselves in, hardily endeavoring and enduring; and next year, built a Town for themselves; Town of HALIFAX (so named from the then Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade); which stands there, in more and more conspicuous manner, at this day. Thanks to you, Captain Coram; though the ungrateful generations (except dimly in CORAM Street, near your Hospital) have lost all memory of you, as their wont is. Blockheads; never mind them.

The SECOND thing is, an "Ohio Company" has got together in Virginia; Governor there encouraging; Britannic Majesty giving Charter (March, 1749), and what is still easier, "500,000 Acres of Land" in those Ohio regions, since you are minded to colonize there in a fixed manner. Britannic Majesty thinks the Country "between the Monongahela and the Kanahaw" (southern feeders of Ohio) will do best; but is not particular. Ohio Company, we shall find, chose at last, as the eligible spot, the topmost fork or very Head of the Ohio,--where Monongahela River from south and Alleghany River from north unite to form "The Ohio;" where stands, in our day, the big sooty Town of Pittsburg and its industries. Ohio Company was laudably eager on this matter; Land-Surveyor in it (nay, at length, "Colonel of a Regiment of 150 men raised by the Ohio Company") was Mr. George Washington, whose Family had much promoted the Enterprise; and who was indeed a steady-going, considerate, close-mouthed Young Gentleman; who came to great distinction in the end.

French Governor (La Gallisonniere still the man), getting wind of this Ohio Company still in embryo, anticipates the birth; sends a vigilant Commandant thitherward, "with 300 men, To trace and occupy the Valleys of the Ohio and of the St. Lawrence, as far as Detroit." That officer "buries plates of lead," up and down the Country, with inscriptions signifying that "from the farthest ridge, whence water trickled towards the Ohio, the Country belonged to France; and nails the Bourbon Lilies to the forest-trees; forbidding the Indians all trade with the English; expels the English traders from the towns of the Miamis; and writes to the Governor of Pennsylvania, requesting him to prevent all farther intrusion." Vigilant Governors, these French, and well supported from home. Duquesne, the vigilant successor of La Gallisonniere (who is now wanted at home, for still more important purposes, as will appear), finding "the lead plates" little regarded, sends, by and by, 500 new soldiers from Detroit into those Ohio parts (march of 100 miles or so);--"the French Government having, in this year 1750, shipped no fewer than 8,000 men for their American Garrisons;"--and where the Ohio Company venture on planting a Stockade, tears it tragically out, as will be seen!

The THIRD thing worth notice, in 1749, and still more in the following year and years, had reference to Nova Scotia again. One La Corne, "a recklessly sanguinary partisan" (military gentleman of the Trenck, INDIGO-Trenck species), nestles himself (winter, 1749-50) on that Missiquash River, head of the Bay of Fundy; in the Village of Chignecto, which is admittedly English ground, though inhabited by French. La Corne compels, or admits, the Inhabitants to swear allegiance to France again; and to make themselves useful in fortifying, not to say in drilling,--with an eye to military work. Hearing of which, Colonel Cornwallis and incipient Halifax are much at a loss. They in vain seek aid from the Governor of Massachusetts ("Assembly to be consulted first, to be

convinced; Constitutional rights:—Nothing possible just, at once");—and can only send a party of 400 men, to try and recover Chignecto at any rate. April 20th, 1750, the 400 arrive there; order La Corne instantly to go. Bourbon Flag is waving on his dikes, this side the Missiquash: high time that he and it were gone. "Village Priest [flamingly orthodox, as all these Priests are, all picked for the business], with his own hands, sets fire to the Church in Chignecto; "inhabitants burn their houses, and escape across the river,—La Corne as rear-guard. La Corne, across the Missiquash, declares, That, to a certainty, he is now on French ground; that he will, at all hazards, defend the Territory here; and maintain every inch of it,—till regular Commissioners [due ever since the Treaty of Aix, had not that ROMISH-KING Business been so pressing] have settled what the Boundary between the two Countries is."—Chignecto being ashes, and the neighboring population gone, Cornwallis and his Four Hundred had to return to Halifax.

It was not till Autumn following, that Chignecto could be solidly got hold of by the Halifax people; nor till a long time after, that La Corne could be dislodged from his stockades, and sent packing. [*Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 539, 295.] September, 1750, a new Expedition on Chignecto found the place populous again, Indians, French "Peasants" (seemingly Soldiers of a sort); who stood very fiercely behind their defences, and needed a determined on-rush, and "volley close into their noses," before disappearing. This was reckoned the first military bloodshed (if this were really military on the French side). And in November following, some small British Cruiser on those Coasts, falling in with a French Brigantine, from Quebec, evidently carrying military stores and solacements for La Corne, seized the same; by force of battle, since not otherwise,—three men lost to the British, five to the French,—and brought it to Halifax. "Lawful and necessary!" says the Admiralty Court; "Sheer Piracy!" shriek the French;— matters breaking out into actual flashes of flame, in this manner.

British Commissions, two in number, names not worth mention, have, at last, in this Year 1750, gone to Paris; and are holding manifold conferences with French ditto,—to no "purpose, any of them. One reads the dreary tattle of the Duke of Newcastle upon it, in the Years onward: "Just going to agree," the Duke hopes; "some difficulties, but everybody, French and English, wanting mere justice; and our and their Commissioners being in such a generous spirit, surely they will soon settle it." [His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 407 ("September, 1751"), They never did or could; and steadily it went on worsening.

That notable private assertion of the French, That Canada and Louisiana mean all America West of the Alleghanies, had not yet oozed out to the English; but it is gradually oozing out, and that England will have to content itself with the moderate Country lying east of that Blue range. "Not much above a million of you", say the French; "and surely there is room enough East of the Alleghanies? We, with our couple of Colonies, are the real America;—counting, it is true, few settlers as yet; but there shall be innumerable; and, in the mean while, there are Army-Detachments, Block-houses, fortified Posts, command of the Rivers, of the Indian Nations, of the water-highways and military keys (to you unintelligible); and we will make it good!"

The exact cipher of the French (guessed to be 50,000), and their precise relative-value as tillers and subduers of the soil, in these Two Colonies of theirs, as against the English Thirteen, would be interesting to know: curious also their little bill, of trouble taken in creating the Continent of America, in discovering it, visiting, surveying, planting, taming, making habitable for man:—and what Rhadamanthus would have said of those Two Documents! Enough, the French have taken some trouble, more or less,— especially in sending soldiers out, of late. The French, to certain thousands, languidly tilling, hunting and adventuring, and very skilful in wheedling the Indian Nations, are actually there; and they, in the silence of Rhadamanthus, decide that merit shall not miss its wages for want of asking. "Ours is America West of the Alleghanies," say the French, openly before long.

"Yours? Yours, of all people's?" answer the English; and begin, with lethargic effort, to awake a little to that stupid Foreign Question; important, though stupid and foreign, or lying far off. Who really owned all America, probably few Englishmen had ever asked themselves, in their dreamiest humors, nor could they now answer; but, that North America does not belong to the French, can be doubtful to no English creature. Pitt, Chatham as we now call him, is perhaps the Englishman to whom, of all others, it is least doubtful. Pitt is in Office at last,—in some subaltern capacity, "Paymaster of the Forces" for some years past, in spite of Majesty's dislike of the outspoken man;—and has his eyes bent on America;—which is perhaps (little as you would guess it such) the main fact in that confused Controversy just now!—

In 1753 (28th August of that Year), goes message from the Home Government, "Stand on your defence, over there! Repel by force any Foreign encroachments on British Dominions." [Holderness, OR Robinson our old

friend.] And directly on the heel of this, November, 1753, the Virginia Governor,—urged, I can believe, by the Ohio Company, who are lying wind-bound so long,—despatches Mr. George Washington to inquire officially of the French Commandant in those parts, "What he means, then, by invading the British Territories, while a solid Peace subsists?" Mr. George had a long ride up those desert ranges, and down again on the other side; waters all out, ground in a swash with December rains, no help or direction but from wampums and wigwams: Mr. George got to Ohio Head (two big Rivers, Monongahela from South, Alleghany from North, coalescing to form a double-big Ohio for the Far West); and thought to himself, "What an admirable three-legged place: might be Chief Post of those regions,—nest-egg of a diligent Ohio Company.!" Mr. George, some way down the Ohio River, found a strongish French Fort, log-barracks, "200 river-boats, with more building," and a French Commandant, who cannot enter into questions of a diplomatic nature about Peace and War: "My orders are, To keep this Fort and Territory against all comers; one must do one's orders, Monsieur: Adieu!" And the steadfast Washington had to return; without result,—except that of the admirable Three-legged Place for dropping your Nest-egg, in a commanding and defenceful way!

Ohio Company, painfully restrained so long in that operation, took the hint at once. Despatched, early in 1754, a Party of some Forty or Thirty-three stout fellows, with arms about them, as well as tools, "Go build us, straightway, a Stockade in the place indicated; you are warranted to smite down, by shot or otherwise, any gainsayer!" And furthermore, directly got on foot, and on the road thither, a "regiment of 150 men," Washington as Colonel to it, For perfecting said Stockade, and maintaining it against all comers.

Washington and his Hundred-and-fifty—wagonage, provender and a piece or two of cannon, all well attended to—vigorously climbed the Mountains; got to the top 27th May, 1754; and there MET the Thirty-three in retreat homewards! Stockade had been torn out, six weeks ago (17th April last); by overwhelming French Force, from the Gentleman who said ADIEU, and had the river-boats, last Fall. And, instead of our Stockade, they are now building a regular French Fort,—FORT DUQUESNE, they call it, in honor of their Governor Duquesne:—against which, Washington and his regiment, what are they? Washington, strictly surveying, girds himself up for the retreat; descends diligently homewards again, French and Indians rather harassing his rear. In-trenches himself, 1st July, at what he calls "Fort Necessity," some way down; and the second day after, 3d July, 1754, is attacked in vigorous military manner. Defends himself, what he can, through nine hours of heavy rain; has lost thirty, the French only three;—and is obliged to capitulate: "Free Withdrawal" the terms given. This is the last I heard of the Ohio Company; not the last of Washington, by any means. Ohio Company,—its judicious Nest-egg squelched in this manner, nay become a fiery Cockatrice or "FORT DUQUESNE:"—need not be mentioned farther.

By this time, surely high time now, serious military preparations were on foot; especially in the various Colonies most exposed. But, as usual, it is a thing of most admired disorder; every Governor his own King or Vice-King, horses are pulling different ways: small hope there, unless the Home Government (where too I have known the horses a little discrepant, unskilful in harness!) will seriously take it in hand. The Home Government is taking it in hand; horses willing, if a thought unskilful. Royal Highness of Cumberland has selected General Braddock, and Two Regiments of the Line (the two that ran away at Prestonpans,—ABSIT OMEN). Royal Highness consults, concocts, industriously prepares, completes; modestly certain that here now is the effectual remedy.

About New-year's day, 1755, Braddock, with his Two Regiments and completed apparatus, got to sea. Arrived, 20th February, at Williamsburg in Virginia ("at Hampden, near there," if anybody is particular); found now that this was not the place to arrive at; that he would lose six weeks of marching, by not having landed in Pennsylvania instead. Found that his Stores had been mispacked at Cork,—that this had happened, and also that;—and, in short, that Chaos had been very considerably prevalent in this Adventure of his; and did still, in all that now lay round it, much prevail. Poor man: very brave, they say; but without knowledge, except of field-drill; a heart of iron, but brain mostly of pipe-clay quality. A man severe and rigorous in regimental points; contemptuous of the Colonial Militias, that gathered to help him; thrice-contemptuous of the Indians, who were a vital point in the Enterprise ahead. Chaos is very strong,—especially if within oneself as well! Poor Braddock took the Colonial Militia Regiments, Colonel Washington as Aide-de-Camp; took the Indians and Appendages, Colonial Chaos much presiding: and after infinite delays and confused haggings, got on march;—2,000 regular, and of all sorts say 4,000 strong.

Got on march; sprawled and haggled up the Alleghanies,—such a Commissariat, such a wagon—service, as was seldom seen before. Poor General and Army, he was like to be starved outright, at one time; had not a certain Mr. Franklin come to him, with charitable oxen, with 500 pounds—worth provisions live and dead, subscribed for at Philadelphia,—Mr Benjamin Franklin, since celebrated over all the world; who did not much admire this iron—tempered General with the pipe—clay brain. [Franklin's AUTOBIOGRAPHY; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxv. 378.] Thereupon, however, Braddock took the road again; sprawled and staggered, at the long last, to the top; "at the top of the Alleghanies, 15th June;"—and forward down upon FORT DUQUESNE, "roads nearly perpendicular in some places," at the rate of "four miles" and even of "one mile per day." Much wood all about,—and the 400 Indians to rear, in a despised and disgusted condition, instead of being vanward keeping their brightest outlook.

July 8th, Braddock crossed the Monongahela without hindrance. July 9th, was within ten miles of FORT DUQUESNE; plodding along; marching through a wood, when,—Ambuscade of French and Indians burst out on him, French with defences in front and store of squatted Indians on each flank,—who at once blew him to destruction, him and his Enterprise both. His men behaved very ill; sensible perhaps that they were not led very well. Wednesday, 9th July, 1755, about three in the afternoon. His two regiments gave one volley and no more; utterly terror—struck by the novelty, by the misguidance, as at Prestonpans before; shot, it was whispered, several of their own Officers, who were furiously rallying them with word and sword: of the sixty Officers, only five were not killed or wounded. Brave men clad in soldier's uniform, victims of military Chaos, and miraculous Nescience, in themselves and in others: can there be a more distressing spectacle? Imaginary workers are all tragical, in this world; and come to a bad end, sooner or later, they or their representatives here: but the Imaginary Soldier—he is paid his wages (he and his poor Nation are) on the very nail!

Braddock, refusing to fall back as advised, had five horses shot under him; was himself shot, in the arm, in the breast; was carried off the field in a death—stupor,—forward all that night, next day and next (to Fort Cumberland, seventy miles to rear);—and on the fourth day died. The Colonial Militias had stood their ground, Colonel Washington now of some use again;—who were ranked well to rearward; and able to receive the ambuscade as an open fight. Stood striving, for about three hours. And would have saved the retreat; had there been a retreat, instead of a panic rout, to save. The poor General—ebbing homewards, he and his Enterprise, hour after hour—roused himself twice only, for a moment, from his death—stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully, "Who would have thought it!" And again once, he was heard to say, days after, in a tone of hope, "Another time we will do better!" which were his last words, "death following in a few minutes." Weary, heavy—laden soul; deep Sleep now descending on it,—soft sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all:—"Another time we will do better;" and in few minutes was dead! [Manuscript JOURNAL OF GENERAL BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION IN 1755 (British Museum: King's Library, 271 e, King's Mss. 212): raw—material, this, of the Official Account (*London Gazette*, August 26th, 1755), where it is faithfully enough abridged. Will perhaps be printed by some inquiring PITTSBURGHER, one day, after good study on the ground itself? It was not till 1758 that the bones of the slain were got buried, and the infant Pittsburg (now so busy and smoky) rose from the ashes of FORT DUQUESNE.]

The Colonial Populations, who had been thinking of Triumphal Arches for Braddock's return, are struck to the nadir by this news. French and Indians break over the Mountains, harrying, burning, scalping; the Black Settlers fly inward, with horror and despair: "And the Home Government, too, can prove a broken reed? What is to become of us; whose is America to be?"—And in fact, under such guidance from Home Governments and Colonial, there is no saying how the matter might have gone. To men of good judgment, and watching on the spot, it was, for years coming, an ominous dubiety,—the chances rather for the French, "who understand war, and are all under one head." [Governor Pownal's Memorial (of which INFRA), in Thackeray's *Life of Chatham*.] But there happens to be in England a Mr. Pitt, with royal eyes more and more indignantly set on this Business; and in the womb of Time there lie combinations and conjunctures. If the Heavens have so decreed!—

The English had, before this, despatched their Admiral Boscawen, to watch certain War—ships, which they had heard the French were fitting out for America; and to intercept the same, by capture if not otherwise. Boscawen is on the outlook, accordingly; descries a French fleet, Coast of Newfoundland, first days of June; loses it again in the fogs of the Gulf—Stream; but has, June 9th (a month before that of Braddock), come up with Two Frigates of it, and, after short broadsiding, made prizes of them. And now, on this Braddock Disaster, orders went,

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"To seize and detain all French Ships whatsoever, till satisfaction were had." And, before the end of this Year, about "800 French ships (value, say, 700,000 pounds)" were seized accordingly, where seizable on their watery ways. Which the French ("our own conduct in America being so undeniably proper") characterized as utter piracy and robbery;—and getting no redress upon it, by demand in that style, had to take it as no better than meaning Open War Declared. [Paris, December 21st, 1755, Minister Rouille's Remonstrance, with menace "UNLESS—:" London, January 13th, 1756, Secretary Fox's reply, "WELL THEN, NO!" Due official "Declaration of War" followed: on the English part, "17th May, 1756;" "9th June," on the French part.]

Chapter XV. ANTI-PRUSSIAN WAR-SYMPTOMS: FRIEDRICH VISIBLE FOR A MOMENT.

The Burning of AKAKIA, and those foolish Maupertuis-Voltaire Duellings (by syringe and pistol) had by no means been Friedrich's one concern, at the time Voltaire went off. Precisely in those same months, Carnival 1752-1753, King Friedrich had, in a profoundly private manner, come upon certain extensive Anti-Prussian Symptoms, Austrian, Russian, Saxon, of a most dangerous, abstruse, but at length indubitable sort; and is, ever since, prosecuting his investigation of them, as a thing of life and death to him! Symptoms that there may well be a THIRD Silesian War ripening forward, inevitable, and of weightier and fiercer quality than ever. So the Symptoms indicate to Friedrich, with a fatally increasing clearness. And, of late, he has to reflect withal: "If these French-English troubles bring War, our Symptoms will be ripe!" As, in fact, they proved to be.

King Friedrich's investigations and decisions on this matter will be touched upon, farther on: but readers can take, in the mean time, the following small Documentary Piece as Note of Preparation. The facts shadowed forth are of these Years now current (1752-1755), though this judicial Deposition to the Facts is of ulterior date (1757).

In the course of 1756, as will well appear farther on, it became manifest to the Saxon Court and to all the world that somebody had been playing traitor in the Dresden Archives. Somebody, especially in the Foreign Department; copying furtively, and imparting to Prussia, Despatches of the most secret, thrice-secret and thrice-dangerous nature, which lie repositied there! Who can have done it? Guesses, researcher, were many: at length suspicion fell on one Menzel, a KANZELLIST (Government Clerk), of good social repute, and superior official ability; who is not himself in the Foreign Department at all; but whose way of living, or the like sign, had perhaps seemed questionable. In 1757, Menzel, and the Saxon Court and its businesses, were all at Warsaw; Menzel dreaming of no disturbance, but prosecuting his affairs as formerly,—when, one day, September 24th (the slot-hounds, long scenting and tracking, being now at the mark), Menzel and an Associate of his were suddenly arrested. Confronted with their crimes, with the proofs in readiness; and next day,—made a clear Confession, finding the matter desperate otherwise, Copy of which, in Notarial form, exact and indisputable, the reader shall now see. As this story, of Friedrich and the Saxon Archives, was very famous in the world, and mythic circumstances are prevalent, let us glance into it with our own eyes, since there is opportunity in brief compass.

"EXTRACTUS PROTOCOLLORUM IN INQUISITIONES-SACHEN,"—THAT IS TO SAY, EXTRACT OF PROTOCOLS IN INQUEST "CONTRA FRIEDRICH WILHELM MENZEL AND JOHANN BENJAMIN ERFURTH."

"AT WARSAW, 25th SEPTEMBER, 1757: This day, in the King's Name, in presence of Legationsrath von Saul, Hofrath Ferbers and Kriegsath von Gotze the Undersigned: Examination of the Kabinets-Kanzellist Menzel, arrested yesterday, and now brought from his place of arrest to the Royal Palace;—who, ADMONITUS DE DICENDA VERITATE, made answers, to the effect following:—

"His name is Friedrich Wilhelm Menzel; age thirty-eight; is a son of the late Hofrath and Privy-referendary Menzel, who formerly was in the King's service, and died a few years back. Has been seventeen years Kanzellist at the GEHEIME CABINETS-CANZLEI (Secret Archive); had taken the oath when he entered on his office.

"Acknowledges some Slips of Paper (ZETTEL), now shown to him, to be his handwriting: they contained news intended to be communicated to the Prussian Secretary Benoit, now residing here", at Dresden formerly.

"Confesses that he has employed, here as well as previously in Dresden, his Brother-in-law, the journeyman goldsmith Erfurth (who was likewise arrested yesterday), to convey to the Prussian Secretaries, Plessmann and Benoit, such pieces and despatches from the Secret Cabinet, especially the Foreign department, as he, Menzel, wanted to communicate to said Prussian Secretaries.

"Confesses having received, by degrees, since the year 1752, from the Prussian Minister (ENVOYE) von Mahl Zahn, and the Secretaries Plessmann and Benoit, for such communications, the sum of 3,000 thalers (450 pounds) in all.

"Was led into these treasonable practices by the following circumstance: He owed at that time 100 thalers on a Promissory Note, to a certain Rhenitz, who then lived (HIELT SICH AUF) at Dresden, and who pressed him

much for payment. As he pleaded inability to pay, Rhenitz hinted that he could put him into the way of getting money; and accordingly, at last, took him to the then Prussian Secretary Hecht, at Dresden; by whom he was at once carried to the Prussian Minister von Mahl Zahn; who gave him 100 thalers (15 pounds), with the request to communicate to him, now and then, news from the Archive of the Cabinet. For a length of time Prisoner could not accomplish this; as the said Von Mahl Zahn wanted Pieces from the Foreign Office, and especially the Correspondence with the two Imperial Courts of Austria and Russia. These papers were locked in presses, which Prisoner could not get at; moreover, the Court had, in the mean time, gone to Warsaw, Prisoner remaining at Dresden. In that way, many months passed without his being able to communicate anything; till, at last, about December, 1752, the Secretary Plessmann gave him a whole bunch of keys, which were said to be sent by Privy-counsellor Eichel of Potsdam [whom we know], to try whether any of them would unlock the presses of the Foreign Department. But none of them would; and Prisoner returned the keys; pointing out, however, what alterations were required to fit the keyhole.

"And, about three weeks after this, Plessmann provided Prisoner with another set of keys; among which one did unlock said presses. With this key Prisoner now repeatedly opened the presses; and provided Plessmann, whenever required,—oftenest, with Petersburg Despatches. Had also, three years ago (1754), here in Warsaw, communicated Vienna Despatches, three or four times, to Benoit; especially on Sundays and Thursdays, which were slack days, nobody in the Office about noon.

"The actual first of these Communications did not take place till after Easter-Fair, 1753; Prisoner not having, till said Fair, received the second bunch of keys from Plessmann. Now and then he had to communicate French Despatches. Whenever he gave original Despatches, he received them back shortly after, and replaced them in the presses. During this present stay of the Court at Warsaw, has communicated little to Benoit except from the CIRCULARS [Legation NEWS-LETTERS], when he found anything noteworthy in them; also, now and then, the Ponikau Despatches [Ponikau being at the Reich's Diet, in circumstances interesting to us]. Has received, one time and another, several 100 thalers from Benoit, since the Court came hither last."—(And so EXIT Menzel.)

"Hereupon the Second Prisoner was brought in;—who deposed as follows:—

"He is named Johann Benjamin Erfurth; a goldsmith by trade; age thirty-two; the Prisoner Menzel's Brother-in-law.

"Confesses that Menzel had made use of him, at Dresden, during one year: to deliver, several times, sealed papers to the Prussian Secretary Plessmann, or rather mostly to Plessmann's servant. Also that, here in Warsaw, he has had to carry Despatches to Benoit, and to deliver them into his own hands. Latterly he has delivered the Despatches to certain Prussian peasants, who stopped at Benoit's, and who always relieved each other; and every time, the one who went away directed Prisoner, in turn, to him that arrived.

"He received from Menzel, yesterday towards noon, a small sealed packet, which he was to convey to the Prussian peasant who had made an appointment with him at the Prussian Office (HOF) here. But as he was going to take it, and had just got outside of the Palace Court, a corporal took hold of him and arrested him. Confesses having concealed the parcel in his trousers-pocket, and to have denied that he had anything upon him. ... ACTUM UT SUPRA."

Signed "GOTZE" (with titles).

"Next day, September 26th, Menzel re-examined; answers in effect following:—

"Plessmann never himself came into the Archive Office at Dresden; except the one time [a time that will be notable to us!] when the Prussians were there to take away the Papers by force; then Plessmann was with them,"—and we will remember the circumstance.

"Before leaving Dresden for Poland, last Year (1756), he, Menzel, had returned the said key to Plessmann; who gave him others for use here. After his arrival here, he returned these keys to Benoit, in the presence of Erfurth; saying, they were of no use to him, and that he could not get at the Despatches here. Prisoner farther declares, that it was the Minister von Mahl Zahn who, of his own accord, and quite at the beginning, made the proposal concerning the keys; and when Plessmann brought the keys, he said expressly they were for the Minister, along with fifty thalers, which he, Menzel, received at the same time. ACTUM UT SUPRA." Signed as before. [*Helden-Geschichte*, v. 677 (as BEYLAGE or Appendix to the Kur-Sachsen "PRO MEMORIA to the Reich's Diet;" of date, Regensburg, 31st January, 1758).]

We could give some of the stolen Pieces, too; but they are of abstruse tenor, and would be mere enigmas to

readers here. Enough that Friedrich understands them. To Friedrich's intense and long-continued scrutiny, they indicate, what is next to incredible, but is at length fatally undeniable, That the old TREATY, which we called OF WARSAW, "Treaty for Partitioning Prussia," is still (in spite of all subsequent and superincumbent Treaties to the contrary) vigorously alive underground; that Saxon Bruhl and her Hungarian Majesty, to whom is now added Czarish Majesty, are fixed as ever on cutting down this afflictive, too aspiring King of Prussia to the size of a Brandenburg Elector; busy (in these Menzel Documents) considering how it may be done, especially how the bear-skin may be SHARED;—and that, in short, there lies ahead, inevitable seemingly, and not far off, a Third Silesian War.

Which punctually came true. The THIRD SILESIAN WAR—since called SEVEN-YEARS WAR, that proving to be the length of it—is now near. Breaks out, has to break out, August, 1756. The heaviest and direst struggle Friedrich ever had; the greatest of all his Prowesses, Achievements and Endurances in this world. And, on the whole, the last that was very great, or that is likely to be memorable with Posterity. Upon which, accordingly, we must try our utmost to leave some not untrue notion in this place: and that once DONE—Courage, reader!

FRIEDRICH IS VISIBLE, IN HOLLAND, TO THE NAKED EYE, FOR SOME MINUTES (June 23d, 1755).

In 1755 it was that Voltaire wrote, not the first Letter, but the first very notable one, to his Royal Friend, after their great quarrel: [Dated "The DELICES, near Geneva, 4th August, 1755" (in Rodenbeck, i. 287; in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 7; not given by any of the French Editors).] seductively repentant, and oh, so true, so tender;—Royal Friend still obstinate, who answers nothing, or answers only through De Prades: "Yes, yes, we are aware!" And it was in the same Year that Friedrich first saw D'Alembert,—Voltaire's successor, in a sense. And farther on (1st November, 1755), that the Earthquake of Lisbon went, horribly crashing, through the thoughts of all mortals,— thoughts of King Friedrich, among others; whose reflections on it, I apprehend, are stingy, snarlingly contemptuous, rather than valiant and pious, and need not detain us here. One thing only we will mention, for an accidental reason: That Friedrich, this Year, made a short run to Holland,—and that actual momentary sight of him happens thereby to be still possible.

In Summer, 1755, after the West-Country Reviews, and a short Journey into Ost-Friesland, whence to Wesel on the Rhine,—whither Friedrich had invited D'Alembert to meet him, whom he finds "UN TRES-AIMABLE GARCON," likely for the task in hand,—Friedrich decided on a run into Holland: strictly INCOGNITO, accompanied only by Balbi (Engineer, a Genoese) and one page. Bade his D'Alembert adieu; and left Wesel thitherward June 19th. [Rodenbeck, i. 287.] At Amsterdam he viewed the Bramkamp Picture-Gallery, the illustrious Country-house of Jew Pinto at TULPENBURG (Tulip-borough!) ... "I saw nothing but whim-whams (COLIFICHETS)," says he: "I gave myself out for a Musician of the King of Poland;" wore a black wig moreover, "and was nowhere known:" [*OEuvres*, xxvii. i. 268 ("Potsdam, 28th June, 1755;" and ib. p. 270), to Wilhelmina, who is now on the return from her Italian Journey. UNCERTAIN Anecdotes of adventures among the whim-whams, in Rodenbeck, for finis, got into the common Passage-Boat (TREKSCHUIT, no doubt) for Utrecht, that he might see the other fine Country-houses along the Vechte. Fine enough Country-houses,—not mud and sedges the main thing, as idle readers think. To Arnheim up the Vechte in this manner; Wesel and his own Country just at hand again.

Now it happened that a young Swiss—poor enough in purse, but not without talent and eyesight, assistant Teacher in some Boarding-school thereabouts; name of him De Catt, age twenty-seven, "born at Morges near Geneva 1728"—had got holiday, or had got errand, poor good soul; had decided, on this same day (23d June, 1755), to go to Utrecht, and so stepped into the very boat where Friedrich was. He himself (in a Letter written long after to Editor LAVEAUX) shall tell us the rest:—

"As I could n't get into the ROEF (cabin) because it was all engaged, I stayed with the other passengers in the Steerage (DANS LA BARQUE MEME), and the weather being fine, came up on deck. After some time, there stepped out of the Cabin a man in cinnamon-colored coat with gold button-HOLES; in black wig; face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish snuff. He looked fixedly at me, for a while; and then said, without farther preface, 'Who are you, Monsieur?' This cavalier tone from an unknown person, whose exterior indicated nothing very important, did not please me; and I declined satisfying his curiosity. He was silent. But, some time after, he

took a more courteous tone, and said: 'Come in here to me, Monsieur! You will be better here than in the Steerage, amid the tobacco-smoke.' This polite address put an end to all anger; and as the singular manner of the man excited my curiosity, I took advantage of his invitation. We sat down, and began to speak confidentially with one another.

"Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting smoking his pipe?" said he to me: "That man, you may depend upon it, is not happy."—"I know not," answered I: "but it seems to me, until one knows a man, and is completely acquainted with his situation and his way of thought, one cannot possibly determine whether he is happy or unhappy."

"My gentleman admitted this [very good-natured!]; and led the conversation on the Dutch Government. He criticised it,—probably to bring me to speak. I did speak; and gave him frankly to know that he was not perfectly instructed in the thing he was criticising.—'You are right,' answered he; 'one can only criticise what one is thoroughly acquainted with.'—He now began to speak of Religion; and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischief Scholastic Philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove 'That Creation was impossible.' At this last point I stood out in opposition. 'But how can one create Something out of Nothing?' said he. 'That is not the question,' answered I; 'the question is, Whether such a Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none.' He seemed embarrassed, and added, 'But the Universe is eternal.'—"You are in a circle," said I; 'how will you get out of it?'—"I skip over it" said he, laughing; and then began to speak of other things.

"What form of Government do you reckon the best?" inquired he, among other things. "The monarchic, if the King is just and enlightened."—"Very well," answered he; 'but where will you find Kings of that sort?' And thereupon went into such a sally upon Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship; and cited on the occasion these verses (his own, I suppose):—

*'Amitie, plaisir des grandes ames;
Amitie, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,
Sont assez malheureux de ne connaitre pas!'*

'I have not the honor to be acquainted with Kings,' said I; 'but to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole, are right.'—"AH, OUI, OUI, I am right; I know the gentlemen!"

"We now got to speak of Literature. The stranger expressed himself with enthusiastic admiration of Racine. A droll incident happened during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let down a little sash-window, and could not manage it. 'You don't understand that,' said I; 'let me do that.' I tried to get it down; but succeeded no better than he. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'allow me to remark, on my side, that you, upon my honor, understand as little of it as I!'—"That is true; and I beg your pardon; I was too rash in accusing you of want of expertness."—"Were you ever in Germany?" he now asked me. 'No; but I should like to make that journey: I am very curious to see the Prussian States, and their King, of whom one hears so much.' And now I began to launch out on Friedrich's actions; but he interrupted me rapidly, with the words: 'Nothing more of Kings, Monsieur! What have we to do with them? We will spend the rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheering objects.' And now he spoke of the best of all possible worlds; and maintained that, in our Planet Earth, there was more Evil than Good. I maintained the contrary; and this dispute brought us to the end of our voyage.

"On quitting me, he said, 'I hope, Monsieur, you will leave me your name: I am very glad to have made your acquaintance; perhaps we shall see one another again.' I replied, as was fitting, to the compliment; and begged him to excuse me for contradicting him a little. 'Ascribe this,' I concluded, 'to the ill-humor which various little journeys I had to make in these days have given me.' I then told him my name, and we parted." [Laveaux, *Histoire de Frederic* (2d edition, Strasbourg, 1789, and blown now into SIX vols. instead of four; dead all, except this fraction), vi. 365. Seyfarth, ii. 234, is right; ib. 170, wrong, and has led others wrong.] Parted to meet again; and live together for about twenty years.

Of this honest Henri de Catt, whom the King liked on this Interview, and sent for soon after, and at length got as "LECTEUR DU ROI," we shall hear again. ["September, 1755," sent for (but De Catt was ill and couldn't); "December, 1757" got (Rodenbeck, i. 285).] He did, from 1757 onwards, what De Prades now does with more of noise, the old D'Arget functions; faithfully and well, for above twenty years;—left a Note-Book (not very Boswellian) about the King, which is latterly in the Royal Archives at Berlin; and which might without harm, or

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even with advantage, be printed, but has never yet been. A very harmless De Catt. And we are surely obliged to him for this view of the Travelling Gentleman "with the cinnamon-colored coat, snuffy nose and black wig," and his manner of talking on light external subjects, while the inner man of him has weights enough pressing on it. Age still under five-and-forty, but looks old for his years.

"June 23d, 1755:" it is in the very days while poor Braddock is staggering down the Alleghanies; Braddock fairly over the top;—and the Fates waiting him, at a Fortnight's distance. Far away, on the other side of the World. But it is notable enough how Pitt is watching the thing; and will at length get hand laid on it, and get the kingship over it for above four years. Whereby the JENKINS'S- EAR QUESTION will again, this time on better terms, coalesce with the SILESIAN, or PARTITION-OF-PRUSSIA QUESTION; and both these long Controversies get definitely closed, as the Eternal Decrees had seen good.

BOOK XVII. THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR: FIRST CAMPAIGN. 1756-1757.

Chapter I. WHAT FRIEDRICH HAD READ IN THE MENZEL DOCUMENTS.

The ill-informed world, entirely unaware of what Friedrich had been studying and ascertaining, to his bitter sorrow, for four years past, was extremely astonished at the part he took in those French-English troubles; extremely provoked at his breaking out again into a Third Silesian War, greater than all the others, and kindling all Europe in such a way. The ill-informed world rang violently, then and long after, with a Controversy, "Was it of his beginning, or Not of his beginning?" Controversy, which may in our day be considered as settled by unanimous mankind; finished forever; and can now have no interest for any creature. Omitting that, our problem is (were it possible in brief compass), To set forth, by what authentic traits there are,—not the "ambitious," "audacious," voracious and highly condemnable Friedrich of the Gazetteers,—but the thrice-intricately situated Friedrich of Fact. What the Facts privately known to Friedrich were, in what manner known; and how, in a more complex crisis than had yet been, Friedrich demeaned himself: upon which latter point, and those cognate to it, readers ought not to be ignorant, if now fallen indifferent on so many other points of the Affair. What a loud-roaring, loose and empty matter is this tornado of vociferation which men call "Public Opinion"! Tragically howling round a man; who has to stand silent the while; and scan, wisely under pain of death, the altogether inarticulate, dumb and inexorable matter which the gods call Fact! Friedrich did read his terrible Sphinx-riddle; the Gazetteer tornado did pipe and blow. King Friedrich, in contrast with his Environment at that time, will most likely never be portrayed to modern men in his real proportions, real aspect and attitude then and there,—which are silently not a little heroic and even pathetic, when well seen into;—and, for certain, he is not portrayable at present, on our side of the Sea. But what hints and fractions of feature we authentically have, ought to be given with exactitude, especially with brevity, and left to the ingenuous imagination of readers.

The secret sources of the Third Silesian War, since called "Seven-Years War," go back to 1745; nay, we may say, to the First Invasion of Silesia in 1740. For it was in Maria Theresa's incurable sorrow at loss of Silesia, and her inextinguishable hope to reconquer it, that this and all Friedrich's other Wars had their origin. Twice she had signed Peace with Friedrich, and solemnly ceded Silesia to him: but that too, with the Imperial Lady, was by no means a finis to the business. Not that she meant to break her Treaties; far from her such a thought,—in the conscious form. Though, alas, in the unconscious, again, it was always rather near! practically, she reckoned to herself, these Treaties would come to be broken, as Treaties do not endure forever; and then, at the good moment, she did purpose to be ready. "Silesia back to us; Pragmatic Sanction complete in every point! Was not that our dear Father's will, monition of all our Fathers and their Patriotisms and Traditionary Heroisms; and in fact, the behest of gods and men?" Ten years ago, this notion had been cut down to apparent death, in a disastrous manner, for the second time. But it did not die in the least: it never thinks of dying; starts always anew, passionate to produce itself again as action valid at last; and lives in the Imperial Heart with a tenacity that is strange to observe. Still stranger, in the envious Valet-Heart,—in that of Bruhl, who had far less cause!

The Peace of Dresden, Christmas, 1745, seemed to be an act of considerable magnanimity on Friedrich's part. It was, at the first blush of it, "incredible" to Harrach, the Austrian Plenipotentiary; whose embarrassed, astonished bow we remember on that occasion, with English Villiers shedding pious tears. But what is very remarkable withal is a thing since discovered: [INFRA, next Note (p. 276).] That Harrach, magnanimous signature hardly yet dry, did then straightway, by order of his Court, very privately inquire of Bruhl, "There is Peace, you see; what they call Peace:—but our TREATY OF WARSAW, for Partition of this magnanimous man, stands all the same; does n't it?" To which, according to the Documents, Bruhl, hardly escaped from the pangs of death, and still in a very pale-yellow condition, had answered in effect, "Hah, say you so? One's hatred is eternal;—but that man's iron heel! Wait a little; get Russia to join in the scheme!"—and hung back; the willing mind, but the too terrified! And in this way, like a famishing dog in sight of a too dangerous leg of mutton, Bruhl has ever since rather held back; would not re-engage at all, for almost two years, even on the Czarina's engaging; and then only in a cautious, conditional and hypothetic manner,—though with famine increasing day by day in sight of the desired viands. His hatred is fell; but he would fain escape with back unbroken.

HOW FRIEDRICH DISCOVERED THE MYSTERY. CONCERNING MENZEL AND WEINGARTEN.

Friedrich has been aware of this mystery, at least wide awake to it and becoming ever more instructed, for

almost four years. Traitor Menzel the Saxon Kanzellist—we, who have prophetically read what he had to confess when laid hold of, are aware, though as yet, and on to 1757, it is a dead secret to all mortals but himself and "three others"—has been busy for Prussia ever since "the end of 1752." Got admittance to the Presses; sent his first Excerpt "about the time of Easter–Fair, 1753,"—time of Voltaire's taking wing. And has been at work ever since. Copying Despatches from the most secret Saxon Repositories; ready always on Excellency Mahlzahn's indicating the Piece wanted; and of late, I should think, is busier than ever, as the Saxon Mystery, which is also an Austrian and Russian one, gets more light thrown into it, and seems to be fast ripening towards action of a perilous nature. The first Excerpts furnished by Menzel, readers can judge how enigmatic they were. These Menzel Papers, copies mainly of Petersburg or Vienna DESPATCHES to Bruhl, with Bruhl's ANSWERS,—the principal of which were subsequently printed in their best arrangement and liveliest point of vision [In Friedrich's Manifestoes, chiefly in MEMOIRE RAISONNE SUR LA CONDUITE DES COURS DE VIENNE ET DE SAXE (compiled from the MENZEL ORIGINALS, so soon as these were got hold of: Berlin, Autumn, 1756). A solid and able Paper; rapidly done, by one Count Herzberg, who rose high in after times. Reprinted, with many other "Pieces" and "Passages," in *Gesammelte Nachrichten und Urkunden*, —which is a "Collection" of such (2 vols., 113 Nos. small 8vo, no Place, 1757, my Copy of it).]—are by no means a luminous set of Documents to readers at this day. Think what a study they were at Potsdam in 1753, while still in the chaotic state; fished out, more or less at random, as Menzel could lay hold of them, or be directed to them; the enigma clearing itself only by intense inspection, and capability of seeing in the dark!

It appears,—if you are curious on the anecdotic part,—

"Winterfeld was the first that got eye on this dangerous Saxon Mystery; some Ex–Saxon, about to settle in Berlin, giving hint of it to Winterfeld; who needed only a hint. So soon as Winterfeld convinced himself that there was weight in the affair, he imparted it to Friedrich: 'Scheme of partitioning, your Majesty, of picking quarrel, then overwhelming and partitioning; most serious scheme, Austrian–Russian as well as Saxon; going on steadily for years past, and very lively at this time!' If true, Friedrich cannot but admit that this is serious enough: important, thrice over, to discover whether it is true;—and gives Winterfeld authority to prosecute it to the bottom, in Dresden or wherever the secret may lie. Who thereupon charged Mahlzahn, the Prussian Minister at Dresden, to find some proper Menzel, and bestir himself. How Mahlzahn has found his Menzel, and has bestirred himself, we saw. Thief–keys were made to pattern in Berlin; first set did not fit, second did; and stealthy Menzel gains admittance to that Chamber of the Archives, can steal thither on shoes of felt when occasion serves, and copy what you wish,—for a consideration. Intermittently, since about Easter–Fair, 1753. Three persons are cognizant of it, Winterfeld, Mahlzahn, Friedrich; three, and no more. Probably the abstrusest study; and the most intense, going on in the world at that epoch. [Rotzow, *Charakteristik des Siebenjahrigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), i. 23.]

"At a very early stage of the Menzel Excerpts it became manifest that certain synchronous Austrian Ditto would prove highly elucidative; that, in fact, it would be indispensable to get hold of these as well. Which also Winterfeld has managed to do. A deep–headed man, who has his eyes about him; and is very apt to manage what he undertakes. One Weingarten Junior, a Secretary in the Austrian Embassy at Berlin (Excellency Peubla's second Secretary), has his acquaintanceships in Berlin Society; and for one thing, as Winterfeld discovers, is 'madly in love' with some Chambermaid or quasi–chambermaid (let us call her Chambermaid), 'Daughter of the Castellan at Charlottenburg.' Winterfeld, through the due channels, applied to this Chambermaid, 'Get me a small secret Copy of such and such Despatches, out of your Weingarten; it will be well for you and him; otherwise perhaps not well!' Chambermaid, hope urging, or perhaps hope and fear, did her best; Weingarten had to yield the required product and products, as required. By this Weingarten, from some date not long after Menzel's first mysterious Dresden Excerpts, the necessary Austrian glosses, so far as possible to Weingarten on the indications given him, have been regularly had, for the two or three years past.

"Weingarten first came to be seriously suspected June, 1756 (Weingarten Junior, let us still say, for there was a Senior of unstained fidelity); 'June 15th,' Excellency Peubla pointedly demands him from Friedrich and the Berlin Police: 'Weingarten Junior, my SECOND Secretar, fugitive and traitor; hidden somewhere!' ["BERLIN, 22d JUNE: Every research making for Mr. Weingatten,—in vain hitherto" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi., i. e. for 1756, p. 363).] Excellency Peubla is answered, 24th June: 'We would so fain catch him, if we could! We have tried at Stendal,—not there: tried his Mother–in–law; knows nothing: have forborne laying up his poor Wife and

Children; and hope her Imperial Majesty will have pity on that poor creature, who is fallen so miserable.' [*Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 713.] So that Excellency Peubla had nothing for it but to compose himself; to honor the unstainable fidelity of Weingarten Senior by a public piece of promotion, which soon ensued; and let the Junior run. Weingarten Junior, on the first suspicion, had vanished with due promptitude,—was not to be unearthed again. We perceive he has married his Charlottenburg Beauty, and there are helpless babies. It seems, he lived long years after, in the Altmark, as a Herr von Weiss,—his reflections manifold, but unknown. [Retzow, i. 37.] What is much notabler, Cogniazzo, the Austrian Veteran, heard Weingarten's MASTER, Graf von Peubla, talk of the 'GRAND MYSTERE,' soon after, and how Friedrich had heard of it, not from Weingarten alone, but from Gross-Furst PETER, Russian Heir-Apparent! [Cogniazzo, i. 225.]

"As to Menzel, he did not get away. Menzel, as we saw, lasted in free activity till 1757; and was then put under lock and key. Was not hanged; sat prisoner for twenty-seven years after; overgrown with hair, legs and arms chained together, heavy iron bar uniting both ankles; diet bread-and-water;—for the rest, healthy; and died, not very miserable it is said, in 1784. Shocking traitors, Weingarten and he."

Yes, a diabolical pair, they, sure enough:—and the thing they betrayed against their Masters, was that a celestial thing? Servants of the Devil do fall out; and Servants not of the Devil are fain, sometimes, to raise a quarrel of that kind!—

The then world, as we said, was one loud uproar of logic on the right reading and the wrong of those Sibylline Documents: "Did your King of Prussia interpret them aright, or even try it? Did not he use them as a cloak for highway robbery, and swallowing of a peaceable Saxony, bad man that he surely is?" For Friedrich's demeanor, this time again, when it came to the acting point, was of eminent rapidity; almost a swifter lion-spring than ever; and it brought on him, in the aerial or vocal way, its usual result: huge clamor of rage and logic from uninformed mankind. Clamorous rage and logic, which has now sunk irresuscitably dead;— nothing of it much worth mentioning to modern readers, scarcely even its HIC JACET (in Footnotes, for the benefit of the curious!),—and it is, at last, a thing not doubtful to anybody that Friedrich, in that matter did read aright. So that now the loud uproar is reduced to one small question with us, What did he read in those Menzel Documents? What Fact lying in them was it that Friedrich had to read? Here, smelted down by repeated roastings, is succinct answer;—for the ultimate fragment of incombustible here as elsewhere, will go into a nutshell, once the continents of Diplomatist-Gazetteer logic and disorderly stable-litter, threatening to heap themselves over the very stars, have been faithfully burnt away.

Readers heard of a "Union of Warsaw," early in 1745, concluded by the Sea-Powers and the Saxon-Polish and Hungarian Majesties: very harmless UNION of Warsaw, public to all the world,—but with a certain thrice-secret "TREATY of Warsaw" (between Polish and Hungarian Majesty themselves two, the Sea-Powers being horror-struck by mention of it) which had followed thereupon, in an eager and wonderful manner. Thrice-secret Treaty, for Partitioning Friedrich, and settling the respective shares of his skin. Treaty which, to denote its origin, we called of Warsaw; though it was not finished there (shares of skin so difficult to settle), and "Treaty of LEIPZIG, 18th May, 1745," is its ALIAS in Books:—of which Treaty, as the Sea-Powers had recoiled horror-struck, there was no whisper farther, to them or to the rest of exoteric mankind;—though it has been one of the busiest Entities ever since. From the Menzel Documents, I know not after what circuitous gropings and searchings, Friedrich first got notice of that Treaty: [Now printed in *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 40–42.] figure his look on discovering it!

We said it was the remarkablest bit of sheepskin in its Century. Readers have heard too, That it was proposed to Bruhl, by a grateful Austria, directly on signing the Peace of Dresden: "Our Partition-Treaty stands all the same, does it not?"—and in what humor Bruhl answered: "Hah? Get Russia to join!" Both these facts, That there is a Treaty of Warsaw and that this is the Austrian-Saxon temper and intention towards him and it, Friedrich learned from the Menzel Documents. And if the reader will possess himself of these two facts, and understand that they are of a germinative, most vital quality, indestructible by the times and the chances; and have been growing and developing themselves, day and night ever since, in a truly wonderful manner,—the reader knows in substance what Menzel had to reveal.

Russia was got to join;—there are methods of operating on Russia, and kindling a poor fat Czarina into strange suspicions and indignations. In May, 1746, within six months of the Peace of Dresden, a Treaty of Petersburg, new version of the Warsaw one, was brought to parchment; Czarina and Empress-Queen

signing,—Bruhl dying to sign, but not daring. How Russia has been got to join, and more and more vigorously bear a hand; how Bruhl's rabidities of appetite, and terrors of heart, have continued ever since; how Austria and Russia,—Bruhl aiding with hysterical alacrity, haunted by terror (and at last mercifully EXCUSED from signing),— have, year after year, especially in this last year, 1755, brought the matter nearer and nearer perfection; and the Two Imperial Majesties, with Bruhl to rear, wait only till they are fully ready, and the world gives opportunity, to pick a quarrel with Friedrich, and overwhelm and partition him, according to covenant: This, wandering through endless mazes of detail, is in sum what the Menzel Documents disclose to Friedrich and us. How, in a space of ten years, the small seed—grain of a Treaty of Warsaw, or Treaty of Petersburg, planted and nourished in that manner, in the Satan's Invisible World, has grown into a mighty Tree there,—prophetic of Facts near at hand; which were extremely sanguinary to the Human Race for the next Seven Years.

This is the sum—total: but for Friedrich's sake, and to illustrate the situation, let us take a few glances more, into the then Satan's Invisible World, which had become so ominously busy round Friedrich and others. The Czarina, we say, was got to engage; 22d May, 1746, there came a Treaty of Petersburg duly valid, which is that of Warsaw under a new name: and still Bruhl durst not, for above a year coming,—not till August 15th, 1747; [MEMOIRE RAISONNE (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 459.] and then, only in a hypothetical half—and—half way, with fear and trembling, though with hunger unspeakable, in sight of the viands. A very wretched Bruhl, as seen in these Menzel Documents. On poor Polish Majesty Bruhl has played the sorcerer, this long while, and ridden him as he would an enchanted quadruped, in a shameful manner: but how, in turn (as we study Menzel), is Bruhl himself hagridden, hunted by his own devils, and leads such a ghastly phantasmal existence yonder, in the Valley of the Shadow of CLOTHES,—mere Clothes, metaphorical and literal! ["MONTREZ—MOI DES VERTUS, PAS DES CULOTTES (Have you no virtues then to show me; nothing but pain of breeches)!" exclaimed an impatient French Traveller, led about in Bruhl's Palace one day: Archenholtz, *Geschichte des Siebenjahrigen Krieges*, i. 63.] Wretched Bruhl, agitated with hatreds of a rather infernal nature, and with terrors of a not celestial, comes out on our sympathies, as a dog almost pitiable,—were that possible, with twelve tailors sewing for him, and a Saxony getting shoved over the precipices by him.

A famishing dog in the most singular situation. What he dare do, he does, and with such a will. But there is almost only one thing safe to him: that of egging on the Czarina against Friedrich; of coining lies to kindle Czarish Majesty; of wafting on every wind rumors to that end, and continually besieging with them the empty Czarish mind. Bruhl has many Conduits, "the Sieur de Funck," "the Sieur Gross" plenty of Legationary Sieurs and Conduits;—which issue from all quarters on Petersburg, and which find there a Reservoir, and due Russian SERVICE—PIPES, prepared for them;—and Bruhl is busy. "Commerce of Dantzic to be ruined," suggests he, "that is plain: look at his Asiatic Companies, his Port of Embden. Poland is to be stirred up;—has not your Czarish Majesty heard of his intrigues there? Courland, which is almost become your Majesty's—cunningly snatched by your Majesty's address, like a valuable moribund whale adrift among the shallows,—this bad man will have it out to sea again, with the harpoons in it; fairly afloat amid the Polish Anarchies again!" These are but specimens of Bruhl. Or we can give such in Bruhl's own words, if the reader had rather. Here are Two, which have the advantage of brevity:—

1. ... The Sieur de Funck, Saxon Minister at Petersburg, wrote to Count Bruhl, 9th July, 1755 (says an inexorable Record),

"That the Sieur Gross [now Minister of Russia at Dresden, who vanished out of Berlin like an angry sky—rocket some years ago] would do a good service to the Common Cause, if he wrote to his Court, 'That the King of Prussia had found a channel in Courland, by which he learned all the secrets of the Russian Court;'" and Sieur Funck added, "that it was expected good use could be made of such a story with her Czarish Majesty."—To which Count Bruhl replies, 23d July, "That he has instructed the Sieur Gross, who will not fail to act in consequence."

2. Sieur Prasse, same Funck's Secretary of Legation, at Petersburg, writes to Count Bruhl, 12th April, 1756:—

"I am bidden signify to your Excellency that it is greatly wished, in order to favor certain views, you would have the goodness to cause arrive in Petersburg, by different channels, the following intelligence: 'That the King of Prussia, on pretext of Commerce, is sending officers and engineers into the Ukraine, to reconnoitre the Country and excite a rebellion there.' And this advice, be pleased to observe, is not to come direct from the Saxon Court, nor by the Envoy Gross, but by some third party,—to the end there may be no concert noticed;—as they [L'ON,

the "service– pipes," and managing Excellencies, Russian and Austrian] have given the same commission to other Ministers, so that the news shall come from more places than one.

"They [the said managing Excellencies] have also required me to write to the Baron de Sack," our Saxon Minister in Sweden, "upon it, which I will not fail to do; and they assured me that our Court's advantage was not less concerned in it than that of their own; adding these words [comfortable to one's soul], 'The King of Prussia [in 1745] gave Saxony a blow which it will feel for fifty years; but we will give him one which he will feel for a hundred.'"

To which beautiful suggestion Excellency Bruhl answers, 2d June, 1756: "As to the Secret Commission of conveying to Petersburg, by concealed channels, Intelligence of Prussian machinations in the Ukraine, we are still busy finding out a right channel; and they [L'ON, the managing Excellencies] shall very soon, one way or the other, see the effect of my personal inclination to second what is so good an intention, though a little artful (UN PEU ARTIFICIEUSE," —UN PEU, nothing to speak of)! [MEMOIRE RAISONNE (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 424–425; and ib. 472.]

Fancy a poor fat Czarina, of many appetites, of little judgment, continually beaten upon in this manner by these Saxon–Austrian artists and their Russian service–pipes. Bombarded with cunningly devised fabrications, every wind freighted for her with phantasmal rumors, no ray of direct daylight visiting the poor Sovereign Woman; who is lazy, not malignant if she could avoid it: mainly a mass of esurient oil, with alkali on the back of alkali poured in, at this rate, for ten years past; till, by pouring and by stirring, they get her to the state of SOAP and froth! Is it so wonderful that she does, by degrees, rise into eminent suspicion, anger, fear, violence and vehemence against her bad neighbor? One at last begins to conceive those insane whirls, continual mad suspicions, mad procedures, which have given Friedrich such vexation, surprise and provocation in the years past.

Friedrich is always specially eager to avoid ill–will from Russia; but it has come, in spite of all he could do and try. And these procedures of the Czarish Majesty have been so capricious, unintelligible, perverse, and his feeling is often enough irritation, temporary indignation,—which we know makes Verses withal! I can nowhere learn from those Prussian imbroglios of Books, what the Friedrich Sayings or Satirical Verses properly were: Retzow speaks of a PRODUKT, one at least, known in interior Circles. [Retzow, i. 34.] PRODUKT which decidedly requires publication, beyond anything Friedrich ever wrote;—though one can do without it too, and invoke Fancy in defect of Print. The sharpness of Friedrich's tongue we know; and the diligence of birds of the air. To all her other griefs against the bad man, this has given the finish in the tender Czarish bosom;—and like an envenomed drop has set the saponaceous oils (already dosed with alkali, and well in solution) foaming deliriously over the brim, in never–imagined deluges of a hatred that is unappeasable;—very costly to Friedrich and mankind. Rising ever higher, year by year; and now risen, to what height judge by the following:—

AT PETERSBURG, 14th–15th MAY, 1753, "There was Meeting of the Russian Senate, with deliberation held for these two days; and for issue this conclusion come to:—

"That it should be, and hereby is, settled as a fundamental maxim of the Russia Empire, Not only to oppose any farther aggrandizement of the King of Prussia, but to seize the first convenient opportunity for overwhelming (ECRASER), by superior force, the House of Brandenburg [Hear, hear!], and reducing it to its former state of mediocrity." [MEMOIRE RAISONNE (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 421.] Leg of mutton to be actually gone into. With what an enthusiasm of "Hear, hear!" from Bruhl and kindred parties; especially from Bruhl,—who, however, dare not yet bite, except hypothetically, such his terrors and tremors. Or, look again (same Senate,

AT PETERSBURG, OCTOBER, 1755): "To which Fundamental Maxim, articulately fixed ever since those Maydays of 1753, the august Russian Sanhedrim, deliberating farther in October, 1755, adds this remarkable extension,

"That it is our resolution to attack the King of Prussia without farther discussion, whensoever the said King shall attack any Ally of Russia's, or shall himself be attacked by any of them." Hailed by Bruhl, as natural, with his liveliest approval. "A glorious Deliberation, that, indeed!" writes he: "It clears the way of action for Russia's Allies in this matter; and for us too; though nobody can blame us, if we proceed with the extremest caution,"—and rather wait till the Bear is nearly killed. [MEMOIRE RAISONNE (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 422.]

Many marvels Friedrich had deciphered out of this Weingarten–Menzel Apocalypse of Satan's Invisible World; and one often fancies Friedrich's tone of mind, in his intense inspecting of that fateful continent of

darkness, and his labyrinthic stepping by degrees to the oracular points, which have a light in them when flung open. But in respect of practical interest, this of October, 1755 (which would get to Potsdam probably in few weeks after) must have surpassed all the others. Marvels many, one after the other: [For example, or in recapitulation: a Treaty of Warsaw or Leipzig, to partition him (18th May, 1745); Treaty of Petersburg (22d May, 1746, new form of Warsaw Treaty, with Czarina superadded); tremulous Quasi-Accession thereto of his Polish Majesty (most tremulous, hypothetic Quasi-Accession, "Yes-AND-No," 15th August, 1747, and often afterwards); first Deliberation of the Russian Senate, 15th May, 1753; For example, or in recapitulation: a Treaty of Warsaw or Leipzig, to partition him (18th May, 1745); Treaty of Petersburg (22d May, 1746, new form of Warsaw Treaty, with Czarina superadded); tremulous Quasi-Accession thereto of his Polish Majesty (most tremulous, hypothetic Quasi-Accession, "Yes-AND-No," 15th August, 1747, and often afterwards); first Deliberation of the Russian Senate, 15th May, 1753; no doubt left, long since, of the constant disposition, preparation and fixed intention to partition him. But here, in this last indication by the Russian Senate,—which kindles into dismal evidence so many other enigmatic tokens,—there has an ulterior oracular point disclosed itself to Friedrich; in vaguer condition, but not less indubitable, and much more perilous: namely, That now, at last (end of 1755), the Two Imperial Majesties, very eager both, consider that the time is come. And are—as Friedrich looks abroad on the Austrian-Russian marchings of troops, campings, and unusual military symptoms and combinations—visibly preparing to that end.

"They have agreed to attack me next Year (1756), if they can; and next again (1757), without IF:" so Friedrich, putting written word and public occurrence together, gradually reads; and so, all readers will see, the fact was,—though Imperial Majesty at Schonbrunn, as we shall find, strove to deny it when applied to; and scouted, as mere fiction and imagination, the notion of such an "Agreement." Which I infer, therefore, NOT to have existed in parchment; not in parchment, but only in reality, and as a mutual Bond registered in—shall we say "in Heaven", as some are wont?—registered, perhaps, in TWO Places, very separate indeed! No truer "Agreement" ever did exist;—though a devout Imperial Majesty denies it, who would shudder at the lie direct.

Poor Imperial Majesty: who can tell her troubles and straits in this abstruse time! Heaven itself ordering her to get back the Silesia of her Fathers, if she could;—yet Heaven always looking dubious, surely, upon this method of doing it. By solemn Public Treaties signed in sight of all mankind; and contrariwise, in the very same moments, by Secret Treaties, of a fell nature, concocted underground, to destroy the life of these! Imperial Majesty flatters herself it may be fair: "Treaty of Dresden, Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; Treaties wrung from me by force, the tyrannic Sea-Powers screwing us; Kaunitz can tell! A consummate Kaunitz; who has provided remedies. Treaties do get broken. Besides, I will not go to War, unless HE the Bad One of Prussia do!"—Alas, your noble Majesty, plain it at least is, your love of Silesia is very strong. And consummate Kaunitz and it have led you into strange predicaments. The Pompadour, for instance: who was it that answered, "JE NE LA CONNAIS PAS; I don't know her, I"? How gladly would the Imperial Maria Theresa, soul of Propriety, have made that answer! But she did not; she had to answer differently. For Kaunitz was imperative: "A kind little Note to the Pompadour; one, and then another and another; it is indispensable, your Imperial Majesty!" And Imperial Majesty always had to do it. And there exist in writing, at this hour, various flattering little Notes from Imperial Majesty to that Address; which begin, "MA COUSINE," "PRINCESSE ET COUSINE," say many witnesses; nay "MADAME MA TRES CHERE SOEUR," says one good witness: [Hormayr (cited in Preuss, i. 433 n.,—as are Duclos; Montgaillard; MEMOIRES DE RICHELIEU; which ought to have been printed, before this, or given at least to the Museums. "My Cousin," "Princess and Cousin," "Madame my dearest Sister:" Oh, high Imperial Soul, with what strange bed-fellows does Misery of various kinds bring us acquainted!

Friedrich was blamably imprudent in regard to Pompadour, thinks Valori: "A little complaisance might have"—what might it not have done!—"But his Prussian Majesty would not. And while the Ministers of all the other Powers" allied with France "went assiduously to pay their court to Madame, the Baron von Knyphausen alone, by his Master's order, never once went ["Don't! JE NE LA CONNAIS PAS"],—while the Empress-Queen was writing her the most flattering letters. The Prince of Prussia, King's eldest Brother, wished ardently to obtain her Portrait, and had applied to me for it; as had Prince Henri to my Predecessor. The King, who has such gallant and seductive ways when he likes, could certainly have reconciled this celebrated Lady",—a highly important Improper Female to him and others. [Valori, i. 320.]

Yes; but he quite declined, not counting the costs. Costs may be immediate; profits are remote,—remote, but

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sure. Costs did indeed prove considerable, perhaps far beyond his expectation; though, I flatter myself, they never awoke much remorse in him, on that score!—

Friedrich's Enigma, towards the end of 1755 and onwards, is becoming frightfully stringent; and the solution, "What practically will be the wise course for me?" does not lessen in abstruse intricacy, but the reverse, as it grows more pressing. A very stormy and dubious Future, truly! Two circumstances in it will be highly determinative: one of them evident to Friedrich; the other unknown to him, and to all mortals, except two or three. **FIRST,**

That there will be an English–French War straightway; and that, as usual, the French, weaker at sea, will probably attack Hanover;— that is to say, bring the War home to one's own door, and ripen into fulfilment those Austrian–Russian Plots. This is the evident circumstance, fast coming on; visible to Friedrich and to everybody. But that, in such event, Austria will join, not with England, but with France: this is a **SECOND** circumstance, guessable by nobody; known only to Kaunitz and a select one or two; but which also will greatly complicate Friedrich's position, and render his Enigma indeed astonishingly intricate, as well as stringent for solution!

Chapter II. ENGLISH DIPLOMACIES ABROAD, IN PROSPECT OF A FRENCH WAR.

Britannic Majesty, I know not at what date, but before the launching of that poor Braddock thunder-bolt, much more after the tragic explosion it made, had felt that French War was nearly inevitable, and also that the French method would be, as heretofore, to attack Hanover, and wound him in that tender part. There goes on, accordingly, a lively Foreign Diplomating, on his Majesty's part, at present,—in defect, almost total, of Domestic Preparation, military and other;—Majesty and Ministers expecting salvation from abroad, as usual. Military preparation does lag at a shameful rate: but, on the other hand, there is a great deal of pondering, really industrious considering and contriving, about Foreign Allies, and their subsidies and engagements. That step, for example, the questionable Seizure of the French Ships WITHOUT Declaration of War, was a contrivance by diplomatic Heads (of bad quality): "Seize their ships," said some bad Head, after meditating; "put their ships in SEQUESTRATION, till they do us justice. If they won't, and go to War,—then THEY are the Aggressors, not we; and our Allies have to send their auxiliary quotas, as per contract!" So the Ships were seized; held in sequestration, "till many of the cargoes (being perishable goods, some even fish) rotted." [Smollett's *History of England*; And in return, as will be seen, not one auxiliary came to hand: so that the diplomatic Head had his rotted cargoes, and much public obloquy, for his pains. Not a fortunate stroke of business, that!—

Britannic Majesty, on applying at Vienna (through Keith, Sir or Mr. Robert Keith, the FIRST Excellency of that name, for there are two, a father and a son, both Vienna Excellencies), was astonished to learn That, in such event of an Aggression, even on Hanover, there was no co-operation to be looked for here. Altogether cold on that subject, her Imperial Majesty seems; regardless of Excellency Keith's remonstrances and urgencies; and, in the end, is flatly negatory: "Cannot do it, your Excellency; times so perilous, bad King of Prussia so minatory,"—not to mention, SOTTO VOCE that we have turned on our axis, and the wind (thanks to Kaunitz) no longer hits us on the same cheek as formerly!

"Cannot? Will not?" Britannic Majesty may well stare, wide-eyed; remembering such gigantic Subsidizings and Alcides Labors, Dettingens, Fontenoy's, on the per-contra side. But so stands the fact: "No help from an ungrateful Vienna;—quick, then, seek elsewhere!" And Hanbury and the Continental British Excellencies have to bestir themselves as they never did. Especially Hanbury; who is directed upon Russia,—whom alone of these Excellencies it is worth while to follow for a moment. Russia, on fair subsidy, yielded us a 35,000 last War (willingly granted, most useful, though we had no fighting out of them, mere terror of them being enough): beyond all things, let Hanbury do his best in Russia!

Hanbury, cheerfully confident, provides himself with the requisites, store of bribe-money as the chief;—at Warsaw withal, he picks up one Poniatowski (airy sentimental coxcomb, rather of dissolute habits, handsomest and windiest of young Polacks): "Good for a Lover to the Grand-Duchess, this one!" thinks Hanbury. Which proved true, and had its uses for Hanbury;—Grand-Duchess and Grand-Duke (Catherine and Peter, whom we saw wedded twelve years ago, Heirs-Apparent of this Russian Chaos) being an abstrusely situated pair of Spouses; well capable of something political, in private ways, in such a scene of affairs; and Catherine, who is an extremely clever creature, being out of a lover just now. A fine scene for the Diplomatist, this Russia at present. Nowhere in the world can you do so much with bribery; quite a standing item, and financial necessary-of-life to Officials of the highest rank there, as Hanbury well knows. [His Letters (in Raumer), PASSIM.] That of Poniatowski proved, otherwise too, a notable stroke of Hanbury's; and shot the poor Polish Coxcomb aloft into tragic altitudes, on the sudden, as we all know!

Hanbury's immense dexterities, and incessant labors at Petersburg, shall lie hidden in the slop-pails: it is enough to say, his guineas, his dexterities and auxiliary Poniatowskis did prevail; and he triumphantly signed his Treaty (Petersburg, 30th September) "Subsidy-Treaty for 55,000 men, 15,000 of them cavalry," not to speak of "40 to 50 galleys" and the like; "to attack whomsoever Britannic Majesty bids: annual cost a mere 500,000 pounds while on service; 100,000 pounds while waiting." [In *Adelung*, vii. 609.] And, what is more, and what our readers are to mark, the 55,000 begin on the instant to assemble,—along the Livonian Frontier or Lithuanian, looking direct into Preussen. Diligently rendezvousing there; 55,000 of them, nay gradually 70,000; no stinginess

in the Czarina to her Ally of England. A most triumphant thing, thinks Hanbury: Could another of you have done it? Signed, ready for ratifying, 30th September, 1755 (bad Braddock news not hindering);—and before it is ratified (this also let readers mark), the actual Troops getting on march.

Hanbury's masterpiece, surely; a glorious triumph in the circumstances, and a difficult, thinks Hanbury. Had Hanbury seen the inside of the cards, as readers have, he would not have thought it so triumphant. For years past,—especially since that "Fundamental maxim, May 14th–15th, 1753," which we heard of,—the Czarina's longings had been fixed. And here now—scattering money from both hands of it, and wooing us with diplomatic finessings—is the Fulfilment come! "Opportunity" upon Preussen; behold it here.

The Russian Senate again holds deliberation; declares (on the heel of this Hanbury Treaty), "in October, 1755," what we read above, That its Anti-Prussian intentions are—truculent indeed. And it is the common talk in Petersburg society, through Winter, what a dose the ambitious King of Prussia has got brewed for him, [MEMOIRE RAISONNE (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 429, out of Russian indignation and resources, miraculously set afloat by English guineas. A triumphant Hanbury, for the time being,—though a tragical enough by and by!

THE TRIUMPHANT HANBURY TREATY BECOMES, ITSELF, NOTHING OR LESS;—BUT PRODUCES A FRIEDRICH TREATY, FOLLOWED BY RESULTS WHICH SURPRISE EVERYBODY.

King Friedrich's outlooks, on this consummation, may well seem to him critical. The sore longing of an infuriated Czarina is now let loose, and in a condition to fulfil itself! To Friedrich these Petersburg news are no secret; nor to him are the Petersburg private intentions a thing that can be doubted. Apart from the Menzel-Weingarten revelations, as we noticed once, it appears the Grand-Duke Peter (a great admirer of Friedrich, poor confused soul) had himself thrice—secretly warned Friedrich, That the mysterious Combination, Russia in the van, would attack him next Spring;—"not Weingarten that betrayed our GRAND MYSTERE; from first hand, that was done!" said Excellency Peubla, on quitting Berlin not long after. [Cogniazzo, *Gestandnisse eines Oesterreichischen Veterans* (as cited above), i. 225. "September 16th, 1756," Peubla left Berlin (Rodenbeck, i. 298),—three months after Weingarten's disappearance.] The Grand Mystery is not uncertain to Friedrich; and it may well be very formidable,—coupled with those Braddock explosions, Seizures of French ships, and English-French War imminent, and likely to become a general European one; which are the closing prospects of 1755. The French King he reckons not to be well disposed to him; their old Treaty of "twelve years" (since 1744) is just about running out. Not friendly, the French King, owing to little rubs that have been; still less the Pompadour;—though who could guess how implacable she was at "not being known (NE LA CONNAIS PAS)"! At Vienna, he is well aware, the humor towards him is mere cannibalism in refined forms. But most perilous of all, most immediately perilous, is the implacable Czarina, set afloat upon English guineas!

With a hope, as is credibly surmised, that the English might soothe or muzzle this implacable Czarina, Friedrich, directly after Hanbury's feat in Petersburg, applied at London, with an Offer which was very tempting there: "Suppose your Britannic Majesty would make, with me, an express 'NEUTRALITY CONVENTION;' mutual Covenant to keep the German Reich entirely free of this War now threatening to break out? To attack jointly, and sweep home again with vigor, any and every Armed Non-German setting foot on the German soil!" An offer most welcome to the Heads of Opposition, the Pitts and others of that Country; who wish dear Hanover safe enough (safe in Davy-Jones's locker, if that would do); but are tired of subsidizing, and fighting and tumulting, all the world over, for that high end. So that Friedrich's Proposal is grasped at; and after a little manipulation, the thing is actually concluded.

By no means much manipulation, both parties being willing. There was uncommonly rapid surgery of any little difficulties and discrepancies; rapid closure, instant salutary stitching together of that long unhealable Privateer Controversy, as the main item: "20,000 pounds allowed to Prussia for Prussian damages; and to England, from the other side, the remainder of Silesiau Debt, painfully outstanding for two or three years back, is to be paid off at once;"—and in this way such "NEUTRALITY CONVENTION OF PRUSSIA WITH ENGLAND" comes forth as a Practical Fact upon mankind. Done at Westminster, 16th January, 1756. The stepping-stone, as it proved, to a closer Treaty of the same date next Year; of which we shall hear a great deal. The stepping-stone, in fact, to many large things;—and to the ruin of our late "Russian-Subsidy Treaty" (Hanbury's masterpiece), for one small thing. "That is a Treaty signed, sure enough," answer they of St. James's; "and we will be handsome about it to her Czarish Majesty; but as to RATIFYING it, in its present form,—of

course, never!"

What a clap of thunder to Excellency Hanbury; his masterpiece found suddenly a superfluity, an incommodity! The Orthodox English course now is, "No foreign soldiers at all to be allowed in Germany;" and there are the 55,000 tramping on with such alacrity. "We cannot ratify that Treaty, Excellency Hanbury," writes the Majesty's Ministry, in a tone not of gratitude: "you must turn it some other way!" A terrible blow to Hanbury, who had been expecting gratitude without end. And now, try how he might, there was no turning it another way; this, privately, and this only, being the Czarina's own way. A Czarina obstinate to a degree; would not consent, even when they made her the liberal offer, "Keep your 55,000 at home; don't attack the King of Prussia with them; you shall have your Subsidy all the same!" "No, I won't!" answered she,—to Hanbury's amazement. Hanbury had not read the Weingarten—Menzel Documents;— what double double of toil and trouble might Hanbury have saved himself and others, could he have read them!

Hanbury could not, still less could the Majesty's Ministry, surmise the Czarina's secret at all, now or for a good while coming. And in fact, poor Hanbury, busy as a Diplomatic bee, never did more good in Russia, or out of it. By direction of the Majesty's Ministry, Hanbury still tried industriously, cash in both hands; tried various things: "Assuage the Czarina's mind; reconcile her to King Friedrich;"—all in vain. "Unite Austria, Russia and England, can't you, then?—in a Treaty against the Designs of France:" how very vain! Then, at a later stage, "Get us the Czarina to mediate between Prussia and Austria" (so very possible to sleek them down into peace, thought Majesty's Ministry):—and unwearied Hanbury, cunning eloquence on his lips, and money in both hands, tries again, and ever again, for many months. And in the way of making ropes from sand, it must be owned there never was such twisting and untwisting, as that appointed Hanbury. Who in fact broke his heart by it;—and died mad, by his own hand, before long. [Hanbury's "Life" (in *Works*, vol. iii.) gives sad account.] Poor soul, after all!—Here are some Russian Notices from him (and he has many curious, not pertinent here), which are still worth gleaning.

PETERSBURG, 2d OCTOBER, 1755. ... "The health of the Empress [Czarina Elizabeth, CATIN DU NORD, age now forty—five] is bad. She is affected with spitting of blood, shortness of breath, constant coughing, swelled legs and water on the chest; yet she danced a minuet with me," lucky Hanbury. "There is great fermentation at Court. Peter [Grand—Duke Peter] does not conceal his enmity to the Schuwalofs [paramours of CATIN, old and new]; Catherine [Grand—Duchess, who at length has an Heir, unbeautiful Czar Paul that will be, and "miscarriages" not a few] is on good terms with Bestuchef" (corruptiblest brute of a Chancellor ever known, friend to England by England's giving him 10,000 pounds, and the like trifles, pretty frequently; Friedrich's enemy, chiefly from defect of that operation)—she is "on good terms with Bestuchef. I think it my duty to inform the King [great George, who will draw his prognostics from it] of my observations upon her; which I can the better do, as I often have conversations with her for hours together, as at supper my rank places me always next to her," twice—lucky Hanbury.

"Since her coming to this Country, she has, by every method in her power, endeavored to gain the affections of the Nation: she applied herself with diligence to study their language; and speaks it at present, as the Russians tell me, in the greatest perfection. She has also succeeded in her other aim; for she is esteemed and beloved here in a high degree. Her person is very advantageous, and her manners very captivating. She has great knowledge of this Empire; and makes it her only study. She has parts; and Great—Chancellor [brute Bestuchef] tells me that nobody has more steadiness and resolution. She has, of late, openly declared herself to me in respect of the King of Prussia;"—hates him a good deal, "natural and formidable enemy of Russia;" "heart certainly the worst in the world [and so on; but will see better by and by, having eyes of her own]:—she never mentions the King of England but with the utmost respect and highest regard; is thoroughly sensible of the utility of the union between England and Russia; always calls his Majesty the Empress's best and greatest Ally [so much of nourishment in him withal, as in a certain web—footed Chief of Birds, reckoned chief by some]; and hopes he will also give his friendship and protection to the Grand—Duke and herself.— As for the Grand—Duke, he is weak and violent; but his confidence in the Grand—Duchess is so great, that sometimes he tells people, that though he does not understand things himself, his Wife understands everything. Should the Empress, as I fear, soon die, the Government will quietly devolve on them." [Hanbury's Despatch, "October 2d, 1755" (Raumer, pp. 223—225); Subsidy Treaty still at its floweriest.]

Catherine's age is twenty—six gone; her Peter's twenty—seven: one of the cleverest young Ladies in the world,

and of the stoutest-hearted, clearest-eyed;—yoked to a young Gentleman much the reverse. Thank Hanbury for this glimpse of them, most intricately situated Pair; who may concern us a little in the sequel.—And, in justice to poor Hanover, the sad subject-matter of Excellency Hanbury's Problems and Futilities in Russia and elsewhere, let us save this other Fraction by a very different hand; and close that Hanbury scene:—

"Friedrich himself was so dangerous," says the Constitutional Historian once: "Friedrich, in alliance with France, how easy for him to catch Hanover by the throat at a week's notice, throw a death-noose round the throat of poor Hanover, and hand the same to France for tightening at discretion! Poor Hanover indeed; she reaps little profit from her English honors: what has she had to do with these Transatlantic Colonies of England? An unfortunate Country, if the English would but think; liable to be strangled at any time, for England's quarrels: the Achilles'-heel to invulnerable England; a sad function for Hanover, if it be a proud one, and amazingly lucrative to some Hanoverians. The Country is very dear to his Britannic Majesty in one sense, very dear to Britain in another! Nay Germany itself, through Hanover, is to be torn up by War for Transatlantic interests,—out of which she does not even get good Virginia tobacco, but grows bad of her own. No more concern than the Ring of Saturn with these over-sea quarrels; and can, through Hanover, be torn to pieces by War about them. Such honor to give a King to the British Nation, in a strait for one; and such profit coming of it:—we hope all sides are grateful for the blessings received!"

THERE HAS BEEN A COUNTER-TREATY GOING ON AT VERSAILLES IN THE INTERIM; WHICH HEREUPON STARTS OUT, AND TUMBLES THE WHOLLY ASTONISHED EUROPEAN DIPLOMACIES HEELS-OVER-HEAD.

To expectant mankind, especially to Vienna and Versailles, this Britannic-Prussian Treaty was a great surprise. And indeed it proved the signal of a general System of New Treaties all round. The first signal, in fact,—though by no means the first cause,—of a total circumgyration, summerset, or tumble heels-over-head in the Political relations of Europe altogether, which ensued thereupon; miraculous, almost as the Earthquake at Lisbon, to the Gazetteer, and Diplomatic mind, and incomprehensible for long years after. First signal we say, by no means that it was the first cause, or indeed that it was a cause at all,—the thing being determined elsewhere long before; ever since 1753, when Kaunitz left it ready, waiting only its time.

Kaiser Franz, they say, when (probably during those Keith urgencies) the joining with France and turning against poor Britannic Majesty was proposed in Council at Vienna, opened his usually silent lips; and opined with emphasis against such a course, no Kaunitz or creature able to persuade Kaiser Franz that good would come of it;—though, finding Sovereign Lady and everybody against him, he held his peace again. And returned to his private banking operations, which were more extensive than ever, from the new troubles rising. "Lent the Empress-Queen, always on solid securities," says Friedrich, "large sums, from time to time, in those Wars; dealt in Commissariat stores to right and left; we ourselves had most of our meal from him this year." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 8.] Kaiser Franz was, and continued, of the old way of thinking; but consummate Kaunitz, and the High Lady's fixed passion for her Schlesien, had changed everybody else. The ulterior facts are as follows, abbreviated to the utmost.

September 22d, 1755, a few days before Hanbury's Subsidy-feat at Petersburg, which took such a whirl for Hanbury, there had met for the first time at Versailles, more especially at Babiolle, Pleasure-House of the Pompadour, a most Select Committee of Three Persons: Graf von Stahremberg, Austrian Ambassador; Pompadour herself; and a certain infinitely elegant Count and Reverence de Bernis (beautiful Clerico-Mundane Gentleman, without right Benefice hitherto, but much in esteem with the Pompadour);—for deepest practical consideration in regard to closure of a French-Austrian Alliance. Reverend Count (subsequently Cardinal) de Bernis has sense in Diplomacy; has his experiences in Secular Diplomatic matters; a soft-going cautious man, not yet official, but tending that way: whom the Pompadour has brought with her as henchman, or unghostly counsellor, in this intricate Adventure.

Stahremberg, instructed from home, has no hesitation; nor has Pompadour herself, remembering that insolent "JE NE LA CONNAIS PAS," and the per-contra "MA COUSINE," "PRINCESSE ET SOEUR:"—but Bernis, I suppose, looks into the practical difficulties; which are probably very considerable, to the Official French eye, in the present state of Europe and of the public mind. From September 22d, or autumnal equinox, 1755, onward to this Britannic-Prussian phenomenon of January, 1756, the Pompadour Conclave has been sitting,—difficulties, no doubt, considerable. I will give only the dates, having myself no interest in such a Committee at Babiolle; but

the dates sufficiently betoken that there were intricacies, conflicts between the new and the old. Hitherto the axiom always was, "Prussia the Adjunct and Satellite of France:" now to be entirely reversed, you say?

JULY, 1755, that is two months before this Babiole Committee met, a Duc de Nivernois, respectable intelligent dilettante French Nobleman, had been named as Ambassador to Friedrich, "Go, you respectable wise Nivernois, Nobleman of Letters so called; try and retain Friedrich for us, as usual!" And now, on meeting of the Babiole Committee, Nivernois does not go; lingers, saddled and bridled, till the very end of the Year; arrives in Berlin January 12th, 1756. Has his First Audience January 14th; a man highly amiable to Friedrich; but with proposals,—wonderful indeed.

The French, this good while back, are in no doubt about War with England, a right hearty War; and have always expected to retain Prussia as formerly,—though rather on singular terms. Some time ago, for instance, M. de Rouille, War-Minister, requested Knyphausen, Prussian Envoy at Paris: "Suggest to your King's Majesty what plunder there is at Hanover. Perfectly at liberty to keep it all, if he will plunder Hanover for us!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 29.] Pleasant message to the proud King; who answered with the due brevity, to the purport, "Silence, Sir!"—with didactic effects on the surprised Rouille. Who now mends his proposal; though again in a remarkable way. Instructs Nivernois, namely, "To offer King Friedrich the Island of Tobago, if he will renew Treaty, and take arms for us. Island of Tobago (a deserted, litigated, but pretty Island, were it ever ours), will not that entice this King, intent on Commerce?" Friedrich, who likes Nivernois and his polite ways, answers quizzingly: "Island of Tobago? Island of Barataria your Lordship must be meaning; Island of which I cannot be the Sancho Panza!" [Ib. 31.] And Nivernois found he must not mention Tobago again.

For the rest, Friedrich made no secret of his English Treaty; showed it with all frankness to Nivernois, in all points: "Is there, can the most captious allege that there is, anything against France in it. My one wish and aim, that of Peace for myself: judge!" Nivernois stayed till March; but seems to have had, of definite, only Tobago and good words; so that nothing farther came of him, and there was no Renewal of Treaty then or after. Thus, in his third month (March, 1756), practical Nivernois was recalled, without result;—instead of whom fat Valori was sent; privately intending "to do nothing but observe, in Berlin." From all which, we infer that the Babiole Committee now saw land; and that Bernis himself had decided in the affirmative: "Austria, not Prussia; yes, Madame!" To the joy of Madame and everybody. For, it is incredible, say all witnesses, what indignation broke out in Paris when Friedrich made this new "defection," so they termed it; revolt from his Liege Lord (who had been so exemplary to him on former occasions!), and would not bite at Tobago when offered. So that the Babiole Committee went on, henceforth, with flowing sea; and by Mayday (1st MAY, 1756) brought out its French-Austrian Treaty in a completed state. "To stand by one another," like Castor and Pollux, in a manner; "24,000, reciprocally, to be ready on demand;" nay I think something of "subsidies" withal,—TO Austria, of course. But the particulars are not worth giving; the Performance, thanks to a zealous Pompadour, having quite outrun the Stipulation, and left it practically out of sight, when the push came. Our Constitutional Historian may shadow the rest:—

"France and England going to War in these sad circumstances, and France and Austria being privately prepared [by Kaunitz and others] to swear everlasting friendship on the occasion, instead of everlasting enmity as heretofore; unexpected changes, miraculous to the Gazetteers, became inevitable;—nothing less, in short, than explosion or topsy-turvy of the old Diplomatic-Political Scheme of Europe. Old dance of the Constellations flung heels-over-head on the sudden; and much pirouetting, jiggling, setting, before they could change partners, and continue their august dance again, whether in War or Peace. No end to the industrious wonder of the Gazetteer mind, to the dark difficulties of the Diplomatic. What bafflings, agonistic shufflings, impotent gazings into the dark; what seductive fiddling, and being fiddled to! A most sad function of Humanity, if sometimes an inevitable one; which ought surely at all times to be got over as briefly as possible. To be written of, especially, with a maximum of brevity; human nature being justly impatient of talk about it, beyond the strictly needful."

Most true it is, and was most miraculous, though now quite forgotten again, Political Europe had to make a complete whirl-round on that occasion. And not in a day, and merely saying to itself, "Let me do summerset!" as idle readers suppose,—but with long months of agonistic shuffle and struggle in all places, and such Diplomatic fiddling and being fiddled to, as seldom was before. Of which, these two instances, the Bernis and the Hanbury, are to serve as specimen; two and no more: a universe of extinct fiddling compressed into two nutshells, if readers have an ear.

Chapter III. FRENCH-ENGLISH WAR BREAKS OUT.

The French, in reality a good deal astonished at the Prussian- Britannic Treaty, affected to take it easy: "Treaty for Neutrality of Germany?" said they: "Very good indeed. Perhaps there are places nearer us, where our troops can be employed to more advantage!" [Their "Declaration" on it (Adelung, vii. 613.)--hinting vocally, as henceforth their silent procedures, their diligence in the dockyards, moving of troops coastward and the like, still more clearly did, That an Invasion of England itself was the thing next to be expected.

England and France are, by this time, alike fiercely determined on War; but their states of preparation are very different. The French have War-ships again, not to mention Armies which they always have; some skilful Admirals withal,--La Gallissonniere, our old Canada friend, is one, very busy at present;--and mean to try seriously the Question of Sea-Supremacy once more. If an Invasion did chance to land, the state of England would be found handy beyond hope! How many fighting regiments England has, I need not inquire, nor with what strategic virtue they would go to work;--enough to mention the singular fact (recently true, and still, I perceive, too like the truth), That of all their regiments, "only Three are in this Country", or have Colonels even nominated. Incredible; but certain. And the interesting point is, his Grace of Newcastle dare not have Colonels, still less higher Officers nominated; because Royal Highness of Cumberland would have the naming of them, and they would be enemies to his Grace. [Walpole, *George the Second*, ii. 19 (date, "March 25th, 1755;" and how long after, is not said: but see Pitt's Speeches, *ib.*, all through 1756, and farther.)] In such posture stands the Envy of surrounding Nations at this moment.

"Hire Hessians," cry they; "hire Hanoverians; if France land on us, we are undone!"--and continue their Parliamentary Eloquences in a most distressful manner. "Apply to the Dutch, at any rate, for their 6,000 as per Treaty", cries everybody. Which is done. But the Dutch piteously wring their hands: "Dare not, your Majesty; how dare we, for France and our neglected Barrier! Oh, generous Majesty, excuse us!"--and the generous Majesty has to do it; and leave the Dutch in peace, this time. Hessians, Hanoverians, after eloquence enough, are at last got sent for, to guard us against this terrible Invasion: about 10,000 of each kind; and do land, --the native populations very sulky on them ("We won't billet you, not we; build huts, and be--!"), with much Parliamentary and Newspaper Commentary going on, of a distressful nature. "Saturday, 15th May, 1756, Hessians disembark at Southampton; obliged to pitch Camp in the neighborhood: Friday, 21st May, the Hanoverians, at Chatham, who hut themselves Canterbury way;"--and have (what is the sum-total of their achievements in this Country) a case of shoplifting, "pocket-handkerchief, across the counter, in open day;" one case (or what seemed to be one, but was not); ["At Maidstone, 13th September, 1756;" Hanoverian soldier, purchasing a handkerchief, imagines he has purchased two (not yet clipt asunder), haberdasher and he having no language in common: *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1756, pp. 259, 448, Walpole, SÆPIUS.] "and the fellow not to be tried by us for it!" which enrages the constitutional heart. Alas, my heavy-laden constitutional heart; but what can we do? These drilled louts will guard us, should this terrible Invasion land. And indeed, about three weeks BEFORE these louts arrived, the terrible Invasion had declared itself to have been altogether a feint; and had lifted anchor, quite in the opposite direction, on an errand we shall hear of soon!

About the same date, I observe, "the first regiment of Footguards practising the Prussian drill-exercise in Hyde Park;" and hope his Grace of Newcastle and the Hero of Culloden (immortal Hero, and aiming high in Politics at this time) will, at least, have fallen upon some method of getting Colonels nominated. But the wide-weltering chaos of platitudes, agitated by hysterical imbecilities, regulating England in this great crisis, fills the constitutional mind with sorrow; and indeed is definable, once more, as amazing! England is a stubborn Country; but it was not by procedures of the Cumberland-Newcastle kind that England, and her Colonies, and Sea-and-Land Kingdoms, was built together; nor by these, except miracle intervene, that she can stand long against stress! Looking at the dismal matter from this distance, there is visible to me in the foggy heart of it one lucent element, and pretty much one only; the individual named William Pitt, as I have read him: if by miracle that royal soul could, even for a time, get to something of Kingship there? Courage; miracles do happen, let us hope!--This is whitherward the grand Invasion had gone:--

TOULON, 10th APRIL, 1756. La Gallissonniere, our old Canadian friend, a crooked little man of great

faculty, who has been busy in the dockyards lately, weighs anchor from Toulon; "12 sail of the line, 5 frigates and above 100 transport-ships;" with the grand Invasion-of-England Armament on board: 16,000 picked troops, complete in all points, Marechal Duc de Richelieu commanding. [Adelung, viii. 70.] Weighs anchor; and, singular to see, steers, not for England, and the Hessian-Hanover Defenders (who would have been in such excellent time); but direct for Minorca, as the surer thing! Will seize Minorca; a so-called inexpugnable Possession of the English,—Key of their Mediterranean Supremacies;—really inexpugnable enough; but which lies in the usual dilapidated state, though by chance with a courageous old Governor in it, who will not surrender quite at once.

APRIL 18th, La Gallissonniere disembarks his Richelieu with a Sixteen Thousand, unopposed at Port-Mahon, or Fort St. Philip, in Minorca; who instantly commences Siege there. To the astonishment of England and his Grace of Newcastle who, except old Governor Blakeney, much in dilapidation ("wooden platforms rotten," "batteries out of repair," and so on), have nothing ready for Richelieu in that quarter. The story of Minorca; and the furious humors and tragic consummations that arose on it, being still well known, we will give the dates only.

FORT ST. PHILIP, APRIL 18th—MAY 20th. For a month, Richelieu, skilful in tickling the French troops, has been besieging, in a high and grandiose way; La Gallissonniere vigilantly cruising; old Blakeney, in spite of the rotten platforms, vigorously holding out; when—May 19th, La Gallissonniere descries an English fleet in the distance; indisputably an English fleet; and clears his decks for a serious Affair just coming. THURSDAY, 20th MAY, Admiral Byng accordingly (for it is he, son of that old seaworthy Byng, who once "blew out" a minatory Spanish Fleet and "an absurd Flame of War" in the Straits of Messina, and was made Lord Torrington in consequence,—happily now dead)—Admiral Byng does come on; and gains himself a name badly memorable ever since. Attacks La Gallissonniere, in a wide-lying, languid, hovering, uncertain manner:—"Far too weak" he says; "much disprovided, destitute, by blame of Ministry and of everybody" (though about the strength of La Gallissonniere, after all);—is almost rather beaten by La Gallissonniere; does not in the least, beat him to the right degree:—and sheers off: in the night-time, straight for Gibraltar again. To La Gallissonniere's surprise, it is said; no doubt to old Blakeney and his poor Garrison's, left so, to their rotten platforms and their own shifts.

Blakeney and Garrison stood to their guns in a manful manner, for above a month longer; day after day, week after week, looking over the horizon for some Byng or some relief appearing, to no purpose! JUNE 14th, there are three available breaches; the walls, however, are very sheer (a Fortress hewn in the rock): Richelieu scanning them dubiously, and battering his best, for about a fortnight more, is ineffectual on Blakeney.

JUNE 27th, Richelieu, taking his measures well, tickling French honor well, has determined on storm. Richelieu, giving order of the day, "Whosoever of you is found drunk shall NOT be of the storm-party" (which produced such a teetotalism as nothing else had done),—storms, that night, with extreme audacity. The Place has to capitulate: glorious victory; honorable defence: and Minorca gone.

And England is risen to a mere smoky whirlwind, of rage, sorrow and darkness, against Byng and others. Smoky darkness, getting streaked with dangerous fire. "Tried?" said his Grace of Newcastle to the City Deputation: "Oh indeed he shall be tried immediately; he shall be hanged directly!"—assure yourselves of that. [Walpole, ii. 231: Details of the Siege, ib. 218–225; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi. 256, 312–313, 358; in *Adelung*, vii.; *And Byng's effigy was burnt all over England. And mobs attempt to burn his Seat and Park; and satires and caricatures and firebrands are coming out: and the poor Constitutional Country is bent on applying surgery, if it but know how. Surgery to such indisputable abominations was certainly desirable. The new Relief Squadron, which had been despatched by Majesty's Ministry, was too late for Blakeney, but did bring home a superseded Byng.*

SPITHEAD, TUESDAY, 27th JULY, The superseded Byng arrives; is punctually arrested, on arriving: "Him we will hang directly:— is there anything else we can try [except, perhaps, it were hanging of ourselves, and our fine methods of procedure], by way of remedying you?"—War against France, now a pretty plain thing, had been "declared," 17th May (French counter-declaring, 9th June): and, under a Duke of Newcastle and a Hero of Culloden, not even pulling one way, but two ways; and a Talking-Apparatus full of discords at this time, and pulling who shall say how many ways,— the prospects of carrying on said War are none of the best. Lord Loudon, a General without skill, and commanding, as Pitt declares, "a scroll of Paper hitherto" (a good few thousands marked on it, and perhaps their Colonels even named), is about going for America; by no means yet gone, a long way from gone: and, if the Laws of Nature be suspended—Enough of all that!

KING FRIEDRICH'S ENIGMA GETS MORE AND MORE STRINGENT.

Friedrich's situation, in those fatefully questionable months and for many past (especially from January 16th to July),—readers must imagine it, for there is no description possible. In many intricacies Friedrich has been; but never, I reckon, in any equal to this. Himself certain what the Two Imperial Women have vowed against him; self and Winterfeld certain of that sad truth; and all other mortals ready to deny it, and fly delirious on hint of it, should he venture to act in consequence! Friedrich's situation is not unimaginable, when (as can now be done by candid inquirers who will take trouble enough) the one or two internal facts of it are disengaged from the roaring ocean of clamorous delusions which then enveloped them to everybody, and are held steadily in view, said ocean being well run off to the home of it very deep underground. Lies do fall silent; truth waits to be recognized, not always in vain. No reader ever will conceive the strangling perplexity of that situation, now so remote and extinct to us. All I can do is, to set down what features of it have become indisputable; and leave them as detached tracteries, as fractions of an outline, to coalesce into something of image where they can.

Winterfeld's opinion was, for some time past, distinct: "Attack them; since it is certain they only wait to attack us!" But Friedrich would by no means listen to that. "We must not be the aggressor, my friend; that would spoil all. Perhaps the English will pacify the Russian CATIN for me; tie her, with packthreads, bribes and intrigues, from stirring? Wait, watch!" Fiery Winterfeld, who hates the French, who despises the Austrians, and thinks the Prussian Army a considerable Fact in Politics, has great schemes: far too great for a practical Friedrich. "Plunge into the Austrians with a will: Prussian Soldierly,—can Austrians resist it? Ruin them, since they are bent on ruining us. Stir up the Hungarian Protestants; try all things. Home upon our implacable enemies, sword drawn, scabbard flung away! And the French,—what are the French? Our King should be Kaiser of Teutschland; and he can, and he may:—the French would then be quieter!" These things Winterfeld carried in his head; and comrades have heard them from him over wine. [Retzow, i. 43, To all which Friedrich, if any whisper of them ever got to Friedrich, would answer one can guess how.

It is evident, Friedrich had not given up his hope (indeed, for above a year more, he never did) that England might, by profuse bribery,——"such the power of bribery in that mad court!"—assuage, overnet with backstairs packthreads, or in some way compece the Russian delirium for him. And England, his sole Ally in the world, still tender of Austria, and unable to believe what the full intentions of Austria are; England demands much wariness in his procedures towards Austria; reiterating always, "Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!"—

His own Army, we need not say, is in perfect preparation. The Army —let us guess, 150,000 regular, or near 200,000 of all arms and kinds [Archenholtz (i, 8) counts vaguely "160,000" at this date.]— never was so perfect before or since. Old Captains in it, whom we used to know, are grayer and wiser; young, whom we heard less of, are grown veterans of trust. Schwerin, much a Cincinnatus since we last saw him, has laid down his plough again, a fervid "little Marlborough" of seventy-two;—and will never see that beautiful Schwerinsburg, and its thriving woods and farm-fields, any more. Ugly Walrave is not now chief Engineer; one Balbi, a much prettier man, is. Ugly Walrave (Winterfeld suspecting and watching him) was found out; convicted of "falsified accounts," of "sending plans to the Enemy," of who knows all what;—and sits in Magdeburg (in a thrice-safe prison-cell of his own contriving), prisoner for life. ["Arrested at Potsdam 12th February, 1748, and after trial put into the STERN at Magdeburg; sat there till he died, 16th January, 1773" (Militair-Lexikon, iv. 150–151).] The Old Dessauer is away, long since; and not the Old alone. Dietrich of Dessau is now "Guardian to his Nephew," who is a Child left Heir there. Death has been busy with the Dessauers:—but here is Prince Moritz, "the youngest, more like his Father than any of them." Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, Moritz of Dessau, Keith, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern: no one of these people has been idle, in the ten years past. Least of all, has the Chief Captain of them,—whose diligence and vigilance in that sphere, latterly, were not likely to decline!

Friedrich's Army is in the perfection of order. Ready at the hour, for many months back; but the least motion he makes with it is a subject of jealousy. Last year, on those Russian advancings and alacrities, he had marched some Regiments into Pommern, within reach of Preussen, should the Russians actually try a stroke there: "See!" cried all the world: "See!" cried the enlightened Russian Public. This year 1756, from June onwards and earlier, there are still more fatal symptoms, on the Austrian side: great and evident War-preparations; Magazines forming; Camps in Bohemia, Moravia; Camp at Konigsgratz, Camp at Prag,—handy for the Silesian Border. Friedrich knows they have deliberated on their Pretext for a War, and have fixed on what will do,—some new small Prussian-Mecklenburg brabble, which there has lately been; paltry enough recruiting-quarrel, such as often are (and has been settled mutually some time ago, this one, but is capable of being ripped up again);—and

that, on this cobweb of a pretext, they mean to draw sword when they like. Russia too has its Pretext ready. And if Friedrich hint of stirring, England whispers hoarse, England and other friends, "Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!" To keep one's sword at its sharpest, and, with an easy patient air, one's eyes vigilantly open: this is nearly all that Friedrich can do, in neighborhood of such portentous imminencies. He has many critics, near and far;—for instance:—

BERLIN, 31st JULY, 1756, Excellency Valori writes to Versailles: ... "to give you account of a Conversation I have had, a day or two ago, with the Prince of Prussia [August Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent], who honors me with a particular confidence,"—and who appears to be, privately, like some others, very strong in the Opposition view. "He talked to me of the present condition of the King his Brother, of his Brother's apprehensions, of his military arrangements, of the little trust placed in him by neighbors, of their hostile humor towards him, and of many other things which this good Prince [little understanding them, as would appear, or the dangerous secret that lay under them] did not approve of. The Prince then said,"—listen to what the Prince of Prussia said to Valori, one of the last days of July, 1756,—

"There is an Anecdote which continually recurs to me, in the passes we are got to at present. Putting the case we might be attacked by Russia, and perhaps by Austria, the late Rothenburg was sent [as readers know], on the King's part, to Milord Tyrconnel, to know of him what, in such case, were the helps he might reckon on from France. Milord enumerated the various helps; and then added [being a blustering Irishman, sent hither for his ill tongue]: "Helps enough, you observe, Monsieur; but, MORBLEU, if you deceive us, you will be squelched (VOUS SEREZ ECRASES)!" The King my 'Brother was angry enough at hearing such a speech: but, my dear Marquis,' and the Prince turned full upon me with a face of inquiry, 'Can the thing actually come true? And do you think it can be the interest of your Master [and his Scarlet Woman] to abandon us to the fury of our enemies? Ah, that cursed Convention [Neutrality-Convention with England]! I would give a finger from my hand that it had never been concluded. I never approved of it; ask the Duc de Nivernois, he knows what we said of it together. But how return on our steps? Who would now trust us?" This Prince appeared "to be much affected by the King his Brother's situation [of which he understood as good as nothing], and agreed that he," the King his Brother, "had well deserved it." [Valori, ii, 129-131.]

This is not the first example, nor the last, of August Wilhelm's owning a heedless, good-natured tongue; considerably prone to take the Opposition side, on light grounds. For which if he found a kind of solacement and fame in some circles, it was surely at a dear rate! To his Brother, that bad habit would, most likely, be known; and his Brother, I suppose, did not speak of it at all; such his Brother's custom in cases of the kind.—Judicious Valori, by way of answer, dilated on the peculiar esteem of his Majesty Louis XV. for the Prussian Majesty,—"so as my Instructions direct me to do;" and we hear no more of the Prince of Prussia's talk, at this time; but shall in future; and may conjecture a great deal about the atmosphere Friedrich had now to live in. A Friedrich undergoing, privately, a great deal of criticism: "Mad tendency to war; lust of conquest; contempt for his neighbors, for the opinion of the world;—no end of irrational tendencies:" [Ib. ii. 124-151 ("July 27th-August 21st").] from persons to whom the secret of his Problem is deeply unknown.

One wise thing the English have done: sent an Excellency Mitchell, a man of loyalty, of sense and honesty, to be their Resident at Berlin. This is the noteworthy, not yet much noted, Sir Andrew Mitchell; by far the best Excellency England ever had in that Court. An Aberdeen Scotchman, creditable to his Country: hard-headed, sagacious; sceptical of shows; but capable of recognizing substances withal, and of standing loyal to them, stubbornly if needful; who grew to a great mutual regard with Friedrich, and well deserved to do so; constantly about him, during the next seven years; and whose Letters are among the perennially valuable Documents on Friedrich's History. [Happily secured in the British Museum; and now in the most perfect order for consulting (thanks to Sir F. Madden "and three years' labor" well invested);— should certainly, and will one day, be read to the bottom, and cleared of their darknesses, extrinsic and intrinsic (which are considerable) by somebody competent.]

Mitchell is in Berlin since June 10th. Mitchell, who is on the scene itself, and looking into Friedrich with his own eyes, finds the reiterating of that "Beware, your Majesty!" which had been his chief task hitherto, a more and more questionable thing; and suggests to him at last: "Plainly ask her Hungarian Majesty, What is your meaning by those Bohemian Campings?" "Pshaw," answers Friedrich: "Nothing but some ambiguous answer, perhaps with insult in it!"—nevertheless thinks better; and determines to do so. [Mitchell Papers.]

Chapter IV. FRIEDRICH PUTS A QUESTION AT VIENNA, TWICE OVER.

July 18th, 1756, Friedrich despatches an Express to Graf von Klinggraf, his Resident at Vienna (an experienced man, whom we have seen before in old Carteret, "Conference-of-Hanau" times), To demand audience of the Empress; and, in the fittest terms, friendly and courteous, brief and clear, to put that question of Mitchell's suggesting. "Those unwonted Armaments, Camps in Bohmen, Camps in Mahren, and military movements and preparations," Klinggraf is to say, "have caused anxiety in her Majesty's peaceable Neighbor of Prussia; who desires always to continue in peace; and who requests hereby a word of assurance from her Majesty, that these his anxieties are groundless." Friedrich himself hopes little or nothing from this; but he has done it to satisfy people about him, and put an end to all scruples in himself and others. The Answer may be expected in ten or twelve days.

And, about the same time,—likely enough, directly after, though there is no date given, to a fact which is curious and authentic,—Friedrich sent for two of his chief Generals, to Potsdam, for a secret Conference with Winterfeld and him. The Generals are, old Schwerin and General Retzow Senior,—Major-General Retzow, whom we used to hear of in the Silesian Wars,—and whose Son reports on this occasion. Conference is on this Imminency of War, and as to what shall be done in it. Friedrich explains in general terms his dangers from Austria and Russia, his certainty that Austria will attack him; and asks, Were it, or were it not, better to attack Austria, as is our Prussian principle in such case? Schwerin and Retzow—Schwerin first, as the eldest; and after him Retzow, "who privately has charge from the Prussian Princes to do it"—opine strongly: That indications are uncertain, that much seems inevitable which does not come; that in a time of such tumultuous whirlings and unexpected changes, the true rule is, Watch well, and wait.

After enough of this, with Winterfeld looking dissent but saying almost nothing, Friedrich gives sign to Winterfeld;—who spreads out, in their lucidest prearranged order, the principal Menzel-Weingarten Documents; and bids the two Military Gentlemen read. They read; with astonishment, are forced to believe; stand gazing at one another;—and do now take a changed tone. Schwerin, "after a silence of everybody for some minutes,"—"bursts out like one inspired; 'If War is to be and must be, let us start to-morrow; seize Saxony at once; and in that rich corny Country form Magazines for our Operations on Bohemia!'" [Retzow, i. 39.]

That is privately Friedrich's own full intention. Saxony, with its Elbe River as Highway, is his indispensable preliminary for Bohemia: and he will not, a second time, as he did in 1744 with such results, leave it in an unsecured condition. Adieu then, Messieurs; silent: AU REVOIR, which may be soon! Retzow Junior, a rational, sincere, but rather pipe-clayed man, who is wholly to be trusted on this Conference, with his Father for authority, has some touches of commentary on it, which indicate (date being 1802) that till the end of his life, or of Prince Henri his Patron's, there remained always in some heads a doubt as to Friedrich's wisdom in regard to starting the Seven-Years War, and to Schwerin's entire sincerity in that inspired speech. And still more curious, that there was always, at Potsdam as elsewhere, a Majesty's Opposition Party; privately intent to look at the wrong side; and doing it diligently,—though with lips strictly closed for most part; without words, except well-weighed and to the wise: which is an excellent arrangement, for a Majesty and Majesty's Opposition, where feasible in the world!—

From Retzow I learn farther, that Winterfeld, directly on the back of this Conference, took a Tour to the Bohemian Baths, "To Karlsbad, or Toplitz, for one's health;" and wandered about a good deal in those Frontier Mountains of Bohemia, taking notes, taking sketches (not with a picturesque view); and returned by the Saxon Pirna Country, a strange stony labyrinth, which he guessed might possibly be interesting soon. The Saxon Commandant of the Konigstein, lofty Fortress of those parts, strongest in Saxony, was of Winterfeld's acquaintance: Winterfeld called on this Commandant; found his Konigstein too high for cannonading those neighborhoods, but that there was at the base of it a new Work going on; and that the Saxons were, though languidly, endeavoring to bestir themselves in matters military. Their entire Army at present is under 20,000; but, in the course of next Winter, they expect to have it 40,000. Shall be of that force, against Season 1757. No doubt Winterfeld's gatherings and communications had their uses at Potsdam, on his getting home from this Tour to Toplitz.

Meanwhile, Klinggraf has had his Audience at Vienna; and has sped as ill as could have been expected. The

Answer given was of supercilious brevity; evasive, in effect null, and as good as answering, That there is no answer. Two Accounts we have, as Friedrich successively had them, of this famed passage: FIRST, Klinggraf's own, which is clear, rapid, and stands by the essential; SECOND, an account from the other side of the scenes, furnished by Menzel of Dresden, for Friedrich's behoof and ours; which curiously illustrates the foregoing, and confirms the interpretation Friedrich at once made of it. This is Menzel's account; in other words, the Saxon Envoy at Vienna's, stolen by Menzel.

July 26th, it appears, Klinggraf—having applied to Kaunitz the day before, who noticed a certain flurry in him, and had answered carelessly, "Audience? Yes, of course; nay I am this moment going to the Empress: only you must tell me about what?"—was admitted to the Imperial Presence, he first of many that were waiting. Imperial Presence held in its hand a snip of Paper, carefully composed by Kaunitz from the data, and read these words: "DIE BEDENKLICHEN UMSTANDE, The questionable circumstances of the Time have moved me to consider as indispensably necessary those measures which, for my own security and for defence of my Allies, I am taking, and which otherwise do not tend the least towards injury of anybody whatsoever;"—and adding no syllable more, gave a sign with her hand, intimating to Klinggraf that the Interview was done. Klinggraf strode through the Antechamber, "visibly astonished," say on-lookers, at such an Answer had. Answer, in fact, "That there is no answer," and the door flung in your face! [*Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 772. In Valori, ii. 128, Friedrich's little Paper of INSTRUCTIONS to Klinggraf; this Vienna ANSWER to it, ib. 138:—see ib. 138, 162; and *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 214–221.]

Friedrich, on arrival of report from Klinggraf, and without waiting for the Menzel side of the scenes, sees that the thing is settled. Writes again, however (August 2d, probably the day after, or the same day, Klinggraf's Despatch reached him); instructing Klinggraf To request "a less oracular response;" and specially, "If her Imperial Majesty (Austria and Russia being, as is understood, in active League against, him) will say, That Austria will not attack him this year or the next?" Draw up memorial of that, Monsieur Klinggraf; and send us the supercilious No-Answer: till which arrive we do not cross the Frontier,—but are already everywhere on march to it, in an industrious, cunningly devised, evident and yet impenetrably mysterious manner.

Excellency Valori never saw such activity of military preparation: such Artillery, "2,000 big pieces in the Park here;" Regiments, Wagon-trains, getting under way everywhere, no man can guess whitherward; "drawn up in the Square here, they know not by what Gate they are to march." By three different Gates, I should think;—mysteriously, in Three Directions, known only to King Friedrich and his Adjutant-General, all these Regiments in Berlin and elsewhere are on march. Towards Halle (Leipzig way); towards Brietzen (Wittenberg and Torgau way); towards Bautzen neighborhood,—towards Three settled Points of the Saxon Frontier; will step across the instant the supercilious No-Answer comes to hand. Are to converge about Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland;— about 65,000 strong, equipped as no Army before or since has been;—and take what luck there may be.

Bruhl and Polish Majesty's Army, still only about 18,000, have their apprehensions of such visit: but what can they do? The Saxon Army draws out into Camp, at sight of this mysterious marching; strong Camp "in the angle of Elbe and Mulde Rivers;"—then draws in again; being too weak for use. And is thinking, Menzel informs us, to take post in the stony labyrinthic Pirna Country: such the advice an Excellency Broglio has given;—French Excellency, now in Dresden; Marechal de Broglio's Son, and of little less explosive nature than his Father was. Bruhl and Polish Majesty, guessing that the hour is come, are infinitely interested. Interested, not flurried. "Austrian-Russian Anti-Prussian Covenant!" say Bruhl and Majesty, rather comfortably to themselves: "We never signed it. WE never would sign anything; what have we to do with it? Courage; steady; To Pirna, if they come! Are not Excellency Broglio, and France, and Austria, and the whole world at our back?"

It was full three weeks before Klinggraf's Message of Answer could arrive at Berlin. Of Friedrich in the interim, launching such a world-adventure, himself silent, in the midst of a buzzing Berlin, take these indications, which are luminous enough. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick is to head one of the Three "Columns." Duke Ferdinand, Governor of Magdeburg, is now collecting his Column in that neighborhood, chiefly at Halle; whitherward, or on what errand, is profoundly unknown. Unknown even to Ferdinand, except that it is for actual Service in the Field. Here are two Friedrich Letters (ruggedly Official, the first of them, and not quite peculiar to Ferdinand), which are worth reading:—

THE KING TO DUKE FERDINAND OF BRUNSWICK.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

"POTSDAM, 15th August, 1756.

"For time of Field–Service I have made the arrangement, That for the Subaltern Officers of your regiment, over and above their ordinary Equipage–moneys, there shall, to each Subaltern Officer, and once for all, be Eight Thalers [twenty–four shillings sterling] advanced. That sum [eight thalers per subaltern] shall be paid to the Captain of every Company; and besides this there shall, monthly, Two Thalers be deducted from the Subaltern's Pay, and be likewise paid over to the Captain:—in return for which, He is to furnish Free Table for the Subalterns throughout the Campaign, and so long as the regiment is in the field.

"Of the Two Baggage–carts per Company, the regiment shall take only One, and leave the other at home. No Officer, let him be who or of what title he will, Generals not excepted, shall take with him the least of Silver Plate, not even a silver spoon. Whoever wants, therefore, to keep table, great or small (TAFEL ODER TISCH), must manage the same with tin utensils;—without exception, be he who he will.

"Each Captain shall take with him a little Cask of Vinegar; of which, as soon as the regiments get to Camp, he must give me reckoning, and I will then have him repaid. This Vinegar shall solely and exclusively be employed for this purpose, That in places where the water is bad, there be poured into it, for the soldiers, a few drops of the vinegar, to correct the water, and thereby preserve them from illnesses.

"So soon as the regiment gets on march, the Women who have permission to follow are put under command of the Profoss; that thereby all plunderings and disorders may the more be guarded against. If the Captains and Officers take Grooms (JAGER) or the like Domestics, there can muskets be given to these, that use may be had of them, in case of an attack in quarters, or on march, when a WAGENBURG (wagon–fortress) is to be formed. ... FRIEDRICH." [Preuss, ii. 6, 7.]

SAME TO SAME (Confidential, this one).

"POTSDAH, 24th August.

... "Make as if you were meaning to go into Camp at Halle. The reason why I stop you is, that the Courier from Vienna has not yet come. We must therefore reassure the Saxon neighborhood. ... I have been expecting answer from hour to hour; cannot suitably begin a War–Expedition till it come; do therefore apprise Your Dilection, though under the deepest secrecy.

"And it is necessary, and my Will is, That, till farther order, you keep all the regiments and corps belonging to your Column in the places where they are when this arrives. And shall, meanwhile, with your best skill mask all this, both from the Town of Halle, and from the regiments themselves; making, in conformity with what I said yesterday, as if you were a Corps of Observation come to encamp here, and were waiting the last orders to go into camp.

FRIEDRICH." [Ib. ii. 7, 8.]

And in regard to the Vienna Courier, and Friedrich's attitude towards that Phenomenon, read only these Two Notes:—

1. FRIEDRICH TO THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA AND THE PRINCESS AMELIA (at Berlin)

POTSDAM, "25th August," 1756.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, MY DEAR SISTER,—I write to you both at once, for want of time. I will follow the advice you are so good as give me; and will take leave of the Queen [our dear Mamma] by Letter. And that the reading of my Letter may not frighten her, I will send it by my Sister, to be presented in a favorable moment.

"I have yet got no Answer from Vienna; by Klinggraf's account, I shall not receive it till to–morrow [came this night], But I count myself surer of War than ever; as the Austrians have named Generals, and their Army is ordered to march, from Kolin to Konigsgratz"—Schlesien way. "So that, expecting nothing but a haughty Answer, or a very uncertain one, on which there will be no reliance possible, I have arranged everything for setting out on Saturday next. To–morrow, so soon as the news comes, I will not fail to let you know. Assuring you that I am, with a perfect affection, my dear Brother and my dear Sister,—Yours,—F." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 155.]

Answer comes from Klinggraf that same night. Once more, an Answer almost worse than could have been expected. "The 'League with Russia against you' is nonextant, a thing of your imagination: Have not we already answered?" [In *Gesammelte Urkunden*, i. 217: Klinggraf's second question (done by Letter this time), "18th August;" Maria Theresa's Answer, "21st August,"] Whereupon,

2. FRIEDRICH TO THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

POTSDAM, "26th August," 1756.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have already written to the Queen; softening things as much as I could [Letter lost]. My Sister, to whom I address the Letter, will deliver it.

"You have seen the Paper I sent to Klinggraf. Their Answer is 'That they have not made an Offensive Alliance with Russia against me.' The Answer is impertinent, high and contemptuous; and of the Assurance that I required [as to This Year and next], not one word. So that the sword alone can cut this Gordian Knot. I am innocent of this War; I have done what I could to avoid it; but whatever be one's love of peace, one cannot and must not sacrifice to that, one's safety and one's honor. Such, I believe, will be your opinion too, from the sentiments I know in you. At present, our one thought must be, To do War in such a way as may cure our Enemies of their wish to break Peace again too soon. I embrace you with all my heart. I have had no end of business (TERRIBLEMENT A FAIRE)."—F. [*OEuvres*, xxvi. 116.]

THE MARCH INTO SAXONY, IN THREE COLUMNS.

Ahead of that last Note, from an earlier hour of the same day, Thursday, 26th August, there is speeding forth, to all Three Generals of Division, this Order (take Duke Ferdinand's copy):---

{not in original} ^ ++++++

"I hereby order that Your Dilection (EW. LIEBDEN), with all the regiments and corps in the Column standing under your command, Shall now, without more delay, get on march, on the 29th inst.; and proceed, according to the March-Tables and Instructions already given, to execute what Your Dilection has got in charge."--F.

The same Thursday, 26th, Excellency Mitchell, informed by Podewils of the King's wish to see him at Potsdam, gets under way from Berlin; arrives "just time enough to speak with the King before he sat down to supper." Very many things to be consulted of, and deliberately touched upon, with Mitchell and England; no end of things and considerations, for England and King Friedrich, in this that is now about to burst forth on an astonished world!--Over in London, we observe, just in the hours when Mitchell was harnessing for Potsdam, and so many Orders and Letters were speeding their swiftest in that quarter, there is going forward, on Tower-Hill yonder, the following Operation:---

"LONDON, THURSDAY, 26th AUGUST, 1756. About five in the afternoon, a noted Admiral [only in Effigy as yet; but who has been held in miserable durance, and too actual question of death or life, ever since his return: "Oh, yes indeed! Hang HIM at once",--if that can be a remedy!] was, after having been privately shown to many ladies and gentlemen, brought--in an open sedan, guarded by a number of young gentlemen under arms, with drums beating, colors flying--to Tower-Hill, where a Gallows had been erected for him at six the same morning. He was richly dressed, in a blue and gold coat, buff waistcoat, trimmed, in full uniform. When brought under the Gallows, he stayed a small space, till his clergyman (a chimney-sweeper) had given him some admonitions: that done, he was drawn, by pulleys, to the top of the Gallows, which was twenty feet high; every person expressing as much satisfaction as if it had been the real man.

"He remained there, guarded by the above volunteers, without any molestation, two hours; when, upon a supposition of being obstructed by the Governor of the Tower, some sailors appeared, who wanted to pull him down, in order to drag him along the streets. But a fire being kindled, which consisted of tar-barrels, fagots, tables, tubs, he was consumed in about half an hour." [Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi. 409).]

That is their employment on Tower-Hill, over yonder, while Mitchell is getting under way to see Friedrich.

Mitchell continued at Potsdam over Friday; and was still in eager consultation that night, when the King said to him, with a certain expressiveness of glance: "BON SOIR, then;--To-morrow morning about four!" And on the morrow, Saturday, 28th, Mitchell reports hurriedly:---

"... Am just returned to Berlin, in time to write to your Lordship. This morning, between four and five, I took leave of the King of Prussia. Hr went immediately upon the Parade; mounted on horseback; and, after a very short exercise of his Troops, put himself at their head; and marched directly for Belitz [half-way to Brietzen, TREUENbrietzen as they call it]; where, To-morrow, he will enter the Saxon Territory,"--as, at their respective points, his two other Columns will;--and begin, who shall say what terrible game; incalculable to your Lordship and me, with such Operations afoot on Tower-Hill! [Mitchell Papers, vi. 804 ("To Lord Holderness, 28th August, 1756").]---

Seven Hussar Regiments of Duke Ferdinand's Column got the length of Leipzig that Sunday Evening, 29th; and took possession of the place. [In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 731, his "Proclamation" there, 29th August, 1756.]

Duke Ferdinand to right of the King, Duke of Brunswick–Bevern to left,—the Three Columns cross the Border, at points, say 80 miles from one another; occasionally, on the march, bending to rightwards and leftwards, to take in the principal Towns, and make settlements there, the two might be above a hundred miles from Friedrich on each hand. The length of march for each Column,—Ferdinand "from Leipzig, by Chemnitz, Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, to the Village of Cotta" (Pirna neighborhood, south of Elbe); Bevern, "through the Lausitz, by Bautzen, to Lohmen" (same neighborhood, north of Elbe); King Friedrich, to Dresden, by the course of the Elbe itself, was not far from equal, and may be called about 150 miles. They marched with diligence, not with hurry; had their pauses, rest–days, when business required. They got to their ground, with the simultaneousness appointed, on the eleventh or twelfth day.

The middle Column, under the King, where Marshal Keith is second in command, goes by Torgau (detaching Moritz of Dessau to pick up Wittenberg, and ruin the slight works there); crosses the Elbe at Torgau, September 2d; marches, cantoning itself day after day, along the southern bank of the River; leaves Meissen to the left, I perceive, does not pass through Meissen; comes first at Wilsdruf on ground where we have been,—and portions of it, I doubt not, were billeted in Kesselsdorf; and would take a glance at the old Field, if they had time. There is strict discipline in all the Columns; the authorities complying on summons, and arranging what is needful. Nobody resists; town–guards at once ground arms, and there is no soldier visible; soldiers all ebbing away, whitherward we guess. [*Helden–Geschichte*, iii. 732, 733; *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 81.]

At Wilsdruf, Friedrich first learns for certain, that the Saxon Army, with King, with Bruhl and other chief personages, are withdrawn to Pirna, to the inexpugnable Konigstein and Rock–Country. The Saxon Army had begun assembling there, September 1st, directly on the news that Friedrich was across the Border; September 9th, on Friedrich's approach, the King and Dignitaries move off thither, from Dresden, out of his way. Excellency Broglio has put them on that plan. Which may have its complexities for Friedrich, hopes Broglio,—though perhaps its still greater for some other parties concerned! For Bruhl and Polish Majesty, as will appear by and by, nothing could have turned out worse.

Meanwhile Friedrich pushes on: "Forward, all the same." Polish Majesty, dating from Struppen, in the Pirna Country, has begun a Correspondence with Friedrich, very polite on both hands; and his Adjutant–General, the Chevalier Meagher ("Chevalier de MARRE," as Valori calls him,—MA'AR, as he calls himself in Irish), has just had, at Wilsdruf, an interview with Friedrich; but is far from having got settlement on the terms he wished. Polish Majesty magnanimously assenting to "a Road through his Country for military purposes;" offers "the strictest Neutrality, strictest friendship even; has done, and will do, no injury whatever to his Prussian Majesty—["Did we ever SIGN anything?" whisper comfortably Bruhl and he to one another];—expects, therefore, that his Prussian Majesty will march on, whither he is bound; and leave him unmolested here." [*Helden–Geschichte*, iii. 774.]

That was Meagher's message; that is the purport of all his Polish Majesty's Eleven Letters to Friedrich, which precede or follow,—reiterating with a certain ovine obstinacy, insensible to time or change, That such is Polish Majesty's fixed notion: "Strict neutrality, friendship even; and leave me unmolested here." [In *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 235–260 ("29th August–10th September–18th September," 1756), are collected now, the Eleven Letters, with their Answers.] "Strict neutrality, yes: but disperse your Army, then," answers Friedrich; send your Army back to its cantonments: I must myself have the keeping of my Highway, lest I lose it, as in 1744." This is Friedrich's answer; this at first, and for some time coming; though, as the aspects change, and the dangerous elements heap themselves higher, Friedrich's answer will rise with them, and his terms, like the Sibyl's, become worse and worse. This is the utmost that Meagher, at Wilsdruf, can make of it; and this, in conceivable circumstances, will grow less and less.

Next day, September 9th, Friedrich, with some Battalions, entered Dresden, most of his Column taking Camp near by; General Wylich had entered yesterday, and is already Commandant there. Friedrich sends, by Feldmarschall Keith, highest Officer of his Column, his homages to her Polish Majesty:—nothing given us of Keith's Interview; except by a side–wind, "That Majesty complained of those Prussian Sentries walking about in certain of her corridors" (with an eye to Something, it may be feared!)—of which, doubtless, Keith undertook to make report. Friedrich himself waits upon the Junior Princes, who are left here: is polite and gracious as ever, though strict, and with business enough; lodges, for his own part, "in the Garden–House of Princess Moczinska;"—and next morning leads off his Column, a short march eastward, to the Pirna Country; where, on the right and on the left, Ferdinand at Cotta, Bevern at Lohmen (if readers will look on their Map), he finds the

other Two in their due positions. Head-quarter is Gross-Sedlitz (westernmost skirt of the Rock-region); and will have to continue so, much longer than had been expected.

The Diplomatic world in Dresden is in great emotion; more especially just at present. This morning, before leaving, Friedrich had to do an exceedingly strict thing: secure the Originals of those Menzel Documents. Originals indispensable to him, for justifying his new procedures upon Saxony. So that there has been, at the Palace, a Scene this morning of a very high and dissonant nature,—"Marshal Keith" in it, "Marshal Keith making a second visit" (say some loose and false Accounts);—the facts being strictly as follows.

Far from removing those Prussian sentries complained of last night, here seems to be a double strength of them this morning. And her Polish Majesty, a severe, hard-featured old Lady, has been filled with indignant amazement by a Prussian Officer—Major von Wangenheim, I believe it is—requiring, in the King of Prussia's name, the Keys of that Archive-room; Prussian Majesty absolutely needing sight, for a little while, of certain Papers there. "Enter that room? Archives of a crowned Head? Let me see the living mortal that will dare to do it!"—one fancies the indignant Polish Majesty's answer; and how, calling for materials, she "openly sealed the door in question," in Wangenheim's presence. As this is a celebrated Passage, which has been reported in several loose ways, let us take it from the primary source, Chancery style and all. Graf von Sternberg, Austrian Excellency, writing from the spot and at the hour, informs his own Court, and through that all Courts, in these solemnly Official terms:—

"DRESDEN, 10th SEPTEMBER, 1756. The Queen's Majesty, this forenoon, has called to her all the Foreign Ministers now at Dresden; and in Highest Own Person has signified to us, How, the Prussian intrusions and hostilities being already known, Highest said Queen's Majesty would now simply state what had farther taken place this morning:—

"Highest said Queen's Majesty, to wit, had, in her own name, requested the King of Prussia, in conformity with his assurances [by Keith, yesternight] of paying every regard for Her and the Royal Family, To remove the Prussian Sentries pacing about in those Corridors,"—Corridors which lead to the Secret Archives, important to some of us!—"Instead of which, the said King had not only doubled his Sentries there; but also, by an Officer, demanded the Keys of the Archive-apartment [just alluded to]! And as the Queen's Majesty, for security of all writings there, offered to seal the Door of it herself, and did so, there and then,—the said Officer had so little respect, that he clapped his own seal thereon too.

"Nor was he content therewith,"—not by any means!—"but the same Officer [having been with Wylich, Commandant here] came back, a short time after, and made for opening of the Door himself. Which being announced to the Queen's Majesty, she in her own person (HOCHSTDIESELBE, Highest—the—Same) went out again; and standing before the Door, informed him, 'How Highest—the—Same had too much regard to his Prussian Majesty's given assurance, to believe that such order could proceed from the King.' As the Officer, however, replied, 'That he was sorry to have such an order to execute; but that the order was serious and precise; and that he, by not executing it, would expose himself to the greatest responsibility,' Her Majesty continued standing before the Door; and said to the Officer, 'If he meant to use force, he might upon Her make his beginning.'" There is for you, Herr Wangenheim!—

"Upon which said Officer had gone away, to report anew to the King [I think, only to Wylich the Commandant; King now a dozen miles off, not so easily reported to, and his mind known]; and in the mean while Her Majesty had called to her the Prussian and English Ambassadors [Mahlzahn and Stormont; sorry both of them, but how entirely resourceless,—especially Mahlzahn!], and had represented and repeated to them the above; beseeching that by their remonstrances and persuasions they would induce the King of Prussia, conformably with his given assurance, to forbear. Instead, however, of any fruit from such remonstrances and urgencies, final Order came, 'That, Queen's Majesty's own Highest Person notwithstanding, force must be used.'

"Whereupon her Majesty, to avoid actual mistreatment, had been obliged to"—to become passive, and, no Keys being procurable from her, see a smith with his picklocks give these Prussians admission. Legation-Secretary Plessmann was there (Menzel one fancies sitting, rather pale, in an adjacent room [Supra, p. 266.]); and they knew what to do. Their smith opens the required Box for them (one of several "all lying packed for Warsaw," says Friedrich); from which soon taking what they needed, Wangenheim and Wylich withdrew with their booty, and readers have the fruit of it to this day. "Which unheard-of procedure, be pleased, your Excellencies, to report to your respective Courts." [*Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 222 (or "No. 26" of that

Collection); *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 83.]

Poor old Lady, what a situation! And I believe she never saw her poor old Husband again. The day he went to Pirna (morning of yesterday, September 9th, Friedrich entering in the evening), these poor Spouses had, little dreaming of it, taken leave of one another forevermore. Such profit lies in your Bruhl. Kings and Queens that will be governed by a Jesuit Guarini, and a Bruhl of the Twelve Tailors, sometimes pay dear for it. They, or their representatives, are sure to do so. Kings and Queens,—yes, and if that were all: but their poor Countries too? Their Countries;—well, their Countries did not hate Beelzebub, in his various shapes, ENOUGH. Their Countries should have been in watch against Beelzebub in the shape of Bruhls;—watching, and also "praying" in a heroic manner, now fallen obsolete in these impious times!

Chapter V. FRIEDRICH BLOCKADES THE SAXONS IN PIRNA COUNTRY.

Friedrich reckons himself to have 65,000 men in Saxony. Schwerin is issuing from Silesia, through the Glatz Mountains, for Bohemia, at the head of 40,000. The Austrian force is inferior in quantity, and far from ready:—Two "Camps" in Bohemia they have; the chief one under Browne (looking, or intending, this Saxon way), and a smaller under Piccolomini, in the Konigshof–Kolin region:—if well run into from front and rear, both Browne and Piccolomini might be beautifully handled; and a gash be cut in Austria, which might incline her to be at peace again! Nothing hinders but this paltry Camp of the Saxons; itself only 18,000 strong, but in a Country of such strength. And this does hinder, effectually while it continues: "How march to Bohemia, and leave the road blocked in our rear?"

The Saxon Camp did continue,--unmanageable by any method, for five weeks to come; the season of war–operations gone, by that time:-- and Friedrich's First Campaign, rendered mostly fruitless in this manner, will by no means check the Austrian truculencies, as by his velocity he hoped to do. No; but, on the contrary, will rouse the Austrians, French and all Enemies, to a tenfold pitch of temper. And bring upon himself, from an astonished and misunderstanding Public, such tempests and world–tornadoes of loud–roaring obloquy, as even he, Friedrich, had never endured before.

To readers of a touring habit this Saxon Country is perhaps well known. For the last half–century it has been growing more and more famous, under the name of "Saxon Switzerland (SACHSISCHE SCHWEITZ)," instead of "Misnian Highlands (MEISSNISCHE HOCHLAND)," which it used to be called. A beautiful enough and extremely rugged Country; interesting to the picturesque mind. Begins rising, in soft Hills, on both sides of the Elbe, a few miles east of Dresden, as you ascend the River; till it rises into Hills of wild character, getting ever wilder, and riven into wondrous chasms and precipices. Extends, say almost twenty miles up the River, to Tetschen and beyond, in this eastern direction; and with perhaps ten miles of breadth on each side of the River: area of the Rock– region, therefore, is perhaps some four hundred square miles. The Falkenberg (what we should call HAWKSCRAG) northeastward in the Lausitz, the Schneeberg (SNOW MOUNTAIN), southeastward on the Bohemian border, are about thirty–five miles apart: these two are both reckoned to be in it,—its last outposts on that eastern side. But the limits of it are fixed by custom only, and depend on no natural condition.

We might define it as the Sandstone NECK of the Metal Mountains: a rather lower block, of Sandstone, intercalated into the Metal– Mountain range, which otherwise, on both hands, is higher, and of harder rocks. Southward (as SHOULDER to this sandstone NECK) lies, continuous, broad and high, the "Metal–Mountain range" specially so called: northward and northeastward there rise, beyond that Falkenberg, many mountains, solitary or in groups,—"the Metal Mountains" fading out here into "the Lausitz Hills," still in fine picturesque fashion, which are Northern Border to the great Bohemian "Basin of the Elba," after you emerge from this Sandstone Country.

Saxon Switzerland is not very high anywhere; 2,000 feet is a notable degree of height: but it is torn and tumbled into stone labyrinths, chasms and winding rock–walls, as few regions are. Grows pinewood, to the topmost height; pine–trees far aloft look quietly down upon you, over sheer precipices, on your intricate path. On the slopes of the Hills is grass enough; in the intervals are Villages and husbandries, are corn and milk for the laborious natives,—who depend mainly on quarrying, and pine–forest work: pines and free–stone, rafts of long slim pines, and big stone barges, are what one sees upon the River there. A Note, not very geological, says of it:—

"Elbe sweeps freely through this Country, for ages and aeons past; curling himself a little into snake–figure, and with increased velocity, but silent mostly, and trim to the edge, a fine flint– colored river;—though in aeons long anterior, it must have been a very different matter for torrents and water–power. The Country is one huge Block of Sandstone, so many square miles of that material; ribbed, channelled, torn and quarried, in this manner, by the ever– busy elements, for a million of Ages past! Chiefly by the Elbe himself, since he got to be a River, and became cosmic and personal; ceasing to be a mere watery chaos of Lakes and Deluges hereabouts. For the Sandstone was of various degrees of hardness; tenacious as marble some parts of it, soft almost as sand other parts. And the primordial diluviums and world–old torrents, great and small, rushing down from the Bohemian

Highlands, from the Saxon Metal Mountains, with such storming, gurgling and swashing, have swept away the soft parts, and left the hard standing in this chaotic manner, and bequeathed it all to the Elbe, and the common frosts and rains of these human ages.

"Elbe has now a trim course; but Elbe too is busy quarrying and mining, where not artificially held in;—and you notice at every outlet of a Brook from the interior, north side and south side, how busy the Brook has been. Boring, grinding, undermining; much helped by the frosts, by the rains. AEons ago, the Brook was a lake, in the interior; but was every moment laboring to get out; till it has cut for itself that mountain gullet, or sheer-down chasm, and brought out with it an Alluvium or Delta,—on which, since Adam's time, human creatures have built a Hamlet. That is the origin, or unwritten history, of most hamlets and cultivated spots you fall in with here: they are the waste shavings of the Brook, working millions of years, for its own object of getting into the Elbe in level circumstances. Ploughed fields, not without fertility, are in the interior, if you ascend that Brook; the Hamlet, at the delta or mouth of it, is as if built upon its TONGUE and into its GULLET: think how picturesque, in the November rains, for example!

"The road" one road, "from Dresden to Aussig, to Lobositz, Budin, Prag, runs up the river-brink (south brink); or, in our day, as Prag-Dresden Railway, thunders through those solitudes; strangely awakening their echoes; and inviting even the bewildered Tourist to reflect, if he could. The bewildered Tourist sees rock-walls heaven-high on both hands of him; River and he rushing on between, by law of gravitation, law of ennui (which are laws of Nature both), with a narrow strip of sky in full gallop overhead; and has little encouragement to reflect, except upon his own sorrows, and delirious circumstances, physical and moral. 'How much happier, were I lying in my bed!' thinks the bewildered Tourist;—does strive withal to admire the Picturesque, but with little success; notices the 'BASTEI (Bastion),' and other rigorously prescribed points of the Sublime and Beautiful, which are to be 'done.' That you will have to DO, my friend: step out, you will have to go on that Pinnacle, with indifferent Hotel attached; on that iron balcony, aloft among the clouds yonder; and shudder to project over Elbe-flood from such altitudes, admiring the Picturesque in prescribed manner.

"This Country has for its permanent uses, timber, free-stone, modicum of milk and haver, serviceable to the generality;—and to his Polish Majesty, at present, it is as the very Ark of Noah: priceless at this juncture; being the strongest military country in the world. Excellent strength in it; express Fortresses; especially one Fortress called the Konigstein, not far from Schandau, of a towering precipitous nature, with 'a well 900 feet deep' in it, and pleasant Village outside at the base;—Fortress which is still, in our day, reckoned a safe place for the Saxon Archives and preciousities. Impregnable to gunpowder artillery; not to be had except by hunger. And then, farther down the River, close by Pirna, presiding over Pirna, as that Konigstein in some sort does over Schandau, is the Sonnenstein: Sonnenstein too was a Fortress in those days of Friedrich, but not impregnable, if judged worth taking. The Austrians took it, a year or two hence; Friedrich retook it, dismantled it: 'the Sonnenstein is now a Madhouse,' say the Guide-books.

"Sonnenstein stands close east or up-stream of Pirna, which is a town of 5,000 souls, by much the largest in those parts; Konigstein a little down-stream of Schandau, which latter is on the opposite or north side of the River. These are the two chief Towns, which do all the trade of this region; picturesque places both:— the Tourist remembers Pirna? Standing on its sleek table or stair-step, by the River's edge; well above floodmark; green, shaggy or fringy mountains looking down on it to rearward; in front, beyond the River, nothing visible but mile-long cream-colored rock-wall, with bushes at bottom and top, wall quarried by Elbe, as you can see. Pirna is near the beginning [properly END, but we start from Dresden] or western extremity of Saxon Schweitz. Schandau, almost at the opposite or eastern extremity, is still more picturesque; standing on the delta of a little Brook, with high rock-cliffs, with garden-shrubberies, sanded walks, tufts of forest-umbrage; a bright-painted, almost OPERATIC-looking place,—with spa-waters, if I recollect: "yes truly, and the "Bath Season" making its packages in great haste, breaking up prematurely, this Year (1756)!—

Directly on arriving at Gross-Sedlitz, Friedrich takes ocular survey of this Country, which is already not unknown to him. He finds that the Saxons have secured themselves within the Mountains; a rocky streamlet, Brook of Gottleube, which issues into Elbe just between Gross-Sedlitz and them, "through a dell of eighty or a hundred feet deep," serving as their first defence; well in front of the mere rocky Heights and precipices behind it, which stretch continuously along to southward, six miles or more, from Pirna and the south brink of Elbe. At Langen-Hennersdorf, which is the southernmost part, these Heights make an elbow inwards, by Leopoldshayn,

towards the Königstein, which is but four miles off; here too the Saxons are defended by a Brook (running straight towards Königstein, this one) in front of their Heights; and stand defensive, in this way, along a rock-bulwark of ten miles long: the passes all secured by batteries, by abatis, palisades, mile after mile, as Friedrich rides observant leftward: behind them, Elbe rushing swifter through his rock-walls yonder, with chasms and intricate gorges; defending them inexpugnably to rear. Six miles long of natural bulwark (six to Hennersdorf), where the gross of the Saxons lie; then to Königstein four other miles, sufficiently, if more sparsely, beset by them. "No stronger position in the world," Friedrich thinks; [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 83, 84 (not a very distinct Account; and far from accurate in the details,—which are left without effectual correction even in the best Editions).]—and that it is impossible to force this place, without a loss of life disproportionate even to its importance at present. Not to say that the Saxons will make terms all the easier, BEFORE bloodshed rise between us;—and furthermore that Hunger (for we hear they have provision only for two weeks) may itself soon do it. "Wedge them in, therefore; block every outgate, every entrance; nothing to get in, except gradually Hunger. Hunger, and on our part rational Offers, will suffice." That is Friedrich's plan; good in itself,—though the ovine obstinacy, and other circumstances, retarded the execution of it to an unexpected extent, lamentable to Friedrich and to some others.

The Prussian-Saxon military operations for the next five weeks need not detain us. Their respective positions on the Heights behind that Brook Gottleube, and on the plainer Country in front of it,— How the Prussians lie, first Division of them, from Gross-Sedlitz to Zehist, under the King; then second Division from Zehist to Cotta, and onward by "the Rothschenke" (RED-HOUSE Tavern), by Markersbach, and sparsely as far as Hellendorf on the Prag Highway; in brief, where all the Divisions of them lie, and under whom; and where the Prussians, watching Elbe itself, have Batteries and Posts on the north side of it: all this is marked on the Map; —to satisfy ingenuous curiosity, should it make tour in those parts. To which add only these straggles of Note, as farther elucidative:—

"The Saxons, between Elbe and their Lines, possess about thirty square miles of country. From Pirna or Sonnenstein to Königstein, as the crow flies, may be five miles east to west; but by Langen-Hennersdorf, and the elbow there, it will be ten: at Königstein, moreover, Elbe makes an abrupt turn northward for a couple of miles, instead of westward as heretofore, turning abruptly westward again after that: so that the Saxon 'Camp' or Occupancy here, is an irregular Trapezium, with Pirna and Königstein for vertices, and with area estimable as above,—ploughable, a fair portion of it, and not without corn of its own. So that the 'two weeks' provision' spun themselves out (short allowance aiding) to two months, before actual famine came.

... "The High-road from the Lausitz parts crosses Elbe at Pirna; falls into the Dresden-Prag High-road there; and from Pirna towards Toplitz, for the first few miles, this latter runs through the Prussian Posts; but we may guess it is not much travelled at present. North of Elbe, too, the Prussians have batteries on the fit points; detachments of due force, from Gross-Sedlitz Bridge-of-Pontoons all round to Schandau, or beyond; could fire upon the Königstein, across the River: they have plugged up the Saxon position everywhere. They have a Battery especially, and strong post, to cannonade the Bridge at Pirna, should the Saxons think of trying there. It is now the one Saxon or even Half-Saxon Bridge; Sonnenstein and Pirna command the Saxon end of it, a strong battery the Prussian end: a Bridge lying mainly idle, like the general Highway to Toplitz at this time. Beyond the Königstein, again, at a place called Wendisch-Fahre (WENDS'-FERRY), the Prussians have, by means of boats swinging wide at anchor on the swift current, what is called a Flying-bridge, with which the north side can communicate with the south. They have a post at Nieder-Raden (OBER Raden, railway station in our time, is on the south side): Nether Raden is an interesting little Hamlet, mostly invisible to mankind (built in the THROAT of the stone chasms there), from which you begin mounting to the BASTEI far aloft. A Raden to be noted, by the Tourist and us."

Little, or even nothing, of fighting there is: why should there be? The military operations are a dead-lock, and require no word. Thirty thousand, half of the Prussian Force, lie, vigilant as lynxes, blockading here; other half, 32,000, under Marshal Keith, have marched forward to Aussig, to Nollendorf on the Bohemian frontier, to clear the ways, and look into any Austrian motion thereabouts,—with whom, with some Pandour detachment of whom, Duke Ferdinand, leading the vanguard, has had a little brush among the Hills; smiting them home again, in his usual creditable way (September 13th); and taking Camp at Peterswalde, he and others of the Force, that night. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 85; ANONYMOUS OF HAMBURG, i. 19.] It is with this Keith Army, with this if with

any, that adventures are to be looked for at present.

Polish Majesty's Head-quarters are at Struppen, well in the centre of the Saxon lines; "goes always to the Konigstein to sleep." Polish Majesty's own table is, by Friedrich's permission for that special object, supplied AD LIBITUM: but the common men were at once put on short allowance, which grows always the shorter. Polish Majesty corresponds with Friedrich, as we saw; and above all, sends burning Messages to Austria, to France, to every European Court, charged with mere shrieks: "Help me; a robber has me!" In which sense, Excellencies of all kinds, especially one Lord Stormont, the English Excellency, daily running out from Dresden to Gross-Sedlitz, are passionately industrious with Friedrich; who is eager enough to comply, were there any safe means possible. But there are none. Unfortunately, too, it appears the Austrians are astir; Feldmarschall Browne actually furbishing himself at Prag yonder with an eye hitherward, and extraordinary haste and spirit shown: which obliges Friedrich to rise in his demands; ovine obstinacy, on the other side, naturally increasing from the same cause.

"Polish Majesty, we say, has liberty to bring in proviant for self and suite, rigorously for no mortal more; and he lives well, in the culinary sense,—surely for most part 'in his dressing-gown,' too, poor loose collapsed soul! Bruhl and he have plenty of formal business: but their one real business is that of crying, by estafettes and every conceivable method, to Austria, 'Get us out of this!' To which Austria has answered, 'Yes; only patience, and be steady!'—Friedrich's head-quarters are at Sedlitz; and the negotiating and responding which he has, transcends imagination. His first hope was, Polish Majesty might be persuaded to join with him;—on the back of that, certainty, gradually coming, that Polish Majesty never would; and that the Austrians would endeavor a rescue, were they once ready. Starvation, or the Austrians, which will be first here? is the question; and Friedrich studies to think it will be the former. At all events, having settled on the starvation method, and seen that all his posts are right, we perceive he does not stick close by Sedlitz; but runs now hither now thither; is at Torgau, where an important establishment, kind of New Government for Saxony, on the Finance side, is organizing itself. What his work with Ambassadors was, and how delicate the handling needed, think!"—Here is another Clipping:—

... "Polish Majesty passes the day at Struppen, amid many vain noises of Soldiering, of Diplomating; the night always at Konigstein, and finally both day and night,—quite luxuriously accommodated, Bruhl and he, to the very end of this Affair. Towards Struppen [this is weeks farther on, but we give it here],— Comte de Broglio [Old Broglio's elder Son, younger is in the Military line], who is Ambassador to his Saxon-Polish Majesty, sets out from Dresden for an interview with said Majesty. At the Prussian lines, he is informed, 'Yes, you can go; but, without our King's Order, you cannot return.' 'What? The Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador, and treated in this way? I will go to where the Polish King is, and I will return to my own King, so often as I find business: stop me at your peril!' and threatened and argued, and made a deal of blustering noise;—far too much, thinks Valori; think the Prussian Officers, who are sorry, but inflexible. Margraf Karl, Commandant of the place, in absence of King Friedrich (who is gone lately, on a Business we shall hear of), earnestly dissuaded Excellency Broglio; but it was to no purpose. Next day Broglio appeared in his state-carriage, formally demanding entrance, free thoroughfare: 'Do you dare refuse me?' 'Yes,' answered Margraf Karl; 'we do and must.' Indignant Broglio reappeared, next day, on foot; Lieutenant-General Prince Friedrich Eugen of Wurtemberg the chief man in charge: 'Do you dare?' 'Indubitably, Yes;'—and Broglio still pushing on incredulous, Eugen actually raised his arm,—elbow and fore-arm across the breast of Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador,—who recoiled, to Dresden, in mere whirlwinds of fire; and made the most of it [unwisely, thinks Valori] in writing to Court. [Valori, ii. 349, 209, 353 ("Wednesday, 6th October," the day of it, seemingly); ib. i. 312, Court, in high dudgeon, commanded Valori to quit Berlin without taking leave. Valori, in his private capacity, wrote an Adieu; [Friedrich's kind Letter in answer to it, "2d November, 1756," in Valori, i. 313.] and in his public, as the fact stood, That he was gone without Adieu."

And the Dauphiness, daughter of those injured Polish Majesties, fell on her knees (Pompadour permitting and encouraging) at the feet of Most Christian Majesty; on her knees, all in passion of tears; craved help and protection to her loved old Mother, in the name of Nature and of all Kings: could any King resist? And his Pompadour was busy: "Think of that noble Empress, who calls me COUSIN AND DEAR PRINCESS; think of that insolent Prussian Robber: Ah, your Majesty:"—and King Louis, though not a hating man, did privately dislike Friedrich; and evil speeches of Friedrich's had been reported to him. And, in short, the upshot was: King Louis, bound only to 24,000 for help of Austria, determined to send, and did send, above 100,000 across the Rhine, next

Year, for that object; as will be seen. And all Frenchmen—all except Belleisle, who is old—are charmed with these new energetic measures, and beautiful new Austrian connections.

Certain it is, the Austrians are coming, her Imperial Majesty bent with all her might on relief of those Saxon martyrs; which indeed is relief of herself, as she well perceives: "Courage, my friends; endure yet a little!" Messengers smuggle themselves through the Mountain paths, and go and return, though with difficulty.

Since September 19th, the Correspondence with Polish Majesty has ceased: no persuading of the Polish Majesty. Winterfeld went twice to him; conferred at large, Bruhl forbidden to be there, on the actual stringencies and urgencies of Fact between the Two Countries; but it was with no result at all. Polish Majesty has not the least intention that Saxony shall be even a Highway for Friedrich, if at any time Polish Majesty can hinder it: "Neutrality," therefore, will not do for Friedrich; he demands Alliance, practical Partnership; and to that his Polish Majesty is completely abhorrent. Diplomating may cease; nothing but wrestle of fight will settle this matter.

Friedrich, able to get nothing from the Sovereign of Saxony, is reduced to grasp Saxony itself: and we can observe him doing it; always the closer, always the more carefully, as the complicacy deepens, and the obstinacy becomes more dangerous and provoking. What alternative is there? On first entering Saxony, Friedrich had made no secret that he was not a mere bird of passage there. At Torgau, there was at once a "Field-Commissariat" established, with Prussian Officials of eminence to administer, the Military Chest to be deposited there, and Torgau to be put in a state of defence. Torgau, our Saxon Metropolis of War-Finance, is becoming more and more the Metropolis of Saxon Finance in general. Saxon Officials were liable, from the first, to be suspended, on Friedrich's order. Saxon Finance-Officials, of all kinds, were from the first instructed, that till farther notice there must be no disbursements without King Friedrich's sanction. And, in fact, King Friedrich fully intends that Saxony is to help him all it can; and that it either will or else shall, in this dire pressure of perplexity, which is due in such a degree to the conduct of the Saxon Government for twelve years past. Would Saxony go with him in any form of consent, how much more convenient to Friedrich! But Saxony will not; Polish Majesty, not himself suffering hunger, is obstinate as the decrees of Fate (or as sheep, when too much put upon), regardless of considerations;—and, in fine, here is Browne actually afoot; coming to relieve Polish Majesty!—The Austrians had uncommonly bestirred themselves:—

The activity, the zeal of all ranks, ever since this expedition into Saxony, and clutching of Saxony by the throat, contemporary witnesses declare to have been extraordinary. "Horses for Piccolomini's Cavalry,—they had scarcely got their horses, not to speak of training them, not to speak of cannon and the heavier requisites, when Schwerin began marching out of Glatz on Piccolomini. As to the cannon for Browne and him, draught-cattle seem absolutely unprocurable. Whereupon Maria Theresa flings open her own Imperial Studs: "There, yoke these to our cannon; let them go their swiftest;”—which awoke such an enthusiasm, that noblemen and peasants crowded forward with their coach-horses and their cart-horses, to relay Browne, all through Bohemia, at different stages; and the cannon and equipments move to their places at the gallop, in a manner," [Archenholtz, i. 24.]—and even Browne, at the base of the Metal Mountains, has got most of his equipments. And is astir towards Pirna (Army of 60,000, rumor says), for relief of the Saxon martyrs. Friedrich's complexities are getting day by day more stringent.

From the middle of September, Marshal Keith, as was observed, with Half of the Prussians, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick under him, has been on the Bohemian slope of the Metal Mountains; securing the roads, towns and passes thereabouts, and looking out for the advance of Marshal Browne from the interior parts. Town of Aussig, and the River-road (castle of Tetschen, on its high rock known to Tourists, which always needs to be taken on such occasions), these Keith has secured. Lies encamped from Peterswalde to Aussig, the middle or main strength of him being in the Hamlet of Johnsdorf (discoverable, if readers like): there lies Keith, fifteen miles in length; like a strap, or bar, thrown across the back of that Metal-Mountain Range,—or part of its back; for the range is very broad, and there is much inequality, and many troughs, big and little, partial and general, in the crossing of it. A tract which my readers and I have crossed before now, by the "Pascopol" or Post-road and otherwise; and shall often have to cross!

Browne, vigorously astir in the interior (cannon and equipments coming by relays at such a pace), is daily advancing, with his best speed: in the last days of September, Browne is encamped at Budin; may cross the Eger River any day, and will then be within two marches of Keith. His intentions towards Pirna Country are fixed and sure; but the plan or route he will take is unknown to everybody, and indeed to Browne himself, till he see near at

hand and consider. Browne's problem, he himself knows, is abundantly abstruse,—bordering on the impossible; but he will try his best. To get within reach of the Saxons is almost impossible to Browne, even were there no Keith there. As good as impossible altogether, by any line of march, while Keith is afoot in those parts. By Aussig, down the River, straight for the interior of their Camp, it is flatly impossible: by the south or southeast corner of their Camp (Gottleube way), or by the northeast (by Schandau way, right bank of Elbe), it is virtually so,—at least without beating Keith. Could one beat Keith indeed;—but that will not be easy! And that, unluckily, is the preliminary to everything.

"By the Hellendorf–Hennersdorf side, in the wastes where Gottleube Brook gathers itself, Browne might have a chance. There, on that southeast corner of their Camp, were he once there to attack the Prussians from without, while the Saxons burst up from within,— there," thinks a good judge, "is much the favorablest place. But unless Browne's Army had wings, how is it ever to get there? Across those Metal–Mountain ranges, barred by Keith:—by Aussig, with the rocks overhanging Elbe River and him, he cannot go in any case. Were there no Keith, indeed (but there always is, standing ready on the spring), one might hold to leftward, and by stolen marches, swift, far round about—!"

"By Schandau region, north side of the Elbe, is Browne's easiest, and indeed one feasible, point of approach,—no Prussians at present between him and that; the road open, though a far circuit northward for Browne,—were he to cross the Elbe in Leitmeritz circle, and march with velocity? That too will be difficult,—nearly impossible in sight of Keith. And were that even done, the egress for the Saxons, by Schandau side, is through strait mountain gorges, intricate steep passes, crossings of the Elbe: what force of Saxons or of Austrians will drive the Prussians from their redoubts and batteries there?" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 86, 93, 96.]

Browne's problem is none of the feasiblest: but his orders are strict, "Relieve the Saxons, at all risks." And Browne, one of the ablest soldiers living ("Your Imperial Majesty's best general," said the dying Khevenhuller long since), will do his utmost upon it. Friedrich does not think the enterprise very dangerous,—beating of Keith the indispensable preliminary to it; but will naturally himself go and look into it.

Tuesday, September 28th, Friedrich quits Pirna Country by the Prag Highway; making due inspection of his Posts as he goes along; and, the outmost of these once past, drives rapidly up the Mountains; gets, with small escort, through Peterswalde on to Johnsdorf that night. Does not think this Keith position good; breaks up this "Camp of Johnsdorf" bodily next morning; and marches down the Mountains, direct towards Browne; who, we hear, is about crossing the Eger (his pontoons now come at last), and will himself be on the advance. From Turmitz, a poor mountain hamlet in the hollow of the Hills, which is head-quarters that night, the march proceeds again; Friedrich with the vanguard; Army, I think, on various country-roads, on both hands; till all get upon the Great Road again,—Prag–Toplitz–Dresden Post–road; which is called, specially in this part of it, and loosely in whole, "The Pascopol," and leads down direct to Budin and Browne.

"A 'Pascopol' famed in military annals," says our Tourist. "It is a road with many windings, many precipitous sweeps of up and down; road precipitous in structure;—offers views to the lover of wild Nature: huge lonesome Hills scattered in the distance; waste expanses nearer hand, and futile attempts at moorish agriculture; but little else that is comfortable. In times of Peace, you will meet, at long intervals, some post-vehicle struggling forward under melancholy circumstances; some cart, or dilapidated mongrel between cart and basket, with a lean ox harnessed to it, and scarecrow driver, laden with pit-coal,—which you wish safe home, and that the scarecrow were getting warmed by it. But in War-time the steep road is livelier; the common Invasion road between Saxony and Bohemia; whole Armies sweeping over it, and their thousand-fold wagons and noises making clangor enough. ... One of those Hollows, on the Pascopol, is Joachimsthal, with its old Silver Mines; yielding coins which were in request with traders, the silver being fine. 'Let my ducat be a Joachimsthal one, then!' the old trader would say: 'a JOACHIMSTHAL-ER;' or, for brevity, a 'THAL-ER;' whence THALER, and at last DOLLAR (almighty and otherwise),—now going round the world! [Busching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 178.] Pascopol finishes in Welmina Township. From the last hamlet in Welmina, at the neck of the last Hill, step downward one mile, holding rather to the left, you will come on the innocent Village of Lobositz, its poor corn-mills and huckster-shops all peaceably unknown as yet, which is soon to become very famous."

The Country-roads where Friedrich's Army is on march, I should think, are mostly on the mounting hand. For here, from Turmitz, is a trough again; though the last considerable one; and on the crest of that, we shall look down upon the Bohemian Plains and the grand Basin of the Elbe,—through various scrubby villages which are

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not nameworthy; through one called Kletschen, which for a certain reason is. Crossing the shoulder of Kletschenberg (HILL of this Kletschen), which abuts upon the Pascopol,—yonder in bright sunshine is your beautiful expansive Basin of the Elbe, and the green Bohemian Plains, revealed for a moment. Friedrich snatches his glass, not with picturesque object: "See, yonder is Feldmarschall Browne, then! In camp yonder, down by Lobositz, not ten miles from us,—[it is most true; Browne marched this morning, long before the Sun; crossed Eger, and pitched camp at noon]— Good!" thinks Friedrich. And pushes down into the Pascopol, into the hollows and minor troughs, which hide Browne henceforth, till we are quite near.

Quite near, through Welmina and a certain final gap of the Hills, Friedrich with the vanguard does emerge, "an hour before sunset;" overhanging Browne; not above a mile from the Camp of Browne. A very large Camp, that of Browne's, flanked to right by the Elbe; goes from Sulowitz, through Lobositz, to Welhoten close on Elbe;— and has properties extremely well worth studying just now! "Friedrich" the Books say, "bivouacs by a fire of sticks," short way down on the southern slope of the Hill; and till sunset and after, has eye-glass, brain, and faculties and activities sufficiently occupied for the rest of the night;—his Divisions gradually taking post behind him, under arms; "not till midnight, the very rearmost of them." ["Tuesday, 28th September, left the Camp at Sedlitz, with 8 battalions 20 squadrons, to Johnsdorf: 29th, to Turmitz,—Browne is to pass the Eger tomorrow. From the tops of the Pascopol (30th), SEE an Austrian Camp in the Plain of Lobositz. Vanguard bivouacs in the 'neck' of the two Hills or a little beyond." PRUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF CAMPAIGN 1756 (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 844–845, 840–858); *Anonymous of Hamburg*;

Chapter VI. BATTLE OF LOBOSITZ.

Welmina,—or Reschni—Aujest, last pertinent of Welmina (but we will take Friedrich's name for it), offers to the scrutinizing eye nothing, in our day, but some bewildered memory of "Alte Fritz" clinging obstinately even to the Peasant mind thereabouts. A sleepy littery place; some biggish haggard untrimmed trees, some broken-backed sleepy-looking thatched houses, not in contact, and each as far as might be with its back turned on the other, and cloaked in its own litter and privacy. Probably no human creature will be visible, as you pass through. Much straw lying about, chiefly where the few gaunt trees look down on it (cattle glad of any shelter): in fact, it is mainly an extinct tumult of straw; nothing alive, as you pass, but a few poor oxen languidly sauntering up and down, finding much to trample, little to eat. The Czech Populations (were it not for that "Question of the Nationalities") are not very beautiful!

Close south of this poor Hamlet is a big Hill, conspicuous with three peaks; quite at the other base of which, a good way down, lies Lobositz, the main Village in those parts; a place now of assiduous corn-mill and fruit trade; and one of the stations on the Dresden-Prag Railway. This Hill is what Lloyd calls the Lobosch; [Major-General Lloyd, *History of the late War in Germany, 1756-1759* (3 vols. 4to, London, 1781), i. 2-11.] twin to which, only flatter, is Lloyd's "Homolka Hill" (Hill of RADOSTITZ in more modern Plans and Books). Conspicuous Heights, and important to us here,—though I did not find the Peasants much know them under those names. By the southern shoulder of this Lobosch Hill runs the road from Welmina to Lobositz, with branches towards many other villages. To your right or southern hand, short way southward, rises the other Hill, which Lloyd calls Homolka Hill; the gap or interval between Homolka and Lobosch, perhaps a furlong in extent, is essentially the PASS through those uplands. This pass, Friedrich, at the first moment, made sure of; filling the same with battalions, there to bivouac. He likewise promptly laid hold of the two Hills, high Lobosch to his left, and lower Homolka to right; which precautionary measure it is reckoned a fault in Browne to have neglected, that night; fault for which he smarted on the morrow.

From this upland pass, or neck between the two Mountains, Friedrich's battalions would have had a fine view, had the morning shone for them: Lobositz, Leitmeritz, Melnick; a great fertile Valley, or expanse of fruitful country, many miles in breadth and length; Elbe, like a silver stripe, winding grandly through the finest of all his countries, before ducking himself into the rock-tumults of that Pirna district. The mountain gorges of Prag and Moldau River, south of Melnick, lie hidden under the horizon, or visible only as peaks, thirty miles and more to southeastward; a bright country intervening, sprinkled with steepled towns. To northwestward, far away, are the Lausitz Mountains, ranked in loose order, but massive, making a kind of range: and as outposts to them in their scattered state, Hills of good height and aspect are scattered all about, and break the uniformity of the Plain. Nowhere in North Germany could the Prussian battalions have a finer view,—if the morning were fine, and if views were their object.

The morning, first in October, was not fine; and it was far other than scenery that the Prussian battalions had in hand!—Friday, 1st October, 1756, Day should have broken: but where is day? At seven in the morning (and on till eleven), thick mist lay over the plain; thin fog to the very hill-tops; so that you cannot see a hundred yards ahead. Lobositz is visible only as through a crape; farther on, nothing but gray sea; under which, what the Austrians are doing, or whether there are any Austrians, who can say? Leftward on the Lobosch-Hill side, as we reconnoitre, some Pandours are noticeable, nestled in the vineyards there:—that sunward side of the Lobosch is all vineyards, belonging to the different Lobositzers: scrubby vineyards, all in a brown plucked state at this season. Vineyards parted by low stone walls, say three or four feet high (parted by hurdles, or by tiny trenches, in our day, and the stone walls mere stone facings): there are the Pandours crouched, and give fire in a kneeling posture when you approach. Lower down, near Lobositz itself, flickerings as of Horse squadrons, probably Hussar parties, twinkle dubious in the wavering mist. Problem wrapt in mist; nothing to be seen; and all depends on judging it with accuracy! Seven by the clock: Deploy, at any rate; let us cover our post; and be in readiness for events.

Friedrich's vanguard of itself nearly fills that neck, or space between the Lobosch and Homolka Hills. He spreads his Infantry and "hundred field-pieces," in part, rightwards along the Homolka Hill; but chiefly leftwards

along the Lobosch, where their nearest duty is to drive off those Pandours. Always as a new battalion, pushing farther leftward, comes upon its ground, the Pandours give fire on it;—and it on the Pandours; till the Left Wing is complete, and all the Lobosch is, in this manner, a crackling of Pandour musketry. and anti-musketry. Right Wing, steady to its guns on the Homolka, has as yet nothing to do. Those wings of Infantry are two lines deep; the Cavalry, in three lines, is between them in the centre; no room for Cavalry elsewhere, except on the outskirts some fringing of light horse, to be ready for emergencies.

The Pandour firing, except for the noise of it, does not amount to much; they can take no aim, says Lloyd, crouching behind their stone fences; and the Prussian Battalions, steadily pushing downwards, trample out their sputtering, and clear the Lobosch of them to a safe distance. But the ground is intricate, so wrapt in mist for the present. That crackling lasts for hours; decisive of nothing; and the mist also, and one's anxious guessings and scrutinizings, lasts in a wavering fitful manner.

Once, for some time, in the wavering of the mist, there was seen, down in the plain opposite our centre, a body of Cavalry. Horse for certain: say ten squadrons of them, or 1,500 Horse; continually manoeuvring, changing shape; now in more ranks, now in fewer; sometimes "checkerwise," formed like a draught-board; shooting out wings: they career about, one sees not whither, or vanish again into the mist behind. "Browne's rear-guard this, that we are come upon," thinks Friedrich; "these squatted Pandours, backed by Horse, must be his rear-guard, that are amusing us: Browne and the Army are off; crossing the Elbe, hastening towards the Schandau, the Pirna quarter, while we stand bickering and idly sputtering here!" —Weary of such idle business, Friedrich orders forward Twenty of his Squadrons from the centre station: "Charge me those Austrian Horse, and let us finish this." The Twenty Squadrons, preceded by a pair of field-pieces, move down hill; storm in upon the Austrian party, storm it furiously into the mist; are furiously chasing it, —when unexpected cannon-batteries, destructive case-shot, awaken on their left flank (batteries from Lobositz, one may guess); and force them to draw back. To draw back, with some loss; and rank again, in an indignantly blown condition, at the foot of their Hill. Indignant; after brief breathing, they try it once more.

"Don't try it!" Friedrich had sent out to tell them: for the mist was clearing; and Friedrich, on the higher ground, saw new important phenomena: but it was too late. For the Twenty Squadrons are again dashing forward; sweeping down whatever is before them: in spite of cannon-volleys, they plunge deeper and deeper into the mist; come upon "a ditch twelve feet broad" (big swampy drain, such as are still found there, grass-green in summer-time); clear said ditch; forward still deeper into the mist: and after three hundred yards, come upon a second far worse "ditch;" plainly impassable this one,—"ditch" they call it, though it is in fact a vile sedgy Brook, oozing along there (the MORELL BACH, considerable Brook, lazily wandering towards Lobositz, where it disembogues in rather swifter fashion);—and are saluted with cannon, from the farther side; and see serried ranks under the gauze of mist: Browne's Army, in fact! The Twenty Squadrons have to recoil out of shot-range, the faster, the better; with a loss of a good many men, in those two charges. Friedrich orders them up Hill again; much regretful of this second charge, which he wished to hinder; and posts them to rearward,—where they stand silent, the unconscious stoic-philosophers in buff, and have little farther service through the rest of the day.

It is now 11 o'clock; the mist all clearing off; and Friedrich, before that second charge, had a growing view of the Plain and its condition. Beyond question, there is Browne; not in retreat, by any means; but in full array; numerous, and his position very strong. Ranked, unattackable mostly, behind that oozy Brook, or BACH of Morell; which has only two narrow Bridges, cannon plenty on both: one Bridge from the south parts to Sulowitz (OUR road to Sulowitz and it would be by Radostitz and the Homolka); and then one other Bridge, connecting Sulowitz with Lobositz,—which latter is Browne's own Bridge, uniting right wing and left of Browne, so to speak; and is still more unattackable, in the circumstances. What will Friedrich decide on attempting?

That oozy Morell Brook issues on Browne's side of Lobositz, cutting Browne in two; but is otherwise all in Browne's favor. Browne extends through Lobositz; and beyond it, curves up to Welhoten on the River-brink; at Lobositz are visible considerable redoubts, cannon-batteries and much regular infantry. Browne will be difficult to force yonder, in the Lobositz part; but yonder alone can he be tried. He is pushing up more Infantry that way; conscious probably of that fact,—and that the Lobosch Hill is not his, but another's. What would not Browne now give for the Lobosch Hill! Yesternight he might have had it gratis, in a manner; and indeed did try slightly, with his Pandour people (durst not at greater expense),—who have now ceased sputtering, and cower extinct in the lower vineyards there. Browne, at any rate, is rapidly strengthening his right wing, which has hold of Lobositz;

pushing forward in that quarter,—where the Brook withal is of firmer bottom and more wadable. Thither too is Friedrich bent. So that Lobositz is now the key of the Battle; there will the tug of war now be.

Friedrich's cavalry is gone all to rearward. His right wing holds the Homolka Hill,—that too would now be valuable to Browne; and cannot be had gratis, as yesternight! Friedrich's left wing is on the Lobosch; Pandours pretty well extinct before it, but now from Welhoten quarter new Regulars coming on thither,—as if Browne would still take the Lobosch? Which would be victory to him; but is not now possible to Browne. Nor will long seem so;—Friedrich having other work in view for him;—meaning now to take Lobositz, instead of losing the Lobosch to him! Friedrich pushes out his Left Wing still farther leftward, leftward and downward withal, to clear those vineyard-fences completely of their occupants, Pandour or Regular, old or new. This is done; the vineyard-fences swept;—and the sweepings driven, in a more and more stormy fashion, towards Welhoten and Lobositz; the Lobosch falling quite desperate for Browne.

Henceforth Friedrich directs all his industry to taking Lobositz; Browne, to the defending of it, which he does with great vigor and fire; his batteries, redoubts, doing their uttermost, and his battalions rushing on, mass of them after mass, at quick march, obstinate, fierce to a degree, in the height of temper; and showing such fight as we never had of them before. Friedrich's Left Wing and Browne's Right now have it to decide between them;—any attempt Browne makes with his Left through Sulowitz (as he once did, and once only) is instantly repressed by cannon from the Homolka Hill. And the rest of the Battle, or rather the Battle itself,—for all hitherto has been pickeering and groping in the mist,—may be made conceivable in few words.

Friedrich orders the second line of his Left Wing to march up and join with the first; Right Wing, shoving ITS two lines into one, is now to cover the Lobosch as well. Left Wing, in condensed condition, shall fall down on Lobositz, and do its best. They are now clear of the vineyard-works; the ground is leveller, though still sloping,—a three furlongs from the Village, and somewhat towards the Elbe, when Browne's battalions first came extensively to close grips; fierce enough (as was said); the toughest wrestle yet had with those Austrians,—coming on with steady fury, under such force of cannon; with iron ramrods too, and improved ways, like our own. But nothing could avail them; the counter-fury being so great. They had to go at the Welhoten part, and even to run,— plunging into Elbe, a good few of them, and drowning there, in the vain hope to swim. "Never have my troops," says Friedrich, "done such miracles of valor, cavalry as well as infantry, since I had the honor to command them. By this dead-lift achievement (TOUR DE FORCE) I have seen what they can do." [Letter to Schwerin, "Lobositz, 2d August, 1756" (Retzow, i. 64); RELATION DE LA CAMPAGNE, 1756, that is, PRUSSIAN ACCOUNT (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 848. Lloyd, UT SUPRA, i. 2–11 (who has solid information at first hand, having been an actor in these Wars. A man of great natural sagacity and insight; decidedly luminous and original, though of somewhat crabbed temper now and then; a man well worth hearing on this and on whatever else he handles). Tempelhof, GESCHICHTE DES SIEBENJAHRIGEN KRIEGES (which is at first a mere Translation of Lloyd, nothing new in it but certain notes and criticisms on Lloyd; when Lloyd ends, Tempelhof, Prussian Major and Professor, a learned, intelligent, but diffuse man, of far inferior talent to Lloyd, continues and completes on his own footing: six very thin 4tos, Berlin, 1794), i. 38 (Battle, with FOOTNOTES), and ib. 51 (CRITICISM of Lloyd). Prussian and Austrian Accounts in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 800 et seq. Many Narratives in FELDZUGE, and the BEYLAGE to Seyfarth;

In fine, after some three hours more of desperate tugging and struggling, cannon on both sides going at a great rate, and infinite musketry ("ninety cartridges a man on our Prussian side, and ammunition falling done"), not without bayonet-pushings, and smittings with the butt of your musket, the Austrians are driven into Lobositz; are furiously pushed there, and, in spite of new battalions coming to the rescue, are fairly pushed through. These Village-streets are too narrow for new battalions from Browne; "much of the Village should have been burnt beforehand," say cool judges. And now, sure enough, it does get burnt; Lobositz is now all on fire, by Prussian industry. So that the Austrians have to quit it instantly; and rush off in great disorder; key of the Battle, or Battle itself, quite lost to them.

The Prussian infantry, led by the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern ("Governor of Stettin," one of the Duke-Ferdinand cousinry, frugal and valiant), gave the highest satisfaction; seldom was such firing, such furious pushing; they had spent ninety cartridges a man; were at last quite out of cartridges; so that Bevern had to say, "Strike in with bayonets, MEINE KINDER; butt-ends, or what we have; HERAN!" Our Grenadiers were mainly they that burnt Lobositz. "How salutary now would it have been," says Epimetheus Lloyd, "had Browne had a

small battery on the other side of the Elbe;" whereby he might have taken them in flank, and shorn them into the wind! Epimetheus marks this battery on his Plan; and is wise behindhand, at a cheap rate.

Browne's Right Wing, and probably his Army with it, would have gone much to perdition, now that Lobositz was become Prussian,—had not Browne, in the nick of the moment, made a masterly movement: pushed forward his Centre and Left Wing, numerous battalions still fresh, to interpose between the chasing Prussians and those fugitives. The Prussians, infantry only, cannot chase on such terms; the Prussian cavalry, we know, is far rearward on the high ground. Browne retires a mile or two,—southward, Budin-ward,—not chased; and there halts, and rearranges himself; thinking what farther he will do. His aim in fighting had only been to defend himself; and in that humble aim he has failed. Chase of the Prussians over that Homolka-Lobosch country, with the high grounds rearward and the Metal Mountains in their hands, he could in no event have attempted.

The question now is: Will he go back to Budin; or will he try farther towards Schandau? Nature points to the former course, in such circumstances; Friedrich, by way of assisting, does a thing much admired by Lloyd;—detaches Bevern with a strong party southward, out of Lobositz, which is now his, to lay hold of Tschirskowitz, lying Budin-ward, but beyond the Budin Road. Which feat, when Browne hears of it, means to him, "Going to cut me off from Budin, then? From my ammunition-stores, from my very bread-cupboard!" And he marches that same midnight, silently, in good order, back to Budin. He is not much ruined; nay the Prussian loss is numerically greater: "3,308 killed and wounded, on the Prussian side; on the Austrian, 2,984, with three cannon taken and two standards." Not ruined at all; but foiled, frustrated; and has to devise earnestly, "What next?" Once rearranged, he may still try.

The Battle lasted seven hours; the last four of it very hot, till Lobositz was won and lost. It was about 5 P.M. when Browne fired his retreat-cannon:—cannon happened to be loaded (say the Anecdote-Books, mythically given now and then); Friedrich, wearied enough, had flung himself into his carriage for a moment's rest, or thankful reflection; and of all places, the ball of the retreat-cannon lighted THERE. Between Friedrich's feet, as he lay reclining,—say the Anecdote-Books, whom nobody is bound to believe.

On the strength of those two Prussian charges, which had retired from case-shot on their flank, and had not wings, for getting over sedge and ooze, Austria pretended to claim the victory. "Two charges repelled by our gallant horse; Lobositz, indeed, was got on fire, and we had nothing for it but to withdraw; but we took a new position, and only left that for want of water;"—with the like excuses. "Essentially a clear victory," said the Austrians; and sang TE-DEUM about it;—but profited nothing by that piece of melody. The fact, considerable or not, was, from the first, too undeniable: Browne beaten from the field. And beaten from his attempt too (the Saxons not relievable by this method); and lies quiet in Budin again,—with his water sure to him; but what other advantages gained?

Here are two Letters, brief both, which we may as well read:—

1. FRIEDRICH TO WILHELMINA (at Baireuth).

"LOBOSITZ, 4th October, 1756.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Your will is accomplished. Tired out by these Saxon delays, I put myself at the head of my Army of Bohemia [Keith's hitherto]; and marched from Aussig to—a Name which seemed to me of good augury, being yours,—to the Village of Welmina [Battle was called OF WELMINA, by the Prussians at first]. I found the Austrians here, near Lobositz; and, after a Fight of seven hours, forced them to run. Nobody of your acquaintance is killed, except Generals Luderitz and OErzen [who are not of ours].

"I return you a thousand thanks for the tender part you take in my lot. Would to Heaven the valor of my Army might procure us a stable Peace! That ought to be the aim of War. Adieu, my dear Sister; I embrace you tenderly, assuring you of the lively affection with which I am—F." [*OEuvres*, xxvii. i. 291.]

2. PRINCE OF PRUSSIA TO VALORI (who is still at Berlin, but soon going as it proves,—Broglio's explosion at the Lines of Gross-Sedlitz being on hand, during the King's absence, in these very hours ["5th-6th October" (Valori, ii. 353).])

"CAMP OF LOBOSITZ, 5th October, 1756.

"You will know the news of the day; and I am persuaded you take part in it. All you say to me betokens the conspiracy there is for the destruction of our Country. If that is determined in the Book of Fate, we cannot escape it.

"Had my advice been asked, a year ago, I should have voted to preserve the Alliance [with YOU] which we

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had been used to for sixteen years [strictly for twelve, though in substance ever since 1740], and which was by nature advantageous to us. But if my advice were asked just now, I should answer, That the said method being now impossible, we are in the case of a ship's captain who defends himself the best he can, and when all resources are exhausted, has, rather than surrender on shameful conditions, to fire the powder- magazine, and blow up his ship. You remember that of your Francois I."—FORS L'HONNEUR; ah yes, very well!—"Perhaps it will be my poor Children who will be the victims of these past errors," —for such I still think them, I for my part.

"The Gazettes enumerate the French troops that are to besiege Wesel, Geldern [Wesel they will get gratis, poor Geldern will almost break their heart first], and take possession of Ost- Friesland; the Russian Declaration [Manifesto not worth reading] tells us Russia's intentions for the next year [most truculent intentions]: we will defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood, and perish with honor. If you have any counsel farther, I pray you give it me.

MAP GOES HERE— BETWEEN P. 350 AND 351 Chap VII book 17

"Remain always my friend; and believe that in all situations I will remain yours; and trying to do what my duty is, will not forfeit the sentiments on your part which have been so precious to me. Your servant, GUILLAUME." [Valori, ii. 204–206.]

"Pity this good Prince contemplating the downfall of his House," suggests Valori: "He deserved a better fate! He would be in despair to think I had sent this Letter to your Excellency; but I thought perhaps you would show it to the King,"—and that it might do good one day. [Valori (to the French Minister, "12th October, 1756"), ii. 204.] The Prussians lay in their "Camp of Lobositz," posted up and down in that neighborhood, for a couple of weeks more; waiting whether Rrowne would attempt anything farther in the fighting way; and, in fine, whether the solution of the crisis would fall out hereabouts, or on the other side of the Hills.

Chapter VII. THE SAXONS GET OUT OF PIRNA ON DISMAL TERMS.

The disaster of October 1st—for which they were trying to sing TE-DEUMS at Vienna—fell heavier on the poor Saxons, in their cage at Pirna: "Alas, where is our deliverance now?" Friedrich's people, in their lines here, gave them such a "joy-firing" for Lobositz as Retzow has seldom heard; huge volleyings, salvoings, running-fires, starting out, artistically timed and stationed, thunderous, high; and borne by the echoes, gloomily reverberative, into every dell and labyrinth of the Pirna Country;—intended to strike a deeper damp into them, thinks he. [Retzow, i. 67.] But Imperial Majesty was mindful, too; and straightway sent Browne positive order, "Deliver me these poor Saxons at any price!" And in the course of not quite a week from Lobositz, there arrives a confidential Messenger from Browne: "Courage still, ye caged Saxons; I will try it another way! Only you must hold out till the 11th; on the 11th stand to your tools, and it shall be done."

Browne is to take a succinct Detachment, 8,000 picked men, horse and foot; to make a wider sweep with these, well eastward by the foot of Lausitz Hills, and far enough from all Prussian parties and scouts; to march, with all speed and silence, "through Bohm-Leipa, Kamnitz, Rumburg, Schluckenau; and come in upon the Schandau region, quite from the northeast side; say, at Lichtenhayn; an eligible Village, which is but seven miles or so from the Konigstein, with the chasmy country and the river intervening. Monday, October 11th, Browne will arrive at Lichtenhayn (sixty miles of circling march from Budin); privately post himself near Lichtenhayn; Prussian posts, of no great strength, lying ahead of him there. You, indignant extenuated Saxons, are to get yourselves across,—near the Konigstein it will have to be, under cover of the Konigstein's cannon,—on the front or riverward side of those same Prussian posts: crossing-place (Browne's Messenger settles) can be Thurmsdorf Hamlet, opposite the Lilienstein, opposite the Hamlets of Ebenheit and Halbstadt there. Konigstein fire will cover your bridge and your building of it.

"Monday night next, I say, post yourselves there, with hearts resolute, with powder dry; there, about the eastern roots of the Lilienstein [beautiful Show Mountain, with stair-steps cut on it for Tourist people, by August the Strong], and avoid the Prussian battery and abatis which is on it just now! You at Ebenheit, I at Lichtenhayn, trimmed and braced for action, through that Monday night. Tuesday morning, the Konigstein, at your beckoning, shall fire two cannon-shots; which shall mean, 'All ready here!' Then forward, you, on those Prussian posts by the front; I will attack them by the rear. With right fury, both of us! I am told, they are but weak in those posts; surely, by double impetus, and dead-lift effort from us both, they CAN be forced? Only force them,—you are in the open field again; and you march away with me, colors flying; your hunger-cage and all your tribulations left behind you!"—

This is Browne's plan. The poor Saxons accept,—what choice have they?—though the question of crossing and bridge-building has its intricacies; and that inevitable item of "postponement till the 11th" is a sore clause to them; for not only are there short and ever shorter rations, but grim famine itself is advancing with large strides. The "daily twenty ounces of meal" has sunk to half that quantity; the "ounce or so of butcher's-meat once a week" has vanished, or become HORSE of extreme leanness. The cavalry horses have not tasted oats, nothing but hay or straw (not even water always); the artillery horses had to live by grazing, brown leaves their main diet latterly. Not horses any longer; but walking trestles, poor animals! And the men,—well, they are fallen pale; but they are resolute as ever. The nine corn-mills, which they have in this circuit of theirs, grind now night and day; and all the cavalry are set to thresh whatever grain can be found about; no hind or husbandman shall retain one sheaf: in this way, they hope, utter hunger may be staved off, and the great attempt made. [PRECIS DE LA RETRAITE DE L'ARMEE SAXONNE DE SON CAMP DE PIRNA (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 482-494).]

Browne skilfully and perfectly did his part of the Adventure. Browne arrives punctually at Lichtenhayn, evening of the 11th; bivouacs, hidden in the Woods thereabouts, in cold damp weather; stealthily reconnoitres the Prussian Villages ahead, and trims himself for assault, at sound of the two cannons to-morrow. But there came no cannon-signal on the morrow; far other signalings and messagings to-morrow, and next day, and next, from the Konigstein and neighborhood! "Wait, Excellency Feldmarschall [writes Bruhl to him, Note after Note, instead of signalling from the Konigstein]: do wait a very little! You run no risk in waiting; we, even if we MUST yield, will make that our first stipulation!" "YOU will?" grumbles Browne; and waits, naturally, with extreme impatience.

But the truth is, the Adventure, on the Saxon side of it, has already altogether misgone; and becomes, from this point onwards, a mere series of failures, futilities and disastrous miseries, tragical to think of. Worth some record here, since there are Documents abundant;—especially as Feldmarschall Rutowski (who is General-in-Chief, an old, not esteemed, friend of ours) has produced, or caused to be produced, a Narrative, which illuminates the Business from within as well. [PRECIS, (just cited); compare TAGEBUCH DER EINSCHLIESSUNG DES SACHSISCHEN LAGERS BEY PIRNA ("Diary," which is the Prussian Account: in Seyfarth, BEYLAGEN), ii. 22–48.] The latter is our main Document here:—

I know not how much of the blame was General Rutowski's: one could surmise some laxity of effort, and a rather slovenly—survey of facts, in that quarter. The Enterprise, from the first, was flatly impossible, say judges; and it is certain, poor Rutowski's execution was not first-rate. "How get across the Elbe?" Rutowski had said to himself, perhaps not quite with the due rigor of candor proportionate to the rigorous fact: "How get across the Elbe? We have copper pontoons at Pirna; but they will be difficult to cart. Or we might have a boat-bridge; boats planked together two and two. At Pirna are plenty of boats; and by oar and track-rope, the River itself might be a road for them? Boats or pontoons to Konigstein, by water or land, they must be got. Eight miles of abysmal roads, our horses all extenuated? Impossible to cart these pontoons!" said Rutowski to himself.—Pity he had not tried it. He had a week to do those eight bad miles in; and 2,000 lean horses, picking grass or brown leaves, while their riders threshed. "We will drag our pontoons by water, by the Elbe tow-path," thought Rutowski, "that will be easier;"—and forthwith sets about preparing for it, secretly collecting boats at Pirna, steersmen, towing-men, bridge-tackle and what else will be necessary.

Rutowski made, at least, no delay. Browne's messenger, we find, had come to him, "Thursday, 7th:" and on Friday night Rutowski has a squad of boatmen, steersmen and twoscore of towing peasants ready; and actually gets under way. They are escorted by the due battalions with field-pieces;—who are to fire upon the Prussian batteries, and keep up such a blaze of musketry and heavier shot, as will screen the boats in passing. Surely a ticklish operation, this;—arguing a sanguine temper in General Rutowski! The south bank of the River is ours; but there are various Prussian batteries, three of them very strong, along the north bank, which will not fail to pelt us terribly as we pass. No help for it;—we must trust in luck! Here is the sequel, with dates adjusted.

ELBE RIVER, NIGHT OF OCTOBER 8th–9th. Friday night, accordingly, so soon as Darkness (unusually dark this night) has dropt her veil on the business, Rutowski sets forth. The Prussian battery, or bridge-head (TETE-DE-PONT), at Pirna, has not noticed him, so silent was he. But, alas, the other batteries do not fail to notice; to give fire; and, in fact, on being answered, and finding it a serious thing, to burst out into horrible explosion; unanswerable by the Saxon field-pieces; and surely perilous to human nature steering and towing those big River-Boats. "Loyal to our King, and full of pity for him; that are we;"—but towing at a rate, say of two shillings per head! Before long, the forty towing peasants fling down their ropes, first one, then more, then all, in spite of efforts, promises, menaces; and vanish among the thickets,— forfeiting the two shillings, on view of imminent death. Soldiers take the towing-ropes; try to continue it a little; but now the steersmen also manage to call halt: "We won't! Let us out, let us out! We will steer you aground on the Prussian shore if you don't!" making night hideous. And the towing enterprise breaks down for that bout; double barges mooring on the Saxon shore, I know not precisely at what point, nor is it material.

SATURDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 9th–10th) New boatmen, forty new towmen have been hired at immense increase of wages; say four shillings for the night: but have you much good probability, my General, that even for that high guerdon imminence of death can be made indifferent to towmen? No, you have n't. The matter goes this night precisely as it did last: towmen vanishing in the horrible cannon tumult; steersmen shrieking, "We will ground you on the Prussian shore;" very soldiers obliged to give it up; and General Rutowski himself obliged to wash his hands of it, as a thing that cannot be done. In fact, a thing which need not have been tried, had Rutowski been rigorously candid with himself and his hopes, as the facts now prove to be. "Twenty-four hours lost by this bad business" (says he; "thirty-six," as I count, or, to take it rigorously, "forty-eight" even): and now, Sunday morning instead of Friday, at what, in sad truth, is metaphorically "the eleventh hour," Rutowski has to bethink him of his copper pontoons; and make the impossible carting method possible in a day's time, or do worse.

SUNDAY, MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th–11th, By unheard-of exertions, all hands and all spent-horses now at a dead-lift effort night and day, Rutowski does get his pontoons carted out of the Pirna storehouse; lands them at Thurmsdorf,—opposite the Lilienstein,—a mile or so short of Konigstein, where his Bridge shall be. It is now

the 11th, at night. And our pontoons are got to the ground, nothing more. Every man of us, at this hour, should have been across, and trimming himself to climb, with bayonet fixed! Browne is ready, expecting our signal—shot to storm in on his side. And our bridge is not built, only the pontoons here. "All things went perverse," adds Rutowski, for farther comfort: "we [Saxon Home-Army] had with us, except Officers, only Four Pontoniers, or trained Bridge-builders; all the rest are at Warsaw:" sad thought, but too late to think it!

TUESDAY, TILL WEDNESDAY EARLY (12th–13th), Bridge, the Four Pontoniers, with Officers and numb soldiers doing their best, is got built;—Browne waiting for us, on thorns, all day; Prussians extensively beginning to strengthen their posts, about the Lilienstein, about Lichtenhayn, or where risk is; and in fact pouring across to that northern side, quite aware of Rutowski and Browne.

That same night, 12th–13th, while the Bridge was struggling to complete itself,—rain now falling, and tempests broken out,—the Saxon Army, from Pirna down to Hennersdorf, had lifted itself from its Lines, and got under way towards Thurmsdorf, and the crossing-place. Dark night, plunging rain; all the elements in uproar. The worst roads in Nature; now champed doubly; "such roads as never any Army marched on before." Most of their cannon are left standing; a few they had tried to yoke, broke down, "and choked up the narrow road altogether; so that the cavalry had to dismount, and lead their horses by side-paths,"—figure what side-paths! Distance to Thurmsdorf, from any point of the Saxon Lines, cannot be above six miles: but it takes them all that night and all next day. Such a march as might fill the heart with pity. Oh, ye Rutowskis, Bruhls, though never so decorated by twelve tailors, what a sight ye are at the head of men! Dark night, wild raging weather, labyrinthic roads worn knee-deep. It is broad daylight, Wednesday, 13th, and only the vanguard is yet got across, trailing a couple of cannons; and splashes about, endeavoring to take rank there, in spite of wet and hunger; rain still pouring, wind very high.

Nothing of Browne comes, this Wednesday; but from the opposite Gross-Sedlitz and Gottleube side, the Prussians are coming. This morning, at daylight, struck by symptoms, "the Prussians mounted our empty redoubts:" they are now in full chase of us, Ziethen with Hussars as vanguard. A difficult bit of marching, even Ziethen and his light people find it; sprawling forward, at their cheeriest, with daylight to help, and in chase, not chased, through such intricacies of rock and mud. Ziethen's company did not assist the Saxons! They wheel round, show fight, and there is volleying and bickering all day; the Saxon march getting ever more perturbed. Nearly all the baggage has to be left. Ziethen takes into the woods near Thurmsdorf; giving fire as the poor wet Saxons, now much in a pell-mell condition, pass to their Bridge. [PRUSSIAN ACCOUNT (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 852.] Heavier Prussians are striding on to rear; these, from some final hill-top, do at last belch out two cannon-shots: figure the confusion at that Bridge, the speed now becoming delirious there! Towards evening, rain still violent, the Saxons, baggageless, and rushing quite pell-mell the latter part of them, are mostly across, still countable to 14,000 or so;—upon which they cut their Bridge adrift, and let the river take it. At Raden, a few miles lower, the Prussians fished it out; rebuilt it more deliberately,—and we shall find it there anon. This day Friedrich, hearing what is afoot, has returned in person from the Lobositz Country; takes Struppen as his head-quarter, which was lately the Polish Majesty's.

From Browne there has nothing come this Wednesday; but to-morrow morning at seven there comes a Letter from him, written this night at ten; to the effect:—

"HEAD-QUARTER, LICHTENHAYN, Wednesday, October 13th, 10 P.M. "EXCELLENZ,—Have [omitting the I] waited here at Lichtenhayn since Tuesday, expecting your signal-cannon; hearing nothing of it, conclude you have by misfortune not been able to get across; and that the Enterprise is up. My own position being dangerous [Prussians of double my strength intrenched within few miles of me], I turn homewards to-morrow at nine A.M.: ready for whatever occurs TILL then; and sorrowfully say adieu," [PRECIS (ut supra), p. 493; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 940;

Dreadful weather for Browne in his bivouac, and wearisome waiting, with Prussians and perils accumulating on him! Browne was ill of lungs; coughing much; lodging, in these violent tempests, on the cold ground. A right valiant soldier and man, as does appear; the flower of all the Irish Brownes (though they have quite forgotten him in our time), and of all those Irish Exiles then tragically spending themselves in Austrian quarrels! "You saw the great man," says one who seems to have been present, "how he sacrificed himself to this Enterprise. What Austrian Field-marshal but himself would ever have lowered his loftiness to lead, in person, so insignificant a Detachment, merely for the public good! I have seen staff-officers, distinguished only by their sasheries and

insignia, who would not have stirred to inspect a vedette without 250 men. Our Field-marshal was of another turn. Sharing with his troops all the hardships, none excepted, of these critical days; and in spite of a violent cough, which often brought the visible blood from his lungs, and had quite worn him down; exposing himself, like the meanest of the Army, to the tempests of rainy weather. Think what a sight it was, going to your very heart, and summoning you to endurance of every hardship,—that evening [not said which], when the Field-marshal, worn out with his fatigues and his disorder, sank out of fainting—fits into a sleep! The ground was his bed, and the storm of clouds his coverlid. In crowds his brave war-comrades gathered round; stripped their cloaks, their coats, and strove in noble rivalry which of them should have the happiness to screen the Father of the Army at their own cost of exposure, and by any device keep the pelting of the weather from that loved head!" [Cogniazzo, *Gestandnisse eines OEsterreichischen Veterans*, ii. 251.] There is a picture for you, in the heights of Lichtenhayn, as you steam past Schandau, in contemplative mood; and perhaps think of "Justice to Ireland!" among other sad thoughts that rise.

From Thurmsdorf to the Pontoon-Bridge there was a kind of road; down which the Saxons scrambled yesterday; and, by painful degrees, got wriggled across. But, on the other shore, forward to the Hamlets of Halbstadt and Ebenheit, there is nothing but a steep slippery footpath: figure what a problem for the 14,000 in such weather! Then at Ebenheit, close behind, Browne-wards, were Browne now there, rises the Lilienstein, abrupt rocky mountain, its slopes on both hands washed by the River (River making its first elbow here, closely girdling this Lilienstein): on both these slopes are Prussian batteries, each with its abatis; needing to be stormed:— that will be your first operation. Abatis and slopes of the Lilienstein once stormed, you fall into a valley or hollow, raked again by Prussian batteries; and will have to mount, still storming, out of the valley, sky-high across the Ziegenruck (GOAT'S-BACK) ridge: that is your second preliminary operation. After which you come upon the work itself; namely, the Prussian redoubts at Lichtenhayn, and 12,000 men on them by this time! A modern Tourist says, reminding or informing:

"From the Konigstein to Pirna, Elbe, if serpentine, is like a serpent rushing at full speed. Just past the Konigstein, the Elbe, from westward, as its general course is, turns suddenly to northward; runs so for a mile and a half; then, just before getting to the BASTEI at Raden, turns suddenly to westward again, and so continues. Tourists know Raden,"—where the Prussians have just fished out a Bridge for themselves,— "with the BASTEI high aloft to west of it. The Old Inn, hospitable though sleepless, stands pleasantly upon the River-brink, overhung by high cliffs: close on its left side, or in the intricacies to rear of it, are huts and houses, sprinkled about, as if burrowed in the sandstone; more comfortably than you could expect. The site is a narrow dell, narrow chasm, with labyrinthic chasms branching off from it; narrow and gloomy as seen from the River, but opening out even into cornfields as you advance inwards: work of a small Brook, which is still industriously tinkling and gushing there, and has in Pre-Adamite times been a lake, and we know not what. Nieder-Raden, this, on the north side of the River; of Ober-Raden, on the south side, there is nothing visible from your Inn windows,"—nor have we anything to do with it farther. An older Guide of Tourists yields us this second Fraction (capable of condensation):—

... "To Halbstadt, thence to Ebenheit, your path is steeper and steeper; from Ebenheit to the Lilienstein you take a guide. The Mountain is conical; coarse RED sandstone; steps cut for you where needed: August the Strong's Hunting-Lodge (JAGDHUTTE) is here (August went thither in a grand way, 1708, with his Wife); Lodge still extant, by the side of a wood;—Lilienstein towering huge and sheer, solitary, grand, like some colossal Pillar of the Cyclops, from this round Pediment of Country which you have been climbing; tops of Lilienstein plumed everywhere with fir and birch, Pediment also very green and woody. August the Strong, grandly visiting here, 1708, on finish of those stair-steps cut for you, set up an Ebenezer, or Column of Memorial at this Hunting-Hut, with Inscription which can still be read, though now with difficulty in its time-worn state:—

"FRIEDERICUS AUGUSTUS, REX [of what? Dare not say of POLAND just now, for fear of Charles XII.], ET ELECTOR SAX., UT FORTUNAEM VIRTUTE, ITA ASPERAM HANC RUPEM PRIMUS [PRIMUS not of men, but of Saxon Electors] SUPERAVIT, ADITUMQUE FACILIOREM REDDI CURAVIT. ANNO 1708."—"UT FORTUNAM VIRTUTE, As his fortune by valor, SO he conquered this rugged rock by"—Poor devil, only hear him:—and think how good Nature is (for the time being) to poor devils and their 354 bastards! [M.(agister) Wilhelm Lebrecht Gotzinger, *Schandau und seine Umgebungen, oder Beschreibung der Sachsischen Schweitz* (Dresden, 1812), pp. 145–148. Gotzinger, who designates himself as "Pastor at Neustadt near Stolpen"

(northwest border of the Pirna Country), has made of this (which would now be called a TOURIST'S GUIDE, and has something geological in it) a modest, good little Book, put together with industry, clearness, brevity. Gives interesting Narrative of our present Business too, as gathered from his "Father" and other good sources and testimonies.]

Bruhl and the Polish Majesty, safe enough they, and snug in the Konigstein, are clear for advancing: "Die like soldiers, for your King and Country!" writes Polish Majesty, "Thursday, two in the morning:" that also Rutowski reads; and I think still other Royal Autographs, sent as Postscripts to that. From the Konigstein they duly fire off the two Cannon—shot, as signal that we are coming; signal which Browne, just in the act of departing, never heard, owing to the piping of the winds and rattling of the rain. "Advance, my heroes!" counsel they: "You cannot drag your ammunitions, say you; your poor couple of big guns? Here are his Majesty's own royal horses for that service!"—and, in effect, the royal stud is heroically flung open in this pressure; and a splashing column of sleek quadrupeds, "150 royal draught—horses, early in the forenoon," [Gotzinger, p. 156.] swim across to Ebenheit accordingly, if that could encourage. And, "about noon, there is strong cannonading from the Konigstein, as signal to Browne," who is off. Polish Majesty looking with his spy—glass in an astonished manner. In Vain! Rutowski and his Council of War— sitting wet in a hut of Ebenheit, with 14,000 starved men outside, who have stood seventy—two hours of rain, for one item—see nothing for it but "surrender on such terms as we can get."

"In fact," independently of weather and circumstances, "the Enterprise," says Friedrich, "was radically impossible; nobody that had known the ground could have judged it other." Rutowski had not known it, then? Browne never pretended to know it. Rutowski was not candid with the conditions; the conditions never known nor candidly looked at; and THEY are now replying to him with candor enough. From the first his Enterprise was a final flicker of false hope; going out, as here, by spasm, in the rigors of impossibility and flat despair.

That column of royal horses sent splashing across the River,—that was the utmost of self—sacrifice which I find recorded of his Polish Majesty in this matter. He was very obstinate; his Bruhl and he were. But his conduct was not very heroic. That royal Autograph, "General Rutowski, and ye true Saxons, attack these Prussian lines, then; sell your lives like men" (not like Bruhl and me), must have fallen cold on the heart, after seventy—two hours of rain! Rutowski's wet Council of War, in the hut at Ebenheit, rain still pouring, answers unanimously, "That it were a leading of men to the butchery;" that there is nothing for it but surrender. Bruhl and Majesty can only answer: "Well—a—day; it must be so, then!"— Winterfeld, Prussian Commander hereabouts, grants Armistice, grants liberal "wagon—loads of bread" first of all; terms of Capitulation to be settled at Struppen to—morrow.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15th, Rutowski goes across to Struppen, the late Saxon head—quarter, now Friedrich's;—Friday gone a fortnight was the day of Lobositz. Winterfeld and he are the negotiators there; Friedrich ratifying or refusing by marginal remarks. The terms granted are hard enough: but they must be accepted. First preliminary of all terms has already been accepted: a gift of bread to these poor Saxons; their haversacks are empty, their cartridge—boxes drowned; it has rained on them three days and nights. Last upshot of all terms is still well known to everybody: That the 14,000 Saxons are compelled to become Prussian, and "forced to volunteer"!

That had been Friedrich's determination, and reading of his rights in the matter, now that hard had come to hard. "You refused all terms; you have resisted to death (or death's—DOOR); and are now at discretion!" Of the question, What is to be done with those Saxons? Friedrich had thought a great deal, first and last; and had found it very intricate,—as readers too will, if they think of it. "Prisoners of War,—to keep them locked up, with trouble and expense, in that fashion? They can never be exchanged: Saxony has now nothing to exchange them with; and Austria will not. Their obstinacy has had costs to me; who of us can count what costs! In short, they shall volunteer!"

"Never did I, for my poor part, authorize such a thing," loudly asseverated Rutowski afterwards. And indeed the Capitulation is not precise on that interesting point. A lengthy Document, and not worth the least perusal otherwise; we condense it into three Articles, all grounding on this general Basis, not deniable by Rutowski: "The Saxon Army, being at such a pass, ready to die of hunger, if we did NOT lift our finger, has, so to speak, become our property; and we grant it the following terms:"—

"1. Kettle—drums, standards and the like insignia and matters of honor,—carry these to the Konigstein, with my regretful respects to his Polish Majesty. Konigstein to be a neutral Fortress during this War. Polish Majesty at

perfect liberty to go to Warsaw [as he on the instant now did, and never returned].

"2. Officers to depart on giving their parole, Not to serve against us during this War [Parole given, nothing like too well kept].

"3. Rest of the Army, with all its equipments, munitions, soul and body (so to speak), is to surrender utterly, and be ours, as all Saxony shall for the present be." [In *Helden- Geschichte*, iii. 920-928, at full length—with Briedrich's MARGINALIA noticeably brief.]

That is, in sum, the Capitulation of Struppen. Nothing articulate in it about the one now interesting point,—and in regard to that, I can only fancy Rutowski might interject, interrogatively, perhaps at some length: "Our soldiers to be Prisoners of War, then?" "Prisoners; yes, clearly,—unless they choose to volunteer, and have a better fate! Prisoners can volunteer. They are at discretion; they would die, if we did NOT lift our finger!" thus I suppose Winterfeld would rejoin, if necessary;—and that, in the Winterfeld-Rutowski Conferences, the thing had probably been kept in a kind of CHIAROSCURO by both parties.

Very certain it is, Sunday, 17th October, 1756, Capitulation being signed the night before, Friedrich goes across at Nieder-Raden (where the Pilgrim of the Picturesque now climbs to see the BASTEI; where the Prussians have, by this time, a Bridge thrown together out of those pontoons),—goes across at Nieder-Raden, up that chasmy Pass; rides to the Heights of Waltersdorf, in the opener country behind; and pauses there, while the captive Saxon Army defiles past him, laying down its arms at his feet. Unarmed, and now under Prussian word of command, these Ex-Saxon soldiers go on defiling; march through by that Chasm of Nieder-Raden; cross to Ober-Raden; and, in the plainer country thereabouts, are—in I know not what length of hours, but in an incredibly short length, so swift is the management—changed wholly into Prussian soldiers: "obliged to volunteer," every one of them!

That is the fact; fact loudly censured; fact surely questionable,—to what intrinsic degree I at this moment do not know. Fact much blamable before the loose public of mankind; upon which I leave men to their verdict. It is not a fact which invites imitation, as we shall see! Fact how accomplished; by what methods? that would be the question with me; but even that is left dark. "The horse regiments, three of heavy horse, he broke; and distributed about, a good few in his own Garde-du-Corps." Three other horse regiments were in Poland, the sole Saxon Army now left,—of whom, at least of one man among whom, we may happen to hear. "Ten foot regiments [what was reckoned a fault] he left together; in Prussian uniform, with Prussian Officers. They were scattered up and down; put in garrisons; not easy handling them: they deserted by whole companies at a time in the course of this War." [Preuss, ii. 22, 135; in Stenzel (v. 16-20) more precise details.] Not a measure for imitation, as we said!—How Friedrich defended such hard conduct to the Saxons? Reader, I know only that Destiny and Necessity, urged on by Saxons and others, was hard as adamant upon Friedrich at this time; and that Friedrich did not the least dream of making any defence;—and will have to take your verdict, such as it may be.

Moritz of Dessau had a terrible Winter of it, organizing and breaking in these Saxon people,—got by press-gang in this way. Polish Majesty, "with 500 of suite," had driven instantly for Warsaw; post-horses most politely furnished him, and all the Prussian posts and soldiers well kept out of his road,—road chosen for him to that end. Poor soul, he never came back. For six years coming, he saw, from Warsaw in the distance (amid anarchy and NIE-POZWALAM, which he never lacked there), the wide War raging, in Saxony especially; and died soon after it was done. Nor did Bruhl return, except broken by that event, and to die in few months after. Let us pity the poor fat-goose of a Majesty (not ill-natured at all, only stupid and idle): some pity even to the doomed-phantasm Bruhl, if you can;—and thank Heaven to have got done with such a pair!—

Friedrich's treatment of the Saxon Troops, Saxon Majesty and Country: who shall say that it was wise in all points? It would be singular treatment, if it were! In all things, AFTER is so different from BEFORE and DURING. The truth is, Friedrich hoped long to have made some agreement with the Saxons. And readers now, in the universal silence, have no notion of Friedrich's complexities from fact, and of the loud howl of hostile rumor, which was piping through all journals, diplomacies and foreign human throats, against him at that time.

"The essential passages of War and Peace," says a certain Commentator, "during those Five weeks of Pirna, can be made intelligible in small compass. But how the world argued of them then and afterwards, and rang with hot Gazetteer and Diplomatic logic from side to side, no reader will now ever know. A world-tornado extinct, gone:—think of the sounds uttered from human windpipes, shrill with rage some of them, hoarse others with ditto; of the vituperations, execrations, printed and vocal,—grating harsh thunder upon Friedrich and this new

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course of his. Huge melody of Discords, shrieking, droning, grinding on that topic, through the afflicted Universe in general, for certain years. The very Pamphlets printed on it,—cannot Dryasdust give me the number of tons weight, then? Dead now every Pamphlet of them; a thing fallen horrible to human nature; extinct forever, as is the wont in such cases."

I will give only this of Voltaire; a mild Epigram, done at The DELICES, in pleasant view of Ferney and good things coming. A bolt shot into the storm—tost Sea and its wreckages, by a Mariner now cheerily drying his clothes on the shore there;—in fact, an indifferent Epigram, on Kings Friedrich and George, which is now flying about in select circles:—

*"Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle et le Neveu, L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en parti bleu. "*

"Rivals of Alexander the Great, this Uncle and Nephew make war, the one as a Pirate [seizure of those French ships], the other [Saxony stolen] as Captain of an Accidental Thieving—squad,"—PARTI BLEU, as the French soldiers call it. [Walpole's LETTERS, "To Sir Horace Mann, 8th December; 1756."]

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Pirna was no sooner done than Friedrich returned to the "Camp at Lobositz," where his victorious Keith—Army has been lying all this while. The Camp of Lobositz, and all Camps Prussian and Austrian, are about to strike their tents, and proceed to Winter—quarters, to prepare against next Spring. Friedrich set off thither October 18th (the very day after that of Waltersdorf); with intent to bring home Keith's Army, and see if Browne meant anything farther (which Browne did not, or does only in the small Tolpatch way); also to meet, Schwerin, whom he had summoned over from Silesia for a little conference there. Schwerin, after eating Konigsgratz Country well, —which was all he could do, as Piccolomini would not come out, and we know how strong the ground is,—had retired to Silesia again, in due season (snapping up, in a sharply conclusive manner, any Tolpatcheries that attempted chase of him); taken Winter cantonments in Silesia, headquarter Schweidnitz; and is now getting his Instructions, here personally, in the Metal Mountains, for a day or two. [*Helden—Geschichte*, iii. 946, 948.]

Friedrich brought his Keith—Army home to Gross—Sedlitz, to join the other Force there; and distributed the whole into their Winter— quarters. Cantoned far and wide, spreading out from Pirna on both hands: on the left or western hand, by Zwickau, Freyberg, Chemnitz, up to Leipzig, Torgau; and on the right or northeast hand, by Zittau, Gorlitz, Bautzen, to protect the Lausitz against Austrian inroads,—while a remote Detachment, under Winterfeld, watches the Bober River with similar views. [In *Helden—Geschichte*, iii. 948 et seq., a minute List by Place and Regiment.] All which done, or settled to be done, Friedrich quits Gross—Sedlitz, November 14th; and takes up his abode at Dresden for this Winter.

Chapter VIII. WINTER IN DRESDEN.

The Saxon Army is incorporated, then; its King gone under the horizon; the Saxon Country has a Prussian Board set over it, to administer all things of Government, especially to draw taxes and recruits from Saxony. Torgau, seat of this new Board, has got fortified; "1,500 inhabitants were requisitioned as spademen for that end, at first with wages,"—latterly, I almost fear, without!

The Saxon Ministers are getting drilled, cashiered if necessary; and on all hands, rigorous methods going forward;—till Saxony is completely under grasp; in which state it was held very tight indeed, for the six years coming. There is no detailing of all that; details, were they even known to an Editor at such distance, would weary every reader. Enough to understand that Friedrich has not on this occasion, as he did in 1744, omitted to disarm Saxony, to hobble it in every limb, and have it, at discretion, tied as with ropes to his interests and him. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 945–956.] His management was never accounted cruel; and it was studiously the reverse of violent or irregular: but it had to be rigorous as the facts were;—nor was it the worst, or reckoned the worst, of Saxony's miseries in this time.

Poor Country, suffering for its Bruhl! In the Country, except for its Bruhl, there was no sin against Prussia; the reverse rather. The Saxon population, as Protestants, have no good-will to Austria and its aims of aggrandizement. In Austrian spy-letters, now and afterwards, they are described to us as "GUT PREUSSISCH;" "strong for Prussia, the most of them, even in Dresden itself."

Whether Friedrich could have had much real hope to end the War this Year, or scare it off from beginning, may be a question. If he had, it is totally disappointed. The Saxon Government has brought ruin on itself and Country, but it has been of great damage to Friedrich. Would Polish Majesty have consented to disband his soldiers, and receive Friedrich with a BONA-FIDE "Neutrality," Friedrich could have passed the Mountains still in time for a heavy stroke on Bohemia, which was totally unprepared for such a visit, And he might—from the Towers of Prag, for instance—have, far more persuasively, held out the olive-branch to an astonished Empress-Queen: "Leave me alone, Madam; will you, then! Security for that; I wanted and want nothing more!" But Polish Majesty, taking on him the character of Austrian martyr, and flinging himself into the gulf, has prevented all that; has turned all that the other way.

Austria, it appears, is quite ungrateful: "Was n't he bound?" thinks Austria,—as its wont rather is. Forgetful of the great deliverance wrought for it by poor Polish Majesty; whom it could not deliver—except into bottomless wreck! Austria, grateful or not, stands unscathed; has time to prepare its Armaments, its vocal Arguments: Austria is in higher provocation than ever; and its very Arguments, highly vocal to the Reich and the world, "Is not this man a robber, and enemy of mankind?" do Friedrich a great deal of ill. Friedrich's sudden Campaign, instead of landing him in the heart of the Austrian States, there to propose Peace, has kindled nearly all Europe into flames of rage against him,—which will not consist in words merely! Never was misunderstanding of a man at a higher pitch: "Such treatment of a peaceable Neighbor and Crowned Head,—witness it, ye Heavens and thou Earth!" Dauphiness falling on her knees to Most Christian Majesty; "Princess and dearest Sister" to Most Christian Majesty's Pompadour; especially no end of Pleading to the German Reich, in a furious, Delphic-Pythones or quasi-inspired tone: all this goes on.

From the time when Pirna was blockaded, Kaiser Franz, his high Consort and sense of duty urging him, has been busy in the Reich's—Hofrath (kind of Privy-Council or Supreme Court of the Reich, which sits at Vienna); busy there, and in the Reich's Diet at Regensburg; busy everywhere, with utmost diligence over Teutschland,—forging Reich thunder. Manifestoes, HOF-DECRETS, DEHORTATORIUMS, EXCITATORIUMS; so goes it, exploding like Vesuvius, shock on the back of shock:—20th September it began; and lasts, CRESCENDO, through Winter and onwards, at an extraordinary rate. [In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 163–174; iii. 956; and indeed PASSIM through those Volumes), the Originals in frightful superabundance.] Of all which, leaving readers to imagine it, we will say nothing,—except that it points towards "Armed Interference by the Reich," "Reich's Execution Army;" nay towards "Ban of the Reich" (total excommunication of this Enemy of Mankind, and giving of him up to Satan, by bell, book and candle), which is a kind of thunder-bolt not heard of for a good few ages past! Thunder-bolt thought to be gone mainly to rust by the judicious;— which, however, the

poor old Reich did grasp again, and attempt to launch. As perhaps we shall have to notice by and by, among the miracles going.

France too, urged by the noblest concern, feels itself called upon. France magnanimously intimates to the Reich's Diet, once and again, "That Most Christian Majesty is guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia; Most Christian Majesty cannot stand such procedures;" and then the second time, "That Most Christian Majesty will interfere practically,"—by 100,000 men and odd. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 340 ("26th March, 1757").] In short, the sleeping world—whirlwinds are awakened against this man. General Dance of the Furies; there go they, in the dusky element, those Eumenides, "giant—limbed, serpent—haired, slow—pacing, circling, torch in hand" (according to Schiller),— scattering terror and madness. At least, in the Diplomatic Circles of mankind;—if haply the Populations will follow suit!—

Friedrich, abundantly contemptuous of Reich's—thunder in the rusted kind, and well able to distinguish sound from substance in the Reich or elsewhere, recognizes in all this sufficiently portentous prophecies of fact withal; and understands, none better, what a perilous position he has got into. But he cannot mend it;—can only, as usual, do his own utmost in it. As readers will believe he does; and that his vigilance and diligence are very great. Continual, ubiquitous and at the top of his bent, one fancies his effort must have been,—though he makes no noise on the subject. Considerable work he has with Hanover, this Winter; with the poor English Government, and their "Army of Observation," which is to appear in the Hanover parts, VERSUS those 100,000 French, next Spring. To Hanover he has sent Schmettau (the Younger Schmettau, Elder is now dead) in regard to said Army; has made a new and closer Treaty with England (impossible to be fulfilled on poor England's part);—and laments, as Mitchell often does, the tragically embroiled condition of that Country, struggling so vehemently, to no purpose, to get out of bed, and not unlike strangling or smothering itself in its own blankets, at present! With and in regard to Saxony, his work is of course extremely considerable; and in regard to his own Army, and its coming Business, considerablest of all. Counter—Manifesto work, to state his case in a distinct manner, and leave it with the Populations if the Diplomacies are deaf: this too, is copiously proceeding; under Artists who probably do not require much supervision. In fact, no King living has such servants, in the Civil or the Military part, to execute his will. And no King so little wastes himself in noises; a King who has good command of himself, first of all; not to be thrown off his balance by any terror, any provocation even, though his temper is very sharp.

Friedrich in person is mainly at Dresden, lodged in the Bruhl Palace;—endless wardrobes and magnificences there; three hundred and sixty—FOUR Pairs of Breeches hanging melancholy, in a widowed manner: C'EST ASSEZ DE CULOTTES; MONTREZ—MOI DES VERTUS! Bruhl is far away, in Poland; Madam Bruhl has still her Apartments in this Palace,—a frugal King needs only the necessary spaces. Madam Bruhl is very busy here; and not to good purpose, being well seen into. "She had a cask of wine sent her from Warsaw," says Friedrich; "orders were given to decant for her every drop of the wine, but to be sure and bring us the cask." Cask was found to have two bottoms, intermediate space filled with spy—correspondence. Madam Bruhl protests and pleads, Friedrich not unpolite in reply; his last Letter to her says, "Madam, it is better that you go and join your Husband."

Another high Dame gets sausages from Bohemia;—some of Friedrich's light troops have an appetite, beyond strict law for sausages; break in, find Letters along with the other stuffing. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 108; Mitchell, "27th March, 1757" (Raumer p. 321).] Friedrich has a good deal of watching and coercing to do in that kind,—some arresting, conveyance even to Custrin for a time, though nothing crueller proved needful. To the poor Queen he keeps up civilities, but is obliged to be strict as Argus;—she made him a Gift too, the NIGHT of Correggio, admired NOTTE of Correggio; having heard that he sat before it silent for half an hour, on entering that fine Gallery,— which is due to our Sovereign Lord and his Bruhl, alas! On the other hand, Friedrich had to take from her Majesty's Royal Abode those Hundred Swiss of Body—guard; to discharge the same, and put Prussians in their stead. Nay, at one time, on loud outcry from her Majesty, and great private cause of complaint against her, there was talk of sending the poor Royal lady to Warsaw, after her Husband; but her objection being violent, nothing came of that: Winter following, her poor Majesty died, [27th November, 1757.] and gave nobody any farther trouble.

Friedrich's outposts, especially in the Lausitz, are a good deal disturbed by Austrian Tolpatcheries; and do feats, heroic in the small way, in smiting down that rabble. A valuable Officer or two is lost in such poor service, poor but indispensable; [Funeral Discourses (of a very curious, ponderous and serious tone), in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 458, 464, and the troops have not always the repose which is intended them. Lieutenant—Colonel

Loudon (Scotch by kindred, and famous enough before long) is the soul of these Croat enterprises,—and gets his Colonelcy by them, in a month or two; Browne recommending. Loudon had arrived too late for Lobositz, but had been with Browne to Schandau; and, on the march homewards, did a bright feat of the Croat kind:—surprisal, very complete, of that Hill–Castle of Tetschen and considerable Hussar Party there; done in a style which caught the eye of Browne; and was the beginning of great things to poor Loudon, after his twenty years of painful eclipse under the Indigo Trencks, and miscellaneous Doggeries, Austrian and Russian. [LA VIE DU FELDMARECHAL BARON DE LOUDON (Translation of one Pezzl's German: a Vienne et a Paris, 1792), i. 1–32.]

Tetschen, therefore, will again need capture by the Prussians, if they again intend that way. And in the mean while, Friedrich, to counterpoise those mischievous Croat people, has bethought him of organizing a similar Force of his own;—Foot chiefly, for, on hint of former experience, he already has Hussars in quantity. And, this Winter, there are accordingly, in different Saxon Towns, three Irregular Regiments getting ready for him; three "Volunteer Colonels" busily enlisting each his "Free Corps," such the title chosen;—chief Colonel of them one Mayer, now in Zwickau neighborhood with 6 or 700 loose handy fellows round him, getting formed into strict battalion there: [Pauli (our old diffuse friend), *Leben grosser Helden des gegenwartigen Krieges* (9 vols., Halle, 1759–1764), iii. 159, ? Mayr.] of whom, and of whose soldiering, we shall hear farther. For the plan was found to answer; and extended itself year after year; and the "Prussian Free Corps," one way and another, made considerable noise in the world.

Outwardly Friedrich's Life is quiet; busy, none can be more so; but to the on–looker, placid, polite especially. He hears sermon once or twice in the Kreuz–Kirche (Protestant High Church); then next day will hear good music, devotional if you call it so, in the Catholic Church, where her Polish Majesty is. Daily at the old hour he has his own Concert, now and then assisting with his own flute. Makes donations to the Poor, and such like, due from Saxon Sovereignty while held by him; on the other hand, reduces salaries at a sad rate Guarini, Queen's Confessor, from near 2,000 pounds to little more than 300 pounds, for one instance;—cuts off about 25,000 pounds in all under this head. [*Helden–Geschichte*, iv. 306 ("December, 1756").] And is heavy with billeting, as new Prussians arrive. Billets at length in the very Ambassadors' Hotels,—and by way of apology to the Excellencies, signifies to them in a body: "Sorry for the necessity, your Excellencies: but ought not you to go to Warsaw rather? Your credentials are to his Polish Majesty. He is not here; nor coming hither, for some time!" Which hint, I suppose, the Excellencies mostly took. From his own Forests there came by the Elbe great rafts of firewood, to warm his soldiers in their quarters. Once or twice he makes excursions, of a day or two days; to the Lausitz, to Leipzig (through Freyberg, where he has a post of importance);—very gracious to the University people: "Students be troubled with soldiering? Far from it ye learned Gentlemen, servants of the Muses! Recruitment, a lamentable necessity, is to go on under your own Official people, and wholly by the old methods." [*Helden–Geschichte*, iv. 303–313; UNIVERSITATSANSCHLAG ZU LEIPZIG, WEGEN DER WERBUNG ("University–Placard about Enlisting:" in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 811).]

Once, and once only, he made a run to Berlin, January 4th–18th, 1757: the last for six years and more. Came with great despatch, Brother Henri with him, whole journey in one day; got, "to his Mother's about 11 at night." [Ib. iv. 308.] A joyful meeting, for the kindred: cheerful light–gleam in the dark time, so suddenly eclipsed to them and others by those hurricanes that have risen. His Majesty seems to be in perfect health; and wears no look of gloom. At Berlin is no Carnival this year; all are grave, sunk in sad contemplations of the future. Of his businesses in this interval, which were many, I will say nothing; only of one little Act he did, the day before his departure: the writing of this SECRET LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS to Graf Finck von Finkenstein, his chief Home Minister, one of his old boy–comrades, as readers may recollect. The Letter was read by Count Finck with profound attention, 11th January, 1757, and conned over till he knew every point of it; after which he sealed it up, inscribing on the Cover: "HOCHSTEIGENHANDIGE UND GANX GEHEIME"—that is, "Highest–Autographic and altogether Secret Instructions, by the King, which, with the Appendixes, were delivered to me, Graf von Finkenstein, the 12th of January, 1757." In this docketing it lay, sealed for many years (none knows how many), then unsealed, still in strict keeping, in the Private Royal Archives" [Preuss, i. 449.]—till on Friedrich's Birthday, 24th January, 1854, it was, with some solemnity, lithographed at Berlin, and distributed to a select public,—as readers shall see.

"SECRET INSTRUCTION FOR THE GRAF VON FINCK.

"BERLIN, 10th January, 1757.

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"In the critical situation our affairs are in, I ought to give you my orders, so that in all the disastrous cases which are in the possibility of events, you be authorized for taking the necessary steps.

"1. If it chanced (which Heaven forbid) that one of my Armies in Saxony were totally beaten; or that the French should drive the Hanoverians from their Country [which they failed not to do], and establish themselves there, and threaten us with an invasion into the Altmark; or that the Russians should get through by the Neumark,—you are to save the Royal Family, the principal DICASTERIA [Land–Schedules, Lists of Tax–dues], the Ministries and the Directorium [which is the central Ministry of all]. If it is in Saxony on the Leipzig side that we are beaten, the fittest place for the removal of the Royal Family, and of the Treasure, is to Custrin: in such case the Royal Family and all above named must go, escorted by the whole Garrison" of Berlin, "to Custrin. If the Russians entered by the Neumark, or if a misfortune befell us in the Lausitz, it would be to Magdeburg that all would have to go: in fine, the last refuge is Stettin,—but you must not go till the last extremity. The Garrison, the Royal Family and the Treasure are inseparable, and go always together: to this must be added the Crown Diamonds, the Silver Plate in the Grand Apartments,—which, in such case, as well as the Gold Plate, must be at once coined into money.

"If it happened that I were killed, the Public Affairs must go on without the smallest alteration, or its being noticeable that they are in other hands: and, in this case, you must hasten forward the Oaths and Homagings, as well here as in Preussen; and, above all, in Silesia. If I should have the fatality to be taken prisoner by the Enemy, I prohibit all of you from paying the least regard to my person, or taking the least heed of what I might write from my place of detention. Should such misfortune happen me, I wish to sacrifice myself for the State; and you must obey my Brother,—who, as well as all my Ministers and Generals, shall answer to me with their heads, Not to offer any Province or any Ransom for me, but to continue the War, pushing their advantages, as if I never had existed in the world.

"I hope, and have ground to believe, that you, Count Finck, will not need to make use of this Instruction: but in case of misfortune, I authorize you to employ it; and, as mark that it is, after a mature and sound deliberation, my firm and constant will, I sign it with my Hand and confirm it with my Seal."

Or, in Friedrich's own spelling so far as our possibilities permit:—

"INSTRUCTION SECRETE POUR LE CONTE DE FINE.

"BERLIN, ce 10 de Janv. 1757.

"Dans La Situation Critique ou se trouvent nos affaires je dois Vous donner mes Ordres pour que dans tout Les Cas Malheureux qui sont dans la possibilite des Evenemens vous Soyez autorisse aux partis quil faut prendre. 1)[Yes; but there follows no "2)" anywhere, such the haste!] Sil arivoit (de quoi le Ciel preserve) qu'une de mes Armees en Saxse fut totalement battue, oubien que Les francais chassassent Les Hanovryeins de Leur pais et si etablissent et nous menassassent d'un Invasion dans la Vieille Marche, ou que les Russes penetrassent par La Nouvelle Marche, il faut Sauver la famille Royale, les princepeaux Dicasteres les Ministres et le Directoire. Si nous somes battus en Saxse du Cote de leipssic Le Lieu Le plus propre pour Le transport de La famille et du Tressor est a Custrin, il faut en ce Cas que la famille Royale et tous cidesus nomez aillent esCortez de toute La Guarnisson a Custrin. Si les Russes entroient par la Nouvele Marche ou quil nous arivat un Malheur en Lusace, il faudroit que tout Se transportat a Magdebourg, enfin Le Derni&refuge est a Stetein, mais il ne hut y allrqu'a La Derniere exstremite La Guarnisson la famille Royale et le Tressort sent Inseparables et vont toujours ensemble il faut y ajouter les Diamans de la Couronne, et L'argenterie des Grands Apartements qui en pareil cas ainsi que la Veselle d'or doit etre incontinant Monoyee. Sil arivoit que je fus tue, il faut que Les affaires Continuent Leur train sans la Moindre allteration et Sans qu'on s'apersoive qu'elles sont en d'autre Mains, et en ce Cas il faut hater Sermens et homages tant ici qu'en prusse et surtout en Silesie. Si j'avois la fatalite d'etre pris prissonier par L'Enemy, je Defend qu'on Aye le Moindre egard pour ma perssonne ni qu'on fasse La Moindre reflexion sur ce que je pourois ecrire de Ma Detention, Si pareil Malheur m'arivoit je Veux me Sacrifier pour L'Etat et il faut qu'on obeisse a Mon frere le quel ainsi que tout Mes Ministres et Generaux me reponderont de leur Tette qu'on offrira ni province ni ransson pour moy et que lon Continuera la Guerre en poussant Ses avantages tout Come si je n'avais jamais exsiste dans le Monde. J'espere et je dois Croire que Vous Conte finc n'aurez pas besoin de faire usage de Cette Instruction mais en cas de Malheur je Vous autorisse a L'Employer, et Marque que C'est apres Une Mure et saine Deliberation Ma ferme et Constante Volonte je le Signe de Ma Main et la Muni de mon Cachet "FEDERIC R." [Fac simile of Autograph (Berlin, 24th January, 1854), where is some indistinct History of the

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Document. Printed also in *OEuvres*, xxv. 319–323.]

These, privately made law in this manner, are Friedrich's fixed feelings and resolutions;—how fixed is now farther apparent by a fact which was then still more private, guessable long afterwards only by one or two, and never clearly known so long as Friedrich lived: the fact that he had (now most probably, though the date is not known) provided poison for himself, and constantly wore it about his person through this War. "Five or six small pills, in a small glass tube, with a bit of ribbon to it:" that stern relic lay, in a worn condition, in some drawer of Friedrich's, after Friedrich was gone. [Preuss, ii. 175, 315 n.] For the Facts are peremptory; and a man that will deal with them must be equally so.

Two days after this Finck missive, Friday, 12th, Friedrich took farewell at Berlin, drove to Potsdam that night with his Brother, to Dresden next day. Adieu, Madam; Adieu, O Mother! said the King, in royal terms, but with a heart altogether human. "May God above bless you, my Son!" the old Lady would reply:—and the Two had seen one another for the last time; Mother and Son were to meet no more in this world.

BOOK XVIII. SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT. 1757-1759.

Chapter I. THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

Seldom was there seen such a combination against any man as this against Friedrich, after his Saxon performances in 1756. The extent of his sin, which is now ascertained to have been what we saw, was at that time considered to transcend all computation, and to mark him out for partition, for suppression and enchainment, as the general enemy of mankind. "Partition him, cut him down," said the Great Powers to one another; and are busy, as never before, in raising forces, inciting new alliances and calling out the general POSSE COMITATUS of mankind, for that salutary object. What tempestuous fulminations in the Reichstag, and over all Europe, England alone excepted, against this man!

Latterly the Swedes, who at first had compunctions on the score of Protestantism, have agreed to join in the Partitioning adventure: "It brings us his Pommern, all Pommern ours!" cry the Swedish Parliamentary Eloquences (with French gold in their pocket): "At any rate," whisper they, "it spites the Queen his Sister!"—and drag the poor Swedish Nation into a series of disgraces and disastrous platitudes it was little anticipating. This precious French–Swedish Bargain ("Swedes to invade with 25,000; France to give fair subsidy," and bribe largely) was consummated in March; ["21st March, 1757" (Stenzel, v. 38; but did not become known to Friedrich for some months later; nor was it of the importance he then thought it, in the first moment of surprise and provocation. Not indeed of importance to anybody, except, in the reverse way, to poor Sweden itself, and to the French, who had spent a great deal of pains and money on it, and continued to spend, with as good as no result at all. For there never was such a War, before or since, not even by Sweden in the Captainless state! And the one profit the copartners reaped from it, was some discountenance it gave to the rumor which had risen, more extensively than we should now think, and even some nucleus of fact in it as appears, That Austria, France and the Catholic part of the Reich were combining to put down Protestantism. To which they could now answer, "See, Protestant Sweden is with us!"—and so weaken a little what was pretty much Friedrich's last hold on the public sympathies at this time.

As to France itself,—to France, Austria, Russia,—bound by such earthly Treaties, and the call of very Heaven, shall they not, in united puissance and indignation, rise to the rescue? France, touched to the heart by such treatment of a Saxon Kurfurst, and bound by Treaty of Westphalia to protect all members of the Reich (which it has sometimes, to our own knowledge, so carefully done), is almost more ardent than Austria itself. France, Austria, Russia; to these add Polish Majesty himself; and latterly the very Swedes, by French bribery at Stockholm: these are the Partitioning Powers;—and their shares (let us spare one line for their shares) are as follows.

The Swedes are to have Pommern in whole; Polish–Saxon Majesty gets Magdeburg, Halle, and opulent slices thereabouts; Austria's share, we need not say, is that jewel of a Silesia. Czarish Majesty, on the extreme East, takes Preussen, Konigsberg–Memel Country in whole; adds Preussen to her as yet too narrow Territories. Wesel–Cleve Country, from the other or Western extremity, France will take that clipping, and make much of it. These are quite serious business–engagements, engrossed on careful parchment, that Spring, 1757, and I suppose not yet boiled down into glue, but still to be found in dusty corners, with the tape much faded. The high heads, making preparation on the due scale, think them not only executable, but indubitable, and almost as good as done. Push home upon him, as united Posse Comitatus of Mankind; in a sacred cause of Polish Majesty and Public Justice, how can one malefactor resist? "AH, MA TRES–CHERE" and "Oh, my dearest Princess and Cousin," what a chance has turned up!

It is computed that there are arrayed against this one King, under their respective Kings, Empress–Queens, Swedish Senates, Catins and Pompadours, populations to the amount of above 100 millions,—in after stages, I remember to have seen "150 millions" loosely given as the exaggerated cipher. Of armed soldiers actually in the field against him (against Hanover and him), in 1757, there are, by strict count, 430,000. Friedrich's own Dominions at this time contain about Five Millions of Population; of Revenue somewhat less than Two Millions sterling. New taxes he cannot legally, and will not, lay on his People. His SCHATZ (ready–money Treasure, or Hoard yearly accumulating for such end) is, I doubt not, well filled,— express amount not mentioned. Of drilled

men he has, this Year, 150,000 for the field; portioned out thriftily,—as well beseems, against Four Invasions coming on him from different points. In the field, 150,000 soldiers, probably the best that ever were; and in garrison, up and down (his Country being, by nature, the least defensible of all Countries), near 40,000, which he reckons of inferior quality. So stands the account. [Stenzel, iv. 308, 306, v. 39; Ranke, iii. 415; Preuss, ii, 389, 43, 124; — substantially true, I doubt not; but little or nothing of it so definite and conclusively distinct as it ought, in all items, to have been by this time,—had poor Dryasdust known what he was doing.] These are, arithmetically precise, his resources,—PLUS only what may lie in his own head and heart, or funded in the other heads and hearts, especially in those 150,000, which he and his Fathers have been diligently disciplining, to good perfection, for four centuries come the time.

France, urged by Pompadour and the enthusiasms, was first in the field. The French Army, in superb equipment, though privately in poorish state of discipline, took the road early in March; "March 26th and 27th," it crossed the German Border, Cleve Country and Koln Country; had been rumored of since January and February last, as terrifically grand; and here it now actually is, above 100,000 strong,—110,405, as the Army—Lists, flaming through all the Newspapers, teach mankind. [*Helden—Geschichte*, iv. 391; iii. 1073.] Bent mainly upon Prussia, it would seem; such the will of Pompadour. Mainly upon Prussia; Marechal d'Estrees, crossing at Koln, made offers even to his Britannic Majesty to be forgiven in comparison; "Yield us a road through your Hanover, merely a road to those Halberstadt—Magdeburg parts, your Hanover shall have neutrality!" "Neutrality to Hanover?" sighed Britannic Majesty: "Alas, am not I pledged by Treaty? And, alas, withal, how is it possible, with that America hanging over us?" and stood true. Nor is this all, on the part of magnanimous France: there is a Soubise getting under way withal, Soubise and 30,000, who will reinforce the Reich's Armament, were it on foot, and be heard of by and by! So high runs French enthusiasm at present. A new sting of provocation to Most Christian Majesty, it seems, has been Friedrich's conduct in that Damiens matter (miserable attempt, by a poor mad creature, to assassinate; or at least draw blood upon the Most Christian Majesty ["Evening of 5th January, 1757" (exuberantly plentiful details of it, and of the horrible Law—procedures which followed on it: In Adelung, viii. 197—220; Barbier, about which Friedrich, busy and oblivious, had never, in common politeness, been at the pains to condole, compliment, or take any notice whatever. And will now take the consequences, as due!—

The Wesel—Cleve Countries these French find abandoned: Friedrich's garrisons have had orders to bring off the artillery and stores, blow up what of the works are suitable for blowing up; and join the "Britannic Army of Observation" which is getting itself together in those regions. Considerable Army, Britannic wholly in the money part: new Hanoverians so many, Brunswickers, Buckeburgers, Sachsen—Gothaers so many; add those precious Hanoverian—Hessian 20,000, whom we have had in England guarding our liberties so long,—who are now shipped over in a lot; fair wind and full sea to them. Army of 60,000 on paper; of effective more than 50,000; Head—quarters now at Bielefeld on the Weser;—where, "April 16th," or a few days later, Royal Highness of Cumberland comes to take command; likely to make a fine figure against Marechal d'Estrees and his 100,000 French! But there was no helping it. Friedrich, through Winter, has had Schmettau earnestly flagitating the Hanoverian Officialities: "The Weser is wadable in many places, you cannot defend the Weser!" and counselling and pleading to all lengths,—without the least effect. "Wants to save his own Halberstadt lands, at our expense!" Which was the idea in London, too: "Don't we, by Apocalyptic Newswriters and eyesight of our own, understand the man?" Pitt is by this time in Office, who perhaps might have judged a little otherwise. But Pitt's seat is altogether temporary, insecure; the ruling deities Newcastle and Royal Highness, who withal are in standing quarrel. So that Friedrich, Schmettau, Mitchell pleaded to the deaf. Nothing but "Defend the Weser," and ignorant Fatuity ready for the Impossible, is to be made out there. "Cannot help it, then," thinks Friedrich, often enough, in bad moments; "Army of Observation will have its fate. Happily there are only 5,000 Prussians in it, Wesel and the other garrisons given up!"

Only 5,000 Prussians: by original Engagement, there should have been 25,000; and Friedrich's intention is even 45,000 if he prosper otherwise. For in January, 1757 (Anniversary, or nearly so, of that NEUTRALITY CONVENTION last year), there had been—encouraged by Pitt, as I could surmise, who always likes Friedrich—a definite, much closer TREATY OF ALLIANCE, with "Subsidy of a million sterling," Anti—Russian "Squadron of Observation in the Baltic," "25,000 Prussians," and other items, which I forget. Forget the more readily, as, owing to the strange state of England (near suffocating in its Constitutional bedclothes), the Treaty could not be kept at all, or serve as rule to poor England's exertions for Friedrich this Year; exertions which were

of the willing-minded but futile kind, going forward pell-mell, not by plan, and could reach Friedrich only in the lump,—had there been any "lump" of them to sum together. But Pitt had gone out;—we shall see what, in Pitt's absence, there was! So that this Treaty 1757 fell quite into the waste-basket (not to say, far deeper, by way of "pavement" we know where!),—and is not mentioned in any English Book; nor was known to exist, till some Collector of such things printed it, in comparatively recent times. ["M. Koch in 1802," not very perfectly (Scholl, iii. 30 n.; who copies what Koch has given).] A Treaty 1757, which, except as emblem of the then quasi-enchanted condition of England, and as Foreshadow of Pitt's new Treaty in January, 1758, and of three others that followed and were kept to the letter, is not of moment farther.

REICH'S THUNDER, SLIGHT SURVEY OF IT; WITH QUESTION, WHITHERWARD, IF ANY—WHITHER.

The thunderous fulminations in the Reich's-Diet—an injured Saxony complaining, an insulted Kaiser, after vain DEHORTATORIUMS, reporting and denouncing "Horrors such as these: What say you, O Reich?"—have been going on since September last; and amount to boundless masses of the liveliest Parliamentary Eloquence, now fallen extinct to all creatures. [Given, to great lengths, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. iv. (and other easily avoidable Books).] The Kaiser, otherwise a solid pacific gentleman, intent on commercial operations (furnishes a good deal of our meal, says Friedrich), is Officially extremely violent in behalf of injured Saxony,—that is to say, in fact, of injured Austria, which is one's own. Kur-Mainz, Chairman of the Diet (we remember how he was got, and a Battle of Dettingen fought in consequence, long since); Kur-Mainz is admitted to have the most decided Austrian leanings: Britannic George, Austria being now in the opposite scale, finds him an unhandy Kur-Mainz, and what profit it was to introduce false weights into the Reich's balance that time! Not for long generations before, had the poor old semi-imaginary Reich's-Diet risen into such paroxysms; nor did it ever again after. Never again, in its terrestrial History, was there such agonistic parliamentary struggle, and terrific noise of parliamentary palaver, witnessed in the poor Reich's-Diet. Noise and struggle rising ever higher, peal after peal, from September, 1756, when it started, till August, 1757, when it had reached its acme (as perhaps we shall see), though it was far from ending then, or for years to come.

Contemporary by-standers remark, on the Austrian part, extraordinary rage and hatred against Prussia; which is now the one point memorable. Austria is used to speak loud in the Diet, as we have ourselves seen: and it is again (if you dive into those old AEolus'-Caves, at your peril) unpleasantly notable to what pitch of fixed rage, and hot sullen hatred Austria has now gone; and how the tone has in it a potency of world-wide squealing and droning, such as you nowhere heard before. Omnipotence of droning, edged with shrieky squealing, which fills the Universe, not at all in a melodious way. From the depths of the gamut to the shrieky top again,—a droning that has something of porcine or wild-boar character. Figure assembled the wild boars of the world, all or mostly all got together, and each with a knife just stuck into its side, by a felonious individual too well known,—you will have some notion of the sound of these things. Friedrich sometimes remonstrates: "Cannot you spare such phraseology, unseemly to Kings? The quarrels of Kings have to be decided by the sword; what profit in unseemly language, Madam?"—but, for the first year and more, there was no abatement on the Austrian part.

Friedrich's own Delegate at Regensburg, a Baron von Plotho, come of old Brandenburg kindred, is a resolute, ready-tongued, very undaunted gentleman; learned in Diplomacies and Reich's Law; carries his head high, and always has his story at hand. Argument, grounded on Reich's Law and the nature of the case, Plotho never lacks, on spur of the hour: and is indeed a very commendable parliamentary mastiff; and honorable and melodious in the bark of him, compared with those infuriated porcine specimens. He has Kur-Hanover for ally on common occasions, and generally from most Protestant members individually, or from the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM in mass, some feeble whimper of support. Finds difficulty in getting his Reich's Pleadings printed;— dangerous, everywhere in those Southern Parts, to print anything whatever that is not Austrian: so that Plotho, at length, gets printers to himself, and sets up a Printing-Press in his own house at Regensburg. He did a great deal of sonorous pleading for Friedrich; proud, deep-voiced, ruggedly logical; fairly beyond the Austrian quality in many cases,—and always far briefer, which is another high merit. October coming, we purpose to look in upon Plotho for one minute; "October 14th, 1757;" which may be reckoned essentially the acme or tuning-point of these unpleasant thunderings. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-749.]

What good he did to Friedrich, or could have done with the tongue of angels in such an audience, we do not accurately know. Some good he would do even in the Reich's-Diet there; and out of doors, over a German public,

still more; and is worth his frugal wages,—say 1,000 pounds a year, printing and all other expense included! This is a mere guess of mine, Dryasdust having been incurious: but, to English readers it is incredible for what sums Friedrich got his work done, no work ever better. Which is itself an appreciable advantage, computable in pounds sterling; and is the parent of innumerable others which no Arithmetic or Book-keeping by Double Entry will take hold of, and which are indeed priceless for Nations and for persons. But this poor old bedridden Reich, starting in agonistic spasm at such rate: is it not touching, in a Corpus moribund for so many Centuries past! The Reich is something; though it is not much, nothing like so much as even Kaiser Franz supposes it. Much or not so much, Kaiser Franz wishes to secure it for himself; Friedrich to hinder him,—and it must be a poor something, if not worth Plotho's wages on Friedrich's part.

It would insult the patience of every reader to go into these spasmodic tossings of the poor paralytic Reich; or to mention the least item of them beyond what had some result, or fraction of result, on the world's real affairs. We shall say only, therefore, that after tempests not a few of porcine squealing, answered always by counter-latrations on the vigilant Plotho's part;—squealing, chiefly, from the Reich's—Hofrath at Vienna, the Head Tribunal of Imperial Majesty, which sits judging and denouncing there, touched to the soul, as if by a knife driven into its side, by those unheard-of treatments of Saxony and disregard to our DEHORTATORIUMS, and which bursts out, peal after peal, filling the Universe, Plotho not unvigilant;—the poor old Reich's—Diet did at last get into an acting posture, and determine, by clear majority of 99 against 60, that there should be a "Reich's Execution Army" got on foot. Reich's Execution Army to coerce, by force of arms, this nefarious King of Prussia into making instant restitution to Saxony, with ample damages on the nail; that right be done to Kurfürsts of this Reich. To such height of vigor has the Reich's—Diet gone;—and was voting it at Regensburg January 10th, 1757; [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 252, 302, 330; Stenzel, v. 32.] that very day when nefarious Friedrich at Berlin, case-hardened in iniquity to such a pitch, sat writing his INSTRUCTION TO COUNT FINCK, which we read not long since. Simultaneous movements, unknown to one another, in this big wrestle.

Reich's—Diet perfected its Vote; had it quite through, and sanctioned by the Kaiser's Majesty, January 29th: "Arming to be a TRIPLUM" (triple contingent required of you this time); with Romish—months (ROMERMONATE) of cash contributions from all and sundry (rigorously gathered, I should hope, where Austria has power), so many as will cover the expense. Army to be got on actual foot hastily, instantly if possible: an "EILENDE REICH'S-EXECUTIONS ARMEE;" so it ran, but the word EILENDE (speedy) had a mischance in printing, and was struck off into ELENDE (contemptibly wretched): so that on all Market—Squares and Public Places of poor Teutschland, you read flaming Placards summoning out, not a speedy or immediate, but "a MISERABLE Reich's Execution Army!" A word which, we need not say, was laughed at by the unfeeling part of the public; and was often called to mind by the Reich's Execution Army's performances, when said SPEEDY Army did at last take the field.

For the Reich performed its Vote; actually had a Reich's Execution Army; the last it ever had in this world, not by any means the worst it ever had, for they used generally to be bad. Commanders, managers are named, Romermonate are gathered in, or the sure prospect of them; and, through May—June, 1757, there is busy stir, of drumming, preparing and enlisting, all over the Reich. End of July, we shall see the Reich's Army in Camp; end of August, actually in the field; and later on, a touch of its fighting withal. Many other things the Reich tried against unfortunate Friedrich,—gradual advance, in fact, to Ban of the Reich (or total anathema and cutting—off from fire and water): but in none of these, in Ban as little as any, did it come to practical result at all, or acquire the least title to be remembered at this day. Finis of Ban, some eight months hence, has something of attractive as futility, the curious Death of a Futility. Finis of Ban (October 14th, already indicated) we may for one moment look in upon, if there be one moment to spare; the rest—readers may fancy it; and read only of the actuality and fighting part, which will itself be enough for them on such a matter.

FRIEDRICH SUDDENLY MARCHES ON PRAG.

Four Invasions, from their respective points of the compass, northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest: here is a formidable outlook for the one man against whom they are all advancing open—mouthed. The one man—with nothing but a Duke of Cumberland and his Observation Army for backing in such duel—had need to look to himself! Which, we well know, he does; wrapt in profoundly silent vigilance, with his plans all laid. Of the Four Invasions, three, the Russian, French, Austrian, are very large; and the two latter, especially the last, are abundantly formidable. The Swedish, of which there is rumoring, he hopes may come to little, or not come at all.

Nor is Russia, though talking big, and actually getting ready above 100,000 men, so immediately alarming. Friedrich always hopes the English, with their guineas and their managements, will do something for him in that quarter; and he knows, at worst, that the Russian Hundred Thousand will be a very slow-moving entity. The Swedish Invasion Friedrich, for the present, leaves to chance: and against Russia, he has sent old Marshal Lehwald into those Baltic parts; far eastward, towards the utmost Memel Frontier, to put the Country upon its own defence, and make what he can of it with 30,000 men,—West-Prussian militias a good few of them. This is all he can spare on the Swedish-Russian side: Austria and France are the perilous pair of entities; not to be managed except by intense concentration of stroke; and by going on them in succession, if one have luck!—

Friedrich's motions and procedures in canton-quarters, through Winter and in late months, have led to the belief that he means to stand on the defensive; that the scene of the Campaign will probably be Saxony; and that Austria, for recovering injured Saxony, for recovering dear Silesia, will have to take an invasive attitude. And Austria is busy everywhere preparing with that view. Has Tolpatcheries, and advanced Brigades, still harassing about in the Lausitz. A great Army assembling at Prag,—Browne forward towards the Metal Mountains securing posts, gathering magazines, for the crossing into Saxony there. There, it is thought, the tug of war will probably be. Furious, and strenuous, it is not doubted, on this Friedrich's part: but against such odds, what can he do? With Austrians in front, with Russians to left, with French to right and arear, not to mention Swedes and appendages: surely here, if ever, is a lost King!—

It is by no means Friedrich's intention that Saxony itself shall need to be invaded. Friedrich's habit is, as his enemies might by this time be beginning to learn, not that of standing on the defensive, but that of GOING on it, as the preferable method wherever possible. March 24th, Friedrich had quitted Dresden City; and for a month after (head-quarters Lockwitz, edge of the Pirna Country), he had been shifting, redistributing, his cantoned Army, —privately into the due Divisions, due readiness for march. Which done, on fixed days, about the end of April, the whole Army, he himself from Lockwitz, April 20th,—to the surprise of Austria and the world, Friedrich in three grand Columns, Bevern out of the Lausitz, King himself over the Metal Mountains, Schwerin out of Schlesien, is marching with extraordinary rapidity direct for Prag; in the notion that a right plunge into the heart of Bohemia will be the best defence for Saxony and the other places under menace.

This is a most unexpected movement; which greatly astonishes the world—theatre, pit, boxes and gallery alike (as Friedrich's sudden movements often do); and which is, above all, interesting on the stage itself, where the actors had been counting on a quite opposite set of entries and activities! Feldmarschall Browne and General Konigseck (not our old friend Konigseck, who used to dry-nurse in the Netherlands, but his nephew and heir) may cease gathering Magazines, in those Lausitz and Metal-Mountain parts: happy could they give wings to those already gathered! Magazines, for Austrian service, are clearly not the things wanted there. One does not burn one's Magazines till the last extremity; but wings they have none; and such is the enigmatic velocity of those Prussian movements, one seldom has time even to burn them, in the last crisis of catastrophe! Considerable portions of that provender fell into the Prussian throat; as much as "three months' provision for the whole Army," count they,—adding to those Frontier sundries the really important Magazine which they seized at Jung-Bunzlau farther in. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 6–13; *It is one among their many greater advantages from this surprisal of the enemy, and sudden topsy-turvyng of his plans. Browne and Konigseck have to retire on Prag at their swiftest; looking to more important results than Magazines.*

It is Friedrich's old plan. Long since, in 1744, we saw a march of this kind, Three Columns rushing with simultaneous rapidity on Prag; and need not repeat the particulars on this occasion. Here are some Notes on the subject, which will sufficiently bring it home to readers:— "The Three Columns were, for a part of the way, Four; the King's being, at first, in two branches, till they united again, on the other side of the Hills. For the King," what is to be noted, "had shot out, three weeks before, a small preliminary branch, under Moritz of Dessau; who marched, well westward, by Eger (starting from Chemnitz in Saxony); and had some tussling with our poor old friend Duke d'Ahremberg, Browne's subordinate in those parts. D'Ahremberg, having 20,000 under him, would not quit Eger for Moritz; but pushed out Croats upon him, and sat still. This, it was afterwards surmised, had been a feint on Friedrich's part; to give the Austrians pleasant thoughts: 'Invading us, is he? Would fain invade us, but cannot!' Moritz fell back from Eger; and was ready to join the King's march, (at Linay, April 23d' (third day from Lockwitz, on the King's part). Onwards from which point the Columns are specifically Three; in strength, and on routes, somewhat as follows:—

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

1. *"The FIRST Column, or King's,--which is 60,000 after this junction, 45,000 foot, 15,000 horse,--quitted Lockwitz (head- quarter for a month past), WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20TH. They go by the Pascopol and other roads; through Pirna, for one place: through Karbitz, Aussig, are at Linay on the 23d; where Moritz joins: 24th, in the united state, forward again (leave Lobositz two miles to left); to Trebnitz, 25th, and rest there one day.*

"At Aussig an unfortunate thing befell. Zastrow, respectable old General Zastrow, was to drive the Austrians out of Aussig: Zastrow does it, April 22d-23d, drives them well over the heights; April 25th, however, marching forward towards Lobositz, Zastrow is shot through both temples (Pandour hid among the bushes and cliffs, OTHER side of Elbe), and falls dead on the spot. Buried in GOTTLEUBE Kirk, 1st May."

In these Aussig affairs, especially in recapturing the Castle of Tetschen near by, Colonel Mayer, father of the new "Free-Corps," did shining service;--and was approved of, he and they. And, a day or two after, was detached with a Fifteen Hundred of that kind, on more important business: First, to pick up one or two Bohemian Magazines lying handy; after which, to pay a visit to the Reich and its bluster about Execution-Army, and teach certain persons who it is they are thundering against in that awkwardly truculent manner! Errand shiningly done by Mayer, as perhaps we may hear,--and certainly as all the Newspapers loudly heard,--in the course of the next two months.

At crossing of the Eger, Friedrich's Column had some chasing of poor D'Ahremberg; attempting to cut him off from his Bridges, Bridge of Koschlitz, Bridge of Budin; but he made good despatch, Browne and he; and, except a few prisoners of Ziethen's gathering, and most of his Magazines unburnt, they did him no damage. The chase was close enough; more than once, the Austrian head- quarter of to-night was that of the Prussians to-morrow. Monday, May 2d, Friedrich's Column was on the Weissenberg of Prag; Browne, D'Ahremberg, and Prince Karl, who is now come up to take command, having hastily filed through the City, leaving a fit garrison, the day before. Except his Magazines, nothing the least essential went wrong with Browne; but Konigseck, who had not a Friedrich on his heels,--Konigseck, trying more, as his opportunities were more,--was not quite so lucky.

2. *"Column SECOND, to the King's left, comes from the Lausitz under Brunswick-Bevern,--18,000 foot, 5,000 horse. This is the Bevern who so distinguished himself at Lobositz last year; and he is now to culminate into a still brighter exploit,--the last of his very bright ones, as it proved. Bevern set out from about Zittau (from Grottau, few miles south of Zittau), the same day with Friedrich, that is April 20th;--and had not well started till he came upon formidable obstacles. Came upon General Konigseck, namely: a Konigseck manoeuvring ahead, in superior force; a Maguire, Irish subordinate of Konigseck's, coming from the right to cut off our baggage (against whom Bevern has to detach); a Lacy, coming from the left;--or indeed, Konigseck and Lacy in concert, intending to offer battle. Battle of Reichenberg, which accordingly ensued, April 21st,"--of which, though it was very famous for so small a Battle, there can be no account given here.*

The short truth is, Konigseck falling back, Parthian-like, with a force of 30,000 or more, has in front of him nothing but Bevern; who, as he issues from the Lausitz, and till he can unite with Schwerin farther southward, is but some 20,000 odd: cannot Konigseck call halt, and bid Bevern return, or do worse? Konigseck, a diligent enough soldier, determines to try; chooses an excellent position,--at or round Reichenberg, which is the first Bohemian Town, one march from Zittau in the Lausitz, and then one from Liebenau, which latter would be Bevern's SECOND Bohemian stage on the Prag road, if he continued prosperous. Reichenberg, standing nestled among hills in the Neisse Valley (one of those Four Neisses known to us, the Neisse where Prince Karl got exploded, in that signal manner, Winter, 1745, by a certain King), offers fine capabilities; which Konigseck has laid hold of. There is especially one excellent Hollow (on the left or western bank of Neisse River, that is, ACROSS from Reichenberg), backed by woody hills, nothing but hills, brooks, woods all round; Hollow scooped out as if for the purpose; and altogether of inviting character to Konigseck. There, "Wednesday, April 20th," Konigseck posts himself, plants batteries, fells abatis; plenty of cannon, of horse and foot, and, say all soldiers, one of the best positions possible.

So that Bevern, approaching Reichenberg at evening, evening of his first march, Wednesday, April 20th, finds his way barred; and that the difficulties may be considerable. "Nothing to be made of it to-night," thinks Bevern; "but we must try to-morrow!" and has to take camp, "with a marshy brook in front of him," some way on the hither side of Reichenberg; and study overnight what method of unbarring there may be. Thursday morning early, Bevern, having well reconnoitred and studied, was at work unbarring. Bevern crossed his own marshy brook; courageously assaulted Konigseck's position, left wing of Konigseck; stormed the abatis, the batteries, plunged in

upon Konigseck, man to man, horse to horse, and after some fierce enough but brief dispute, tumbled Konigseck out of the ground. Konigseck made some attempt to rally; attempted twice, but in vain; had fairly to roll away, and at length to run, leaving 1,000 dead upon the field, about 500 prisoners; one or two guns, and I forget how many standards, or whether any kettle—drums. This was thought to be a decidedly bright feat on Bevern's part (rather mismanaged latterly on Konigseck's); [Tempelhof, i. 100; Helden— Geschichte, iii. 1077 (Friedrich's own Account, "Linay in Bohmen, 24th April, 1757"); There is, in Busching's italic> Magazin (xvi. 139 et seq.), an intelligible sketch of this Action of Reichenberg, with satirical criticisms, which have some basis, on Lacy, Maguire and others, by an Anonymous Military Cynic,—who gives many such in BUSCHING (that of Fontenoy, for example), not without force of judgment, and signs of wide study and experience in his trade.]—much approved by Friedrich, as he hears of it, at Linay, on his own prosperous march Prag—ward. A comfortable omen, were there nothing more.

Konigseck and Company, torn out of Reichenberg, and set running, could not fairly halt again and face about till at Liebenau, twenty miles off, where they found some defile or difficult bit of ground fit for them; and this too proved capable of yielding pause for a few hours only. For Schwerin, with his Silesian Column, was coming up from the northeast, threatening Konigseck on flank and rear: Konigseck could only tighten his straps a little at this Liebenau, and again get under way; and making vain attempts to hinder the junction of Schwerin and Bevern, to defend the Jung—Bunzlau Magazine, or do any good in those parts, except to detain the Schwerin—Bevern people certain hours (I think, one day in all), had nothing for it but to gird himself together, and retreat on Prag and the Ziscaberg, where his friends now were.

The Austrian force at Reichenberg was 20,000; would have been 30 and odd thousands, had Maguire come up (as he might have done, had not the appearances alarmed him too much); Bevern, minus the Detachment sent against Maguire, was but 15,000 in fight; and he has quite burst the Austrians away, who had plugged his road for him in such force: is it not a comfortable little victory, glorious in its sort; and a good omen for the bigger things that are coming? Bevern marched composedly on, after this inspiriting tussle, through Liebenau and what defiles there were; April 24th, at Turnau, he falls into the Schwerin Column; incorporates himself therewith, and, as subordinate constituent part, accompanies Schwerin thenceforth.

3. "Column THIRD was Schwerin's, out of Schlesien; counted to be 32,000 foot, 12,000 horse. Schwerin, gathering himself, from Glatz and the northerly country, at Landshut,—very careless, he, of the pleasant Hills, and fine scattered peaks of the Giant Mountains thereabouts,—was completely gathered foremost of all the Columns, having farthest to go. And on Monday, 18th April, started from Landshut, Winterfeld leading one division. In our days, it is the finest of roads; high level Pass, of good width, across the Giant Range; pleasant painted hamlets sprinkling it, fine mountain ridges and distant peaks looking on; Schneekoppe (SNOWfell, its head bright—white till July come) attends you, far to the right, all the way:—probably Sprite Rubezahl inhabits there; and no doubt River Elbe begins his long journey there, trickling down in little threads over yonder, intending to float navies by and by: considerations infinitely indifferent to Schwerin. 'The road,' says my Tourist, (is not Alpine; it reminds you of Derbyshire—Peak country; more like the road from Castletown to Sheffield than any I could name;—we have been in it before, my reader and I, about Schatzlar and other places. Trautenau, well down the Hills, with swift streams, more like torrents, bound Elbe—wards, watering it, is a considerable Austrian Town, and the Bohemian end of the Pass, —Sohr only a few miles from it: heartily indifferent to Schwerin at this moment; who was home from the Army, in a kind of disfavor, or mutual pet, at the time Sohr was done. Schwerin's March we shall not give; his junction with Bevern (at Turnau, on the Iser, April 24th), then their capture of Jung—Bunzlau Magazine, and crossing of the Elbe at Melnick, these were the important points; and, in spite of Konigseck's tusslings, these all went well, and nothing was lost except one day of time."

The Austrians, some days ago, as we observed, filed THROUGH Prag,— Sunday, May 1st, not a pleasant holiday—spectacle to the populations;—and are all encamped on the Ziscaberg high ground, on the other side of the City. Had they been alert, now was the time to attack Friedrich, who is weaker than they, while nobody has yet joined him. They did not think of it, under Prince Karl; and Browne and the Prince are said to be in bad agreement.

Chapter II. BATTLE OF PRAG.

Monday morning, 2d May, 1757, the Vanguard, or advanced troops of Friedrich's Column, had appeared upon the Weissenberg, northwest corner of Prag (ground known to them in 1744, and to the poor Winter-King in 1620): Vanguard in the morning; followed shortly by Friedrich himself; and, hour after hour, by all the others, marching in. So that, before sunset, the whole force lay posted there; and had the romantic City of Prag full in view at their feet. A most romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old City; its skylights and gilt steeple-cocks glittering in the western sun,—Austrian Camp very visible close beyond it, spread out miles in extent on the Ziscaberg Heights, or eastern side;— Prag, no doubt, and the Austrian Garrison of Prag, taking intense survey of this Prussian phenomenon, with commentaries, with emotions, hidden now in eternal silence, as is fit enough. One thing we know, "Head-quarter was in Welleslawin:" there, in that small Hamlet, nearly to north, lodged Friedrich, the then busiest man of Europe; whom Posterity is still striving for a view of, as something memorable.

Prince Karl, our old friend, is now in chief command yonder; Browne also is there, who was in chief command; their scheme of Campaign gone all awry. And to Friedrich, last night, at his quarters "in the Monastery of Tuchomirsitz," where these two Gentlemen had lodged the night before, it was reported that they had been heard in violent altercation; [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 11 (exact "Diary of the march" given there).]— both of them, naturally, in ill-humor at the surprising turn things had taken; and Feldmarschall Browne firing up, belike, at some platitude past or coming, at some advice of his rejected, some imputation cast on him, or we know not what. Prince Karl is now chief; and indignant Browne, as may well be the case, dissents a good deal,—as he has often had to do. Patience, my friend, it is near ending now! Prince Karl means to lie quiet on the Ziscaberg, and hold Prag; does not think of molesting Friedrich in his solitary state; and will undertake nothing, "till Konigseck, from Jung-Bunzlau, come in," victorious or not; or till perhaps even Daun arrive (who is, rather slowly, gathering reinforcement in Maren): "What can the enemy attempt on us, in a Post of this strength?" thinks Prince Karl. And Browne, whatever his insight or convictions be, has to keep silence.

"Weissenberg," let readers be reminded, "is on the hither or western side of Prag: the Hradschin [pronounce RadSHEEN, with accent on the last syllable, as in "SchwerIN" and other such cases], the Hradschin, which is the topmost summit of the City and of the Fashionable Quarter,—old Bohemian Palace, still occasionally habitable as such, and in constant use as a DOWNING STREET,—lies on the slope or shoulder of the Weissenberg, a good way from the top; and has a web of streets rushing down from it, steepest streets in the world; till they reach the Bridge, and broad-flowing Moldau (broad as Thames at half-flood, but nothing like so deep); after which the streets become level, and spread out in intricate plenty to right and to left, and ahead eastward, across the River, till the Ziscaberg, with frowning precipitous brow, suddenly puts a stop to them in that particular direction. From Ziscaberg top to Weissenberg top may be about five English miles; from the Hradschin to the foot of Ziscaberg, northwest to southeast, will be half that distance, the greatest length of Prag City. Which is rather rhomboidal in shape, its longer diagonal this that we mention. The shorter diagonal, from northmost base of Ziscaberg to southmost of Hradschin, is perhaps a couple of miles. Prag stands nestled in the lap of mountains; and is not in itself a strong place in war: but the country round it, Moldau ploughing his rugged chasm of a passage through the piled table-land, is difficult to manoeuvre in.

"Moldau Valley comes straight from the south, crosses Prag; and—making, on its outgate at the northern end of Prag (end of 'shortest diagonal' just spoken of), one big loop, or bend and counter-bend, of horse-shoe shape," which will be notable to us anon—"again proceeds straight northward and Elbe-ward. It is narrow everywhere, especially when once got fairly north of Prag; and runs along like a Quasi-Highland Strath, amid rocks and hills. Big Hill-ranges, not to be called barren, yet with rock enough on each hand, and fine side valleys opening here and there: the bottom of your Strath, which is green and fertile, with pleasant busy Villages (much intent on water-power and cotton-spinning in our time), is generally of few furlongs in breadth. And so it lasts, this pleasant Moldau Valley, mile after mile, on the northern or Lower Moldau, generally straight north, though with one big bend eastward just before ending; and not till near Melnick, or the mouth of Moldau, do we emerge on that grand Elbe Valley,—glanced at once already, from Pascopol or other Height, in the Lobositz times."

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Friedrich's first problem is the junction with Schwerin: junction not to be accomplished south of Ziscaberg in the present circumstances; and which Friedrich knows to be a ticklish operation, with those Austrians looking on from the high grounds there. Tuesday, 3d May, in the way of reconnoitring, and decisively on Wednesday, 4th, Friedrich is off northward, along the western heights of Lower Moldau, proper force following him, to seek a fit place for the pontoons, and get across in that northern quarter. "How dangerous that Schwerin is a day too late!" murmurs he; but hopes the Austrians will undertake nothing. Keith, with 30,000, he has left on the Weissenberg, to straiten Prag and the Austrian Garrison on that side: our wagon-trains arrive from Leitmeritz on that side, Elbe-boats bring them up to Leitmeritz; very indispensable to guard that side of Prag. Friedrich's fixed purpose also is to beat the Austrians, on the other side of it, and send them packing; but for that, there are steps needful!

Up so far as Lissoley, the first day, Friedrich has found no fit place; but on the morrow, Thursday, 5th, farther up, at a place called Seltz, Friedrich finds his side of the Strath to be "a little higher than the other,"—proper, therefore, for cannonading the other, if need be;—and orders his pontoons to be built together there. He knows accurately of the Schwerin Column, of the comfortable Bevern Victory at Reichenberg, and how they have got the Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, and are across the Elbe, their bridges all secured, though with delay of one day; and do now wait only for the word,—for the three cannon-shot, in fact, which are to signify that Friedrich is actually crossing to their side of Lower Moldau.

Friedrich's Bridge is speedily built (trained human hands can be no speedier), his batteries planted, his precautions taken: the three cannon-shot go off, audible to Schwerin; and Friedrich's troops stream speedily across, hardly a Pandour to meddle with them. Nay, before the passage was complete—what light-horse squadrons are these? Hussars, seen to be Seidlitz's (missioned by Schwerin), appear on the outskirts: a meeting worthy of three cheers, surely, after such a march on both sides! Friedrich lies on the eastern Hill-tops that night (Hamlet of Czimitz his Head-quarter, discoverable if you wish it, scarcely three miles north of Prag); and accurate appointment is made with Schwerin as to the meeting-place to-morrow morning. Meeting-place is to be the environs of Prossik Village, southeastward over yonder, short way north of the Prag-Konigsgratz Highway; and rather nearer Prag than we now are, in Czimitz here: time at Prossik to be 6 A.M. by the clock; and Winterfeld and Schwerin to come in person and speak with his Majesty. This is the program for Friday, May 6th, which proves to be so memorable a day.

Schwerin is on foot by the stroke of midnight; comes along, "over the heights of Chaber," by half a dozen, or I know not how many roads; visible in due time to Friedrich's people, who are likewise punctually on the advance: in a word, the junction is accomplished with all correctness. And, while the Columns are marching up, Schwerin and Winterfeld ride about in personal conference with his Majesty; taking survey, through spy-glasses, of those Austrians encamped yonder on the broad back of their Zisca Hill, a couple of miles to southward. "What a set of Austrians," exclaim military critics, "to permit such junction, without effort to devour the one half or the other, in good time!" Friedrich himself, it is probable, might partly be of the same opinion; but he knew his Austrians, and had made bold to venture. Friedrich, we can observe, always got to know his man, after fighting him a month or two; and took liberties with him, or did not take, accordingly. And, for most part,—not quite always, as one signal exception will show,—he does it with perfect accuracy; and often with vital profit to his measures. "If the Austrian cooking-tents are a-smoke before eight in the morning," notes he, "you may calculate, in such case, the Austrians will march that day." [MILITARY INSTRUCTIONS.] With a surprising vividness of eye and mind (beautiful to rival, if one could), he watches the signs of the times, of the hours and the days and the places; and prophesies from them; reads men and their procedures, as if they were mere handwriting, not too cramped for him.—The Austrians have, by this time, got their Konigseck home, very unvictorious, but still on foot, all but a thousand or two: they are already stronger than the Prussians by count of heads; and till even Daun come up, what hurry in a Post like this? The Austrians are viewing Friedrich, too, this morning; but in the blindest manner: their outposts fire a cannon-shot or two on his group of adjutants and him, without effect; and the Head people send their cavalry out to forage, so little prophecy have they from signs seen.

Zisca Hill, where the Austrians now are, rises sheer up, of well-nigh precipitous steepness, though there are trees and grass on it, from the eastern side of Prag, say five or six hundred feet. A steep, picturesque, massive green Hill; Moldau River, turning suddenly to right, strikes the northwest corner of it (has flowed well to west of it, till then), and winds eastward round its northern base. As will be noticed presently. The ascent of Ziscaberg, by roads, is steep and tedious: but once at the top, you find that it is precipitous on two sides only, the City or

westward side, and the Moldau or northward. Atop it spreads out, far and wide, into a waving upland level; bare of hedges; ploughable all of it, studded with littery hamlets and farmsteadings; far and wide, a kind of Plain, sloping with extreme gentleness, five or six miles to eastward, and as far to southward, before the level perceptibly rise again.

Another feature of the Ziscaberg, already hinted at, is very notable: that of the Moldau skirting its northern base, and scarping the Hill, on that side too, into a precipitous, or very steep condition. Moldau having arrived from southward, fairly past the end of Ziscaberg, had, so to speak, made up his mind to go right eastward, quarrying his way through the lower uplands there, And he proceeds accordingly, hugging the northern base of Ziscaberg, and making it steep enough; but finds, in the course of a mile or so, that he can no more; upland being still rock-built, not underminable farther; and so is obliged to wind round again, to northward, and finally straight westward, the way he came, or parallel to the way he came; and has effected that great Horse-shoe Hollow we heard of lately. An extremely pretty Hollow, and curious to look upon; pretty villas, gardens, and a "Belvedere Park," laid out in the bottom part; with green mountain-walls rising all round it, and a silver ring of river at the base of them: length of Horse-shoe, from heel to toe, or from west to east, is perhaps a mile; breadth, from heel to heel, perhaps half as much. Having arrived at his old distance to west, Moldau, like a repentant prodigal, and as if ashamed of his frolic, just over against the old point he swerved from, takes straight to northward again. Straight northward; and quarries out that fine narrow valley, or Quasi-Highland Strath, with its pleasant busy villages, where he turns the overshot machinery, and where Friedrich and his men had their pontoons swimming yesterday.

It is here, on this broad back of the Ziscaberg, that the Austrians now lie; looking northward over to the King, and trying cannon-shots upon him. There they have been encamping, and diligently intrenching themselves for four days past; diligent especially since yesterday, when they heard of Friedrich's crossing the River. Their groups of tents, and batteries at all the good points, stretch from near the crown of Ziscaberg, eastward to the Villages of Hlaupetin, Kyge, and their Lakes, near four miles; and rearward into the interior one knows not how far;—Prince Karl, hardly awake yet, lies at Nussel, near the Moldau, near the Wischerad or southeastmost point of Prag; six good miles west-by-south of Kyge, at the other end of the diagonal line. About the same distance, right east from Nussel, and a mile or more to south of Kyge, over yonder, is a littery Farmstead named Sterbohol, which is not yet occupied by the Austrians, but will become very famous in their War-Annals, this day!—

Where the Austrian Camp or various Tent-groups were, at the time Friedrich first cast eye on them, is no great concern of his or ours; inasmuch as, in two or three hours hence, the Austrians were obliged, rather suddenly, to take Order of Battle; and that, and not their camping, is the thing we are curious upon. Let us step across, and take some survey of that Austrian ground, which Friedrich is now surveying from the distance, fully intending that it shall be a battle-ground in few hours; and try to explain how the Austrians drew up on it, when they noticed the Prussian symptoms to become serious more and more. By nine in the morning,—some two hours after Friedrich began his scanning, and the Austrian outposts their firing of stray cannon-shots on him,—it is Battle-lines, not empty Tents (which there was not time to strike), that salute the eye over yonder.

From behind that verdant Horse-shoe Chasm we spoke of, buttressed by the inaccessible steepes, and the Moldau, double-folded in the form of Horse-shoe, all along the brow of that sloping expanse, stands (by 9 A.M. "foragers all suddenly called in") the Austrian front; the second line and the reserve, parallel to it, at good distances behind. Ranked there; say 65,000 regulars (Prussian force little short of the same), on the brow of Ziscaberg slope, some four miles long. Their right wing ends, in strong batteries, in intricate marshes, knolls, lakelets, between Hlaupetin and Kyge: the extreme of their left wing looks over on that Horse-shoe Hollow, where Moldau tried to dig his way, but could not and had to turn back. They have numerous redoubts, in front and in all the good places; and are busy with more, some of them just now getting finished, treble-quick, while the Prussians are seen under way. As many as sixty heavy cannon in battery up and down: of field-pieces they have a hundred and fifty. Excellent always with their Artillery, these Austrians; plenty of it, well-placed and well-served: thanks to Prince Lichtenstein's fine labors within these ten years past. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, (in several places); see Hormayr, ? Lichtenstein.] The villages, the farmsteads, are occupied; every rising ground especially has its battery,—Homoly Berg, Tabor Berg, "Mount of Tabor;" say KNOLL of Tabor (nothing like so high as Battersea Rise, hardly even as Constitution Hill), though scriptural Zisca would make a Mount of it;—these, and other BERGS of the like type.

That is the Austrian Battle Order (as it stood about 9, though it had still to change a little, as we shall see):

their first line, straight or nearly so, looking northward, stands on the brow of the Zisca Slope; their second and their third, singularly like it, at the due distances behind;—in the intervals, their tents, which stand scattered, in groups wide apart, in the ample interior to southward. The cavalry is on both wings; left wing, behind that Moldau Chasm, cannot attack nor be attacked,—except it were on hippogriffs, and its enemy on the like, capable of fighting in the air, overhead of these Belvedere Pleasure-grounds: perhaps Prince Karl will remedy this oversight; fruit of close following of the orthodox practice? Prince Karl, supreme Chief, commands on the left wing; Browne on the right, where he can attack or be attacked, NOT on hippogriffs. As we shall see, and others will! Light horse, in any quantity, hang scattered on all outskirts. With foot, with cannon batteries, with horse, light or heavy, they cover in long broad flood the whole of that Zisca Slope, to near where it ceases, and the ground to eastward begins perceptibly to rise again.

In this latter quarter, Zisca Slope, now nearly ended, begins to get very swampy in parts; on the eastern border of the Austrian Camp, at Kyge, Hostawitz, and beyond it southward, about Sterbohol and Michelup, there are many little lakelets; artificial fish-ponds, several of them, with their sluices, dams and apparatus: a ragged broadish lacing of ponds and lakelets (all well dried in our day) straggles and zigzags along there, connected by the miserablest Brook in nature, which takes to oozing and serpentineing forward thereabouts, and does finally get emptied, now in a rather livelier condition, into the Moldau, about the TOE-part of that Horse-shoe or Belvedere region. It runs in sight of the King, I think, where he now is; this lower livelier part of it: little does the King know how important the upper oozing portion of it will be to him this day. Near Michelup are lakelets worth noticing; a little under Sterbohol, in the course of this miserable Brook, is a string of fish-ponds, with their sluices open at this time, the water out, and the mud bottom sown with herb-provender for the intended carps, which is coming on beautifully, green as leeks, and nearly ready for the fish getting to it again.

Friedrich surveys diligently what he can of all this, from the northern verge. We will now return to Friedrich; and will stay on his side through the terrible Action that is coming. Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World; loud as Doomsday;—the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears! Of this great Action the Narratives old and modern are innumerable; false some of them, unintelligible well-nigh all. There are three in Lloyd, known probably to some of my readers. Tempelhof, with criticisms of these three, gives a fourth,—perhaps the one Narrative which human nature, after much study, can in some sort understand. Human readers, especially military, I refer to that as their finale. [In Lloyd, i. 38 et seq. (the Three): in Tempelhof, i. 123 (the Fourth); ib. i. 144 (strength of each Army), 105–149 (remarks of Tempelhof).—The "HISTORY," or Series of Lectures on the Battles of this War, "BY THE ROYAL STAFF-OFFICERS"—which, for the last thirty or forty years, is used as Text-Book, or Military EUCLID, in the Prussian Cadet-Schools,—appears to possess the fit professorial lucidity and amplitude; and, in regard to all Official details, enumerations and the like, is received as of CANONICAL authority: it is not accessible to the general Public,—though liberally enough conceded in special cases; whereby, in effect, the main results of it are now become current in modern Prussian Books. By favor in high quarters, I had once possession of a copy, for some months; but not, at that time, the possibility of thoroughly reading any part of it.] Other interest than military-scientific the Action now has not much. The stormy fire of soul that blazed that day (higher in no ancient or modern Fight of men) is extinct, hopeless of resuscitation for English readers. Approximately what the thing to human eyes might be like; what Friedrich's procedure, humor and physiognomy of soul was in it: this, especially the latter head, is what we search for,—had lazy Dryasdust given us almost anything on this latter head! What little can be gleaned from him on both heads let us faithfully give, and finish our sad part of the combat.

Friedrich, with his Schwerin and Winterfeld, surveying these things from the northern edge, admits that the Austrian position is extremely strong; but he has no doubt that it must be, by some good method, attacked straightway, and the Austrians got beaten. Indisputably the enterprise is difficult. Unattackable clearly, the Austrians, on that left wing of theirs; not in the centre well attackable, nor in the front at all, with that stiff ground, and such redoubts and points of strength: but round on their right yonder; take them in flank,—cannot we? On as far as Kyge, the Three have ridden reconnoitring; and found no possibility upon the front; nor at Kyge, where the front ends in batteries, pools and quagmires, is there any. "Difficult, not undoable," persists the King: "and it must be straightway set about and got done." Winterfeld, always for action, is of that opinion, too: and, examining farther down along their right flank, reports that there the thing is feasible.

Feasible perhaps: "but straightway?" objects Schwerin. His men have been on foot since midnight, and on

forced marches for days past: were it not better to rest for this one day? "Rest:—and Daun, coming on with 30,000 of reinforcement to them, might arrive this night? Never, my good Feldmarschall;"—and as the Feldmarschall was a man of stiff notions, and had a tongue of some emphasis, the Dialogue went on, probably with increasing emphasis on Friedrich's side too, till old Schwerin, with a quite emphatic flash of countenance, crushing the hat firm over his brow, exclaims: "Well, your Majesty: the fresher fish the better fish (FRISCHE FISCH, GUTE FISCH): straightway, then!" and springs off on the gallop southward, he too, seeking some likely point of attack. He too,— jointly or not with Winterfeld, I do not know: Winterfeld himself does not say; whose own modest words on the subject readers shall see before we finish. But both are mentioned in the Books as searching, at hand—gallop, in this way: and both, once well round to south, by the Podschernitz ["Podschernitz" is pronounced PotSHERnitz (should we happen to mention it again); "Kyge," KEEGA.] quarter, with the Austrian right flank full in view, were agreed that here the thing was possible. "Infantry to push from this quarter towards Sterbohol yonder, and then plunge into their redoubts and them! Cavalry may sweep still farther southward, if found convenient, and even take them in rear." Both agree that it will do in this way: ground tolerably good, slightly downwards for us, then slightly upwards again; tolerable for horse even:—the intermediate lacing of dirty lakelets, the fish—ponds with their sluices drawn, Schwerin and Winterfeld either did not notice at all, or thought them insignificant, interspersed with such beautiful "pasture—ground,"—of unusual verdure at this early season of the year.

The deployment, or "marching up (AUFMARSCHIREN)" of the Prussians was wonderful; in their squadrons, in their battalions, horse, foot, artillery, wheeling, closing, opening; strangely checkering a country—side,—in movements intricate, chaotic to all but the scientific eye. Conceive them, flowing along, from the Heights of Chaber, behind Prossik Hamlet (right wing of infantry plants itself at Prossik, horse westward of them); and ever onwards in broad many—checked tide—stream, eastward, eastward, then southward ("our artillery went through Podschernitz, the foot and horse a little on this westward side of it"): intricate, many—glancing tide of coming battle; which, swift, correct as clock—work, becomes two lines, from Prossik to near Chwala ("baggage well behind at Gbell"); thence round by Podschernitz quarter; and descends, steady, swift, tornado—storm so beautifully hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip to. Gradually, in stirring up those old dead pedantic record—books, the fact rises on us: silent whirlwinds of old Platt—Deutsch fire, beautifully held down, dwell in those mute masses; better human stuff there is not than that old Teutsch (Dutch, English, Platt—Deutsch and other varieties); and so disciplined as here it never was before or since. "In an hour and half," what military men may count almost incredible, they are fairly on their ground, motionless the most of them by 9 A.M.; the rest wheeling rightward, as they successively arrive in the Chwala—Podschernitz localities; and, descending diligently, Sterbohol way; and will be at their harvest—work anon.

Meanwhile the Austrians, seeing, to their astonishment, these phenomena to the north, and that it is a quite serious thing, do also rapidly bestir themselves; swarming like bees;—bringing in their foraging Cavalry, "No time to change your jacket for a coat:" rank, double—quick! Browne is on that right wing of theirs: "Bring the left wing over hither," suggests Browne; "cavalry is useless yonder, unless they had hippogriffs!"—and (again Browne suggesting) the Austrians make a change in the position of their right wing, both horse and foot: change which is of vital importance, though unnoted in many Narratives of this Battle. Seeing, namely, what the Prussians intend, they wheel their right wing (say the last furlong or two of their long Line of Battle) half round to right; so that the last furlong or two stands at right angles ("EN POTENCE," gallows—wise, or joiner's—square—wise to the rest); and, in this way, make front to the Prussian onslaught,—front now, not flank, as the Prussians are anticipating. This is an important wheel to right, and formation in joiner's—square manner; and involves no end of interior wheeling, marching and deploying; which Austrians cannot manage with Prussian velocity. "Swift with it, here about Sterbohol at least, my men! For here are the Prussians within wind of us!" urges Browne. And here straightway the hurricane does break loose.

Winterfeld, the van of Schwerin's infantry (Schwerin's own regiment, and some others, with him), is striding rapidly on Sterbohol; Winterfeld catches it before Browne can. But near by, behind that important post, on the Homely Hill (BERG or "Mountain," nothing like so high as Constitution Mountain), are cannon—batteries of devouring quality; which awaken on Winterfeld, as he rushes out double—quick on the advancing Austrians; and are fatal to Winterfeld's attempt, and nearly to Winterfeld himself. Winterfeld, heavily wounded, sank in swoon from his horse; and awakening again in a pool of blood, found his men all off, rushing back upon the main

Schwerin body; "Austrian grenadiers gazing on the thing, about eighty paces off, not venturing to follow." Winterfeld, half dead, scrambled across to Schwerin, who has now come up with the main body, his front line fronting the Austrians here. And there ensued, about Sterbohol and neighborhood, led on by Schwerin, such a death-wrestle as was seldom seen in the Annals of War. Winterfeld's miss of Sterbohol was the beginning of it: the exact course of sequel none can describe, though the end is well known.

The Austrians now hold Sterbohol with firm grip, backed by those batteries from Homoly Hill. Redoubts, cannon-batteries, as we said, stud all the field; the Austrian stock of artillery is very great; arrangement of it cunning, practice excellent; does honor to Prince Lichtenstein, and indeed is the real force of the Austrians on this occasion. Schwerin must have Sterbohol, in spite of batteries and ranked Austrians, and Winterfeld's recoil tumbling round him:--and rarely had the oldest veteran such a problem. Old Schwerin (fiery as ever, at the age of 73) has been in many battles, from Blenheim onwards; and now has got to his hottest and his last. "Vanguard could not do it; main body, we hope, kindling all the hotter, perhaps may!" A most willing mind is in these Prussians of Schwerin's: fatigue of over-marching has tired the muscles of them; but their hearts,--all witnesses say, these (and through these, their very muscles, "always fresh again, after a few minutes of breathing-time") were beyond comparison, this day!

Schwerin's Prussians, as they "march up" (that is, as they front and advance upon the Austrians), are everywhere saluted by case-shot, from Homoly Hill and the batteries northward of Homoly; but march on, this main line of them, finely regardless of it or of Winterfeld's disaster by it. The general Prussian Order this day is: "By push of bayonet; no firing, none, at any rate, till you see the whites of their eyes!" Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, swiftly making up their gaps again, the Prussians advance, on these terms; and are now near those "fine sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season." Figure the actual stepping upon these "fine pasture-grounds:"--mud-tanks, verdant with mere "bearding oat-crop" sown there as carp-provender! Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease! Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by footpaths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter. Which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony, of the Battle. Foot-chargings, (once the mud-transit was accomplished), under storms of grape-shot from Homoly Hill; by and by, Horse-chargings, Prussian against Austrian, southward of Homoly and Sterbohol, still farther to the Prussian left; huge whirlpool of tumultuous death-wrestle, every species of spasmodic effort, on the one side and the other;--King himself present there, as I dimly discover; Feldmarschall Browne eminent, in the last of his fields; and, as the old NIEBELUNGEN has it, "a murder grim and great" going on.

Schwerin's Prussians, in that preliminary struggle through the mud-tanks (which Winterfeld, I think, had happened to skirt, and avoid), were hard bested. This, so far as I can learn, was the worst of the chaos, this preliminary part. Intolerable to human nature, this, or nearly so; even to human nature of the Platt-Teutsch type, improved by Prussian drill. Winterfeld's repulse we saw; Schwerin's own Regiment in it. Various repulses, I perceive, there were,--"fresh regiments from our Second Line" storming in thereupon; till the poor repulsed people "took breath," repented, "and themselves stormed in again," say the Books. Fearful tugging, swagging and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem! And after long scanning, I rather judge it was in the wake of that first repulse, and not of some other farther on, that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgettable; and in the dim whirl of sequences, dimly places itself there. Very certain it is, "at sight of his own regiment in retreat," Feldmarschall Schwerin seized the colors,--as did other Generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colors, fiery old man: "HERAN, MEINE KINDER (This way, my sons)!" and rides ahead, along the straight dam again; his "sons" all turning, and with hot repentance following. "On, my children, HERAN!" Five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more. "HERAN!" storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag; Platen, too, is instantly shot; but another takes it. "HERAN, On!" in wild storm of rage and grief:--in a word, they manage to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, Second line, Infantry, Cavalry (and even the very Horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly; conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in War. For the

Austrians too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men;—and "every grenadier that survived of them," as I read afterwards, "got double pay for life."

Done, that Sterbohol work;—those Foot—chargings, Horse—chargings; that battery of Homoly Hill; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward:—but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous MELEE there: new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by case—shot, as they successively get up; Marshal Browne too sending for new battalions at double—quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon—shot tore away his foot; and he had to be carried into Prag, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all.

Important too, I gradually see, was that of the Prussian Horse of the Left Wing. Prussian Horse of the extreme left, as already noticed, had, in the mean while, fallen in, well southward, round by certain lakelets about Michelup, on Browne's extreme right; furiously charging the Austrian Horse, which stood ranked there in many lines; breaking it, then again half broken by it; but again rallying, charging it a second time, then a third time, "both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust" (Ziethen busy there, not to mention indignant Warnery and others);—and at length, driving it wholly to the winds: "beyond Nussel, towards the Sazawa Country;" never seen again that day. Prince Karl (after Browne's death—wound, or before, I never know) came galloping to rally that important Right Wing of horse. Prince Karl did his very utmost there; obstesting, praying, raging, threatening:—but to no purpose; the Zietheners and others so heavy on the rear of them:—and at last there came a cramp, or intolerable twinge of spasm, through Prince Karl's own person (breast or heart), like to take the life of him: so that he too had to be carried into Prag to the doctors. And his Cavalry fled at discretion; chased by Ziethen, on Friedrich's express order, and sent quite over the horizon. Enough, "by about half—past one," Sterbohol work is thoroughly done: and the Austrian Battle, both its Commanders gone, has heeled fairly downwards, and is in an ominous way.

The whole of this Austrian Right Wing, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, which was put EN POTENCE, or square—wise, to the main battle, is become a ruin; gone to confusion; hovers in distracted clouds, seeking roads to run away by, which it ultimately found. Done all this surely was; and poor Browne, mortally wounded, is being carried off the ground; but in what sequence done, under what exact vicissitudes of aspect, special steps of cause and effect, no man can say; and only imagination, guided by these few data, can paint to itself. Such a chaotic whirlwind of blood, dust, mud, artillery—thunder, sulphurous rage, and human death and victory,— who shall pretend to describe it, or draw, except in the gross, the scientific plan of it?

For, in the mean time,—I think while the dispute at Sterbohol, on the extreme of the Austrian right wing "in joiner's—square form," was past the hottest (but nobody will give the hour),—there has occurred another thing, much calculated to settle that. And, indeed, to settle everything;—as it did. This was a volunteer exploit, upon the very elbow or angle of said "joiner's—square;" in the wet grounds between Hlaupetin and Kyge, a good way north of Sterbohol. Volunteer exploit; on the part of General Mannstein, our old Russian friend; which Friedrich, a long way off from it, blames as a rash fault of Mannstein's, made good by Prince Henri and Ferdinand of Brunswick running up to mend it; but which Winterfeld, and subsequent good judges, admit to have been highly salutary, and to have finished everything. It went, if I read right, somewhat as follows.

In the Kyge—Hlaupetin quarter, at the corner of that Austrian right wing EN POTENCE, there had, much contrary to Browne's intention, a perceptible gap occurred; the corner is open there; nothing in it but batteries and swamps. The Austrian right wing, wheeling southward, there to form POTENCE; and scrambling and marching, then and subsequently, through such ground at double—quick, had gone too far (had thinned and lengthened itself, as is common, in such scrambling, and double—quick movement, thinks Tempelhof), and left a little gap at elbow; which always rather widened as the stress at Sterbohol went on. Certain enough, a gap there is, covered only by some half—moon battery in advance: into this, General Mannstein has been looking wistfully a long time: "Austrian Line fallen out at elbow yonder; clouted by some battery in advance?"—and at length cannot help dashing loose on it with his Division. A man liable to be rash, and always too impetuous in battle—time.

He would have fared ill, thinks Friedrich, had not Henri and Ferdinand, in pain for Mannstein (some think, privately in preconcert with him), hastened in to help; and done it altogether in a shining way; surmounting perilous difficulties not a few. Hard fighting in that corner, partly on the Sterbohol terms; batteries, mud—tanks; chargings, rechargings: "Comrades, you have got honor enough, KAMERADEN, IHR HABT EHRE GENUG

[the second man of you lying dead]; let us now try!" said a certain Regiment to a certain other, in this business. [Archenholtz, i. 75; Tempelhof, Prince Henri shone especially, the gallant little gentleman: coming upon one of those mud-tanks with battery beyond, his men were spreading file-wise, to cross it on the dams; "BURSCHE, this way!" cried the Prince, and plunged in middle-deep, right upon the battery; and over it, and victoriously took possession of it. In a word, they all plunge forward, in a shining manner; rush on those half-moon batteries, regardless of results; rush over them, seize and secure them. Rush, in a word, fairly into that Austrian hole-at-elbow, torrents more following them,—and irretrievably ruin both fore-arm and shoulder-arm of the Austrians thereby.

Fore-arm (Austrian right wing, if still struggling and wriggling about Sterbohol) is taken in flank; shoulder-arm, or main line, the like; we have them both in flank; with their own batteries to scour them to destruction here:—the Austrian Line, throughout, is become a ruin. Has to hurl itself rapidly to rightwards, to rearwards, says Tempelhof, behind what redoubts and strong points it may have in those parts; and then, by sure stages (Tempelhof guesses three, or perhaps four), as one redoubt after another is torn from the loose grasp of it, and the stand made becomes ever weaker, and the confusion worse,—to roll pell-mell into Prag, and hastily close the door behind it. The Prussians, Sterbohol people, Mannstein-Henri people, left wing and right, are quite across the Zisca Back, on by Nussel (Prince Earl's head-quarter that was), and at the Moldau Brink again, when the thing ends. Ziethen's Hussars have been at Nussel, very busy plundering there, ever since that final charge and chase from Sterbohol. Plundering; and, I am ashamed to say, mostly drunk: "Your Majesty, I cannot rank a hundred sober," answered Ziethen (doubtless with a kind of blush), when the King applied for them. The King himself has got to Branik, farther up stream. Part of the Austrian foot fled, leftwards, southwards, as their right wing of horse had all done, up the Moldau. About 16,000 Austrians are distractedly on flight that way. Towards, the Sazawa Country; to unite with Daun, as the now advisable thing. Near 40,000 of them are getting crammed into Prag; in spite of Prince Karl, now recovered of his cramp, and risen to the frantic pitch; who vainly struggles at the Gate against such inrush, and had even got through the Gate, conjuring and commanding, but was himself swum in again by those panic torrents of ebb-tide.

Rallying within, he again attempted, twice over, at two different points, to get out, and up the Moldau, with his broken people; but the Prussians, Nussel-Branik way, were awake to him: "No retreat up the Moldau for you, Austrian gentlemen!" They tried by another Gate, on the other side of the River; but Keith was awake too: "In again, ye Austrian gentlemen! Closed gates here too. What else?" Browne, from his bed of pain (death-bed, as it proved), was for a much more determined outrush: "In the dead of night, rank, deliberately adjust yourselves; storm out, one and all, and cut your way, night favoring!" That was Browne's last counsel; but that also was not taken. A really noble Browne, say all judges; died here in about six weeks,—and got away from Kriegs-Hofraths and Prince Karls, and the stupidity of neighbors, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, altogether.

At Branik the victorious King had one great disappointment: Prince Moritz of Dessau, who should have been here long hours ago, with Keith's right wing, a fresh 15,000, to fall upon the enemy's rear;—no Moritz visible; not even now, when the business is to chase! "How is this?" "Ill luck, your Majesty!" Moritz's Pontoon Bridge would not reach across, when he tried it. That is certain: "just three poor pontoons wanting," Rumor says:—three or more; spoiled, I am told, in some narrow road, some short-cut which Moritz had commanded for them: and now they are not; and it is as if three hundred had been spoiled. Moritz, would he die for it, cannot get his Bridge to reach: his fresh 15,000 stand futile there; not even Seidlitz with his light horse could really swim across, though he tried hard, and is fabled to have done so. Beware of short-cuts, my Prince: your Father that is gone, what would he say of you here! It was the worst mistake Prince Moritz ever made. The Austrian Army might have been annihilated, say judges (of a sanguine temper), had Moritz been ready, at his hour, to fall on from rearward;—and where had their retreat been? As it is, the Austrian Army is not annihilated; only bottled into Prag, and will need sieging. The brightest triumph has a bar of black in it, and might always have been brighter. Here is a flying Note, which I will subjoin:—

Friedrich's dispositions for the Battle, this day, are allowed to have been masterly; but there was one signal fault, thinks Retzow: That he did not, as Schwerin counselled, wait till the morrow. Fault which brought many in the train of it; that of his "tired soldiers," says Retzow, being only a first item, and small in comparison. "Had he waited till the morrow, those fish-ponds of Sterbohol, examined in the interim, need not have been mistaken for green meadows; Prince Moritz, with his 15,000, would have been a fact, instead of a false hope; the King might

have done his marching down upon Sterbohol in the night—time, and been ready for the Austrians, flank, or even rear, at daybreak: the King might"— In reality, this fault seems to have been considerable; to have made the victory far more costly to him, and far less complete. No doubt he had his reasons for making haste: Daun, advancing Prag—ward with 30,000, was within three marches of him; General Beck, Daun's vanguard, with a 10,000 of irregulars, did a kind of feat at Brandeis, on the Prussian post there (our Saxons deserting to him, in the heat of action), this very day, May 6th; and might, if lucky, have taken part at Ziscaberg next day. And besides these solid reasons, there was perhaps another. Retzow, who is secretly of the Opposition—party, and well worth hearing, knows personally a curious thing. He says:—

"Being then [in March or April, weeks before we left Saxony] employed to translate the PLAN OF OPERATIONS into French, for Marshal Keith's use, who did not understand German, I well know that it contained the following three main objects: 1. 'All Regiments cantoning in Silesia as well as Saxony march for Bohemia on one and the same day. 2. Whole Army arrives at Prag May 4th [Schwerin was a day later, and got scolded in consequence]; if the Enemy stand, he is attacked May 6th, and beaten. 3. So soon as Prag is got, Schwerin, with the gross of the Army, pushes into Mahren,' and the heart of Austria itself; 'King hastens with 40,000 to help of the Allied Army,'"—Royal Highness of Cumberland's; who will much need it by that time! [Retzow, i. 84 n.]

Here is a very curious fact and consideration. That the King had so prophesied and preordained: "May 4th, Four Columns arrive at Prag; May 6th, attack the Austrians, beat them,"—and now wished to keep his word! This is an aerial reason, which I can suspect to have had its weight among others. There were twirls of that kind in Friedrich; intricate weak places; knots in the sound straight—fibred mind he had (as in whose mind are they not?),—which now and then cost him dear! The Anecdote—Books say he was very ill of body, that day, May 6th; and called for something of drug nature, and swallowed it (drug not named), after getting on horseback. The Evening Anecdote is prettier: How, in the rushing about, Austrians now flying, he got eye on Brother Henri (clayey to a degree); and sat down with him, in the blessed sunset, for a minute or two, and bewailed his sad losses of Schwerin and others.

Certain it is, the victory was bought by hard fighting; and but for the quality of his troops, had not been there. But the bravery of the Prussians was exemplary, and covered all mistakes that were made. Nobler fire, when did it burn in any Army? More perfect soldiers I have not read of. Platt—Teutsch fire— which I liken to anthracite, in contradistinction to Gaelic blaze of kindled straw— is thrice noble, when, by strict stern discipline, you are above it withal; and wield your fire—element, as Jove his thunder, by rule! Otherwise it is but half—admirable: Turk—Janissaries have it otherwise; and it comes to comparatively little.

This is the famed Battle of Prag; fought May 6th, 1757; which sounded through all the world,—and used to deafen us in drawing—rooms within man's memory. Results of it were: On the Prussian side, killed, wounded and missing, 12,500 men; on the Austrian, 13,000 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannon, tents, much war—gear gone the wrong road;—and a very great humiliation and dispiritment; though they had fought well: "No longer the old Austrians, by any means," as Friedrich sees; but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are "learning to march," as he once says, with surprise not quite pleasant.

Friedrich gives the cipher of loss, on both sides, much higher: "This Battle," says he, "which began towards nine in the morning, and lasted, chase included, till eight at night, was one of the bloodiest of the age. The Enemy lost 24,000 men, of whom were 5,000 prisoners; the Prussian loss amounted to 18,000 fighting men,— without counting Marshal Schwerin, who alone was worth above 10,000." "This day saw the pillars of the Prussian Infantry cut down," says he mournfully, seeming almost to think the "laurels of victory" were purchased too dear. His account of the Battle, as if it had been a painful object, rather avoided in his after—thoughts, is unusually indistinct;—and helps us little in the extreme confusion that reigns otherwise, both in the thing itself and in the reporters of the thing. Here is a word from Winterfeld, some private Letter, two days after; which is well worth reading for those who would understand this Battle.

"The enemy had his Left Wing leaning on the City, close by the Moldau," at Nussel; "and stretched with his Right Wing across the high Hill [of Zisca] to the village of Lieben [so he HAD stood, looking into Prag; but faced about, on hearing that Friedrich was across the River]; having before him those terrible Defiles [DIE TERRIBLEN DEFILLEES, "Horse—shoe of the Moldau," as we call it], and the village of Prossik, which was crammed with Pandours. It was about half—past six in the morning, when our Schwerin Army [myself part of it, at

this time] joined with the twenty battalions and twenty squadrons, which the King had brought across to unite with us, and which formed our right wing of battle that day [our left wing were Schweriners, Sterbohol and the fighting done by Schweriners after their long march]. The King was at once determined to attack the Enemy; as also were Schwerin [say nothing of the arguing] and your humble servant (MEINE WENIGKEIT): but the first thing was, to find a hole whereby to get at him.

"This too was selected, and decided on, my proposal being found good; and took effect in manner following: We [Schweriners] had marched off left-wise, foremost; and we now, without halt, continued marching so with the Left Wing" of horse, "which had the van (TETE); and moved on, keeping the road for Hlaupetin, and ever thence onwards along for Kyge, round the Ponds of Unter- Podschernitz, without needing to pass these, and so as to get them in our rear.

"The Enemy, who at first had expected nothing bad, and never supposed that we would attack him at once, FLAGRANTE DELICTO, and least of all in this point; and did not believe it possible, as we should have to wade, breast-deep in part, through the ditches, and drag our cannon,—was at first quite tranquil. But as he began to perceive our real design (in which, they say, Prince Karl was the first to open Marshal Browne's eyes), he drew his whole Cavalry over towards us, as fast as it could be done, and stretched them out as Right Wing; to complete which, his Grenadiers and Hungarian Regulars of Foot ranked themselves as they got up [makes his POTENCE, HAKEN, or joiner's-square, outmost end of it Horse.]

"The Enemy's intention was to hold with the Right Wing of his infantry on the Farmstead which they call Sterbaholy [Sterbohol, a very dirty Farmstead at this day]; I, however, had the good luck, plunging on, head foremost, with six battalions of our Left Wing and two of the Flank, to get to it before him. Although our Second Line was not yet come forward, yet, as the battalions of the First were tolerably well together, I decided, with General Fouquet, who had charge of the Flank, to begin at once; and, that the Enemy might not have time to post himself still better, I pushed forward, quick step, out of the Farmstead" of Sterbohol "to meet him,—so fast, that even our cannon had not time to follow. He did, accordingly, begin to waver; and I could observe that his people here, on this Wing, were making right-about.

"Meanwhile, his fire of case-shot opened [from Homoly Hill, on our left], and we were still pushing on,—might now be about two hundred steps from the Enemy's Line, when I had the misfortune, at the head of Regiment Schwerin, to get wounded, and, swooning away (VOR TOD), fell from my horse to the ground. Awakening after some minutes, and raising my head to look about, I found nobody of our people now here beside or round me; but all were already behind, in full flood of retreat (HOCH ANSCHLAGEN). The Enemy's Grenadiers were perhaps eighty paces from me; but had halted, and had not the confidence to follow us. I struggled to my feet, as fast as, for weakness, I possibly could; and got up to our confused mass [CONFUSEN KLUMPEN,—exact place, where?]: but could not, by entreaties or by threats, persuade a single man of them to turn his face on the Enemy, much less to halt and try again.

"In this embarrassment the deceased Feldmarschall found me, and noticed that the blood was flowing stream-wise from my neck. As I was on foot, and none of my people now near, he bade give me his led horse which he still had [and sent me home for surgery? Winterfeld, handsomely effacing himself when no longer good for anything, hurries on to the Catastrophe, leaving us to guess that he was NOT an eye-witness farther]—bade give me the led horse which he still had; AND [as if that had happened directly after, which surely it did not? AND] snatched the flag from Captain Rohr, who had taken it up to make the Bursche turn, and rode forward with it himself.' But before he could succeed in the attempt, this excellent man, almost in a minute, was hit with five case-shot balls, and fell dead on the ground; as also his brave Adjutant von Platen was so wounded that he died next day.

"During this confusion and repulse, by which, as already mentioned, the Enemy had not the heart to profit, not only was our Second Line come on, but those of the First, who had not suffered, went vigorously (FRISCH) at the Enemy,—and in course of time (perhaps two hours yet), and by dint of effort, we did manage Sterbohol and its batteries:—"Like as [still in one sentence, and without the least punctuation; Winterfeld being little of a grammarian, and in haste for the close], Like as Prince Henri's Royal Highness with our Right Wing," Mannstein and he, "without waiting for order, attacked so PROMPT and with such FERMOTE," in that elbow-hole far north of US, "that everywhere the Enemy's Line began to give way; and instead of continuing as Line, sought corps-wise to gain the Heights, and there post itself. And as, without winning said Heights, we could not win the

Battle, we had to storm them all, one after the other; and this it was that cost us the best, most and bravest people.

"The late Colonel von Goltz [if we glance back to Sterbohol itself], who, with the regiment Fouquet, was advancing, right-hand of Schwerin regiment" and your servant, "had likewise got quite close to the Enemy; and had he not, at the very instant when he was levelling bayonets, been shot down, I think that he, with myself and the Schwerin regiment, would have got in,"—and perhaps have there done the job, special and general, with much less expense, and sooner! [Preuss, ii. 45–47 (in Winterfeld's hand; dated "Camp at Prag, 8th May, 1757:" addressed to one knows not whom; first printed by Preuss).]

This is what we get from Winterfeld; a rugged, not much grammatical man, but (as I can perceive) with excellent eyes in his head, and interior talent for twenty grammatical people, had that been his line. These, faithfully rendered here, without change but of pointing, are the only words I ever saw of his: to my regret,—which surely the Prussian Dryasdust might still amend a little?—in respect of so distinguished a person, and chosen Peer of Friedrich's. This his brief theory of Prag Battle, if intensely read, I find to be of a piece with his practice there.

Schwerin was much lamented in the Army; and has been duly honored ever since. His body lies in Schwerinsburg, at home, far away; his Monument, finale of a series of Monuments, stands, now under special guardianship, near Sterbohol on the spot where he fell. A late Tourist says:—

"At first there was a monument of wood [TREE planted, I will hope], which is now all gone; round this Kaiser Joseph II. once, in the year 1776, holding some review there, made his grenadier battalions and artilleries form circle, fronting the sky all round, and give three volleys of great arms and small, Kaiser in the centre doffing hat at each volley, in honor of the hero. Which was thought a very pretty thing on the Kaiser's part. In 1824, the tree, I suppose, being gone to a stump, certain subscribing Prussian Officers had it rooted out, and a modest Pyramid of red-veined marble built in its room. Which latter the then King of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm III., determined to improve upon; and so, in 1839, built a second Pyramid close by, bigger, finer, and of Prussian iron, this one;— purchasing also, from the Austrian Government, a rood or two of ground for site; and appointing some perpetual Peculium, or increase of Pension to an Austrian Veteran of merit for taking charge there. All which, perfectly in order, is in its place at this day. The actual Austrian Pensioner of merit is a loud-voiced, hard-faced, very limited, but honest little fellow; who has worked a little polygon ditch and miniature hedge round the two Monuments; keeps his own cottage, little garden, and self, respectably clean; and leads stoically a lone life,—no company, I should think, but the Sterbohol hinds, who probably are Czechs and cannot speak to him. He was once 'of the regiment Hohenlohe;' suffers somewhat from cold, in the winter-time, in those upland parts (the 'cords of wood' allowed him being limited); but complains of nothing else. Two English names were in his Album, a military two, and no more. 'EHRET DEN HELD (Honor the Hero)!' we said to him, at parting. 'Don't I?' answered he; glancing at his muddy bare legs and little spade, with which he had been working in the Polygon Ditch when we arrived. I could wish him an additional 'KLAFTER HOLZ' (cord more of firewood) now and then, in the cold months!—

"Sterbohol Farmstead has been new built, in man's memory, but is dirty as ever. Agriculture, all over this table-land of the Ziscaberg, I should judge to be bad. Not so the prospect; which is cheerfully extensive, picturesque in parts, and to the student of Friedrich offers good commentary. Roads, mansions, villages: Prossik, Kyge, Podschernitz, from the Heights of Chaber round to Nussel and beyond: from any knoll, all Friedrich's Villages, and many more, lie round you as on a map,—their dirt all hidden, nothing wanting to the landscape, were it better carpeted with green (green instead of russet), and shaded here and there with wood. A small wild pink, bright-red, and of the size of a star, grows extensively about; of which you are tempted to pluck specimens, as memorial of a Field so famous in War." [Tourist's Note (September, 1858).]

Chapter III. PRAG CANNOT BE GOT AT ONCE.

What Friedrich's emotions after the Battle of Prag were, we do not much know. They are not inconceivable, if we read his situation well; but in the way of speech, there is, as usual, next to nothing. Here are two stray utterances, worth gathering from a man so uncommunicative in that form.

FRIEDRICH A MONTH BEFORE PRAG (From Lockwitz, 25th March, to Princess Amelia, at Berlin).—"My dearest Sister, I give you a thousand thanks for the hints you have got me from Dr. Eller on the illness of our dear Mother. Thrice—welcome this; and reassures me [alas, not on good basis!] against a misfortune which I should have considered very great for me.

"As to us and our posture of affairs, political and military,— place yourself, I conjure you, above every event. Think of our Country and remember that one's first duty is to defend it. If you learn that a misfortune happens to one of us, ask, 'Did he die fighting?' and if Yes, give thanks to God. Victory or else death, there is nothing else for us; one or the other we must have. All the world here is of that temper. What! you would everybody sacrifice his life for the State, and you would not have your Brothers give the example? Ah, my dear Sister, at this crisis, there is no room for bargaining. Either at the summit of glorious success, or else abolished altogether. This Campaign now coming is like that of Pharsalia for Rome, or that of Leuctra for the Greeks,"—a Campaign we verily shall have to win, or go to wreck upon! [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 391.]

FRIEDRICH SHORTLY AFTER PRAG (To his Mother, Letter still extant in Autograph, without date).—"My Brothers and I are still well. The whole Campaign runs risk of being lost to the Austrians; and I find myself free, with 150,000 men. Add to this, that we are masters of a Kingdom [Bohemia here], which is obliged to furnish us with troops and money. The Austrians are dispersed like straw before the wind. I will send a part of my troops to compliment Messieurs the French; and am going [if I once had Prag!] to pursue the Austrians with the rest of my Army." [Ib. xxvi. 75.]

Friedrich, who keeps his emotions generally to himself, does not, as will be seen, remain quite silent to us throughout this great Year; but, by accident, has left us some rather impressive gleanings in that kind;—and certainly in no year could such accident have been luckier to us; this of 1757 being, in several respects, the greatest of his Life. From nearly the topmost heights down to the lowest deeps, his fortunes oscillated this year; and probably, of all the sons of Adam, nobody's outlooks and reflections had in them, successive and simultaneous, more gigantic forms of fear and of hope. He is on a very high peak at this moment; suddenly emerging from his thick cloud, into thunderous victory of that kind; and warning all Pythons what they get by meddling with the Sun—god! Loud enough, far—clanging, is the sound of the silver bow; gazetteers and men all on pause at such new Phoebus Apollo risen in his wrath;—the Victory at Prag considered to be much more annihilative than it really was. At London, Lord Holderness had his Tower—guns in readiness, waiting for something of the kind; and "the joy of the people was frantic." [*Mitchell Papers and Memoirs* (i. e. the PRINTED Selection, 2 vols. London, 1850;—which will be the oftenest cited by us, "Papers AND MEMOIRS"), i. 249: "Holderness to Mitchell, 20th May, 1757." Mitchell is now attending Friedrich; his Letter from Keith's Camp, during the thunder of "Friday, May 6th," is given, ib. i. 248.]

Very dominant, our "Protestant Champion" yonder, on his Ziscaberg; bidding the enormous Pompadour—Theresa combinations, the French, Austrian, Swedish, Russian populations and dread sovereigns, check their proud waves, and hold at mid—flood. It is thought, had he in effect, "annihilated" the Austrian force at Prag, that day (Friday, 6th May, as he might have done by waiting till Saturday, 7th), he could then, with the due rapidity, rapidity being indispensable in the affair, have become master of Prag, which meant of Bohemia altogether; and have stormed forward, as his program bore, into the heart, of an Austria still terror—stricken, unrallied;—in which case, it is calculated, the French, the Russians, Swedes, much more the Reich and such like, would all have drawn bridle; and Austria itself have condescended to make Peace with a Neighbor of such quality, and consent to his really modest desire of being let alone! Possible, all this,—think Retzow and others. [See RETZOW, i. 100—108;] But the King had not waited till to—morrow; no persuasion could make him wait; and it is idle speculating on the small turns which here, as everywhere, can produce such deflections of course.

Beyond question, Prag is not captured, and may, as now garrisoned, require a great deal of capturing;—and

perhaps it is but a PEAK, this high dominancy of Friedrich's, not a solid table-land, till much more have been done! Friedrich has nothing of the Gascon: but there may well be conceivable at this time a certain glow of internal pride, like that of Phoebus amid the piled tempests,—like that of the One Man prevailing, if but for a short season, against the Devil and All Men: "I have made good my bit, of resolution so far: here are the Austrians beaten at the set day, and Prag summoned to surrender, as per program!"—

Intrinsically, Prag is not a strong City: we have seen it, taken in few days; in one night;—and again, as in Belleisle's time, we have seen it making tough defence for a series of weeks. It depends on the garrison, what extent of garrison (the circuit of it being so immense), and what height of humor. There are now 46,000 men caged in it, known to have considerable magazines; and Friedrich, aware that it will cost trouble, bends all his strength upon it, and from his two camps, Ziscaberg, Weissenberg, due Bridges uniting, Keith and he batter it, violently, aiming chiefly at the Magazines (which are not all bomb-proof); and hope they may succeed before it is too late.

The Vienna people are in the depths of amazement and discouragement; almost of terror, had it not been for a few, or especially for one high heart among them. Feldmarschall Daun, on the news of May 6th, hastily fell back, joined by the wrecks of the right wing, which fled Sazawa way. Brunswick-Bevern, with a 20,000, is detached to look after Daun; finds Daun still on the retreat; greedily collecting reinforcements from the homeward quarter; and hanging back, though now double or so of Bevern's strength. Amazement and discouragement are the general feeling among Friedrich's enemies. Notable to see how the whole hostile world marching in upon him,—French, Russians, much more the Reich, poor faltering entity,—pauses, as with its breath taken away, at news of Prag; and, arrested on the sudden, with lifted foot, ceases to stride forward; and merely tramp-tramps on the same place (nay in part, in the Reich part, visibly tramps backward), for above a month ensuing! Who knows whether, practically, any of them will come on; [See CORRESPONDANCE DU COMTE DE SAINT-GERMAIN, an Eye-witness, i. 108 (cited in Preuss, ii. 50); and not leave Austria by itself to do the duel with Friedrich? If Prag were but got, and the 46,000 well locked away, it would be very salutary for Friedrich's affairs!—Week after week, the City holds out; and there seems no hope of it, except by hunger, and burning their Magazines by red-hot balls.

COLONEL MAYER WITH HIS "FREE-CORPS" PARTY MAKES A VISIT, OF DIDACTIC NATURE, TO THE REICH.

Friedrich, as we saw, on entering Bohmen, had shot off a Light Detachment under Colonel Mayer, southward, to seize any Austrian Magazines there were, especially one big Magazine at Pilsen:—which Mayer has handsomely done, May 2d (Pilsen "a bigger Magazine than Jung-Bunzlau, even"); after which Mayer is now off westward, into the Ober-Pfalz, into the Nurnberg Countries; to teach the Reich a small lesson, since they will not listen to Plotho. Prag Battle, as happens, had already much chilled the ardor of the Reich! Mayer has two Free-Corps, his own and another; about 1,300 of foot; to which are added a 200 of hussars. They have 5 cannon, carry otherwise a minimum of baggage; are swift wild fellows, sharp of stroke; and do, for the time, prove didactic to the Reich; bringing home to its very bosom the late great lesson of the Ziscaberg, in an applied form. Mayer made a pretty course of it, into the Ober-Pfalz Countries; scattering the poor Execution Drill-Sergeants and incipencies of preparation, the deliberative County Meetings, KREIS-Convents: ransoming Cities, Nurnberg for one city, whose cries went to Friedrich on the Ziscaberg, and wide over the world. [In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 360–367, the Nurnberg Letter and Response (31st May–5th June, 1757): in Pauli, *Leben grosser Helden* (iii. 159 et seq.), Account of the Mayer Expedition; also in *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 29 (quoting from Pauli).] Nurnberg would have been but too happy to "refuse its contingent to the Reich's Army," as many others would have been (poor Kur-Baiern hurrying off a kind of Embassy to Friedrich, great terror reigning among the wigs of Regensburg, and everybody drawing back that could),—had not Imperial menaces, and an Event that fell out by and by in Prag Country, forced compliance.

Mayer's Expedition made a loud noise in the Newspapers; and was truly of a shining nature in its kind; very perfectly managed on Mayer's part, and has traits in it which are amusing to read, had one time. Take one small glance from Pauli:—

"At Furth in Anspach, 1st June [after six days' screwing of Nurnberg from without, which we had no cannon to take], a Gratuity for the Prussian troops [amount not stated] was demanded and given: at Schwabach, farther up the Regnitz River, they took quarters; no exemption made, clergy and laity alike getting soldiers billeted. Meat

and drink had to be given them: as also 100 carolines [guineas and better], and twenty new uniforms. Upon which, next day, they marched to Zirndorf, and the Reichsgraf Puckler's Mansion, the Schloss of Farrenbach there. Mayer took quarter in the Schloss itself. Here the noble owners got up a ball for Mayer's entertainment; and did all they could contrive to induce a light treatment from him." Figure it, the neighboring nobility and gentry in gala; Mayer too in his best uniform, and smiling politely, with those "bright little black eyes" of his! For he was a brilliant airy kind of fellow, and had much of the chevalier, as well as of the partisan, when requisite!

"Out of Farrenbach, the Mayer people circulated upon all the neighboring Lordships; at Wilhelmsdorf, the Reichs-Furst von Hohenlohe [a too busy Anti-Prussian] had the worst brunt to bear. The adjacent Baireuth lands [dear Wilhelmina, fancy her too in such neighborhood!] were to the utmost spared all billeting, and even all transit,"—though wandering sergeants of the Reich's Force, "one sergeant with the Wurzburg Herr Commissarius and eight common men, did get picked up on Baireuth ground: and this or the other Anspach Official (Anspach being disaffected), too busy on the wrong side, found himself suddenly Prisoner of War; but was given up, at Wilhelmina's gracious request. On Bamberg he was sharp as flint; and had to be; the Bambergers, reinforced at last by 'Circle-Militias (KREIS-TRUPPEN)' in quantity, being called out in mass against him; and at Vach an actual Passage of Fight had occurred."

Of the "Affair at Vach," pretty little Drawn-Battle (mostly an affair of art), Mayer VERSUS "Kreis-troops to the amount of 6,000, with twelve cannon, or some say twenty-four" (which they couldn't handle); and how Mayer cunningly took a position unassailable, "burnt Bridges of the Regnitz River," and, plying his five cannon against these ardent awkward people, stood cheerful on the other side; and then at last, in good time, whisked himself off to the Hill of Culmbach, with all his baggage, inexpugnable there for three days:—of all this, though it is set down at full length, we can say nothing. [Pauli, iii. 159, (who gives Mayer's own LETTER, and others, upon Vach).] And will add only, that, having girt himself and made his packages, Mayer left the Hill of Culmbach; and deliberately wended home, by Coburg and other Countries where he had business, eating his way; and early in July was safe in the Metal Mountains again; having fluttered the Volscians in their Frankenland Corioli to an unexpected extent. It is one of five or six such sallies Friedrich made upon the Reich, sometimes upon the Austrians and Reich together, to tumble up their magazines and preparations. Rapid unexpected inroads, year after year; done chiefly by the Free-Corps; and famous enough to the then Gazetteers. Of which, or of their doers, as we can in time coming afford little or no notice, let us add this small Note on the Free-Corps topic, which is a large one in the Books, but must not interrupt us again:—

"Before this War was done," say my Authorities, "there came gradually to be twenty-one Prussian Free-Corps,"—foot almost all; there being already Hussars in quantity, ever since the first Silesian experiences. "Notable Aggregates they were of loose wandering fellows, broken Saxons, Prussians, French; 'Hungarian-Protestant' some of them, 'Deserters from all the Armies' not a few; attracted by the fame of Friedrich,—as the Colonels enlisting them had been; Mayer himself, for instance, was by birth a Vienna man; and had been in many services and wars, from his fifteenth year and onwards. Most miscellaneous, these Prussian Free-Corps; a swift faculty the indispensable thing, by no means a particular character: but well-disciplined, well-captained; who generally managed their work well.

"They were, by origin, of Anti-Tolpatch nature, got up on the diamond-cut-diamond principle; they stole a good deal, with order sometimes, and oftener without; but there was nothing of the old Mentzel-Trenck atrocity permitted them, or ever imputed to them; and they did, usually with good military talent, sometimes conspicuously good, what was required of them. Regular Generals, of a high merit, one or two of their Captains came to be: Wunsch, for example; Werner, in some sort; and, but for his sudden death, this Mayer himself. Others of them, as Von Hordt (Hard is his Swedish name); and 'Quintus Icilius' (by nature GUICHARD, of whom we shall hear a great deal in the Friedrich circle by and by), are distinguished as honorably intellectual and cultivated persons. [Count de Hordt's *Memoirs* (autobiographical, or in the first person: English Translation, London, 1806; TWO French Originals, a worse in 1789, and a better now at last), Preface, i-xii. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 102-104, 93, a detailed "List of the Free-Corps in 1758" (twelve of foot, two of horse, at that time): see Preuss, ii. 372 n.; Pauli (ubi supra), *Life of Mayer*.]

"Poor Mayer died within two years hence (5th January, 1759); of fever, caught by unheard-of exertions and over fatigues; after many exploits, and with the highest prospect, opening on him. A man of many adventures, of many qualities; a wild dash of chivalry in him all along, and much military and other talent crossed in the

growing. In the dull old Books I read one other fact which is vivid to me, That Wilhelmina, as sequel of those first Franconian exploits and procedures, 'had given him her Order of Knighthood, ORDER OF SINCERITY AND FIDELITY,'"—poor dear Princess, what an interest to Wilhelmina, this flash of her Brother's thunder thrown into those Franconian parts, and across her own pungent anxieties and sorrowfully affectionate thoughts, in these weeks!—

Shortly after Mayer, about the time when Mayer was wending homeward, General von Oldenburg, a very valiant punctual old General, was pushed out westward upon Erfurt, a City of Kur–Mainz's, to give Kur–Mainz a similar monition. And did it handsomely, impressively upon the Gazetteer world at least and the Erfurt populations,—though we can afford it no room in this place. Oldenburg's force was but some 2,000; Pirna Saxons most of them: —such a winter Oldenburg has had with these Saxons; bursting out into actual musketry upon him once; Oldenburg, volcanically steady, summoning the Prussian part, "To me, true Prussian Bursche!"—and hanging nine of the mutinous Saxons. And has coerced and compesced them (all that did not contrive to desert) into soldierly obedience; and, 20th June, appears at the Gate of Erfurt with them, to do his delicate errand there. Sharply conclusive, though polite and punctual. "Send to Kur–Mainz say you? Well, as to your Citadel, and those 1,400 soldiers all moving peaceably off thither,—Yes. As to your City: within one hour, Gate open to us, or we open it!" [In *Helden–Geschichte* (v. 371–384) copious Account, with the Missives to and from, the Reichs–Pleadings that followed, the *Militair–Lexikon*, ? Oldenburg.] And Oldenburg marches in, as vice–sovereign for the time:—but, indeed, has soon to leave again; owing to what Event in the distance will be seen!

If Prag Siege go well, these Mayer–Oldenburg expeditions will have an effect on the Reich: but if it go ill, what are they, against Austria with its force of steady pressure? All turns on the issue of Prag Siege:—a fact extremely evident to Friedrich too! But these are what in the interim can be done. One neglects no opportunity, tries by every method.

OF THE SINGULAR QUASI–BEWITCHED CONDITION OF ENGLAND; AND WHAT IS TO BE HOPED FROM IT FOR THE COMMON CAUSE, IF PRAG GO AMISS.

On the Britannic side, too, the outlooks are not good;—much need Friedrich were through his Prag affair, and "hastening with forty thousand to help his Allies,"—that is, Royal Highness of Cumberland and Britannic Purse, his only allies at this moment. Royal Highness and Army of Observation (should have been 67,000, are 50 to 60,000, hired Germans; troops good enough, were they tolerably led) finds the Hanover Program as bad as Schmettau and Friedrich ever represented it; and, already,—unless Prag go well, —wears, to the understanding eye, a very contingent aspect. D'Estrees outnumbers him; D'Estrees, too, is something of a soldier,—a very considerable advantage in affairs of war.

D'Estrees, since April, is in Wesel; gathering in the revenues, changing the Officialities: much out of discipline, they say;—"hanging" gradually "1,000 marauders;" in round numbers 1,000 this Year. [Stenzel, v. 65; Retzow, i. 173.] D'Estrees does not yet push forward, owing to Prag. If he do— It is well known how Royal Highness fared when he did, and what a Campaign Royal Highness made of it this Year 1757! How the Weser did prove wadable, as Schmettau had said to no purpose; wadable, bridgable; and Royal Highness had to wriggle back, ever back; no stand to be made, or far worse than none: back, ever back, till he got into the Sea, for that matter, and to the END of more than one thing! Poor man, friends say he has an incurable Hanover Ministry, a Program that is inexecutable. As yet he has not lost head, any head he ever had: but he is wonderful, he;—and his England is! We shall have to look at him once again; and happily once only. Here, from my Constitutional Historian, are some Passages which we may as well read in the present interim of expectation. I label, and try to arrange:—

1. ENGLAND IN CRISIS. "England is indignant with its Hero of Culloden and his Campaign 1757; but really has no business to complain. Royal Highness of Cumberland, wriggling helplessly in that manner, is a fair representative of the England that now is. For years back, there has been, in regard to all things Foreign or Domestic, in that Country, by way of National action, the miserablist haggling as to which of various little–competent persons shall act for the Nation. A melancholy condition indeed!—

"But the fact is, his Grace of Newcastle, ever since his poor Brother Pelham died (who was always a solid, loyal kind of man, though a dull; and had always, with patient affection, furnished his Grace, much UNSupplied otherwise, with Common sense hitherto), is quite insecure in Parliament, and knows not what hand to turn to. Fox

is contemptuous of him; Pitt entirely impatient of him; Duke of Cumberland (great in the glory of Culloden) is aiming to oust him, and bear rule with his Young Nephew, the new Rising Sun, as the poor Papa and Grandfather gets old. Even Carteret (Earl Granville as they now call him, a Carteret much changed since those high-soaring Worms-Hanau times!) was applied to. But the answer was--what could the answer be? High-soaring Carteret, scandalously overset and hurled out in that Hanau time, had already tried once (long ago, and with such result!) to spring in again, and 'deliver his Majesty from factions;' and actually had made a 'Granville Ministry;' Ministry which fell again in one day. ["11th February, 1746" (Thackeray, *Life of Chatham*, i. 146).] To the complete disgust of Carteret-Granville;--who, ever since, sits ponderously dormant (kind of Fixture in the Privy Council, this long while back); and is resigned, in a big contemptuous way, to have had his really considerable career closed upon him by the smallest of mankind; and, except occasional blurts of strong rugged speech which come from him, and a good deal of wine taken into him, disdains making farther debate with the world and its elect Newcastles. Carteret, at this crisis, was again applied to, 'Cannot you? In behalf of an afflicted old King?' But Carteret answered, No. [Ib. i. 464.]

"In short, it is admitted and bewailed by everybody, seldom was there seen such a Government of England (and England has seen some strange Governments), as in these last Three Years. Chaotic Imbecility reigning pretty supreme. Ruler's Work,--policy, administration, governance, guidance, performance in any kind,-- where is it to be found? For if even a Walpole, when his Talking- Apparatus gets out of gear upon him, is reduced to extremities, though the stoutest of men,--fancy what it will be, in like case, and how the Acting-Apparatuses and Affairs generally will go, with a poor hysterical Newcastle, now when his Common Sense is fatally withdrawn! The poor man has no resource but to shuffle about in aimless perpetual fidget; endeavoring vainly to say Yes and No to all questions, Foreign and Domestic, that may rise. Whereby, in the Affairs of England, there has, as it were, universal St.-Vitus's dance supervened, at an important crisis: and the Preparations for America, and for a downright Life-and-Death Wrestle with France on the JENKINS'S-EAR QUESTION, are quite in a bad way. In an ominously bad. Why cannot we draw a veil over these things!"--

2. PITT, AND THE HOUR OF TIDE. "The fidgetings and shufflings, the subtleties, inane trickeries, and futile hitherings and thitherings of Newcastle may be imagined: a man not incapable of trick; but anxious to be well with everybody; and to answer Yes and No to almost everything,--and not a little puzzled, poor soul, to get through, in that impossible way! Such a paralysis of wriggling imbecility fallen over England, in this great crisis of its fortunes, as is still painful to contemplate: and indeed it has been mostly shaken out of mind by the modern Englishman; who tries to laugh at it, instead of weeping and considering, which would better beseem. Pitt speaks with a tragical vivacity, in all ingenious dialects, lively though serious; and with a depth of sad conviction, which is apt to be slurred over and missed altogether by a modern reader. Speaks as if this brave English Nation were about ended; little or no hope left for it; here a gleam of possibility, and there a gleam, which soon vanishes again in the fatal murk of impotencies, do-nothingisms. Very sad to the heart of Pitt. A once brave Nation arrived at its critical point, and doomed to higgles and puddles there till it drowns in the gutters: considerably tragical to Pitt; who is lively, ingenious, and, though not quitting the Parliamentary tone for the Hebrew- Prophetic, far more serious than the modern reader thinks.

"In Walpole's Book [*Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.*] there is the liveliest Picture of this dismal Parliamentary Hellbroth,--such a Mother of Dead Dogs as one has seldom looked into! For the Hour is great; and the Honorable Gentlemen, I must say, are small. The hour, little as you dream of it, my Honorable Friends, is pregnant with questions that are immense. Wide Continents, long Epochs and AEons hang on this poor jargonizing of yours; the Eternal Destinies are asking their much-favored Nation, 'Will you, can you?'--much-favored Nation is answering in that manner. Astonished at its own stupidity, and taking refuge in laughter. The Eternal Destinies are very patient with some Nations; and can disregard their follies, for a long while; and have their Cromwell, have their Pitt, or what else is essential, ready for the poor Nation, in a grandly silent way!

"Certain it is,--though how could poor Newcastle know it at all!-- here is again the hour of tide for England. Tide is full again; has been flowing long hundreds of years, and is full: certain, too, that time and tide wait on no man or nation. In a dialect different from Cromwell's or Pitt's, but with a sense true to theirs, I call it the Eternal Destinies knocking at England's door again: 'Are you ready for the crisis, birth-point of long Ages to you, which is now come?' Greater question had not been, for centuries past. None to be named with it since that high Spiritual Question (truly a much higher, and which was in fact the PARENT of this and of all of high and great that lay

ahead), which England and Oliver Cromwell were there to answer: 'Will you hold by Consecrated Formulas, then, you English, and expect salvation from traditions of the elders; or are you for Divine Realities, as the one sacred and indispensable thing?' Which they did answer, in what way we know. Truly the Highest Question; which if a Nation can answer WELL, it will grow in this world, and may come to be considerable, and to have many high Questions to answer,—this of Pitt's, for example. And the Answers given do always extend through coming ages; and do always bear harvests, accursed or else blessed, according as the Answers were. A thing awfully true, if you have eye for it;—a thing to make Honorable Gentlemen serious, even in the age of percussion— caps! No, my friend, Newcastleisms, impious Poltrooneries, in a Nation, do not die:—neither (thank God) do Cromwellisms and pious Heroisms; but are alive for the poor Nation, even in its somnambulancies, in its stupidest dreams. For Nations have their somnambulancies; and, at any rate, the questions put to Nations, in different ages, vary much. Not in any age, or turning–point in History, had England answered the Destinies in such a dialect as now under its Newcastle and National Palaver."

3. OF WALPOLE, AS RECORDING ANGEL. "Walpole's *George the Second* is a Book of far more worth than is commonly ascribed to it; almost the one original English Book yet written on those times,—which, by the accident of Pitt, are still memorable to us. But for Walpole,—burning like a small steady light there, shining faithfully, if stingily, on the evil and the good,—that sordid muddle of the Pelham Parliaments, which chanced to be the element of things now recognizable enough as great, would be forever unintelligible. He is unusually accurate, punctual, lucid; an irrefragable authority on English points. And if, in regard to Foreign, he cannot be called an understanding witness, he has read the best Documents accessible, has conversed with select Ambassadors (Mitchell and the like, as we can guess); and has informed himself to a degree far beyond most of his contemporaries. In regard to Pitt's Speeches, in particular, his brief jottings, done rapidly while the matter was still shining to him, are the only Reports that have the least human resemblance. We may thank Walpole that Pitt is not dumb to us, as well as dark. Very curious little scratchings and etchings, those of Walpole; frugal, swift, but punctual and exact; hasty pen—and—ink outlines; at first view, all barren; bald as an invoice, seemingly; but which yield you, after long study there and elsewhere, a conceivable notion of what and how excellent these Pitt Speeches may have been. Airy, winged, like arrow—flights of Phoebus Apollo; very superlative Speeches indeed. Walpole's Book is carefully printed,—few errors in it like that 'Chapeau' for CHASOT," which readers remember:—"but, in respect to editing, may be characterized as still wanting an Editor. A Book UNedited; little but lazy ignorance of a very hopeless type, thick contented darkness, traceable throughout in the marginal part. No attempt at an Index, or at any of the natural helps to a reader now at such distance from it. Nay, till you have at least marked, on the top of each page, what Month and Year it actually is, the Book cannot be read at all,—except by an idle creature, doing worse than nothing under the name of reading!"

4. PITT'S SPEECHES, FORESHADOWING WHAT. "It is a kind of epoch in your studies of modern English History when you get to understand of Pitt's Speeches, that they are not Parliamentary Eloquences, but things which with his whole soul he means, and is intent to DO. This surprising circumstance, when at last become undeniable, makes, on the sudden, an immense difference for the Speeches and you! Speeches are not a thing of high moment to this Editor; it is the Thing spoken, and how far the speaker means to do it, that this Editor inquires for. Too many Speeches there are, which he hears admired all round, and has privately to entertain a very horrid notion of! Speeches, the finest in quality (were quality really 'fine' conceivable in such case), which WANT a corresponding fineness of source and intention, corresponding nobleness of purport, conviction, tendency; these, if we will reflect, are frightful instead of beautiful. Yes;—and always the frightfuler, the 'finer' they are; and the faster and farther they go, sowing themselves in the dim vacancy of men's minds. For Speeches, like all human things, though the fact is now little remembered, do always rank themselves as forever blessed, or as forever unblessed. Sheep or goats; on the right hand of the Final Judge, or else on the left. There are Speeches which can be called true; and, again, Speeches which are not true:—Heavens, only think what these latter are! Sacked wind, which you are intended to SOW,—that you may reap the whirlwind! After long reading, I find Chatham's Speeches to be what he pretends they are: true, and worth speaking then and there. Noble indeed, I can call them with you: the highly noble Foreshadow, necessary preface and accompaniment of Actions which are still nobler. A very singular phenomenon within those walls, or without!

"Pitt, though nobly eloquent, is a Man of Action, not of Speech; an authentically Royal kind of Man. And if there were a Plutarch in these times, with a good deal of leisure on his hands, he might run a Parallel between

Friedrich and Chatham. Two radiant Kings: very shining Men of Action both; both of them hard bested, as the case often is. For your born King will generally have, if not "all Europe against him," at least pretty much all the Universe. Chatham's course to Kingship was not straight or smooth,—as Friedrich, too, had his well-nigh fatal difficulties on the road. Again, says the Plutarch, they are very brave men both; and of a clearness and veracity peculiar among their contemporaries. In Chatham, too, there is something of the flash of steel; a very sharp-cutting, penetrative, rapid individual, he too; and shaped for action, first of all, though he has to talk so much in the world. Fastidious, proud, no King could be prouder, though his element is that of Free-Senate and Democracy. And he has a beautiful poetic delicacy, withal; great tenderness in him, playfulness, grace; in all ways, an airy as well as a solid loftiness of mind. Not born a King,—alas, no, not officially so, only naturally so; has his kingdom to seek. The Conquering of Silesia, the Conquering of the Pelham Parliaments—But we will shut up the Plutarch with time on his hands.

"Pitt's Speeches, as I spell them from Walpole and the other faint tracings left, are full of genius in the vocal kind, far beyond any Speeches delivered in Parliament: serious always, and the very truth, such as he has it; but going in many dialects and modes; full of airy flashings, twinkles and coruscations. Sport, as of sheet-lightning glancing about, the bolt lying under the horizon; bolt HIDDEN, as is fit, under such a horizon as he had. A singularly radiant man. Could have been a Poet, too, in some small measure, had he gone on that line. There are many touches of genius, comic, tragic, lyric, something of humor even, to be read in those Shadows of Speeches taken down for us by Walpole. ...

"In one word, Pitt, shining like a gleam of sharp steel in that murk of contemptibilities, is carefully steering his way towards Kingship over it. Tragical it is (especially in Pitt's case, first and last) to see a Royal Man, or Born King, wading towards his throne in such an element. But, alas, the Born King (even when he tries, which I take to be the rarer case) so seldom can arrive there at all;—sinful Epochs there are, when Heaven's curse has been spoken, and it is that awful Being, the Born Sham-King, that arrives! Pitt, however, does it. Yes; and the more we study Pitt, the more we shall find he does it in a peculiarly high, manful and honorable as well as dexterous manner; and that English History has a right to call him 'the acme and highest man of Constitutional Parliaments; the like of whom was not in any Parliament called Constitutional, nor will again be.'"

Well, probably enough; too probably! But what it more concerns us to remember here, is the fact, That in these dismal shufflings which have been, Pitt—in spite of Royal dislikes and Newcastle peddlings and chicaneries—has been actually in Office, in the due topmost place, the poor English Nation ardently demanding him, in what ways it could. Been in Office;—and is actually out again, in spite of the Nation. Was without real power in the Royal Councils; though of noble promise, and planting himself down, hero-like, evidently bent on work, and on ending that unutterable "St.-Vitus's-dance" that had gone so high all round him. Without real power, we say; and has had no permanency. Came in 11th-19th November, 1756; thrown out 5th April, 1757. After six months' trial, the St. Vitus finds that it cannot do with him; and will prefer going on again. The last act his Royal Highness of Cumberland did in England was to displace Pitt: "Down you, I am the man!" said Royal Highness; and went to the Weser Countries on those terms.

Would the reader wish to see, in summary, what Pitt's Offices have been, since he entered on this career about thirty years ago? Here, from our Historian, is the List of them in order of time; STAGES OF PITT'S COURSE, he calls it:—

1. "DECEMBER, 1734, Comes into Parliament, age now twenty-six; Cornet in the Blues as well; being poor, and in absolute need of some career that will suit. APRIL, 1736, makes his First Speech:— Prince Frederick the subject,—who was much used as battering-ram by the Opposition; whom perhaps Pitt admired for his madrigals, for his Literary patronizings, and favor to the West-Wickham set. Speech, full of airy lightning, was much admired. Followed by many, with the lightning getting denser and denser; always on the Opposition side [once on the JENKINS'S-EAR QUESTION, as we saw, when the Gazetteer Editor spelt him Mr. Pitts]: so that Majesty was very angry, sulky Public much applausive; and Walpole was heard to say, 'We must muzzle, in some way, that terrible Cornet of Horse!'—but could not, on trial; this man's 'price,' as would seem, being awfully high! AUGUST-OCTOBER, 1744, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough bequeathed him 10,000 pounds as Commissariat equipment in this his Campaign against the Mud-gods, [Thackeray, i. 138.]—glory to the old Heroine for so doing! Which lifted Pitt out of the Cornetcy or Horse-guards element, I fancy; and was as the nailing of his Parliamentary colors to the mast.

2. "FEBRUARY 14th, 1746, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: on occasion of that Pelham-Granville 'As-you-were!' (Carteret Ministry, which lasted One Day), and the slight shufflings that were necessary. Now first in Office,—after such Ten Years of colliding and conflicting, and fine steering in difficult waters. Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: and 'soon after, on Lord Wilmington's death,' PAYMASTER OF THE FORCES. Continued Paymaster about nine years. Rejects, quietly and totally, the big income derivable from Interest of Government Moneys lying delayed in the Paymaster's hand ('Dishonest, I tell you!')—and will none of it, though poor. Not yet high, still low over the horizon, but shining brighter and brighter. Greatly contemptuous of Newcastle and the Platitudes and Poltrooneries; and still a good deal in the Opposition strain, and NOT always tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. For example, Pitt (still Paymaster) to Newcastle on King of the Romans Question (1752 or so): 'You engage for Subsidies, not knowing their extent; for Treaties, not knowing the terms!'—'What a bashaw!' moan Newcastle and the top Officials. 'Best way is, don't mind it,' said Mr. Stone [one of their terriers,—a hard-headed fellow, whose brother became Primate of Ireland by and by].

3. "NOVEMBER 20th, 1755, Thrown out:—on Pelham's death, and the general hurly-burly in Official regions, and change of partners with no little difficulty, which had then ensued! Sir Thomas Robinson," our old friend, "made Secretary,—not found to answer. Pitt sulkily looking on America, on Minorca; on things German, on things in general; warily set on returning, as is thought; but How? FOX to Pitt: 'Will you join ME?'—PITT: 'No,'—with such politeness, but in an unmistakable way! Ten months of consummate steering on the part of Pitt; Chancellor Hardwicke coming as messenger, he among others; Pitt's answer to him dexterous, modestly royal. Pitt's bearing, in this grand juncture and crisis, is royal, his speakings and also his silences notably fine. OCTOBER 20th, 1756: to Newcastle face to face, 'I will accept no situation under your Grace!'—and, about that day month, comes IN, on his own footing. That is to say,

"NOVEMBER 19th, 1756, to England's great comfort, Sees himself Secretary of State (age now just forty-eight). Has pretty much all England at his back; but has, in face of him, Fox, Newcastle and Company, offering mere impediment and discouragement; Royal Highness of Cumberland looking deadly sour. Till finally,

"APRIL 5th, 1757, King bids him resign; Royal Highness setting off for Germany the second day after. Pitt had been IN rather more than Four months. England, at that time a silent Country in comparison, knew not well what to do; took to offering him Freedoms of Corporations in very great quantity. Town after Town, from all the four winds, sympathetically firing off, upon a misguided Sacred Majesty, its little Box, in this oblique way, with extraordinary diligence. Whereby, after six months bombardment by Boxes, and also by Events, JUNE 29th, 1757"— We will expect June 29th. [Thackeray, i. 231, 264; Almon, *Anecdotes of Pitt* (London, 1810), i. 151, 182, 218.]

In these sad circumstances, Preparations so called have been making for Hanover, for America;—such preparations as were never seen before. Take only one instance; let one be enough:—

"By the London Gazette, well on in February, 1756, we learn that Lord Loudon, a military gentleman of small faculty, but of good connections, has been nominated to command the Forces in America; and then, more obscurely, some days after, that another has been nominated:—one of them ought certainly to make haste out, if he could; the French, by account, have 25,000 men in those countries, with real officers to lead them! Haste out, however, is not what this Lord Loudon or his rival can make. In March, we learn that Lord Loudon has been again nominated; in an improved manner, this time;—and still does not look like going. 'Again nominated, why again?' Alas, reader, there have been hysterical fidgetings in a high quarter; internal shiftings and shufflings, contradictions, new proposals, one knows not what. [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1756, pp. 92, 150, 359, 450.] One asks only: How is the business ever to be done, if you cannot even settle what imbecile is to go and try it?

"Seldom had Country more need of a Commander than America now. America itself is of willing mind; and surely has resources, in such a Cause; but is full of anarchies as well: the different States and sections of it, with their discrepant Legislatures, their half-drilled Militias, pulling each a different way, there is, as in the poor Mother Country, little result except of the St.-Vitus kind. In some Legislatures are anarchic Quakers, who think it unpermissible to fight with those hectoring French, and their tail of scalping Indians; and that the 'method of love' ought to be tried with them. What is to become of those poor people, if not even a Lord Loudon can get out?"

The result was, Lord Loudon had not in his own poor person come to hand in America till August, 1756, Season now done; and could only write home, "All is St. Vitus out here! Must have reinforcement of 10,000 men!" "Yes," answers Pitt, who is now in Office: "you shall have them; and we will take Cape Breton, please

Heaven!"—but was thrown out; and by the wriggings that ensued, nothing of the 10,000 reached Lord Loudon till Season 1757 too was done. Nor did they then stead his Lordship much, then or afterwards; who never took Cape Breton, nor was like doing it;—but wriggled to and fro a good deal, and revolved on his axis, according to pattern given. And set (what chiefly induces us to name him here) his not reverent enough Subordinate, Lord Charles Hay, our old Fontenoy friend, into angry impatient quizzing of him;—and by and by into Court–Martial for such quizzing. [Peerage Books, ? Tweeddale.] Court–Martial, which was much puzzled by the case; and could decide nothing, but only adjourn and adjourn;—as we will now do, not mentioning Lord Loudon farther, or the numerous other instances at all. ["1st May, 1760, Major–General Lord Charles Hay died" (*Gentleman's Magazine* of Year); and his particular Court–Martial could adjourn for the last time.—"I wrote something for Lord Charles," said the great Johnson once, many years afterwards; "and I thought he had nothing to fear from a Court–Martial. I suffered a great loss when he died: he was a mighty pleasing man in conversation, and a reading man" (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*: under date, "3d April, 1776").]

Pitt, we just saw, far from being confirmed and furthered, has been thrown out by Royal Highness of Cumberland, the last thing before crossing to that exquisite Weser Problem. "Nothing now left at home to hinder us and our Hanover and Weser Problem!" thinks Royal Highness. No, indeed: a comfortable pacific No–government, or Battle of the Four Elements, left yonder; the Anarch Old wagging his addle head over it; ready to help everybody, and bring fire and water, and Yes and No, into holy matrimony, if he could!—Let us return to Prag. Only one remark more; upon "April 5th." That was the Day of Pitt's Dismissal at St. James's: and I find, at Schonbrunn it is likewise the day when REICHS–HOFRATH (Kaiser in Privy Council) decides, in respect to Friedrich, that Ban of the Reich must be proceeded with, and recommends Reich's Diet to get through with the same. [*Helden–Geschichte* (Reichs–Procedures, UBI SUPRA).] Official England ordering its Pitt into private life, and Official Teutschland its Friedrich into outlawry ("Be quiet henceforth, both of YOU!")—are, by chance, synchronous phenomena.

PHENOMENA OF PRAG SIEGE:—PRAG SIEGE IS INTERRUPTED.

Friedrich's Siege of Prag proved tedious beyond expectation. In four days he had done that exploit in 1744; but now, to the world's disappointment, in as many weeks he cannot. Nothing was omitted on his part: he seized all egresses from Prag, rapidly enough; had beset them with batteries, on the very night or morrow of the Battle; every egress beset, cannon and ruin forbidding any issue there. On the 9th of May, cannonading began; proper siege–cannon and ammunition, coming up from Dresden, were completely come May 19th; after which the place is industriously battered, bombarded with red–hot balls; but except by hunger, it will not do. Prag as a fortress is weak, but as a breastwork for 50,000 men it is strong. The Austrians tried sallies; but these availed nothing, —very ill–conducted, say some. The Prussians, more than once, had nearly got into the place by surprisal; but, owing to mere luck of the Austrians, never could,—say the same parties. [Archenholtz, i. 85, 87.]

A DIARIUM of Prag Siege is still extant, Two DIARIUMS; punctual diurnal account, both Austrian and Prussian: [In *Helden–Geschichte*, iv. 42–56, Prussian DIARIUM; ib. 73–86, Austrian.] which it is far from our intention to inflict on readers, in this haste. Siege lasted six weeks; four weeks extremely hot,—from May 19th, when the proper artilleries, in complete state, got up from Dresden. Line of siege–works, or intermittent series of batteries, is some twelve miles long; from Branik southward to beyond the Belvedere northward, on both sides of the Moldau. King's Camp is on the Ziscaberg; Keith's on the Lorenz Berg, embracing and commanding the Weissenberg; there are two Bridges of communication, Branik and Podoli: King lodges in the Parsonage of Michel,—the busiest of all the sons of Adam; what a set of meditations in that Parsonage! The Besieged, 46,000 by count, offer to surrender Prag on condition of "Free withdrawal:" "No; you shall engage, such of you as won't enlist with us, not to serve against me for six years." Here are some select Specimens; Prussian chiefly, in an abridged state:—

"MAY 19th, No sooner was our artillery come (all the grounds and beds for it had been ready beforehand), than as evening fell, it began to play in terrific fashion."

"NIGHT OF THE 23d–24th MAY, There broke out a furious sally; their first, and much their hottest, say the Prussians: a very serious affair;—which fell upon Keith's quarter, west side of the Moldau. Sally, say something like 10,000 strong; picked men all, and strengthened with half a pound of horse–flesh each" (unluckily without salt): judge what the common diet must have been, when that was generous! "No salt to it; but a fair supplement of brandy. Browne, from his bed of pain (died 26th June), had been strongly urgent. Aim is, To force the Prussian

lines, by determination and the help of darkness, in some weak point: the whole Army, standing ranked on the walls, shall follow, if things go well; and storm itself through,—away Daun—wards, across the River by Podoli Bridge.

"Sally broke out between 1 and 2 A.M.; but we had wind of it, and were on the alert. Sally tried on this place and on that; very furious in places, but could not anywhere prevail. The tussling lasted for near six hours (Prince Ferdinand" of Preussen, King's youngest Brother, "and others of us, getting hurts and doing exploits),—till, about 7 A.M., it was wholly swept in, with loss of 1,000 dead. Upon which, their whole Army retired to its quarters, in a hopeless condition. Escape impossible. Near 50,000 of them; but in such a posture. Provision of bread, the spies say, is not scarce, unless the Prussians can burn it, which they are industriously trying (diligent to learn where the Magazines are, and to fire incessantly upon the same): plenty of meal hitherto; but for butcher's—meat, only what we saw. Forage nearly done, and 12,000 horses standing in the squares and market—places,—not even stabling for them, not to speak of food or work,—slaughtering and salting [if one but had salt!] the one method. Horse—flesh two kreutzers a pound; rises gradually to double that value.

"MAY 29th, About sunset there came a furious burst of weather: rain—torrents mixed with battering hail;—some flaw of water—spout among the Hills; for it lasted hour on hour, and Moldau came down roaring double—deep, above a hundred yards too wide each way; with cargoes of ruin, torn—up trees, drowned horses; which sorely tried our Bridge at Branik. Bridge, half of it, did break away (Friedrich's half, forty—four pontoons; Keith's people got their end of the Bridge doubled in and saved): the Austrians, in Prag, fished out twenty—four of Friedrich's pontoons; the other twenty we caught at our Bridge of Podoli, farther down. A most wild night for the Prussian Army in tents; and indeed for Prag itself, the low parts of which were all under water; unfortunate individuals getting drowned in the cellars; and, still more important, a great deal of Austrian meal, which had been carried thither, to be safe from the red—hot balls.

"It was thought the Austrians, our Bridge being down, might try a sally again. To prevent which, hardly was the rain done, when, on our part, a rocket flew aloft; and there began on the City, from all sides, a deluge of bombs and red hot balls. So that the still—dripping City was set fire to, in various parts: and we could hear [what this Editor never can forget] the WEH—KLAGEN (wail) of the Townsfolk as they tried to quench it, and it always burst out again. The fire—deluge lasted for six hours."—Human WEH—KLAGEN, through the hollow of Night, audible to the Prussians and us: "Woe's me! water—deluges, then fire—deluges; death on every hand!" According to the Austrian accounts, there perished, by bursting of bomb—shells, falling of walls, by hunger and other misery and hurts, "above 9,000 Townsfolk in this Siege." Yes, my Imperial friends; War is not a thing of streamering and ornamental trumpeting alone; War is an inexorable, dangerously incalculable thing. Is it not a terrible question, at whose door lies the beginning of a War!

"JUNE 5th, 12,000 poor people of Prag were pushed out: 'Useless mouths, will you contrive to disappear some way!' But, after haggling about all day, they had to be admitted in again, under penalty of being shot.

"JUNE 8th, City looking black and ruinous, whole of the Neustadt in ashes; few houses left in the Jew Town; in the Altstadt the fire raged on (WUTHETE FORT). Nothing but ruin and confusion over there; population hiding in cellars, getting killed by falling buildings. Burgermeister and Townsfolk besiege Prince Karl, 'For the Virgin's sake, have pity on us, Your Serenity!' Poor Prince Karl has to be deaf, whatever his feelings.

"He was diligent in attending mass, they say: he alone of the Princes, of whom there were several; two Saxon Princes among others, Prince Xavier the elder of them, who will be heard of again. A profane set, these, lodging in the CLEMENTINUM [vast Jesuit Edifice, which had been cleared out for them, and "the windows filled with dung outside," against balls]: there, with wines of fine vintage, and cookeries plentiful and exquisite, that know nothing of famine outside, they led an idle disorderly life,—ran races in the long corridors [not so bad a course], dressed themselves in Priests' vestures [which are abundant in such locality], and made travesties and mummeries of Holy Religion; the wretched creatures, defying despair, as buccaneers might when their ship is sinking. To surrender, everything forbids; of escape, there is no possibility. [Archenholtz i. 86; *Helden—Geschichte*, iv. 73—84.]

"JUNE 9th, The bombardment abates; a LABORATORIUM of our own flew aloft by some spark or accident; and killed thirteen men.

"JUNE 15th, From the King's Camp a few bombs [King himself now gone] kindled the City in three places:—but there is, by this time, new game afield; Prag Siege awaiting its decision not at Prag, but some way

off.

Friedrich has been doing his utmost; diligent, by all methods, to learn where the Austrian Magazines were, that is, on what special edifices and localities shot might be expended with advantage; and has fired into these "about 12,000 bombs." Here is a small thing still remembered:—

"Spies being, above all, essential in this business, Friedrich had bethought him of one Kasebier, a supreme of House-breakers, whom he has, safe with a ball at his ankle, doing forced labor at Spandau [in Stettin, if it mattered]. Kasebier was actually sent for, pardon promised him if he could do the State a service. Kasebier smuggled himself twice, perhaps three times, into Prag; but the fourth time he did not come back." [Retzow, i. 108. n.] Another Note says: "Kasebier was a Tailor, and Son of a Tailor, in Halle; and the expertest of Thieves. Had been doing forced labor, in Stettin, since 1748; twice did get into Prag; third time, vanished. A highly celebrated Prussian thief; still a myth among the People, like Dick Turpin or Cartouche, except that his was always theft without violence." [Preuss, ii. 57 n.]

We learn vaguely that the price of horse-flesh in Prag has risen to double; famine very sore: but still one hears nothing of surrender. And again there is vague rumor that the City may be as it will; but that the Garrison has meal, after all we have ruined, which will last till October. Such a Problem has this King: soluble within the time; or not soluble? Such a question for the whole world, and for himself more than any.

MAP GOES IN HERE—fACING PAGE 446, BOOK xviii

Chapter IV. BATTLE OF KOLIN.

On and after June 9th, the bombardment at Prag abated, and never rose to briskness again; the place of trial for decision of that Siege having flitted else—whither, as we said. About that time, rumors came in, not so favorable, from the Duke of Bevern; which Friedrich, strong in hope, strove visibly to disbelieve, but at last could not. Bevern reports that Daun is actually coming on, far too strong for his resisting;—in other terms, that the Siege of Prag will not decide itself by bombardment, but otherwise and elsewhere. Of which we must now give some account; brief as may be, especially in regard to the preliminary or marching part.

Daun, whose light troops plundered Brandeis (almost within wind of the Prussian Rear) on the day while Prag Battle was fighting, had, on that fatal event, gradually drawn back to Czaslau, a place we used to know fifteen years ago; and there, or in those neighborhoods, defensively manoeuvring, and hanging upon Kuttentberg, Kolin, especially upon his Magazine of Suchdol, Daun, always rather drawing back, with Brunswick—Bevern vigilantly waiting on him, has continued ever since; diligently recruiting himself; ranking the remains of the right wing defeated at Prag; drawing regiments out of Mahren, or whencesoever to be had. Till, by these methods, he is grown 60,000 strong; nearly thrice superior to Bevern; though being a "Fabius Cunctator" (so called by and by), he as yet attempts nothing. Forty thousand in Prag, with Sixty here in the Czaslau Quarter, [Tempelhof, i. 196; Retzow (i. 107, 109) counts 46,000+66,000.] that makes 100,000; say his Prussian Majesty has two—thirds of the number: can the Fabius Cunctator attempt nothing, before Prag utterly famish?

Order comes to him from Vienna: "Rescue Prag; straightway go upon it, cost what it like!" Daun does go upon it; advances visibly towards Prag, Bevern obliged to fall back in front of him. Sunday, 12th June, Daun despatches several Officers to Prince Karl at Prag, with notice that, "On the 20th, Monday come a week, he will be in the neighborhood of Prag with this view:—they, of course, to sally out, and help from rearward." "Several Officers, under various disguises," go with that message, June 12th; but none of them could get into the City; and some of them, I judge, must have fallen into the Prussian Hussar Parties:—at any rate, the news they carried did get into the Prussian circuit, and produced an instant resolution there. Early next morning, Monday 13th, King Friedrich, with what disposable force is on the spot,—10,000 capable of being spared from siege—work, and 4,000 more that will be capable of following, under Prince Moritz, in two days,—sets forth in all speed. Joins Bevern that same night; at Kaurzim, thirty—five miles off, which is about midway from Prag to Czaslau, and only three miles or so from Daun's quarters that night,—had the King known it, which he did not.

Daun must be instantly gone into; and shall,—if he is there at all, and not fallen back at the first rumor of us, as Friedrich rather supposes. In any case, there are preliminaries indispensable: the 4,000 of Prince Moritz still to come up; secondly, bread to be had for us, which is baking at Nimburg, across the Elbe, twenty miles off; lastly (or rather firstly, and most indispensable of all), Daun to be reconnoitred. Friedrich reconnoitres Daun with all diligence; pushes on everything according to his wont; much obstructed in the reconnoitring by Pandour clouds, under which Daun has veiled himself, which far outnumber our small Hussar force. Daun, as usual,—showing always great skill in regard to camps and positions,—has planted himself in difficult country: a little river with its boggy pools in front; behind and around, an intricate broken country of knolls and swamps, one ridge in it which they even call a BERG or Hill, Kamhayek Berg; not much of a Hill after all, but forming a long backbone to the locality, west end of it straight behind Daun's centre, at present. Friedrich's position is from north to south; like Daun's, taking advantage of what heights and brooks there are; and edging northward to be near his bread—ovens: right wing still holds by Kaurzim, left wing looking down on Planian, a little Town on the High Road (KAISER—STRASSE) from Prag to Vienna. Little Town destined to get up its name in a day or two,—next little Town to which, twelve miles farther on, is Kolin, secretly destined to become and continue still more famous among mankind. Kolin is close to the Elbe, left or south bank; Elbe hereabouts strikes into his long northwestern course (to Wittenberg all the way; Pirna, say 150 miles off, is his half—way house in that direction);—strikes off northward hereabouts, making for Nimburg, among other places: Planian, right south of Nimburg, is already fifteen good miles from Elbe.

This is Friedrich's position, Wednesday, June 15th and the day following; somewhat nearer his ovens than yesterday. Daun is yet parallel to him, has his centre behind Swoyschitz, an insignificant Village at the foot of

those Kamhayek Heights, which is, ever since, to be found in Maps. Friday, 17th, Friedrich's bread-wagons and 4,000 having come in, as doubtless the Pandours report in the proper place, Daun does not quite like his strong position any more, but would prefer a stronger. Friday about sunset, "great clouds of dust" rise from Daun: changing his position, the Prussians see, if for Pandours and gathering darkness they can at present see little else. Daun, truly, observing the King to have in that manner edged up, towards Planian, is afraid of his right wing from such a neighbor. So that the reader must take his Map again. Or, if he care not for such things, let him skip, and leave me solitary to my sad function; till we can meet on easier ground, and report the battle which ensued. Daun hustles his right wing back out of that dangerous proximity; wheels his whole right wing and centre ninety degrees round, so as to reach out now towards Kolin, and lie on the north slope of the Kamhayek ridge; places his left wing EN POTENCE (gibbet-wise), hanging round the western end of said Kamhayek, its southern extremity at Swoyschitz, its northern at Hradenin, where (not a mile from Planian) his right wing had formerly been;—with other intricate movements not worth following, under my questionable guidance, on a Map with unpronounceable names. Enough to say that Daun's right wing is now far east at Krzeczhorz, well beyond Chotzemitz, whereabouts his centre now comes to stand (and most of his horse THERE, both the wings being hilly and rough, unfit for horse);—and that, this being nearly the last of Daun's shiftings and hustlings for the present, or indeed in essential respects the very last, readers may as well note the above main points in it.

Hustled into this still stronger place, with wheeling and shoving, which lasted to a late hour, Daun composes himself for the night. He lies now, with centre and right looking northward, pretty much parallel to the Planian-Kolin or Prag-Vienna Highway, and about a mile south of the same; extreme posts extending almost to Kolin on that side; left wing well planted EN POTENCE; Kamhayek ridge, north face and west end of it, completely his on both the exposed or Anti-Prussian faces. Friedrich feels uncertain whether he has not gone his ways altogether; but proposes to ascertain by break of day.

By break of day Friedrich starts, having cleared off certain Pandour swarms visible in places of difficulty, who go on first notice, and without shot fired. [Lloyd, i. 61 et seq. (or Tempelhof's Translation, i. 151-164); Tempelhof's own Account is, i. 179-196; Retzow's, i. 120-149 (fewer errors of detail than usual); Kutzen, *Der Tag von Kolin* (Breslau, 1857), a useful little compilation from many sources. Very incorrect most of the common accounts are; Kausler's *Schlachten*, Jomini, and the like.] Marches through Planian in two columns, along the Kolin Highway and to north of it; marches on, four or five miles farther, nothing visible but the skirts of retiring Pandours,—"Daun's rear-guard probably?"—Friedrich himself is with Ziethen, who has the vanguard, as Friedrich's wont is, eagerly enough looking out; reaches a certain Inn on the wayside (WIRTHSHAUS "of Slatislunz or GOLDEN-SUN," say the Modern Books,—though I am driven to think it Novomiesto, nearer Planian; but will not quarrel on the subject); Inn of good height for one thing; and there, mounting to the top-story or perhaps the leads, descries Daun, stretching far and wide, leant against the Kamhayek, in the summer morning. What a sight for Friedrich: "Big game SHALL be played, then; death sure, this day, to thousands of men: and to me—? Well!"

Friedrich calls halt: rest here a little; to consider, examine, settle how. A hot close morning; rest for an hour or two, till our rear from Kaurzim come up: horses and men will be the better for it,—horses can have a mouthful of grass, mouthful of water; some of them "had no drink last night, so late in getting home." Poor quadrupeds, they also have to get into a blaze of battle-rage this day, and be blown to pieces a great many of them,—in a quarrel not of their seeking! Horse and rider are alike satisfied on that latter point; silently ready for the task THEY have; and deaf on questions that are bottomless.

At this Hostelery of Novomiesto (not of Slatislunz or "GOLDEN-SUN" at all, which is a "Sun" fallen dismally eclipsed in other ways ["The Inn of Slati-Slunz was burnt, about twenty years ago; nothing of it but the stone walls now dates from Friedrich's time. It is a biggish solid-looking House of two stories (whether ever of three, I could not learn); stands pleasantly, at the crown of a long rise from Kolin;—and inwardly, alas, in our day, offers little but bad smells and negative quantities! Only the ground-floor is now inhabited. From the front, your view northward, Nimburg way, across the Elbe Valley, is fertile, wide-waving, pretty: but rearward, upstairs,—having with difficulty got permission,—you find bare balks, tattered feathers, several hundredweight of pigeon's dung, and no outlook at all, except into walls of office-houses and the overhanging brow of Heights,—fatal, clearly, to any view of Daun, even from a third story!"] (TOURIST'S NOTE, 1858.)—Tempelhof (UBI SUPRA) seems to have known the right, place; not, Retzow, or almost anybody since: and indeed the question, except for expressly

Military people, is of no moment.]), Friedrich halted for three hours and more; saw Daun developing himself into new Order of Battle, "every part of his position visible;" considered with his whole might what was to be tried upon him;—and about noon, having made up his mind, called his Generals, in sight of the phenomenon itself there, to give them their various orders and injunctions in regard to the same. The Plan of Fight, which was thought then, and is still thought by everybody, an excellent one,—resting on the "oblique order of attack," Friedrich's favorite mode,—was, if the reader will take his Map, conceivable as follows.

Daun has by this time deployed himself; in three lines, or two lines and a reserve; on the high-lying Champaign south of the Planian-Kolin Great Road; south, say a mile, and over the crests of the rising ground, or Kamhayek ridge, so that from the Great Road you can see nothing of him. His line, swaying here and there a little, to take advantage of its ground, extends nearly five miles, from east to west; pointing towards Planian side, the left wing of it; from Planian, eastward, the way Friedrich has marched, Daun's left wing may be four miles distant. On the other side, Daun's right wing—main line always pretty parallel to the Highway, and pointing rather southward of Kolin—reaches to the small Hamlet of Krzczhorz, which is two miles off Kolin. In front of his centre is a Village called Chotzemitz (from which for a while, in those months, the Battle gets its name, "Battle of Chotzemitz," by Daun's christening): in front of him, to right or to left of Chotzemitz, are some four or even six other Villages (dim rustic Hamlets, invisible from the High Road), every Village of which Daun has well beset with batteries, with good infantry, not to speak of Croat parties hovering about, or dismounted Pandours squatted in the corn. That easternmost Village of his is spelt "Krzczhorz" (unpronounceable to mankind), a dirty little place; in and round which the Battle had its hinge or cardinal point: the others, as abstruse of spelling, all but equally impossible to the human organs, we will forbear to name, except in case of necessity. Half a mile behind Krzczhorz (let us write it Kreczor, for the future: what can we do?), is a thin little Oak-wood, bushes mainly, but with sparse trees too, which is now quite stubbed out, though it was then important enough, and played a great part in the result of this day's work. Radowesnitz, a pronounceable little Village, half a mile farther or southward of the Oak-bush, is beyond the extremity of Daun's position; low down on a marshy little Brook, which oozes through lakes and swamps towards Kolin, in the northerly direction.

Most or all of these Villages are on little Brooks (natural thirst so leading them): always some little runlet of water, not so swampy when there is any fall for it; in general lively when it gets over the ridge, and becomes visible from this Highway. And it is curious to see what a considerable dell, or green ascending chasm, this little thread of water, working at all moments for thousands of years, has hollowed out for itself in the sloping ground; making a great military obstacle, if you are mounting to attack there. Poor Czech Hamlets all of them, dirty, dark, mal-odorous, ignorant, abhorrent of German speech;—in what nook those inarticulate inhabitants, diving underground at a great rate this morning, have hidden themselves to-day, I know not. The country consists of knolls and slopes, with swamps intermediate; rises higher on the Planian side; but except the top of that Kamhayek ridge on the Planian side, and "Friedrich's-Berg" on the Kolin side, there is nothing that you could think of calling a Hill, though many Books (and even Friedrich's Book) rashly say otherwise. Friedrich's-Berg, now so called, is on the north side of the Highway: half a mile northeastward of Slatislunz, the mal-odorous Inn. A conical height of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet; rises rather suddenly from the still-sloping ground, checking the slope there; on which the Austrian populations have built some memorial lately, notable to Tourists. Here Friedrich "stood during the Battle," say they; and the Prussians "had a battery there." Which remains uncertain to me, at least the battery part of it: that Friedrich himself was there, now and then, can be believed; but not that he kept "standing there" for long together. Friedrich's-Berg does command some view of the Kreczor scene, which at times was cardinal, at others not: but Friedrich did not stand anywhere: "oftenest in the thick of the fire," say those who saw.

Friedrich, from his Inn near Planian, seeing how Daun deploys himself, considers him impregnable on the left wing; impregnable, too, in front: not so on the Kreczor side, right flank and rear; but capable of being rolled together, if well struck at there. Thither therefore; that is his vulnerable point. March along his front: quietly parallel in due Order of Battle, till we can bend round, and plunge in upon that. The Van, which consists of Ziethen's Horse and Hulsen's Infantry; Van, having faced to right at the proper moment and so become Left Wing, will attack Kreczor; probably carry it; each Division following will in like manner face to right when it arrives there, and fall on in regular succession in support of Hulsen (at Hulsen's right flank, if Hulsen be found prospering): our Right Wing is to refuse itself, and be as a Reserve,—no fighting on the road, you others, but

steady towards Hulsen, in continual succession, all you; no facing round, no fighting anywhere, till we get thither:—"March!"

The word is given about 2 P.M.; and all, on the instant, is in motion; rolls steadily eastward, in two columns, which will become First Line and Second. One along the Highway, the second at due distance leftward on the green ground, no hedge or other obstacle obstructing in that part of the world. Daun's batteries, on the right, spit at them in passing, to no purpose; sputters of Pandour musketry, from coverts, there may be: Prussians finely disregarding, pass along; flowing tide-like towards THEIR goal and place of choice. An impressive phenomenon in the sunny afternoon; with Daun expectant of them, and the Czech populations well hidden underground!—

Ziethen, vanmost of all, finds Nadasti and his Austrian squadrons drawn across the Highway, hitherward of the Kreczor latitude: Ziethen dashes on Nadasti; tumbles his squadrons and him away; clears the Road, and Kreczor neighborhood, of Nadasti: drives him quite into the hollow of Radowesnitz, where he stood inactive for the rest of the day. Hulsen now at the level of Kreczor (in the latitude of Kreczor, as we phrased it), halts, faces to right; stiffly presses up, opens his cannon—thunders, his bayonet—charges and platoon—fires upon Kreczor. Stiffly pressing up, in spite of the violent counter—thunders, Hulsen does manage Kreczor without very much delay, completely enough, and like a workman; takes the battery, two batteries; overturns the Infantry;—in a word, has seized Kreczor, and, as new tenant, swept the old, and their litter, quite out. Of all which Ziethen has now the chase, and by no means will neglect that duty. Ziethen, driving the rout before him, has driven it in some minutes past the little Oak—wood above mentioned; and, or rather BUT,—what is much to be noted,—is there taken in flank with cannon—shot and musketry, Daun having put batteries and Croat parties in the Oak—wood; and is forced to draw bridle, and get out of range again.

Hulsen, advancing towards this little Oak—wood, is surprised to discover, not the wood alone, but a strong Austrian force, foot and horse, to rear of it;—such had been Daun's and Nadasti's precaution, on view of those Friedrich phenomena, flowing on from Planian, guessed to be hitherward. At sight of which Wood and foot—party, Hulsen, no new Battalion having yet arrived to second him, pauses, merely cannonading from the distance, till new Battalions shall arrive. Unhappily they did not arrive, or not in due quantity at the set time,—for what reason, by what strange mistake? men still ask themselves. Probably by more mistakes than one. Enough, Hulsen struggling here all day, with reinforcements never adequate, did take the Wood, and then lose it; did take and lose this and that;—but was unable to make more of it than keep his ground thereabouts. A resolute man, says Retzow, but without invention of his own, or head to mend the mistakes of others. In and about Kreczor, Hulsen did maintain himself with more and more tenacity, till the general avalanche, fruit of sad mistakes swept HIM, quite spasmodically struggling at that period, off to the edge of it, and all the others clean away! Mistakes have been to rightwards, one or even two, the fruit of which, small at first, suffices to turn the balance, and ends in an avalanche, or precipitous descent of ruin on the Prussian side

One mistake there was, miles westward on the right wing; due to Mannstein, our too impetuous Russian friend, Mannstein well to right, while marching forward according to order, has Croat musketry spitting upon him from amid the high corn, to an inconvenient extent: such was the common lot, which others had borne and disregarded: perhaps it was beyond the average on Mannstein, or Mannstein's patience was less infinite; any way it provoked Mannstein to boil over; and in an evil moment he said, "Extinguish me that Croat canaille, then!" Regiment Bornstedt faced to right, accordingly; took to extinguishing the Croat canaille, which of course fled at once, or squatted closer, but came back with reinforcements; drew Mannstein deeper in, fatally delayed Bornstedt, and proved widely ruinous. For now he stopped the way to those following him: regiments marching on to rear of Mannstein see Mannstein halted, volleying with the Austrians; ask themselves "How? Is there new order come? Attack to be in this point?" And successively fall on to support Mannstein, as the one clear point in such dubiety. So that the whole right wing from Regiment Bornstedt westward is storming up the difficult steeps, in hot conflict with the Austrians there, where success against them had been judged impracticable;—and there is now no reserve force anywhere to be applied to in emergency, for Hulsen's behoof or another's; and the Plan of Battle from Mannstein westward has been fatally overturned. Poor Mannstein, there is no doubt, committed this error, being too fiery a man. Surely to him it was no luxury, and he paid the smart for it in skin and soul: "badly wounded in this business;" nay, in direct sequel, not many weeks after, killed by it, as we shall see!—

To Mannstein's mistake, Friedrich himself, in his account of Kolin, mainly imputes the disaster that followed; and such, then and afterwards, was the universal judgment in military circles; loading the memory of too

impetuous Mannstein with the whole. [See Retzow, i. 135; Templehof, i. 214, 220.] Much talk there was in Prussian military circles; but there must also have been an admirable silence on the part of some. To Three Persons it was known that another strange incident had happened far ahead, far eastward, of Mannstein's position: incident which did not by any means tend to alleviate, which could only strengthen and widen, the evil results of Mannstein; and which might have lifted part of the load from Mannstein's memory! Not till the present Century, after the lapse of almost fifty years, was this secret slowly dug out of silence, and submitted to modern curiosity.

The incident is this;—never whispered of for near fifty years (so silent were the three); and endlessly tossed about since that; the sense of it not understood till almost now. [See Retzow, i. 126; Berenhorst; —then FINALLY Kutzen, pp. 99, 217.] The three parties were: King Friedrich; Moritz of Dessau, leading on the centre here; Moritz's young Nephew Franz, Heir of Dessau, a brisk lad of seventeen, learning War here as Aide-de-camp to Moritz: the exact spot is not known to me,—probably the ground near that Inn of Slatislunz, or Golden-Sun; between the foot of Friedrich's-Berg and that:—fact indubitable, though kept dark so long. Moritz is marching with the centre, or main battle, that way, intending to wheel and turn hillwards, Kreczor-wise, as per order, certain furlongs ahead; when Friedrich (having, so I can conceive it, seen from his Hill-top, how Hulsen had done Kreczor, altogether prosperous there; and what endless capability there was of prospering to all lengths and speeding the general winning, were Hulsen but supported soon enough, were there any safe short-cut to Hulsen) dashed from his Hill-top in hot haste towards Prince Moritz, General of the centre, intending to direct him upon such short-cut; and hastily said, with Olympian brevity and fire, "Face to right HERE!" With Jove-like brevity, and in such blaze of Olympian fire as we may imagine. Moritz himself is of brief, crabbed, fiery mind, brief in temper; and answers to the effect, "Impossible to attack the enemy here, your Majesty; postured as they are; and we with such orders gone abroad!"—"Face to right, I tell you!" said the King, still more Olympian, and too emphatic for explaining. Moritz, I hope, paused, but rather think he did not, before remonstrating the second time; neither perhaps was his voice so low as it should have been: it is certain Friedrich dashed quite up to Moritz at this second remonstrance, flashed out his sword (the only time he ever drew his sword in battle); and now, gone all to mere Olympian lightning and thundertone, asks in THIS attitude, "WILL ER (Will He) obey orders, then?"—Moritz, fallen silent of remonstrance, with gloomy rapidity obeys.

Prince Franz, the young Nephew of Moritz, alone witnessed this scene; scene to be locked in threefold silence. In his old age, Franz had whispered it to Berenhorst, his bastard Half-Uncle, a famed military Critic,—who is still in the highest repute that way (Berenhorst's KRIEGSKUNST, and other deep Books), and is recognizable, to LAY readers, for an abstruse strong judgment; with equal strength of abstruse temper hidden behind it, and very privately a deep grudge towards Friedrich, scarcely repressible on opportunity. From Berenhorst it irrepressibly oozed out; ["Heinrich van Berenhorst [a natural son of the Old Dessauer's], in his *Betrachtungen uber die Kriegskunst*, is the first that alludes to it in print. (Leipzig, 1797,—page in SECOND edition, 1798, is i. 219)."] much more to Friedrich's disadvantage than it now looks when wholly seen into. Not change of plan, not ruinous caprice on Friedrich's part, as Berenhorst, Retzow and others would have it; only excess of brevity towards Moritz, and accident of the Olympian fire breaking out. Friedrich is chargeable with nothing, except perhaps (what Moritz knows the evil of) trying for a short-cut! Such is now the received interpretation. Prince Franz, to his last day, refused to speak again on the subject; judiciously repentant, we can fancy, of having spoken at all, and brought such a matter into the streets and their pie-powder adjudications. [In KUTZEN, pp. 217–237, a long dissertation on it.] For the present, he is Adjutant to Moritz, busy obeying to the letter.

Friedrich, withdrawing to his Height again, and looking back on Moritz, finds that he is making right in upon the Austrian line; which was by no means Friedrich's meaning, had not he been so brief. Friedrich, doubtless with pain, remembers now that he had said only, "Face to right!" and had then got into Olympian tempest, which left things dark to Moritz. "HALB-LINKS, Half to left withal!" he despatches that new order to Moritz, with the utmost speed: "Face to right; THEN, forward half to left." Had Moritz, at the first, got that commentary to his order, there had probably been no remonstrance on Moritz's part, no Olympian scene to keep silent; and Moritz, taking that diagonal direction from the first, had hit in at or below Kreczor, at the very point where he was needed. Alas for overhaste; short-cuts, if they are to be good, ought at least to be made clear! Moritz, on the new order reaching him, does instantly steer half-left: but he arrives now above Kreczor, strikes the Austrian line on this side of Kreczor; disjoined from Hulsen, where he can do no good to Hulsen: in brief, Moritz, and now the whole line with him, have to do as Mannstein and sequel are doing, attack in face, not in flank; and try what, in

the proportion of one to two, uphill, and against batteries, they can make of it in that fashion!

And so, from right wing to left, miles long, there is now universal storm of volleying, bayonet-charging, thunder of artillery, case-shot, cartridge-shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind; the wrestle very tough and furious, especially on the assaulting side. Here, as at Prag, the Prussian troops were one and all in the fire; each doing strenuously his utmost, no complaint to be made of their performance. More perfect soldiers, I believe, were rarely or never seen on any field of war. But there is no reserve left: Mannstein and the rest, who should have been reserve, and at a General's disposal, we see what they are doing! In vain, or nearly so, is Friedrich's tactic or manoeuvring talent; what now is there to manoeuvre? All is now gone up into one combustion. To fan the fire, to be here, there, fanning the fire where need shows: this is now Friedrich's function; "everywhere in the hottest of the fight," that is all we at present know of him, invisible to us otherwise. This death-wrestle lasted perhaps four hours; till seven or towards eight o'clock in the June evening; the sun verging downwards; issue still uncertain.

And, in fact, at last the issue turned upon a hair;—such the empire of Chance in War matters. Cautious Daun, it is well known, did not like the aspect of the thing; cautious Daun thinks to himself, "If we get pushed back into that Camp of yesternight, down the Kamhayek Heights, and right into the impassable swamps; the reverse way, Heights now HIS, not ours, and impassable swamps waiting to swallow us? Wreck complete, and surrender at discretion—!" Daun writes in pencil: "The retreat is to Suchdol" (Kuttenberg way, southward, where we have heights again and magazines); Daun's Aide-de-camp is galloping every-whither with that important Document; and Generals are preparing for retreat accordingly,—one General on the right wing has, visibly to Hulsen and us, his cannon out of battery, and under way rearwards; a welcome sight to Hulsen, who, with imperfect reinforcement, is toughly maintaining himself there all day.

And now the Daun Aide-de-camp, so Chance would have it, cannot find Nostitz the Saxon Commandant of Horse in that quarter; finds a "Saxon Lieutenant-Colonel B——" ("Benkendorf" all Books now write him plainly), who, by another little chance, had been still left there: "Can the Herr Lieutenant-Colonel tell me where General Nostitz is?" Benkendorf can tell;—will himself take the message: but Benkendorf looks into the important Pencil Document; thinks it premature, wasteful, and that the contrary is feasible! persuades Nostitz so to think; persuades this regiment and that (Saxon, Austrian, horse and foot); though the cannon in retreat go trundling past them: "Merely shifting their battery, don't you see:—Steady!" And, in fine, organizes, of Saxon and Austrian horse and foot in promising quantity (Saxons in great fury on the Pirna score, not to say the Striegau, and other old grudges), a new unanimous assault on Hulsen.

The assault was furious, and became ever more so; at length irresistible to Hulsen. Hulsen's horse, pressing on as to victory, are at last hurled back; could not be rallied; [That of "RUCKER, WOLLT IHR EWIG LEBEN, Rascals, would you live forever?" with the "Fritz, for eight groschen, this day there has been enough!"—is to be counted pure myth; not unsuccessful, in its withered kind.] fairly fled (some of them); confusing Hulsen's foot,—foot is broken, instantly ranks itself, as the manner of Prussians is; ranks itself in impromptu squares, and stands fiercely defensive again, amid the slashing and careering: wrestle of extreme fury, say the witnesses. "This for Striegau!" cried the Saxon dragoons, furiously sabring. [Archenholtz, i. 100.] Yes; and is there nothing to account of Pirna, and the later scores? Scores unliquidated, very many still; but the end is, Hulsen is driven away; retreats, Parthian-like, down-hill, some space; whose sad example has to spread rightwards like a powder-train, till all are in retreat,—northward, towards Nimburg, is the road;—and the Battle of Kolin is finished.

Friedrich made vehement effort to rally the Horse, to rally this and that; but to no purpose: one account says he did collect some small body, and marched forth at the head of it against a certain battery; but, in his rear, man after man fell away, till Lieutenant-Colonel Grant (not "Le Grand," as some call him, and indeed there is an ACCENT of Scotch in him, still audible to us here) had to remark, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery ourselves!" Upon which Friedrich turned round; and, finding nobody, looked at the Enemy through his glass, and slowly rode away [Retzow, i. 139.]—on a different errand.

Seeing the Battle irretrievably lost, he now called Bevern and Moritz to him; gave them charge of the retreat—"To Nimburg; cross Elbe there [fifteen good miles away]; and in the defiles of Planian have especial care!" and himself rode off thitherward, his Garde-du-Corps escorting. Retzow says, "a swarm of fugitive horse-soldiers, baggage-people, grooms and led horses gathered in the train of him: these latter, at one point," Retzow has heard in Opposition circles, "rushed up, galloping: 'Enemy's hussars upon us!' and set the whole party to the

gallop for some time, till they found the alarm was false." [Ib. i. 140.] Of Friedrich we see nothing, except as if by cloudy moonlight in an uncertain manner, through this and the other small Anecdote, perhaps semi-mythical, and true only in the essence of it.

Daun gave no chase anywhere; on his extreme left he had, perhaps as preparative for chasing, ordered out the cavalry; "General Stampach and cavalry from the centre," with cannon, with infantry and appliances, to clear away the wrecks of Mannstein, and what still stands, to right of him, on the Planian Highway yonder. But Stampach found "obstacles of ground," wet obstacles and also dry,—Prussian posts, smaller and greater, who would not stir a hand—breadth: in fact, an altogether deadly storm of Negative, spontaneous on their part, from the indignant regiments thereabouts, King's First Battalion, and two others; who blazed out on Stampach in an extraordinary manner, tearing to shreds every attempt of his, themselves stiff as steel: "Die, all of us, rather than stir!" And, in fact, the second man of these poor fellows did die there? [Kutzen, p. 138 (from the canonical, or "STAFF-OFFICER'S" enumeration: see SUPRA, p. 403 n.).] So that Bevern, Commander in that part, who was absent speaking with the King, found on his return a new battle broken out; which he did not forbid but encourage; till Stampach had enough, and withdrew in rather torn condition. This, if this were some preparative for chasing, was what Daun did of it, in the cavalry way; and this was all. The infantry he strictly prohibited to stir from their position,—"No saying, if we come into the level ground, with such an enemy!"—and passed the night under arms. Far on our left, or what was once our left, Ziethen with all his squadrons, nay Hulsen with most of his battalions, continued steady on the ground; and marched away at their leisure, as rear-guard.

"It seemed," says Tempelhof, in splenetic tone, "as if Feldmarschall Daun, like a good Christian, would not suffer the sun to go down on his wrath. This day, nearly the longest in the year, he allowed the Prussian cavalry, which had beaten Nadasti, to stand quiet on the field till ten at night [till nine]; he did not send a single hussar in chase of the infantry. He stood all night under arms; and next day returned to his old Camp, as if he had been afraid the King would come back. Arriving there himself, he could see, about ten in the morning, behind Kaurzim and Planian, the whole Prussian Baggage fallen into such a coil that the wagons were with difficulty got on way again; nevertheless he let it, under cover of the grenadier battalion Manteuffel, go in peace." [Tempelhof, i. 195.] A man that for caution and slowness could make no use of his victory!

The Austrian force in the Field this day is counted to have been 60,000; their losses in killed, wounded and missing, 8,114. The Prussians, who began 34,000 in strength, lost 13,773; of whom prisoners (including all the wounded), 5,380. Their baggage, we have seen, was not meddled with: they lost 45 cannon, 22 flags,—a loss not worth adding, in comparison to this sore havoc, for the second time, in the flower of the Prussian Infantry. [Retzow, i. 141 (whose numbers are apt to be inaccurate); Kutzen, p. 144 (who depends on the Canonical STAFF-OFFICER Account).]

The news reached Prag Camp at two in the morning (Sunday, 19th): to the sorrowful amazement of the Generals there; who "stood all silent; only the Prince of Prussia breaking out into loud lamentations and accusations," which even Retzow thinks unseemly. Friedrich arrived that Sunday evening: and the Siege was raised, next day; with next to no hindrance or injury. With none at all on the part of Daun; who was still standing among the heights and swamps of Planian,—busy singing, or shooting, universal TE-DEUM, with very great rolling fire and other pomp, that day while Friedrich gathered his Siege-goods and got on march.

THE MARIA-THERESA ORDER, NEW KNIGHTHOOD FOR AUSTRIA.

No tongue can express the joy of the Austrians over this victory,—vouchsafed them, in this manner, by Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf and the Powers above. Miraculously, behold, they are not upon the retreat to Suchdol, at double-quick, and in ragged ever-lengthening line; but stand here, keeping rank all night, on the Planian-Kolin upland of the Kamhayek:—behold, they have actually beaten Friedrich; for the first time, not been beaten by him. Clearly beaten that Friedrich, by some means or other. With such a result, too; consider it,—drawn sword was at our throat; and marvellously now it is turned round upon his (if Daun be alert), and we—let us rejoice to all lengths, and sing TE-DEUM and TE-DAUNUM with one throat, till the Heavens echo again.

There was quite a hurricane, or lengthened storm, of jubilation and tripudiation raised at Vienna on this victory: New ORDER OF MARIA THERESA, in suitable Olympian fashion, with no end of regulating and inaugurating,—with Daun the first Chief of it; and "Pensions to Merit" a conspicuous part of the plan, we are glad to see. It subsists to this day: the grandest Military Order the Austrians yet have. Which then deafened the world, with its infinite solemnities, patentings, discoursings, trumpeting, for a good while. As was natural, surely, to that

high Imperial Lady with the magnanimous heart; to that loyal solid Austrian People with its pudding-head. Daun is at the top of the Theresa Order, and of military renown in Vienna circles;—of Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf I never heard that he got the least pension or recognition;—continued quietly a military lion to discerning men, for the rest of his days. ["Died at Dresden, General of Cavalry," 5th May, 1801 (Rodenbeck, i. 338, 339).]

Nay once, on Dauu's TE-DEUM day, he had a kind of recognition;—and even, by good accident, can tell us of it in his own words: [Kutzen (citing some BIOGRAPHY of Benkendorf), p. 143.]—

"I was sent for to head-quarters by a trumpeter,"—Benkendorf was,—"when all was ready for the TE-DEUM. Feldmarschall Daun was pleased to say at sight of me, 'That as I had had so much to do with the victory, it was but right I should thank our Herr Gott along with him.' Having no change of clothes,—as the servant, who was to have a uniform and some linens ready for me, had galloped off during the Fight, and our baggage was all gone to rearward,— I tried to hustle out of sight among the crowd of Imperial Officers all in gala: but the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg [Wilhelmina's Son-in-law, a perverse obstinate Herr, growing ever more perverse; one of Wilhelmina's sad afflictions in these days] called me to him, and said, 'He would give his whole wardrobe, could he wear that dusty coat with such honor as I!'"—yes; and tried hard, in his perverse way, for some such thing; but never could, as we shall see.

How lucky that Polish Majesty had some remains of Cavalry still at Warsaw in the Pirna time; that they were made into a Saxon Brigade, and taken into the Austrian service; Brigade of three Regiments, Nostitz for Chief, and this Benkendorf a Lieutenant-Colonel, among them;—and that Polish Majesty, though himself lost, has been the saving of Austria twice within one year!

Chapter V. FRIEDRICH AT LEITMERITZ, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES COMING ON.

Of Friedrich's night-thoughts at Nimburg; how he slept, and what his dreams were, we have no account. Seldom did a wearied heart sink down into oblivion on such terms. By narrow miss, the game gone; and with such results ahead. It was a right valiant plunge this that he made, with all his strength and all his skill, home upon the heart of his chief enemy. To quench his chief enemy before another came up: it was a valiant plan, and valiantly executed; and it has failed. To dictate peace from the walls of Vienna: that lay on the cards for him this morning; and at night—? Kolin is lost, the fruit of Prag Victory too is lost; and Schwerin and new tens of thousands, unreplaceable for worth in this world, are lost; much is lost! Courage, your Majesty, all is not lost, you not, and honor not.

To the young Graf von Anhalt, on the road to Nimburg, he is recorded to have said, "Don't you know, then, that every man must have his reverses (MAIS NE SAVEZ-VOUS DONC PAS QUE CHAQUE HOMME DOIT AVOIR SES REVERS)? It appears I am to have mine." [Rodenbeck, i. 309.] And more vaguely, in the Anecdote-Books, is mention of some stanch ruggedly pious old Dragoon, who brought, in his steel cap, from some fine-flowing well he had discovered, a draught of pure water to the King; old Mother Earth's own gift, through her rugged Dragoon, exquisite refecation to the thirsty wearied soul; and spoke, in his Dragoon dialect,——"Never mind, your Majesty! DER ALLMÄCHTIGE and we; It shall be mended yet. 'The Kaiserin may get a victory for once; but does that send us to the Devil (DAVON HOLT UNS DER TEUFEL-NICHT)!"—words of rough comfort, which were well taken.

Next morning, several Books, and many Drawings and Sculptures of a dim unsuccessful nature, give us view of him, at Kimburg; sitting silent "on a BRUNNEN-ROHR" (Fountain Apparatus, waste-pipe or feeding-pipe, too high for convenient sitting): he is stooping forward there, his eyes fixed on the ground, and is scratching figures in the sand with his stick, as the broken troops reassemble round him. Archenholtz says: "He surveyed with speechless feeling the small remnant of his Life-guard of Foot, favorite First Battalion; 1,000 strong yesterday morning, hardly 400 now;"—gone the others, in that furious Anti-Stampach outburst which ended the day's work! "All soldiers of this chosen Battalion were personally known to him; their names, their age, native place, their history [the pick of his Ruppın regiment was the basis of it]: in one day, Death had mowed them down; they had fought like heroes, and it was for him that they had died. His eyes were visibly wet, down his face rolled silent tears." [Archenholtz, i. 104, 101; Kutzen, pp. 259, 138; Retzow, i. 142.]

In public I never saw other tears from this King,—though in private I do not warrant him; his sensibilities, little as you would think it, being very lively and intense. "To work, however!" This King can shake away such things; and is not given overmuch to retrospection on the unalterable Past. "Like dewdrops from the lion's mane" (as is figuratively said); the lion swiftly rampant again! There was manifold swift ordering, considering and determining, at Nimburg, that day; and towards night Friedrich shot rapidly into Head-quarters at Prag, where, by order, there is, as the first thing of all, a very rapid business going on, well forward by the time he arrives.

To fold one's Siege-gear and Army neatly together from those Two Hill-tops, and march away with them safe, in sight of so many enemies: this has to be the first and rapidest thing; if this be found possible, as one calculates it may. After which, the world of enemies, held in the slip so long, will rush in from all the four winds,—unknown whitherward; one must wait to see whitherward and how.

Friedrich's History for the remaining six months of this Year falls, accordingly, into three Sections. Section FIRST: Waiting how and towards what objects his enemies, the Austrians first of all, will advance;—this lasts for about a month; Friedrich waiting mainly at Leitmeritz, on guard there both of Saxony and of Silesia, till this slowly declare itself. Slowly, perhaps almost stupidly, but by no means satisfactorily to Friedrich, as will be seen! After which, Section SECOND of his History lasts above two months; Friedrich's enemies being all got to the ground, and united in hope and resolution to overwhelm and abolish him; but their plans, positions, operations so extremely various that, for a long time (end of August to beginning of November), Friedrich cannot tell what to do with them; and has to scatter himself into thin threads, and roam about, chiefly in Thuringen and the West of Saxony, seeking something to fight with, and finding nothing; getting more and more impatient of such paltry

misery; at times nigh desperate; and habitually drifting on desperation as on a lee shore in the night, despite all his efforts. Till, in Section THIRD, which goes from November 5th, through December 5th, and into the New Year, he does find what to do; and does it,—in a forever memorable way.

Three Sections; of which the reader shall successively have some idea, if he exert himself; though it is only in snatches, suggestive to an active fancy, that we can promise to dwell on them, especially on the First Two, which lie pretty much unsurveyable in those chaotic records, like a world-wide coil of thrums. Let us be swift, in Friedrich's own manner; and try to disimprison the small portions of essential! Here, partly from Eye-witnesses, are some Notes in regard to Section First: [Westphalen, *Geschichte der Feldzuge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (and a Private Journal of W.'s there), ii. 13–19; Retzow;

"SUNDAY, 19th JUNE, At 2 A.M., Major Grant arrives at Prag [must have started instantly after that of "We two cannot take the battery, your Majesty!"]—goes to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, interim Commander on the Ziscaberg, with order To raise Siege. Consternation on the part of some; worse, on the Prince of Prussia's part; the others kept silence at least,—and set instantly to work. On both Hills, the cannons are removed (across Moldau the Zisca–Hill ones), batteries destroyed, Siege-gear neatly gathered up, to go in wagons to Leitmeritz, thence by boat to Dresden; all this lies ready done, the dangerous part of it done, when Friedrich arrives.

"MONDAY, 20th, before sunrise, Siege raised. At three in the morning Friedrich marches from the Ziscaberg; to eastward he, to Alt–Bunzlau, thence to Ah–Lissa,"—Nimburg way, with what objects we shall see. "Marshal Keith's fine performance. Keith, from the Weissenberg, does not march, such packing and loading still; all the baggages and artilleries being with Keith. Not till four in the afternoon did Keith march; but beautifully then; and folded himself away,—rear-guard under Schmettau 'retreating checkerwise,' nothing but Tolpatcheries attempting on him,—westward, Budin-ward, without loss of a linstock, not to speak of guns. Very prettily done on the part of Keith. By Budin, to Leitmeritz, he; where the King will join him shortly."

Friedrich's errand in Alt–Lissa, eastward, while Keith went westward, was, To be within due arm's-length of the Moritz–Bevern, or beaten Kolin Army, which is coming up that way; intending to take post, and do its best, in those parts, with Zittau Magazine and the Lausitz to rear of it. One of our Eye-witnesses, a Herr Westphalen, Ferdinand of Brunswick's Secretary,—who, with his Chief, got into wider fields before long,—yields these additional particulars face to face:—

"TUESDAY, 21st JUNE, 1757. King's Head-quarters in Lissa or neighborhood till Friday next; which is central for both these movements,—Thursday, orders seven regiments of horse to reinforce Keith. No symptom yet of pursuit anywhere.

"FRIDAY, 24th. Prince Moritz with the Kolin Army made appearance, all safe, and is to command here; King intending for Keith. After dinner, and the due interchange of battalions to that end, King sets off, with Prince Henri, towards Keith; Head-quarter in Alt–Bunzlau again. SATURDAY NIGHT, at Melnick; SUNDAY, Gastorf; MONDAY NIGHT, 27th JUNE, Leitmeritz; King lodges in the Cathedral Close, in sight of Keith, who is on the opposite side of Elbe,—but the town has a Bridge for to-morrow. 'Never was a quieter march; not the shadow of a Pandour visible. The Duke [Ferdinand, my Chief, Chatham's jewel that is to be, and precious to England] has suffered much from a'—in fact, from a COURS DE VENTRE, temporary bowel-derangement, which was very troublesome, owing to the excessive heats by day, and coldness of the nights.

"TUESDAY, 28th. Junction with Keith,—Bridge rightly secured, due party of dragoons and foot left on the right bank, to occupy a height which covers Leitmeritz. 'Clearing of the Pascopol' (that is, sweeping the Pandours out of it) is the first business; Colonel Loudon with his Pandours, a most swift sharpcutting man, being now here in those parts; doing a deal of mischief. Three days ago, Saturday, 25th, Keith had sent seven battalions, with the proper steel-besoms, on that Pascopol affair; Tuesday, on junction, Majesty sends three more: job done on Wednesday; reported 'done,'— though I should not be surprised," says Westphalen, "if some little highway robbery still went on among the Mountains up there."

No;—and before quitting hold, what is this that Loudon (on the very day of the King's arrival, June 27th), on the old Field of Lobositz over yonder, has managed to do! General Mannstein, wounded at Kolin, happened, with others in like case, to be passing that way, towards Dresden and better surgery,—when Loudon's Croats set upon them, scattering their slight escort: "Quarter, on surrender! Prisoners?" "Never!" answered Mannstein; "Never!" that too impetuous man, starting out from his carriage, and snatching a musket: and was instantly cut down there. And so ends;—a man of strong head, and of heart only too strong. [Preuss, ii. 58; *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 10.]

From Prag onwards, here has been a delicate set of operations; perfectly executed,—thanks to Friedrich's rapidity of shift, and also to the cautious slowly puzzling mind of Daun. Had Daun used any diligence, had Daun and Prince Karl been broad awake, together or even singly! But Friedrich guessed they seldom or never were; that they would spend some days in puzzling; and that, with despatch, he would have time for everything. Daun, we could observe, stood singing TE–DEUM, greatly at leisure, in his old Camp, 20th June, while Friedrich, from the first gray of morning, and diligently all day long, was withdrawing from the trenches of Prag,—Friedrich's people, self and goods getting folded out in the finest gradation, and with perfect success; no Daun to hinder him, —Daun leisurely doing TE–DEUM, forty miles off, helping on the WRONG side by that exertion! [Cogniazzo, ii. 367.]—"Poor Browne, he is dead of his wounds, in Prag yonder," writes Westphalen, in his Leitmeritz Journal, "news came to us July 1st: men said, 'Ah, that was why they lay asleep.'"

Till June 26th, Daun and Karl had not united; nor, except sending out Loudon and Croats, done anything, either of them. Sunday, June 26th, at Podschernitz on the old Field of Prag, a week and a day after Kolin, they did get together; still seemingly a little puzzled, "Shall we follow the King? Shall we follow Moritz and Bevern?"—nothing clear for some time, except to send out Pandour parties upon both. Moritz, since parting with the King in Alt– Bunzlau neighborhood, has gone northward some marches, thirty miles or so, to JUNG–Bunzlau,—meeting of Iser and Elbe, surely a good position:—Moritz, on receipt of these Pandour allowances of his, writes to the King, "Shall we retreat on Zittau, then, your Majesty? Straight upon Zittau?" Fancy Friedrich's astonishment;— who well intends to eat the Country first, perhaps to fight if there be chance, and at least to lie OUTSIDE the doors of Silesia and the Lausitz, as well as of Saxony here!—and answers, with his own hand, on the instant: "Your Dilection will not be so mad!" [In Preuss, ii. 58, the pungent little Autograph in full.] And at once recalls Moritz, and appoints the Prince of Prussia to go and take command. Who directly went;—a most important step for the King's interests and his own. Whose fortunes in that business we shall see before long!—

At Leitmeritz the King continues four weeks, with his Army parted in this way; waiting how the endless hostile element, which begirdles his horizon all round, will shape itself into combinations, that he may set upon the likeliest or the needfulest of these, when once it has disclosed itself. Horizon all round is black enough: Austrians, French, Swedes, Russians, Reichs Army; closer upon him or not so close, all are rolling in: Saxony, the Lausitz and Silesia, Brandenburg itself, it is uncertain which of these may soonest require his active presence.

The very day after his arrival in Leitmeritz,—Tuesday, 28th June, while that junction with Keith was going on, and the troops were defiling along the Bridge for junction with Keith,—a heavy sorrow had befallen him, which he yet knew not of. An irreparable Domestic loss; sad complement to these Military and other Public disasters. Queen Sophie Dorothee, about whose health he had been anxious, but had again been set quiet, died at Berlin that day. [Monbijou, 28th June, 1757; born at Hanover, 27th March, 1687.] In her seventy– first year: of no definite violent disease; worn down with chagrins and apprehensions, in this black whirlpool of Public troubles. So far as appears, the news came on Friedrich by surprise:—"bad cough," we hear of, and of his anxieties about it, in the Spring time; then again of "improvement, recovery, in the fine weather;"— no thought, just now, of such an event: and he took it with a depth of affliction, which my less informed readers are far from expecting of him.

July 2d, the news came: King withdrew into privacy; to weep and bewail under this new pungency of grief, superadded to so many others. Mitchell says: "For two days he had no levee; only the Princes dined with him [Princes Henri and Ferdinand; Prince of Prussia is gone to Jung–Bunzlau, would get the sad message there, among his other troubles]: yesterday, July 3d, King sent for me in the afternoon,—the first time he has seen anybody since the news came:—I had the honor to remain with him some hours in his closet. I must own to your Lordship I was most sensibly afflicted to see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the warmest filial affections; recalling to mind the many obligations he had to her late Majesty; all she had suffered, and how nobly she bore it; the good she did to everybody; the one comfort he now had, to think of having tried to make her last years more agreeable." [*Papers and Memoirs*, i. 253; Despatch to Holderness, 4th July (slightly abridged);—see ib. i. 357–359 (Private Journal). Westphalen, ii. 14. See *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 182.] In the thick of public business, this kind of mood to Mitchell seems to have lasted all the time of Leitmeritz, which is about three weeks yet: Mitchell's Note–books and Despatches, in that part, have a fine Biographic interest; the wholly human Friedrich wholly visible to us there as he seldom is. Going over his past Life to Mitchell; brief, candid, pious to both his Parents;—inexpressibly sad; like moonlight on the grave of one's Mother, silent that, while so much else

is too noisy!

This Friedrich, upon whom the whole world has risen like a mad Sorcerer's-Sabbath, how safe he once lay in his cradle, like the rest of us, mother's love wrapping him soft:—and now! These thoughts commingle in a very tragic way with the avalanche of public disasters which is thundering down on all sides. Warm tears the meed of this new sorrow; small in compass, but greater in poignancy than all the rest together. "My poor old Mother, oh, my Mother, that so loved me always, and would have given her own life to shelter mine!"—It was at Leitmeritz, as I guess, that Mitchell first made decisive acquaintance, what we may almost call intimacy, with the King: we already defined him as a sagacious, long-headed, loyal-hearted diplomatic gentleman, Scotch by birth and by turn of character; abundantly polite, vigilant, discreet, and with a fund of general sense and rugged veracity of mind; whom Friedrich at once recognized for what he was, and much took to, finding a hearty return withal; so that they were soon well with one another, and continued so. Mitchell, as orders were, "attended the King's person" all through this War, sometimes in the blaze of battle itself and nothing but cannon-shot going, if it so chanced; and has preserved, in his multifarious Papers, a great many traits of Friedrich not to be met with elsewhere.

Mitchell's occasional society, conversation with a man of sense and manly character, which Friedrich always much loved, was, no doubt, a resource to Friedrich in his lonely roamings and vicissitudes in those dark years. No other British Ambassador ever had the luck to please him or be pleased by him,—most of them, as Ex-Exchequer Legge and the like Ex-Parliamentary people, he seems to have considered dull, obstinate, wooden fellows, of fantastic, abrupt rather abstruse kind of character, not worth deciphering;—some of them, as Hanbury Williams, with the mischievous tic (more like galvanism or St.-Vitus'-dance) which he called "wit," and the inconvenient turn for plotting and intriguing, Friedrich could not endure at all, but had them as soon as possible recalled,—of course, not without detestation on their part.

At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet a good deal; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman. This is strange to some readers; but it is true,—and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evildoers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumor reports? Reader, no, far the reverse;—and public Rumor, as you may have remarked, is apt to be an extreme blockhead, full of fury and stupidity on such points, and had much better hold its tongue till it know in some measure. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit; though it is sure to be reckoned one, by the greedy dim fellows looking idly on: but, in any case, the degree of it that dwelt (privately, for most part) in Friedrich was great; and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact. Speaking of this matter, long afterwards, to Garve, a Silesian Philosopher, with whom he used to converse at Breslau, he says;—or let dull Garve himself report it, in the literal third-person:—

"And herein, I," the Herr Garve (venturing to dispute, or qualify, on one of his Majesty's favorite topics), "believe, lies the real ground of 'happiness:' it is the capacity and opportunity to accomplish great things. This the King would not allow; but said, That I did not sufficiently take into account the natural feelings, different in different people, which, when painful, imbittered the life of the highest as of the lowest. That, in his own life, he had experienced the deepest sufferings of this kind: 'And,' added he, with a touching tone of kindness and familiarity, which never occurred again in his interviews with me, 'if you (ER) knew, for instance, what I underwent on the death of my Mother, you would see that I have been as unhappy as any other, and unhappier than others, because of the greater sensibility I had (WEIL ICH MEHR EMPFINDLICHKEIT GEHABT HABE).'" [*Fragmente zur Schilderung des Geistes, des Charakters und der Regierung Friedrichs des Zweiten*, von Christian Garve (Breslau, 1798), i. 314–316. An unexpectedly dull Book (Garve having talent and reputation); kind of monotonous Preachment upon Friedrich's character: almost nothing but the above fraction now derivable from it.]

There needed not this new calamity in Friedrich's lot just now! From all points of the compass, his enemies, held in check so long, are floating on: the confluence of disasters and ill-tidings, at this time, very great. From Jung-Bunzlau, close by, his Brother's accounts are bad; and grow ever worse,—as will be seen! On the extreme West, "July 3d," while Friedrich at Leitmeritz sat weeping for his Mother, the French take Embden from him; "July 5th," the Russians, Memel, on the utmost East. June 30th, six days before, the Russians, after as many months of haggling, did cross the Border; 37,000 of them on this point; and set to bombarding Memel from land

and sea. Poor Memel (garrison only 700) answered very fiercely, "sank two of their gunboats" and the like; but the end was as we see,—Feldmarschall Lehwald able to give no relief. For there were above 70,000 other Russians (Feldmarschall Apraxin with these latter, and Cossacks and Calmucks more than enough) crossing elsewhere, south in Tilsit Country, upon old Lehwald. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 407–413.] Lehwald, with 30,000, in such circumstances—what is to become of Preussen and him! Nearer hand, the Austrians, the French, the very Reichs Army, do now seem intent on business.

The Reichs Execution Army, we saw how Mayer and the Battle of Prag had checked it in the birth-pangs; and given rise to pangs of another sort; the poor Reichs Circles generally exclaiming, "What! Bring the war into our own borders? Bring the King of Prussia on our own throats!"—and stopping short in their enlistments and preparations; in vain for Austrian Officials to urge them. Watching there, with awe-struck eye, while the 12,000 bombs flew into Prag.

The Battle of Kolin has reversed all that; and the poor old Reich is again bent on business in the Execution way. Drumming, committing, projecting, and endeavoring, with all her might, in all quarters; and, from and after the event of Kolin, holding visible Encampment, in the Nurnberg Country; fractions of actual troops assembling there. "On the Plains of Furth, between Furth and Farrenbach, east side the River Regnitz, there was the Camp pitched," says my Anonymous Friend; who gives me a cheerful Copperplate of the thing: red pennons, blue, and bright mixed colors; generals, tents; order-of-battle, and respective rallying points: with Bamberg Country in front, and the peaks of the Pine Mountains lying pleasantly behind: a sight for the curious. [J.F.S. (whom I named ANONYMOUS OF HAMBURG long since; who has boiled down, with great diligence, the old Newspapers, and gives a great many dates, notes, without Index), i. 211, 224 (the Copperplate).] It is the same ground where Mayer was careering lately; neighboring nobility and gentry glad to come in gala, and dance with Mayer. Hither, all through July, come contingents straggling in, thicker and thicker; "August 8th," things now about complete, the Bishop of Bamberg came to take survey of the Reichs-Heer (Bishop's remarks not given); August 10th, came the young reigning Duke of Hildburghausen (Duke's grand-uncle is to be Commander), on like errand; August 11th) the Reichs-Heer got on march. Westward ho!—readers will see towards what.

A truly ELENDE, or miserable, Reichs Execution Army (as the MISprinter had made it); but giving loud voice in the Gazettes; and urged by every consideration to do something for itself. Prince of Hildburghausen—a general of small merit, though he has risen in the Austrian service, and we have seen him with Seckendorf in old Turk times—has, for his Kaiser's sake, taken the command; sensible perhaps that glory is not likely to be rife here; but willing to make himself useful. Kaiser and Austria urge, everywhere, with all their might: Prince of Hessen-Darmstadt, who lay on the Weissenberg lately, one of Keith's distinguished seconds there and a Prussian Officer of long standing, has, on Kaiser's order, quitted all that, and become Hildburghausen's second here, in the Camp of Furth; thinking the path of duty lay that way,— though his Wife, one of the noble women of her age, thought very differently. [Her Letter to Friedrich, "Berlin, 30th October, 1757," *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. ii. 135.] A similar Kaiser's order, backed by what Law-thunder lay in the Reich, had gone out against Friedrich's own Brothers, and against every Reichs Prince who was in Friedrich's service; but, except him of Hessen-Darmstadt, none of them had much minded. [In Orlich, *Furst Moritz von Anhalt Dessau* (Berlin, 1842), pp. 74, 75, Prince Moritz's rather mournful Letter on the subject, with Friedrich's sharp Answer.] I did not hear that his strategic talent was momentous: but Prussia had taught him the routine of right soldiering, surely to small purpose; and Friedrich, no doubt, glanced indignantly at this small thing, among the many big ones.

From about the end of June, the Reichs Army kept dribbling in: the most inferior Army in the world; no part of it well drilled, most of it not drilled at all; and for variety in color, condition, method, and military and pecuniary and other outfit, beggaring description. Hildburghausen does his utmost; Kaiser the like. The number should have far exceeded 50,000; but was not, on the field, of above half that number: 25,000; add at least 8,000 Austrian troops, two regiments of them cavalry; good these 8,000, the rest bad,—that was the Reichs Execution Army; most inferior among Armies; and considerable part of it, all the Protestant part, privately wishing well to Friedrich, they say. Drills itself multifariously in that Camp between Furth and Farrenbach, on the east side of Regnitz River. Fancy what a sight to Wilhelmina, if she ever drove that way; which I think she hardly would. The Baireuth contingent itself is there; the Margraf would have held out stiff on that point; but Friedrich himself advised compliance. Margraf of Anspach—perverse tippling creature, ill with his Wife, I doubt—has joyfully sent his legal hundreds; will vote for the Reichs Ban against this worst of Germans, whom he has for

Brother-in-law. Dark days in the heart of Wilhelmina, those of the Camp at Furth. Days which grow ever darker, with strange flashings out of empyrean lightning from that shrill true heart; no peace more, till the noble heroine die!—

This ELENDE Reichs-Heer, miserable "Army of the Circles," is mockingly called "the Hoopers, Coopers (TONNELIERS)," and gets quizzing enough, under that and other titles, from an Opposition Public. Far other from the French and Austrians; who are bent that it should do feats in the world, and prove impressive on a robber King. Thus too, "for Deliverance of Saxony," to co-operate with Reichs-Heer in that sacred object, thanks to the zeal of Pompadour, Prince de Soubise has got together, in Elsass, a supplementary 30,000 (40,330 said Theory, but Fact never quite so many): and is passing them across the Rhine, in Frankfurt Country, all through July, while the drilling at Furth goes on. With these, Soubise, simultaneously getting under way, will steer northeastward; join the Reichs-Heer about Erfurt, before August end; and—and we shall see what becomes of the combined Soubise and Reichs Army after that!

It must be owned, the French, Pompadour and love of glory urging, are diligent since the event of Kolin. In select Parisian circles, the Soubise Army, or even that of D'Estrees altogether,—produced by the tears of a filial Dauphiness,—is regarded as a quasi-sacred, or uncommonly noble thing; and is called by her name, "L'ARMEE DE LA DAUPHINE;" or for shortness "LA DAUPHINE" without adjunct. Thus, like a kind of chivalrous Bellona, vengeance in her right hand, tears and fire in her eyes, the DAUPHINESS advances; and will join Reichs-Heer at Erfurt before August end. Such the will of Pompadour; Richelieu encouraging, for reasons of his own. Soubise, I understand, is privately in pique against poor D'Estrees; ["Reappeared unexpectedly in Paris [from D'Estree's Army], 22d June" (four days after Kolin): got up this DAUPHINESS ARMY, by aid of Pompadour, with Richelieu, BARBIER, iv. 227, 231. Richelieu "busy at Strasburg lately" (29th July: Collini's VOLTAIRE, p. 191).] and intends to eclipse him by a higher style of diligence; though D'Estrees too is doing his best.

July 3d, we saw the D'Estrees people taking Embden; D'Estrees, quiet so long in his Camp at Bielefeld, had at once bestirred himself, Kolin being done;—shot out a detachment leftwards, and Embden had capitulated that day. Adieu to the Shipping Interests there, and to other pleasant things! "July 9th, after sunset," D'Estrees himself got on march from Bielefeld; set forth, in the cool of night, 60,000 strong, and 10,000 more to join him by the road (the rest are left as garrisons, reserves,—1,000 marauders of them swing as monitory pendulums, on their various trees, for one item),—direct towards Hanover and Royal Highness of Cumberland; who retreats, and has retreated, behind the Ems, the Weser, back, ever back; and, to appearance, will make a bad finish yonder.

To Friedrich, waiting at Leitmeritz, all these things are gloomily known; but the most pressing of them is that of the Austrians and Jung-Bunzlau close by. Let us give some utterances of his to Wilhelmina, nearly all we have of direct from him in that time; and then hasten to the Prince of Prussia there:—

FRIEDRICH TO WILHELMINA (at Baireuth).

LEITMERITZ, 1st JULY, 1757. ... "Sensible as heart can be to the tender interest you deign to take in what concerns me. Dear Sister, fear nothing on my score: men are always in the hand of what we call Fate" ("Predestination, GNADENWAHL,"—Pardon us, Papa!—"CE QU'ON NOMME LE DESTIN"); accidents will befall people, walking on the streets, sitting in their room, lying in their bed; and there are many who escape the perils of war. ... I think, through Hessen will be the safest route for your Letters, till we see; and not to write just now except on occasions of importance. Here is a piece in cipher; anonymous,"—intended for the Newspapers, or some such road.

JULY 5th. "By a Courier of Plotho's, returning to Regensburg [who passes near you], I write to apprise my dear Sister of the new misery which overwhelms us. We have no longer a Mother. This loss puts the crown on my sorrows. I am obliged to act; and have not time to give free course to my tears. Judge, I pray you, of the situation of a feeling heart put to so cruel a trial. All losses in the world are capable of being remedied; but those which Death causes are beyond the reach of hope."

JULY 7th. "You are too good; I am ashamed to abuse your indulgence. But do, since you will, try to sound the French, what conditions of Peace they would demand; one might judge as to their intentions. Send that Mirabeau (CE M. DE MIRABEAU) to France. Willingly will I pay the expense. He may offer as much as five million thalers [750,000 pounds] to the Favorite [yes, even to the Pompadour] for Peace alone. Of course, his utmost discretion will be needed;" —should the English get the least wind of it! But if they are gone to St. Vitus, and fail

in every point, what can one do? CE M. DE MIRABEAU, readers will be surprised to learn, is an Uncle of the great Mirabeau's; who has fallen into roving courses, gone abroad insolvent; and "directs the Opera at Baireuth," in these years!—One Letter we will give in full:—

"LEITMERITZ, 13th Jnly, 1757.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—Your Letter has arrived: I see in it your regrets for the irreparable loss we have had of the best and worthiest Mother in this world. I am so struck down with all these blows from within and without, that I feel myself in a sort of Stupefaction.

"The French have just laid hold of Friesland [seized Embden, July 3d]; are about to pass the Weser: they have instigated the Swedes to declare War against me; the Swedes are sending 17,000 men [rather more if anything; but they proved beautifully ineffectual] into Pommern,"—will be burdensome to Stralsund and the poor country people mainly; having no Captain over them but a hydra-headed National Palaver at home, and a Long-pole with Cocked-hat on it here at hand. "The Russians are besieging Memel [have taken it, ten days ago]: Lehwald has them on his front and in his rear. The Troops of the Reich," from your Plains of Furth yonder, "are also about to march. All this will force me to evacuate Bohemia, so soon as that crowd of Enemies gets into motion.

"I am firmly resolved on the extremest efforts to save my Country. We shall see (QUITTE A VOIR) if Fortune will take a new thought, or if she will entirely turn her back upon me. Happy the moment when I took to training myself in philosophy! There is nothing else that can sustain the soul in a situation like mine. I spread out to you, dear Sister, the detail of my sorrows: if these things regarded only myself, I could stand it with composure; but I am bound Guardian of the safety and happiness of a People which has been put under my charge. There lies the sting of it: and I shall have to reproach myself with every fault, if, by delay or by over-haste, I occasion the smallest accident; all the more as, at present, any fault may be capital.

"What a business! Here is the liberty of Germany, and that Protestant Cause for which so much blood has been shed; here are those Two great Interests again at stake; and the pinch of this huge game is such, that an unlucky quarter of an hour may establish over Germany the tyrannous domination of the House of Austria forever! I am in the case of a traveller who sees himself surrounded and ready to be assassinated by a troop of cut-throats, who intend to share his spoils. Since the League of Cambrai [1508–1510, with a Pope in it and a Kaiser and Most Christian King, iniquitously sworn against poor Venice;—to no purpose, as happily appears], there is no example of such a Conspiracy as that infamous Triumvirate [Austria, France, Russia] now forms against me. Was it ever seen before, that three great Princes laid plot in concert to destroy a Fourth, who had done nothing against them? I have not had the least quarrel either with France or with Russia, still less with Sweden. If, in common life, three citizens took it into their heads to fall upon their neighbor, and burn his house about him, they very certainly, by sentence of tribunal, would be broken on the wheel. What! and will Sovereigns, who maintain these tribunals and these laws in their States, give such example to their subjects? ... Happy, my dear Sister, is the obscure man, whose good sense from youth upwards, has renounced all sorts of glory; who, in his safe low place, has none to envy him, and whose fortune does not excite the cupidity of scoundrels!

"But these reflections are vain. We have to be what our birth, which decides, has made us in entering upon this world. I reckoned that, being King, it beseeemed me to think as a Sovereign; and I took for principle, that the reputation of a Prince ought to be dearer to him than life. They have plotted against me; the Court of Vienna has given itself the liberty of trying to maltreat me; my honor commanded me not to suffer it. We have come to War; a gang of robbers falls on me, pistol in hand: that is the adventure which has happened to me. The remedy is difficult: in desperate diseases there are no methods but desperate ones.

"I beg a thousand pardons, dear Sister: in these three long pages I talk to you of nothing but my troubles and affairs. A strange abuse it would be of any other person's friendship. But yours, my dear Sister, yours is known to me; and I am persuaded you are not impatient when I open my heart to you:—a heart which is yours altogether; being filled with sentiments of the tenderest esteem, with which I am, my dearest Sister, your [in truth, affectionate Brother at all times] F." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 294, 295, 296–298.]

PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM FINDS A BAD PROBLEM AT JUNG-BUNZLAU; AND DOES IT BADLY: FRIEDRICH THEREUPON HAS TO RISE FROM LEITMERITZ, AND TAKE THE FIELD ELSEWHERE, IN BITTER HASTE AND IMPATIENCE, WITH OUTLOOKS WORSE THAN EVER.

The Prince of Prussia's Enterprise had its intricacies; but, by good management, was capable of being done. At least, so Friedrich thought;—though, in truth, it would have been better had Friedrich gone himself, since the

chief pressure happened to fall there! The Prince has to retire, Parthian-like, as slowly as possible, with the late Kolin or Moritz-Bevern Army, towards the Lausitz, keeping his eye upon Silesia the while; of course securing the passes and strong places in his passage, for defence of his own rear at lowest; especially securing Zittau, a fine opulent Town, where his chief Magazine is, fed from Silesia now. The Army is in good strength (guess 30,000), with every equipment complete, in discipline, in health and in heart, such as beseems a Prussian Army,—probably longing rather, if it venture to long or wish for anything not yet commanded, to have a stroke at those Austrians again, and pay them something towards that late Kolin score.

The Prince arrived at Jung-Bunzlau, June 30th; Winterfeld with him, and, at his own request, Schmettau. The Austrians have not yet stirred: if they do, it may be upon the King, it may be upon the Prince: in three or even in two marches, Prince and King can be together,—the King only too happy, in the present oppressive coil of doubts, to find the Austrians ready for a new passage of battle, and an immediate decision. The Austrians did, in fact, break out,— seemingly, at first, upon the King; but in reality upon the Prince, whom they judge safer game; and the matter became much more critical upon him than had been expected.

The Prince was thought to have a good judgment (too much talk in it, we sometimes feared), and fair knowledge in military matters. The King, not quite by the Prince's choice, has given him Winterfeld for Mentor; Winterfeld, who has an excellent military head in such matters, and a heart firm as steel,—almost like a second self in the King's estimation. Excellent Winterfeld;—but then there are also Schmettau, Bevern and others, possibly in private not too well affected to this Winterfeld. In fact, there is rather a multitude of Counsellors;—and an ingenuous fine-spirited Prince, perhaps more capable of eloquence on the Opposition side, than of condensing into real wisdom a multitude of counsels, when the crisis rises, and the affair becomes really difficult. Crisis did rise: the victorious Austrians, after such delay, had finally made up their minds to press this one a little, this one rather than the King, and hang upon his skirts; Daun and Prince Karl set out after him, just about the time of his arrival,— "70,000 strong," the Prince hears; including plenty of Pandours. Certain it is, the poor Prince's mind did flounder a good deal; and his procedures succeeded extremely ill on this occasion. Certain, too, that they were extremely ill-taken at head-quarters: and that he even died soon after,—chiefly of broken heart, said the censorious world. It is well known how Europe rang with the matter for a long while; and Books were printed, and Documents, and COLLECTIONS BY A MASTER'S HAND. [*Lettres Secretes touchant la Deniere Guerre; de Main de Maitre; divisees en deux parties* (Francfort et Amsterdam, 1772): this is the Prince's own Statement, Proof in hand. By far the clearest Account is in *Schmettau's Leben* (by his Son), pp. 353–384. See also Preuss, ii. 57–61, and especially ii. 407.] We, who can spend but a page or two on it, must carefully stand by the essential part.

"JUNE 30th–JULY 3d, Prince at Jung-Bunzlau, in chief command. Besides Winterfeld, the Generals under him are Ziethen, Schmettau, Fouquet, Retzow, Goltz, and two others who need not be of our acquaintance. Impossible to stay there, thinks the Prince, thinks everybody; and they shift to Neuschloss, westward thirty miles. July 1st, Daun had crossed the Elbe (Daun let us say for brevity, though it is Daun and Karl, or even Karl and Daun, Karl being chief, and capable of saying so at times, though Daun is very splendid since Kolin),—crossed the Elbe above Brandeis; Nadasti, with precursor Pandours, now within an hour's march of Jung-Bunzlau;—and it was time to go.

"JULY 3d–6th, At Neuschloss, which is thought a strong position, key of the localities there, and nearer Friedrich too, the Prince stayed not quite four days; shifted to Bohm (BohmISCH) Leipa, JULY 7th,—rather off from Leitmeritz, but a march towards Zittau, where the provisions are. 'A bad change,' said the Prince's friends afterwards; (change advised by Winterfeld,—who never mentioned that circumstance to his Majesty, many as he did mention, not in the best way!)—Prince gets to Bohm Leipa July 7th; stays there, in questionable circumstances, nine days.

"Bohm Leipa is still not above thirty miles northeastward of the King; and it is about the same distance southwestward from Zittau, out of which fine Town, partly by cross-roads, the Prince gets his provisions on this march. From Zittau hitherward, as far as the little Town of Gabel, which lies about half way, there is broad High Road, the great Southern KAISER-STRASSE: from Gabel, for Bohm Leipa, you have to cross southwestward by country roads; the keys to which, especially Gabel, the Prince has not failed to secure by proper garrison parties. And so, for about a week, not quite uncomfortably, he continues at Bohm Leipa; getting in his convoys from Zittau. Diligently scanning the Pandour stragglings and sputterings round him, which are clearly on the increasing

hand. Diligently corresponding with the King, meanwhile; who much discourages undue apprehension, or retreat movement till the last pinch. 'Edging backward, and again backward, you come bounce upon Berlin one day, and will then have to halt!'—which is not pleasant to the Prince. But, indisputably, the Pandour spurts on him do become Pandour gushings, with regulars also noticeable: it is certain the Austrians are out,—pretending first to mean the King and Leitmeritz; but knowing better, and meaning the Prince and Bohm Leipa all the while."—By way of supplement, take Daun's positions in the interim:—

Daun and Karl were at Podschernitz 26th June; 1st July, cross the Elbe, above Brandeis (Nadasti now within an hour's march of Jung–Bunzlau); 7th July (day while the Prince is flitting to Bohm Leipa), Daun is through Jung–Bunzlau to Munchengrätz; thence to Liebenau; 14th, to Niemes, not above four miles from the Prince's rightmost outpost (rightmost or eastmost, which looks away from his Brother); while a couple of advanced parties, Beck and Maguire, hover on his flank Zittau–ward, and Nadasti (if he knew it) is pushing on to rear.

"THURSDAY, 14th JULY, About six in the evening, at Bohm Leipa, distinct cannon–thunder is heard from northeast: 'Evidently Gabel getting cannonaded, and our wagon convoy [empty, going to Zittau for meal, General Puttkammer escorting] is in a dangerous state!' And by and by hussar parties of ours come in, with articulate news to that bad effect: 'Gabel under hot attack of regulars; Puttkammer with his 3,000 vigorously defending, will expect to be relieved within not many hours!' Here has the crisis come. Crisis sure enough;—and the Prince, to meet it, summons that refuge of the irresolute, a Council of War.

"Winterfeld, who is just come home in these moments, did not attend;—not, till three next morning. Winterfeld had gone to bed; fairly 'tired dead,' with long marching and hurrying about. To the poor Prince there are three courses visible. Course FIRST, That of joining the King at Leitmeritz. Gabel, Zittau lost in that case; game given up;—reception likely to be bad at Leitmeritz! Course SECOND,—the course Friedrich himself would at once have gone upon, and been already well ahead with,—That of instantly taking measures for the relief of Puttkammer. Dispute Gabel to the last; retreat, on loss of it, Parthian–like, to Zittau, by that broad Highway, short and broad, whole distance hence only thirty miles. 'Thirty miles,' say the multitude of Counsellors: 'Yes, but the first fifteen, TO Gabel, is cross–road, hilly, difficult; they have us in flank!' 'We are 25,000,' urges the Prince; 'fifteen miles is not much!' The thing had its difficulties: the Prince himself, it appears, faintly thought it feasible: '25,000 we; 20,000 they; only fifteen miles,' said he. But the variety of Counsellors: 'Cross–roads, defiles, flank–march, dangerous,' said they. And so the third course, which was incomparably the worst, found favor in Council of War: That of leaving Gabel and Puttkammer to their fate; and of pushing off for Zittau leftwards through the safe Hills, by Kamnitz, Kreywitz, Rumburg;—which, if the reader look, is by a circuitous, nay quite parabolic course, twice or thrice as far:—'In that manner let us save Zittau and our Main Body!' said the Council of War. Yes, my friends: a cannon–ball, endeavoring to get into Zittau from the town–ditch, would have to take a parabolic course;—and the cannon–ball would be speedy upon it, and not have Hill roads to go by! This notable parabolic circuit of narrow steep roads may have its difficulties for an Army and its baggages!" Enough, the poor Prince adopted that worst third course; and even made no despatch in getting into it; and it proved ruinous to Zittau, and to much else, his own life partly included.

"JULY 16th–22d. Thursday night, or Friday 3 A.M., that third and incomparably worst course was adopted: Gabel, Puttkammer with his wagons, ensigns, kettledrums, all this has to surrender in a day: High Road to Zittau, for the Austrians, is a smooth march, when they like to gather fully there, and start. And in the Hills, with their jolts and precipitous windings, infested too by Pandours, the poor Prussian Main Body, on its wide parabolic circuit, has a time of it! Loses its pontoons, loses most of its baggage; obliged to set fire, not to the Pandours, but to your own wagons, and necessaries of army life; encamps on bleak heights; no food, not even water; road quite lost, road to be rediscovered or invented; Pandours sputtering on you out of every bush and hollow, your peasant wagoners cutting traces and galloping off:—such are the phenomena of that march by circuit leftward, on the poor Prince's part. March began, soon after midnight, SATURDAY, 16th, Schmettau as vanguard; and"—

And, in fine, by FRIDAY, 22d, after not quite a week of it, the Prince, curving from northward (in parabolic course, LESS speedy than the cannon–ball's would have been) into sight of Zittau,— behold, there are the Austrians far and wide to left of us, encamped impregnable behind the Neisse River there! They have got the Eckart's Hill, which commands Zittau:—and how to get into Zittau and our magazines, and how to subsist if we were in? The poor Prince takes post on what Heights there are, on his own side of the Neisse; looks wistfully down upon Zittau, asking How?

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

About stroke of noon the Austrians, from their Eckartsberg, do a thing which was much talked of. They open battery of red-hot balls upon Zittau; kindle the roofs of it, shingle-roofs in dry July; set Zittau all on blaze, the 10,000 innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth; and before sunset, Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls, not Zittau but a cinder-heap,—Prussian Garrison not hurt, nor Magazine as yet; Garrison busy with buckets, I should guess, but beginning to find the air grow very hot. On the morrow morning, Zittau is a smouldering cinder-heap, hotter and hotter to the Prussian Garrison; and does not exist as a City.

One of the most inhuman actions ever heard of in War, shrieks universal Germany; asks itself what could have set a chivalrous Karl upon this devil-like procedure? "Protestants these poor Zittauers were; shone in commerce; no such weaving, industrying, in all Teutschland elsewhere: Hah! An eye-sorrow, they, with their commerce, their weavings and industryings, to Austrian Papists, who cannot weave or trade?" that was finally the guess of some persons;—wide of the mark, we may well judge. Prince Xavier of Saxony, present in the Camp too, made no remonstrance, said others. Alas, my friends, what could Xavier probably avail, the foolish fellow, with only three regiments? Prince Karl, it was afterwards evident, could have got Zittau unburnt; and could even have kept the Prussians out of Zittau altogether. Zittau surely would have been very useful to Prince Karl. But overnight (let us try to fancy it so), not knowing the Prussian possibilities, Prince Karl, screwed to the devilish point, had got his furnaces lighted, his red-hot balls ready; and so, hurried on by his Pride and by his other Devils, had,—There are devilish things sometimes done in War. And whole cities are made ashes by them. For certain, here is a strange way of commencing your "Deliverance of Saxony"! And Prince Karl carries, truly, a brand-mark from this conflagration, and will till all memory of him cease. As to Zittau, it rebuilt itself. Zittau is alive again; a strong stone city, in our day. On its new-built Town-house stands again "BENE FACERE ET MALE AUDIRE REGIUM EST, To do well, and be ill spoken of, is the part of kings" [A saying of Alexander the Great's (Plutarch, in ALEXANDRE).] (amazingly true of them,—when they are not shams). What times for Herrnhuth; preparing for its Christian Sabbath, under these omens near by!

The Prince of Prussia tells us, he "early next morning (Saturday, 23d July) had his tents pitched;" which was but an unavailing procedure, with poor Zittau gone such a road. "Bring us bread out of that ruined Zittau," ordered the Prince: his Detachment returns ineffectual, "So hot, we cannot march in." And the Garrison Colonel (one Dierecke and five battalions are garrison) sends out word: "So hot, we cannot stand it." "Stand it yet a very little; and—!" answers the Prince: but Dierecke and battalions cannot, or at least cannot long enough; and set to marching out. In firm order, I have no doubt, and with some modicum of bread: but the tumbling of certain burnt walls parted Colonel and men, in a sad way. Colonel himself, with the colors, with the honors (none of his people, it seems, though they were scattered loose), was picked up by an Austrian party, and made prisoner. A miserable business, this of Zittau!

Next, evening, Sunday, after dark, Prince of Prussia strikes his tents again; rolls off in a very unsuccinct condition; happily unchased, for he admits that chase would have been ruinous. Off towards Lobau (what nights for Zinzendorf and Herrnhuth, as such things tumble past them!); thence towards Bautzen; and arrives in the most lugubrious torn condition any Prussian General ever stood in. Reaches Bautzen on those terms;—and is warned that his Brother will be there in a day or two.

One may fancy Friedrich's indignation, astonishment and grief, when he heard of that march towards Zittau through the Hills by a parabolic course; the issue of which is too guessable by Friedrich. He himself instantly rises from Leitmeritz; starts, in fit divisions, by the Pascopol, by the Elbe passes, for Pirna; and, leaving Moritz of Dessau with a 10,000 to secure the Passes about Pirna, and Keith to come on with the Magazines, hastens across for Bautzen, to look into these advancing triumphant Austrians, these strange Prussian proceedings. On first hearing of that side-march, his auguries had been bad enough; [Letter to Wilhelmina "Linay, 22d July" (second day of the march from Leitmeritz); *OEuvres*, xxvii. i. 298.] but the event has far surpassed them. Zittau gone; the Army hurrying home, as if in flight, in that wrecked condition; the door of Saxony, door of Silesia left wide open,—Daun has only to choose! Day by day, as Friedrich advanced to repair that mischief, the news of it have grown worse on him. Days rife otherwise in mere bad news. The Russians in Memel, Preussen at their feet; Soubise's French and the Reich's Army pushing on for Erfurt, to "deliver Saxony," on that western side: and from the French-English scene of operations— In those same bad days Royal Highness of Cumberland has been doing a feat worth notice in the above connection! Read this, from an authentic source:—

"HASTENBECK, 22d-26th JULY, 1757. Royal Highness, hitching back and back, had got to Hameln, a

strong place of his on the safe side of the Weser; and did at last, Hanover itself being now nigh, call halt; and resolve to make a stand. July 22d [very day while the Prince of Prussia came in sight of Zittau, with the Austrians hanging over it], Royal Highness took post in that favorable vicinity of Hameln; at perfect leisure to select his ground: and there sat waiting D'Estrees,—swamps for our right wing, and the Weser not far off; small Hamlet of Hastenbeck in front, and a woody knoll for our left;—totally inactive for four days long; attempting nothing upon D'Estrees and his intricate shufflings, but looking idly noonward to the courses of the sun, till D'Estrees should come up. Royal Highness is much swollen into obesity, into flabby torpor; a changed man since Fontenoy times; shockingly inactive, they say, in this post at Hastenbeck. D'Estrees, too, is ridiculously cautious, 'has manoeuvred fifteen days in advancing about as many British miles.' D'Estrees did at last come up (July 25th), nearly two to one of Royal Highness,—72,000 some count him, but considerably anarchic in parts, overwhelmed with Court Generals and Princes of the Blood, for one item;—and decides on attacking, next morning. D'Estrees duly went to reconnoitre, but unluckily 'had mist suddenly falling.' 'Well; we must attack, all the same!'

"And so, 26th JULY, Tuesday, there ensued a BATTLE OF HASTENBECK: the absurdest Battle in the world; and which ought, in fairness, to have been lost by BOTH, though Royal Highness alone had the ill luck. Both Captains behaved very poorly; and each of them had a subaltern who behaved well. D'Estrees, with his 70,000 VERSUS 40,000 posted there, knows nothing of Royal Highness's position; sees only Royal Highness's left wing on that woody Height; and after hours of preliminary cannonading, sends out General Chevert upon that. Chevert, his subaltern [a bit of right soldier—stuff, the Chevert whom we knew at Prag, in old Belleisle times], goes upon it like fury; whom the Brunswick Grenadiers resist in like humor, hotter and hotter. Some hard fighting there, on Royal Highness's left; Chevert very fiery, Grenadiers very obstinate; till, on the centre, westward, in Royal Highness's chief battery there, some spark went the wrong way, and a powder—wagon shot itself aloft with hideous blaze and roar; and in the confusion, the French rushed in, and the battery was lost. Which discouraged the Grenadiers; so that Chevert made some progress upon them, on their woody Height, and began to have confident hope.

"Had Chevert known, or had D'Estrees known, there was, close behind said Height, a Hollow, through which these Grenadiers might have been taken in rear. Dangerous Hollow, much neglected by Royal Highness, who has only General Breitenbach with a weak party there. This Breitenbach, happening to have a head of his own, and finding nothing to do in that Hollow or to rightward, bursts out, of his own accord, on Chevert's left flank; cannonading, volleying, horse—charging;—the sound of which ('Hah, French there too!') struck a damp through Royal Highness, who instantly ordered retreat, and took the road. What singular ill—luck that sound of Breitenbach to Royal Highness! For observe, the EFFECT of Breitenbach,—which was, to recover the lost battery (gallant young Prince of Brunswick, 'Hereditary Prince,' or Duke that is to be, striking in upon it with bayonet—charge at the right moment), made D'Estrees to order retreat! 'Battle lost,' thinks D'Estrees;—and with good cause, had Breitenbach been supported at all. But no subaltern durst; and Royal Highness himself was not overtakable, so far on the road. Royal Highness wept on hearing; the Brunswick Grenadiers too are said to have wept (for rage); and probably Breitenbach and the Hereditary Prince." [Mauvillon, i. 228; Anonymous of Hamburg, i. 206 (who gives a Plan and all manner of details, if needed by anybody); Kausler;

This is the last of Royal Highness's exploits in War. The retreat had been ordered "To Hanover;" but the baggage by mistake took the road for Minden; and Royal Highness followed thither,—much the same what road he or it takes. Friedrich might still hope he would retreat on Magdeburg; 40,000 good soldiers might find a Captain there, and be valuable against a D'Estrees and Soubise in those parts. But no; it was through Bremen Country, to Stade, into the Sea, that Royal Highness, by ill luck, retreated! He has still one great vexation to give Friedrich,—to us almost a comfort, knowing what followed out of it;—and will have to be mentioned one other time in this History, and then go over our horizon altogether.

Whether Friedrich had heard of Hastenbeck the day his Brother and he met (July 29th, at Bautzen), I do not know: but it is likely enough he may have got the news that very morning; which was not calculated to increase one's good humor! His meeting with the Prince is royal, not fraternal, as all men have heard. Let us give with brevity, from Schmettau Junior, the exact features of it; and leave the candid reader, who has formed to himself some notion of kingship and its sorrows and stern conditions (having perhaps himself some thing of kingly, in a small potential way), to interpret the matter, and make what he can of it:—

"BAUTZEN, 29th JULY, 1757. The King with reinforcement is coming hither, from the Dresden side; to take

up the reins of this dishevelled Zittau Army; to speed with it against the Austrians, and, if humanly possible, lock the doors of Silesia and Saxony again, and chase the intruders away. Prince of Prussia and the other Generals have notice, the night before: 'At 4 A.M. to-morrow (29th), wait his Majesty.' Prince and Generals wait accordingly, all there but Goltz and Winterfeld; they not, which is noted.

"For above an hour, no King; Prince and Generals ride forward:-- there is the King coming; Prince Henri, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and others in his train. King, noticing them, at about 300 paces distance, drew bridle; Prince of Prussia did the like, train and he saluting with their hats, as did the King's train in return. King did not salute;--on the contrary, he turned his horse round and dismounted, as did everybody else on such signal. King lay down on the ground, as if waiting the arrival of his Vanguard; and bade Winterfeld and Goltz sit by him." Poor Prince of Prussia, and battered heavy-laden Generals! "After a minute or two, Goltz came over and whispered to the Prince. 'Hither, MEINE HERREN, all of you; a message from his Majesty!' cried the Prince. Whereupon, to Generals and Prince, Goltz delivered, in equable official tone, these affecting words: 'His Majesty commands me to inform your Royal Highness, That he has cause to be greatly discontented with you; that you deserve to have a Court-martial held over you, which would sentence you and all your Generals to death; but that his Majesty will not carry the matter so far, being unable to forget that in the Chief General he has a Brother!'" [Schmettau, pp. 384, 385.]

The Prince answered, He wanted only a Court-martial, and the like, in stiff tone. Here is the Letter he writes next day to his Brother, with the Answer:--

PRINCE OF PRUSSIA TO THE KING.

"BAUTERN, 30th July, 1757.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,--The Letters you have written me, and the reception I yesterday met with, are sufficient proof that, in your opinion, I have ruined my honor and reputation. This grieves, but it does not crush me, as in my own mind I am not conscious of the least reproach. I am perfectly convinced that I did not act by caprice: I did not follow the counsels of people incapable of giving good ones; I have done what I thought to be suitablest for the Army. All your Generals will do me that justice.

"I reckon it useless to beg of you to have my conduct investigated: this would be a favor you would do me; so I cannot expect it. My health has been weakened by these fatigues, still more by these chagrins. I have gone to lodge in the Town, to recruit myself.

"I have requested the Duke of Bevern to present the Army Reports; he can give you explanation of everything. Be assured, my dear Brother, that in spite of the misfortunes which overwhelm me, and which I have not deserved, I shall never cease to be attached to the State; and as a faithful member of the same, my joy will be perfect when I learn the happy issue of your Enterprises. I have the honor to be"

AUGUST WILHELM. *Main de Maitre*, p. 21.]

KING'S ANSWER, THE SAME DAY.

"CAMP NEAR BAUTZEN, 30th July, 1757. "MY DEAR BROTHER,--Your bad guidance has greatly deranged my affairs. It is not the Enemy, it is your ill-judged measures that have done me all this mischief. My Generals are inexcusable; either for advising you so ill, or in permitting you to follow resolutions so unwise. Your ears are accustomed to listen to the talk of flatterers only. Daun has not flattered you;--behold the consequences. In this sad situation, nothing is left for me but trying the last extremity. I must go and give battle; and if we cannot conquer, we must all of us have ourselves killed.

"I do not complain of your heart; but I do of your incapacity, of your want of judgment in not choosing better methods. A man who [like me; mark the phrase, from such a quarter!] has but a few days to live need not dissemble. I wish you better fortune than mine has been: and that all the miseries and bad adventures you have had may teach you to treat important things with more of care, more of sense, and more of resolution. The greater part of the misfortunes which I now see to be near comes only from you. You and your Children will be more overwhelmed by them than I. Be persuaded nevertheless that I have always loved you, and that with these sentiments I shall die. FRIEDRICH." [MAIN DE MAITRE, p. 22.]

As the King went off to the Heights of Weissenberg, Zittau way, to encamp there against the Austrians, that same evening, the Prince did not answer this Letter,--except by asking verbally through Lieutenant-Colonel Lentulus (a mute Swiss figure, much about the King, who often turns up in these Histories), "for leave to return to Dresden by the first escort."--"Depends on himself;--an escort is going this night! answered Friedrich. And the

Prince went accordingly; and, by two stages, got into Dresden with his escort on the morrow. And had, not yet conscious of it, quitted the Field of War altogether; and was soon about to quit the world, and die, poor Prince. Died within a year, 12th June, 1758, at Oranienburg, beside his Family, where he had latterly been. [Preuss, ii. 60 (ib. 78).]—Winterfeld was already gone, six months before him; Goltz went, not long after him; the other Zittau Generals all survived this War.

The poor Prince's fate, as natural, was much pitied; and Friedrich, to this day, is growled at for "inhuman treatment" and so on. Into which question we do not enter, except to say that Friedrich too had his sorrows; and that probably his concluding words, "with these sentiments I shall die," were perfectly true. MAIN DE MAITRE went widely abroad over the world. The poor Prince's words and procedures were eagerly caught up by a scrutinizing public,—and some of the former were not too guarded. At Dresden, he said, one morning, calling on a General Finck whom we shall hear of again: "Four such disagreeing, thin-skinned, high-pacing (UNEINIGE, PIQUIRTE) Generals as Fouquet, Schmettau, Winterfeld and Goltz, about you, what was to be done!" said the Prince to Finck. [Preuss, ii. 79 n.: see ib. 60, 78.]

His Wife, when at last he came to Oranienburg, nursed him fondly; that is one comfortable fact. Prince Henri, to the last, had privately a grudge of peculiar intensity, on this score, against all the peccant parties, King not excepted. As indeed he was apt to have, on various scores, the jealous, too vehement little man.

Friedrich's humor at this time I can guess to have been well-nigh desperate. He talks once of "a horse, on too much provocation, getting the bit between its teeth; regardless thenceforth of chasms and precipices:" [Letter to Wilhelmina, "Linay, 22d July" (cited above).]—though he himself never carries it to that length; and always has a watchful eye, when at his swiftest! From Weissenberg, that night, he drives in the Pandours on Zittau and the Eckartsberg—but the Austrians don't come out. And, for three weeks in this fierce necessity of being speedy, he cannot get one right stroke at the Austrians; who sit inexpugnable upon their Eckart's Hill, bristling with cannon; and can in no way be manoeuvred down, or forced or enticed into Battle. A baffling, bitterly impatient three weeks;—two of them the worst two, he spends at Weissenberg itself, chasing Pandours, and scuffling on the surface, till Keith and the Magazine-train come up;— even writing Verses now and then, when the hours get unendurable otherwise!

The instant Keith and the Magazines are come he starts for Bernstadt; 56,000 strong after this junction:—and a Prussian Officer, dating "Bernstadt [Bernstadt on the now Maps], 21st August, 1757," sends us this account; which also is but of preliminary nature:—

"AUGUST 15th, Majesty left Weissenberg, and marched hither, much to the enemy's astonishment, who had lain perfectly quiet for a fortnight past, fancying they were a mastiff on the door-sill of Silesia: little thinking to be trampled on in this unceremonious way! General Beck, when our hussars of the vanguard made appearance, had to saddle and ride as for life, leaving every rag of baggage, and forty of his Pandours captive. Our hussars stuck to him, chasing him into Ostritz, where they surprised General Nadasti at dinner; and did a still better stroke of business: Nadasti himself could scarcely leap on horseback and get off; left all his field equipage, coaches, horses, kitchen-utensils, flunkies seventy-two in number,—and, what was worst of all, a secret box, in which were found certain Dresden Correspondences of a highly treasonous character, which now the writers there may quake to think of;"—if Friedrich, or we, could take much notice of them, in this press of hurries! [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 595–599.]

Next day, August 16th, Friedrich detached five battalions to Gorlitz;—Prince Karl (he calls it DAUN) still camping on the Eckartsberg;—and himself, about 4 P.M., with the main Army, marched up to those Austrians on their Hill, to see if they would fight. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 137.] No, they would n't: they merely hustled themselves round so as to face him; face him, and even flank him with cannon-batteries if he came too near. Steep ground, "precipitous front of rocks," in some places. "A hollow before their front; Village of Wittgenau there, and three roads through it, ONE of them with width for wheels;" Daun sitting inaccessible, in short. Next day, Winterfeld, with a detached Division, crossed the Neisse, tried Nadasti: "Attack Nadasti, on his woody knoll at Hirschfeld yonder; they will have to rise and save him!" In vain, that too; they let Nadasti take his own luck: for four days (16th–20th August) everything was tried, in vain.

No Battle to be had from these Austrians. And it would have been so infinitely convenient to us: Reich's Army and Soubise's French are now in the actual precincts of Erfurt (August 25th, Soubise took quarter there); Royal Highness of Cumberland is staggering back into the Sea; Richelieu's French (not D'Estrees any more, D'Estrees

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being superseded in this strange way) are aiming, it is thought, towards Magdeburg, had they once done with Royal Highness; Swedes are getting hold of Pommern; Russians, in huge force, of Preussen: how comfortable to have had our Austrians finished before going upon the others! For four days more (August 20th–24th), Friedrich arranges his Army for watching the Austrians, and guarding Silesia;—Bevern and Winterfeld to take command in his absence:—and, August 25th, has to march; with a small Division, which, at Dresden, he will increase by Moritz's, now needless in the Pirna Country; towards Thuringen; to look into Soubise and the Reich's Army, as a thing that absolutely cannot wait. Arrives in Dresden, Monday, August 29th; and— Or let the old Newspaper report it, with the features of life:—

"DRESDEN, 29th AUGUST, 1757, This day, about noon, his Majesty, with a part of his Army from the Upper Lausitz, arrived at the Neustadt here. Though the kitchen had been appointed to be set up at what they call The Barns (DIE SCHEUNEN), his Majesty was pleased to alight in Konigsbruck Street, at the new House of Bruhl's Chamberlain, Haller; and there passed the night. Tuesday evening, 30th, his Majesty the King, with his Lifeguards of Horse and of Foot, also with the Gens-d'Armes and other Battalions, marched through the City, about a mile out on the Freiberg road, and took quarter in Klein Hamberg. The 31st, all the Army followed,"—a poor 23,000, Moritz and he, that was all! ["22,360" (Templehof, i. 228).]—"the King's field-equipage, which had been taken from the Bruhl Palace and packed in twelve wagons, went with them." [Rodenbeck, p. 316; Preuss, ii. 84 n; Mitchell's Interview (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 270).]

Chapter VI. DEATH OF WINTERFELD.

Before going upon this forlorn march of Friedrich's, one of the forlornest a son of Adam ever had, we must speak of a thing which befell to rearward, while the march was only half done, and which greatly influenced it and all that followed. It was the seventh day of Friedrich's march, not above eighty miles of it yet done, when Winterfeld perished in fight. No Winterfeld now to occupy the Austrians in his absence; to stand between Silesia and them, or assist him farther in his lonesome struggle against the world. Let us spend a moment on the exit of that brave man: Bernstadt, Gorlitz Country, September 7th, 1757.

The Bevern Army, 36,000 strong, is still there in its place in the Lausitz, near Gorlitz; Prince Karl lies quiet in his near Zittau, ever since he burnt that Town, and stood four days in arms unattackable by Friedrich with prospect of advantage. The Court of Vienna cannot comprehend this state of inactivity: "Two to one, and a mere Bevern against you, the King far away in Saxony upon his desperate Anti-French mission there: why not go in upon this Bevern? The French, whom we are by every courier passionately importuning to sweep Saxony clear, what will they say of this strange mode of sweeping Silesia clear?" Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath are much exercised with these thoughts, and with French and other remonstrances that come. Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath at length despatch their supreme Kaunitz, Graf Kaunitz in person, to stir up Prince Karl, and look into the matter with his own wise eyes and great heart: Prince Karl, by way of treat to this high gentleman, determines on doing something striking upon Bevern.

Bevern lies with his main body about Gorlitz, in and to westward of Gorlitz, a pleasant Town on the left bank of the Neisse (readers know there are four Neisses, and which of them this is), with fine hilly country all round, bulky solitary Heights and Mountains rising out of fruitful plains,—two Hochkirchs (HIGH-KIRKS), for example, are in this region, one of which will become extremely notable next year:—Bevern has a strong camp leaning on the due Heights here, with Gorlitz in its lap; and beyond Gorlitz, on the right bank of the Neisse, united to him by a Bridge, he has placed Winterfeld with 10,000, who lies with his back to Gorlitz, proper brooks and fencible places flanking him, has a Dorf (THORP) called Moys in HIS lap; and, some short furlong beyond Moys, a 2,000 of his grenadiers planted on the top of a Hill called the Moysberg, called also the Holzberg (WOODHILL) and Jakelsberg, of which the reader is to take notice. Fine outpost, with proper batteries atop, with hussar squadrons and hussar pickets sprinkled about; which commands a far outlook towards Silesia, and in marching thither, or in continuing here, is useful to have in hand,—were it not a little too distant from the main body. It is this Jakelsberg, capable of being snatched if one is sudden enough, that Prince Karl decides on: it may be good for much or for little to Prince Karl; and, if even for nothing, it will be a brilliant affront upon Winterfeld and Bevern, and more or less charming to Kaunitz.

Winterfeld, the ardent enterprising man, King's other self, is thought to be the mainspring of affairs here (small thanks to him privately from Bevern, add some): and is stationed in the extreme van, as we see; Winterfeld is engaged in many things besides the care of this post; and indeed where a critical thing is to be done, we can imagine Winterfeld goes upon it. "We must try to stay here till the King has finished in Saxony!" says Winterfeld always. To which Bevern replies, "Excellent, truly; but how?" Bevern has his provender at Dresden, sadly far off; has to hold Bautzen garrisoned, and gets much trouble with his convoys. Better in Silesia, with our magazines at hand, thinks Bevern, less mindful of other considerations.

Tuesday, September 6th, Prince Karl sends Nadasti to the right bank of the River, forward upon Moys, to do the Jakelsberg before day to-morrow: only some 2,000 grenadiers on it; Nadasti has with him 15,000, some count 20,000 of all arms, artillery in plenty; surely sufficient for the Jakelsberg; and Daun advances, with the main body, on the other side of the River, to be within reach, should Moys lead to more serious consequences. Nadasti diligently marches all day; posts himself at night within few miles of Moys; gets his cannon to the proper Hills (GALLOWS Hill and others), his Croats to the proper Woods; and, before daylight on the morrow, means to begin upon the Moys Hill and its 2,000 grenadiers.

Wednesday morning, at the set hour, Nadasti, with artillery bursting out and quivering battle-lines, is at work accordingly; hurls up 1,000 Croats for one item, and regulars to the amount of "forty companies in three lines." The grenadiers, somewhat astonished, for the morning was misty and their hussar-posts had come hastily in,

stood upon their guard, like Prussian men; hurled back the 1,000 Croats fast enough; stubbornly repulsed the regulars too, and tumbled them down hill with bullet-storm for accompaniment; gallantly foiling this first attempt of Nadasti's. Of course Nadasti will make another, will make ever others; capture of the Jakelsberg can hardly be doubtful to Nadasti.

Winterfeld was not at Moys, he was at Gorlitz, just got in from escorting an important meal-convoy hither out of Bautzen; and was in conference with Bevern, when rumor of these Croat attacks came in at the gallop from Moys. Winterfeld made little of the rumors: he had heard of some attack intended, but it was to have been overnight, and has not been. "Mere foraging of Croat rabble, like yesterday's!" said Winterfeld, and continued his present business. In few minutes the sound of heavy cannonading convinced him. "Haha, there are my guests," said he; "we must see if we cannot entertain them right!" sprang to horseback, ordered on, double-quick, the three regiments nearest him, and was off at the gallop, —too late; or, alas, too EARLY we might rather say! Arriving at the gallop, Winterfeld found his grenadiers and their insufficient reinforcements rolling back, the Hill lost; Winterfeld "sprang to a fresh horse," shot his lightning glances and energies, to his hand and that; stormfully rallied the matter, recovered the Hill; and stormfully defended it, for, I should guess, an hour or more; and might still have done one knows not what, had not a bullet struck him through the breast, and suddenly ended all his doings in this world.

Three other reasons the Prussians give for loss of their Hill, which are of no consequence to them or to us in comparison. First, that Bevern; on message after message, sent no reinforcement; that Winterfeld was left to his own 10,000, and what he and they could make of it. Bevern is jealous of Winterfeld, hint they, and willing to see his impetuous audacity checked. Perhaps only cautious of getting into a general action for what was intrinsically nothing? Second, that two regiments of Infantry, whom Winterfeld detached double-quick to seize a couple of villages (Leopoldshayn, Hermsdorf) on his right, and therefrom fusillade Nadasti on flank, found the villages already occupied by thousands of Croats, with regular foot and cannon-batteries, and could in nowise seize them. This was a great reverse of advantage. Third, that an Aide-de-Camp made a small misnomer, misreport of one word, which was terribly important: "Bring me hither Regiment Manteuffel!" Winterfeld had ordered. The Aide-de-Camp reported it "Grenadiers Manteuffel:" upon which, the grenadiers, who were posted in a walled garden, an important point to Winterfeld's right, came instantly to order; and Austrians instantly rushed in to the vacant post, and galled Winterfeld's other flank by their fire. [Abundant Accounts in Seyfarth, ii. (*Beylagen*), 162–163; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 615–633; *Retzow*, i. 216–221.]

Enough, Winterfeld lay bleeding to death, the Hill was lost, Prussians drawing off slowly and back-foremost, about two in the afternoon; upon which the Austrians also drew off, leaving only a small party on the Hill, who voluntarily quitted it next morning. Next morning, likewise, Winterfeld had died. The Hill was, except as bravado, and by way of comfort to Kaunitz, nothing for the Austrians; but the death of Winterfeld, which had come by chance to them in the business, was probably a great thing. Better than two pitched battles gained: who shall say? He was a shining figure, this Winterfeld; dangerous to the Austrians. The most shining figure in the Prussian Army, except its Chief; and had great thoughts in his head. Prussia is not skilful to celebrate her Heroes,—the Prussian Muse of History, choked with dry military pipe-clay, or with husky cobwebbery and academic pedantry, how can she?—but if Prussia can produce heroes worth celebrating, that is the one important point. Apart from soldiership, and the outward features which are widely different, there is traceable in Winterfeld some kinship in soul to English Chatham his contemporary; though he has not had the fame of Chatham.

Winterfeld was by no means universally liked; as what brave man is or can be? Too susceptible to flattery; too this, too that. He is, one feels always, except Friedrich only, the most shining figure in the Prussian Army: and it was not unnatural he should be Friedrich's one friend,—as seems to have been the case. Friedrich, when this Job's-message reached him (in Erfurt Country, eight days hence), was deeply affected by it. To tears, or beyond tears, as we can fancy. "Against my multitude of enemies I may contrive resources," he was heard to say; "but I shall find no Winterfeld again!" Adieu, my one friend, real Peer, sole companion to my lonely pilgrimage in these perilous high regions.

"The Prince of Prussia, contrariwise," says a miserable little Note, which must not be withheld, "brightened up at the news: 'I shall now die much more content, knowing that there is one so bad and dangerous man fewer in the Army!' And, six months after, in his actual death-moments, he exclaimed: 'I end my life, the last period of which has cost me so much sorrow; but Winterfeld is he who shortened my days!'" [Preuss, ii. 75; citing

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Retzow.]—Very bitter Opposition humors circulating, in their fashion, there as elsewhere in this world!

Bevern, the millstone of Winterfeld being off his neck, has become a more responsible, though he feels himself a much-delivered man. Had not liked Winterfeld, they say; or had even hated him, since those bad Zittau times. Can now, at any rate, make for Schlesien and the meal-magazines, when he sees good. He will find meal readier there; may he find other things corresponding! Nobody now to keep him painfully manoeuvring in these parts; with the King's Army nearer to him, but meal not.

On the third day after (September 10th), Bevern, having finished packing, took the road for Schlesien; Daun and Karl attending him; nothing left of Daun and Karl in those Saxon Countries,—except, at Stolpen, out Dresden-wards, some Reserve-Post or Rear-guard of 15,000, should we chance to hear of that again. And from the end of September onwards, Bevern's star, once somewhat bright at Reichenberg, shot rapidly downwards, under the horizon altogether; and there came, post after post, such news out of Schlesien,— to say nothing of that Stolpen Party,—as Friedrich had never heard before.

Chapter VII. FRIEDRICH IN THURINGEN, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES ALL COME.

The Soubise–Hildburghausen people had got rendezvoused at Erfurt about August 25th; 50,000 by account, and no enemy within 200 miles of them; and in the Versailles circles it had been expected they would proceed to the "Deliverance of Saxony" straightway. What is to hinder?—Friedrich, haggling with the Austrians at Bernstadt, could muster but a poor 23,000, when he did march towards Erfurt. In those same neighborhoods, within reach of Soubise, is the Richelieu, late D'Estrees, Army; elated with Hastenbeck, comfortably pushing Royal Highness of Cumberland, who makes no resistance, step by step, into the sea; victoriously plundering, far and wide in those countries, Hanover itself the Head–quarter. In the Versailles circles, it is farther expected that Richelieu, "Conqueror of Minorca," will shortly besiege and conquer Magdeburg, and so crown his glories. Why not; were the "Deliverance of Saxony" complete?

The whole of which turned out greatly otherwise, and to the sad disappointment of Versailles. The Conqueror of Minorca is probably aware that the conquering of Magdeburg, against one whose platforms are not rotten, and who does not "lie always in his bed," as poor old Blakeney did, will be a very different matter. And the private truth is, Marrchal de Richelieu never turned his thoughts upon Magdeburg at all, nor upon any point of war that had difficulties, but solely upon collecting plunder for himself in those Countries. One of the most magnificent marauders on record; in no danger, he, of becoming monitory and a pendulum, like the 1,000 that already swing in that capacity to rear of him! And he did manage, in this Campaign, which was the last of his military services, so as to pay off at Paris "above 50,000 pounds of debts; and to build for himself a beautiful Garden Mansion there, which the mocking populations called 'Hanover Pavilion (PAVILION D'HANOVRE);'" a name still sticking to it, I believe. [Barbier, iii. 256, 271.] Of the Richelieu Campaign we are happily delivered from saying almost anything: and the main interest for us turns now on that Soubise–Hildburghausen wing of it,—which also is a sufficiently contemptible affair; not to be spoken of beyond the strictly unavoidable.

Friedrich, with his 23,000 setting out from Dresden, August 30th, has a march of about 170 miles towards Erfurt. He may expect to find—counting Richelieu, if Royal Highness of Cumberland persist in acting ZERO as hitherto—a confused mass of about 150,000 Enemies, of one sort and other, waiting him ahead; not to think of those he has just left behind;—and he cannot well be in a triumphant humor! Behind, before, around, it is one gathering of Enemies: one point only certain, that he must beat them, or else die. Readers would fain follow him in this forlorn march; him, the one point of interest now in it: and readers shall, if we can manage, though it is extremely difficult. For, on getting to Erfurt, he finds his Soubise–Hildburghausen Army off on retreat among the inaccessible Hills still farther westward; and has to linger painfully there, and to detach, and even to march personally against other Enemies; and then, these finished, to march back towards his Erfurt ones, who are taking heart in the interim:—and, in short, from September 1st to November 5th, there are two months of confused manoeuvring and marching to and fro in that West–Saxon region, which are very intricate to readers. November 5th is a day unforgettable: but anterior to that, what can we do? Here, dated, are the Three grand Epochs of the thing; which readers had better fix in mind as a preliminary:—

1. SEPTEMBER 13th, Friedrich has got to Erfurt neighborhood; but Soubise and Company are off westward to the Hills of Eisenach, won't come down; Friedrich obliged to linger thereabouts, painfully waiting almost a month, till

2. OCTOBER 11th, hearing that "15,000 Austrians" (that Stolpen Party, left as rear–guard at Stolpen; Croats mainly, under a General Haddick) are on march for Berlin, he rises in haste thitherward, through Leipzig, Torgau, say 100 miles; hears that Haddick HAS been in Berlin (16th–17th October) for one day, and that he is off again full speed with a ransom of 30,000 pounds, which they have had to pay him: upon which Friedrich calls halt in the Torgau country;—and would have been uncertain what to do, had not

3. Soubise and Company, extremely elated with this Haddick Feat, come out from their Hills, intent to deliver Saxony after all. So that Friedrich has to turn back (October 26th–30th) through Leipzig again; towards,—in fact towards ROSSBACH and NOVEMBER 5th, in his old Saale Country, which does not prove so wearisome as

formerly!

These are the cardinal dates; these let the reader recur to, if necessary, and keep steadily in mind: it will then perhaps be possible to intercalate, in a manner intelligible to him, what other lucent phenomena there are; and these dismal wanderings, and miserablest two months of Friedrich's life, will not be wholly a provoking blotch of enigmatic darkness, but in some sort a thing with features in the twilight of the Past.

I. FRIEDRICH'S MARCH TO ERFURT FROM DRESDEN (31st August–13th September, 1757).

The march to Erfurt was of twelve days, and without adventure to speak of. Mayer and Free-Battalion had the vanguard, Friedrich there as usual; main body, under Keith with Ferdinand and Moritz, following in several columns: straight towards their goal; with steady despatch; for twelve days;—weather often very wet. [Tempelhof, i. 229; Rodenbeck, i. 317 (not very correct): in Westphalen (ii. 20 a personal Diary of this March, and of what followed on Duke Ferdinand's part.) Seidlitz, with cavalry, had gone ahead, in search of one Turpin, a mighty hunter and Hussar among the French, who was threatening Leipzig, threatening Halle: but Turpin made off at sound of him, without trying fight; so that Seidlitz had only to halt, and rejoin, hoping better luck another time.

A march altogether of the common type,—the stages of it not worth marking except for special readers;—and of memorable to us offers only this, if even this: at Rotha, in Leipzig Country, the eighth stage from Dresden, Friedrich writes, willing to try for Peace if it be possible,

TO THE MARECHAL DUC DE RICHELIEU.

"ROTHA, 7th September, 1757.

"I feel, M. le Duc, that you have not been put in the post where you are for the purpose of Negotiating. I am persuaded, however, that the Nephew of the great Cardinal Richelieu is made for signing treaties no less than for gaining battles. I address myself to you from an effect of the esteem with which you inspire even those who do not intimately know you.

"T is a small matter, Monsieur (IL S'AGIT D'UNE BAGATELLE): only to make Peace, if people are pleased to wish it! I know not what your Instructions are: but, in the supposition that the King your Master, zow assured by your Successes, will have put it in your power to labor in the pacification of Germany, I address to you the Sieur d'Elcheset" (Sieur Balbi is the real name of him, an Italian Engineer of mine, who once served with you in the Fontenoy times,— and some say he has privately a 15,000 pounds for your Grace's acceptance,— "the Sieur d'Elcheset), in whom you may place complete confidence.

"Though the events of this Year afford no hope that your Court still entertains a favorable disposition for my interests, I cannot persuade myself that a union which has lasted between us for sixteen years may not have left some trace in the mind. Perhaps I judge others by myself. But, however that may be, I, in short, prefer putting my interests into the King your Master's hands rather than into any other's. If you have not, Monsieur, any Instructions as to the Proposal hereby made, I beg of you to ask such, and to inform me what the tenor of them is.

"He who has merited statues at Genoa [ten years ago, in those ANTI- Austrian times, when Genoa burst up in revolt, and the French and Richelieu beautifully intervened against the oppressors]; he who conquered Minorca in spite of immense obstacles; he who is on the point of subjugating Lower Saxony,—can do nothing more glorious than to restore Peace to Europe. Of all your laurels, that will be the fairest. Work in this Cause, with the activity which has secured you such rapid progress otherwise; and be persuaded that nobody will feel more grateful to you than, Monsieur le Duc,— Your faithful Friend,— FREDERIC." [Given in RODENBECK, i. 313 (doubtless from *Memoires de Richelieu*, Paris, 1793, ix. 175, the one fountain-head in regard to this small affair): for "the 15,000 pounds" and other rumored particulars, see Retzow, i. 197; Preuss, ii. 84; *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 145.]

Richelieu, it appears by any evidence there is, went willingly into this scheme; and applied at Versailles, as desired; with a peremptory negative for result. Nothing came of the Richelieu attempt there; nor of "CE M. DE MIRABEAU," if he ever went; nor of any other on that errand. Needless to apply for Peace at Versailles (and a mere waste of your "sum of 15,000 pounds," which one hopes is fabulous in the present scarcity of money):—or should we perhaps have mentioned the thing at all, except for the sake of Wilhelmina, whose fond scheme it is in this extremity of fate; scheme which she tries in still other directions, as we shall see; her Brother willing too, but probably with much less hope. If a civil Letter and a bribe of Money will do it, these need not be spared.

This at Rotha is the day while Winterfeld, on Moys Hill, is meeting his death. To-day at Pegau, in this neighborhood, Seidlitz, who could not fall in with Turpin, has given the Hussars of Loudon a beautiful slap; the

first enemy we have seen on this march; and the last,—nothing but Loudon and Hussars visibly about, the rest of those Soubise—Reichs people dormant, as would seem. "D'Elcheset," Balbi, or whoever he was, would not find Richelieu at Hanover; but at a place called Kloster—Zeven, in Bremen Country, fifty or sixty miles farther on. There, this day, are Richelieu with one Sporcken a Hanoverian, and one Lynar a Dane, rapidly finishing a thing they were pleased to call "Convention of Kloster—Zeven;" which Friedrich regarded as another huge misfortune fallen on him, —though it proved to have been far the reverse a while after. Concerning which take this brief Note; cannot be too brief on such a topic:—

"Never was there a more futile Convention than that of Kloster—Zeven; which filled all Europe with lamentable noises, indignations and anxieties, during the remainder of that Year; and is now reduced, for Europe and the Universe, to a silent mathematical point, or mere mark of position, requiring still to be attended to in that character, though itself zero in any other. Here are the main particulars, in their sequence.

"August 3d, towards midnight, '11 P.M.' say the Books, Marechal de Richelieu arrives in the D'Estrees Camp ('Camp of Oldendorf,' still only one march west of Hastenbeck); to whom D'Estrees on the instant loftily delivers up his Army; explains with loyalty, for a few days more, all things needful to the new Commander; declines to be himself Second; and loftily withdraws to the Baths of Aachen 'for his health.'

"Royal Highness of Cumberland is, by this time, well on Elbe—ward, Ocean—ward. Till August 1st; for one week, Royal Highness of Cumberland lay at Minden, some thirty odd miles from Hastenbeck; deploring that sad mistake; but unpersuadable to stand, and try amendment of it: August 1st, the French advancing on him again, he moved off northward, seaward. By Nienburg, Verden, Rothenburg, Zeven, Bremenvorde, Stade;—arrived at Stade, on the tidal Waters of the Elbe, August 5th; and by necessity did halt there. From Minden onwards, Richelieu, not D'Estrees, has had the chasing of Royal Highness: one of the simplest functions; only that the country is getting muddy, difficult for artillery—carriage (thinks Richelieu), with an Army so dilapidated, hungry, short of pay; and that Royal Highness, a very furious person to our former knowledge, might turn on us like a boar at bay, endangering everything; and finally, that one's desire is not for battle, but for a fair chance of plunder to pay one's debts.

"Britannic Majesty, in this awful state of his Hanover Armaments, has been applying at the Danish Court; Richelieu too sends off an application thither: 'Mediate between us, spare useless bloodshed!' [Valfons, p. 291.]—Whereupon Danish Majesty (Britannic's son—in—law) cheerfully undertakes it; bids one Lynar bestir himself upon it. Count Lynar, an esteemed Official of his, who lives in those neighborhoods; Danish Viceroy in Oldenburg,—much concerned with the Scriptures, the Sacred Languages and other seraphic studies,—and a changed man since we saw him last in the Petersburg regions, making love to Mrs. Anton Ulrich long ago! Lynar, feeling the axis of the world laid on his shoulder in this manner, loses not a moment; invokes the Heavenly Powers; goes on it with an alacrity and a despatch beyond praise. Runs to the Duke of Cumberland at Stade; thence to Richelieu at Zeven; back to the Duke, back to Zeven: 'Won't you; and won't YOU?' and in four short days has the once world—famed 'Convention of Kloster—Zeven' standing on parchment,—signed, ready for ratifying: 'Royal Highness's Army to go home to their countries again [routes, methods, times: when, how, and what next, all left unsettled], and noise of War to cease in those parts.' Signed cheerfully on both sides 9th September, 1757; and Lynar striking the stars with his sublime head. [Busching (who alone is exact in the matter), *Beitrag*, iv. 167, 168, ? Lynar: see Scholl, iii. 49; Valfons, pp. 202, 203; *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 143 (with correction of Preuss's Note there).]

"Unaccountable how Lynar had managed such a difficulty. He says seraphically, in a Letter to a friend, which the Prussian hussars got hold of, 'The idea of it was inspired by the Holy Ghost:' at which the whole world haha'd again. For it was a Convention vague, absurd, not capable of being executed; ratification of it refused by both Courts, by the French Court first, if that was any matter:—and the only thing now memorable of it is, that IT was a total Futility; but, that there ensued from it a Fact still of importance; namely:—

"That on the 5th of October following, Royal Highness quitted Stade, and his wrecked Army hanging sorrowful there, like a flight of plucked cranes in mid—air;—arrived at Kensington, October 12th; heard the paternal Majesty say, that evening, 'Here is my son who has ruined me, and disgraced himself!'—and thereupon indignantly laid down his military offices, all and sundry; and ceased altogether to command Armies, English or other, in this world. [In WALPOLE (iii. 59–64) the amplest minuteness of detail.] Whereby, in the then and now diagram of things, Kloster—Zeven, as a mathematical point, continues memorable in History, though shrunk

otherwise to zero!

"Pitt's magnanimity to Royal Highness was conspicuous. Royal Highness, it is said, had been very badly used in this matter by his poor peddling Father and the Hanover Ministers; the matter being one puddle of imbecilities from beginning to end. He was the soul of honor; brave as a Welf lion; but, of dim poor head; and had not the faintest vestige [ALLERGERINGSTE says Mauvillon] of military skill: awful in the extreme to see in command of British Armies! Adieu to him, forever and a day."

Ever since July 29th, three days after Hastenbeck, Pitt had been in Office again; such the bombardment by Corporation—Boxes and Events impinging on Britannic Majesty: but not till now, as I fancy, had Pitt's way, in regard to those German matters, been clear to him. The question of a German Army, if you must, have a No—General at the top of it, might well be problematical to Pitt. To equip your strong fighting man, and send him on your errand, regardless of expense; and, by way of preliminary, cut the head off him, before saying "Good—speed to you, strong man!" But with a General, Pitt sees that it can be different; that perhaps "America can be conquered in Germany," and that, with a Britannic Majesty so disposed, there is no other way of trying it. To this course Pitt stands henceforth, heedless of the gazetteer cackle, "Hah, our Pitt too become German, after all his talking!"—like a seventy—four under full sail, with sea, wind, pilot all of one mind, and only certain water—fowl objecting. And is King of England for the next Four Years; the one King poor England has had this long while;—his hand felt shortly at the ends of the Earth. And proves such a blessing to Friedrich, among others, as nothing else in this War; pretty much his one blessing, little as he expected it. Before long, Excellency Mitchell begins consulting about a General, —and Friedrich dimly sees better things in the distance, and that Kloster—Zeven had not been the misfortune he imagined, but only "The darkest hour," which, it is said, lies "nearest to the dawn."

II. THE SOUBISE HILDBURGHAUSEN PEOPLE TAKE INTO THE HILLS; FRIEDRICH IN ERFURT NEIGHBORHOOD, HANGING ON, WEEK AFTER WEEK, IN AN AGONY OF INACTION (13th September—10th October).

Friedrich's march has gone by Dobeln, Grimma, to Pegau and Rotha, Leipzig way, but, with Leipzig well to right: it just brushes Weissenfels to rightward, next day after Rotha; crosses Saale River near Naumburg, whence straight through Weimar Country, Weimar City on your left, to Erfurt on the northern side;—and,

"ERFURT, TUESDAY 13th SEPTEMBER, 1757, About 10 in the morning [listen to a faithful Witness], there appeared Hussars on the heights to northward:—'Vanguard of his Prussian Majesty!' said Erfurt with alarm, and our French guests with alarm. And scarcely were the words uttered, when said Vanguard, and gradually the whole Prussian Army [only some 9,000, though we all thought it the whole], came to sight; posting itself in half—moon shape round us there; French and Reichs folk hurrying off what they could from the Cyriaksberg and Petersberg, by the opposite gates,"—towards Gotha, and the Hills of Eisenach.

"Think what a dilemma for Erfurt, jammed between two horns in this way, should one horn enter before the other got out! Much parleying and supplicating on the part of Erfurt: Till at last, about 4 P.M., French being all off, Erfurt flung its gates open; and the new Power did enter, with some due state: Prussian Majesty in Person (who could have hoped it!) and Prince Henri beside him; Cavalry with drawn swords; Infantry with field—pieces, and the band playing"—Prussian grenadier march, I should hope, or something equally cheering. "The rest of the Vanguard, and, in succession, the Army altogether, had taken Camp outside, looking down on the Northern Gate, over at Ilgertshofen, a village in the neighborhood, about two miles off." [*Helden—Geschichte*, iv. 636, 637.]

That is the first sight Friedrich has of "LA DAUPHINE," as the Versailles people call this Bellona, come to "deliver Saxony;" and she is considerably coyer than had been expected. Many sad days, and ardent vain vows of Friedrich, before he could see the skirt of her again! From Ilgertshofen, northwestward to Dittelstadt, Gamstadt, and other poor specks of villages in Gotha Territory, is ten or fifteen miles; from Dittelstadt eastward to Buttstadt and Buttelstadt, in Weimar Country, may be twenty—five: in this area, Friedrich, shifting about, chiefly for convenience of quarters,—head—quarter Kirschleben for a while, Buttelstadt finally and longest,—had to wander impatiently to and fro for four weeks and more; no work procurable, or none worth mentioning:—in the humor of a man whose House is on fire, flaming out of every window, front and rear; who has run up with quenching apparatus; and cannot, being spell—bound, get the least bucket of it applied. And is by nature the rapidest soul now alive. Figure his situation there, as it gradually becomes manifest to him!

For the present, DAUPHINESS Bellona, hurrying to the Hills, has left some tagrag of remnant in Gotha.

Whereupon, the second day, here is an "Own Correspondent" again,—not coming by electric telegraph, but (what is a sensible advantage) credible in every point, when he does come:—

"GOTHA, THURSDAY, 15th SEPTEMBER. Grand-Duke and Duchess, like everybody else, have been much occupied all morning with the fact, that the Prussian Army [Seidlitz and a regiment or two, nothing more] is actually here; took possession of the Town-Gates and Main Guard this morning,—certain Hungarian-French hussar rabble, hateful to every one in Gotha, having made off in time, rapidly towards Eisenach and the Hills.

"Towards noon, his Royal Majesty in highest person, with his Lord Brother the Prince Henri's Royal Highness, arrived in Gotha; sent straightway, by one of his Officers, a compliment to the Grand-Duke; and 'would have the pleasure to come and dine, if his Serene Highness permitted.' Serene Highness, self and Household always cordially Friedrich's, was just about sitting down to dinner; and answered with exuberantly glad surprise,—or was answering, when Royal Majesty himself stepped in with smiling face; and embracing the Duke, said: 'I timed myself to arrive at this moment, thinking your Durchlaucht would be at dinner, that I might be received without ceremony, and dine like a neighbor among you.' Unexpected as this visit was, the joy of Duke and Duchess," always fast friends to Friedrich, and the latter ever afterwards his correspondent, "may be conceived, but not adequately expressed; as both the Serenities were touched, in the most affecting manner, by the honor of so great a King's sudden presence among them.

"His Majesty requested that the Frau von Buchwald, our Most Gracious Duchess's Hof-Dame, whose qualities he much valued, might dine with them,"—being always fond of sensible people, especially sensible women. "The whole Highest and High company [Royal, that is, and Ducal] was, during table, uncommonly merry. The King showed himself altogether content; and his bright clever talk and sprightly sallies, awakening everybody to the like, left not the least trace visible of the weighty toils he was then engaged in;— as if the weightier these were, the less should they fetter the noble openness (FREYMUTHIGKEIT) of this high soul, which is not to be cast down by the heaviest burden.

"His Majesty having taken leave of Duke and Duchess, and graciously permitted the chiefest persons of the Gotha Court to pay their respects, withdrew to his Army." [Letter in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 638, 639.] Slept, I find elsewhere, "at Gamstadt, on the floor of a little Inn;" meaning to examine Posts in that part, next morning.

Here has been a cheerful little scene for Friedrich; the last he has in these black weeks. A laborious Predecessor, striving to elucidate, leaves me this Note:—

"What a pity one knows nothing, nor can know, about this Duke and Duchess, though their names, especially the latter's name, are much tossed to and fro in the Books! We heard of them, favorably, in Voltaire's time; and may again, at least of the Lady, who is henceforth a Correspondent of Friedrich's. The above is a dim direct view of them, probably our last as well as first. Duke's name is Friedrich III.; I do believe, a man of solidity, honor and polite dignified sense, a highly respectable Duke of Sachsen-Gotha, contented to be obscure, and quietly do what was still do-able in that enigmatic situation. He is Uncle to our George III.;—his Sister is the now Princess-Dowager of Wales, with a Lord Bute, and I know not what questionable figures and intrigues, or suspicions of intrigue, much about her. His Duchess, Louisa Dorothee, is a Princess of distinguished qualities, literary tastes,—Voltaire's Hostess, Friedrich's Correspondent: a bright and quietly shining illumination to the circle she inhabits. Duke is now fifty-eight, Duchess forty-seven; and they lost their eldest Son last year. There has been lately a considerable private brabble as to Tutorage of the Duke of Weimar (Wilhelmina's maddish Duke, who is dead lately; and a Prince left, who soon died also, but left a Son, who grew to be Goethe's friend); Tutorage claimed by various Cousins, has been adjudged to this one, King Friedrich co-operating in such result.

"As to the famed Grand-Duchess, she is a Sachsen-Meiningen Princess, come of Ernst the Pious, of Johann the Magnanimous, as her Husband and all these Sachsens are: when Voltaire went precipitant, with such velocity, from the Potsdam Heaven, she received him at Gotha; set him on writing his HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE, and endeavored to break his fall. She was noble to Voltaire, and well honored by that uncertain Spirit. There is a fine Library at Gotha; and the Lady bright loves Books, and those that can write them;—a friend of the Light, a Daughter of the Sun and the Empyrean, not of Darkness and the Stygian Fens." [Michaelis, i. 517;

Friedrich's first Letter to her Highness was one of thanks, above a year ago, for an act of kindness, act of justice withal, which she did to one of his Official people. Here, on the morrow of that dinner, is the second Letter, much more aerial and cordial, in which style they all continue, now that he has seen the admired Princess.

TO THE MOST SERENE GRAND-DUCHESS OF SACHSEN-GOTHA.

DITTELSTADT, "16th September, 1757.

"MADAM,—Yesterday was a Day I shall never forget; which satisfied a just desire I have had, this long while, to see and hear a Princess whom all Europe admires. I am not surprised, Madam, that you subdue people's hearts; you are made to attract the esteem and the homage of all who have the happiness to know you. But it is incomprehensible to me how you can have enemies; and how men representing Countries that by no means wish to pass for barbarous, can have been so basely (INDIGNEMENT) wanting in the respect they owe you, and in the consideration which is due to all sovereigns [French not famous for their refined demeanor in Saxony this time]. Why could not I fly to prevent such disorders, such indecency! I can only offer you a great deal of good-will; but I feel well that, in present circumstances, the thing wanted is effective results and reality. May I, Madam, be so happy as to render you some service! May your fortune be equal to your virtues! I am with the highest consideration, Madam, your Highness's faithful Cousin, —F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvii. 166.]

To Wilhelmina he says of it, next day, still gratified, though sad news have come in the interim;—death of Winterfeld, for one black item:—

... "The day before yesterday I was in Gotha. It was a touching scene to see the partners of one's misfortunes, with like griefs and like complaints. The Duchess is a woman of real merit, whose firmness puts many a man to shame. Madam de Buchwald appears to me a very estimable person, and one who would suit you much: intelligent, accomplished, without pretensions, and good-humored. My Brother Henri is gone to see them to-day. I am so oppressed with grief, that I would rather keep my sadness to myself. I have reason to congratulate myself much on account of my Brother Henri; he has behaved like an angel, as a soldier, and well towards me as a Brother. I cannot, unfortunately, say the same of the elder. He sulks at me (IL ME BODE), and has sulkily retired to Torgau, from whence, I hear, he is gone to Wittenberg. I shall leave him to his caprices and to his bad conduct; and I prophesy nothing good for the future, unless the younger guide him." ["Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September, 1757" (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 306).] ...

This is part of a long sad Letter to Wilhelmina; parts of which we may recur to, as otherwise illustrative. But before going into that tragic budget of bad news, let us give the finale of Gotha, which occurred the next day,—tragi-comic in part,—and is the last bit of action in those dreary four weeks.

GOTHA, 18th SEPTEMBER. "Since Thursday 15th, Major-General Seidlitz," youngest Major-General of the Army, but a rapidly rising man, "has been Commandant in Gotha, under flourishing circumstances; popular and supreme, though only with a force of 1,500, dragoons and hussars. Monday morning early, Seidlitz's scouts bring word that the Soubise-Hildburghausen people are in motion hitherward; French hussars and Austrian, Turpin's, Loudon's, all that are; grenadiers in mass;—total, say, 8,000 horse and foot, with abundance of artillery;—have been on march all night, to retake Gotha; with all the Chief Generals and Dignitaries of the Army following in their carriages, for some hours past, to see it done. Seidlitz, ascertaining these things, has but one course left,—that of clearing himself out, which he does with orderly velocity: and at 9 A.M. the Dignitaries and their 8,000 find open gates, Seidlitz clean off; occupy the posts, with due emphasis and flourish; and proceed to the Schloss in a grand triumphant way,—where privately they are not very welcome, though one puts the best face on it, and a dinner of importance is the first thing imperative to be set in progress. A flurried Court, that of Gotha, and much swashing of French plumes through it, all this morning, since Seidlitz had to flit.

"Seidlitz has not flitted very far. Seidlitz has ranked his small dragoon-hussar force in a hollow, two miles off; has got warning sent to a third regiment within reach of him, 'Come towards me, and in a certain defile, visible from Gotha eastward, spread yourselves so and so!'—and judges by the swashing he hears of up yonder, that perhaps something may still be done. Dinner, up in the Schloss, is just being taken from the spit, and the swashing at its height, when—'Hah what is that, though?' and all plumes pause. For it is Seidlitz, artistically spread into single files, on the prominent points of vision; advancing again, more like 15,000 than 1,500: 'And in the Defile yonder, that regiment, do you mark it; the King's vanguard, I should say?—To horse!'

"That is Seidlitz's fine Bit of Painting, hung out yonder, hooked on the sky itself, as temporary background to Gotha, to be judged of by the connoisseurs. For pictorial effect, breadth of touch, truth to Nature and real power on the connoisseur, I have heard of nothing equal by any artist. The high Generalcy, Soubise, Hildburghausen, Darmstadt, mount in the highest haste; everybody mounts, happy he who has anything to mount; the grenadiers tumble out of the Schloss; dragoons, artillery tumble out; Dauphiness takes wholly to her heels, at an extraordinary pace: so that Seidlitz's hussars could hardly get a stroke at her; caught sixty and odd, nine of them

Officers not of mark; did kill thirty; and had such a haul of equipages and valuable effects, cosmetic a good few of them, habilitary, artistic, as caused the hussar heart to sing for joy. Among other plunder, was Loudon's Commission of Major-General, just on its road from Vienna [poor Mannstein's death the suggesting cause, say some];--undoubtedly a shining Loudon; to whom Friedrich, next day, forwarded the Document with a polite Note." [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 640; *Westphalen*, ii. 37; *OEuvres de Frederic*, iv, 147.]

The day after this bright feat of Seidlitz's, which was a slight consolation to Friedrich, there came a Letter from the Duchess, not of compliment only; the Letter itself had to be burnt on the spot, being, as would seem, dangerous for the High Lady, who was much a friend of Friedrich's. Their Correspondence, very polite and graceful, but for most part gone to the unintelligible state, and become vacant and spectral, figures considerably in the Books, and was, no doubt, a considerable fact to Friedrich. His Answer on this occasion may be given, since we have it,—lest there should not elsewhere be opportunity for a second specimen.

FRIEDRICH TO THE GRAND-DUCHESS OF SACHSEN-GOTHA.

"KIRSCHLEBEN, NEAB ERFURT, 20th September, 1757.

"MADAM,—Nothing could happen more glorious to my troops than that of fighting, Madam, under your eyes and for your defence. I wish their help could be useful to you; but I foresee the reverse. If I were obstinately to insist on maintaining the post of Gotha with Infantry, I should ruin your City for you, Madam, by attracting thither and fixing there the theatre of the War; whereas, by the present course, you will only have to suffer little rubs (PASSADES), which will not last long.

"A thousand thanks that you could, in a day like yesterday, find the moment to think of your Friends, and to employ yourself for them. [Seidlitz's attack was brisk, quite sudden, with an effect like Harlequin's sword in Pantomimes; and Gotha in every corner, especially in the Schloss below and above stairs,—dinner cooked for A, and eaten by B, in that manner,—must have been the most agitated of little Cities.] I will neglect nothing of what you have the goodness to tell me; I shall profit by these notices. Heaven grant it might be for the deliverance and the security of Germany!

"The most signal mark of obedience I can give you consists unquestionably in doing your bidding with this Letter. [Burn it, so soon as read.] I should have kept it as a monument of your generosity and courage: but, Madam, since you dispose of it otherwise, your orders shall be executed; persuaded that if one cannot serve one's friends, one must at least avoid hurting them; that one may be less circumspect for one's own interest, but that one must be prudent and even timid for theirs. I am, with the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration, Madam, your Highness's most faithful and affectionate Cousin,—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xvii. 167.]

From Erfurt, on the night of his arrival, finding the Dauphiness in such humor, Friedrich had ordered Ferdinand of Brunswick with his Division and Prince Moritz with his, both of whom were still at Naumburg, to go on different errands,—Ferdinand out Halberstadt—Magdeburg way, whither Richelieu, vulture-like, if not eagle-like, is on wing; Moritz to Torgau, to secure our magazine and be on the outlook there. Both of them marched on the morrow (November 14th): and are sending him news,—seldom comfortable news; mainly that, in spite of all one can do (and it is not little on Ferdinand's part, the Richelieu vultures, 80,000 of them, floating onward, leagues broad, are not to be kept out of Halberstadt, well if out of Magdeburg itself;—and that, in short, the general conflagration, in those parts too, is progressive. [In Orlich's *First Moritz*, pp. 71–89; and in *Westphalen*, ii. 23–143 (about Ferdinand): interesting Documentary details, Autographs of Friedrich, in regard to both these Expeditions.] Moritz, peaceable for some weeks in Torgau Country, was to have an eye on Brandenburg withal, on Berlin itself; and before long Moritz will see something noticeable there!

From Preussen, Friedrich hears of mere ravagings and horrid cruelties, Cossack—Calmuck atrocities, which make human nature shudder: [In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 427–437, the hideous details.] "Fight those monsters; go into them at all hazards!" he writes to Lehwald peremptorily. Lehwald, 25,000 against 80,000, does so; draws up, in front of Wehlau, not far east of Königsberg, among woody swamps, AUGUST 30th, at a Hamlet called GROSS-JAGERSDORF, with his best skill; fights well, though not without mistakes; and is beaten by cannon and numbers. [Tempelhof, i. 299; Retzow, i. 212; ("Russians lost about 9,000," by their own tale 5,000; "the Prussians 3,000" and the Field).] Preussen now lies at Apraxin's discretion. This bit of news too is on the road for Erfurt Country. Such a six weeks for the swift man, obliged to stand spell-bound,—idle posterity never will conceive it; and description is useless.

Let us add here, that Apraxin did not advance on Königsberg, or farther into Preussen at all; but, after some

loitering, turned, to everybody's surprise, and wended slowly home. "Could get no provision," said Apraxin for himself. "Thought the Czarina was dying," said the world; "and that Peter her successor would take it well!" Plodded slowly home, for certain; Lehwald following him, not too close, till over the border. Nothing left of Apraxin, and his huge Expedition, but Memel alone; Memel, and a great many graves and ruins. So that Lehwald could be recalled, to attend on the Swedes, before Winter came. And Friedrich's worst forebodings did not take effect in this case;—nor in some others, as we shall see!

LAMENTATION—PSALMS OF FRIEDRICH.

Meanwhile, is it not remarkable that Friedrich wrote more Verses, this Autumn, than almost in any other three months of his life? Singular, yes; though perhaps not inexplicable. And if readers could fairly understand that fact, instead of running away with the shell of it, and leaving the essence, it would throw a great light on Friedrich. He is not a brooding inarticulate man, then; but a bright—glancing, articulate; not to be struck dumb by the face of Death itself. Flashes clear—eyed into the physiognomy of Death, and Ruin, and the Abysmal Horrors opening; and has a sharp word to say to them. The explanation of his large cargo of Verses this Autumn is, That always, alternating with such fiery velocity, he had intolerable periods of waiting till things were ready. And took to verses, by way of expectorating himself, and keeping down his devils. Not a bad plan, in the circumstances,—especially if you have so wonderful a turn for expectoration by speech. "All bad as Poetry, those Verses?" asks the reader. Well, some of them are not of first—rate goodness. Should have been burnt; or the time marked which they took up, and whether it was good time wasted (which I suppose it almost never was), or bad time skilfully got over. Time, that is the great point; and the heart—truth of them, or mere lip—truth, another. We must give some specimens, at any rate.

Especially that notable Specimen from the Zittau Countries: the "Epistle to Wilhelmina (EPITRE A MA SOEUR [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xii. 36—42.];" which is the key—note, as it were; the fountain—head of much other verse, and of much prose withal, and Correspondencing not with Wilhelmina alone, of which also some taste must be given. Primary EPITRE; written, I perceive, in that interval of waiting for Keith and the magazines,—though the final date is "Bernstadt, August 24th." Concerning which, Smelfungus takes, over—hastily, the liberty to say: "Strange, is it not, to be on the point of fighting for one's existence; overwhelmed with so many businesses; and disposed to go into verse in addition! CONCEIVE that form of mind; it would illuminate something of Friedrich's character: I cannot yet rightly understand such an aspect of structure, and know not what to say of it, except 'Strange!'"—

Understand it or not, we do gather by means of it some indisputable glimpses, nearly all the direct insight allowed us out of any source, into Friedrich's inner man; what his thoughts were, what his humor was in that unique crisis; and to readers in quest of that, these Pieces, fallen obsolete and frosty to all other kinds of readers, are well worth perusing, and again perusing. Most veracious Documents, we can observe; nothing could be truer; Confessions they are, in the most emphatic sense; no truer ever made to a Priest in the name of the Most High. Like a soliloquy of Night—Thoughts, accidentally becoming audible to us. Mahomet, I find, wrote the Koran in this manner. From these poor Poems, which are voices DE PROFUNDIS, there might, by proper care and selection, be constructed a Friedrich's Koran; and, with commentary and elucidation, it would be pleasant to read. The Koran of Friedrich, or the Lamentation—Psalms of Friedrich! But it would need an Editor,—other than Dryasdust! Mahomet's Koran, treated by the Arab Dryasdust (merely turning up the bottom of that Box of Shoulder— blades, and printing them), has become dreadfully tough reading, on this side of the Globe; and has given rise to the impossiblest notions about Mahomet! Indisputable it is, Heroes, in their affliction, Mahomet and David, have solaced themselves by snatches of Psalms, by Suras, bursts of Utterance rising into Song;—and if Friedrich, on far other conditions, did the like, what has History to say of blame to him?

Wilhelmina comes out very strong, in this season of trouble; almost the last we see of our excellent Wilhelmina. Like a lioness; like a shrill mother when her children are in peril. A noble sisterly affection is in Wilhelmina; shrill Pythian vehemence trying the impossible. That a Brother, and such a Brother, the most heroic now breathing, brave and true, and the soul of honor in all things, should have the whole world rise round him, like a delirious Sorcerer's—Sabbath, intent to hurl the mountains on him, —seems such a horror and a madness to Wilhelmina. Like the brood— hen flying in the face of wild dogs, and packs of hounds in full trail! Most Christian Pompadour Kings, enraged Czarinas, implacable Empress—Queens; a whole world in armed delirium rushes on, regardless of Wilhelmina. Never mind, my noble one; your Brother will perhaps manage to come up with this

leviathan or that among the heap of them, at a good time, and smite into the fifth rib of him. Your Brother does not the least shape towards giving in; thank the Heavens, he will stand to himself at least; his own poor strength will all be on his own side.

Wilhelmina's hopes of a Peace with France; mission of her Mirabeau, missions and schemes not a few, we have heard of on Wilhelmina's part with this view; but the notablest is still to mention: that of stirring up, by Voltaire's means, an important-looking Cardinal de Tencin to labor in the business. Eminency Tencin lives in Lyon, known to the Princess on her Italian Tour;—shy of asking Voltaire to dinner on that fine occasion,—but, except Officially, is not otherwise than well-affected to Voltaire. Was once Chief Minister of France, and would fain again be; does not like these Bernis novelties and Austrian Alliances, had he now any power to upset them. Let him correspond with Most Christian Majesty, at least; plead for a Peace with Prussia, Prussia being so ready that way. Eminency Tencin, on Voltaire's suggestion, did so, perhaps is even now doing so; till ordered to hold HIS peace on such subjects. This is certain and well known; but nothing else is known, or to us knowable, about it; Voltaire, in vague form, being our one authority, through whom it is vain to hunt, and again hunt. [*OEuvres (Memoires)*, ii. 92, 93; *IB.* i. 143; *Preuss*, ii. 84.] The Dates, much more the features and circumstances, all lie buried from us, and—till perhaps the Lamentation-Psalms are well edited—must continue lying. As a fact certain, but undeniably vague.

Voltaire's procedure, one can gather, is polite, but two-faced; not sublime on this occasion. In fact, is intended to serve himself. To the high Princess he writes devotionally, ready to obey in all things; and then to his Eminency Cardinal Tencin, it rather seems as if the tone were: "Pooh! yes, your Eminency; such are the poor Lady's notions. But does your Eminency take notice how high my connections are; what service a poor obscure creature might perhaps do the State some day?" Friedrich himself is, in these ways, brought into correspondence with Voltaire again; and occasionally writes to him in this War, and ever afterwards: Voltaire responds with fine sympathy, always prettily, in the enthusiasm of the moment;—and at other times he writes a good deal about Friedrich, oftenest in rather a mischievous dialect. "The traitor!" exclaim some Prussian writers, not many or important, in our time. In fact, there is a considerable touch of grinning malice (as of Monkey VERSUS Cat, who had once burnt HIS paw, instead of getting his own burnt), in those utterances of Voltaire; some of which the reader will grin over too, without much tragic feeling,—the rather as they did our *Felis Leo* no manner of ill, and show our incomparable *SINGE* with a sparkle of the *TIGRE* in him; theoretic sparkle merely and for moments, which makes him all the more entertaining and interesting at the domestic hearth.

Of Friedrich's Lamentation-Psalms we propose to give the First and the Last: these, with certain Prose Pieces, intermediate and connecting, may perhaps be made intelligible to readers, and throw some light on these tragic weeks of the King's History:—

1. *EPITRE A MA SOEUR* (First of the Lamentation-Psalms).—This is the famed "Epistle to Wilhelmina," already spoken of; which the King despatched from Bernstadt "August 24th," just while quitting those parts, on the Erfurt Errand;—though written before, in the tedium of waiting for Keith. The Piece is long, vehement, altogether sincere; lyrically sings aloud, or declaims in rhyme, what one's indignant thought really is on the surrounding woes and atrocities. We faithfully abridge, and condense into our briefest Prose;—readers can add water and the jingle of French rhymes *AD LIBITUM*. It starts thus:—

"O sweet and dear hope of my remaining days; O Sister, whose friendship, so fertile in resources, shares all my sorrows, and with a helpful arm assists me in the gulf! It is in vain that the Destinies have overwhelmed me with disasters: if the crowd of Kings have sworn my ruin; if the Earth have opened to swallow me,— you still love me, noble and affectionate Sister: loved by you, what is there of misfortune? [Branches off into some survey of it, nevertheless.]

"Huge continents of thunder-cloud, plots thickening against me [in those Menzel Documents], I watched with terror; the sky getting blacker, no covert for me visible: on a sudden, from the deeps of Hell, starts forth Discord [with capital letter], and the tempest broke.

Ce fut dans ton Senat, O fouqueuse Angleterre!

Ou ce monstre inhumain fit eclater la guerre:

It was from thy Senate, stormful England, that she first launched out War. In remote climates first; in America, far away;—between France and thee. Old Ocean shook with it; Neptune, in the depths of his caves (*SES GROTTES PROFONDES*), saw the English subjecting his waves (*SES ONDES*): the wild Iroquois, prize of these

crimes (FORFAITS), bursts out; detesting the tyrants who disturb his Forests,"—and scalping Braddock's people, and the like.

"Discord, charmed to see such an America, and feeble mortals crossing the Ocean to exterminate one another, addresses the European Kings: 'How long will you be slaves to what are called laws? Is it for you to bend under worn-out notions of justice, right? Mars is the one God: Might is Right. A King's business is to do something famous in this world.'

"O daughter of the Caesars," Maria Theresa, "how, at these words, ambition, burning in thy soul, breaks out uncontrollable! Probity, honor, treaties, duty: feeble considerations these, to a heart letting loose its flamy passions; determining to rob the generous Germans of their liberties; to degrade thy equals; to extinguish 'Schism' (so called), and set up despotism on the wrecks of all."

"Huge project"—"FIER TRIUMVIRAT,"—what not: "From Roussillon and the sunny Pyrenees to frozen Russia, all arm for Austria, and march at her bidding. They concert my downfall, trample on my rights.

"The Daughter of the Caesars, proudly certain of victory,—'t is the way of the Great, whose commonplace virtue, pusillanimous in reverses, overbearing in success, cannot bridle their cupidity,— designates to the Triumvirate what Kings are to be proscribed [Britannic George and me, Reich busy on us both even now], and those ungrateful tyrants, by united crime, immolate to each other, without remorse, their dearest allies." For instance:—

"O jour digne d'oubli! Quelle atroce imprudence!

Therese, c'est l'Anglais que tu vends a la France:

Theresa! it is England thou art selling to France;"—Yes, a thing worth noting. "Thy generous support in thy first adversities; thy one friend then, when a world had risen to devour thee. Thou reignest now:—but it was England alone that saved thee anything to reign over!

Tu regnes, mats lui seul a sauve tes etats:

Les bienfaits chez les rois ne font que des ingrats.

"And thou, lazy Monarch,"—stupid Louis, let us omit him:— "Pompadour, selling her lover to the highest bidder, makes France, in our day, Austria's slave!" We omit Kolin Battle, too, spoken of with a proud modesty (Prag is not spoken of at all); and how the neighboring ravenous Powers, on-lookers hitherto, have opened their throats with one accord to swallow Prussia, thinking its downfall certain: "Poor mercenary Sweden, once so famous under its soldier Kings, now debased by a venal Senate;"—Sweden, "what say I? my own kindred [foolish Anspach and others], driven by perverse motives, join in the plot of horrors, and become satellites of the prospering Triumvirs.

"And thou, loved People [my own Prussians], whose happiness is my charge [notable how often he repeats this] it is thy lamentable destiny, it is the danger which hangs over thee, that pierces my soul. The pomps of my rank I could resign without regret. But to rescue thee, in this black crisis, I will spend my heart's blood. Whose IS that blood but thine? With joy will I rally my warriors to avenge thy affront; defy death at the foot of the ramparts [of Daun and his Eckartsberg, ahead yonder], and either conquer, or be buried under thy ruins." Very well; but ah,—

"Preparing with such purpose, ye Heavens, what mournful cries are those that reach us: 'Death haa laid low thy Mother!'—Hah, that was the last stroke, then, which angry Fate had reserved for me.— O Mother, Death flies my misfortunes, and spreads his livid horrors over thee! [Very tender, very sad, what he says of his Mother; but must be omitted and imagined. General finale is:]

"Thus Destiny with a deluge of torments fills the poisoned remnant of my days. The present is hideous to me, the future unknown: what, you say I am the creature of a BENEFICENT BEING?—

Quoi serais-fe forme par un Dieu bienfaisati?

Ah! s'il etait si bon, tendre pour son ouvrage"—

—Husht, my little Titan!

"And now, ye promoters of sacred lies, go on leading cowards by the nose, in the dark windings of your labyrinth:—to me the enchantment is ended, the charm disappears. I see that all men are but the sport of Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing; looks down on a Phalaris crowned, on a Socrates in chains; on our virtues, our misdeeds, on the horrors of war, and all the cruel plagues which ravage Earth, as a thing indifferent to

him. Wherefore, my sole refuge and only haven, loved Sister, is in the arms of Death:—

Ainsi mon seul asile et mon unique port

Se trouve, chere soeur, dans les bras de la mort." [*OEuvres*, xii. 36–42; is sent off to Wilhelmina 24th August.]

2. WILHELMINA TO VOLTAIRE, WITH SOMETHING OF ANSWER (First of certain intercalary Prose Pieces).—Wilhelmina has been writing to Voltaire before, and getting consolations since Kolin; but her Letters are lost, till this the earliest that is left us:—

BAIREUTH, 19th AUGUST, 1757 (TO VOLTAIRE).—"One first knows one's friends when misfortunes arrive. The Letter you have written does honor to your way of thinking. I cannot tell you how much I am sensible to what you have done [set Cardinal Tencin astir, with result we will hope]. The King, my Brother, is as much so as I. You will find a Note here, which he bids me transmit to you [Note lost]. That great man is still the same. He supports his misfortunes with a courage and a firmness worthy of him. He could not get the Note transcribed. It began by verses. Instead of throwing sand on it, he took the ink-bottle; that is the reason why it is cut in two."

--This Note, we say, is lost to us;—all but accidentally thus: Voltaire, 12th September, writes twice to friends. Writing to his D'Argentals, he says: "The affairs of this King [Friedrich] go from bad to worse. I know not if I told you of the Letter he wrote to me about three weeks ago [say August 17th–18th: this same Note through Wilhelmina, evidently]: 'I have learned,' says he, 'that you had interested yourself in my successes and misfortunes. There remains to me nothing but to sell my life dear,' His Sister writes me one much more lamentable;" the one we are now reading:—

"I am in a frightful state; and will not survive the destruction of my House and Family. That is the one consolation that remains to me. You will have fine subjects for making Tragedies of. O times! O manners! You will, by the illusory representation, perhaps draw tears; while all contemplate with dry eyes the reality of these miseries: the downfall of a whole House, against which, if the truth were known, there is no solid complaint. I cannot write farther of it: my soul is so troubled that I know not what I am doing. But whatever happen, be persuaded that I am more than ever your friend,—WILHELMINA." [In *OEuvres de Frederic*, lxxvii. 30.]

Friedrich, while Wilhelmina writes so, is at the foot of the Eckartsberg, eagerly manoeuvring with the Austrians, in hopes of getting battle out of them,—which he cannot. Friedrich, while he wrote that Note to Voltaire, and instead of sand-box shook the ink-bottle over it, was just going out on that errand.

VOLTAIRE, 12th SEPTEMBER (to a Lady whose Son is in the D'Estrees wars). [Ib. lxxii. 55. 56.]—"Here are mighty revolutions, Madame; and we are not at the end yet. They say there have 18,000 Hanoverians been disposed of at Stade [Convention of Kloster-Zeven]. That is no small matter. I can hope M. Richelieu [who is "MON HEROS," when I write to himself] will adorn his head with the laurels they have stuck in his pocket. I wish Monsieur your Son abundance of honor and glory without wounds, and to you, Madame, unalterable health. The King of Prussia has written me a very touching Letter [one line of which we have read]; but I have always Madame Denis's adventure on my heart," at Frankfurt yonder. "If I were well, I would take a run to Frankfurt myself on the business," —now that Soubise's reserves are in those parts, and could give Freytag and Schmidt such a dusting for me, if they liked! Shall I write to Collini on it? Does write, and again write, the second year hence, as still better chances rise. [Collini, pp. 208–211 ("January–May, 1759").]

3. WILHELMINA TO VOLTAIRE AGAIN, WITH ANSWER (Second of the Prose Pieces).—Not a very zealous friend of Friedrich's, after all, this Voltaire! Poor Wilhelmina, terrified by that EPITRE of her Brother's, and his fixed purpose of seeking Death, has, in her despair (though her Letter is lost), been urging Voltaire to write dissuading him;—as Voltaire does. Of which presently. Her Letter to Voltaire on this thrice-important subject is lost. But in the very hours while Voltaire sat writing what we have just read, "always with Madame Denis's adventure on my heart," Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, is again writing to him as follows:—

BAIREUTH, 12th SEPTEMBER, 1757 (TO VOLTAIRE).—"Your Letter has sensibly touched me; that which you addressed to me for the King [both Letters lost to us] has produced the same effect on him. I hope you will be satisfied with his Answer as to what concerns yourself; but you will be as little so as I am with the resolutions he has formed. I had flattered myself that your reflections would make some impression on his mind. You will see the contrary by the Letter adjoined. "To me there remains nothing but to follow his destiny if it is unfortunate. I have never piqued myself on being a philosopher; though I have made my efforts to become so. The small progress I made did teach me to despise grandeurs and riches: but I could never find in philosophy any cure

for the wounds of the heart, except that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live. The state I am in is worse than death. I see the greatest man of his age, my Brother, my friend, reduced to the frightfullest extremity. I see my whole Family exposed to dangers and perhaps destruction; my native Country torn by pitiless enemies; the Country where I am [Reichs Army, Anspach, what not] menaced by perhaps similar misfortune. Would to Heaven I were alone loaded with all the miseries I have described to you! I would suffer them, and with firmness.

"Pardon these details. You invite me, by the part you take in what regards me, to open my heart to you. Alas, hope is well-nigh banished from it. Fortune, when she changes, is as constant in her persecutions as in her favors. History is full of those examples:— but I have found none equal to the one we now see; nor any War as inhuman and as cruel among civilized nations. You would sigh if you knew the sad situation of Germany and Preussen. The cruelties which the Russians commit in that latter Country make nature shudder. [Details, horrible but authentic, in *Helden-Geschichte*, already cited.] How happy you in your Hermitage; where you repose on your laurels, and can philosophize with a calm mind on the deliriums of men! I wish you all the happiness imaginable. If Fortune ever favor us again, count on all my gratitude. I will never forget the marks of attachment which you have given; my sensibility is your warrant; I am never half-and-half a friend, and I shall always be wholly so of Brother Voltaire.—WILHELMINA.

"Many compliments to Madame Denis. Continue, I pray you, to write to the King." [In *Voltaire*, ii. 197–199; lxxvii. 57.]

VOLTAIRE TO WILHELMINA (Day uncertain: THE DELICES, SEPTEMBER, 1757).—"Madam, my heart is touched more than ever by the goodness and the confidence your Royal Highness deigns to show me. How can I be but melted by emotion! I see that it is solely your nobleness of soul that renders you unhappy. I feel myself born to be attached with idolatry to superior and sympathetic minds, who think like you. "You know how much I have always, essentially and at heart, been attached to the King your Brother. The more my old age is tranquil, and come to renounce everything, and make my retreat here a home and country, the more am I devoted to that Philosopher-King. I write nothing to him but what I think from the bottom of my heart, nothing that I do not think most true; and if my Letter [dissuasive of seeking Death; wait, reader] appears to your Royal Highness to be suitable, I beg you to protect it with him, as you have done the foregoing." [In *Voltaire*, lxxvii. 37, 39.]

4. FRIEDRICH TO WILHELMINA, AND, BY ANTICIPATION, HER ANSWER (Third of the Prose Pieces).—"KIRSCHLEBEN, NEAR ERFURT, 17th SEPTEMBER, 1757.—My dearest Sister, I find no other consolation but in your precious Letters. May Heaven reward so much virtue and such heroic sentiments!

"Since I wrote last to you, my misfortunes have but gone on accumulating. It seems as though Destiny would discharge all its wrath and fury upon the poor Country which I had to rule over. The Swedes have entered Pommern. The French, after having concluded a Neutrality humiliating to the King of England and themselves [Kloster-Zeven, which we know], are in full march upon Halberstadt and Magdeburg. From Preussen I am in daily expectation of hearing of a battle having been fought: the proportion of combatants being 25,000 against 80,000 [was fought, Gross-Jagersdorf, 30th August, and lost accordingly]. The Austrians have marched into Silesia, whither the Prince of Bevern follows them. I have advanced this way to fall upon the corps of the allied Army; which has run off, and intrenched itself, behind Eisenach, amongst hills, whither to follow, still more to attack them, all rules of war forbid. The moment I retire towards Saxony, this whole swarm will be upon my heels. Happen what may, I am determined, at all risks, to fall upon whatever corps of the enemy approaches me nearest. I shall even bless Heaven for its mercy, if it grant me the favor to die sword in hand.

"Should this hope fail me, you will allow that it would be too hard to crawl at the feet of a company of traitors, to whom successful crimes have given the advantage to prescribe the law to me. How, my dear, my incomparable Sister, how could I repress feelings of vengeance and of resentment against all my neighbors, of whom there is not one who did not accelerate my downfall, and will not, share in our spoils? How can a Prince survive his State, the glory of his Country, his own reputation? A Bavarian Elector, in his nonage [Son of the late poor Kaiser, and left, shipwrecked in his seventeenth year], or rather in a sort of subjection to his Ministers, and dull to the biddings of honor, may give himself up as a slave to the imperious domination of the House of Austria, and kiss the hand which oppressed his Father: I pardon it to his youth and his ineptitude. But is that the example for me to follow? No, dear Sister, you think too nobly to give me such mean (LACHE) advice. Is Liberty, that precious prerogative, to be less dear to a Sovereign in the eighteenth century than it was to Roman Patricians of old? And where is it said, that Brutus and Cato should carry magnanimity farther than Princes and Kings?

Firmness consists in resisting misfortune: but only cowards submit to the yoke, bear patiently their chains, and support oppression tranquilly. Never, my dear Sister, could I resolve upon such ignominy. ...

"If I had followed only my own inclinations, I should have ended it (JE ME SERAIS DEPECHE) at once, after that unfortunate Battle which I lost. But I felt that this would be weakness, and that it behooved me to repair the evil which had happened. My attachment to the State awoke; I said to myself, It is not in seasons of prosperity that it is rare to find defenders, but in adversity. I made it a point of honor with myself to redress all that had got out of square; in which I was not unsuccessful; not even in the Lausitz [after those Zittau disasters] last of all. But no sooner had I hastened this way to face new enemies, than Winterfeld was beaten and killed near Gorlitz, than the French entered the heart, of my States, than the Swedes blockaded Stettin. Now there is nothing effective left for me to do: there are too many enemies. Were I even to succeed in beating two armies, the third would crush me. The enclosed Note [in cipher] will show you what I am still about to try: it is the last attempt.

"The gratitude, the tender affection, which I feel towards you, that friendship, true as the hills, constrains me to deal openly with you. No, my divine Sister, I shall conceal nothing from you that I intend to do; all my thoughts, all my resolutions shall be open and known to you in time. I will precipitate nothing: but also it will be impossible for me to change my sentiments. ...

"As for you, my incomparable Sister, I have not the heart to turn you from your resolves. We think alike, and I cannot condemn in you the sentiments which I daily entertain (EPROUVE). Life has been given to us as a benefit: when it ceases to be such"—! "I have nobody left in this world, to attach me to it, but you. My friends, the relations I loved most, are in the grave; in short, I have lost, everything. If you take the resolution which I have taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness; and it will be the turn of them who remain in this world, to provide for the concerns falling to their charge, and to bear the weight, which has lain on us so long. These, my adorable Sister, are sad reflections, but suitable to my present condition.

"The day before yesterday I was at Gotha [yes, see above;—and to—morrow, if I knew it, Seidlitz with pictorial effects will be there]. ...

"But, it is time to end this long, dreary Letter; which treats almost of nothing but my own affairs. I have had some leisure, and have used it to open on you a heart filled with admiration and gratitude towards you. Yes, my adorable Sister, if Providence troubled itself about human affairs, you ought to be the happiest person in the Universe. Your not being such, confirms me in the sentiments expressed at the end of my EPITRE. In conclusion, believe that I adore you, and that I would give my life a thousand times to serve you. These are the sentiments which will animate me to the last breath of my life; being, my beloved Sister, ever"— Your—F. [*Oeuvres*, xxvii. i, 303–307.]

WILHELMINA'S ANSWER,--by anticipation, as we said: written "15th September," while Friedrich was dining at Gotha, in quest of Soubise.

"BAIREUTH, 15th SEPTEMBER, 1757. My dearest Brother, your Letter and the one you wrote to Voltaire, my dear Brother, have almost killed me. What fatal resolutions, great God! Ah, my dear Brother, you say you love me; and you drive a dagger into my heart. Your EPITRE, which I did receive, made me shed rivers of tears. I am now ashamed of such weakness. My misfortune would be so great" in the issue there alluded to, "that I should find worthier resources than tears. Your lot shall be mine: I will not survive either your misfortunes or those of the House I belong to. You may calculate that such is my firm resolution.

"But, after this avowal, allow me to entreat you to look back at what was the pitiable state of your Enemy when you lay before Prag! It is the sudden whirl of Fortune for both parties. The like can occur again, when one is least expecting it, Caesar was the slave of Pirates; and he became the master of the world. A great genius like yours finds resources even when all is lost; and it is impossible this frenzy can continue. My heart bleeds to think of the poor souls in Preussen [Apraxin and his Christian Cossacks there,--who, it is noted, far excel the Calmuck worshippers of the Dalai-Lama]. What horrid barbarity, the detail of cruelties that go on there! I feel all that you feel on it, my dear Brother. I know your heart, and your sensibility for your subjects.

"I suffer a thousand times more than I can tell you; nevertheless hope does not abandon me. I received your Letter of the 14th by W. [who W. is, no mortal knows]. What kindness to think of me, who have nothing to give you but a useless affection, which is so richly repaid by yours! I am obliged to finish; but I shall never cease to be, with the most profound respect (TRES-PROFOND RESPECT," --that, and something still better, if my poor pen were not embarrassed), "your"— WILHELMINA.

5. FRIEDRICH'S RESPONSE TO THE DISSUASIVES OF VOLTAIRE (Last of the Lamentation–Psalms: "Buttstadt, October 9th").—Voltaire's Dissuasive Letter is a poor Piece; [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 80–85 (LES DELICES, early in September, 1757: no date given).] not worth giving here. Remarkable only by Friedrich's quiet reception of it; which readers shall now see, as Finis to those Lamentation–Psalms. There is another of them, widely known, which we will omit: the EPITRE TO D'ARGENS; [In *OEuvres de Frederic*, xii. 50–56 ("Erfurt, 23d September, 1757 ").] passionate enough, wandering wildly over human life, and sincere almost to shrillness, in parts; which Voltaire has also got hold of. Omissible here; the fixity of purpose being plain otherwise to Voltaire and us. Voltaire's counter–arguments are weak, or worse: "That Roman death is not now expected of the Philosopher; that your Majesty will, in the worst event, still have considerable Dominions left, all that your Great–Grandfather had; still plenty of resources; that, in Paris Society, an estimable minority even now thinks highly of you; that in Paris itself your Majesty [does not say expressly, as dethroned and going on your travels] would have resources!" To which beautiful considerations Friedrich answers, not with fire and brimstone, as one might have dreaded, but in this quiet manner (REPONSE AU SIEUR VOLTAIRE):—

"Je suis homme, il suffit, et ne pour la souffrance;

Aux rigueurs du destin j'oppose ma constance. ["I am a man, and therefore born to suffer; to destiny's rigors my steadfastness must correspond."—Quotation from I know not whom.]

But with these sentiments, I am far from condemning Cato and Otho. The latter had no fine moment in his life, except that of his death. [Breaks off into Verse:]

*"Croyez que si j'étais Voltaire,
Et particulier comme lui,
Me contentant du nécessaire,
Je verrais voltiger la fortune legere,"* —Or,

to wring the water and the jingle out of it, and give the substance in Prose:—

"Yes, if I were Voltaire and a private man, I could with much composure leave Fortune to her whirlings and her plungings; to me, contented with the needful, her mad caprices and sudden topsy–turvyings would be amusing rather than tremendous.

"I know the ennui attending on honors, the burdensome duties, the jargon of grinning flatterers, those pitiabilities of every kind, those details of littleness, with which you have to occupy yourself if set on high on the stage of things. Foolish glory has no charm for me, though a Poet and King: when once Atropos has ended me forever, what will the uncertain honor of living in the Temple of Memory avail? One moment of practical happiness is worth a thousand years of imaginary in such Temple.—Is the lot of high people so very sweet, then? Pleasure, gentle ease, true and hearty mirth, have always fled from the great and their peculiar pomps and labors.

"No, it is not fickle Fortune that has ever caused my sorrows; let her smile her blandest, let her frown her fiercest on me, I should sleep every night, refusing her the least worship. But our respective conditions are our law; we are bound and commanded to shape our temper to the employment we have undertaken. Voltaire in his hermitage, in a Country where is honesty and safety, can devote himself in peace to the life of the Philosopher, as Plato has described it. But as to me, threatened with shipwreck, I must consider how, looking the tempest in the face, I can think, can live and can die as a King:—

*Pour moi, menace du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi."* [*OEuvres*, xxiii. 14.]

This is of October 9th; this ends, worthily, the Lamentation–Psalms; work having now turned up, which is a favorable change. Friedrich's notion of suicide, we perceive, is by no means that of puking up one's existence, in the weak sick way of FELO DE SE; but, far different, that of dying, if he needs must, as seems too likely, in uttermost spasm of battle for self and rights to the last. From which latter notion nobody can turn him. A valiantly definite, lucid and shiningly practical soul,—with such a power of always expectorating himself into clearness again. If he do frankly wager his life in that manner, beware, ye Soubises, Karls and flaccid trivial persons, of the stroke that may chance to lie in him!—

III. RUMOR OF AN INROAD ON BERLIN SUDDENLY SETS FRIEDRICH ON MARCH THITHER: INROAD TAKES EFFECT,—WITH IMPORTANT RESULTS, CHIEFLY IN A LEFT–HAND FORM.

October 11th, express arrived, important express from General Finck (who is in Dresden, convalescent from

Kolin, and is even Commandant there, of anything there is to command), "That the considerable Austrian Brigade or Outpost, which was left at Stolpen when the others went for Silesia, is all on march for Berlin." Here is news! "The whole 15,000 of them," report adds;—though it proved to be only a Detachment, picked Tolpatches mostly, and of nothing like that strength; shot off, under a swift General Haddick, on this errand. Between them and Berlin is not a vestige of force; and Berlin itself has nothing but palisades, and perhaps a poor 4,000 of garrison. "March instantly, you Moritz, who lie nearest; cross Elbe at Torgau; I follow instantly!" orders Friedrich; [His Message to Moritz, ORLICH, p. 73; Rodenbeck, p. 322 (dubious, or wrong).]—and that same night is on march, or has cavalry pushed ahead for reinforcement of Moritz.

Friedrich, not doubting but there would be captancy and scheme among his Enemies, considered that the Swedes, and perhaps the Richelieu French, were in concert with this Austrian movement,— from east, from north, from west, three Invasions coming on the core of his Dominions;—and that here at last was work ahead, and plenty of it! That was Friedrich's opinion, and most other people's, when the Austrian inroad was first heard of: "mere triple ruin coming to this King," as the Gazetteers judged;—great alarm prevailing among the King's friends; in Berlin, very great. Friedrich, glad, at any rate, to have done with that dismal lingering at Buttelstadt, hastens to arrange himself for the new contingencies; to post his Keiths, his Ferdinands, with their handfuls of force, to best advantage; and push ahead after Moritz, by Leipzig, Torgau, Berlin—wards, with all his might. At Leipzig, in such press of business and interest,—judge by the following phenomenon, what a clear—going soul this is, and how completely on a level with whatever it may be that he is marching towards:—

"LEIPZIG, 15th OCTOBER, 1757 (Interview with Gottsched).—At 11 this morning, Majesty came marching into Leipzig; multitudes of things to settle there; things ready, things not yet ready, in view of the great events ahead. Seeing that he would have time after dinner, he at once sent for Professor Gottsched, a gigantic gentleman, Reigning King of German Literature for the time being, to come to him at 3 P.M. Reigning King at that time; since gone wholly to the Dustbins,—'Popular Delusion,' as old Samuel defines it, having since awakened to itself, with scornful hahas upon its poor Gottsched, and rushed into other roads worse and better; its poor Gottsched become a name now signifying Pedantry, Stupidity, learned Inanity and the Worship of Colored Water, to every German mind.

"At 3 precise, the portly old gentleman (towards sixty now, huge of stature, with a shrieky voice, and speaks uncommonly fast) bowed himself in; and a Colloquy ensued, on Literature and so forth, of the kind we may conceive. Colloquy which had great fame in the world; Gottsched himself having—such the inaccuracy of rumor and Dutch Newspapers, on the matter—published authentic Report of it; [Next Year, in a principal Leipzig Magazine, with name signed: given in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 728–739 (with multifarious commentaries and flourishings, denoting an attentive world). Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 286–290.] now one of the dullest bits of reading, and worth no man's bit of time. Colloquy which lasted three hours, with the greatest vivacity on both sides; King impugning, for one principal thing, the roughness of German speech; Gottsched, in swift torrents (far too copious in such company), ready to defend. 'Those consonants of ours,' said the King, 'they afflict one's ear: what Names we have; all in mere K's and P's: KNAP–, KNIP–, KLOP–, KROTZ–, KROK—; —your own Name, for example!'"—Yes, his own Name, unmusical GottSCHEDE, and signifying God's—Damage (God's—SKAITH) withal. "Husht, don't take a Holy Name in vain; call the man SCHEDE ('Damage' by itself), can't we!" said a wit once. [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 287.]—"Five consonants together, TTTSCH, TTTSCH, what a tone!" continued the King. 'Hear, in contrast, the music of this Stanza of Rousseau's [Repeats a stanza]. Who could express that in German with such melody?' And so on; branching through a great many provinces; King's knowledge of all Literature, new and ancient, 'perfectly astonishing to me;' and I myself, the swift-speaking Gottsched, rather copious than otherwise. Catastrophe, and summary of the whole, was: Gottsched undertook to translate the Rousseau Stanza into German of moderate softness; and by the aid of water did so, that very night; [Copied duly in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 726.] sent it next day, and had 'within an hour' a gracious Royal Answer in verse; calling one, incidentally, 'Saxon Swan, CYGNE SAXON,' though one is such a Goose! 'Majesty to march at 7 to—morrow morning,' said a Postscript,—no Interviewing more, at present.

"About ten days after [not to let this thing interrupt us again], Friedrich, on his return to Leipzig, had another Interview with Gottsched; of only one hour, this time;—but with many topics: Reading of some Gottsched Ode (ODE, very tedious, frothy, watery, of THANKS to Majesty for such goodness to the Saxon Swan; reading, too, of 'some of Madam Gottsched's Pieces'). Majesty confessed afterwards, Every hour from the very first had

lowered his opinion of the Saxon Swan, till at length Goosehood became too apparent. Friedrich sent him a gold snuffbox by and by, but had no farther dialoguing.

"A saying of Excellency Mitchell's to Gottsched—for Gottsched, on that second Leipzig opportunity, went swashing about among the King's Suite as well—is still remembered. They were talking of Shakspeare: 'Genial, if you will,' said Gottsched, 'but the Laws of Aristotle; Five Acts, unities strict!'—'Aristotle? What is to hinder a man from making his Tragedy in Ten acts, if it suit him better?' 'Impossible, your Excellency!'—'Pooh,' said his Excellency; 'suppose Aristotle, and general Fashion too, had ordered that the clothes of every man were to be cut from five ells of cloth: how would the Herr Professor like [with these huge limbs of his] if he found there were no breeches for him, on Aristotle's account?' Adieu to Gottsched; most voluminous of men;—who wrote a Grammar of the German Language, which, they say, did good. I remember always his poor Wife with some pathos; who was a fine, graceful, loyal creature, of ten times his intelligence; and did no end of writing and translating and compiling (Addison's CATO, Addison's SPECTATOR, thousands of things from all languages), on order of her Gottsched, till life itself sank in such enterprises; never doubting, tragically faithful soul, but her Gottsched was an authentic Seneschal of Phoebus and the Nine." [Her LETTERS, collected by a surviving Lady-Friend, "BRIEFE DER FRAU LUISE ADELGUNDE VIKTORIE GOTTSCHED, born KULMUS (Dresden, 1771–1772, 3 vols. 8vo)," are, I should suppose, the only Gottsched Piece which anybody would now think of reading.]—

Monday, 17th, at seven, his Majesty pushed off accordingly; cheery he in the prospect of work, whatever his friends in the distance be. Here, from Eilenburg, his first stage Torgau—way, are a Pair of Letters in notable contrast.

WILHELMINA TO THE KING (on rumor of Haddick, swoln into a Triple Invasion, Austrian, Swedish, French).

BAIREUTH, "15th October, 1757.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,--Death and a thousand torments could not equal the frightful state I am in. There run reports that make me shudder. Some say you are wounded; others, dangerously ill. In vain have I tormented myself to have news of you; I can get none. Oh, my dear Brother, come what may, I will not survive you. If I am to continue in this frightful uncertainty, I cannot stand it; I shall sink under it, and then I shall be happy. I have been on the point of sending you a courier; but [environed as we are] I durst not. In the name of God, bid somebody write me one word.

"I know not what I have written; my heart is torn in pieces; I feel that by dint of disquietude and alarms I am losing my wits. Oh, my dear, adorable Brother, have pity on me. Heaven grant I be mistaken, and that you may scold me; but the least thing that concerns you pierces me to the heart, and alarms my affection too much. Might I die a thousand times, provided you lived and were happy!

"I can say no more. Grief chokes me; and I can only repeat that your fate shall be mine; being, my dear Brother, your

"WILHELMINA."

What a shrill penetrating tone, like the wildly weeping voice of Rachel; tragical, painful, gone quite to falsetto and above pitch; but with a melody in its dissonance like the singing of the stars. My poor shrill Wilhelmina!—

KING TO WILHELMINA (has not yet received the Above).

EILENBURG, 17th October, 1757.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,--What is the good of philosophy unless one employ it in the disagreeable moments of life? It is then, my dear Sister, that courage and firmness avail us.

"I am now in motion; and having once got into that, you may calculate I shall not think of sitting down again, except under improved omens. If outrage irritates even cowards, what will it do to hearts that have courage?

"I foresee I shall not be able to write again for perhaps six weeks: which fails not to be a sorrow to me: but I entreat you to be calm during these turbulent affairs, and to wait with patience the month of December; paying no regard to the Nurnberg Newspapers nor to those of the Reich, which are totally Austrian.

"I am tired as a dog (COMME UN CHIEN). I embrace you with my whole heart; being with the most perfect affection (TENDRESSE), my dearest Sister, your"— FRIEDRICH.

... (AT SOME OTHER HOUR, SAME PLACE AND DAY.) "'No possibility of Peace,' say your accounts [Letter lost]; 'the French won't hear my name mentioned.' Well; from me they shall not farther. The way will be, to speak to them by action, so that they may repent their impertinences and pride." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i.

308, 309, 310.]'

The Haddick affair, after all the rumor about it, proved to be a very small matter. No Swede or Richelieu had dreamt of co-operating; Haddick, in the end, was scarce 4,000 with four cannon; General Rochow, Commandant of Berlin, with his small garrison, had not Haddick skilfully slidden through woods, and been so magnified by rumor, might have marched out, and beaten a couple of Haddicks. As it was, Haddick skilfully emerging, at the Silesian Gate of Berlin, 16th October, about eleven in the morning, demanded ransom of 300,000 thalers (45,000 pounds); was refused; began shooting on the poor palisades, on the poor drawbridge there; "at the third shot brought down the drawbridge;" rushed into the suburb; and was not to be pushed out again by the weak party Rochow sent to try it. Rochow, ignorant of Haddick's force, marched off thereupon for Spandau with the Royal Family and effects; leaving Haddick master of the suburb, and Berlin to make its own bargain with him. Haddick, his Croats not to be quite kept from mischief, remained master of the suburb, minatory upon Berlin, for twelve hours or more: and after a good deal of bargaining,—ransom of 45,000 pounds, of 90,000 pounds, finally of 27,000 pounds and "two dozen pair of gloves to the Empress Queen,"—made off about five in the morning; wind of Moritz's advance adding wings to the speed of Haddick. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 715–723 (Haddick's own Account, and the Berlin one).]

Moritz did arrive next evening (18th); but with his tired troops there was no catching of Haddick, now three marches ahead. Royal Family and effects returned from Spandau the day following; but in a day or two more, removed to Magdeburg till the Capital were safe from such affronts. Much grumbling against Rochow. "What could I do? How could I know?" answered Rochow, whose eyesight indeed had been none of the best. Berlin smarts to the length of 27,000 pounds and an alarm; but asserts (not quite mythically, thinks Retzow), that "the two dozen pair of gloves were all gloves for the left hand,"—Berlin having wit, and a touch of ABSINTHE in it, capable of such things! Friedrich heard the news at Annaburg, a march beyond Torgau; and there paused, again uncertain, for about a week coming; after which, he discovered that Leipzig would be the place; and returned thither, appointing a general rendezvous and concentration there.

SCENE AT REGENSBURG IN THE INTERIM.

Just while Haddick was sliding swiftly through the woods, Berlin now nigh, there occurred a thing at Regensburg; tragic thing, but ending in farce,—Finale of REICHS-ACHT, in short;—about which all Regensburg was loud, wailing or haha-ing according to humor; while Berlin was paying its ransom and left-hand gloves. One moment's pause upon this, though our haste is great.

"Reichs Diet had got its Ban of the Reich ready for Friedrich; CITATIO (solemn Summons) and all else complete; nothing now wanted but to serve Citatio on him, or 'insinuate' it into him, as their phrase is;—which latter essential point occasions some shaking of wigs. Dangerous, serving Citatio in that quarter: and by what art try to smuggle it into the hands of such a one? 'Insinuate it here into his, Plotho's, hand; that is the method, and that will suffice!' say the wigs, and choose an unfortunate Reichs Notary, Dr. Aprill, to do it; who, in ponderous Chancery-style, gives the following affecting report,—wonderful, but intelligible (when abridged):—

"Citatio" to come and receive your Ban,—a very solemn-sounding Document, commencing (or perhaps it is Aprill himself that so commences, no matter which), "In the Name of the Most High God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen,"—was given, Wednesday, 12th October, in the Year after Christ our dear Lord and Saviour's Birth, 1757 Years, To me Georgius Mathias Josephus Aprill, sworn Kaiserlich Notarius Publicus; In my Lodging, first-floor fronting south, in Jacob Virnrohr the Innkeeper's House here at Regensburg, called the Red-Star," for insinuation into Plotho:

With which solemn Piece, Aprill proceeded next day, Thursday, half-past 2 P.M., to Plotho's dwelling-place, described with equal irrefragability; and, continues Aprill, "did there, by a servant of the Herr Ambassador von Plotho's, announce myself; adding that I had something to say to his Excellency, if he would please to admit me. To which the Herr Ambassador by the same servant sent answer, that he was ill with a cold, and that I might speak to his Secretarius what I had to say. But, as I replied that my message was to his Excellenz in person, the same servant came back with intimation that I might call again to-morrow at noon."

To-morrow, at the stroke of noon, Friday, 14th October, Aprill punctually appears again, with recapitulation of the pledge given him yesterday; and is informed that he can walk up-stairs. "I proceeded thereupon, the servant going before, up one pair of stairs, or with the appurtenances (GEZEUGEN) rather more than one pair, into the Herr Ambassador Freiherr von Plotho's Anteroom; who, just as we were entering, stepped in himself, through a

side— door; in his dressing—gown, and with the words, 'Speak now what you have to say.'

"I thereupon slipt into his hand CITATIO FISCALIS, and said"—said at first nothing, Plotho avers; merely mumbled, looked like some poor caitiff, come with Law—papers on a trifling Suit we happen to have in the Courts here;—and only by degrees said (let us abridge; SCENE, Aprill and Plotho, Anteroom in Regensburg, first—floor and rather higher):—

APTILL. "I have to give your Excellenz this Writing,—[which privately, could your Excellenz guess it, is] CITATIO FISCALIS from the Reichstag, summoning his Majesty to show cause why Ban of the Reich should not pass upon him!' His Excellenz at first took the CITATIO and adjuncts from me; and looking into them to see what they were, his Excellenz's face began to color, and soon after to color a little more; and on his looking attentively at CITATIO FISCALIS, he broke into violent anger and rage, so that he could not stand still any longer; but with burning face, and both arms held aloft, rushed close to me, CITATIO and adjuncts in his right hand, and broke out in this form:—

PLOTHO. "'What; insinuate (INSINUIEREN), you scoundrel!'

APRILL. "'It is my Notarial Office; I must do it.' In spite of which the Freiherr von Plotho fell on me with all rage; grasped me by the front of the cloak, and said:—

PLOTHO. "'Take it back, wilt thou!' And as I resisted doing so, he stuck it in upon me, and shoved it down with all violence between my coat and waistcoat; and, still holding me by the cloak, called to the two servants who had been there, 'Fling him down stairs!'— which they, being discreet fellows, and in no flurry, did not quite, nor needed quite to do ('Must, sir, you see, unless!'), and so forced me out of the house; Excellenz Plotho retiring through his Anteroom, and his Body—servant, who at first had been on the stairs, likewise disappearing as I got under way,"—and have to report, in such manner, to the Universe and Reichs Diet, with tears in my eyes. [Preuss, ii. 397–401; in *Helden—Geschichte*, iv. 745–749, Plotho's Account.]

What became of Reichs Ban after this, ask not. It fell dead by Friedrich's victories now at hand; rose again into life on Friedrich's misfortunes (August, 1758), threatening to include George Second in it; upon which the CORPUS EVANGELICORUM made some counter—mumblement;—and, I have heard, the French privately advised: "Better drop it; these two Kings are capable of walking out of you, and dangerously kicking the table over as they go!"— Whereby it again fell dead, positively for the last time, and, in short, is worth no mention or remembrance more.

CORPUS EVANGELICORUM had always been against Reichs Ban: a few Dissentients, or Half—Dissentients excepted,—as Mecklenburg wholly and with a will; foolish Anspach wholly; and the Anhalts haggling some dissent, and retracting it (why, I never knew);—for which Mecklenburg and the Anhalts, lying within clutch of one, had to repent bitterly in the years coming! Enough of all that.

The Haddick invasion,,which had got its gloves, left—hand or not, and part of its road—expenses, brought another consequence much more important on the PER—CONTRA side. The triumphing, TE—DEUM—ing and jubilation over it,——"His Metropolis captured; Royal Family in flight!"—raised the Dauphiness Army, and especially Versailles, into such enthusiasm, that Dauphiness came bodily out (on order from Versailles); spread over the Country, plundering and insulting beyond example; got herself reinforced by a 15,000 from the Richelieu Army; crossed the Saale; determined on taking Leipzig, beating Friedrich, and I know not what. Keith, in Leipzig with a small Party, had summons from Soubise's vanguard (October 24th): Keith answered, He would burn the suburbs;—upon which, said vanguard, hearing of Friedrich's advent withal, took itself rapidly away. And Soubise and it would fain have recrossed Saale, I have understood, had not Versailles been peremptory.

In a word, Friedrich arrived at Leipzig October 26th; Ferdinand, Moritz and all the others coming or already come: and there is something great just at hand. Friedrich's stay in Leipzig was only four days. Cheering prospect of work now ahead here;—add to this, assurance from Preussen that Apraxin is fairly going home, and Lehwald coming to look after the Swedes. Were it not that there is bad news from Silesia, things generally are beginning to look up. Of the hour spent on Gottsched, in these four days, we expressly take no notice farther; but there was another visit much less conspicuous, and infinitely more important: that of a certain Hanoverian Graf von Schulenburg, not in red or with plumes, like a Major—General as he was, but "in the black suit of a Country Parson,"—coming, in that unnoticeable guise, to inform Friedrich officially, "That the Hanoverians and Majesty of England have resolved to renounce the Convention of Kloster—Zeven; to bring their poor Stade Army into the field again; and do now request him, King Friedrich, to grant them Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to be General of

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the same." [Mauvillon, i. 256; Westphalen, i. 315: indistinct both, and with slight variations. Mitchell Papers (in British Museum), likewise indistinct: Additional MSS. 6815, pp. 96 and 108 ("Lord Holderness to Mitchell," doubtless on Pitt's instigation, "10th October, 1757," is the beginning of it,—two days before Royal Highness got home from Stade); see ib. 6806, pp. 241–252.]

Here is an unnoticeable message, of very high moment indeed. To which Friedrich, already prepared, gives his cheerful consent; nominations and practicalities to follow, the instant these present hurries are over. Who it was that had prepared all this, whose suggestion it first was, Friedrich's, Mitchell's, George's, Pitt's, I do not know,—I cannot help suspecting Pitt; Pitt and Friedrich together. And certainly of all living men, Ferdinand—related to the English and Prussian royalties, a soldier of approved excellence, and likewise a noble-minded, prudent, patient and invincibly valiant and steadfast man—was, beyond comparison, the fittest for this office. Pitt is now fairly in power; and perceives,—such Pitt's originality of view,—that an Army with a Captain to it may differ beautifully from one without. And in fact we may take this as the first twitch at the reins, on Pitt's part; whose delicate strong hand, all England running to it with one heart, will be felt at the ends of the earth before many months go. To the great and unexpected joy of Friedrich, for one. "England has taken long to produce a great man," he said to Mitchell; "but here is one at last!"

BOOK XVIII (CONTINUED)

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757–1759.

Chapter VIII. BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

Friedrich left Leipzig Sunday, October 30th; encamped, that night, on the famous Field of Lutzen, with the vanguard, he (as usual, and Mayer with him, who did some brisk smiting home of what French there were); Keith and Duke Ferdinand following, with main body and rear.

Movements on the Soubise–Hildburghausen part are all retrograde again;—can Dauphiness Bellona do nothing, then, except shuttle forwards and then backwards according to Friedrich's absence or presence? The Soubise–Hildburghausen Army does immediately withdraw on this occasion, as on the former; and makes for the safe side of the Saale again, rapidly retreating before Friedrich, who is not above one to two of them,—more like one to three, now that Broglio's Detachment is come to hand. Broglio got to Merseburg October 26th,—guess 15,000 strong;—considerably out of repair, and glad to have done with such a march, and be within reach of Soubise. This is the Second Son of our old Blustering Friend; a man who came to some mark, and to a great deal of trouble, in this War; and ended, readers know how, at the Siege of the Bastille thirty–two years afterwards!

So soon as rested, Broglio, by order, moves leftwards to Halle, to guard Saale Bridge there; Soubise himself edging after him to Merseburg, on a similar errand; and leaving Hildburghausen to take charge of Weissenfels and the Third Saale Bridge. That is Dauphiness's posture while Friedrich encamps at Lutzen:—let impatient human nature fix these three places for itself, and hasten to the catastrophe of wretched Dauphiness. Soubise, it ought to be remembered, is not in the highest spirits; but his Officers in over–high, "Doing this PETIT MARQUIS DE BRANDEBOURG the honor to have a kind of War with him (DE LUI FAIRE UNE ESPECE DE GUERRE)," as they term it. Being puffed up with general vanity, and the newspaper rumor about Haddick's feat,—which, like the gloves it got, is going all to left–hand in this way. Hildburghausen and the others overrule Soubise; and indeed there is no remedy; "Provision almost out;—how retreat to our magazines and our fastnesses, with Friedrich once across Saale, and sticking to the skirts of us?" Here, from eye–witnesses where possible, are the successive steps of Dauphiness towards her doom, which is famous in the world ever since.

"Monday, 31st October, 1757," as the Town–Syndic of Weissenfels records, "about eight in the morning, [Muller, *SCHLACHT BEI ROSSBACH* ("a Centenary Piece," Berlin, 1857,—containing several curious Extracts), p. 44, *Helden–Geschichte*, iv. 643, 651–668.] the King of Prussia, with his whole Army" (or what seemed to us the whole, though it was but a half; Keith with the other half being within reach to northward, marching Merseburg way), "came before this Town." Has been here before; as Keith has, as Soubise and others have: a town much agitated lately by transit of troops. It was from the eastern, or high landward side, where the so–called Castle is, that Friedrich came: Castle built originally on some "White Crag (WEISSE FELS" not now conspicuous), from which the town and whilom Duchy take their name.

"We have often heard of Weissenfels, while the poor old drunken Duke lived, who used to be a Suitor of Wilhelmina's, liable to hard usage; and have marched through it, with the Salzburgers, in peaceable times. A solid pleasant–enough little place (6,000 souls or so); lies leant against high ground (White Crag, or whatever it once was) on the eastern or right bank of the Saale; a Town in part flat, in part very steep; the streets of it, or main street and secondaries, running off level enough from the River and Bridge; rising by slow degrees, but at last rapidly against the high ground or cliffs, just mentioned; a stiff acclivity of streets, till crowned by the so–called Castle, the 'Augustus Burg' in those days, the 'Friedrich–Wilhelm Barrack' in ours. It was on this crown of the cliffs that his Prussian Majesty appeared.

"Saale is of good breadth here; has done perhaps two hundred miles, since he started, in the Fichtelgebirge (PINE MOUNTAINS), on his long course Elbe–ward; received, only ten miles ago, his last big branch, the wide–wandering Unstrut, coming in with much drainage from the northern parts:—in breadth, Saale may be compared to Thames, to Tay or Beaulley; his depth not fordable, though nothing like so deep as Thames's; main cargo visible is rafts of timber: banks green, definite, scant of wood; river of rather dark complexion, mainly noiseless, but of useful pleasant qualities otherwise."

From this Castle or landward side come Friedrich and his Prussians, on Monday morning about eight. "The garrison, some 4,000 Reichs folk and a French Battalion or two, shut the Gates, and assembled in the Market–place,"—a big square, close at the foot of the Heights; "on the other hand, from the top of the Heights

[KLAMMERK the particular spot], the Prussians cannonaded Town and Gates; to speedy bursting open of the same; and rushed in over the walls of the Castle—court, and by other openings into the Town: so that the garrison above said had to quit, and roll with all speed across the Saale Bridge, and set the same on fire behind them." This was their remedy for all the Three Bridges, when attacked; but it succeeded nowhere so well as here.

"The fire was of extreme rapidity; prepared beforehand:" Bridge all of dry wood coated with pitch;—"fire reinforced too, in view of such event, by all the suet, lard and oleaginous matter the Garrison could find in Weissenfels; some hundredweights of tallow—dips, for one item, going up on this occasion." Bridge, "worth 100,000 thalers," is instantly ablaze: some 400 finding the bridge so flamy, and the Prussians at their skirts, were obliged to surrender;—Feldmarschall Hildburghausen, sleeping about two miles off, gets himself awakened in this unpleasant manner. Flying garrison halt on the other side of the River, where the rest of their Army is; plant cannon there against quenching of the Bridge; and so keep firing, answered by the Prussians, with much noise and no great mischief, till 3 P.M., when the Bridge is quite gone (Toll—keeper's Lodge and all), and the enterprise of crossing there had plainly become impossible.

Friedrich quickly, about a mile farther down the River, has picked out another crossing—place, in the interim, and founded some new adequate plank or raft bridge there; which, by diligence all night, will be crossable to—morrow. So that, except for amusing the enemy, the cannonading may cease at Weissenfels. A certain Duc de Crillon, in command at this Weissenfels Bridge—burning and cannonade, has a chivalrous Anecdote (amounting nearly to zero when well examined) about saving or sparing Friedrich's life on this interesting occasion: How, being now on the safe side of the River, he Crillon with his staff taking some refecton of breakfast after the furious flurry there had been; there came to him one of his Artillery Captains, stationed in an Island in the River, asking, "Shall I shoot the King of Prussia, Monseigneur? He is down reconnoitring his end of the Bridge: sha'n't I, then?" To whom Crillon gives a glass of wine and smilingly magnanimous answer to a negative effect. [*Memoires militaires de Louis Duc de Crillon* (Paris, 1791), p. 166;—as cited by Preuss, ii. 88.] Concerning which, one has to remark, Not only, FIRST, that the Artillery Captain's power of seeing Friedrich (which is itself uncertain) would indeed mean the power of aiming at him, but differs immensely from that of hitting him with shot; so that this "Shall I kill the King?" was mainly thrasonic wind from Captain Bertin. But SECONDLY, that there is no "Island" in the River thereabouts, for Captain Bertin to fire from! So that probably the whole story is wind or little more: dreamlike, or at best some idle thrasonic—theoretic question, on the part of Bertin; proper answer thereto (consisting mainly in a glass of wine) from Monseigneur:— all which, on retrospection, Monseigneur feels, or would fain feel, to have been not theoretic—thrasonic but practical, and of a rather godlike nature. Zero mainly, as we said; Friedrich thanks you for zero, Monseigneur.

"The Prussians were billeted in the Town that night," says our Syndic; "and in many a house there came to be twenty men, and even thirty and above it, lodged. All was quiet through the night; the French and the Reichs folk were drawn back upon the higher grounds, about Burgwerben and on to Tagwerben; and we saw their watch—fires burning." Friedrich's Bridge meanwhile, unmolested by the enemy, is getting ready.

Keith, looking across to Merseburg on the morrow morning (Tuesday, Nov. 1st), whither he had marched direct with the other Half of the Army, finds Merseburg Bridge destroyed, or broken; and Soubise with batteries on the farther side, intending to dispute the passage. Keith despatches Duke Ferdinand to Halle, another twelve miles down, who finds Halle Bridge destroyed in like manner, and Broglio intending to dispute; which, however, on second thoughts, neither of them I did. Friedrich's new Bridge at Herren—Muhle (LORDSHIPS' MILL) is of course an important point to them; Friedrich's passage now past dispute! "Let us fall back," say they, "and rank ourselves a little; we are 50 or 60,000 strong; ill off for provisions; but well able to retreat; and have permission to fight on this side of the River."

The combined Army, "Dauphiness," or whatever we are to call it, does on Wednesday morning (November 2d) gather in its cannon and outskirts, and give up the Saale question; retire landwards to the higher grounds some miles; and diligently get itself united, and into order of battle better or worse, near the Village of Mucheln (which means Kirk MICHAEL, and is still written "SANCT MICHEL" by some on this occasion). There Dauphiness takes post, leaning on the heights, not in a very scientific way; leaving Keith and Ferdinand to rebuild their Bridges unmolested, and all Prussians to come across at discretion. Which they have diligently done (2d—3d November), by their respective Bridges; and on Thursday afternoon are all across, encamped at Bedra, in close neighborhood to Mucheln; which Friedrich has been out reconnoitring and finds that he can attack next morning

very early.

Next morning, accordingly, "by 2 o'clock, with a bright moon shining," Friedrich is on horseback, his Army following. But on examining by moonlight, the enemy have shifted their position; turned on their axis, more or less, into new wood-patches, new batteries and bogs; which has greatly mended their affair. No good attacking them so, thinks Friedrich; and returns to his Camp; slightly cannonaded, one wing of him, from some battery of the enemy; and immoderately crowded over by them: "Dare not, you see! Tried, and was defeated!" cry their newspapers and they,—for one day. Friedrich lodges again in Bedra this night, others say in Rossbach; shifts his own Camp a little; left wing of it now at Rossbach (HOME-BROOK, or BECK, soon to be a world-famous Hamlet): the effects of hunger on the Dauphiness, so far from her supplies, will, he calculates, be stronger than on him, and will bring her to better terms shortly. Dauphiness needs bread; one may have fine clipping at the skirts of her, if she try retreat. That Dauphiness would play the prank she did next morning, Friedrich had not ventured to calculate.

CATASTROPHE OF DAUPHINESS (Saturday, 5th November, 1757).

Meandering Saale is on one of his big turns, as he passes Weissenfels; turning, pretty rapidly here, from southeastward, which he was a dozen miles ago, round to northeastward again or northward altogether, which he gets to be at Merseburg, a dozen farther down. Right across from Weissenfels, lapped in this crook of the Saale, or washed by it on south side and on east, rises, with extreme laziness, a dull circular lump of country, six or eight miles in diameter; with Rossbach and half a dozen other scraggy sleepy Hamlets scattered on it;—which, till the morning of Saturday, 5th November, 1757, had not been notable to any visitor. The topmost point or points, for there are two (not discoverable except by tradition and guess), the country people do call Hills, JANUS-HUGEL, POLZEN-HUGEL—Hill sensible to wagon-horses in those bad loose tracks of sandy mud, but unimpressive on the Tourist, who has to admit that there seldom was so flat a Hill. Rising, let us guess, forty yards in the three or four miles it has had. Might be called a perceptibly pot-bellied plain, with more propriety; flat country, slightly puffed up;—in shape not steeper than the mould of an immense tea-saucer would be. Tea-saucer 6 miles in diameter, 100 feet in depth, and of irregular contour, which indeed will sufficiently represent it to the reader's mind.

Saale, at four or five miles distance, bounds this scraggy lump on the east and on the south. Westward and northward, springing about Mucheln on each hand, and setting off to right and to left Saale-ward, are what we take to be two brooks; at least are two hollows: and behind these, the country rises higher; undulating still on lazy terms, but now painted azure by the distance, not unpleasant to behold, with its litter all lapped out of sight, and its poor brooks tinkling forward (as we judge) into the Saale, Merseburg way, or reverse-wise into the Unstrut, the last big branch of Saale. Southward from our Janus Height, eight or nine miles off, may be seen some vestige of Freiburg; steeple or gilt weathercock faintly visible, on the Unstrut yonder;—which I take to be Soubise's bread-basket at present. And farther off, and opposite the MOUTH of the Unstrut, well across the Saale, lies another namable Town (visible in clear weather, as a smoke-cloud at certain hours, about meal-time, when the kettles are on boil), the Town of Naumburg,—one of several German Naumburgs,—the Naumburg of Gustaf Adolf; where his slain body lay, on the night of Lutzen Battle, with his poor Queen and others weeping over it. Naumburg is on the other side of Saale, not of importance to Soubise in such posture.

This is the circular block or lump of country, on the north or northwest side of which Friedrich now lies, and which will become, he little thinks how memorable on the morrow. Over the heights, immediately eastward of Friedrich, there is a kind of hollow, or scooped-out place; shallow valley of some extent, which deserves notice against to-morrow: but in general the ground is lazily spherical, and without noticeable hollows or valleys when fairly away from the River. A dull blunt lump of country; made of sand and mud,—may have been grassy once, with broom on it, in the pastoral times; is now under poor plough-husbandry, arable or scratchable in all parts, and looks rather miserable in winter-time. No vestige of hedge on it, of shrub or bush; one tree, ugly but big, which may have been alive in Friedrich's time, stands not far from Rossbach Hamlet; one, and no more, discoverable in these areas.

Various Hamlets lie sprinkled about: very sleepy, rusty, irregular little places; huts and cattle-stalls huddled down, as if shaken from a bag; much straw, thick thatch and crumbly mud-brick; but looking warm and peaceable, for the Four-footed and the Two-footed; which latter, if you speak to them, are solid reasonable

people, with energetic German eyes and hearts, though so ill-lodged. These Hamlets, needing shelter and spring-water, stand generally in some slight hollow, if well up the Height, as Rorschach is; sometimes, if near the bottom, they are nestled in a sudden dell or gash,—work of the primeval rains, accumulating from above, and ploughing out their way. The rains, we can see, have been busy; but there is seldom the least stream visible, bottom being too sandy and porous. On the western slope, there is in our time a kind of coal, or coal-dust, dug up; in the way of quarrying, not of mining; and one or two big chasms of this sort are confusedly busy: the natives mix this valuable coal-dust with water, mould it into bricks, and so use as fuel: one of the features of these hamlets is the strange black bricks, standing on edge about the cottage-doors, to drip, and dry in the sun. For this or for other reasons, the westward slope appears to be the best; and has a major share of hamlets on it: Rossbach is high up, and looks over upon Mucheln, and its dim belfry and appurtenances, which lie safe across the hollow, perhaps two miles off,—safe from Friedrich, if there were eatables and lodging to be had in such a place. Friedrich's left wing is in Rossbach. Bedra where Friedrich's right wing is; Branderode where the Soubise right is; then Grost; Schevenroda, Zeuchfeld, Pettstadt, Lunstadt,—especially Reichartswerben, where Soubise's right will come to be: these the reader may take note of in his Map. Several of them lie in ashes just then; plundered, replundered, and at last set fire to; so busy have Soubise's hungry people been, of late, in the Country they came to "deliver." The Freiburg road, the Naumburg road, both towards Merseburg, cross this Height; straight like the string, Saale by Weissenfels being the bow.

The HERRENHAUS (Squire's Mansion) still stands in Rossbach, with the littery Hamlet at its flank: a high, pavilion-roofed, and though dilapidated, pretentious kind of House; some kind of court round it, some kind of hedge or screen of brushwood and brick-wall: terribly in need of the besom, it and its environment throughout. King, I suppose, did lodge there overnight: certain it is the Squire was absent; and the Squire's Man, three days afterwards, reported to him as follows: ... "Saturday, the 5th, about 8 A.M., his Majesty mounted to the roof of the Herrenhaus here, some tiles having been removed [for that end, or by accident, is not said], and saw how the French and Reichs Army were getting in movement"—wriggling out of their Camp leftwards, evidently aiming towards Grost. "In about an hour, near half their Army was through Grost, and had turned southward, rather southeastward, from Grost, out in the Rossbach and Almsdorf region, and proceeding still towards Pettstadt,"—towards Schevenroda more precisely, not towards Pettstadt yet. "His Majesty looked always through the perspective: and to me was the grace done to be ever at his side, and to name for him the roads the French and Reichs Army was marching." [Muller, p. 50; Rodenbeck, p. 326.]

The King had heard of this phenomenon hours before, and had sent out Hussars and scouts upon it; but now sees it with his eyes:—"Going for Freiburg, and their bread-cupboard," thinks the King; who does not as yet make much of the movement; but will watch it well, and calculates to have a stroke at the rear end of it, in due season. With which view, the cavalry, Seidlitz and Mayer, are ordered to saddle; foot regiments, and all else, to be in readiness. This French-Reichs Dauphiness is not rapid in her field-exercise; and has a great deal of wriggling and unwinding before she can fairly pick herself out, and get forward towards Schevenroda on the Freiburg road. In three or in two parallel columns, artillery between them, horse ahead, horse rear; haggling along there;—making for their bread-baskets, thinks the King. A body of French, horse chiefly, under St. Germain, come out, in the Schortau-Almsdorf part, with some salvoing and prancing, as if intending to attack about Rossbach, where our left wing is: but his Majesty sees it to be a pretence merely; and St. Germain, motionless, and doing nothing but cannonade a little, seems to agree that it is so. Dauphiness continues her slow movements; King, in this Squire's Mansion of Rossbach, sits down to dinner, dinner with Officers at the usual hour of noon,—little dreaming what the Dauphiness has in her head.

Truth is, the Dauphiness is in exultant spirits, this morning; intending great things against a certain "little Marquis of Brandenburg," to whom one does so much honor. Generals looking down yesterday on the King of Prussia's Camp, able to count every man in it (and half the men being invisible, owing to bends of the ground), counted him to 10,000 or so; and had said, "Pshaw, are not we above 50,000; let us end it! Take him on his left. Round yonder, till we get upon his left, and even upon his rear withal, St. Germain co-operating on the other side of him: on left, on rear, on front, at the same moment, is not that a sure game?" A very ticklish game, answers surly sagacious Lloyd: "No general will permit himself to be taken in flank with his eyes open; and the King of Prussia is the unlikeliest you could try it with!"

Trying it meanwhile they are; marching along by the low grounds here, intending to sweep gradually

leftwards towards Janus–Hill quarter; there to sweep home upon him, coil him up, left and rear and front, in their boa–constrictor folds, and end his trifle of an Army and him. "Why not, if we do our duty at all, annihilate his trifle of an Army; take himself prisoner, and so end it?" Report says, Soubise had really, in some moment of enthusiasm lately, warned the Versailles populations to expect such a thing; and that the Duchess of Orleans, forgetful of poor King Louis's presence, had in HER enthusiasm, exclaimed: "TANT MIEUX, I shall at last see a King, then!" But perhaps it is a mere French epigram, such as the winds often generate there, and put down for fact.— Friedrich's retreat to Weissenfels is cut off for Friedrich: an Austrian party has been at the Herren–Muhle Bridge this morning, has torn it up and pitched it into the river; planks far on to Merseburg by this time. And, in fact, unless Friedrich be nimble— But that he usually is.

Friedrich's dinner had gone on with deliberation for about two hours, Friedrich's intentions not yet known to any, but everybody, great and small, waiting eagerly for them, like greyhounds on the slip,—when Adjutant Gaudi, who had been on the House–top the while, rushes into the Dining–room faster than he ought, and, with some tremor in his voice and eyes, reports hastily: "At Schevenroda, at Pettstadt yonder! Enemy has turned to left. Clearly for the left."—"Well, and if he do? No flurry needed, Captain!" answered Friedrich,—(NOT in these precise words; but rebuking Gaudi, with a look not of laughter wholly, and with a certain question, as to the state of Gaudi's stomachic part, which is still known in traditional circles, but is not mentionable here);—and went, with due gravity, himself to the roof, with his Officers. "To the left, sure enough; meaning to attack us there:" the thing Friedrich had despaired of is voluntarily coming, then;— and it is a thing of stern qualities withal; a wager of life, with glorious possibilities behind.

Friedrich earnestly surveys the phenomenon for some minutes; in some minutes, Friedrich sees his way through it, at least into it, and how he will do it. Off, eastward; march! Swift are his orders; almost still swifter the fulfillment of them. Prussian Army is a nimble article in comparison with Dauphiness! In half an hour's time, all is packed and to the road; and, except Mayer and certain Free–Corps or Light–Horse, to amuse St. Germain and his Almsdorf people, there is not a Prussian visible in these localities to French eyes. "At half–past two," says the Squire's Man,—or let us take him a sentence earlier, to lose nothing of such a Document: "At noon his Majesty took dinner; sat till about two o'clock; then again went to the roof; and perceived that the Enemy's Army at Pettstadt were turning about the little Wood there northeastward, as if for Lunstadt [into the Lunstadt road];—such cannonading too," from those Almsdorf people, "that the balls flew over our heads,"—or I tremulously thought so. "At half–past two, the word was given, March! And good speed they made about it, in this Herrenhaus, and out of doors too, striking their tents, and cording up and trimly shouldering everything with incredible brevity," as if machinery were doing it; "and at three, on the Prussian part, all was packed and out into the court for being carried off; and, in fact, the Prussian Army was on march at three." Seidlitz, with all his Horse, vanishing round the corner of the Height; speeding along, invisible on his northern slope there, straight for the Janus–Polzen Hill part; the Infantry following, double–quick;—well knowing, each, what he has got to do.

But at this interesting point, the Editors—small thanks to them, authentic but thrice–stupid mortals—cut short our Eye–witness, not so much as telling us his name, some of them not even his date or whereabouts; and so the curtain tumbles down (as if its string had been cut, or suddenly eaten by unwise animals), and we are left to gray hubbub, and our own resources at second–hand. Except only that a French Officer—one of those cannonading from Almsdorf, no doubt —declares that "it was like a change of scene in the Opera (DECORATION D'OPERA)," [Letter in MULLER: p. 60. In WESTPHALEN (ii. 128–133) is a much superior French Letter, intercepted somewhere, and fallen to Duke Ferdinand; well worth reading, on Rossbach and the previous Affairs.] so very rapid; and that "they all rolled off eastward at quick time." At extremely quick time; —and soon, in the slight hollow behind Janus Hugel, vanished from sight of these Almsdorf French, and of the Soubise–Hildburghausen Army in general. Which latter is agreeably surprised at the phenomenon; and draws a highly flattering conclusion from it. "Gone, then; off at double–quick for Merseburg; aha!" think the Soubise–Hildburghausen people: "Double–quick you too, my pretty men, lest they do whisk away, and we never get a stroke at them,!"—

Seidlitz meanwhile, with his cavalry (thirty–eight squadrons, about 4,000 horse), is rapidly doing the order he has had. Seidlitz at a sharp military trot, and the infantry at doublequick to keep up near him, which they cannot quite do, are, as we have said, making right across for the Polzen–Hill and Janus–Hill quarter; their route the string, French route the bow; and are invisible to the French, owing to the heights between. Seidlitz, when he gets

to the proper point eastward, will wheel about, front to southward, and be our left wing; infantry, as centre and right, will appear in like manner; and—we shall see!

The exultant Dauphiness, or Soubise–Hildburghausen Army (let us call it, for brevity's sake, Dauphiness or French, which it mainly was), on that rapid disappearance of the Prussians, never doubted but the Prussians were off on flight for Merseburg, to get across by the Bridge there. Whereat Dauphiness, doubly exultant, mended her own pace, cavalry at a sharp trot, infantry double–quick, but unable to keep up,—for the purpose of capturing or intercepting the runaway Prussians. Speed, my friends,—if you would do a stroke upon Friedrich, and show the Versailles people a King at last! Thus they, hurrying on, in two parallel columns,—infantry, long floods of it, coming double–quick but somewhat fallen behind; cavalry 7,000 or so, as vanguard,—faster and faster; sweeping forward on their southern side of the Janus–and–Polzen slope, and now rather climbing the same.

Seidlitz has his hussar pickets on the top, to keep him informed as to their motions, and how far they are got. Seidlitz, invisible on the south slope of the Polzen Hugel, finds about half–past three P.M. that he is now fairly ahead of Dauphiness; Seidlitz halts, wheels, comes to the top, "Got the flank of them, sure enough!"— and without waiting signal or farther orders, every instant being precious, rapidly forms himself; and plunges down on these poor people. "Compact as a wall, and with an incredible velocity (D'UNE VITESSE INCROYABLE)," says one of them. Figure the astonishment of Dauphiness; of poor Broglio, who commands the horse here. Taken in flank, instead of taking other people; intercepted, not in the least needing to intercept! Has no time to form, though he tried what he could. Only the two Austrian regiments got completely formed; the rest very incompletely; and Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, is in upon them. The two Austrian regiments, and two French that are named, made what debate was feasible;—courage nowise wanting, in such sad want of captivity; nay Soubise in person galloped into it, if that could have helped. But from the first, the matter was hopeless; Seidlitz slashing it at such a rate, and plunging through it and again through it, thrice, some say four times: so that, in the space of half an hour, this luckless cavalry was all tumbling off the ground; plunging down– hill, in full flight, across its own infantry or whatever obstacle, Seidlitz on the hips of it; and galloping madly over the horizon, towards Freiburg as it proved; and was not again heard of that day.

In about half an hour that bit of work was over; and Seidlitz, with his ranks trimmed again, had drawn himself southward a little, into the Hollow of Tageswerben, there to wait impending phenomena. For Friedrich with the Infantry is now emerging over Janus Hill, in a highly thunderous manner,—eighteen pieces of artillery going, and "four big guns taken from the walls of Leipzig;" and there will be events anon. It is said, Hildburghausen, at the first glimpse of Friedrich over the hill–top, whispered to Soubise, "We are lost, Royal Highness!"—"Courage!" Soubise would answer; and both, let us hope, did their utmost in this extremely bad predicament they had got into.

Friedrich's artillery goes at a murderous rate; had come in view, over the hill–top, before Seidlitz ended,—"nothing but, the muzzles of it visible" (and the fire–torrents from it) to us poor French below. Friedrich's lines; or rather his one line, mere tip of his left wing,—only seven battalions in it, five of them under Keith from the second or reserve line; whole centre and right wing standing "refused" in oblique rank, invisible, BEHIND the Hill,— Friedrich's line, we say, the artillery to its right, shoots out in mysterious Prussian rhythm, in echelons, in potences, obliquely down the Janus–Hill side; straight, rigid, regular as iron clock– work; and strides towards us, silent, with the lightning sleeping in it:—Friedrich has got the flank of Dauphiness, and means to keep it. Once and again and a third time, poor Soubise, with his poor regiments much in an imbroglio, here heaped on one another, there with wide gaps, halt being so sudden,—attempts to recover the flank, and pushes out this regiment and the other, rightward, to be even with Friedrich. But sees with despair that it cannot be; that Friedrich with his echelons, potences and mysterious Prussian resources, pulls himself out like the pieces of a prospect–glass, piece after piece, hopelessly fast and seemingly no end to them; and that the flank is lost, and that—Unhappy Generals of Dauphiness, what a phenomenon for them! A terrible Friedrich, not fled to Merseburg at all; but mounted there on the Janus Hill, as on his saddle–horse, with face quite the other way;—and for holster–pistol, has plucked out twenty–two cannon. Clad verily in fire; Chimera–like, RIDING the Janus Hill, in that manner; left leg (or wing) of him spurning us into the abysses, right one ready to help at discretion!

Hildburghausen, I will hope, does his utmost; Soubise, Broglio, for certain do. The French line is in front, next the Prussians: poor Generals of Dauphiness are panting to retrieve themselves. But with regiments jammed in this astonishing way, and got collectively into the lion's throat, what can be done? Steady, rigid as iron clock–work,

the Prussian line strides forward; at forty paces' distance delivers its first shock of lightning, bursts into platoon fire; and so continues, steady at the rate of five shots a minute,—hard to endure by poor masses all in a coil. "The artillery tore down whole ranks of us," says the Wutenberg Dragoon; [His Letter in MULLER, p. 83.] "the Prussian musketry did terrible execution."

Things began %o waver very soon, French reeling back from the Prussian fire, Reichs troops rocking very uneasy, torn by such artillery; when, to crown the matter, Seidlitz, seeing all things rock to the due extent, bursts out of Tageswerben Hollow, terribly compact and furious, upon the rear of them. Which sets all things into inextricable tumble; and the Battle is become a rout and a riding into ruin, no Battle ever more. Lasted twenty-five minutes, this second act of it, or till half-past four: after which, the curtains rapidly descending (Night's curtain, were there no other) cover the remainder; the only stage-direction, EXEUNT OMNES. Which for a 50 or 60,000, ridden over by Seidlitz Horse, was not quite an easy matter! They left, of killed and wounded, near 3,000; of prisoners, 5,000 (Generals among them 8, Officers 300): in sum, about 8,000; not to mention cannon, 67 or 72; with standards, flags, kettle-drums and meaner baggages AD LIBITUM in a manner. The Prussian loss was, 165 killed, 376 wounded;—between a sixteenth and a fifteenth part of theirs: in number the Prussians had been little more than one to three; 22,000 of all arms,—not above half of whom ever came into the fire; Seidlitz and seven battalions doing all the fighting that was needed, St. Germain tried to cover the retreat; but "got broken," he says,—Mayer bursting in on him,—and soon went to slush like the others.

Seldom, almost never, not even at Crecy or Poitiers, was any Army better beaten. And truly, we must say, seldom did any better deserve it, so far as the Chief Parties went. Yes, Messieurs, this is the PETIT MARQUIS DE BRANDEBOURG; you will know this one, when you meet him again! The flight, the French part of it, was towards Freiburg Bridge; in full gallop, long after the chase had ceased; crossing of the Unstrut there, hoarse, many-voiced, all night; burning of the Bridge; found burnt, when Friedrich arrived next morning. He had encamped at Obschutz, short way from the field itself. French Army, Reichs Army, all was gone to staves, to utter chaotic wreck. Hildburghausen went by Naumburg; crossed the Saale there; bent homewards through the Weimar Country; one wild flood of ruin, swift as it could go; at Erfurt "only one regiment was in rank, and marched through with drums beating." His Army, which had been disgustingly unhappy from the first, and was now fallen fluid on these mad terms, flowed all away in different rills, each by the course straightest home; and Hildburghausen arriving at Bamberg, with hardly the ghost or mutilated skeleton of an Army, flung down his truncheon,—"A murrain on your Reichs Armies and regimental chaoses!"—and went indignantly home. Reichs Army had to begin at the beginning again; and did not reappear on the scene till late next Year, under a new Commander, and with slightly improved conditions.

Dauphiness Proper was in no better case; and would have flowed home in like manner, had not home been so far, and the way unknown. Twelve thousand of them rushed straggling through the Eichsfeld; plundering and harrying, like Cossacks or Calmucks: "Army blown asunder, over a circle of forty miles' radius," writes St. Germain: "had the Enemy pursued us, after I got broken [burst in upon by Mayer and his Free-Corps people] we had been annihilated. Never did Army behave worse; the first cannon-salvo decided our rout and our shame." [St. Germain to Verney: different Excerpts of Letters in the two weeks after Rossbach and before (given in Preuss, ii. 97).]

In two days' time (November 7th), the French had got to Langensalza, fifty-five miles from the Battle-field of Rossbach; plundering, running, SACRE-DIEU-ing; a wild deluge of molten wreck, filling the Eichsfeld with its waste noises, making night hideous and day too;—in the villages Placards were stuck up, appointing Nordhausen and Heiligenstadt for rallying place. [Muller, p. 73.]

Soubise rode, with few attendants, all night towards Nordhausen,— eighty miles off, foot of the Bracken Country, where the Richelieu resources are;—Soubise with few attendants, face set towards the Brocken; himself, it is like, in a somewhat hag-ridden condition.

"The joy of poor Teutschland at large," says one of my Notes, "and how all Germans, Prussian and Anti-Prussian alike, flung up their caps, with unanimous LEBE-HOCH, at the news of Rossbach, has often been remarked; and indeed is still almost touching to see. The perhaps bravest Nation in the world, though the least braggart, very certainly EIN TAPFERES VOLK (as their Goethe calls them); so long insulted, snubbed and trampled on, by a luckier, not a braver:—has not your exultant Dauphiness got a beautiful little dose administered her; and is gone off in foul shrieks, and pangs of the interior,—let no man ask whitherward! 'SI UN ALLEMAND

PEUT AVOIR DE L'ESPRIT (Can a German possibly have sharpness of wits)? Well, yes, it would seem: here is one German graduate who understands his medicine—chest, and the quality of patients!— Dauphiness got no pity anywhere; plenty of epigrams, and mostly nothing but laughter even in Paris itself. Napoleon long after, who much admires Friedrich, finds that this Victory of Rossbach was inevitable; 'but what fills me with astonishment and shame,' adds he, 'is that it was gained by six battalions and thirty squadrons [seven properly, and thirty—eight] over such a multitude!' [Montholon, MEMOIRES DE NAPOLEON (Napoleon's *Precis des Guerres de Frrederic II.*, vii. 210).]—It is well known, Napoleon, after Jena, as if Jena had not been enough for him, tore down the first Monument of Rossbach, some poor ashlar Pyramid or Pillar, raised by the neighborhood, with nothing more afflictive inscribed on it than a date; and sent it off in carts for Paris (where no stone of it ever arrived, the Thuringen carmen slinking off, and leaving it scattered in different places over the face of Thuringen in general); so that they had the trouble of a new one lately." [Rodenbeck, *Beitrag*, i. 299; ib. p. 385, Lithograph of the poor extinct Monument itself.]

From Friedrich the "Army of the Circles," that is, Dauphiness and Company,—called HOOPERS or "Coopers" (TONNELIERS), with a desperate attempt at wit by pun,—get their Adieu in words withal. This is the famed CONGE DE L'ARMEE DES CERCLES ET DES TONNELIERS; a short metrical Piece; called by Editors the most profane, most indecent, most and printed with asterisk veils thrown over the worst passages. Who shall dare, searching and rummaging for insight into Friedrich, and complaining that there is none, to lift any portion of the veil; and say, "See—Faugh!" The cynicism, truly, but also the irrepressible honest exultation, has a kind of epic completeness, and fulness of sincerity; and, at bottom, the thing is nothing like so wicked as careless commentators have given out. Dare to look a little: —

"ADIEU, GRANDS ERASEURS DE ROIS," so it starts: "Adieu, grand crushers of Kings; arrogant wind—bags, Turpin, Broglio, Soubise,— Hildburghausen with the gray beard, foolish still as when your beard was black in the Turk—War time:—brisk journey to you all!" That is the first stanza; unexceptionable, had we room. The second stanza is,—with the veils partially lifted; with probably "MOISE" put into the first blank, and into the third something of or belonging to "CESAR,"—

*"Je vows ai vu comme ...
 Dans des ronces en certain lieu
 Eut l'honneur de voir ...
 Ou comme au gre de sa luxure
 Le bon Nicomede a l'ecart
 Aiguillonnait sa flamme impure
 Des ..."*

Enough to say, the Author, with a wild burst of spiritual enthusiasm, sings the charms of the rearward part of certain men; and what a royal ecstatic felicity there sometimes is in indisputable survey of the same. He rises to the heights of Anti— Biblical profanity, quoting Moses on the Hill of Vision; sinks to the bottomless of human or ultra—human depravity, quoting King Nicomedes's experiences on Caesar (happily known only to the learned); and, in brief, recognizes that there is, on occasion, considerable beauty in that quarter of the human figure, when it turns on you opportunely. A most cynical profane affair: yet, we must say by way of parenthesis, one which gives no countenance to Voltaire's atrocities of rumor about Friedrich himself in this matter; the reverse rather, if well read; being altogether theoretic, scientific; sings with gusto the glow of beauty you find in that unexpected quarter,—while KICKING it deservedly and with enthusiasm. "To see the"—what shall we call it: seat of honor, in fact, "of your enemy:" has it not an undeniable charm? "I own to you in confidence, O Soubise and Company, this fine laurel I have got, and was so in need of, is nothing more or other than the sight of your"—FOUR ASTERISKS. "Oblige me, whenever clandestine Fate brings us together, by showing me that"—always that, if you would give me pleasure when we meet. "And oh," next stanza says, "to think what our glory is founded on,"—on view of that unmentionable object, I declare to you!—And through other stanzas, getting smutty enough (though in theory only), which we need not prosecute farther. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xii. 70–73 (WRITTEN at Freiburg, 6th November, when his Majesty got thither, and found the Bridge burnt).] A certain heartiness and epic greatness of cynicism, life's nakedness grown almost as if innocent again; an immense suppressed insuppressible Haha, on the part of this King. Strange TE—DEUM indeed. Coming from the very heart, truly, as few of them do; but not, in other points, recommendable at all!—Here, of the night before, is

something better:—

TO WILHELMINA.

"NEAR WEISSENFELS [OBSCHUTZ, in fact; does not know yet what the Battle will be CALLED], 5th November, 1757.

"At last, my dear Sister, I can announce you a bit of good news. You were doubtless aware that the Coopers with their circles had a mind to take Leipzig. I ran up, and hove them beyond Saale. The Duc de Richelieu sent them a reinforcement of twenty battalions and fourteen squadrons [say 15,000 horse and foot]; they then called themselves 63,000 strong. Yesterday I went to reconnoitre them; could not attack them in the post they held. This had rendered them rash. Today they came out with the intention of attacking me; but I took the start of them (LES AI PREVENU). It was a Battle EN DOUCEUR (soft to one's wish). Thanks to God I have not a hundred men killed; the only General ill wounded is Meinecke. My Brother Henri and General Seidlitz have slight hurts [gun-shots, not so slight, that of Seidlitz] in the arm. We have all the Enemy's cannon, all the ... I am in full march to drive them over the Unstrut [already driven, your Majesty; bridge burning].

"You, my dear Sister, my good, my divine and affectionate Sister [faithful to the bone, in good truth, poor Wilhelmina], who deign to interest yourself in the fate of a Brother who adores you, deign also to share in my joy. The instant I have time, I will tell you more. I embrace you with my whole heart; Adieu. F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 310.]

ULTERIOR FATE OF DAUPHINESS; FLIES OVER THE RHINE IN BAD FASHION: DAUPHINESS'S WAYS WITH THE SAXON POPULATION IN HER DELIVERANCE—WORK.

Friedrich had no more fighting with the French. November 9th, at Merseburg, in all stillness, Duke Ferdinand got his Britannic Commission, his full Powers, from Friedrich and the parties interested; in all stillness made his arrangements, as if for Magdeburg and his Governorship there,—Friedrich hastening off for Silesia the while. Duke Ferdinand did stay six days in Magdeburg, inspecting or pretending to inspect; very pleasant with his Sister and the Royalties that, are now there; but, at midnight of day sixth shot off silently on wider errand. And, in sum, on Thursday, 24th November, 1757, appeared in Stade, on horseback at morning parade there; intimating, to what joy of the poor Brunswick Grenadiers and others, That he was come to take command; that Kloster-Zeven is abolished; that we are not an "Observation Army," rotting here in the parish pound, any longer, but an "Allied Army" (such now our title), intending to strike for ourselves, and get out of pound straightway!—

"THURSDAY, 24th NOVEMBER—TUESDAY, 29th. Duke Ferdinand did accordingly pick up the reins of this distracted Affair; and, in a way wonderful to see, shot sanity into every fibre of it; and kept it sane and road-worthy for the Five Years coming. With a silent velocity, an energy, an imperturbable steadfastness and clear insight into cause and effect; which were creditable to the school he came from; and were a very joyful sight to Pitt and others concerned. So that from next Tuesday, 'November 29th, before daylight,' when Ferdinand's batteries began playing upon Harburg (French Fortress nearest to Stade), the reign of the French ceased in those Countries; and an astonished Richelieu and his French, lying scattered over all the West of Germany, in readiness for nothing but plunder, had to fall more or less distracted in their turn; and do a number of astonishing things. To try this and that, of futile, more or less frantic nature; be driven from post after post; be driven across the Aller first of all;—Richelieu to go home thereupon, and be succeeded by one still more incompetent.

"DECEMBER 13th, a fortnight after Ferdinand's appearance, Richelieu had got to the safe side of the Aller (burning of Zelle Bridge and Zelle Town there, his last act in Germany); Ferdinand's quarters now wide enough; and vigorous speed of preparation going on for farther chase, were the weather mended. FEBRUARY 17th, 1758, Ferdinand was on foot again; Prince de Clermont, the still more incompetent successor of Richelieu, gazing wide-eyed upon him, but doing nothing else: and for the next six weeks there was seen a once triumphant Richelieu—D'Estrees French Army, much in rags, much in disorder, in terror, and here and there almost in despair,—winging their way; like clouds of draggled poultry caught by a mastiff in the corn. Across Weser, across Ems, finally across the Rhine itself, every feather of them,—their long-drawn cackle, of a shrieky type, filling all Nature in those months; the mastiff steadily following. [Mauvillon, i. 252–284 ("9th November, 1757–1st April, 1758"); Westphalen, i. 316–503 (abundantly explicit, authentic and even entertaining,—with the ample Correspondences, ib. ii. 147–350); Schaper, *Vie militaire du Marechal Prince Ferdinand* (2 tomes, 8vo, Magdebourg, 1796, 1799), i. 7–100 (a careful Book; of an official exactitude, like Westphalen's,—and appears to be left incomplete like his).] To the astonishment of Pitt and mankind. Can this be the same Army that Royal

Highness led to the Sea and the Parish Pound? The same identically, wasted to about two-thirds by Royal Highness; not a drum in it changed otherwise, only One Man different,—and he is the important one!

"Pitt, when the news of Rossbach came, awakening the bonfires and steeple-bells of England to such a pitch, had resolved on an emphatic measure: that of sending English Troops to reinforce our Allied Army, and its new General;—such an Ally as that Rossbach one being rare in the eyes of Pitt. 'Postpone the meeting of Parliament, yet a few days, your Majesty,' said Pitt, 'till I get the estimates ready!' [Thackeray, i. 310.] To which Majesty assented, and all England with him: 'England's own Cause,' thinks Pitt, with confidence: 'our way of Conquering America,—and, in the circumstances, our one way!' English did land, accordingly; first instalment of them, a 12,000 (in August next), increased gradually to 20,000; with no end of furnishings to them and everybody; with results again satisfactory to Pitt; and very famous in the England that then was, dim as they are now grown."

The effect of all which was, that Pitt, with his Ferdinands and reinforcements, found work for the French ever onwards from Rossbach; French also turning as if exclusively upon perfidious Albion: and the thing became, in Teutschland, as elsewhere, a duel of life and death between these natural enemies,—Teutschland the centre of it,—Teutschland and the accessible French Sea-Towns,— but the circumference of it going round from Manilla and Madras to Havana and Quebec again. Wide-spread furious duel; prize, America and life. By land and sea; handsomely done by Pitt on both elements. Land part, we say, was always mainly in Germany, under Ferdinand,—in Hessen and the Westphalian Countries, as far west as Minden, as far east as Frankfurt-on-Mayn, generally well north of Rhine, well south of Elbe: that was, for five years coming, the cockpit or place of deadly fence between France and England. Friedrich's arena lies eastward of that, occasionally playing into it a little, and played into by it, and always in lively sympathy and consultation with it: but, except the French subsidizings, diplomatizings. and great diligenae against him in foreign Courts, Friedrich is, in practical respects, free of the French; and ever after Rossbach, Ferdinand and the English keep them in full work,— growing yearly too full. A heavy Business for England and Ferdinand; which is happily kept extraneous to Friedrich thenceforth; to him and us; which is not on the stage of his affairs and ours, but is to be conceived always as vigorously proceeding alongside of it, close beyond the scenes, and liable at any time to make tragic entry on him again:—of which we shall have to notice the louder occurrences and cardinal phases, but, for the future, nothing more.

Soubise, who had crept into the skirts of the Richelieu Army in Hanover or Hessen Country, had of course to take wing in that general fright before the mastiff. Soubise did not cross the Rhine with it; Soubise made off eastward; [Westphalen, i. 501 ("end of March, 1758").]—found new roost in Hanau-Frankfurt Country; and had thoughts of joining the Austrians in Bohemia next Campaign; but got new order,—such the pinches of a winged Clermont with a mastiff Ferdinand at his poor dragged tail;—and came back to the Ferdinand scene, to help there; and never saw Friedrich again. Both Broglio and he had a good deal of fighting (mostly beating) from Ferdinand; and a great deal of trouble and sorrow in the course of this War; but after Rossbach it is not Friedrich or we, it is Ferdinand and the Destinies that have to do with them. Poor Soubise, except that he was the creature of Generalissima Pompadour, which had something radically absurd in it, did not deserve all the laughter he got: a man of some chivalry, some qualities. As for Broglio, I remember always, not without human emotion, the two extreme points of his career as a soldier: Rossbach and the Fall of the Bastille. He was towards forty, when Friedrich bestrode the Janus Hill in that fiery manner; he was turned of seventy when, from the pavements of Paris, the Chimera of Democracy rose on him, in fire of a still more horrible description.

Dauphiness-Bellona, in her special and in her widest sense, has made exit, then. Gone, like clouds of dragged poultry home across the Rhine. She was the most marauding Army lately seen, also the most gasconading, and had the least capacity for fighting: three worse qualities no army could have. How she fought, we have seen sufficiently. Before taking leave of her forever, readers, as she is a paragon in her kind, would perhaps take a glance or two at her marauding qualities,—by a good opportunity that offers. Plotho at Regensburg, that a supreme Reichs Diet may know what a "deliverance of Saxony" this has been, submits one day the following irrefragable Documents, "which have happened," not without good industry of my own, "to fall into my [Plotho's] hands." They are Documents partly of epistolary, partly of a Petitionary form, presented to Polish Majesty, out of that Saxon Country; and have an AFFIDAVIT quality about them, one and all.

1. BIG DAUPHINESS (that is, D'Estrees) IN THE WESEL COUNTRIES, AT AN EARLY STAGE,—WHILE STILL ENDEAVORING WHAT SHE COULD TO BEHAVE WELL, HANGING 1,000 MARAUDERS AND THE LIKE (A private Letter):—

"COUNTY MARK, 20th JUNE, 1757. The French troops are going on here in a way to utterly ruin us. Schmidt, their President of Justice, whom they set up in Cleve, has got orders to change all the Magistracies of the Country [Protestant by nature], so as that half the members shall be Catholic. Bielefeld was openly plundered by the French for three hours long. You cannot by possibility represent to yourself what the actual state of misery in these Countries is. A SCHEFFEL of rye costs three thalers sixteen groschen [who knows how many times its natural price!]. And now we are to be forced to eat the spoiled meal those French troops brought with them; which is gone to such a state no animal would have it. This poisoned meal we are to buy from them, ready money, at the price they fix; and that famine may induce us, they are about to stop the mills, and forcibly take away what little bread—corn we have left. God have pity on us, and deliver us soon! Next week we are to have a transit of 6,000 Pfaltzers [Kur—Pfalz, foolish idle fellow, and Kur—Baiern too, are both in subsidy of France, as usual; 6,000 Pfaltzers just due here]; these, I suppose, will sweep us clean bare." [*Helden—Geschichte*, iv. 399.]:

Wesel Fortress, Gate of the Rhine, could not be defended by Friedrich: and the Hanover Incapables, and England still all in St. Vitus, would not hear of undertaking it; left it wide open for the French; never could recover it, or get the Rhine—Gate barred again, during the whole War. One hopes they repented;—but perhaps it was only Pitt and Duke Ferdinand that did so, instead! The Wesel Countries were at once occupied by the French; "a conquest of her Imperial Majesty's;" continued to be administered in Imperial Majesty's name,—and are thriving as above.

2. DAUPHINESS PROPER (that is, Soubise) IN THURINGEN, AT A LATE STAGE:—

"LETTER FROM FREIBURG, SHORTLY AFTER ROSSBACH.—It was on the 23d October, a Sunday, that we of Freiburg had our first billeting of French; a body of Cavalry from different regiments [going to take Leipzig, take Torgau, what not]: and from that day Freiburg never emptied of French, who kept marching through it in extraordinary quantities. The marching lasted fourteen days, namely, till the 6th November [day AFTER Rossbach; when they burnt our poor Bridge, and marched for the last time]; and often the billeting was so heavy, that in a single house there were forty or fifty men. Who at all times had to be lodged and dieted gratis; nay many householders, over and above the ordinary meal, were obliged to give them money too; and many poor people, who can scarcely get their own bit of bread, had to run and bring at once their sixteen or eighteen groschen [pence] worth of wine, not to speak of coffee and sugar. And a great increase of the mischief it was always, that the soldiers and common people did not understand one another's language."—Heavy billeting; but what was that? ... "Vast, nearly impossible, quantities of forage and provision," were wrung from us, as from all the other Towns and Villages about, "under continual threatening to burn and raze us from the earth. Often did our French Colonel threaten, 'He would have the cannon opened on Freiburg straightway.' Nay, had it stood by foraging, we might have reckoned ourselves lucky. But our straits increased day by day; and sheer plundering became more and more excessive.

"The robbing and torturing of travellers, the plundering and burning of Saxon Villages ... Almost all the Towns and Villages hereabouts are so plundered out, that many a one now has nothing but what he carries on his body. Plundering was universal: and no sooner was one party away, than another came, and still another; and often the same house was three or four times plundered. Branderode, a Village two leagues from this [stands on the Field of Rossbach, if we look], is so ruined out, that nobody almost has anything left: Chief Inspector Baron von Bose's Schloss there, with its splendid appointments, they ruined utterly; took all money, victuals, valuables, furniture, clothes, linen and beds, all they could carry; what could not be carried away, they cut, hewed and smashed to pieces; broke the wine—casks; and even tore up the documents and letters they found lying in the place. Branderode Dorf was twice set fire to by them; and was, at last, with Zeuchfeld, which is an Amtsdorf,—after both had been plundered,—reduced to ashes. The Churches of Branderode and Zeuchfeld, with several other Churches, were plundered; the altars broken, the altar—cloths and other vestures cut to pieces, and the sacred vessels and cups carried away,—except [for we have a notarial exactness, and will exaggerate nothing] that in the case of Branderode they sent the cup back. Of the pollution of the altars, and of the blasphemous songs these people sang in the churches, one cannot think without horror.

"And it was merely our pretended Allies and Protectors that have desecrated our divine service, utterly wasted our Country, reduced the inhabitants to want and desperation, and, in short, have so behaved that you would not know this region again. Truly these troops have realized for us most of the infamies we heard reported of the Cossacks, and their ravagings in Preussen lately.

"It is one of their smallest doings that they robbed a Saxon Clergyman [name and circumstances can be given if required), three times over, on the public Highway; shot at him, tied him to a horse's tail and dragged him along with them; so that he is now lying ill, in danger of his life. On the whole, it is our beloved Pastors, Clergymen most of all, that have been plundered of everything they had.

"Balgart and Zschieplitz, both Villages half a league from this, have likewise been heavily plundered; they have even left the Parson nothing but what he wore on his back. Grost," another Rossbach place, "which belongs to the Kammerjunker Heldorf, has likewise" ... OHE, SATIS!—"All this happened between the 23d and 31st October; consequently before the Battle. ... In many Villages you see the trees and fields sprinkled with feathers from the beds that have been slit up.

"In several Villages belonging to the Royal Electoral privy Councillor von Bruhl [who is properly the fountain of all this and of much other misery to us, if we knew it!] the plundering likewise had begun; and a quantity of about a hundred swine [so ho!] had been cut in pieces: but in the midst of their work, the Allies heard that these were Bruhl estates, and ceased their havoc of them. These accordingly are the only lands in all this region whose fate has been tolerable.

"The appellation, every moment renewed, of 'Heretic!' was the courteous address from these people to our fellow-Christians; 'heretic dogs (KETZERISCHE HUNDE)' was a PRADICAT always in their mouth.

"In Weischutz," a mile or two from us, up the Unstrut, "a French Colonel who wanted to ride out upon the works, made the there Pastor, Magister Schren, stoop down by way of horse-block, and mounted into the saddle from his back. [Messieurs, you will kindle the wrath of mankind some day, and get a terrible plucking, with those high ways of yours!]

"Churches are all smashed; obscene songs were sung, in form of litany, from the pulpits and altars; what was done with the communion-vessels, when they were not worth stealing,"—is hideous to the religious sense, and shall not be mentioned in human speech.

3. THE BROGLIO REINFORCEMENT COMING ACROSS TO JOIN SOUBISE, AND PERFORM AT ROSSBACH (Humble Petition from the Magistrates of Sangerhausen, To the King of Poland's Majesty):—

SANGERHAUSEN, 23d OCTOBER, 1757.—"Scarcely had we, with profound submission (ALLERUNTERTHANIGST), under date of the 13th current, represented to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency how heavily we were pressed down by the forage requisitions and transits of troops, and the consequent, expenditure in food, drinking, in oats and hay, which no one pays,—when directly thereafter, on the 14th of October, a new French party, of the Fischer Corps,"—Fischer is a mighty Hussar, scarcely inferior to Turpin; and stands in astonishing authority with Richelieu, and an Army whose object is plunder, [Ferdinand's Correspondente, SOEPIUS (*Westphalen*, i. 40–127); party of the Fischer Corps, of some sixty men and horse, arrived in the Town; demanded meat, drink, oats and hay, and all things necessary; which they received from us;—and not only paid not one farthing for all this, but furthermore some of them, instead of thanks to their Landlord, Rossold, forcibly broke up his press, drank his brandy, and carried off a TOUTE (gather-all) with money in it. From a Tanner, Lindauer by name, they bargained for a buckskin; and having taken, would not pay it. In the RATHSKELLER (Town Public-house) they drank much wine, and gave nothing for it: nay on marching off,—because no mounted guide (REITENDER BOTE) was at hand, and though they had before expressly said none such would be needed,—they rushed about like distracted persons (WIE RASENDE LEUTE) in the market-place and in the streets; beat the people, tumbled them about, and lugged them along, in a violent manner; using abusive language to a frightful extent, and threatening every misfortune.

"Hardly were we rid of this confusion and astonishment when, on October 21st, a whole swarm of horses, men, women, children and wagons, which likewise all belonged to the Fischer Corps, and were commanded by First-Lieutenant Schmidt, came into our Town. This troop consisted of 80 men, part infantry, part cavalry; with some 80 work-horses, 10 baggage-wagons, and about 100 persons, women, sick people and the like. They stayed the whole night here; made meat, drink, corn, hay and whatever they needed be brought them; and went off next day without paying anything.

"Our Inns were now almost quite exhausted of forage in corn or hay; and we knew not how we were to pay what had been spent,—when the thirty French Light Cavalry, of whom we, with profound submission, on the

13th HUIJUS gave your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency account, renewed their visit upon us; came, under the command of Rittmeister de Mocu, on the 22d of October [while the baggage-wagons, work-horses, women, sick, and so forth, were hardly gone], towards evening, into the Town; consumed in meat and drink, oats and hay, and the like, what they could lay hold of; and next morning early marched away, paying, as their custom is, nothing.

"Not enough that,—besides the great forage-contribution (LIEFERUNG), which we already, with profound submission, notified to your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency as having been laid upon us; and that, by order of the Duc de Broglio, a new requisition is now laid on us, and we have had to engage for sixty-four more sacks of wheat, and thirty-two of rye (as is noted under head A, in the enclosed copy),—there has farther come on us, on the part of the Reichs Army, from Kreis-Commissarius Heldorf [whose Schloss of Grost, we perceive, they have since burnt, by way of thanks to him [Supra, No. 2.]], the simultaneous Order for instant delivery of Forage (as under head B, here enclosed)! Thus are we, at the appointed places, all at once to furnish such quantities, more than we can raise; and know not when or where we shall, either for what has been already furnished, or for what is still to be, receive one penny of money: nay, over and above, we are to sustain the many marchings of troops, and provide to the same what meat, drink, oats, hay and so on, they require, without the least return of payment!

"So unendurable, and, taken all together, so hard (SIC) begins the conduct of these troops, that profess being come as friends and helpers, to appear to us. And Heaven alone knows how long, under a continuance of such things, the subjects (whom the Hail-storm of last year had at any rate impoverished) shall be able to support the same. We would, were a reasonable delivery of forage laid upon us even at a low price, and the board and billet of the marching troops paid to us even in part, lay out our whole strength in helping to bear the burdens of the Fatherland; but if such things go on, which will soon leave us only bare life and empty huts, we can look forward to nothing but our ruin and destruction. But, as it is not your Royal Majesty's and Electoral Translucency's most gracious will that we, your Most Supreme Self's most faithful subjects, should entirely perish, therefore we repeat our former most submissive prayer once again with hot (SIC) sorrow of mind to Highest—the-Same; and sob most submissively for that help which your Most Supreme Self, through most gracious mediation with the Duc de Richelieu, with the Reichs Army or wherever else, might perhaps most graciously procure for us. Who, in deepest longing thitherwards, with the most deepest devotion, remain—" [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 688-691.] (NAMES, unfortunately, not given).

How many Saxons and Germans generally—alas, how many men universally—cry towards celestial luminaries of the governing kind with the most deepest devotion, in their extreme need, under their unsufferable injuries; and are truly like dogs in the backyard barking at the Moon. The Moon won't come down to them, and be eaten as green cheese; the Moon can't!

4. DAUPHINESS AFTER ROSSBACH. "Excise-Inspector Neitsche, at Bebra, near Weissenfels [Bebra is well ahead from Freiburg and the burnt Bridge, and a good twenty-five miles west of Weissenfels], writes

To the King of Poland's Majesty, 9th NOVEMBER, 1757:—

"May it please your Royal Majesty and Electoral Translucency, out of your highest grace, to take knowledge, from the accompanying Registers SUB SIGNO MARTIS [sign unknown to readers here], of the things which, in the name of this Township of Bebra, the Burgermeister Johann Adam, with the Rathes and others concerned, have laid before the Excise-Inspection here. As follows:—

"It will be already well known to the Excise-Inspection that on the 7th of November (A. C.) of the current year [day before yesterday, in fact!], the French Army so handled this place as to have not only taken from the inhabitants, by open force, all bread and articles of food, but likewise all clothes, beds, linens (WASCHE), and other portable goods; that it has broken, split to pieces, and emptied out, all chests, boxes, presses, drawers; has shot dead, in the backyards and on the thatch-roofs, all manner of feathered-stock, as hens, geese, pigeons; also carried forth with it all swine, cow, sheep and horse cattle; laid violent hands on the inhabitants, clapped guns, swords, pistols to their breast, and threatened to kill them unless they showed and brought out whatever goods they had; or else has hunted them wholly out of their houses, shooting at them, cutting, sticking and at last driving them away, thereby to have the freer room to rob and plunder: flung out hay and other harvest-stock from the barns into the mud and dung, and had it trampled to ruin under the horses, feet; nay, in fact, has dealt with this place in so unpermitted a way as even to the most hard-hearted man must seem compassionable."—Poor fellows:

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CETERA DESUNT; but that is enough! What can a Polish Majesty and Electoral Translucency do? Here too is a sorrowful howling to the Moon. [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 692.]

... "For a hundred miles round," writes St. Germain, "the Country is plundered and harried as if fire from Heaven had fallen on it; scarcely have our plunderers and marauders left the houses standing. ... I lead a band of robbers, of assassins, fit for breaking on the wheel; they would turn tail at the first gunshot, and are always ready to mutiny. If the Government (LA COUR," with its Pompadour presiding, very unlikely for such an enterprise!) "cannot lay the knife to the root of all this, we may give up the notion of War." [St. Germain, after Rossbach and before (in Preuss, UBI SUPRA).] ...

Such a pitch have French Armies sunk to. When was there seen such a Bellona as Dauphiness before? Nay, in fact, she is the same devil-servant Army that Marechal de Saxe commanded with such triumph,— Marechal de Saxe in better luck for opponents; Army then in a younger stage of its development. Foaming then as sweet must, as new wine, in the hands of a skilful vintner, poisonous but brisk; not run, as now, to the vinegar state, intolerable to all mortals. She can now announce from her camp—theatres the reverse of the Roucoux program, "To-morrow, Messieurs, you are going to fight; our Manager foresees"—you will be beaten; and we cannot say what or where the next Piece will be! Impious, licentious, high-flaring efflorescence of all the Vices is not to be redeemed by the one Quasi-Virtue of readiness to be shot;—sweet of that kind, and sour of this, are the same substance, if you only wait. How kind was the Devil to his Saxe; and flew away with him in rose-pink, while it was still time!

Chapter IX. FRIEDRICH MARCHES FOR SILESIA.

The fame of Friedrich is high enough again in the Gazetteer world; all people, and the French themselves, laughing at their grandiloquent Dauphiness—Bellona, and writing epigrams on Soubise. But Friedrich's difficulties are still enormous. One enemy coming with open mouth, you plunge in upon, and ruin, on this hand; and it only gives you room to attempt upon another bigger one on that. Soubise he has finished handsomely, for this season; but now he must try conclusions with Prince Karl. Quick, towards Silesia, after this glorious Victory which the Gazetteers are celebrating.

The news out of Silesia are ominously doubtful, bad at the best. Duke Bevern, once Winterfeld was gone, had, as we observed, felt himself free to act; unchecked, but also unsupported, by counsel of the due heroism; and had acted unwisely. Made direct for Silesia, namely, where are meal—magazines and strong places. Prince Karl, they say, was also unwise; took no thought beforehand, or he might have gained marches, disputed rivers, Bober, Queiss, with Bevern, and as good as hindered him from ever getting to Silesia. So say critics, Retzow and others; perhaps looking too fixedly on one side of the question. Certain it is, Bevern marched in peace to Silesia; found it by no means the better place it had promised to be.

Prince Karl—Daun there as second, but Karl now the dominant hand— was on the heels of Bevern, march after march. Prince Karl cut athwart him by one cunning march, in Liegnitz Country; barring him from Schweidnitz, the chief stronghold of Silesia, and to appearance from Breslau, the chief city, too. Bevern, who did not want for soldiership, when reduced to his shifts, now made a beautiful manoeuvre, say the critics; struck out leftwards, namely, and crossed the Oder, as if making for Glogau, quite beyond Prince Karl's sphere of possibility,—but turned to right, not to left, when across, and got in upon Breslau from the other or east side of the River. Cunning manoeuvre, if you will, and followed by cunning manoeuvres: but the result is, Prince Karl has got Schweidnitz to rear, stands between Breslau and it; can besiege Schweidnitz when he likes, and no relief to it possible that will not cost a battle. A battle, thinks Friedrich, is what Bevern ought to have tried at first; a well—fought battle might have settled everything, and there was no other good likelihood in such an expedition: but now, by detaching reinforcements to this garrison and that, he has weakened himself beyond right power of fighting. [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, iv. 141, 159.] Schweidnitz is liable to siege; Breslau, with its poor walls and multitudinous population, can stand no siege worth mentioning; the Silesian strong places, not to speak of meal—magazines, are like to go a bad road. Quite dominant, this Prince Karl; placarding and proclaiming in all places, according to the new "Imperial Patent," [In *Helden—Geschichte*, (iv. 832, 833), Copy of it: "Absolved from all prior Treaties by Prussian Majesty's attack on us, We" ("21st Sept. 1757").] That Silesia is her Imperial Majesty's again! Which seems to be fast becoming the fact;—unless contradicted better. Quick!

Bevern has now, October 1st, no manoeuvre left but to draw out of Breslau; post himself on the southern side of it, in a safe angle there, marshy Lohe in front, broad Oder to rear, Breslau at his right—hand with bread; and there intrenching himself by the best methods, wait slowly, in a sitting posture, events which are extensively on the gallop at present. One fancies, Had Winterfeld been still there! It is as brave an Army, 30,000, or more, as ever wore steel. Surely something could have been done with it;— something better than sit watching the events on full gallop all round! Bevern was a loyal, considerably skilful and valiant man; in the Battle of Lobositz, and elsewhere, we have seen him brave as a lion: but perhaps in the other kind of bravery wanted here, he— Well, his case was horribly difficult; full of intricacy. And he sat, no doubt in a very wretched state, consulting the oracles, with events (which are themselves oracular) going at such a pace.

Schweidnitz was besieged October 26th. Nadasti, with 20,000, was set to do it; Prince Karl, with 60,000, ready to protect him; Prince Bevern asking the oracles:—what a bit of news for Friedrich; breaking suddenly the effulgency of Rossbach with a bar of ominous black! Friedrich, still in the thick of pure Saxon business, makes instant arrangement for Silesia as well: Prince Henri, with such and such corps, to maintain the Saale, and guard Saxony; Marshal Keith, with such and such, to step over into Bohemia, and raise contributions at least, and tread on the tail of the big Silesian snake: all this Friedrich settles within a week; takes certain corps of his own, effective about 13,000; and on November 13th marches from Leipzig. Round by Torgau, by Muhlberg, Grossenhayn; by Bautzen, Weissenberg, across the Queiss, across the Bober; and so, with long marches, strides

continually forward, all hearts willing, and all limbs, though in this sad winter weather, towards relief of Schweidnitz.

At Grossenhayn, fifth day of the march, Friedrich learns that Schweidnitz is gone. November 12th–14th, Schweidnitz went by capitulation; contrary to everybody's hope or fear; certainly a very short defence for such a fortress. Fault of the Commandant, was everybody's first thought. Not probably the best of Commandants, said others gradually; but his garrison had Saxons in it;—one day "180 of them in a lump threw down their arms, in the trenches, and went over to the Enemy." Owing to whatsoever, the place is gone. Such towers, such curtains, star-ramparts; such an opulence of cannons, stores, munitions, a 30,000 pounds of hard cash, one item. All is gone, after a fortnight's siege. What a piece of news, as heard by Friedrich, coming at his utmost towards the scene itself! As seen by Bevern, too, in his questioning mood, it was an event of very oracular nature.

On Monday, 14th, Schweidnitz fell; Karl, with Nadasti reunited to him, was now 80,000 odd; and lost no time. On Tuesday next, NOVEMBER 22d, 1757, "at three in the morning," long hours before daybreak, Karl, with his 60,000, all learnedly arranged, comes rolling over upon hapless Bevern: with no end of cannonading and storm of war: BATTLE OF BRESLAU, they call it; ruinous to Bevern. Of which we shall attempt no description: except to say, that Karl had five bridges on the Lohe, came across the Lohe by five Bridges; and that Bevern stood to his arms, steady as the rocks, to prevent his getting over, and to entertain him when over; that there were five principal attacks, renewed and re-renewed as long as needful, with torrents of shot, of death and tumult; over six or eight miles of country, for the space of fifteen hours. Battle comparable only to Malplaquet, said the Austrians; such a hurricane of artillery, strongly intrenched enemy and loud doomsday of war. Did not end till nine at night; Austrians victorious, more or less, in four of their attacks or separate enterprises: that is to say, masters of the Lohe, and of the outmost Prussian villages and posts in front of the Prussian centre and right wing; victorious in that northern part;—but plainly unvictorious in the southeast or Prussian left wing,—farthest off from Breslau, and under Ziethen's command,— where they were driven across the Lohe again, and lost prisoners and cannons, or a cannon. [In Seyfarth, Three Accounts; *Beylagan*, ii. 198, 221, 234 et seq.]

Some of Bevern's people, grounding on this latter circumstance, and that they still held the Battle-field, or most part of it, wrote themselves victorious;—though in a dim brief manner, as if conscious of the contrary. Which indeed was the fact. At the council of war, which he summoned that evening, there were proposals of night-attack, and other fierce measures; but Bevern, rejecting the plan for a night attack on the Austrian camp as too dubious, did, in the dark hours, through the silent streets of Breslau, withdraw himself across the Oder, instead; leaving 80 cannon, and 5,000 killed and wounded; an evidently beaten man and Army. And indeed did straightway disappear personally altogether, as no longer equal to events. Rode out, namely, to reconnoitre in the gray of his second sad morning, on this new Bank of the Oder; saw little except gray mist; but rode into a Croat outpost, only one poor groom attending him; and was there made prisoner:— intentionally, thought mankind; intentionally, thinks Friedrich, who was very angry with the poor man. [Preuss, ii. 102. More exact in Kutzen, DER TAG VON LEUTHEN (Breslau, 1857,—an excellent exact little Compilation, from manifold sources well studied), pp. 166–169, date "24th November."]

The poor man was carried to Vienna, if readers care to know; but being a near Cousin there (second-cousin, no less, to the late Empress–Mother), was by the high now-reigning Empress–Queen received in a charmingly gracious manner, and sent home again without ransom. "To Stettin!" beckoned Friedrich sternly from the distance, and would not see him at all: "To Stettin, I say, your official post in time of peace! Command me the invalid Garrison there; you are fit for nothing better!"—I will add one other thing, which unhappily will seem strange to readers: that there came no whisper of complaint from Bevern; mere silence, and loyal industry with his poor means, from Bevern; and that he proved heroically useful in Stettin two years hence, against the Swedes, against the Russians in the Siege-of-Colberg time; and gained Friedrich's favor again, with other good results. Which I observe was a common method with Prussian Generals and soldiers, when, unjustly or justly, they fell into trouble of this kind; and a much better one than that of complaining in the Newspapers, and demanding Commissions of Inquiry, presided over by Chaos and the Fourth-Estate, now is.

Bevern being with the Croats, the Prussian Army falls to General Kyau, as next in rank; who (directly in the teeth of fierce orders that are speeding hither for Bevern and him) marches away, leaving Breslau to its fate; and making towards Glogau, as the one sure point in this wreck of things. And Prince Karl, that same day, goes upon Breslau; which is in no case to resist and be bombarded: so that poor old General Lestwitz, the Prussian

Commandant,—always thought to be a valiant old gentleman, but who had been wounded in the late Action, and was blamably discouraged,—took the terms offered, and surrendered without firing a gun. Garrison and he to march out, in "Free Withdrawal;" these are the terms: Garrison was 4,000 and odd, mostly Silesian recruits; but there marched hardly 500 out with poor Lestwitz; the Silesian recruits—persuaded by conceivable methods, that they were to be prisoners of war, and that, in short, Austria was now come to be King again, and might make inquiry into men's conduct—found it safer to take service with Austria, to vanish into holes in Breslau or where they could; and, for instance, one regiment (or battalion, let us hide the name of it), on marching through the Gate, consisted only of nine chief officers and four men. [Muller, SCHLACHT BEI LEUTHEN (Berlin, 1857,—professedly a mere abridgment and shadow of Kutzen: unindexed like it), p. 12 (with name and particulars).]

There were lost 98 pieces of cannon; endless magazines and stores of war. A Breslau scandalously gone;—a Breslau preaching day after next (27th, which was Sunday), in certain of its churches, especially Cardinal Schaffgotsch in the Dom Insel doing it, Thanksgiving Sermons, as per order, with unction real or official, "That our ancient sovereigns are restored to us:" which Sermons— except in the Schaffgotsch case, Prince Karl and the high Catholic world all there in gala—were "sparsely attended," say my authors. The Austrians are at the top of their pride; and consider full surely that Silesia is theirs, though Friedrich were here twice over. "What is Friedrich? We beat him at Kolin. His Prussians at Zittau, at Moys, at Breslau in the new Malplaquet, were we beaten by them? Hnh!"—and snort (in the Austrian mess-rooms), and snap their fingers at Friedrich and his coming.

It was at Gorkitz (scene of poor Winterfeld's death) that Friedrich, "on November 23d, the tenth day of his march," first got rumor of the Breslau Malplaquet: "endless cannonading heard thereabouts all yesterday!" said rumor from the east,—more and more steadily, as Friedrich hastened forward;—and that it was "a victory for Bevern." Till, at Naumburg on the Queiss, he gets the actual tidings: Bevern gone to the Croats, Breslau going, Kyau marching vague; and what kind of victory it was.

Ever from Grossenhayn onwards there had been message on message, more and more rigorous, precise and indignant, "Do this, do that; your Dilection shall answer it with your head!"—not one message of which reached his Dilection, till Dilection and Fate (such the gallop of events) had done the contrary: and now Dilection and his head have made a finish of it. "No," answers Friedrich to himself; "not till we are all finished!"—and pushes on, he too, like a kind of Fate. "What does or can he mean, then?" say the Austrians, with scornful astonishment, and think his head must be turning: "Will he beat us out of Silesia with his Potsdam Guard-Parade then?" "POTSDAMSCHE WACHT-PARADE:"—so they denominate his small Army; and are very mirthful in their mess-rooms. "I will attack them, if they stood on the Zobtenberg, if they stood on the steeples of Breslau!" said Friedrich; and tramped diligently forward. Day after day, as the real tidings arrive, his outlook in Silesia is becoming darker and darker: a sternly dark march this altogether. Prince Karl has thrown a garrison into Liegnitz on Friedrich's road; Prince Karl lies encamped with Breslau at his back; has above 80,000 when fully gathered; and reigns supreme in those parts. Darker march there seldom was: all black save a light that burns in one heart, refusing to be quenched till death.

Friedrich sends orders that Kyau shall be put in arrest; that Ziethen shall be general of the Bevern wreck, shall bring it round by Glogau, and rendezvous with Friedrich at a place and day, —Parchwitz, 2d of December coming;—and be steady, my old Ziethen. Friedrich brushes past the Liegnitz Garrison, leaves Liegnitz and it a trifle to the right; arrives at Parchwitz November 28th; and there rests, or at least his weary troops do, till Ziethen come up; the King not very restful, with so many things to prearrange; a life or death crisis now nigh. Well, it is but death; and death has been fronted before now! We who are after the event, on the safe sunny side of it, can form small image of the horrors and the inward dubieties to him who is passing through it;—and how Hope is needed to shine heroically eternal in some hearts. Fire of Hope, that does not issue in mere blazings, mad audacities and chaotic despair, but advances with its eyes open, measuredly, counting its steps, to the wrestling-place,—this is a godlike thing; much available to mankind in all the battles they have; battles with steel, or of whatever sort.

Friedrich, at Parchwitz, assembled his Captains, and spoke to them; it was the night after Ziethen came in, night of December 3d, 1757; and Ziethen, no doubt, was there: for it is an authentic meeting, this at Parchwitz, and the words were taken down.

FRIEDRICH'S SPEECH TO HIS GENERALS (Parchwitz, 3d December, 1757). [From RETZOW, i. 240–242 (slightly abridged).]

"It is not unknown to you, MEINE HERREN, what disasters have befallen here, while we were busy with the French and Reichs Army. Schweidnitz is gone; Duke of Bevern beaten; Breslau gone, and all our war-stores there; good part of Silesia gone: and, in fact, my embarrassments would be at the insuperable pitch, had not I boundless trust in you, and your qualities, which have been so often manifested, as soldiers and sons of your Country. Hardly one among you but has distinguished himself by some nobly memorable action: all these services to the State and me I know well, and will never forget.

"I flatter myself, therefore, that in this case too nothing will be wanting which the State has a right to expect of your valor. The hour is at hand. I should think I had done nothing, if I left the Austrians in possession of Silesia. Let me apprise you, then: I intend, in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Prince Karl's Army, which is nearly thrice our strength, wherever I find it. The question is not of his numbers, or the strength of his position: all this, by courage, by the skill of our methods, we will try to make good. This step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must beat the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries. So I read the case; so I will act in it.

"Make this my determination known to all Officers of the Army; prepare the men for what work is now to ensue, and say that I hold myself entitled to demand exact fulfilment of orders. For you, when I reflect that you are Prussians, can I think that you will act unworthily? But if there should be one or another who dreads to share all dangers with me, he,"—continued his Majesty, with an interrogative look, and then pausing for answer,— "can have his Discharge this evening, and shall not suffer the least reproach from me."—Modest strong bass murmur; meaning "No, by the Eternal!" if you looked into the eyes and faces of the group. Never will Retzow Junior forget that scene, and how effulgently eloquent the veteran physiognomies were.

"Hah, I knew it," said the King, with his most radiant smile, "none of you would desert me! I depend on your help, then; and on victory as sure."—The speech winds up with a specific passage: "The Cavalry regiment that does not on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge into the enemy, I will, directly after the Battle, unhorse, and make it a Garrison regiment. The Infantry battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating, loses its colors and its sabres, and I cut the trimmings from its uniform! Now good-night, Gentlemen: shortly we have either beaten the Enemy, or we never see one another again."

An excellent temper in this Army; a rough vein of heroism in it, steady to the death;—and plenty of hope in it too, hope in Vater Fritz. "Never mind," the soldiers used to say, in John Duke of Marlborough's time, "Corporal John will get us through it!"—That same evening Friedrich rode into the Camp, where the regiments he had were now all gathered, out of their cantonments, to march on the morrow. First regiment he came upon was the Life-Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their accustomed way, gave him good-evening, which he cheerily returned. Some of the more veteran sort asked, ruggedly confidential, as well as loyal: "What is thy news, then, so late?" "Good news, children (KINDER): to-morrow you will beat the Austrians tightly!" "That we will, by—!" answered they.— "But think only where they stand yonder, and how they have intrenched themselves?" said Friedrich. "And if they had the Devil in front and all round them, we will knock them out; only thou lead us on!"—"Well, I will see what you can do: now lay you down, and sleep sound; and good sleep to you!" "Good-night, Fritz!" answer all; [Muller, p. 21 (from Kaltenhorn, of whom INFRA); Preuss, as Fritz ambles on to the next regiment, to which, as to every one, he will have some word.

Was it the famous Pommern regiment, this that he next spoke to,— who answered Loudon's summons to them once (as shall be noticed by and by) in a way ineffable, though unforgettable? Manteuffel of Foot; yes, no other! [Archenholtz, ii. 61; and Kutzen, p. 35.] They have their own opinion of their capacities against an enemy, and do not want for a good conceit of themselves. "Well, children, how think you it will be to-morrow? They are twice as strong as we." "Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can do!"—FRIEDRICH: "Yea, truly, that do I; otherwise I durst not risk the battle. Now good sleep to you! to-morrow, then, we shall either have beaten the Enemy or else be all dead." "Yea," answered the whole regiment; "dead, or else the Enemy beaten:" and so went to deep sleep, preface to a deeper for many of them,—as beseems brave men. In this world it much beseems the brave man, uncertain about so many things, to be certain of himself for one thing.

These snatches of Camp Dialogue, much more the Speech preserved to us by Retzow Junior, appear to be true; though as to the dates, the circumstances, there has been debating. [Kutzen, pp. 175–181.] Other Anecdotes,

dubious or more, still float about in quantity;— of which let us give only one; that of the Deserter (which has merit as a myth). "What made thee desert, then?" "Hm, alas, your Majesty, we were got so down in the world, and had such a time of it!"—"Well, try it one day more; and if we cannot mend matters, thou and I will both desert."

A learned Doctor, one of the most recent on these matters, is astonished why the Histories of Friedrich should be such dreary reading, and Friedrich himself so prosaic, barren an object; and lays the blame upon the Age, insensible to real greatness; led away by clap-trap Napoleonisms, regardless of expense. Upon which Smelfungus takes him up, with a twitch:—

"To my sad mind, Herr Doctor, it seems ascribable rather to the Dryasdust of these Ages, especially to the Prussian Dryasdust, sitting comfortable in his Academies, waving sublimely his long ears as he tramples human Heroisms into unintelligible pipe-clay and dreary continents of sand and cinders, with the Doctors all applauding.

"Had the sacred Poet, or man of real Human Genius, been at his work, for the thousand years last past, instead of idly fiddling far away from his work,—which surely is definable as being very mainly, That of INTERPRETING human Heroisms; of painfully extricating, and extorting from the circumambient chaos of muddy babble, rumor and mendacity, some not inconceivable human and divine Image of them, more and more clear, complete and credible for mankind (poor mankind dumbly looking up to him for guidance, as to what it shall think of God and of Men in this Scene of Things), —I calculate, we should by this time have had a different Friedrich of it; O Heavens, a different world of it, in so many respects!

"My esteemed Herr Doctor, it is too painful a subject. Godlike fabulous Achilles, and the old Greek Kings of men, one perceives, after study, to be dim enough Grazier Sovereigns, 'living among infinite dung,' till their sacred Poet extricated them. And our UNSacred all—desecrating Dryasdust,—Herr Doctor, I must say, it fills me with despair! Authentic human Heroisms, not fabulous a whit, but true to the bone, and by all appearance very much nobler than those of godlike Achilles and pious AENEAS ever could have been,—left in this manner, trodden under foot of man and beast; man and beast alike insensible that there is anything but common mud under foot, and grateful to anybody that will assure them there is nothing. Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor! And the results of it—You need not go exclusively 'to France' to look at them. They are too visible in the so-called 'Social Hierarchies,' and sublime gilt Doggeries, silted and secular, of all Modern Countries! Let us be silent, my friend."—

"Prussian Dryasdust," he says elsewhere, "does make a terrible job of it; especially when he attempts to weep through his pipe-clay, or rise with his long ears into the moral sublime. As to the German People, I find that they dimly have not wanted sensibility to Friedrich; that their multitudes of Anecdotes, still circulating among them in print and VIVA VOCE, are proof of this. Thereby they have at least made a MYTH of Friedrich's History, and given some rhythmus, life and cheerful human substantiality to his work and him. Accept these Anecdotes as the Epic THEY could not write of him, but were longing to hear from somebody who could. Who has not yet appeared among mankind, nor will for some time. Alas, my friend, on piercing through the bewildering nimbus of babble, malignity, mendacity, which veils seven-fold the Face of Friedrich from us, and getting to see some glimpses of the Face itself, one is sorrowfully struck dumb once more. What a suicidal set of creatures; commanding as with one voice, That there shall be no Heroism more among them; that all shall be Doggeries and Common-place henceforth. 'ACH, MEIN LIEBER SULZER, you don't know that damned brood!'—Well, well. 'Solomon's Temple,' the Moslems say, 'had to be built under the chirping of ten thousand Sparrows.' Ten thousand of them; committee of the whole house, unanimously of the opposite view;—and could not quite hinder it. That too is something!"—

More to our immediate purpose is this other thing: That the Austrians have been in Council of War; and, on deliberation, have decided to come out of their defences; to quit their strong Camp, which lies so eligibly, ahead of Breslau and arear of Lissa and of Schweidnitz Water yonder; to cross Schweidnitz Water, leave Lissa behind them; and meet this offensively aggressive Friedrich in pitched fight. Several had voted, No, why stir?—Daun especially, and others with emphasis. "No need of fighting at all," said Daun: "we can defend Schweidnitz Water; ruin him before he ever get across." "Defend? Be assaulted by an Army like his?" urges Lucchesi, the other Chief General: "It is totally unworthy of us! We have gained the game; all the honors ours; let us have done with it. Give him battle, since he fortunately wishes it; we finish him, and gloriously finish the War too!" So argued Lucchesi, with vivacity, persistency,—to his own ill luck, but evidently with approval from Prince Karl. Everybody sees, this is the way to Prince Karl's favor at present. "Have not I reconquered Silesia?" thinks Prince Karl to himself; and beams applause on the high course, not the low prudent one. [Kutzen, pp. 45–48.] In a word,

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the Austrians decide on stepping out to meet Friedrich in open battle: it was the first time they ever did so; and it was likewise the last.

Sunday, December 4th, at four in the morning, Friedrich has marched from Parchwitz, straight towards the Austrian Camp; [Muller, p. 26.] he hears, one can fancy with what pleasure, that the Austrians are advancing towards him, and will not need to be forced in their strong position. His march is in four columns, Friedrich in the vanguard; quarters to be Neumarkt, a little Town about fourteen miles off. Within some miles of Neumarkt, early in the afternoon, he learns that there are a thousand Croats in the place, the Austrian Bakery at work there, and engineer people marking out an Austrian Camp. "On the Height beyond Neumarkt, that will be?" thinks Friedrich; for he knows this ground, having often done reviews here; to Breslau all the way on both hands, not a rood of it but is familiar to him. Which was a singular advantage, say the critics; and a point the Austrian Council of War should have taken more thought of.

Friedrich, before entering Neumarkt, sends a regiment to ride quietly round it on both sides, and to seize that Height he knows of. Height once seized, or ready for seizing, he bursts the barrier of Neumarkt; dashes in upon the thousand Croats; flings out the Croats in extreme hurry, musketry and sabre acting on them; they find their Height beset, their retreat cut off, and that they must vanish. Of the 1,000 Croats, "569 were taken prisoners, and 120 slain," in this unexpected sweeping out of Neumarkt. Better still, in Neumarkt is found the Austrian Bakery, set up and in full work;—delivers you 80,000 bread—rations hot—and—hot, which little expected to go such a road. On the Height, the Austrian stakes and engineer—tools were found sticking in the ground; so hasty had the flight been.

How Prince Karl came to expose his Bakery, his staff of life so far ahead of him? Prince Karl, it is clear, was a little puffed up with high thoughts at this time. The capture of Schweidnitz, the late "Malplaquet" (poorish Anti—Bevern Malplaquet), capture of Breslau, and the low and lost condition of Friedrich's Silesian affairs, had more or less turned everybody's head,—everybody's except Feldmarschall Daun's alone:—and witty mess—tables, we already said, were in the daily habit of mocking at Friedrich's march towards them with aggressive views, and called his insignificant little Army the "Potsdam Guard—Parade." [Cogniazzo, ii. 417—422.] That was the common triumphant humor; naturally shared in by Prince Karl; the ready way to flatter him being to sing in that tune. Nobody otherwise can explain, and nobody in any wise can justify, Prince Karl's ignorance of Friedrich's advance, his almost voluntary losing of his staff—of—life in that manner.

Prince Karl's soldiers have each (in the cold form) three days, provision in their haversacks: they have come across the Weistritz River (more commonly called Schweidnitz Water), which was also the height of contemptuous imprudence; and lie encamped, this night,— in long line, not ill—chosen (once the River IS behind),— perpendicular to Friedrich's march, some ten miles ahead of him. Since crossing, they had learned with surprise, How their Bakery and Croats had been snapt up; that Friedrich was not at a distance, but near;—and that arrangements could not be made too soon! Their position intersects the Great Road at right angles, as we hint; and has villages, swamps, woody knolls; especially, on each wing, good defences. Their right wing leans on Nypern and its impassable peat—bogs, a Village two or three miles north from the Great Road; their centre is close behind another Village called Leuthen, about as far south from it: length of their bivouac is about five miles; which will become six or so, had Nadasti once taken post, who is to form the left wing, and go down as far as Sagschutz, southward of Leuthen. Seven battalions are in this Village of Leuthen, eight in Nypern, all the Villages secured; woods, scraggy abatis, redoubts, not forgotten: their cannon are numerous, though of light calibre. Friedrich has at least 71 heavy pieces; and 10 of them are formidably heavy,—brought from the walls of Glogau, with terrible labor to Ziethen; but with excellent effect, on this occasion and henceforth. They got the name of "Boomers, Bellowers (DIE BRUMMER)," those Ten. Friedrich was in great straits about artillery; and Retzow Senior recommended this hauling up of the Ten Bellowers, which became celebrated in the years coming. And now we are on the Battle—ground, and must look into the Battle itself, if we can.

Chapter X. BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.

From Neumarkt, on Monday, long before day, the Prussians, all but a small party left there to guard the Bakery and Army Properties, are out again; in four columns; towards what may lie ahead. Friedrich, as usual in such cases, for obvious reasons, rides with the vanguard. To Borne, the first Village on the Highway, is some seven or eight miles. The air is damp, the dim incipiences of dawn struggling among haze; a little way on this side Borne, we come on ranks of cavalry drawn across the Highway, stretching right and left into the dim void: Austrian Army this, then? Push up to it; see what it is, at least.

It proves to be poor General Nostitz, with his three Saxon regiments of dragoons, famous since Kolin—day, and a couple of Hussar regiments, standing here as outpost;—who ought to have been more alert; but they could not see through the dark, and so, instead of catching, are caught. The Prussians fall upon them, front and flank, tumble them into immediate wreck; drive the whole outpost at full gallop home, through Borne, upon Nypern and the right wing,—without news except of this symbolical sort. Saxon regiments are quite ruined, "540 of them prisoners" (poor Nostitz himself not prisoner, but wounded to death [Died in Breslau, the twelfth day after (Seyfarth, ii. 362).]); and the ground clear in this quarter.

Friedrich, on the farther side of Borne, calls halt, till the main body arrive; rides forward, himself and staff, to the highest of a range or suite of knolls, some furlongs ahead; sees there in full view, far and wide, the Austrians drawn up before him. From Nypern to Sagschuitz yonder; miles in length; and so distinct, while the light mended and the hazes faded, "that you could have counted them [through your glasses], man by man." A highly interesting sight to Friedrich; who continues there in the profoundest study, and calls up some horse regiments of the vanguard to maintain this Height and the range of Heights running south from it. And there, I think, the King is mainly to be found, looking now at the Austrians, now at his own people, for some three hours to come. His plan of Battle is soon clear to him: Nypern, with its bogs and scraggs, on the Austrian right wing, is tortuous impossible ground, as he well remembers, no good prospect for us there: better ground for us on their left yonder, at Leuthen, even at Sagschutz farther south, whither they are stretching themselves. Attempt their left wing; try our "Oblique Order" upon that, with all the skill that is in us; perhaps we can do it rightly this time, and prosper accordingly! That is Friedrich's plan of action. The four columns once got to Borne shall fall into two; turn to the right, and go southward, ever southward:—they are to become our two Lines of Battle, were they once got to the right point southward. Well opposite Sagschutz, that will be the point for facing to left, and marching up,—in "Oblique Order," with the utmost faculty they have!

"The Oblique Order, *SCHRAGE STELLUNG*," let the hasty reader pause to understand, "is an old plan practised by Epaminondas, and revived by Friedrich,—who has tried it in almost all his Battles more or less, from Hohenfriedberg forward to Prag, Kolin, Rossbach; but never could, in all points, get it rightly done till now, at Leuthen, in the highest time of need. "It is a particular manoeuvre," says Archenholtz, rather sergeant—wise, "which indeed other troops are now [1793] in the habit of imitating; but which, up to this present time, none but Prussian troops can execute with the precision and velocity indispensable to it. You divide your line into many pieces; you can push these forward stairwise, so that they shall halt close to one another," obliquely, to either hand; and so, on a minimum of ground, bring your mass of men to the required point at the required angle. Friedrich invented this mode of getting into position; by its close ranking, by its depth, and the manner of movement used, it had some resemblance to the "Macedonian Phalanx,"—chiefly in the latter point, I should guess; for when arrived at its place, it is no deeper than common. "Forming itself in this way, a mass of troops takes up in proportion very little ground; and it shows in the distance, by reason of the mixed uniforms and standards, a totally chaotic mass of men heaped on one another," going in rapid mazes this way and that. "But it needs only that the Commander lift his finger; instantly this living coil of knotted intricacies develops itself in perfect order, and with a speed like that of mountain rivers when the ice breaks,"—is upon its Enemy. [Archenholtz, i. 209.]

"Your Enemy is ranked as here, in long line, three or two to one. You march towards him, but keep him uncertain as to how you will attack; then do on a sudden march up, not parallel to him, but oblique, at an angle of 45 degrees,—swift, vehement, in overpowering numbers, on the wing you have chosen. Roll that wing together,

ruined, in upon its own line, you may roll the whole five miles of line into disorder and ruin, and always be in overpowering number at the point of dispute. Provided, only, you are swift enough about it, sharp enough! But extraordinary swiftness, sharpness, precision is the indispensable condition;—by no means try it otherwise; none but Prussians, drilled by an Old Dessauer, capable of doing it. This is the SCHRAGE ORDNUNG, about which there has been such commentating and controversing among military people: whether Friedrich invented it, whether Caesar did it, how Epaminondas, how Alexander at Arbela; how"—Which shall not in the least concern us on this occasion.

The four columns rustled themselves into two, and turned southward on the two sides of Borne;—southward henceforth, for about two hours; as if straight towards the Magic Mountain, the Zobtenberg, far off, which is conspicuous over all that region. Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. "It was a beautiful sight," says Tempelhof, an eye-witness: "The heads of the columns were constantly on the same level, and at the distance necessary for forming; all flowed on exact, as if in a review. And you could read in the eyes of our brave troops the noble temper they were in." [Tempelhof, i. 288, 287.] I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms,—many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me: details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn:—

"Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
What me to do behooves, what thou command'st me to;
Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
And when I do it, grant me good success in it."

*"Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebuhret,
Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande fuhret,
Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll;*

Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb dass es gerathe wohl." ["HYMN-BOOK of Porst" (Prussian Sternhold—and-Hopkins), "p. 689:" cited in Preuss, ii. 107.]

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms; but a voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. "Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty?" "By no means," said the King; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. Indeed there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his History. His religion, and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state,—nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known. "By no means!" answered he: and a moment after, said to some one, Ziethen probably: "With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day!"

The loss of their Saxon Forepost proved more important to the Austrians than it seemed;—not computable in prisoners, or killed and wounded. The Height named Scheuberg,—"Borne Rise" (so we might call it, which has got its Pillar of memorial since, with gilt Victory atop [Not till 1854 (Kutzen, pp. 194, 195).];—where Friedrich now is and where the Austrians are not, is at once a screen and a point of vision to Friedrich. By loss of their Nostitz Forepost, they had lost view of Friedrich, and never could recover view of him; could not for hours learn distinctly what he was about; and when he did come in sight again, it was in a most unexpected place! On the farther side of Borne, edge of the big expanse of open country there, Friedrich has halted; ridden with his adjutants to the top of "the Scheuberg (Shy-HILL)," as the Books call it, though it is more properly a blunt Knoll or "Rise," —the nearest of a Chain of Knolls, or swells in the ground, which runs from north to south on that part.

Except the Zobtenberg, rising blue and massive, on the southern horizon (famous mythologic Mountain, reminding you of an ARTHUR'S SEAT in shape too, only bigger and solitary), this Country, for many miles round, has nothing that could be called a Hill; it is definable as a bare wide-waving champaign, with slight bumps on it, or slow heavings and sinkings. Country mostly under culture, though it is of sandy quality; one or two sluggish brooks in it; and reedy meres or mires, drained in our day. It is dotted with Hamlets of the usual kind; and has patches of scraggy fir. Your horizon, even where bare, is limited, owing to the wavy heavings of the

ground; windmills and church-belfries are your only resource, and even these, from about Leuthen and the Austrian position, leave the Borne quarter mostly invisible to you. Leuthen Belfry, the same which may have stood a hundred years before this Battle, ends in a small tile-roof, open only at the gables:—"Leuthen Belfry," says a recent Tourist, "is of small resource for a view. To south you can see some distance, Sagschutz, Lobetintz and other Hamlets, amid scraggy fir-patches, and meadows, once miry pools; but to north you are soon shut in by a swell or slow rise, with two windmills upon it [important to readers at present]; and to eastward [Breslau side and Lissa side], or to westward [Friedrich's side], one has no view, except of the old warped rafters and their old mouldy tiles within few inches; or, if by audacious efforts at each end, to the risk of your neck, you get a transient peep, it is stopt, far short of Borne, by the slow irregular heavings, with or without fir about them." [Tourist's Note, PENES ME.]

In short, Friedrich keeps possession of that Borne ridge of Knolls, escorted by Cavalry in good numbers; twinkling about in an enigmatic way:—"Prussian right wing yonder," think the Austrians—"whitherward, or what can they mean?"—and keeps his own columns and the Austrian lines in view; himself and his movements invisible, or worse, to the Austrian Generals from any spy-glass or conjecture they can employ.

The Austrian Generals are in windmills, on church-belfries, here, there; diligently scanning the abstruse phenomenon, of which so little can be seen. Daun, who had always been against this adventure, thinks it probable the vanished Prussians are retiring southward: for Bohemia and our Magazines probably. "These good people are smuggling off (DIE GUTEN LEUTE PASCHEN AB)," said he: "let them go in peace." [Muller, p. 36.] Daun, that morning, in his reconnoitings, had asked of a peasant, "What is that, then?" (meaning the top of a Village-steeple in the distance, but thought by the peasant to be meaning something nearer hand). "That is the Hill our King chases the Austrians over, when he is reviewing here!" Which Daun reported at head-quarters with a grin. [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iv. 34.]

Lucchesi, on the other hand, scanning those Borne Hills, and the cavalry of Friedrich's escort twinkling hither and thither on them, becomes convinced to a moral certainty, That yonder is the Prussian Vanguard, probable extremity of left wing; and that he, Lucchesi, here at Nypern, is to be attacked. "Attacked, you?" said one Montazet, French Agent or Emissary here: "unless they were snipes, it is impossible!" But Lucchesi saw it too well.

He sends to say that such is the evident fact, and that he, Lucchesi, is not equal to it, but must have large reinforcement of Horse to his right wing. "Tush!" answer Prince Karl and Daun; and return only argument, verbal consolation, to distressed Lucchesi. Lucchesi sends a second message, more passionately pressing, to the like effect; also with the like return. Upon which he sends a third message, quite passionate: "If Cavalry do not come, I will not be responsible for the issue!" And now Daun does collect the required reinforcement; "all the reserve of Horse, and a great many from the left wing;"—and, Daun himself heading them, goes off at a swift trot; to look into Lucchesi and his distresses, three or four miles to right, five or six from where the danger lies. Now is Friedrich's golden moment.

Wending always south, on their western or invisible side of those Knolls, Friedrich's people have got to about the level, or LATITUDE as we might call it, of Nadasti's left. To Radaxdorf, namely, to Lobetintz, or still farther south, and perhaps a mile to west of Nadasti. Friedrich has mounted to Lobetintz Windmill; and judges that the time is come. Daun and Cavalry once got to support their right wing, and our south latitude being now sufficient, Friedrich, swift as Prussian manoeuvring can do it, falls with all his strength upon their left wing. Forms in oblique order,—horse, foot, artillery, all perfect in their paces; and comes streaming over the Knolls at Sagschutz, suddenly like a fire-deluge on Nadasti, who had charge there, and was expecting no such adventure! How Friedrich did the forming in oblique order was at that time a mystery known only to Friedrich and his Prussians: but soldiers of all countries, gathering the secret from him, now understand it, and can learnedly explain it to such as are curious. Will readers take a touch more of the DRILL-SERGEANT?

"You go stairwise (EN ECHELON)," says he: "first battalion starts, second stands immovable till the first have done fifty steps; at the fifty-first, second battalion also steps along; third waiting for ITS fifty-first step. First battalion [rightmost battalion or leftmost, as the case may be; rightmost in this Leuthen case] doing fifty steps before the next stirs, and each battalion in succession punctually doing the same:" march along on these terms,—or halt at either end, while you advance at the other,—it is evident you will swing yourself out of the parallel position into any degree of obliquity. And furthermore, merely by halting and facing half round at the due

intervals, you shove yourself to right or to left as required (always to right in this Leuthen case): and so—provided you CAN march as a pair of compasses would—you will, in the given number of minutes, impinge upon your Enemy's extremity at the required angle, and overlap him to the required length: whereupon, At him, in flank, in front, and rear, and see if he can stand it! "A beautiful manoeuvre" says Captain Archenholtz; "devised by Friedrich," by Friedrich inheriting Epaminondas and the Old Dessauer; "and which perhaps only Friedrich's men, to this day, could do with the requisite perfection."

Nadasti, a skilful War-Captain, especially with Horse, was beautifully posted about Sagschutz; his extreme left folded up EN POTENCE there (elbow of it at Sagschutz, forearm of it running to Gohlau eastward); POTENCE ending in firwood Knolls with Croat musketeers, in ditches, ponds, difficult ground, especially towards Gohlau. He has a strong battery, 14 pieces, on the Height to rear of him, at the angle or elbow of his POTENCE; strong abatis, well manned in front to rightwards: upon this, and upon the Croats in the firwood, the Prussians intend their attack. General Wedell is there, Prince Moritz as chief, with six battalions, and their batteries, battery of 10 Brummers and another; Ziethen also and Horse: coming on, in swift fire-flood, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Most unexpected, strange to behold! From southwest yonder; about one o'clock of the day.

Nadasti, though astonished at the Prussian fire-deluge, stands to his arms; makes, in front, vigorous defence; and even takes, in some sort, the initiative,—that is, dashes out his Cavalry on Ziethen, before Ziethen has charged. Ziethen's Horse, who are rightmost of the Prussians: and are bare to the right,—ground offering no bush, no brook there (though Ziethen, foreseeing such defect, has a clump of infantry near by to mend it),—reel back under this first shock, coming downhill upon them; and would have fared badly, had not the clump of infantry instantly opened fire on the Nadasti visitors, and poured it in such floods upon them, that they, in their turn, had to reel back. Back they, well out of range;—and leave Ziethen free for a counter-attack shortly, on easier terms, which was successful to him. For, during that first tussle of his, the Prussian Infantry, to left of Ziethen, has attacked the Sagschutz Firwood; clears that of Croats; attacks Nadasti's line, breaks it, their Brummer battery potently assisting, and the rage of Wedell and everybody being extreme. So that, in spite of the fine ground, Nadasti is in a bad way, on the extreme left or outmost point of his POTENCE, or tactical KNEE. Round the knee-pan or angle of his POTENCE, where is the abatis, he fares still worse. Abatis, beswept by those ten Brummers and other Batteries, till bullet and bayonet can act on it, speedily gives way. "They were mere Wurtembergers, these; and could not stand!" cried the Austrians apologetically, at a great rate, afterwards; as if anybody could well have stood.

Indisputably the Wurtembergers and the abatis are gone; and the Brandenburgers, storming after them, storm Nadasti's interior battery of 14 pieces; and Nadasti's affairs are rapidly getting desperate in this quarter. Figure Prince Karl's scouts, galloping madly to recall that Daun Cavalry! Austrian Battalions, plenty of them, rush down to help Nadasti; but they are met by the crowding fugitives, the chasing Prussians; are themselves thrown into disorder, and can do no good whatever. They arrive on the ground flurried, blown; have not the least time to take breath and order: the fewest of them ever got fairly ranked, none of them ever stood above one push: all goes rolling wildly back upon the centre about Leuthen. Chaos come on us;—and all for mere lack of time: could Nadasti but once stretch out one minute into twenty! But he cannot. Nadasti does not himself lose head; skilfully covers the retreat, trying to rally once and again. Not for the first few furlongs, till the ditches, till the firwood, quagmires are all done, could Ziethen, now on the open ground, fairly hew in; "take whole battalions prisoners;" drive the crowd in an altogether stormy manner; and wholly confound the matter in this part.

Prince Karl, his messengers flying madly, has struggled as man seldom did to put himself in some posture about Leuthen, to get up some defences there. Leuthen itself, the churchyard of it especially, is on the defensive. Men are bringing cannon to the windmills, to the swelling ground on the north side of Leuthen; they dig ditches, build batteries,—could they but make Time halt, and Friedrich with him, for one quarter of an hour. But they cannot. By the extreme of diligence, the Austrians have in some measure swung themselves into a new position, or imperfect Line round Leuthen as a centre,—Lucchesi, voluntarily or by order, swinging southwards on the one hand; Nadasti swinging northwards by compulsion;—new Line at an angle say of 75 degrees to the old one. And here, for an hour more, there was stiff fighting, the stiffest of the day;—of which, take one direct glimpse, from the Austrian side, furnished by a Young Gentleman famous afterwards:—

Leuthen, let us premise, is a long Hamlet of the usual littery sort; with two rows, in some parts three, of

farm-houses, barns, cattle-stalls; with Church, or even with two Churches, a Protestant and a Catholic; goes from east to west above a mile in length. With the wrecks of Nadasti tumbling into it pell-mell from the southeast, and Lucchesi desperately endeavoring to swing round from the northwest, not quite incoherently, and the Prussian fire-storm for accompaniment, Leuthen is probably the most chaotic place in the Planet Earth during that hour or so (from half-past two to half-past three) while the agony lasted. At one o'clock Nadasti was attacked; at two he is tumbling in mid-career towards Leuthen: I guess the date of this Excerpt, or testimony by a Notable Eye-witness, may be half-past two; crisis of the agony just about to begin: and before four it was all finished again. Eye-witness is the young Prince de Ligne, now Captain in an Austrian Regiment of Foot; and standing here in this perilous posture, having been called in as part of the Reserve. He says:—

"Cry had risen for the Reserve," in which was my regiment, "and that it must come on as fast as possible,"—to Leuthen, west of us yonder. "We ran what we could run. Our Lieutenant-Colonel fell killed almost at the first; beyond this we lost our Major, and indeed all the Officers but three,—three only, and about eleven or twelve of the Voluuteer or Cadet kind. We had crossed two successive ditches, which lay in an orchard to left of the first houses in Leuthen; and were beginning to form in front of the Village. But there was no standing of it. Besides a general cannonade such as can hardly be imagined, there was a rain of case-shot upon this Battalion, of which I, as there was no Colonel left, had to take command; and a third Battalion of the Royal Prussian Foot-guards, which had already made several of our regiments pass that kind of muster, gave, at a distance of eighty paces, the liveliest fire on us. It stood as if on the parade-ground, that third Battalion, and waited for us, without stirring.

"The Austrian regiment Andlau, at our right hand, could not get itself formed properly by reason of the houses; it was standing thirty deep, and sometimes its shot hit us on the back. On my left the Austrian regiment Merci ran its ways; and I was glad of that, in comparison. By no method or effort could I get the dragoons of Bathyani, who stood fifty yards in rear of me, to cut in a little, and help me out,"—no good cutting hereabouts, think the dragoons of Bathyani. "My soldiers, who were still tired with running, and had no cannon (these either from necessity or choice they had left behind), were got scattered, fewer in number, and were fighting mainly out of sullenness. More our honor, than the notion of doing good in the affair, prevented us from running off. An Ensign of the regiment Arberg helped me awhile to form, from his and my own fragments, a kind of line; but he was shot down. Two Officers of the Grenadiers brought me what they still had. Some Hungarians, too, were luckily got together. But at last, as, with all helps and the remnants of my own brave Battalion, I had come down to at most 200, I drew back to the Height where the Windmill is," [Kutzen p. 103 (from "Prince de Ligne's DIARY, i. 63, German Translation").]—where many have drawn back, and are standing in sheltered places, a hundred deep, say our Books.

Stiff fighting at Leuthen; especially furious till Leuthen Churchyard, a place with high stone walls, was got. Leuthen Village, we observe, was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage; Church and Churchyard especially are a citadel of death. Cannon playing from the Windmill Heights, too;— moments are inestimable. The Prussian Commander (name charitably hidden) at Leuthen Churchyard seems to hesitate in the murderous fire-deluge: Major Mollendorf, namable from that day forward, growling, "No time this for study," dashes out himself, "EIN ANDRER MANN (Follow me, whoever is a man)!"—smashes in the Church-Gate of the place, nine muskets blazing on him through it; smashes, after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clean out of it, and conquers the citadel. [Muller, p. 42.]

The Austrians, on confused terms, made stiff dispute in this second position for about an hour. The Prussian Reserve was ordered up by Friedrich; the Prussian left wing, which had stood "refused," about Radaxdorf, till now: at one time nearly all the Prussians were in fire. Friedrich is here, is there, wherever the press was greatest; "Prince Ferdinand," whom we now and then find named, as a diligent little fellow, and ascertain to be here in this and other Battles of Friedrich's,— "Prince Ferdinand at one time pointed his cannon on the Bush or Fir-Clump of Radaxdorf;—an aide-de-camp came to him with message: "You are firing on the King; the King is yonder!" At which Ferdinand [his dear little Brother] ERSCHRACK," or almost fainted with terror. [Kutzen, p. 110.]

Stiff dispute; and had the Austrians possessed the Prussian dexterity in manoeuvring, and a Friedrich been among them,— perhaps? But on their own terms, there was from the first little hope in it. "Behind the Windmills they are a hundred men deep;" by and by, your Windmills, riddled to pieces, have to be abandoned; the Prussian left wing rushing on with bayonets, will not all of you have to go? Lucchesi, with his abundant Cavalry, seeing

this latter movement and the Prussian flank bare in that part, will do a stroke upon them;—and this proved properly the finale of the matter, finale to both Lucchesi and it.

The Prussian flank was to appearance bare in that leftward quarter; but only to appearance: Driesen with the left wing of Horse is in a Hollow hard by; strictly charged by Friedrich to protect said flank, and take nothing else in hand. Driesen lets Lucchesi gallop by, in this career of his; then emerges, ranked, and comes storming in upon Lucchesi's back,—entirely confounding his astonished Cavalry and their career. Astonished Cavalry, bullet-storm on this side of them, edge of sword on that, take wing in all directions (or all except to west and south) quite over the horizon; Lucchesi himself gets killed,—crosses a still wider horizon, poor man. He began the ruin, and he ends it. For now Driesen takes the bared Austrians in flank, in rear; and all goes tumbling here too, and in few minutes is a general deluge rearward towards Saara and Lissa side.

At Saara the Austrians, sun just sinking, made a third attempt to stand; but it was hopelessly faint this time; went all asunder at the first push; and flowed then, torrent-wise, towards all its Bridges over the Schweidnitz Water, towards Breslau by every method. There are four Bridges, Stabelwitz below Lissa; Goldschmieden, Hermannsdorf, above; and the main one at Lissa itself, a standing Bridge on the Highroad (also of wood); and by this the chief torrent flows; Prussian horse pursuing vigorously; Prussian Infantry drawn up at Saara, resting some minutes, after such a day's work. [Archenholtz, i. 209; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 243–252 (by an eye-witness, intelligent succinct Account of the Battle and previous March; ib. 252–272, of the Sieges following); Preuss, ii. 112, Tempelhof, i. 276.]

Truly a memorable bit of work; no finer done for a hundred years, or for hundreds of years; and the results of it manifold, immediate and remote. About 10,000 Austrians are left on the field, 3,000 of them slain; prisoners already 12,000, in a short time 21,000; flags 51, cannon 116;—"Conquest of Silesia" gone to water; Prince Karl and Austria fallen from their high hopes in one day. The Prussians lost in killed 1,141, in wounded 5,118; 85 had been taken prisoners about Sagschutz and Gohlau, in the first struggle there. [Kutzen, pp. 118, 125.] There and at Leuthen Village had been the two tough passages; about an hour each; in three hours the Battle was done. "MEINE HERREN," said Friedrich that night at parole, "after such a spell of work, you deserve rest. This day will bring the renown of your name, and of the Nation's, to the latest posterity."

High and low had shone this day; especially these four: Ziethen, Driesen, Retzow,—and above all Moritz of Dessau. Riding up the line, as night fell, Friedrich, in passing Moritz and the right wing, drew bridle for an instant: "I congratulate you on the Victory, Herr Feldmarschall!" cried he cheerily, and with emphasis on the last word. Moritz, still very busy, answered slightly; and Friedrich repeated louder, "Don't you hear that I congratulate you, Herr FELDMARSCHALL!"—a glad sound to Moritz, who ever since Kolin had stood rather in the shadow. "You have helped me, and performed every order, as none ever did before in any battle," added the grateful King.

Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Friedrich asks, "Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?" Three battalions volunteering, follow him; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. "Landlord, bring a lantern, and escort." Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King's stirrup-leather,—King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to their Dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher? [*Anekdoten*, iii. 231–235.] *Like some poor old horse-shoe, ploughed up on the field. Two farthings worth of rusty old iron; now little other than a curve of brown rust: but it galloped at the Battle of Leuthen; that is something!—*

KING. "Come near; catch me by the stirrup-leather [Landlord with lantern does so]. We are on the Breslau Great Road, that goes through Lissa, are n't we?" LANDLORD. "Yea, Excellenz." KING. "Who are you?" LANDLORD. "Your Excellenz, I am the KRATSCHMER [Silesian for Landlord] at Saara." KING. "You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose." LANDLORD. "ACH, your Excellenz, had not I! For the last eight—and—forty hours, since the Austrians came across Schweidnitz Water, my poor house has been crammed to the door with them, so many servants they have; and such a bullying and tumbling:—they have driven me half mad; and I am clean plundered out." KING. "I am sorry indeed to hear that!—Were there Generals too in your house? What said they? Tell me, then." LANDLORD. "With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; yesterday noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlor, and his Adjutants and people all crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering! Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out: in and out they went all night; no sooner was one gone, than ten came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so many Officers crowding to it to warm

themselves. And they talked and babbled this and that. One would say, That our King was coming on, then, 'with his Potsdam Guard-Parade.' Another answers, 'OACH, he dare n't come! He will run for it; we will let him run.' But now my delight is, our King has paid them their fooleries so prettily this afternoon!" KING. "When got you rid of your high guests?" LANDLORD. "About nine this morning the Prince got to horse; and not long after three, he came past again, with a swarm of Officers; all going full speed for Lissa. So full of bragging when they came; and now they were off, wrong side foremost! I saw how it was. And ever after him, the flood of them ran, Highroad not broad enough, --an hour and more before it ended. Such a pell-mell, such a welter, cavalry and musketeers all jumbled: our King must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what they have got by their bragging and their lying, --for, your Excellenz, these people said too, 'Our King was forsaken by his own Generals, all his first people had gone and left him:' what I never in this world will believe." KING (not liking even rumor of that kind). "There you are right; never can such a thing be believed of my Army." LANDLORD (whom this "MY" has transfixed). "MEIN GOTT, you are our GNADIGSTER KONIG (most gracious King) yourself! Pardon, pardon, if, in my stupidity, I have--" KING. "No, you are an honest man:--probably a Protestant?" LANDLORD. "JOA, JOA, IHR MAJESTAT, I am of your Majesty's creed!"

Crack-crack! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right; crackle of about twelve shots in all; which hurt nothing but some horse's feet, --had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting out of Croats; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems; and the King's Entrance takes place under volleys and cannonadings.

King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village, --north side of street; well railed off, and its old ditches and defences now trimmed into flower-plots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him: but how could they know? Friedrich was surprised; but had to put the best face on it. [In Kutzen (pp. 121, 209 et seq.) explanation of the true circumstances, and source of the mistake.] "BON SOIR, MESSIEURS!" said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: "Is there still room left, think you?" The Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account); and for certain make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

Weistritz or Schweidnitz Water is a biggish muddy stream in that part; gushing and eddying; not voiceless, vexed by mills and their weirs. Some firing there was from Croats in the lower houses of the Village, and they had a cannon at the farther bridge-end; but they were glad to get away, and vanish in the night; muddy Weistritz singing hoarse adieu to their cannon and them. Prussian grenadiers plunged indignant into the houses; made short work of the musketries there. In few minutes every Croat and Austrian was across, or silenced otherwise too well; Prussian cannon now going in the rear of them, and continuing to go, --such had been the order, "till the powder you have is done." Fire of musketry and occasional cannon lasts all night, from the Lissa or Prussian side of the River, --"lest they burn this Bridge, or attempt some mischief." A thing far from their thoughts, in present circumstances.

The Prussian host at Saara, hearing these noises, took to its arms again; and marched after the King. Thick darkness; silence; tramp, tramp:--a Prussian grenadier broke out, with solemn tenor voice again, into Church-Music; a known Church-Hymn, of the homely TE-DEUM kind; in which five-and-twenty thousand other voices, and all the regimental bands, soon join:--

*"Nun dunket alle Gott
Mit Herzen, Mund und Handen,
Der grosse Dinge thut
An uns und allen Enden." [Muller, p. 48.]*

*"Now thank God, one and all,
With heart, with voice, with hands--a,
Who wonders great hath done
To us and to all lands--a."*

And thus they advance; melodious, far-sounding, through the hollow Night, once more in a highly remarkable manner. A pious people, of right Teutsch stuff, tender though stout; and, except perhaps Oliver Cromwell's

handful of Ironsides, probably the most perfect soldiers ever seen hitherto. Arriving at the end of Lissa, and finding all safe as it should be there, they make their bivouac, their parallelogram of two lines, miles long across the fields, left wing resting on Lissa, right on Guckerwitz; and—having, I should think, at least tobacco to depend on, with abundant stick-fires, and healthy joyful hearts—pass the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

Leuthen was the most complete of all Friedrich's victories; two hours more of daylight, as Friedrich himself says, and it would have been the most decisive of this century. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, iv. 167.] As it was, the ruin of this big Army, 80,000 against 30,000, ["89,200 was the Austrian strength before the Battle" (deduct the Garrisons of Schweidnitz and Liegnitz): Preuss, ii. 109 (from the STAFF-OFFICERS).] was as good as total; and a world of Austrian hopes suddenly collapsed; and all their Silesian Apparatus, making sure of Silesia beyond an IF, was tumbled into wreck,—by this one stroke it had got, smiting the corner-stone of it as if with unexpected lightning. On the morrow after Leuthen, Friedrich laid siege to Breslau; Karl had left a garrison of 17,000 in it, and a stout Captain, one Sprecher, determined on defence: such interests hung on Breslau, such immensities of stores were in it, had there been nothing else. Friedrich, pushing with all his strength, in spite of bad weather and of Sprecher's industrious defence, got it in twelve days. [7th–19th December: DIARIUM, of it in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 955–961.] Sprecher had posted placards on the gallows and up and down, terrifically proclaiming that any man convicted of mentioning surrender should be instantly hanged: but Friedrich's bombardment was strong, his assaults continual; and the ditches were threatening to freeze. On the seventh day of the siege, a Laboratorium blew up; on the ninth, a Powder-Magazine, carrying a lump of the rampart away with it. Sprecher had to capitulate: Prisoners of War, we 17,000; our cannons, ammunitions (most opulent, including what we took from Bevern lately); these, we and Breslau altogether, alas, it is all yours again. Liegnitz Garrison, seeing no hope, consented to withdraw on leave. [26th December: *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 1016.] Schweidnitz cannot be besieged till Spring come: except Schweidnitz, Maria Theresa, the high Kaiserinn, has no foot of ground in Silesia, which she thought to be hers again. Gone utterly, Patents and all; Schweidnitz alone waiting till spring. To the lively joy of Silesia in general; to the thrice-lively sorrow and alarm of certain individuals, leading Catholic Ecclesiastics mainly, who had misread the signs of the times in late months! There is one Schaffgotsch, Archbishop or head-man of them, especially, who is now in a bad way. Never was such royal favor; never such ingratitude, say the Books at wearisome length. Schaffgotsch was a showy man of quality, nephew of the quondam Austrian Governor, whom Friedrich, across a good deal of Papal and other opposition, got pushed into the Catholic Primacy, and took some pains to make comfortable there,—Order of the Black Eagle, guest at Potsdam, and the like;—having a kind of fancy for the airy Schaffgotsch, as well as judging him suitable for this Silesian High-Priesthood, with his moderate ideas and quality ways,—which I have heard were a little dissolute withal. To the whole of which Schaffgotsch proved signally traitorous and ingrate; and had plucked off the Black Eagle (say the Books, nearly breathless over such a sacrilege) on some public occasion, prior to Leuthen, and trampled it under his feet, the unworthy fellow. Schaffgotsch's pathetic Letter to Friedrich, in the new days posterior to Leuthen, and Friedrich's contemptuous inexorable answer, we could give, but do not: why should we? O King, I know your difficulties, and what epoch it is. But, of a truth, your airy dissolute Schaffgotsch, as a grateful "Archbishop and Grand-Vicar," is almost uglier to me than as a Traitor ungrateful for it; and shall go to the Devil in his own way! They would not have him in Austria; he was not well received at Rome; happily died before long. [Preuss, ii. 113, 114; Kutzen, pp. 12, 155–160, for the real particulars.] Friedrich was not cruel to Schaffgotsch or the others, contemptuously mild rather; but he knew henceforth what to expect of them, and slightly changed this and that in his Silesian methods in consequence.

Of Prince Karl let us add a word. On the morrow after Leuthen, Captain Prince de Ligne and old Papa D'Ahremberg could find little or no Army; they stept across to Grabschen, a village on the safe side of the Lohe, and there found Karl and Daun: "rather silent, both; one of them looking, 'Who would have thought it!' the other, 'Did n't I tell you?'"—and knowing nothing, they either, where the Army was. Army was, in fact, as yet nowhere. "Croat fellows, in this Farmstead of ours," says De Ligne, "had fallen to shooting pigeons." The night had been unusually dark; the Austrian Army had squatted into woods, into office-houses, farm-villages, over a wide space of country; and only as the day rose, began to dribble in. By count, they are still 50,000; but heart-broken, beaten as men seldom were. "What sound is that?" men asked yesterday at Brieg, forty miles off; and nobody could say, except that it was some huge Battle, fateful of Silesia and the world. Breslau had it louder; Breslau was still more anxious. "What IS all that?" asked somebody (might be Deblin the Shoemaker, for anything I know) of an

Austrian sentry there: "That? That is the Prussians giving us such a beating as we never had." What news for Deblin the Shoemaker, if he is still above ground!—

"Prince Karl, gathering his distracted fragments, put 17,000 into Breslau by way of ample garrison there; and with the rest made off circuitously for Schweidnitz; thence for Landshut, and down the Mountains, home to Konigsgratz,—self and Army in the most wrecked condition. Chased by Ziethen; Ziethen (sticking always to the hocks of them,' as Friedrich eagerly enjoins on him; or sometimes it is, 'sitting on the breeches of them:' for about a fortnight to come. [Eleven Royal Autographs: in Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (ii. 94–111), a feeble incorrect Translation of them.] Ziethen took 2,000 prisoners; no end of baggages, of wagons left in the difficult places: wild weather even for Ziethen, still more for Karl, among the Silesian–Bohemian Hill–roads: heavy rains, deep muds, then sudden glass, with cutting snow– blasts: 'An Army not a little dilapidated,' writes Prince Karl, almost with tears in his eyes; (Army without linens, without clothes; in condition truly sad and pitiable; and has always, so close are the enemy, to encamp, though without tents.' [Kutzen, p. 134 ("Prince Karl to the Kaiser, December 14th").]. Did not get to Konigsgratz, and safe shelter, for ten days more. Counted, at Konigsgratz in the Christmas time, 37,000 rank and file,—'22,000 of whom are gone to hospital,' by the Doctor's report.

"Universal astonishment, indignation, even incredulity, is the humor at Vienna: the high Kaiserinn herself, kept in the dark for some time, becomes dimly aware; and by Kaiser Franz's own advice she relieves Prince Karl from his military employments, and appoints Daun instead. Prince Karl withdrew to his Government of the Netherlands; and with the aid of generous liquors, and what natural magnanimity he had, spent a noiseless life thenceforth; Sword laid entirely on the shelf; and immortal Glory, as of Alexander and the like, quite making its exit from the scene, convivial or other. 'The first General in the world,' so he used to be ten years ago, in Austria, in England, Holland, the thrice– greatest of Generals: but now he has tried Friedrich in Five pitched Battles (Czaslau, Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, then Prag, then Leuthen);—been beaten every time, under every form of circumstance; and now, at Leuthen, the fifth beating is such, no public, however ignorant, can stand it farther. The ignorant public changes its long–eared eulogies into contumeliously horrid shrieks of condemnation; in which one is still farther from joining. 'That crossing of the Rhine,' says Friedrich, 'was a BELLE CHOSE; but flatterers blew him into dangerous self–conceit; besides, he was ill–obeyed, as others of us have been.' ["Prince de Ligne, *Memoires snr Frederic* (Berlin, 1789), p. 38 " (Preuss, ii. 112).] Adieu to him, poor red–faced soul;—and good liquor to him, —at least if he can take it in moderation!"

*The astonishment of all men, wise and simple, at this sudden oversetting of the scene of things, and turning of the gazetteer– diplomatic theatre bottom uppermost, was naturally extreme, especially in gazetteer and diplomatic circles; and the admiration, willing or unwilling, of Friedrich, in some most essential points of him, rose to a high pitch. Better soldier, it is clear, has not been heard of in the modern ages. Heroic constancy, courage superior to fate: several clear features of a hero;—pity he were such a liar withal, and ignorant of common honesty; thought the simple sort, in a bewildered manner, endeavoring to forget the latter features, or think them not irreconcilable. Military judges of most various quality, down to this day, pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest Battle of the century; and indeed one of the prettiest feats ever done by man in his Fighting Capacity. Napoleon, for instance, who had run over these Battles of Friedrich (apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word upon them which is worth gathering from such a source), speaks thus of Leuthen: "This Battle is a masterpiece of movements, of manoeuvres, and of resolution; enough to immortalize Friedrich, and rank him among the greatest Generals. Manifests, in the highest degree, both his moral qualities and his military." [Montholon, *Memoires de Napoleon*, vii. 211. This Napoleon SUMMARY OF FRIEDRICH'S CAMPAIGNS, and these brief Bits of Criticism, are pleasant reading, though the fruit evidently of slight study, and do credit to Napoleon perhaps still more than to Friedrich.]*

How the English Walpoles, in Parliament and out of it; how the Prussian Sulzers, D'Argenses, the Gazetteer and vague public, may have spoken and written at that time, when the matter was fresh and on everybody's tongue,—judge still by two small symptoms which we have to show:—

1. A LETTER OF FRIEDRICH'S TO D'ARGENS (Durgoy, near Breslau, 19th December, 1757).—"Your friendship seduces you, MON CHER; I am but a paltry knave (POLISSON) in comparison with 'Alexander,' and not worthy to tie the shoe–latchets of 'Caesar'! Necessity, who is the mother of industry, has made me act, and have recourse to desperate remedies in evils of a like nature.

"We have got here [this day, by capitulation of Breslau] from fourteen to fifteen thousand prisoners: so that, in

all, I have above twenty–three thousand of the Queen's troops in my hands, fifteen Generals, and above seven hundred Officers. 'T is a plaster on my wounds, but it is far enough from healing them.

"I am now about marching to the Mountain region, to settle the chain of quarters there; and if you will come, you will find the roads free and safe. I was sorry at the Abbe's treason,"—paltry De Prades, of whom we heard enough already. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 47.]

2. A POTTERY–APOTHEOSIS OF FRIEDRICH.—"There stands on this mantel–piece," says one of my Correspondents, the amiable Smelfungus, in short, whom readers are acquainted with, "a small China Mug, not of bad shape; declaring itself, in one obscure corner, to be made at Worcester, 'R. I., Worcester, 1757' (late in the season, I presume, demand being brisk); which exhibits, all round it, a diligent Potter's–Apotheosis of Friedrich, hastily got up to meet the general enthusiasm of English mankind. Worth, while it lasts unbroken, a moment's inspection from you in hurrying along.

"Front side, when you take our Mug by the handle for drinking from it, offers a poor well–meant China Portrait, labelled KING OF PRUSSIA: Copy of Friedrich's Portrait by Pesne, twenty years too young for the time, smiling out nobly upon you; upon whom there descends with rapidity a small Genius (more like a Cupid who had hastily forgotten his bow, and goes headforemost on another errand) to drop a wreath on this deserving head;—wreath far too small for ever getting on (owing to distance, let us hope), though the artless Painter makes no sign; and indeed both Genius and wreath, as he gives them, look almost like a big insect, which the King will be apt to treat harshly if he notice it. On the opposite side, again, separated from Friedrich's back by the handle, is an enormous image of Fame, with wings filling half the Mug, with two trumpets going at once (a bass, probably, and a treble), who flies with great ease; and between her eager face end the unexpectant one of Friedrich (who is 180 degrees off, and knows nothing of it) stands a circular Trophy, or Imbroglia of drums, pikes, muskets, cannons, field–flags and the like; very slightly tied together,— the knot, if there is one, being hidden by some fantastic bit of scroll or escutcheon, with a Fame and ONE trumpet scratched on it; —and high out of the Imbroglia rise three standards inscribed with Names, which we perceive are intended to be names of Friedrich's Victories; standards notable at this day, with Names which I will punctually give you.

"Standard first, which flies to the westward or leftward, has 'Reisberg' (no such place on this distracted globe, but meaning Bevern's REICHENBERG, perhaps),—'Reisberg,' 'Prague,' 'Collin.' Middle standard curves beautifully round its staff, and gives us to read, 'Welham' (non–extant, too; may mean WELMINA or Lobositz), 'Rossbach' (very good), 'Breslau' (poor Bevern's, thought a VICTORY in Worcester at this time!). Standard third, which flies to eastward or right hand, has 'Neumark' (that is, NEUMARKT and the Austrian Bread–ovens, 4th December); 'Lissa' (not yet LEUTHEN in English nomenclature); and 'Breslau' again, which means the capture of Breslau CITY this time, and is a real success, 7th–19th December;—giving us the approximate date, Christmas, 1757, to this hasty Mug. A Mug got up for temporary English enthusiasm, and the accidental instruction of posterity. It is of tolerable China; holds a good pint, 'To the Protestant Hero, with all the honors;— and offers, in little, a curious eyehole into the then England, with its then lights and notions, which is now so deep–hidden from us, under volcanic ashes, French Revolutions, and the wrecks of a Hundred very decadent Years."

Chapter XI. WINTER IN BresLAU: THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS.

Friedrich, during those grand victories, is suffering sadly in health, "COLIQUE DEPUIS HUIT JOURS, neither sleep nor appetite;" "eight months of mere anguishes and agitations do wear one down." He is tired too, he says, of the mere business-talk, coarse and rugged, which has been his allotment lately; longs for some humanly roofed kind of lodging, and a little talk that shall have flavor in it. [Letters of his to Prince Henri (December 26th, *OEuvres*, xxvi. 167, 169; Stenzel, v: 123).] The troops once all in their Winter-quarters, he sits down in Breslau as his own wintering-place: place of relaxation,—of rest, or at least of changed labor,—no man needing it more. There for some three months he had a tolerable time; perhaps, by contrast, almost a delightful. Readers must imagine it; we have no details allowed us, nor any time for them even if we had.

There come various visitors, various gayeties,—King's Birthday (January 24th); quality Balls, "at which Royal Majesty sometimes deigned to show himself." A lively Breslau, in comparison. Sister Amelia paid a beautiful visit of a fortnight or more: Sister Amelia, and along with her, two married Cousins (once Margravines of Schwedt), whose Husbands, little Brother Ferdinand, and Eugen of Wurtemberg, are wintering here. The Marquis d'Argens, how exquisitely treated we shall see, is a principal figure; Excellency Mitchell, deep in very important business just now, is another. Reader de Catt (he who once, in a Dutch River-Boat, got into conversation with the snuffy gentleman in black wig) made his new appearance, this Winter,—needed now, since De Prades is off. "Should you have known me again?" asked Friedrich. "Hardly, in that dress; besides, your Majesty looks thinner." "That I can believe, with the cursed life I have been leading!" [Rodenbeck, i. 285.] There came also, day not given, a Captain Guichard ("Major Quintus Icilius" that is to be) with his new Book on the Art Military of the Ancients, MEMOIRES MILITAIRES SUR LES GRECS ET LES ROMAINS; [a La Haye, 2 tomes, 4to, 1757 (Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 134)] which cannot but be welcome to Friedrich. A solid account of that matter, by the first man who ever understood both War and Greek. Far preferable to Folard's, a man without Greek at all, and with military ideas not a little fantastic here and there. Of Captain Guichard, were his Book once read, and himself a little known, there will be more to say. For the present, fancy him retained as supernumerary:—and in regard to Friedrich's Winter generally, accept the following small hints, small but direct:—

FRIEDRICH TO D'ARGENS (three different times).

1. ON THE ROAD TO LEUTHEN "(Torgau, 15th November 1757). ... I have been obliged to have the Abbe arrested [De Prades, of whom enough, long since]; he has been playing the spy, and I have many evident proofs of it. That is very infamous and very ungrateful.—I have made a prodigious quantity of verses (PRODIGIEUSEMENT DE VERS). If I live, I will show them you in Winter-quarters: if I perish, they are bequeathed to you, and I have ordered that they be put into your hand. ...

"Adieu, my dear Marquis. I fancy you to be in bed: don't rot there;—and remember you have promised to join me in Winter-quarters;"—on this latter point Friedrich is very urgent, amiably eager; prepared to wrap the poor Marquis in cotton, and carry him and lodge him, like glass with care. [*OEuvres de Frederic*,] xix, 43.] For example:—

2. WHILE SETTTLING THE WINTER-QUARTERS ("Striegau, 26th December, 1757:" Siege of Breslau done ten days ago). ... "What a pleasure to hear you are coming! Your travelling you can do in your own way. I have chosen a party of Light Horse (JAGER), who will appear at Berlin to conduct you. You can make short journeys: the first to Frankfurt, the second to Crossen, the third to Grunberg, fourth to Glogau, fifth to Parchwitz, sixth to Breslau. I have directed that horses be ordered for you, that your rooms be warmed everywhere, and good fowls ready on all roads. Your apartment in this House [Royal House in Breslau, which the King has built for himself years ago] is carpeted, hermetically shut. You shall suffer nothing from draughts or from noise." [Ib. xix. 48.]—Lucky Marquis; what a Landlord! Came accordingly; stayed till deep in April,—waiting latterly for weather, I perceive; long after the King himself was off. Thus:—

3. FRIEDRICH ON THE FIELD AGAIN FOR FIVE WEEKS PAST ("Munsterberg, 23d April, 1758"). "Adieu, dear Marquis; I fancy you are now in Berlin again. Go to Charlottenburg whenever and how you like; take care of yourself; and be ready for the beginning of October next!— As to me, MON CHER, I am off to fight

windmills and ostriches (AUTRUCHES), that is, Russians and Austrians (AUTRICHIENS). Adieu, MON CHER." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 49.]

There circulated in the Newspapers, this Winter, something of what was called a LETTER from Friedrich to Maria Theresa, formally proposing Peace, after these magnificent successes. And certainly, of all things in the Earth, Friedrich would have best liked Peace, this year, last year, and for the next five years: "Go home, then, good neighbors; don't break into my house, don't cut my poor throat, and we will be friends again!" Friedrich, it appears, had actually, finding or making opportunity, sent some polite Letter, of pacific tenor, in his light clever way, to that address;—not without momentary hopes of perhaps getting good from it. [In PREUSS, ii. 130 (Friedrich's Letter mostly given;—bearer a Prince van Lobkowitz, prisoner at Leuthen, now going home on handsome terms) Stenzel, v. 124 (for the PER—CONTRA feeling).] And the Kaiserinn herself, Austria's high Mother, did, they say, after such a Leuthen coming on the back of such a Rossbach, feel discouraged; but the Pompadour (not France's Mother, whatever she might be to France) was of far other mind: "Do not speak of it, MA REINE! Double or quits, that is our game: can we yield for a little ill—luck? Never!"

France dismisses its D'Argenson, "What Armies are these of his; flying home on us, like draggled poultry, across the Rhine!"— summons the famed Belleisle to be War—Minister, and give things an eagle—quality: ["26th February, 1758" (BARBIER, iv. 258).] France engages to pay its subsidies better (France now the general paying party, Austria, Sweden, Russia itself, all looking to France,—would she were as punctual as England used to be!),—in a word, engages to be magnanimous extremely, and will hear of nothing but persistence. "Shall not we reap, then, where there is such a harvest standing white to us?" Kaunitz admits that there never will again be such a chance.—Peace, it is clear enough, will not be got of these people by any Letter, or human device whatever, except simply by uttermost, more or less miraculous fighting for it. Friedrich is profoundly aware of this fact;—is busy completing his Army: 145,000 for the field, this Year, 53,000 the Silesian part, "a good many of them Austrian deserters;" [Stenzel, v. 155.] and is closing an important Subsidy Treaty with England,—of which more anon.

And if this is the mood in France and Austria, think what Russia's will be! The Czarina is not dead of dropsy, as some had expected, but, on the contrary, alive, and fiercer than ever; furious against Apraxin, and determined that Fermor, his successor, shall defy Winter, and begin work at once. She has indignantly dismissed Apraxin (to be tried by Court—Martial, he); dismisses Bestuchef the Chancellor; appoints a new General, Fermor by name; orders Fermor to go and lose not a moment, now in the depth of Winter since it was not done in the crown of Summer, and take possession of East Prussen in her name.

Which Fermor does; 16th January, crosses the border again, 31,000 in all, without opposition except from the frost; plants himself up and down,—only two poor Prussian battalions there; who retire, with their effects, especially "with seven wagons of money." January 22d, Fermor enters Konigsberg; publishes no end of proclamations, manifestoes, rescripts, to inform the poor people, trembling at the Cossack atrocities of last Year, "That his august Sovereign Elizabeth of All the Russias has now become Proprietress of East Prussen, which shall be perfectly protected and exquisitely well—governed henceforth; and that all men of official or social position have, accordingly, to come and take the oath to her, with the due alacrity and punctuality, at their peril."

No man is willing for the operation, most men shudder at it; but who can help them? Surely it was an unblest operation. Poor souls, one pities them; for at heart they were, and continued, loyal to their own King; thoroughly abhorrent of becoming Russian, as Czarish Majesty has thoroughly resolved they shall. Some few absconded, leaving their property as spoil; the rest swore, with mental reservation, with shifts, such as they could devise:—for example, some were observed to swear with gloves on; the right hand, which they held up, was a mere right FIST with a stuffed glove at the end of it,—SO help me Beelzebub (or whoever is the recording Angel here)! [*Helden—Geschichte*, v. 141—149: Preuss, ii. 145, iii. 578, iv. 477, And thus does Prussen, with astonishment, as by the spell of a Czarina Circe, find itself changed suddenly to Russian: and does not recover the old human form till four years hence,—when, again suddenly, as we shall see, the Circe and her wand chance to get broken.

Friedrich could not mend or prevent this bad Business; but was so disgusted with it, he never set foot in East Prussen again,—never could bear to behold it, after such a transformation into temporary Russian shape. I cannot say he abhorred this constrained Oath as I should have done: on the contrary, in the first spurt of indignation, he not only protested aloud, but made reprisals,— "Swear ME those Saxons, then!" said he; and

some poor magistrates of towns, and official people, had to make a figure of swearing (if not allegiance altogether, allegiance for the time being), in the same sad fashion, till one's humor cooled again. [Preuss, ii. 163: Oath given in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 631.] East Prussen, lost in this way, held by its King as before, or more passionately now than ever; still loved Friedrich, say the Books; but it is Russia's for the present, and the mischief is done. East Prussen itself, Circe Czarina cherishing it as her own, had a much peaceabler time: in secret it even sent moneys, recruits, numerous young volunteers to Friedrich; much more, hopes and prayers. But his disgust with the late transformation by enchantment was inexorable.

It was May or June, as had been anticipated, before the Russian main Army made its practical appearance in those parts. Fermor had, in the interim, seized Thorn, seized Elbing ("No offence, magnanimous Polacks, it is only for a time!"),—and would fain have had Dantzic too, but Dantzic would n't. Not till June 16th did the unwieldy mass (on paper 104,000, and in effect, and exclusive of Cossack rabble, about 75,000) get on way; and begin slowly staggering westward. Very slowly, and amid incendiary fire and horrid cruelty, as heretofore;—and in August coming we shall be sure to hear of it.

Lehwald was just finishing with the Swedes,—had got them all bottled up in Stralsund again, about New-Year's time, when these Russians crossed into Preussen. We said nothing of the Swedish so-called Campaign of last Year;—and indeed are bound to be nearly silent of that and of all the others. Five Campaigns of them, or at least Four and a half; such Campaigns as were never made before or since. Of Campaign 1757, the memorable feature is, that of the whole "Swedish Division," as the laughing Newspapers called it, which was "put to flight by five Berlin Postilions;"—substantially a truth, as follows:—

"Night of September 12th–13th, 1757, the Swedes, 22,000 strong, did at last begin business; crossed Peene River, the boundary between their Pommern and ours; and, having nothing but some fractions of Militia to oppose them, soon captured the Redoubts there; spread over Prussian Pommern, and on into the Uckermark; diligently raising contributions, to a heavy amount. No less than 90,000 pounds in all for this poor Province; though, by a strange accident, 60,000 pounds proved to be the actual sum.

"Towards the end of October they had got as much as 60,000 pounds from the northern parts of Uckermark, Prentzlow being their head-quarter during that operation; and they now sent out a Detachment of 200 grenadiers and 100 dragoons towards Zehdenick, another little Town, some forty miles farther south, there to wring out the remaining sum. The Detachment marched by night, not courting notice; but people had heard of its coming; and five Prussian Postilions,—shifty fellows, old hussars it may be, at any rate skilful on the trumpet, and furnished with hussar jackets and an old pistol each, determined to do something for their Country. The Swedish Detachment had not marched many miles, when,—after or before some flourishes of martial trumpeting,—there verily fell on the Swedish flank, out of a clump of dark wood, five shots, and wounded one man. To the astonishment and panic of the other two hundred and ninety-nine; who made instant retreat, under new shots and trumpet-tones, as if it were from five whole hussar regiments; retreat double-quick, to Prentzlow; alarm waxing by the speed; alarm spreading at Prentzlow itself: so that the whole Division got to its feet, recrossed the Peene; and Uckermark had nothing more to pay, for that bout! This is not a fable, such as go in the Newspapers," adds my Authority, "but an accurate fact:" [*Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 764, 807; Archenholtz, i. 160.]—probably, in our day, the alone memorable one of that "Swedish War."

"The French," says another of my Notes, "who did the subsidying all round (who paid even the Russian Subsidy, though in Austria's name), had always an idea that the Swedes—22,000 stout men, this year, 4,000 of them cavalry—might be made to co-operate with the Russians; with them or with somebody; and do something effective in the way of destroying Friedrich. And besides their subsidies and bribings, the French took incredible pains with this view; incessantly contriving, correspondencing, and running to and fro between the parties: [For example: M. le Marquis de Montalembert, CORRESPONDANCE AVEC ETANT EMPLOYE PAR LE ROI DE FRANCE A L'ARMEE SUEDOISE, 1757–1761 ("with the Swedish Army," yes, and sometimes with the Russian,—and sometimes on the French Coasts, ardently fortifying against Pitt and his Descents there:—a very intelligent, industrious, observant man; still amusing to read, if one were idler), A LONDRES (evidently Paris), 1777, 3 vols. small 8vo. Then, likewise very intelligent, there is a Montazet, a Mortaigne, a Caulaiucourt; a CAMPAGNE DES RUSSES EN 1757; —in short, a great deal of fine faculty employed there in spinning ropes from sand.] but had not, even from the Russians and Czarish Majesty, much of a result, and from the Swedes had absolutely none at all. By French industry and flagitation, the Swedish Army was generally kept up to about

20,000: the soldiers were expert with their fighting—tools, knew their field—exercise well; had fine artillery, and were stout hardy fellows: but the guidance of them was wonderful. 'They had no field—commissariat,' says one Observer, 'no field—bakery, no magazines, no pontoons, no light troops; and,' among the Higher Officers, 'no subordination.' [Archenholtz, i. 158.] Were, in short, commanded by nobody in particular. Commanded by Senator Committee—men in Stockholm; and, on the field, by Generals anxious to avoid responsibility; who, instead of acting, held continual Councils of War. The history of their Campaigns, year after year, is, in summary, this:—

"Late in the season (always late, War—Offices at home, and Captaincies here, being in such a state), they emerged from Stralsund, an impregnable place of their own,—where the men, I observe, have had to live on dried fishy substances, instead of natural boiled oatmeal; [Montalembert, i. 32–37, 335. 394, (that of the demand for Neise PORRIDGE, which interested me, I cannot find again).] and have died extensively in consequence:— they march from Stralsund, a forty or thirty miles, till they reach the Swedish—Pommern boundary, Peene River; a muddy sullen stream, flowing through quagmire meadows, which are miles broad, on each shore. River unfordable everywhere; only to be crossed in four or five places, where paved causeways are. The Swedes, with deliberation, cross Peene; after some time, capture the bits of Redoubts, and the one or two poor Prussian Towns upon it; Anklam Redoubt, PEENE—MUNDE (Peene—mouth) Redoubt; and rove forward into Prussian Pommern, or over into the Uckermark, for fifty, for a hundred miles; exacting contributions; foraging what they can; making the poor country—people very miserable, and themselves not happy,—their soldiers 'growing yearly more plunderous,' says Archenholtz, 'till at length they got, though much shyer of murder, to resemble Cossacks,' in regard to other pleas of the crown.

"There is generally some fractional regiment or two of Prussian force, left under some select General Manteuffel, Colonel Belling; who hangs diligently on the skirts of them, exploding by all opportunities. There have been Country Militias voluntarily got on foot, for the occasion; five or six small regiments of them; officered by Prussian Veterans of the Squirearchy in those parts; who do excellent service. The Governor of Stettin, Bevern, our old Silesian friend, strikes out now and then, always vigilant, prompt and effective, on a chance offering. This, through Summer, is what opposition can be made: and the Swedes, without magazines, scout—service, or the like military appliances, but willing enough to fight [when they can see], and living on their shifts, will rove inward, perhaps 100 miles; say southwestward, say southeastward [towards Ruppın, which we used to know],—they love to keep Mecklenburg usually on their flank, which is a friendly Country. Small fights befall them, usually beatings; never anything considerable. That is their success through Summer.

"Then, in Autumn, some remnant more of Prussian regulars arrive, disposable now for that service; upon which the Swedes are driven over Peene again (quite sure to be driven, when the River with its quagmires freezes); lose Anklam Redoubt, Peene—munde Redoubt; lose Demmin, Wollin; are followed into Swedish Pommern, oftenest to the gates of Stralsund, and are locked up there, there and in Rugen adjoining, till a new season arrive."—This year (1757–1758), Lehwald, on turning the key of Stralsund, might have done a fine feat; frost having come suddenly, and welded Rugen to mainland. "What is to hinder you from starving them into surrender?" signifies Friedrich, hastily: "Besiege me Stralsund!" Which Lehwald did; but should have been quicker about it; or the thaw came too soon, and admitted ships with provision again. Upon which Lehwald resigned, to a General Graf von Dohna; and went home, as grown too old: and Dohna kept them bottled there till the usual Russian Advent (deep in June); by which time, what with limited stockfish diet, what with sore labor (breaking of the ice, whenever frost reappeared) and other hardship, more than half of them had died.— "Every new season there was a new General tried; but without the least improvement. There was mockery enough, complaint enough; indignant laughter in Stockholm itself; and the Dalecarlians thought of revolting: but the Senator Committee—men held firm, ballasted by French gold, for four years.

"The Prussian Militias are a fine trait of the matter; about fifteen regiments in different parts;—about five in Pommern, which set the example; which were suddenly raised last Autumn by the STANDE themselves, drilled in Stettin continually, while the Swedes were under way, and which stood ready for some action, under veterans of the squirearchy, when the Swedes arrived. They were kept up through the War. The STANDE even raised a little fleet, [Archenholtz, i. 110.] river fleet and coast fleet, twelve gunboats, with a powerful carronade in each, and effective men and captain; a great check on plundering and coast mischief, till the Swedes, who are naval, at last made an effort and destroyed them all."

Friedrich was very sensible of these procedures on the part of his STANDE; and perhaps readers are not prepared for such, or for others of the like, which we could produce elsewhere, in a Country without Constitution to speak of. Friedrich raises no new taxes,— except upon himself exclusively, and these to the very blood:— Friedrich gets no Life—and–Fortune Addresses of the vocal or printed sort, but only of the acted. Very much the preferable kind, where possible, to all parties concerned. These poor militias and flotillas one cheerfully puts on record; cheerfully nothing else, in regard to such a Swedish War;—nor shall we henceforth insult the human memory by another word upon it that is not indispensable.

OF THE ENGLISH SUBSIDY.

One of Friedrich's most important affairs, at present,—vitality connected with his Army and its furnishings, which is the all– important,—was his Subsidy Treaty with England. It is the third treaty he has signed with England in regard to this War; the second in regard to subsidy for it; and it is the first that takes real practical effect. It had cost difficulty in adjusting, not a little correspondence and management from Mitchell; for the King is very shy about subsidy, though grim necessity prescribes it as inevitable; and his pride, and his reflections on the last Subsidy Treaty, "One Million sterling, Army of Observation, and Fleet in the Baltic," instead of which came Zero and Kloster–Zeven, have made him very sensitive. However, all difficulties are got over; Plenipotentiary Knyphausen, Pitt, Britannic Majesty and everybody striving to be rational and practical; and at London, 11th April, 1758, Subsidy Treaty, admirably brief and to the point, is finished: [In four short Articles; given in *Helden–Geschichte*, v. 16, 17.] "That Friedrich shall have Four Million Thalers, that is, 670,000 pounds; payable in London to his order, in October, this Year; which sum Friedrich engages to spend wholly in maintenance and increase of his Army for behoof of the common object;—neither party to dream of making the least shadow of peace or truce without the other." Of Baltic Fleet, there is nothing said; nor, in regard to that, was anything done, this year or afterwards; highly important as it would have been to Friedrich, with the Navies so called of both Sweden and Russia doing their worst upon him. "Why not spare me a small English squadron, and blow these away?" Nor was the why ever made clear to him; the private why being, that Czarish Majesty had, last year, intimated to Britannic, "Any such step on your part will annihilate the now old friendship of Russia and England, and be taken as a direct declaration of War!"—which Britannic Majesty, for commercial and miscellaneous reasons, hoped always might be avoided. Be silent, therefore, on that of Baltic Fleet.

In all the spoken or covenanted points the Treaty was accurately kept: 670,000 pounds, two–thirds of a million very nearly, will, in punctual promptitude, come to Friedrich's hand, were October here. And in regard to Ferdinand (a point left silent, this too), Friedrich's expectations were exceeded, not the contrary, so long as Pitt endured. This is the Third English–Prussian Treaty of the Seven–Years War, as we said above; and it is the First that took practical effect: this was followed by three others, year after year, of precisely the same tenor, which were likewise practical and punctually kept,—the last of them, "12th December, 1760," had reference to Subsidy for 1761:—and before another came, Pitt was out. So that, in all, Friedrich had Four Subsidies; 670,000 pounds x4=2,680,000 pounds of English money altogether:—and it is computed by some, there was never as much good fighting otherwise had out of all the 800,000,000 pounds we have funded in that peculiar line of enterprise. [First Treaty, 16th January, 1756 (is in *Helden–Geschichte*, iii. 681), "We will oppose by arms any foreign Armament entering Germany;" Second Treaty, 11th January, 1757 (never published till 1802), is in Scholl, iii. 30–32: "one million subsidy, a Fleet (not KEPT at all); after which, Third Treaty (the FIRST really issuing in subsidy and performance) is 11th April, 1758 (given in *Helden–Geschichte*, v. 17); Fourth (really SECOND), 7th December, 1758 (Ib. v. 752); Fifth (THIRD), 9th November, 1759; Sixth (FOURTH), 12th December, 1760. See PREUSS, ii. 124 n.]

Pitt had no difficulty with his Parliament, or with his Public, in regard to this Subsidy; the contrary rather. Seldom, if ever, was England in such a heat of enthusiasm about any Foreign Man as about Friedrich in these months since Rossbach and what had followed. Celebrating this "Protestant Hero," authentic new Champion of Christendom; toasting him, with all the honors, out of its Worcester and other Mugs, very high indeed. Take these Three Clippings from the old Newspapers, omitting all else; and rekindle these, by good inspection and consideration, into feeble symbolic lamps of an old illumination, now fallen so extinct.

No. 1. REVEREND MR. WHITFIELD AND THE PROTESTANT HERO. "Monday, January 2d," 1758, "was observed as a Day of Thanksgiving, at the Chapel in Tottenham–Court Road [brand–new Chapel, still standing and acting, though now in a dingier manner], by Mr. Whitfield's people, for the signal Victories gained

by the King of Prussia over his Enemies. [*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 41.]—"Why rage the Heathen; why do the people imagine a vain thing? Sinful beings we, perilously sunk in sin against the Most High:—but they, do they think that, by earthly propping and hoisting, their unblessed Chimera, with his Three Hats, can sweep away the Eternal Stars!"—In this strain, I suppose: Protestant Hero and Heaven's long-suffering Patiences and Mercies in raising up such a one for a backsliding generation; doubtless with much unction by Mr. Whitfield.

No. 2. KING OF PRUSSIA'S BIRTHDAY (Tuesday, January 24th). "This being the Birthday of the King of Prussia, who then entered into the forty-seventh year of his age, the same was observed with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy;"—throughout the Cities of London and Westminster, "great rejoicings and illuminations," it appears, [*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. (for 1758), p. 43; and vol. xxix. p. 42, for next year's birthday, and p. 81 for another kind of celebration.]—now shining so feebly at a century's distance!—No. 3 is still more curious; and has deserved from us a little special inquiring into.

No. 3. MISS BARBARA WYNDHAM'S SUBSIDY. "March 13th, 1758,"—while Pitt and Knyphausen are busy on the Subsidy Treaty, still not out with it, the Newspapers suddenly announce,—

"Miss Bab. Wyndham, of Salisbury, sister of Henry Wyndham, Esq., of that City, a maiden lady of ample fortune, has ordered her banker to prepare the sum of 1,000 pounds to be immediately remitted, in her own name, as a present to the King of Prussia." [*London Chronicle*, March 14th–16th, 1758; *Lloyd's Evening Post*; Doubtless to the King of Prussia's surprise, and that of London Society, which would not want for commentaries on such a thing!

Before long, the Subsidy Treaty being now out, and the Wyndham topic new again, London Society reads, in the same Newspaper, a Documentary Piece, calculated to help in its commentaries. There is good likelihood of guess, though no certainty now attainable, that the "English Lady" referred to may be Miss Bab. herself;—of whose long-vanished biography, and brisk, airy, nomadic ways, we catch hereby a faint shadow, momentary, but conceivable, and sufficient for us:—

"TO THE AUTHORS OF THE LONDON CHRONICLE. *London Chronicle*, of 13th–15th April, 1758.

"The following Account, which is a real fact, will serve to show with what punctuality and exactness the King of Prussia attends to the most minute affairs, and how open he is to applications from all persons.

"An English Lady being possessed of actions [shares] in the Embden Company, and having occasion to raise money on them, repaired to Antwerp [some two years ago, as will be seen], and made application for that purpose to a Director of the Company, established there by the King of Prussia for the managing all affairs relative thereto. This person," Van Erthorn the name of him, "very willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend being far short of what the actions would bring, and he also insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months, —she broke off with him, and had recourse to some merchants at Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before this Director for receiving his sanction, which was essential to the solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was like to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed the authenticity of the actions, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this the Lady wrote a Letter by the common post to his Majesty of Prussia, accompanied with a Memorial complaining of the treatment she had received from the Director; and she likewise enclosed the actions themselves in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By the return of the post, his Majesty condescended to answer her Letter; and the actions were returned authenticated; which so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties were removed relating to the transaction she had in hand; and it is more than probable the Director has felt his Majesty's resentment for his ill-behavior.—The Lady's Letter was as follows:—

"ANTWERP, 19th February, 1756.

"SIR,—Having had the happiness to pay my court to your Majesty during a pretty long residence at Berlin [say in Voltaire's time; Miss Barbara's "Embden Company," I observe, was the first of the two, date 1750; that of 1753 is not hers], and to receive such marks of favor from their Majesties the Queens [a Barbara capable of shining in the Royal soirees at Monbijou, of talking to, or of, your Voltaires and lions, and investing moneys in the new Embden Company] as I shall ever retain a grateful sense of,—I presume to flatter myself that your Majesty will not be offended at the respectful liberty I have taken in laying before you my complaints against one Van Erthorn, a Director of the Embden China Company, whose bad behavior to me, as set forth in my Memorial,

hath forced me to make a very long and expensive stay at this place; and, as the considerable interest I have in that Company may farther subject me to his caprices, I cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your Majesty's throne; most respectfully supplicating your Majesty that you would be graciously pleased to give orders that this Director shall not act towards me for the future as he hath done hitherto.

"I hope for this favor from your Majesty's sovereign equity; and I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the prosperity of your glorious reign; having the honor to be, with the most respectful zeal, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most devoted servant, * * *'

"THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S ANSWER.

"POTSDAM, 26th February, 1756.

"MADAM,—I received the Letter of the 19th instant, which you thought proper to write to me; and was not a little displeas'd to hear of the bad behavior of one of the Directors of the Asiatic Company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have just now despatched my orders for that purpose to Lenz, my President of the Chamber of East Friesland, Chief Judge in those parts. [Seyfarth, ii. 139.] 'You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done you that the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protection. FRIEDRICH.'"

Whether this refers to Miss Barbara or not, there is no affirming. But the interesting point is, Friedrich did receive and accept Miss Barbara's 1,000 pounds. The Prussian account, which calls her "an English JUNGFRAU, LADY SALISBURY, who actually sent a sum of money," [Preuss, ii. 124, whose reference is merely "*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1758." Both in the ANNUAL REGISTER of that Year (i. 86), and in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pp. 142, 177, the above Paragraph and Letters are copied from the Newspapers, but without the smallest commentary (there or elsewhere), or any mention of a "Lady Salisbury."] would not itself be satisfactory: but, by good chance, there is still living, in Salisbury City, a very aged Gentleman, well known for his worth, and intelligence on such matters, who, being inquired of, makes reply at once: That the First Earl of Malmesbury (who was of his acquaintance, and had many anecdotes and reminiscences of Friedrich, all noted down, it was understood, with diplomatic exactitude, but never yet published or become accessible) did, as "I well remember, among other things, mention the King's telling him that he," the King, "had received a Thousand Pounds from Miss Wyndham; with a part of which he had bought the Flute then in his hand." [Letter from John Fowler, Esq., "Salisbury, 2d April, 1860," to a Friend of mine (PENES ME): of Barbara's identity, or otherwise, with the Antwerp Embden Lady, Mr. F. can say nothing.] Which latter circumstance, too, is curious. For, at all times, however straitened Friedrich's Exchequer might be, it was his known habit, during this War, to have always, before the current year ended, the ways and means completely settled and provided for the year coming; so that everything could be at once paid in money (good money or bad,—good still up to this date);—And nothing was observed to fall short, so much as the customary liberality of his gifts to those about him. I infer, therefore: Friedrich had decided to lay out this 1,000 pounds in what he would call luxuries, chiefly gifts,—and, among other things, had said to himself, "I will have a new flute, too!" Probably one of his last; for I understand he had, by this time (Malmesbury's time, 1772), ceased much playing, and ceased altogether not long after. [Preuss, i. 371–373.]

James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, was Resident at Berlin, 1772: that is all the date we have for the King's saying, "And with part of it I bought this Flute!" Date of Lord Malmesbury's mention of it at Salisbury, we have none,—likeliest there might be various dates; a thing mentioned more than once, and not improvable by dating. The Wyndhams still live in the Close of Salisbury; a respected and well-known Family; record of them (none of Barbara there, or elsewhere except here) to be found in the County Histories. [Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales*, xv. part ii. p. 118; Hoare's *Salisbury* (mistaken, p. 815); I only know farther, Barbara died May, 1765, "aged and wealthy," and "with the bulk of her fortune endowed a Charity, to be called 'Wyndham College,'" [ANNUAL REGISTER (for 1765), viii. 86.]—which I hope still flourishes. Enough on this small Wyndham matter; which is nearly altogether English, but in which Friedrich too has his indefeasible property.

FRIEDRICH, AS INDEED PITT'S PEOPLE AND OTHERS HAVE DONE, TAKES THE FIELD UNCOMMONLY EARLY: FRIEDRICH GOES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ, SCHWEIDNITZ, AS THE PREFACE TO WHATEVER HIS CAMPAIGN MAY BE.

While this Subsidy Treaty is getting settled in England, Duke Ferdinand has his French in full cackle of universal flight; and before the signing of it (April 11th), every feather of them is over the Rhine; Duke Ferdinand

busy preparing to follow. Glorious news, day after day, coming in, for Pitt, for Miss Barbara and for all English souls, Royal Highness of Cumberland hardly excepted! The "Descent on Rochefort," last Autumn, had a good deal disappointed Pitt and England;—an expensively elaborate Expedition, military and naval; which could not "descend" at all, when it got to the point; but merely went groping about, on the muddy shores of the Charente, holding councils of war yonder; "cannonaded the Isle of Aix for two hours;" and returned home without result of any kind, Courts-martial following on it, as too usual. This was an unsuccessful first-stroke for Pitt. Indeed, he never did much succeed in those Descents on the French Coast, though never again so ill as this time. Those are a kind of things that require an exactitude as of clockwork, in all their parts: and Pitt's Generalcies and War-Offices,—we know whether they were of the Prussian type or of the Swedish! A very grievous hindrance to Pitt;—which he will not believe to be quite incurable. Against which he, for his part, stands up, in grim earnest, and with his whole strength; and is now, and at all times, doing what in him lies to abate or remedy it:—successfully, to an unexpected degree, within the next four years. From America, he has decided to recall Lord Loudon, as a cunctatory haggling mortal, the reverse of a General; how very different from his Austrian Cousin! [Cousins certainly enough; their Progenitors were Brothers, of that House, about 1568,—when Matthew, the cadet, went "into Livonia," into foreign Soldiering (Papa having fallen Prisoner "at the Battle of Langside," 1568, and the Family prospects being low); from this Matthew comes, through a scrips of Livonian Soldiers, the famed Austrian Loudon. Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 425; VIE DE LOUDON (ill-informed on that point and some others) says, the first Livonian Loudon came from Ayrshire, "in the fourteenth century".] "Abercrombie may be better," hopes he;—was better, still not good. But already in the gloomy imbroglio over yonder, Pitt discerns that one Amherst (the son of people unimportant at the hustings) has military talent: and in this puddle of a Rochefort Futility, he has got his eye on a young Officer named Wolfe, who was Quartermaster of the Expedition; a young man likewise destitute of Parliamentary connection, but who may be worth something. Both of whom will be heard of! In a four years' determined effort of this kind, things do improve: and it was wonderful, to what amount,—out of these chaotic War-Offices little better than the Swedish, and ignorant Generalcies fully worse than the Swedish,—Pitt got heroic successes and work really done.

On Pitt, amid confused clouds, there is bright dawn rising; and Friedrich too, for the last month, in Breslau, has a cheerful prospect on that Western side of his horizon. Here is one of his Postscripts, thrown off in Autograph, which Duke Ferdinand will read with pleasure: "I congratulate you, MON CHER, with my whole heart! May you FLEUR-DE-LYS every French skin of them; cutting out on their"—what shall we say (LEUR IMPRIMANT SUR LE CUE)!—"the Initials of the Peace of Westphalia, and packing them across the Rhine," tattooed in that latest extremity of fashion! [Friedrich to Duke Ferdinand, "Grussau, 19th March, 1758:" in Knesebeck, *Herzog Ferdinand*, i. 64. *Herzog Ferdinand wahrend des 7-jahrigen Krieges* ("from the English and Prussian Archives") is the full Title of Knesebeck's Book: LETTERS altogether; not very intelligently edited, but well worth reading by every student, military and civil: 2 vols. 8vo. Hannover, 1857.]

Friedrich, grounding partly on those Rhine aspects, has his own scheme laid for Campaign 1758. It is the old scheme tried twice already: to go home upon your Enemy swiftly, with your utmost collective strength, and try to strike into the heart of him before he is aware. Friedrich has twice tried this; the second time with success, respectable though far short of complete. Weakened as now, but with Ferdinand likely to find the French in employment, he means to try it again; and is busy preparing at Neisse and elsewhere, though keeping it a dead secret for the time. There is, in fact, no other hopeful plan for him, if this prove feasible at all. Double your velocity, you double your momentum. One's weight is given,—weight growing less and less;—but not, or not in the same way and degree, one's velocity, one's rightness of aim. Weight given: it is only by doubling or trebling his velocity that a man can make his momentum double or treble, as needed! Friedrich means to try it, readers will see how,—were the Fort of Schweidnitz once had; for which object Friedrich watches the weather like a very D'Argens, eager that the frost would go. Recapture of Schweidnitz, the last speck of Austrianism wiped away there; that is evidently the preface to whatsoever day's-work may be ahead.

March 15th, frost being now off, Friedrich quits Breslau and D'Argens,—his Head-quarter thenceforth Kloster-Grussau, near Landshut, troops all getting cantoned thereabout, to keep Bohemia quiet,—and goes at once upon Schweidnitz. With the top of the morning, so to speak; means to have Schweidnitz before campaigning usually can begin, or common laborers take their tools in this trade. The Austrian Commandant has been greatly strengthening the works; he had, at first, some 8,000 of garrison; but the three months' blockade has been tight

upon him and them; and it is hoped the thing can be done.

APRIL 1st–2d,—Siege—material being got to the ground, and Siege Division and Covering Army all in their places,—in spite of the heavy rains, we open our first parallel, Austrian Commandant not noticing till it is nearly done. April 8th, we have our batteries built; and burst out, at our best rate, into cannonade; aiming a good deal at "Fort No. 1," called also "GALGEN or Gallows Fort," which we esteem the principal. Cannonade continues day after day, prospers tolerably on Gallows Fort,"—though the wet weather, and hardship to the troops, are grievous circumstances, and make Friedrich doubly urgent. "Try it by storm!" counsels Balbi, who is Engineer. Night of APRIL 15th–16th storm takes place; with such vigor and such cunning, that the Gallows Fort is got for almost nothing (loss of ten men);—and few hours after, Austria beat the chamade. [Tempelhof, ii. 21–25; *Helden–Geschichte*, v. 109–123: above all, Tielcke, *Beytrage zur Kriegs–Kunst und zur Geschichte des Krieges von 1756 bis 1763* (6 vols. 4to, Freyberg, 1775–1786), iv. 43–76. Volume iv. is wholly devoted to Schweidnitz and its successive Sieges.] Fifty–one new Austrian guns, for one item, and about 7,000 pounds of money. Prisoners of War the Garrison, 8,000 gone to 4,900; with such stores as we can guess, of ours and theirs added: Balbi was Prussian Engineer–in–Chief, Treskau Captain of the Siege;—other particulars I spare the reader.

Unfortunate Schweidnitz underwent four Sieges, four captures or recaptures, in this War;—upon all of which we must be quite summary, only the results of them important to us. For the curious in sieges, especially for the scientifically curious, there is, by a Captain Tielcke, excellent account of all these Schweidnitz Sieges, and of others;—Artillery–Captain Tielcke, in the Saxon or Saxon–Russian service; whom perhaps we shall transiently fall in with, on a different field, in the course of this Year.

Chapter XII. SIEGE OF OLMUTZ.

Fouquet, on the first movement towards Schweidnitz, had been detached from Landshut to sweep certain Croat Parties out of Glatz; Ziethen, with a similar view, into Troppau Country; both which errands were at once perfectly done. Daun lies behind the Bohemian Frontier (betimes in the field he too, "arrived at Konigsgratz, March 13th"); and is, with all diligence, perfecting his new levies; intrenching himself on all points, as man seldom did; "felling whole forests," they say, building abatis within abatis;—not doubting, especially on these Ziethen–Fouquet symptoms, but Friedrich's Campaign is to be an Invasion of Bohemia again. "Which he shall not do gratis!" hopes Daun; and, indeed, judges say the entrance would hardly have been possible on that side, had Friedrich tried it; which he did not.

Schweidnitz being done, and Daun deep in the Bohemian problem,— Friedrich, in an unintelligible manner, breaks out from Grussau and the Landshut region (April 19th–25th), not straight southward, as Daun had been expecting, but straight southeastward through Neisse, Jagerndorf: all gone, or all but Ziethen and Fouquet gone, that way;—meaning who shall say what, when news of it comes to Daun? In two divisions, from 30 to 40,000 strong; through Jagerndorf, ever onward through Troppau, and not till THEN turning southward: indubitable march of that cunning Enemy; rapidly proceeding, his 40,000 and he, along those elevated upland countries, watershed of the Black Sea and the Baltic, bleakly illumined by the April sun; a march into the mists of the future tense, which do not yet clear themselves to Daun. Seeing the march turn southward at Troppau, a light breaks on Daun: "Ha! coming round upon Bohemia from the east, then?" That is Daun's opinion, for some time yet; and he immediately starts that way, to save a fine magazine he has at Leutomischl over there. Daun, from Skalitz near Konigsgratz where he is, has but some eighty miles to march, for the King's hundred and fifty; and arrives in those parts few days after the King; posts himself at Leutomischl, veiled in Pandours. Not for two weeks more does he ascertain it to have been a march upon the Olmutz Country, and the intricate forks of the Morawa River; with a view to besieging Olmutz, by this wily Enemy! Upon which Daun did strive to bestir himself thitherward, at last; and, though very slow and hesitant, his measures otherwise were unexceptionable, and turned out luckier than had been expected by some people.

Olmutz is an ancient pleasant little City, in the Plains of Mahren, romantic, indistinct to the English mind; with Domes, with Steeples eminent beyond its size,—population little above 10,000 souls;— has its Prince–Archbishop and ecclesiastic outfittings, with whom Friedrich has lodged in his time. City which trades in leather, and Russian and Moldavian droves of oxen. Memorable to the Slavic populations for its grand Czech Library, which was carried away by the Swedes, happily into thick night; [To Stralsund (1645), "and has not since been heard of."] also for that poor little Wenzel of theirs (last heir of the Bohemian Czech royalties, whom no reader has the least memory of) being killed on the streets here;— uncertain, to this day, by whom, though for whose benefit that dagger–stroke ended is certain enough; [Supra, vol. v. p. 118.]— poor little Wenzel's dust lies under that highest Dome, of the old Cathedral yonder, if anybody thought of such a thing in hot practical times. Poor Lafayette, too, lodged here in prison, when the Austrians seized him. City trades in leather and live stock, we said; has much to do with artillery, much with ecclesiastry;—and Friedrich besieged it, for seven weeks, in the hot summer days of 1758, to no purpose. Friedrich has been in Olmiitz more than once before; his Schwerin once took it in a single day, and it was his for months, in the old Moravian–Foray time: but the place is changed now; become an arsenal or military storehouse of Austria; strongly fortified, and with a Captain in it, who distinguishes himself by valiant skill and activity on this occasion.

Friedrich's Olmutz Enterprise, the rather as it was unsuccessful, has not wanted critics. And certainly, according to the ordinary rules of cautious prudence, could these have been Friedrich's in his present situation, it was not to be called a prudent Enterprise. But had Friedrich's arrangements been punctually fulfilled, and Olmutz been got in fair time, as was possible or probable, the thing might have been done very well. Duke Ferdinand, in these early May days, is practically making preparations to follow the French across the Rhine; no fear of French Armies interfering with us this year. Dohna has the Swedes locked in Stralsund (capable of being starved, had not the thaw come); and in Hinter–Pommern he has General Platen, with a tolerable Detachment, watching Fermor and his Russians; Dohna, with Platen, may entertain the Russians for a little, when they get on way,—which we

know will be at a slow pace, and late in the season. Prince Henri commands in Saxony, say with 30,000;—King's vicegerent and other self there, "Do YOUR wisest and promptest; hold no councils of war!" Prince Henri, altogether on the aggressive as yet, is waiting what Reichs Army there may be;—has already had Mayer and Free Corps careering about in Franken Country once and again, tearing up the incipencies and preparations, with the usual emphasis; and is himself intending to follow thither, in a still more impressive manner. Friedrich's calculation is, Prince Henri will have his hands free for a good few weeks yet. Which proved true enough, so far as that went.

And now, supposing Olmutz ours, and Vienna itself open to our insults, does not, by rapid suction, every armed Austrian flow thitherward; Germany all drained of them: in which case, what is to hinder Prince Henri from stepping into Bohmen, by the Metal Mountains; capturing Prag; getting into junction with us here, and tumbling Austria at a rate that will astonish her! Her, and her miscellaneous tagraggery of Confederates, one and all. Konigsberg, Stralsund, Bamberg; Russians, Swedes, Reichsfolk,— here, in Mahren, will be the crown of the game for all these. Prosper in Mahren, all these are lamed; one right stroke at the heart, the limbs become manageable quantities! This was Friedrich's program; and had not imperfections of execution, beyond what was looked for, and also a good deal of plain ill-luck, intervened, this bold stroke for Mahren might have turned out far otherwise than it did.

The march thither (started from Neisse April 27th) was beautiful: Friedrich with vanguard and first division; Keith with rear-guard and second, always at a day's distance; split into proper columns, for convenience of road and quarter in the hungry countries; threading those silent mountain villages, and upper streamlets of Oder and Morawa: Ziethen waving intrusive Croateries far off; Fouquet, in thousands of wagons, shoving on from Neisse, "in four sections," with the due intervals, under the due escorts, the immensity of stores and siege-furniture, through Jagerndorf, through Troppau, and onwards; [Table of his routes and stages in TEMPELHOF, ii. 46.]—punctual everybody; besiegers and siege materials ready on their ground by the set day. Daun too had made speed to save his Magazine. Daun was at Leutomischl, May 5th,—a forty miles to west of the Morawa,—few days after Friedrich had arrived in those countries by the eastern or left bank, by Troppau, Gibau, Littau, Aschmeritz, Prossnitz; and a week before Friedrich had finished his reconnoitings, campings, and taken position to his mind. Camps, four or more (shrank in the end to three), on both banks of the River; a matter of abstruse study; so that it was May 12th before Friedrich first took view of Olmutz itself, and could fairly begin his Problem,—Daun, with his best Tolpatcheries, still unable to guess what it was.

Of the Siege I propose to say little, though the accounts of it are ample, useful to the Artillerist and Engineer. If the reader can be made to conceive it as a blazing loud-sounding fact, on which, and on Friedrich in it, the eyes of all Europe were fixed for some weeks, it may rest now in impressive indistinctness to us. Keith is Captain of the Siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress; Balbi as before, is Engineer, against whom goes the criticism, Keith's first of all, that he "opened his first parallel 800 yards too far off,"—which much increased the labor, and the expenditure of useless gunpowder, shot having no effect at such a distance. There were various criticisms: some real, as this; some imaginary, as that Friedrich grudged gunpowder, the fact being that he had it not, except after carriage from Neisse, say a hundred and twenty miles off,—Troppau, his last Silesian Town, or safe place (his for the moment), is eighty miles;—and was obliged to waste none of it.

Friedrich is not thought to shine in the sieging line as he does in the fighting; which has some truth in it, though not very much. When Friedrich laid himself to engineering, I observe, he did it well: see Neisse, Graudenz, Magdeburg. His Balbi went wrong with the parallels, on this occasion; many things went wrong: but the truly grievous thing was his distance from Silesia and the supplies. A hundred and twenty miles of hill-carriage, eighty of them disputable, for every shot of ammunition and for every loaf of bread; this was hard to stand:—and perhaps no War-apparatus but a Prussian, with a Friedrich for sole chief-manager, could have stood it so long. Friedrich did stand it, in a wonderfully tolerable manner; and was continuing to stand it, and make fair progress; and it is not doubted he would have got Olmutz, had not there another fact come on him, which proved to be of unmanageable nature. The actual loss, namely, of one Convoy, after so many had come safe, and when, as appears, there was now only one wanted and no more!—Let us attend to this a little.

Had Daun, at Olmutz, been as a Duke of Cumberland relieving Tournay, rushing into fight at Fontenoy, like a Hanover White-Horse, neck clothed with thunder, and head destitute of knowledge, —how lucky had it been for Friedrich! But Daun knows his trade better. Daun, though superior in strength, sits on his Magazine, clear not to

fight. By no art of manoeuvring, had Friedrich much tried it, or hoped it, this time, could Daun have been brought to give battle. As Fabius Cunctator he is here in his right place; taking impregnable positions, no man with better skill in that branch of business; pushing out parties on the Troppau road; and patiently waiting till this dangerous Enemy, with such endless shifts in him, come in sight perhaps of his last cartridge, or perhaps make some stumble on the way towards that consummation. Daun is aware of Friedrich's surprising qualities. Bos against Leo, Daun feels these procedures to be altogether feline (FELIS– LEONINE); such stealthy glidings about, deceptive motions, appearances; then such a rapidity of spring upon you, and with such a set of claws,—destructive to bovine or rhinoceros nature: in regard to all which, Bos, if he will prosper, surely cannot be too cautious. It was remarked of Daun, that he was scrupulously careful; never, in the most impregnable situations, neglecting the least precaution, but punctiliously fortifying himself to the last item, even to a ridiculous extent, say Retzow and the critics. It was the one resource of Daun: truly a solid stubborn patience is in the man; stubborn courage too, of bovine–rhinoceros type;— stupid, if you will, but doing at all times honestly his best and his wisest without flurry; which character is often of surprising value in War; capable of much mischief, now and then, to quicker people. Rhinoceros Daun did play his Leo a bad prank more than once; and this of barring him out from Olmutz was one of them, perhaps the worst after Kolin.

Daun's management of this Olmutz business is by no means reckoned brilliant, even in the Fabius line; but, on the contrary, inert, dim–minded, inconclusive; and in reality, till almost the very last, he had been of little help to the besieged. For near three weeks (till May 23d) Daun sat at Leutomischl, immovable on his bread–basket there, forty or more miles from Olmutz; and did not see that a Siege was meant. May 27th–28th, Balbi opened his first parallel, in that mistaken way; four days before which, Daun does move inwards a march or so, to Zwittau, to Gewitsch (still thirty miles to west of Olmutz); still thinking of Bohemia, not of any siege; still hanging by the mountains and the bread–basket. And there,—about Gewitsch, siege or no siege, Daun sits down again; pretty much immovable, through the five weeks of bombardment; and,—except that Loudon and the Light Horse are very diligent to do a mischief, "attempting our convoys, more than once, to no purpose, and alarming some of our outposts almost every night, but every night beaten off,"—does, in a manner, nothing; sits quiet, behind his impenetrable veil of Pandours, and lets the bombardment take its course. Had not express Order come from Vienna on him, it is thought Daun would have sat till Olmutz was taken; and would then have gone back to Leutomischl and impregnable posts in the Hills. On express order, he— But gather, first, these poor sparks in elucidation:—

"The 'destructive sallies' and the like, at Olmutz, were principally an affair of the gazetteers and the imagination: but it is certain, Olmutz this time was excellently well defended; the Commandant, a vigorous skilful man, prompt to seize advantages; and Garrison and Townsfolk zealously helping: so that Friedrich's progress was unusually slow. Friedrich's feelings, all this while, and Balbi's (who 'spent his first 1,220 shots entirely in vain,' beginning so far off), may be judged of,—the sound of him to Balbi sometimes stern enough! As when (June 9th) he personally visits Balbi's parallels (top of the Tafelberg yonder); and inquires, 'When do you calculate to get done, then?' West side of Olmutz and of the River (east side lies mostly under water), there is the bombarding; seventy–one heavy guns; Keith, in his expertest manner, doing all the captaincies: Keith has about 8,000 of foot and horse, busy and vigilant, with their faces to the east. In a ring of four camps, or principally three (Prossnitz, Littau, and Neustadt, which is across the River), all looking westward or northwestward, some, ten or twenty miles from Keith, Friedrich (head–quarters oftenest Prossnitz, the chief camp) stands facing Daun; who lies concentric to him, at the distance of another ten or twenty miles, in good part still thirty or forty miles from Olmutz, veiled mostly under a cloud of Pandours.

"Of Friedrich's impatiences we hear little, though they must have been great. Prince Henri is ready for Prag; many things are ready, were Olmutz but done! May 22d, Prince Henri had followed Mayer in person, with a stronger corps, to root out the Reichsfolk,—and is now in Bamberg City and Country. And is even in Baireuth itself, where was lately the Camp of the new Reichs General, Serene Highness of Zweibruck, and his nascent Reichs Army; who are off bodily to Bohemia, 'to Eger and the Circle of Saatz,' a week before. [*Helden–Geschichte*, v. 206–209. Wilhelmina's pretty Letter to Friedrich ("Baireuth, 10th May"); Friedrich's Answer ("Olmutz, June, 1758"); in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 313–315.] Fancy that visit of Henri's to a poor Wilhelmina; the last sight she ever had of a Brother, or of the old Prussian uniforms, clearing her of Zweibrucks and sorrowful guests! Our poor Wilhelmina, alas she is sunk in sickness this year more than ever; journeying

towards death, in fact; and is probably the most pungent, sacredly tragic, of Friedrich's sorrows, now and onwards. June 12th, Friedrich's pouting Brother, the Prince of Prussia, died; this also he had to hear in Camp at Olmutz. 'What did he die of?' said Friedrich to the Messenger, a Major Something. 'Of chagrin,' said the Major, 'AUS GRAM.' Friedrich made no answer.—

"On the last night of May, by beautiful management, military and other, Duke Ferdinand is across the Rhine; again chasing the French before him; who, as they are far more numerous, cannot surely but make some stand: so that a Battle there may be expected soon,—let us hope, a Victory; as indeed it beautifully proved to be, three weeks after. [Battle of Crefeld, 23d June.] On the other hand, Fermor and his Russians are astir; continually wending towards Brandenburg, in their voluminous manner, since June 16th, though at a slow rate. How desirable the Siege of Olmutz were done!"

On express from Vienna, Daun did bestir himself; cautiously got on foot again; detached, across the River, an expert Hussar General ("Be busy all ye Loudons, St. Ignons, Ziskowitzes, doubly now!"),— expert Hussar General, one item of whose force is 1,100 chosen grenadiers;—and himself cautiously stept southward and eastward, nearer the Siege Lines. The Hussar General's meaning seemed to be some mischief on our Camp of Neustadt and the outposts there; but in reality it was to throw his 1,100 into Olmutz (useful to the Commandant); which—by ingenious manoeuvring, and guidance from the peasants "through bushy woods aud by—paths" on that east side of the River—the expert Hussar General, though Ziethen was sent over to handle him, did perfectly manage, and would not quit for Ziethen till he saw it finished. Which done, Daun keeps stepping still farther southward, nearer the Siege Lines; and, at Prossnitz, morning of June 22d, Friedrich, with his own eyes, sees Daun taking post on the opposite heights; says to somebody near him, "VOILA LES AUTRICHIENS, ILS APPRENNENT A MARCHER, There are the Austrians; they are learning to march, though!"—getting on their feet, like infants in a certain stage ("MARCHER" having that meaning too, though I know not that the King intended it);—they have learned a great many things, since your Majesty first met them. Friedrich took Daun to be, now at last, meaning Battle for Olmutz, and made some slight arrangements accordingly; but that is not Daun's intention at all; as Friedrich will find to his cost, in few days. That very day, Daun has vanished again, still in the southerly direction, again under veil of Pandours.

Meanwhile, in spite of all things, the Siege makes progress; "June 22d, Balbi's sap had got to their glacis, and was pushing forward there,"—June 22d, day when Daun made momentary appearance, and the reinforcement stole in:—within a fortnight more, Balbi promises the thing shall be done. But supplies are indispensable: one other convoy from Troppau, and let it be a big one, "between 3 and 4,000 wagons," meal, money, iron, powder; Friedrich hopes this one, if he can get it home, will suffice. Colonel Mosel is to bring this Convoy; a resolute expert Officer, with perhaps 7,000 foot and horse: surely sufficient escort: but, as Daun is astir, and his Loudons, Ziskowitzes and light people are gliding about, Friedrich orders Ziethen to meet this important Convoy, with some thousands of new force, and take charge of bringing it in. Mosel was to leave Troppau June 26th; Ziethen pushes out to meet him from the Olmutz end, on the second day after; and, one hopes, all is now safe on that head.

The driving of 3,000 four-horse wagons, under escort, ninety miles of road, is such an enterprise as cannot readily be conceived by sedentary pacific readers;—much more the attack of such! Military science, constraining chaos into the cosmic state, has nowhere such a problem. There are twelve thousand horses, for one thing, to be shod, geared, kept roadworthy and regular; say six thousand country wagoners, thick-soled peasants: then, hanging to the skirts of these, in miscellaneous crazy vehicles and weak teams, equine and asinine, are one or two thousand sutler people, male and female, not of select quality, though on them, too, we keep a sharp eye. The series covers many miles, as many as twenty English miles (says Tempelhof), unless in favorable points you compress them into five, going four wagons abreast for defence's sake. Defence, or escort, goes in three bulks or brigades; vanguard, middle, rear-guard, with sparse pickets intervening;— wider than five miles, you cannot get the parts to support one another. An enemy breaking in upon you, at some difficult point of road, woody hollow or the like, and opening cannon, musketry and hussar exercise on such an object, must make a confused transaction of it! Some commanders, for the road has hitherto been mainly pacific, divide their train into parts, say four parts; moving with their partial escorts, with an interval of one day between each two: this has its obvious advantages, but depends, of course, on the road being little infested, so that your partial escort will suffice to repel attacks. Toiling forward, at their diligent slow rate, I find these trains from Troppau take about six days (from Neisse to Olmutz they take eleven, but the first five are peaceable [Tempelhof, ii. 48.]);—can't be hurried beyond

that pace, if you would save your laggards, your irregulars, and prevent what we may call RAGGERY in your rearward parts; the skirts of your procession get torn by the bushes if you go faster. This time Colonel Mosel will have to mend his pace, however, and to go in the lump withal; the case being critical, as Mosel knows, and MORE than he yet knows.

Daun, who has friends everywhere, and no lack of spies in this country, generally hears of the convoys. He has heard, in particular, of this important one, in good time. Hitherto Daun had not attempted much upon convoys, nor anything with success: King's posted corps and other precautions are of such a kind, not even Loudon, when he tried his best, could do any good; and common wandering hussar parties are as likely to get a mischief as to do one, on such service. Cautious Daun had been busy enough keeping his own Camp safe, and flinging a word of news or encouragement, at the most a trifle of reinforcement, into Olmutz. when possible. But now it becomes evident there must be one of two things: this convoy seized, or else a battle risked;—and that in defect of both these, the inevitable third thing is, Olmutz will straightway go.

Major-General Loudon, the best partisan soldier extant, and ripening for better things, has usually a force of perhaps 10,000 under him, four regiments of them regular grenadiers; and has been active on the convoys, though hitherto unsuccessful. Let an active Loudon, with increased force, try this, their vitally important convoy, from the west side of the River; an active Ziskowitz co-operating on the east side, where the road itself is; and do their uttermost! That is Daun's plan,—now in course of execution. Daun, instead of meaning battle, that day when Friedrich saw him, was cautiously stealing past, intending to cross the River farther down; and himself support the operation. Daun has crossed accordingly, and has doubled up northward again to the fit point; Ziskowitz is in the fit point, in the due force, on this east side too. Loudon, on the west side, goes by Muglitz, Hof; making a long deep bend far to westward and hillward of all the Prussian posted corps and precautions, and altogether hidden from them; Loudon aims to be in Troppau neighborhood, "Guntersdorf, near Bautsch," by the proper day, and pay Mosel an unexpected visit in the passage there.

Colonel Mosel, marshalling his endless Trains with every excellent precaution, and the cleverest dispositions (say the Books), against the known and the unknown, had got upon the road, and creaked forward, many-wheeled, out of Troppau, Monday, 26th June. [Tempelhof, ii. 89–94.] The roads, worn by the much travelling and wet weather, were utterly bad; the pace was perhaps quicker than usual; the much-jolting Train got greatly into a jumble:—Mosel, to bring up the laggards, made the morrow a rest-day; did get about two-thirds of his laggards marshalled again; ordered the others to return, as impossible. They say, had it not been for this rest-day, which seemed of no consequence, Loudon would not have been at Guntersdorf in time, nor have attempted as he did at Guntersdorf and afterwards. At break of day (Wednesday, 28th), Mosel is again on the road; heavily jumbling forward from his quarters in Bautsch. Few miles on, towards Guntersdorf, he discovers Loudon posted ahead in the defiles. What a sight for Mosel, in his character of Wagoner up with the dawn! But Mosel managed the defiles and Loudon this time; halted his train, dashed up into the woody heights and difficult grounds; stormed Loudon's cannon from him, smote Loudon in a valiant tempestuous manner; and sent him travelling again for the present.

Loudon, I conjecture, would have struggled farther, had not he known that there would be a better chance again not very many miles ahead. Loudon has studied this Convoy; knows of Ziethen coming to it with so many; of Ziskowitz coming to him, Loudon, with so many; that Ziethen cannot send for more (roads being all beset by our industry yesterday), that Ziskowitz can, should it be needful;—and that at Domstadt there is a defile, or confused woody hollow, of unequalled quality! Mosel jumbles on all day with his Train, none molesting; at night gets to his appointed quarters, Village of Neudorf; [The L, or EL, is a diminutive in these Names: (NEUDORFL) "New-ThorpLET," (DOMSTADTL) "Cathedral-TownLET," and the like.] and there finds Ziethen: a glad meeting, we may fancy, but an anxious one, with Domstadt ahead on the morrow. Loudon concerts with Ziskowitz this day; calls in all reinforcements possible, and takes his measures. Thursday morning, Ziethen finds the Train in such a state, hardly half of it come up, he has to spend the whole day, Mosel and he, in rearranging it: Friday morning, June 30th, they get under way again;—Friday, the catastrophe is waiting them.

The Pass of Domstadt, lapped in the dim Moravian distance, is not known to me or to my readers; nor indeed could the human pen or intellect, aided by ocular inspection or whatever helps, give the least image of what now took place there, rendering Domstadt a memorable locality ever since. Understand that Ziethen and Mosel, with their waste slow deluge of wagons, come jumbling in, with anxiety, with precautions,—precautions doubled, now

that the woody intricacies about Domstadt rise in sight. "Pooh, it is as we thought: there go Austrian cannon—salvos, horse—charges, volleying musketries, as our first wagons enter the Pass;—and there will be a job!" Indecipherable to mankind far off, or even near. Of which only this feature and that can be laid hold of, as discernible, by the most industrious man. Escort, in three main bodies, vanguard, middle, rear—guard, marches on each side; infantry on the left, cavalry on the right, as the ground is leveller there. Length of the Train in statute miles, as it jumbles along at this point, is not given; but we know it was many miles; that horses and wagoners were in panic hardly restrainable; and we dimly descry, here especially, human drill—sergeantry doing the impossible to keep chaos plugged down. The poor wagoner, cannon playing ahead, whirls homeward with his vehicle, if your eye quit him,—still better, and handier, cuts his traces, mounts in a good moment, and is off at heavy—footed gallop, leaving his wagon. Seldom had human drill—sergeantry such a problem.

The Prussian Vanguard, one Krockow its commander, repulsed that first Austrian attack; swept the Pass clear for some minutes; got their section of the carriages, or some part of it, 250 in all, hurried through; then halted on the safe side, to wait what Ziethen would do with the remainder. Ziethen does his best and bravest, as everybody does; keeps his wagon—chaos plugged down; ranks it in square mass, as a wagon fortress (WAGENBURG); ranks himself and everybody, his cannon, his platoon musketry, to the best advantage round it; furiously shoots out in all manner of ways, against the furious Loudon on this flank, and the furious Ziskowitz on that; takes hills, loses them; repels and is repelled (wagon—chaos ever harder to keep plugged); finally perceives himself to be beaten; that the wagon—chaos has got unplugged (fancy it!)—and that he, Ziethen, must retreat; back foremost if possible. He did retreat, fighting all the way to Troppau; and the Convoy is a ruin and a prey.

Krockow, with the 250, has got under way again; hearing the powder—wagons start into the air (fired by the enemy), and hearing the cannon and musketry take a northerly course, and die away in that ominous direction. These 250 were all the carriages that came in:—happily, by Ziethen's prudence, the money, a large sum, had been lodged in the vanmost of these. The rest of the Convoy, ball, powder, bread, was of little value to Loudon, but beyond value to Friedrich at this moment; and it has gone to annihilation and the belly of Chaos and the Croats. Among the tragic wrecks of this Convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of young Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were 700 recruits coming up from their cantons to the Wars; hardly yet six months in training: see how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms, this morning; some sixty—five will get back to Troppau; that is the invoice account. They lie there, with their blond young cheeks and light hair; beautiful in death;—could not have done better, though the sacred poet has said nothing of them hitherto,—nor need, till times mend with us and him. Adieu, my noble young Brothers; so brave, so modest, no Spartan nor no Roman more; may the silence be blessed to you!

Contrary to some current notions, it is comfortably evident that there was a considerable fire of loyalty in the Prussians towards their King, during this War; loyalty kept well under cover, not wasting itself in harangues or noisy froth; but coming out, among all ranks of men, in practical attempts to be of help in this high struggle, which was their own as well as his. The STANDE, landed Gentry, of Pommern and other places, we heard of their poor little Navy of twelve gunboats, which were all taken by the Swedes. Militia Regiments too, which did good service at Colberg, as may transiently appear by and by:—in the gentry or upper classes, a respectable zeal for their King. Then, among the peasantry or lower class—Here are Seven Hundred who stood well where he planted them. And their Mothers— Be Spartan also, ye Mothers! In peaceable times, Tempelhof tells us the Prussian Mother is usually proud of having her son in this King's service: a country wife will say to you: "I have three of them, all in the regiment," Billerbeck, Itzenplitz, or whatever be the Canton regiment; "the eldest is ten inches [stands five feet ten], the second is eleven, the third eight, for indeed he is yet young."

Daun, on the day of this Domstadt business, and by way of masking it, feeling how vital it was, made various extensive movements, across the River by several Bridges; then hither, thither, on the farther side of Olmutz, mazing up and down: Friedrich observing him, till he should ripen to something definite, followed his bombarding the while; perhaps having hopes of waver of battle ensuing. Of the disaster at Domstadt Friedrich could know nothing, Loudon having closed the roads. Daun by no means ripens into battle: news of the disaster reached Friedrich next day (Saturday, July 1st),—who "immediately assembled his Generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them," such as we may fancy. Friedrich perceives that Olmutz is over; that his Third Campaign, third lunge upon the Enemy's heart, has prospered worse, thus far, than either of the others; that he

must straightway end this of Olmutz, without any success whatever, and try the remaining methods and resources. No word of complaint, they say, is heard from Friedrich in such cases; face always hopeful, tone cheery. A man in Friedrich's position needs a good deal of Stoicism, Greek or other.

That Saturday night the Prussian bombardment is quite uncommonly furious, long continuing; no night yet like it:—the Prussians are shooting off their superfluous ammunition this night; do not quite end till Sunday is in. On Sunday itself, packings, preparations, all completed; and, "Keith, with above 4,000 wagons, safe on the road since 2 A.M."—the Prussians softly vanish in long smooth streams, with music playing, unmolested by Daun; and leaving nothing, it is boasted, but five or three mortars, which kept playing to the last, and one cannon, to which something had happened.

Of the retreat there could be much said, instructive to military men who were studious; extremely fine retreat, say all judges;—of which my readers crave only the outlines, the results. Daun, it was thought, should have ruined Friedrich in this retreat; but he did nothing of harm to him. In fact, for a week he could not comprehend the phenomenon at all, and did not stir from his place,—which was on the other, or wrong, side of the River. Daun had never doubted but the retreat would be to Silesia; and he had made his detachments, and laid himself out for doing something upon it, in that direction: but, lo, what roads are these, what motions whitherward? In about a week it becomes manifest that the retreat, which goes on various roads, sometimes three at once, has converged on Leutomischl; straight for Bohemia instead of Silesia; and that Daun is fallen seven days behind it; incapable now to do anything. Not even the Magazine at Leutomischl could be got away, nor could even the whole of it be burnt.

Keith and the baggage once safe in Leutomischl (July 8th), all goes in deliberate long column; Friedrich ahead to open the passages. July 14th, after five more marches, Friedrich bursts up Konigsgratz; scattering any opposition there is; and sits down there, in a position considered, he knows well how inexpugnable; to live on the Country, and survey events. The 4,000 baggage-wagons came in about entire. Fouquet had the first division of them, and a secondary charge of the whole; an extremely strict, almost pedantic man, and of very fiery temper: "HE, D'OU VENEZ-VOUS?" asked he sharply of Retzow senior, who had broken through his order, one day, to avert great mischief: "How come you here, MON GENERAL?" "By the Highway, your Excellency!" answered Retzow in a grave stiff tone. [Retzow, i. 302.]

Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish post of all, and manages it well, and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy; qualities apt to be successful in War. Some brushes of Croat fighting he had from Loudon; but they did not amount to anything. It was at Holitz, within a march of Konigsgratz, that Loudon made his chief attempt; a vehement, well-intended thing; which looked well at one time. But Keith heard the cannonading ahead; hurried up with new cavalry, new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed out horse-charges, seized hill-tops, of a vital nature; and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. "Tell Monsieur,"—some General who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion,—"Tell Monsieur from me," said Keith to his Aide-de-camp, "he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (QU'IL PEUT ETRE UNE BONNE CHOSE, MAIS QU'IL N'EST PAS UN HOMME)!" [Varnhagen, *Leben des Jakob von Keith*, p. 227.] The excellent vernacular Keith;—still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be, occasionally, thinking it near time to end his campaigns. And in fact, he is about ending them; sooner than he or anybody had expected.

Daun, picking his steps and positions, latterly with threefold precaution, got into Konigsgratz neighborhood, a week after Friedrich; and looked down with enigmatic wonder upon Friedrich's new settlement there. Forage abundant all round, and the corn-harvest growing white;—here, strange to say, has Friedrich got planted in the inside of those innumerable Daun redoubts, and "woods of abatis;" and might make a very pretty "Bohemian Campaign" of it, after all, were Daun the only adversary he had! Judges are of opinion, that Daun, with all his superiority of number, could not have disrooted Friedrich this season. [Tempelhof, ii. 170–176, 185;—who, unluckily, in soldier fashion, here as too often elsewhere, does not give us the Arithmetical Numbers of each, but counts by "Battalions" and "Squadrons," which, except in time of Peace, are a totally uncertain quantity:—guess vaguely, 75,000 against 30,000.] Daun did try him by the Pandour methods, "1,000 Croats stealing in upon Konigsgratz at one in the morning," and the like; but these availed nothing. By the one effectual method, that of beating him in battle, Daun never would have tried. What did disroot Friedrich, then?—Take the following dates,

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and small hints of phenomena in other parts of the big Theatre of War. "Konitz" is a little Polish Town, midway between Dantzic and Friedrich's Dominions:—

"KONITZ, 16th JUNE, 1758. This day Feldmarschall Fermor arrives in his principal Camp here. For many weeks past he has been dribbling across the Weichsel hitherward, into various small camps, with Cossack Parties flying about, under check of General Platen. But now, being all across, and reunited, Fermor shoots out Cossack Parties of quite other weight and atrocity; and is ready to begin business,—still a little uncertain how. His Cossacks, under their Demikows, Romanzows; capable of no good fighting, but of endless incendiary mischief in the neighborhood;—shoot far ahead into Prussian territory: Platen, Hordt with his Free-Corps, are beautifully sharp upon them; but many beatings avail little. 'They burn the town of Driesen [Hordt having been hard upon them there]; town of Ratzebuhr, and nineteen villages around;'—burn poor old women and men, one poor old clergyman especially, wind him well in straw-rope, then set fire, and leave him;—and are worse than fiends or hyenas. Not to be checked by Platen's best diligence; not, in the end, by Platen and Dohna together. Dohna (18th June) has risen from Stralsund in check of them,—leaving the unfortunate Swedes to come out [shrunk to about 7,000, so unsalutary their stockfish diet there],—these hyena-Cossacks being the far more pressing thing. Dohna is diligent, gives them many slaps and checks; Dohna cannot cut the tap-root of them in two; that is to say, fight Fermor and beat him: other effectual check there can be none. [*Helden-Geschichte*, v. 149 et seq.; Tempelhof, ii. 135

"TSCHOPAU (in Saxony), 21st JUNE. Prince Henri has quitted Bamberg Country; and is home again, carefully posted, at Tschopau and up and down, on the southern side of Saxony; with his eye well on the Passes of the Metal Mountains,—where now, in the turn things at Olmutz have taken, his clear fate is to be invaded, NOT to invade. The Reichs Army, fairly afoot in the Circle of Saatz, counts itself 35,000; add 15,000 Austrians of a solid quality, there is a Reichs Army of 50,000 in all, this Year. And will certainly invade Saxony,—though it is in no hurry; does not stir till August come, and will find Prince Henri elaborately on his guard, and little to be made of him, though he is as one to two.

"CREFELD (Rhine Country), 23d JUNE. Duke Ferdinand, after skilful shoving and advancing, some forty or fifty miles, on his new or French side of the Rhine, finds the French drawn up at Crefeld (June 23d); 47,000 of them VERSUS 33,000: in altogether intricate ground; canal-ditches, osier-thickets, farm-villages, peat-bogs. Ground defensible against the world, had the 47,000 had a Captain; but reasonably safe to attack, with nothing but a Clermont acting that character. Ferdinand, I can perceive, knew his Clermont; and took liberties with him. Divided himself into three attacks: one in front; one on Clermont's right flank, both of which cannonaded, as if in earnest, but did not prevent Clermont going to dinner. One attack on front, one on right flank; then there was a third, seemingly on left flank, but which winded itself round (perilously imprudent, had there been a Captain, instead of a Clermont deepish in wine by this time), and burst in upon Clermont's rear; jingling his wine-glasses and decanters, think at what a rate;—scattering his 47,000 and him to the road again, with a loss of men, which was counted to 4,000 (4,000 against 1,700), and of honor—whatever was still to lose!" [Mauvillon, i. 297–309; Westphalen, i. 588–604; Tempelhof;

Ferdinand, it was hoped, would now be able to maintain himself, and push forward, on this French side of the Rhine: and had Wesel been his (as some of us know it is not!), perhaps. he might. At any rate, veteran Belleisle took his measures:—dismissal of Clermont Prince of the Blood, and appointment of Contades, a man of some skill; recall of Soubise and his 24,000 from their Austrian intentions; these and other strenuous measures,—and prevented such consummation. A gallant young Comte de Gisors, only son of Belleisle, perished in that disgraceful Crefeld:—unfortunate old man, what a business that of "cutting Germany in four" has been to you, first and last!

"LOUISBURG (North America), JULY 8th. Landing of General Amherst's people at Louisburg in Cape Breton; with a view of besieging that important place. Which has now become extremely difficult; the garrison, and their defences, military, naval, being in full readiness for such an event. Landing was done by Brigadier Wolfe; under the eye of Amherst and Admiral Boscawen from rearward, and under abundant fire of batteries and musketries playing on it ahead: in one of the surfiest seas (but we have waited four days, and it hardly mends), tossing us about like corks;—so that 'many of the boats were broken;' and Wolfe and people 'had to leap out, breast-deep,' and make fight for themselves, the faster the better, under very intricate circumstances! Which was victoriously done, by Wolfe and his people; really in a rather handsome manner, that morning. As were all the

subsequent Siege—operations, on land and on water, by them and the others:—till (August 8th) the Siege ended: in complete surrender,—positively for the last time (Pitt fully intends); no Austrian Netherlands now to put one on revoking it! [General Amherst's DIARY OF THE SIEGE (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxviii. 384–389).]

"These are pretty victories, cheering to Pitt and Friedrich; but the difficult point still is that of Fermor. Whose Cossacks, and their devil—like ravagings, are hideous to think of:— unrestrainable by Dohna, unless he could cut the root of them; which he cannot. JUNE 27th [while Colonel Mosel, with his 3,000 wagons, still only one stage from Troppau, was so busy], slow Fermor rose from Konitz; began hitching southward, southward gradually to Posen,—a considerably stronger Polish Town; on the edge both of Brandenburg and of Silesia;—and has been sitting there, almost ever since our entrance into Bohemia; his Cossacks burning and wasting to great distances in both Countries; no deciding which of them he meant to invade with his main Army. Sits there almost a month, enigmatic to Dohna, enigmatic to Friedrich: till Friedrich decides at last that he cannot be suffered longer, whichever of them he mean; and rises for Silesia (August 2d). Precisely about which day Fermor had decided for Brandenburg, and rolled over thither, towards Custrin and the Frankfurt—on—Oder Country, heralded by fire and murder, as usual."

Friedrich's march to Landshut is, again, much admired. Daun had beset the three great roads, the two likeliest especially, with abundant Pandours, and his best Loudons and St. Ignons: Friedrich, making himself enigmatic to Daun, struck into the third road by Skalitz, Nachod; circuitous, steep, but lying Glatz—ward, handy for support of various kinds. He was attempted, once or more, by Pandours, but used them badly; fell in with Daun's old abatis (well wind—dried now), in different places, and burnt them in passing. And in five days was in Kloster—Grussau, safe on his own side of the Mountains again. One point only we will note, in these Pandour turmoilings. From Skalitz, the first stage of his march, he answers a Letter of Brother Henri's:—

TO PRINCE HENRI (at Tachopau in Saxony). "What you write to me of my Sister of Baireuth [that she has been in extremity, cannot yet write, and must not be told of the Prince of Prussia's death lest it kill her] makes me tremble! Next to our Mother, she is what I have the most tenderly loved in this world. She is a Sister who has my heart and all my confidence; and whose character is of price beyond all the crowns in this universe. From my tenderest years, I was brought up with her: you can conceive how there reigns between us that indissoluble bond of mutual affection and attachment for life, which in all other cases, were it only from disparity of ages, is impossible. Would to Heaven I might die before her;—and that this terror itself don't take away my life without my actually losing her!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 179, "Klenny, near Skalitz, 3d August, 1758;" Henri's Letter is dated "Camp of Tschopau, 28th July" (ib. 277).] ...

At Grussau (August 9th) he writes to his dear Wilhelmina herself: "O you, the dearest of my family, you whom I have most at heart of all in this world,—for the sake of whatever is most precious to you, preserve yourself, and let me have at least the consolation of shedding my tears in your bosom! Fear nothing for US, and"— O King, she is dying, and I believe knows it, though you will hope to the last! There is something piercingly tragical in those final Letters of Friedrich to his Wilhelmina, written from such scenes of wreck and storm, and in Wilhelmina's beautiful ever—loving quiet Answers, dictated when she could no longer write. ["July 18th" is the last by her hand, and "almost illegible;"—still extant, it seems, though withheld from us. Was received at Grussau here, and answered at some length (*OEuvres*, xxvii. i. 316), according to the specimen just given. Two more of hers follow, and four of the King's (ib. 317–322). Nearly meaningless, as printed there, without commentary for the unprepared reader.]

Friedrich had last left Grussau April 18th; he has returned to it August 8th: after sixteen weeks of a very eventful absence. In Grussau he stayed two whole days;—busy enough he, probably, though his people were resting! August 10th he draws up, for Prince Henri, "under seal of the most absolute secrecy," and with admirable business—like strictness, brevity and clearness, forgetting nothing useful, remembering nothing useless, a Paper of Directions in case of a certain event: "I march to—morrow against the Russians: as the events of War may lead to all sorts of accidents, and it may easily happen to me to be killed, I have thought it my duty to let you know what my plans were," and what you are to do in that event,— "the rather as you are Guardian of our Nephew [late Prince of Prussia's Son] with an unlimited authority." Oath from all the armies the instant I am killed: rapid, active, as ever; the enemy not to notice that there is any change in the command. I intend to "beat the Russians utterly [A PLATE COUTURE, splay—seam], if it be possible;" then to give you his "itinerary," too, or probable address, till "the 25th" (notably enough); in short, forgets nothing useful, nor remembers anything that is not, in

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spite of his hurry. ["DISPOSITION TESTAMENTAIRE" (so they have labelled it); given in *OEuvres*, iv. (APPENDICE) 261, 262. Friedrich's TESTAMENT proper is already made, and all in order, years ago ("11th January 1752"): of this there followed Two new Redactions (new EDITIONS with slight improvements, "7th November, 1768," and "8th January, 1769" the FINALLY valid one); and various Supplements, or summary Enforcements (as here), at different times of crisis. see PREUSS, iv. 277, 401, and *OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. p. 13 (of Preface), for some confused account of that matter.] For Mlnlster Finck also there went a Paper; seal lzot needing to be opened for the moment.

With Margraf Karl, and Fouquet under him, who are to guard Silesia, he leaves in two Divisions about Half the late Olmutz Army:—added to the other force, this will make about 40,000 for that service. [Stenzel, v. 163.] Keith has the chief command here; but is ordered to Breslau, in the mean time, for a little rest and recovery of health. Friday, 11th August, Friedrich himself, with the other Half, pushes off towards Fermor and the Cossack demons; through Liegnitz, through Hohenfriedberg Country, straight for Frankfurt, with his best speed.

Chapter XIII. BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

Sunday, 20th August, Friedrich, with his small Army, hardly above 15,000 I should guess, arrived at Frankfurt-on-Oder: "his Majesty," it seems, "lodged in the Lebus Suburb, in the house of a Clergyman's Widow; and was observed to go often out of doors, and listen to the cannonading, which was going on at Custrin." [Rodenbeck, i. 347.] From Landshut hither, he has come in nine days; the swiftest marching; a fiery spur of indignation being upon all his men and him, for the last two days fierier than ever,—longing all to have a blow at those incendiary Russian gentlemen. Five days ago, the Russians, attempting blindly on the Garrison of Custrin, had burnt,—nothing of the Garrison at all,—but the poor little Town altogether. Which has filled everybody with lamentation and horror. And, listen yonder, they are still busy on the solitary Garrison of Custrin;—audible enough to Friedrich from his northern or Lebus Suburb, which lies nearest the place, at a distance of some twenty miles.

Of Fermor's red-hot savagery on Custrin, it is lamentably necessary we should say something: to say much would be a waste of record; as the thing itself was a waste of powder. A thing hideous to think of; without the least profit to Fermor, but with total ruin to all the inhabitants, and to the many strangers who had sought refuge there. One interior circumstance is memorable and lucky to us. Artillery—Captain Tielcke happened to be with these people; had come in the train of "two Saxon Princes, serving as volunteers;" and, with a singular lucidity, and faithful good sense, not scientific alone, he illuminates these black Russian matters for such as have to do with them.

Tielcke's Book of *Contributions to the Art of War* [*Beytrage zur Kriege-Kunst und (ZUR) Geschichte des Krieges von 1756 bis 1763* (six thin vols. 4to, with many Plates); cited above.] is still in repute with Soldiers, especially in the Artillery line; and indeed shows a sound geometrical head, and contains bits of excellent Historical reading interspersed among the scientific parts. This Tielcke, it appears, was a common foot-soldier, one of those Pirna 14,000 made Prussian against their will; but Tielcke had a milkmaid for sweetheart in those regions, who, good soul, gave him her generous farewell, a suit of her clothes, perhaps a pair of her pails; and in that guise he walked out of bondage. Clear away; to Warsaw, to favor with the King and others (being of real merit, an excellent, studious, modest little man); and here he now reappears, in a higher capacity; as articulate Eye-witness of the Custrin Business and the Zorndorf, among much other Russian darkness, which shall remain comfortably blank to us.

Up to Custrin, the Journal of the Operations of the Russian Army, which I could give from day to day, ["TAGEBUCH BEYDER (Diary of both Armies from the beginning of the Campaign till Zorndorf)", in Tielcke, ii. 1–75; Tempelhof, ii. 136, 216–224; *Helden-Geschichte*, v.; is of no interest except to the Nether Powers of this Universe; the Russian Operations hitherto having consisted in slow marches, sluttish cookeries, cantonings, bivouackings, with destruction of a poor innocent Country, and arson, theft and murder done on the great scale by inhuman vagabonds, Cossacks so called, not tempered on this occasion by the mercy of Calmucks. The regular Russian Army, it appears, participates in the common horror of mankind against such a method of making war; but neither Feldmarschall Fermor, nor General Demikof (properly THEMICOUD, a Swiss, deserving little thanks from us, who has taken in hand to command these Missionaries of the Pit), can help the results above described. Which are justly characterized as abominable, to gods and men; and not fit to be recorded in human Annals; execration, and, if it were possible, oblivion, being the human resource with them., The Russian Officers, it seems, despise this Cossack rabble incredibly; for their fighting qualities withal are close on zero, though their talent for arson and murder is so considerable. And contrariwise, the Cossacks, for their part, have no objection to plunder, or even, if obstreperous, to kill, any regular Officer they may meet unescorted in a good place. Their talent for arson is great. They do uncountable damage to the Army itself; provoking all the Country people to destroy by fire what could be eaten or used, the foraging, food and equipments of horse and man; so that horse and man have to be fed by victual carted hundreds of miles out of Poland; and the Russian Army sticks, as it were, tethered with a welter of broken porridge-pots and rent meal-bags hung to every foot it has.

East Prussen is quiet from the storms of War; holds its tongue well, and hopes better days: but the Russians themselves are little the better for it, a country so lately burned bare; they are merely flung so many scores of

miles forward, farther from home and their real resources, before they can begin work, They have no port on the Baltic: poor blockheads, they are aware how desirable, for instance, Dantzic would be; to help feeding them out of ships; but the Dantzigers won't. Colberg, a poor little place, with only 700 militia people in it, would be of immense service to them as a sea-haven: but even this they have not yet tried to get; and after trying, they will find it a job. "Why not unite with the Swedes and take Stettin (the finest harbor in the Baltic), which would bring Russia, by ships, to your very hand?" This is what Montalembert is urgent upon, year after year, to the point of wearying everybody; but he can get no official soul to pay heed to him,—the difficulties are so considerable. "Swedes, what are they?" say the Russians: "Russians what?" say the Swedes. "Sweden would be so handy for the Artilleries," urges Montalembert; "Russians for the Soldierly, or covering and fighting part."—"Can't be done!" Officiality shakes its head: and Montalembert is obliged to be silent.

The Russians have got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, on those bad terms; and are clearly aware that, without some Fortress as a Place of Arms, they are an overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity in the field of War; doing much destruction, most of which proves self-destructive before long. But how help it? If the carrying of meal so far be difficult what will the carrying of siege-furniture be? A flat impossibility. Fermor, aware of these facts, remembers what happened at Oczakow,—long ago, in our presence, and Keith's and Munnich's, if the reader have not quite forgot. Munnich, on that occasion, took Oczakow without any siege-furniture whatever, by boldly marching up to it; nothing but audacity and good luck on his side. Fermor determines to try Custrin in the like way,—if peradventure Prussian soldiery be like Turk?—

Fermor rose from Posen August 2d, almost three weeks ago; making daily for the Neumark and those unfortunate Oder Countries; nobody but Dohna to oppose him,—Dohna in the ratio of perhaps one against four. Dohna naturally laid hold of Frankfurt and the Oder Bridge, so that Fermor could not cross there; whereupon Fermor, as the next best thing, struck northward for the Warta (black Polish stream, last big branch of Oder); crossed this, at his ease, by Landsberg Bridge, August 10th [Tempelhof, ii. 216.] and after a day or two of readjustment in Landsberg, made for Custrin Country (his next head-quarter is at Gross Kamin); hoping in some accidental or miraculous way to cross Oder thereabouts, or even get hold of Custrin as a Place of Arms. If peradventure he can take Custrin without proper siege-artillery, in the Oczakow or Anti-Turk way? Fermor has been busy upon Custrin since August 15th;—in what fashion we partly heard, and will now, from authentic sources, see a little for ourselves.

The Castle of Custrin, built by good Johann of Custrin, and "roofed with copper," in the Reformation times,—we know it from of old, and Friedrich has since had some knowledge of it. Custrin itself is a rugged little Town, with some moorland traffic, and is still a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts. Its rough pavements, its heavy stone battlements and barriers, give it a guarled obstinate aspect,—stern enough place of exile for a Crown-Prince fallen into such disfavor with Papa! A rugged, compact, by no means handsome little Town, at the meeting of the Warta and the Oder; stands naturally among sedges, willows and drained mire, except that human industry is pleasantly busy upon it, and has long been. So that the neighborhood is populous beyond expectation; studded with rough cottages in white-wash; hamlets in a paved condition; and comfortable signs of labor victoriously wrestling with the wilderness. Custrin, an arsenal and garrison, begirt with two rivers, and with awful bulwarks, and bastions cased in stone,—"perhaps too high," say the learned,—is likely to be impregnable to Russian engineering on those terms. Here, with brevity, is the catastrophe of Custrin.

TUESDAY, 15th AUGUST, 1758. At two in the morning, several thousand Russians, grenadiers, under Quartermaster General Stoffeln, whom the readers of Mannstein know from old Oczakow times, are astir; pushing along from Gross Kamin, through the scraggy firwoods, and flat peat countries; intending a stroke on Custrin, if perhaps they can get it: [Tempelhof, ii. 217; but Tielcke, ii. 69 et seq., the real source.]—not the slightest chance to get Custrin; Prussian soldiery and Turkish being two quite different things! The pickeering and manoeuvring of Stoffeln shall not detain us. Stoffeln came along by the Landsberg road (course of the now Konigsberg-Custrin Railway); and drove in the Prussian out-parties, who at first took him for Cossacks. Stoffeln set himself down on the north side of the place; planted cannon in certain clay-pits thereabouts, and about nine o'clock began firing shells and incendiary grenades at a great rate. Tielcke saw everything,—and had the honor to take luncheon, that evening, with certain chief Officers, sitting on the ground, after all was over, and only a few shots from the Garrison still dropping. [Tielcke, ii. 75 n.]

At the third grenade, which, it seems, fell into a straw magazine, Custrin took fire; could not be quenched

again, so much dry wood in it, so much disorder too, the very soldiers some of them disorderly (a bad deserter set); so that it soon flamed aloft,—from side to side one sea of flame: and man, woman and child, every soul (except the Garrison, which sat enclosed in strong stone), had to fly across the River, under penalty of death by fire. Of Custrin, by five in the evening, there was nothing left but the black ashes; the Garrison standing unharmed, and the Church, School—house and some stone edifices in a charred skeleton condition. "No life was lost, except that of one child in arms." All Neumark had lodged its valuables in this place of strength; all are fled now in horror and terror across the Oder, by the Bridge, before it also unquenchably takes fire, at the western or non—Russian end of the place. Such a day as was seldom seen in human experience;—Fermor responsible for it, happily not we.

Fermor, in the evening, said to his Artillery People: "Why have you ceased to fire grenades?" "Excellency, the Town is out; nothing now but ashes and stone." "Never mind; give them the rest, one every quarter of an hour. We shall not need the grenades again. The cannon—balls we shall; them, therefore, do not waste." On the morrow morning, after this performance on the Town, Fermor sends a Trumpeter: "Surrender or else—!" rather in the tremendous style. "Or else?" answers the Commandant, pointing to the ashes, to the black inconsumable stones; and is deaf to this EX—POST—FACTO Trumpeter. The Russians say they sent one yesterday morning, not EX—POST—FACTO, but he was killed in the pickeerings, and never heard of again. A mile or so to rear of Custrin, on the westward or Berlin side of the River, lies Dohna for the last four days; expecting that the Laws of Nature will hold good, and Custrin prove tenable against such sieging. So stands it on Friedrich's arrival.

We left Friedrich in the Lebus Suburb of Frankfurt, Sunday, August 20th, listening to the distant cannonade. Next morning, he is here himself; at Dohna's Camp of Gorgast, taking survey of affairs; came early, under rapid small escort, leaving his Army to follow; scorn and contemptuous indignation the humor of him, they say; resolution to be swiftly home upon that surprising Russian armament, and teach it new manners. The black skeleton of Custrin stares hideously across the River; "Custrin Siege" so called still going on;—had better make despatch now, and take itself away! He greatly despises Russian soldiership: "Pooh, pooh," he would answer, if Keith from experience said, "Your Majesty does not do it justice;"—and Keith has been known to hint, "If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion." A day or two hence, amid these hideous Russian fire—traceries, the Hussars bring him a dozen of Cossacks they have made prisoners: Friedrich looks at the dirty green vagabonds; says to one of his Staff: "And this is the kind of Doggery I have to bother with!"—The sight of the poor country—people, and their tears of joy and of sorrow on his reappearance among them, much affected him. Taking inspection of Dohna, he finds Dohna wonderfully clean, pipe—clayed, complete: "You are very fine indeed, you;—I bring you a set of fellows, rough as GRASTEUFELN ["grass—devils," I never know whether insects or birds]; but they can bite,"—hope you can!

Tuesday, August 32d, at five in the morning our Army has all arrived, the Frankfurt people just come in; 30,000 of us now in Camp at Gorgast. Friedrich orders straightway that a certain Russian Redoubt on the other side of the River, at Schaumburg, a mile or two down stream, be well cannonaded into ruin,—as if he took it for some incipency of a Russian Bridge, or were himself minded to cross here, under cover of Custrin. Friedrich's intention very certainly is to cross,—here or not just here;—and that same night, after some hours of rest to the Frankfurt people,—night of Tuesday—Wednesday, Friedrich, having persuaded the Russians that his crossing—place will be their Redoubt at Schaumburg, marches ten or twelve miles down the River, silently his 30,000 and he, till opposite the Village of Gustebiese; rapidly makes his Bridges there, unmolested: Fermor, with his eye on the cannonaded Redoubt only, has expected no such matter; and is much astonished when he hears of it, twenty hours after. Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Gustebiese for a view; and all Gustebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low—voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears: "God reward your Majesty, that have come to us!"—and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls: one could have stood tremendous cheers; but this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

Friedrich leaves his baggage on the other side of the Oder, and the Bridge guarded; our friend Hordt, with his Free—Corps, doing it, Friedrich marches forward some ten miles that night; eastward, straight for Gross Kamin, as if to take the Russians in rear; encamps at a place called Klossow, spreading himself obliquely towards the Mutzel (black sluggish tributary of the Oder in those parts), meaning to reach Neu Damm on the Mutzel to—morrow, there almost within wind of the Russians, and be ready for crossing on them. It was at Klossow (23d August,

evening), that the Hussars brought in their dozen or two of Cossacks, and he had his first sight of Russian soldiery; by no means a favorable one, "Ugh, only look!"—As we are now approaching Zorndorf, and the monstrous tug of Battle which fell out there, readers will be glad of the following:—

"From Damm on the Mutzel, where Friedrich intends crossing it to-morrow night, south to Gross Kamin, not far from the Warta, where Fermor's head-quarter lately was, may be about five miles. From Custrin, Kamin lies northeast about eight or ten miles: Zorndorf, the most considerable Village in this tract, lies—little dreaming of the sad glory coming to it—pretty much in the centre between big Warta and smaller Mutzel. The Country is by nature a peat wilderness, far and wide; but it has been tamed extensively; grows crops, green pastures; is elsewhere covered with wood (Scotch fir, scraggy in size, but evidently under forest management); perhaps half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call HEIDEN (Heaths); the cultivated spaces lying like light-green islands with black-green channels and expanses of circumambient Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the Massin or Zither Heath, and others about Zorndorf, will become notable to us. The Country is now much drier than in Friedrich's time; the human spade doing its duty everywhere: so that much of the Battle-ground has become irrecognizable, when compared with the old marshy descriptions given of it. Zorndorf, a rough substantial Hamlet, has nothing of boggy now visible near by; lies east to west, a firm broad highway leading through: a sea of forest before it, to south; to north, good dry barley-grounds or rye-grounds, sensibly rising for half a mile, then waving about in various slow slight changes of level towards Quartschen, Zicher, forming an irregular cleared 'island,' altogether of perhaps four miles by three, with unlimited circumambiciencies of wood. It was here, on this island as we call it, that the Battle, which has made Zorndorf famous, was fought.

"Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet above the level of the Mutzel, nor 100 above Warta and Oder, six miles off; but it is the crown of the Country;—the ground dropping therefrom every way, in lazy dull waves or swells; towards Tamsel and Gross Kamin on southeast; towards Birken-Busch, Quartschen, Darmutzel [DAR of the Mutzel, whatever "DAR" may be.] on northwest; as well as towards Damm and its Bridge northeast, where Friedrich will soon be, and towards Custrin southwest, where he lately was, each a five or six miles from Zorndorf.

"Such is the poor moorland tract of Country; Zorndorf the centre of it,—where the battle is likely to be:—Zorndorf and environs a bare quasi-island among these woods; extensive bald crown of the landscape, girt with a frizzle of firwoods all round. Boggy pools there are, especially on the western side (all drained in our time). Mutzel, or north side, is of course the lowest in level: and accordingly," what is much to be marked by readers here, "from the south, or Zorndorf side, at wide intervals, there saunter along, in a slow obscure manner, Three miserable continuous Leakages, or oozy Threads of Water, all making for Quartschen, to north or northwest, there to disembogue into the Mutzel. Each of these has its little Hollow; of which the westernmost, called Zabern Hollow (ZABERNGRUND), is the most considerable, and the most important to us here: GALGENGRUND (Gallows-Hollow) is also worth naming in this Battle; the third Leakage, though without importance, invites us to name it, HOSEBRUCH, quasi STOCKING- quagmire,—because you can use no stockings there, except with manifest disadvantage."—Take this other concluding trait:—

... "Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles broad, mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks and stagnant pools, borders the Warta for many miles towards Landsberg; Custrin-Landsberg Causeway the alone sure footing in it; after which, the country rises insensibly, but most beneficially, and is mainly drier till you get to the Mutzel again, and find the same fringe of mud lace-work again, Zorndorf we called the crown of it. Tamsel, Wilkersdorf, Klein Kamin, Gross Kamin, and other places known to us, lie on the dry turf-fuel country, but looking over close upon the hem of that marsh-fringe, and no doubt getting peats, wild ducks, pike-fishes, eels, and snatches of summer pasture and cow-hay out of it."

Thursday, August 24th, Friedrich is again speeding on; occupying Darmutzel and other crossing-places of the Mutzel; [Mitchell to Holderness, "DermItzel, 24th August, 1758" (MEMOIRS AND PAPERS, i. 425; Ib. ii. 40-47, Mitchell's Private Journal).]— by no means himself crossing there; on the contrary, carefully breaking all the Bridges before he go ("No retreat for those Russian vagabonds, only death or surrender for them!")—himself not intending to cross till he be up at Damm, Neu Damm, well eastward of his Russians, and have got them all pinfolded between Mutzel and Oder in that way. In the evening, he reaches Damm and the Mill of Damm, some three or four miles higher up the Mutzel;—and there pushes partly across at once. That is to say, his vanguard at once, and takes a defensive position; his Artillery and other Divisions by degrees, in the silent night hours; and,

before daybreak to-morrow, every soul will be across, and the Bridge broken again; ---and Fermor had better have his accounts settled.

Fermor's roving Cossack clouds seldom bring him in intelligence; but only return stained with charcoal grime and red murder: up to late last night, he had not known where Friedrich was at all; had idly thought him busy with the Schaumburg Redoubt, on the other side of Oder, fencing and precautioning: but now (night of the 23d), these Cossacks do come in with news, "Indisputable to our poor minds, the Prussians are at Klossow yonder,---captured a dozen green vagabonds of us, and have sent us galloping!"---which news, with the night closing in on him, was astonishing, thrice and four times important to Fermor.

Instantly he raises the siege of Custrin, any siege there was; gets his immense baggage-train shoved off that night to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way; summons the force from Landsberg to join him without loss of a moment;---and in the meanwhile pitches himself in long bivouac in the Drewitz Wood or Fir-Heath, with the quaggy Zabergrund in front. Quaggy Zabergrund,---do readers remember it; one of those "Three continuous Leakages," very important, to Fermor and us at present? This is the safest place Fermor can find for himself; scraggy firs around, good quagmires and Zaber Hollow in front; looking to the east, waiting what a new day will bring. That was Fermor's posture, while Friedrich quitted Klossow in the dawn of the 24th. Be busy, ye Cossack doggeries; return with news, not with mere grime and marks of blood on your mouths!

Evening of the 24th, Cossacks report that Friedrich has got to Damm Mill; has hold of the Bridge there; and may be looked for, sure as the daylight, to-morrow. Fermor is 50,000 odd, his Landsberg forces all coming in; one Detachment out Stettin way, which cannot come in; Fermor finds that his baggage-train is fairly on the road to Klein Kamin;---and that he will have to quit this bosky bivouac, and fight for himself in the open ground, or do worse.

THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR OVER AGAIN,---THAT IS TO SAY, FRIEDRICH AT HAND--GRIPS WITH FERMOR AND HIS RUSSIANS (25TH AUGUST, 1758).

Artless Fermor draws out to the open ground, north of Zorndorf, south of Quartschen; arranges himself in huge quadrilateral mass, with his "staff-baggage" (lighter baggage) in the centre, and his front, so to speak, everywhere. [Excellent Plan of him, or rather Plans, in his successive shapes, in Tielcke, ii. (PLATES 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).] Mass, say two miles long by one mile broad; but it is by no means regular, and has many zigzags according to the ground, and narrows and droops southward on the eastern end: one of the most artless arrangements; but known to Fermor, and the readiest on this pinch of time. Munnich devised this quadrilateral mode; and found it good against the Turks, and their deluges of raging horse and foot: Fermor could perhaps do better; but there is such a press of hurry. Fermor's western flank, or biggest breadth of quadrilateral, leans on that Zaber Hollow, with its fine quagmires; his eastern, narrowest part, droops down on certain mud-pools and conveniences towards Zicher. Gallows Hollow, a slighter than the Zaber, runs through the centre of him; and with his best people he fronts towards the Mutzel Bridges, especially towards Damm-Mill Bridge whence Friedrich will emerge, sure as the sunrise, one knows not with what issue. Artless Fermor is nothing daunted; nor are his people; but stand patiently under arms, regardless of future and present, to a degree not common in soldiering.

Friday, August 25th, by half-past three in the morning, Friedrich is across the Mutzel; self and Infantry by Damm-Mutzel Bridge, cavalry by another Bridge (KERSTEN-BRUGGE, means "Christian Bridge," in the dialect of Charlemagne's time, a very old arrangement of Successive Logs up there!) some furlongs higher up. The Bridge at Damm is perhaps some three miles from the nearest Russians about Zicher; but Friedrich has no thought of attacking Fermor there; he has a quite other program laid, and will attack Fermor precisely on the side opposite to there. Friedrich's intention is to sweep quite round this monstrous Russian quadrilateral; to break in upon it on the western flank, and hurl it back upon Mutzel and its quagmires. He has broken his two bridges after passing, all bridges are gone there, and the country is bottomless: surrender at discretion if once you are driven thither! And Friedrich's own retreat, if he fail, is short and open to Custrin. "Admirable," say the Critics, "and altogether in Friedrich's style!"---Friedrich, adds one Critic, was not aware that the Russian Heavy-Baggage Train, which is their powder-flask and bread-basket and staff of life, lies at Klein Kamin, within few miles on his left just now, Russians themselves on his right; that the Russians could have been abolished from those countries without fighting at all! [Retzow, i. 305-329.] This is very true. Friedrich's haste is great, his humor hot; and he has not heard of this Klein-Kamin fact, which in common times he would have done, and of which in a calmer mood he would, with a fine scientific gusto, have taken his advantage.

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Friedrich pours incessant southward; cavalry parallel to infantry and a certain distance beyond it, eastward of it; and they have burnt the Bridges; which is a curious fact! Continually southward, as if for Tamsel:—poor old Tamsel, do readers recollect it at all, does Friedrich at all? No pleasant dinner, or lily—and—rose complexions, there for one to—day!—Some distance short of Tamsel, Friedrich, emerging, turns westward;—intending what on earth? thinks Fermor. Friedrich has been mostly hidden by the woods all this while, and enigmatic to Fermor. Fermor does now at last see the color of the facts;—and that one's chief front must change itself to southward, one's best leg and arm be foremost, or towards Zorndorf, not towards the Mutzel as hitherto. Fermor stirs up his Quadrilateral, makes the required change, "You, best or northern line, step across, and front southward; across to southward, I say; second—best go northward in their stead:" and so, with some other slight polishings, suggested by the ground and phenomena, we anew await this Prussian Enigma with our best leg foremost. The march or circular sweep of these Prussian lines, from Damm Bridge through the woods and champaign to their appointed place of action, is seven or eight miles; lines when halted in battle—order will be two miles long or more.

Friedrich pours steadily along, horse and foot, by the rear of Wilkersdorf, of Zorndorf,—Russian Minotaur scrutinizing him in that manner with dull bloodshot eyes, uncertain what he will do. It is eight in the morning, hot August; wind a mere lull, but southernly if any. Small Hussar pickets ride to right of the main Army March; to keep the Cossacks in check: who are roving about, all on wing; and pert enough, in spite of the Hussar pickets, Desperado individuals of them gallop up to the Infantry ranks, and fire off their pistols there,—without reply; reply or firing, till the word come, is strictly forbidden. Infantry pours along, like a ploughman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows. Crows or Cossacks, finding they are not regarded, set fire to Zorndorf, and gallop off. Zorndorf goes up readily, mainly wood and straw; rolls in big clouds of smoke far northward in upon the Russian Minotaur, making him still blinder in the important moments now coming.

Friedrich rides up to view the Zabern Hollow: "Beyond expectation deep; very boggy too, with its foul leakage or brook: no attacking of their western flank through this Zaberngrund;—attack the corner of them, then; here on the southwest!" That is Friedrich's rapid resource. The lines halt, accordingly; make ready. Behind flaming Zorndorf stands his extreme left, which is to make the attack; infantry in front; horse to rear and farther leftwards,—and under the command of Seidlitz in this quarter, which is an important circumstance. Right wing, reaching to behind Wilkersdorf, is to refuse itself; whole force of centre is to push upon that Russian corner, to support the left in doing it;—according to the Leuthen or LEUCTRA principle, once more. May no mistakes occur in executing it this day!—

The first division of the Prussian Infantry, or extreme Left, marches forward by the west end of flaming Zorndorf; next division, which should stand close to right of it, or even behind it in action, and follow it close into the Russian fire, has to march by the east end of Zorndorf; this is a farther road, owing to the flames; and not a lucky one. Second division could never get into fair contact with that first division again: that was the mistake: and it might have been fatal, but was not, as we shall see. First division has got clear of Zorndorf, in advancing towards its Russian business;—is striding forward, its left flank safe against the Zaberngrund; steadily by fixed stages, against the fated Russian Corner, which is its point of attack. First division, second division, are clear of Zorndorf, though with a wide gap between them; are steadily striding forward towards the Russian Corner. Two strong batteries, wide apart, have planted themselves ahead; and are playing upon the Russian Quadrilateral, their fires crossing at the due Corner yonder, with terrible effect; Russian artillery, which are multitudinous and all gathered down to this southwestern corner, are responding, though with their fire spread, and far less effectual. The Prussian line steps on, extreme left perhaps in too animated a manner; their cannon batteries enfilade the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate ("forty—two men of a certain regiment blown away by a single ball," in one instance [Tielcke.]), drive the interior baggage—horses to despair: a very agitated Quadrilateral, under its grim canopy of cannon smoke, and of straw smoke, heaped on it from the Zorndorf side here. Manteuffel, leader of that first or leftmost division, sees the internal simmering; steps forward still more briskly, to firing distance; begins his platoon thunder, with the due steady fury,—had the second division but got up to support Manteuffel! The second division is in fire too; but not close to Manteuffel, where it should be.

Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front; hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand: "ARAH, ARAH (Hurrah, Hurrah)! Victory, Victory!" shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty—six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich; looking on it from some

knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose; hastily bidding Seidlitz strike in: "Seidlitz, now!" The hurraing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going. like a buffalo stampede; but fall into heaps and gaps: Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on the flank of this big buffalo stampede; tumbles it into instant ruin;—which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf,—Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark;—had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Mutzel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the end of Zorndorf. Luckier if it had! But there is no crossing of the Mutzel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there:—death any way; what can be done but die?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks; soldiers flap down to drink it from the puddles; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and "kill a good many of them" (VIELE, says Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. "A frightful blood-bath," by all the Accounts: blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant aboveground. Fermor is swept away: this chaos, the very Prussians drawing back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium: but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other half forms a new front to itself; becomes a new Minotaur, though in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf; Friedrich—on the edge of great disaster at one moment, but miraculously saved—has still the other half to do (unlucky that he left no Bridges on the Mutzel), and must again change his program.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner; but the attack upon it, too, is spent: what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgengrund yonder? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry; for an attack on the opposite or southeastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail-part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon-volleying:—time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket-range,—when torrents of Russian Horse, Foot too following, plunge out; wide-flowing, stormfully swift; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it; stagger it; actually tumble it back, in the centre part; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up; but it was to no purpose: they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions; —"some sudden panic in them, a thing unaccountable," says Tempelhof; "they are Dohna's people, who fought perfectly at Jagersdorf, and often elsewhere" (they were all in such a finely burnished state the other day; but have not biting talent, like the grass-devils): enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions, and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz once more made his appearance. On Friedrich's order, or on his own, I do not know; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks in like a DEUS EX MACHINA, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent; drives it again before him like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mutzel, namely); so that it did not return again; and the Prussian infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna's runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging,—on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. "No quarter!"—"Well, then, none!"

"Shortly after four o'clock," say my Accounts, "the firing," regular firing, "altogether ceased; ammunition nearly spent, on both sides; Prussians snatching cartridge-boxes of Russian dead;" and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, "with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth [in some Russian instances], such as was never seen before." The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run: whither run? Behind is Mutzel and the bog of Acheron;—on Mutzel is no bridge left; "the shore of Mutzel is thick with men and horses, who have tried to cross, and lie there swallowed in the ooze"—"like a pavement," says Tielcke. The Russians,—never was such VIS INERTIAE as theirs now. They stood like sacks of clay, like oxen already dead; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but seem to be deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall,—Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again,—some 2,000 foot and half as many horse; whom Themicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked up, and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again: General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there; you, General Rauter, bring up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too,—but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be got together at all. Scandalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich "looked always askance on those regiments that had been beaten at Gross Jagersdorf, and to the end of his life gave them proofs of it:" [Retzow;—and still more emphatically, *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), i. 34, ii. 52, very natural, if the rest were like these!

Of poor General Rauter, Tempelhof and the others, that can help it, are politely silent; only Saxon Tielcke tells us, that Friedrich dismissed him, "Go, you, to some other trade!"—which, on Prussian evidence too, expressed in veiled terms, I find to be the fact: *Militair-Lexikon*, obliged to have an article on Rauter, is very brief about it; hints nothing unkind; records his personal intrepidity; and says, "in 1758 he, on his request, had leave to withdraw,"—poor soul, leave and more!

Forcade, left to himself, kept cannonading Themicoud; Themicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: "Let him stand," said Friedrich, after some time; and Themicoud melted in the shades of night, gradually towards the hither shore of Acheron,—that is, of Acheron-Mutzel, none now attempting to PAVE it farther, but simmering about at their sad leisure there. Feldmarschall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

Wild Cossack parties are scouring over all parts of the field; robbing the dead, murdering the wounded; doing arson, too, wherever possible; and even snatching at the Prussian cannon left rearwards, so that the Hussars have to go upon them again. One large mass of them plundering in the Hamlet of Zicher, the Hussars surrounded: the Cossacks took to the outhouses; squatted, ran, called in the aid of fire, their constant friend: above 400 of them were in some big barn, or range of straw houses; and set fire to it,—but could not get out for Hussars; the Hussars were at the outgate: Not a devil of you! said the Hussars; and the whole four hundred perished there, choked, burnt, or slain by the Hussars,—and this poor Planet was at length rid of them. [*Helden-Geschichte*, v. 166.]

Friedrich sends for his tent-equipages; and the Army pitches its camp in two big lines, running north and south, looking towards the Russian side of things; Friedrich's tent in front of the first line; a warrior King among his people, who have had a day's work of it. The Russian loss turns out, when counted, to have been 21,529 killed, wounded and missing, 7,990 of them killed; the Prussian sum-total is 11,390 (above the Prussian third man), of whom 3,680 slain. And on the shores of Acheron northward yonder, there still is a simmering. And far and wide the country is alight with incendiary fires,—many devils still abroad. Excellency Mitchell, about eight in the evening, is sent for by the King; finds various chief Generals, Seidlitz among them, on their various businesses there; congratulates "on the noble victory [not so conclusive hitherto] which Heaven has granted your Majesty." "Had it not been for him," said Friedrich,——"Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!" and turned his sun-eyes upon Seidlitz, with a fine expression in them. [Preuss, ii. 153. Mitchell (ii. 432)

mentions the Interview, nothing of Seidlitz.] To which Seidlitz's reply, I find, was an embarrassed blush and of articulate only, "Hm, no, ha, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty,—but Wakenitz [my second] does deserve promotion!"—which Wakenitz, not in a too overflowing measure, got.

Fermor, during the night-watches, having cobbled himself into some kind of ranks or rows, moves down well westward of Zabern Hollow; to the Drewitz Heath, where he once before lay, and there makes his bivouac in the wood, safe under the fir-trees, with the Zabern ground to front of him. By the above reckoning, 28 or 29,000 still hang to Fermor, or float vaporously round him; with Friedrich, in his two lines, are some 18,000:—in whole, 46,000 tired mortals sleeping thereabouts; near 12,000 others have fallen into a deeper sleep, not liable to be disturbed;—and of the wounded on the field, one shudders to imagine.

Next day, Saturday, 26th, Fermor, again brought into some kind of rank, and safe beyond the quaggy Zabern ground, sent out a proposal, "That there be Truce of Three Days for burying the dead!"—Dohna, who happened to be General in command there, answers, "That it is customary for the Victor to take charge of burying the slain; that such proposal is surprising, and quite inadmissible, in present circumstances." Fermor, in the mean while, had drawn himself out, fronting his late battle-field and the morning sun; and began cannonading across the Zabern ground; too far off for hitting, but as if still intending fight: to which the Prussians replied with cannon, and drew out before their tents in fighting order. In both armies there was question, or talk, of attacking anew; but in both "there was want of ammunition," want of real likelihood. On Fermor's side, that of "attacking" could be talk only, and on Friedrich's, besides the scarcity of ammunition, all creatures, foot and especially horse, were so worn out with yesterday's work, it was not judged practically expedient. A while before noon, the Prussians retired to their Camp again; leaving only the artillery to respond, so far as needful, and bow-wow across the Zabern ground, till the Russians lay down again.

Friedrich's Hussars knew of the Russian WAGENBURG, or general baggage reservoirs, at Klein Kamin, by this time. The Hussars had been in it, last night; rummaging extensively, at discretion for some time; and had brought away much money and portable plunder. Why Friedrich, who lay direct between Fermor and his Wagenburg, did not, this day, extinguish said Wagenburg, I do not know; but guess it may have been a fault of omission, in the great welter this was now grown to be to the weary mind. Beyond question, if one had blown up Fermor's remaining gunpowder, and carried off or burnt his meal-sacks, he must have cowered away all the faster towards Landsberg to seek more. Or perhaps Friedrich now judged it immaterial, and a question only of hours?

About midnight of Saturday-Sunday, there again rose bow-wowing, bellowing of Russian cannon; not from beyond the Zabern ground this time, nor stationary anywhere, but from the south some transient part of it, and not far off;—one ball struck a carriage near the King's tent, and shattered it. Thick mist mantles everything, and it is difficult to know what the Russians have on hand in their sylvan seclusions. After a time, it becomes manifest the Russians are on retreat; winding round, through the southern woods, behind Zorndorf and the charred Villages, to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way. Friedrich, following now on the heel of them, finds all got to Klein Kamin, to breakfast there in their Wagenburg refectory,—sharply vigilant, many FLECHES (little arrow-shaped redoubts, so named) and much artillery round them. Nothing considerable to be done upon them, now or afterwards, except pick up stragglers, and distress their rear a little. The King himself, in the first movement, was thought to be in alarming peril, such a blaze of case-shot rose upon him, as he went reconnoitring foremost of all. [Tempelhof, ii. 216–238; Tielcke, ii. 79–154; Archenholtz, i. 253–264; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 156–179 (with many LISTS, private LETTERS and the like details);

And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of Theseus and the Minotaur! Theseus, rapid, dexterous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other for three days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War; one of the most furious ever fought; such rage possessing the individual elements; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way and Konigsberg way;—Friedrich right glad to leave Dohna in attendance on it; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and

Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

Fermor, walking off in this manner,—not till the third day, nay not conclusively till the seventh day, after Zorndorf,—strove at first to consider himself victorious. "I passed the night on the field of battle [or NOT far from it, for good reasons, Mutzel being bridgeless]: may not I, in the language of enthusiasm, be considered conqueror? Here are 26 of their cannon, got when I cried 'Arah' prematurely. (Where the 103 pieces of my own are, and my 27 flags, and my Army—chest and sundries? Dropped somewhere; they will probably turn up again!)" thinks Fermor,—or strives to think, and says. So that, at Petersburg, at Paris and Vienna, in the next three weeks, there were TE—DEUMS, Ambrosian chantings, fires—of—joy; and considerable arguing among the Gazetteers on both parts,—till the dust settled, and facts appeared as they were. To the effect: "TE DEUM non LAUDAMUS; alas no, we must retract; and it was good gunpowder thrown after bad!"

On always homewards, but at its own pace, waited on by Dohna, goes the Russian Monster: violently case—shooting if you prick into its rearward parts. One Palmbach,—under Romanzow, I think, who had not taken part in the Battle, being out Stettin way, and unable to join till now,—Palmbach, with a Detachment of 15,000, which was thought sufficient for the object, did try to make a dash on Colberg,—how happy had we any port on the Baltic, to feed us in this Country! But though Colberg is the paltriest crow's—nest (BICOQUE), according to all engineers, and is defended only by 700 militia (the Colonel of them, one Heyde, a gray old Half—pay, not yet renowned in the soldier world, as he here came to be), Palmbach, with his best diligence, could make nothing of it; but, after battering, bombarding, even scalading, and in all ways blurring and blazing at a mighty rate for four weeks, and wasting a great deal of gunpowder and 2,000 Russian lives, withdrew on those remarkable terms. [In *Helden—Geschichte*, v. 349—365 ("3d—31st October, 1758"), a complete and minute JOURNAL of this First Siege of Colberg, which is interesting to read of, as all the Three of them are.] And did then, as tail of Fermor, what Fermor and the Russian Monster was universally doing, make off at a good pace,—having nothing to live upon farther,—and vanish from those Countries, to the relief of Dohna and mankind.

September 2d, Friedrich, leaving all that, had marched for Saxony; his presence urgently required there. Daun ought to be far on with the conquest of that Country? Might have had it, say judges, if he had been as swift as some.—At Zorndorf, among the Russian Prisoners were certain Generals, Soltikof, Czernichef, Sulkowski the Pole, proud people in their own eyes: no lodging for them but the cellars of Custrin. Russian Generals complained, "Is this a lodging for Field—Officers of rank!" Friedrich was not used to profane swearing, or vituperative outbursts; but he answered to the effect: "Silence, ye incendiary individuals. Is there a choice left of lodgings, and for you above others!" Upon which they lay silent for some days, till better suited; in fact, till exchanged,—and perhaps will soon turn up on us again.

Chapter XIV. BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

So soon as Friedrich quitted Bohemia and Silesia for his Russian Enterprise, there rose high question at Vienna, "To what shall our Daun now turn himself?" A Daun, a Reichs Army, free for new employment; in Saxony not much to oppose them, in Silesia almost nothing in comparison. "Recapture of Silesia?" Yes truly; that is the steady pole-star at Vienna. But they have no Magazines in Silesia, no Siege-furnitures; and the season is far spent. They decide that there shall be a stroke upon Dresden, and recovery of Saxony, in Friedrich's absence. Nothing there at present but a Prince Henri, weak in numbers, say one to two of the Reichs Army by itself. Let the Reichs Army rise now, and advance through the Metal Mountains from southeast on Prince Henri; let Daun circle round on him, through the Lausitz from northeast: cannot they extinguish Henri between them; snatch Dresden, a weak ill-fortified place, by sudden onslaught, and recapture Saxony? That will be magnanimous to our august Allies;—and that will be an excellent scaffolding for recapture of Silesia next year. And cannot Daun leave a Force in the Silesian vicinities,—Deville with so many thousands, Harsch with so many,—to besiege one of their Frontier Places; Neisse, for example? Siege-furnitures to come from Mahren: Neisse is not farther from Olmutz than Olmutz was from it.

That was the scheme fallen upon; now getting executed while Friedrich is at Zorndorf well away. And that, if readers fix it intelligently in their memory, will suffice to introduce to them the few words more that can be allowed us here upon it. A very few words, compressed to the utmost,—merely as preface to Hochkirch, whither we must hasten; Hochkirch being the one incident which, except to studious soldiers, has now and here any interest, out of the very many incidents which, then and there, were so intensely interesting to all mankind. To readers who are curious, and will take with them any poorest authentic Outline of the Localities concerned, the following condensed Note will not be unintelligible.

DAUN AND THE REICHS ARMY INVADE SAXONY, IN FRIEDRICH'S ABSENCE.

"Daun, pushing out with his best speed, along the Bohemian-Silesian border, had got to Zittau AUGUST 17th; which poor City is to be his basis and storehouse; the greatest activity and wagoning now visible there,"—among the burnt walls getting rebuilt. And in the same days, Zweibruck and his Reichs Army are vigorously afoot; Zweibruck pushing across the Metal Mountains, the fastest he can; intending to plant himself in Pirna Country. Not to mention General Dombale, Zweibruck's Austrian Second; who has the Austrian 15,000 with him; and, by way of preface, has emerged to westward, in Zwickau-Tschopau Country; calculating that Prince Henri will not be able to attend to him just now. And in effect Prince Henri, intent upon Zweibruck and the Pirna Country, takes position in the old Prussian ground there ('head-quarter Gross Seidlitz,' as in 1756); and can only leave a Detachment in Tschopau Country to wait upon Dombale; who does at least shoot out Croat parties, 'quite across Saxony, to Halle all the way,' and entertain the Gazetteers, if he can do little real mischief.

"AUGUST 19th, from Zittau, Daun, after short pause, again pushes forward,—nothing but Ziethen attending him in the distance, till we see whitherward;—Margraf Karl waiting impatient, at Grussau, till Ziethen see. [Tempelhof, ii. 258, 260 et seq.] Daun, soon after Zittau, shoots out Loudon, Brandenburg way, as if magnanimously intending 'co-operation with the Russians;' which would give Daun pleasure, could it be done without cost. Loudon does despatch a 500 hussars to Frankfurt [Friedrich now gone for Custrin], who, I think, carry a Letter for Fermor there; but lose it by the way,"—for the benefit of readers, if they will wait. "Loudon captures a poor little place in Brandenburg itself; bullies it into surrender, after a day (the very day of Zorndorf Battle, 'August 25th'):—place called Peitz, garrisoned by forty-five invalids; who go on 'free withdrawal,' poor old souls, and leave their exiguous stock of salt-victual and military furnitures to Loudon. [In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 229–232, the "Capitulation" IN EXTENSO.] Upon which Loudon whirls back out of those Countries; finding his skirts trodden on by Ziethen,—who now sees what Daun and he are at; and warns Margraf Karl [properly Keith, who has now joined again, as real president or chief] That HITHER is the way. Margraf Karl, on the slip for some time past, starts from Grussau instantly (I should guess, not above 25,000 of all arms); leaving Fouquet with perhaps 10,000 to do his utmost, when Generals Harsch and Deville with their 20 or 30,000 come upon Silesia and him,—as indeed they are already doing; already blockading Neisse, more or less, with an eye to besieging it so soon as possible.

"Meanwhile, Serene Highness of Zweibruck, the Reichsfolk and some Austrians with him, prefaced by Dombale more to westward, is wending into Pirna Country; and, in spite of what Prince Henri can do (Mayor and the Free Corps shining diligent, and Henri one of the watchfulest of men), Zweibruck does get in; sets Maguire with Austrians upon besieging Pirna, that is to say, the Sonnenstein of Pirna; 3d–5th SEPTEMBER, gets the Sonnenstein, a thought sooner than was counted on; [In *Helden–Geschichte*, v. 223–228, account of this poor Siege, and of the movements before and after.] and roots himself there,—'head–quarters in Struppen' again, 'bridge at Ober–Raden' again, all as in 1756; which, if nothing else can well do it, may give his Highness a momentary interest with some readers here. Prince Henri is at Gross Seidlitz, alive every fibre of him: but with Daun circling round to northward on his left, intending evidently to take him in flank or rear; with Dombale already to rear, in the above circumstances, on his right; and Zweibruck himself lying here in front free to act, and impregnable if acted upon: what is Prince Henri to do? It is for Henri's rear, not his flank, that Daun aims: AUGUST 26th, Daun, who had got to Gorlitz, a march or two from Zittau, started again at his best step by the Bautzen Highway towards Meissen Bridge, a 70 or 80 miles down the Elbe: there Daun intends to cross, and to double back upon Dresden and Prince Henri; who will thus find himself enclosed between THREE fires,—if two were not enough, or even if one (the Daun one itself, or the Zweibruck itself, not to count the Dombale), in such strength as Prince Henri has!

"A lost Prince Henri,—if there be not shift in him, if there be not help coming to him! Prince Henri, seeing how it was, drew back from Gross Seidlitz; with beautiful suddenness, one night; unmolested: in the morning, Zweibruck's hussars find him posted inexpugnable on the Heights of Gahmig,—which is nearer Dresden a good step; nearer Dombale; and not so ready to be enclosed by Daun, without enclosure of Dresden too. Prince Henri's manoeuvring, in this difficult situation, is the admiration of military men: how he stuck by Gahmig; but threw out, in the vital points, little camps, —'camp of Kesselsdorf' (a place memorable), on the west of Dresden; and on the east, in the north suburb of Dresden itself across the River (should we have to go across the River for Daun's sake), a 'strong abatis;' and neglected nothing; self and everybody under him, lively as eagles to make themselves dangerous, Mayer in particular distinguishing himself much. Prince Henri would have been a hard morsel for Daun. But beyond that, there is help on the road."

FRIEDRICH INTERVENING, DAUN DRAWS BACK; INTRENCHES HIMSELF IN NEIGHBORHOOD TO DRESDEN AND PIRNA; FRIEDRICH FOLLOWING HIM. FOUR ARMIES STANDING THERE, IN DEAD–LOCK, FOR A MONTH; WITH ISSUE, A FLANK–MARCH ON THE PART OF FRIEDRICH'S ARMY, WHICH HALTS AT HOCHKIRCH (September 12th–October 10th, 1758).

Daun, since August 26th, is striding towards Meissen Bridge; without rest, day after day, at the very top of his speed,—which I find is "nine miles a day;" [Tempelhof, ii. 261.] Bos being heavy of foot, at his best. September 1st, Daun has got within ten miles of Meissen Bridge, when—Here is news, my friends; King of Prussia has beaten our poor Russians; will soon be in full march this way! King of Prussia and Margraf Karl both bending hitherward; at the rate, say, of "nineteen miles a day," instead of nine:—Meissen Bridge is not the thing we shall want! Daun instantly calls halt, at this news; waits, intrenches; and, in a day or two, finding the news true, hurries to rearward all he can. From the Russian side too, Daun has heard of Zorndorf, and the grand "Victory" of Fermor there; but knows well, by this sudden re–emergence of the Anti– Fermor, what kind of Victory it is.

Was it here while waiting about Meissen, or where was it, that Daun got his Letter to Fermor answered in that singular way? The Letter of two weeks ago,—carried by Loudon's Hussars, or by whomsoever,— for certain, it was retorted or returned upon Daun; not as if from the Dead–Letter Office, but with an Answer he little expected! Here is what record I have; very vague for a well–known little fact of sparkling nature:—

"A curious Letter fell into Friedrich's hands [Bearer, I always guess, the Loudon Hussar–Captain with his 500, pretending to form junction with Fermor], Prussian Hussars picking it up somewhere,— date, place, circumstances, blurred into oblivion in those poor Books; Letter itself indisputable enough, and Answer following on it; Letter and Answer substantially to this effect:—

"DAUN TO FERMOR [Probably from Zittau, by Loudon's Hussars].

"Your Excellenz does not know that wily Enemy as I do. By no means get into battle with such a one. Cautiously manoeuvre about; detain him there, till I have got my stroke in Saxony done: don't try fighting him. DAUN."

"ANSWER AS FROM FERMOR (Zorndorf once done, Daun by the first opportunity got his Answer, duly signed 'Fermor,' but evidently in a certain King's handwriting):—

"Your Excellenz was in the right to warn me against a cunning Enemy, whom you knew better than I. Here have I tried fighting him, and got beaten. Your unfortunate "FERMOR." [Muller, *Kurzgefasste Beschreibung der drei Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1755); in whom, alone of all the reporters, is the story given in an intelligible form. This Muller's Book is a meritoriously brief Summary, incorrect in no essential particular, and with all the Battle-Plans on one copperplate: LIEUTENANT Muller, this one; not PROFESSOR Muller, ALIAS Schottmuller by any means!]

September 9th, Friedrich and Margraf Karl, correct to their appointment, meet at Grossenhayn, some miles north of Meissen and its Bridge; by which time Daun is clean gone again, back well above Dresden again, strongly posted at Stolpen (a place we once heard of, in General Haddick's time, last Year), well in contact with Daun's Pirna friends across the River, and out of dangerous neighborhoods. Friedrich and the Margraf have followed Daun at quick step; but Daun would pause nowhere, till he got to Stolpen, among the bushy gulleets and chasms. September 12th, Friedrich had speech of Henri, and the pleasure of dining with him in Dresden. Glad to meet again, under fortunate management on both parts; and with much to speak and consult about.

A day or two before, there had lain (or is said to have lain) a grand scheme in Daun: Zweibruck to burst out from Pirna by daybreak, and attack the Camp of Gahmig in front (35,000 against 20,000); Daun to cross the River on pontoons, some hours before, under cloud of night, and be ready on rear and left flank of Gahmig (with as many supplemental thousands as you like): what can save Prince Henri? Beautiful plan; on which there were personal meetings and dinings together by Zweibruck and Daun; but nothing done. [Tempelhof, ii. 262–265.] At the eleventh hour, say the Austrian accounts, Zweibruck sent word, "Impossible to-morrow; cannot get in my Out-Parties in time!"—and next day, here is Friedrich come, and a collapse of everything. Or perhaps there never seriously was such a plan? Certain it is, Daun takes camp at Stolpen, a place known to him, one of the strongest posts in Germany; intrenches himself to the teeth,—good rear-guard towards Zittau and the Magazines; River and Pirna on our left flank; Loudon strong and busy on our right flank, barring the road to Bautzen;— and obstinately sits there, a very bad tooth in the jaw of a certain King; not to be extracted by the best kinds of forceps and the skilfulest art, for nearly a month to come. Four Armies, Friedrich's, Henri's, Daun's, Zweibruck's, all within sword-stroke of each other,—the universal Gazetteer world is on tiptoe. But except Friedrich's eager shiftings and rubbings upon Stolpen (west side, north, and at length northeast side), all is dead-lock, and nothing comes of it.

Friedrich has his food convenient from Dresden; but a road to Bautzen withal is what he cannot do without;—and there lies the sorrow, and the ACHING, as this tooth knows well, and this jaw well! Harsch and Deville are busy upon Neisse, have Neisse under blockade, perhaps upon Kosel too, for some time past, [Neisse "blockaded more and more" since August 4th (Kosel still earlier, but only by Pandour people); not completely so till September 30th, or even till October 26th: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268–270.] and are carting the siege-stock to begin bombardment: a road to Silesia, before very long, Friedrich must and will have. Friedrich's operations on Daun in this post are patiently artful, and curious to look upon, but beyond description here: enough to say, that in the second week he makes his people hut themselves (weather wet and bad); and in the fourth week, finding that nothing contrivable would provoke Daun into fighting,—he loads at Dresden provisions for I think nine days; makes, from two or from three sides, a sudden spurt upon Loudon, who is Daun's northern outpost; brushes Loudon hastily away; and himself takes the road for Bautzen, by Daun's right flank, thrown bare in this manner. [Tempelhof, ii. 278.]

Road for Bautzen; which is the road for Zittau withal, for Daun's bread-basket, as well as for Neisse and Harsch! Nine days' provision; that is our small outfit, that and our own right-hands; and the waste world lies all ahead. OCTOBER 1st, Retzow, as vanguard, sweeps out the few Croats from Bautzen, deposits his meal-wagons there; occupies Hochkirch, and the hilly environs to east; is to take possession of Weissenberg especially, and of the Stromberg Hill and other strong points: which Retzow punctually does, forgetting nothing,—except perhaps the Stromberg, not quite remembered in time; a thing of small consequence in Retzow's view, since all else had gone right.

Hearing of which, Daun, with astonishment, finds that he must quit those beautifully chasmy fastnesses of Stolpen, and look to his bread; which is getting to lie under the enemy's feet, if Zittau road be left yonder as it is. OCTOBER 5th, after councils of war and deliberation enough, Daun gets under way; [Ib. ii. 279.] cautiously, favored by a night very dark and wet, glides through to right of Friedrich's people, softly along between Bautzen and the Pirna Country; nobody molesting him, so dark and wet: and after one other march in those bosky solitudes, sits down at Kittlitz,—ahead or to east of Bautzen, of Hochkirch, of Retzow and all Friedrich's people;—and again sets to palisading and intrenching there. Kittlitz, near Lobau, there is Daun's new head-quarter; Lobau Water, with its intricate hollows, his line of defence: his posts going out a mile to north and to south of Kittlitz. And so sits; once more blocking Zittau road, and quietly waiting what Friedrich will do.

Friedrich is at Bautzen since the 7th; impatient enough to be forward, but must not till a second larger provision-convoy from Dresden come in. Convoy once in, Friedrich hastens off, Tuesday, 10th October, towards Weissenberg Country, where Retzow is; some ten or twelve miles to eastward,—Zittau-ward, if that chance to suit us; Silesia-ward, as is sure to suit. At the "Pass of Jenkowitz," short way from Bautzen, Pandours attempt our baggage; need to be battered off, and again off: which apprises Friedrich that Daun's whole Army is ahead in the neighborhood somewhere. Marching on, Friedrich, from the knoll of Hochkirch, shoulder of the southern Hills, gets complete view of Daun,—stretching north and south, at right angles to the Zittau roads and to Friedrich, in the way we described;—and is a little surprised, and I could guess piqued, at seeing Daun in such a state of forwardness. "Encamp here, then!" he says,—here, on this row of Heights parallel to Daun, within a mile of Daun: just here, I tell you! under the very nose of Daun, who is above two to one of us; and see what Daun will do. Marwitz, his favorite Adjutant, one of those free-spoken Marwitzes, loyal, skilful, but liable to stiff fits, takes the liberty to remonstrate, argue; says at length, He, Marwitz, dare not be concerned in marking out such an encampment; not he, for his poor part! And is put under arrest; and another Adjutant does it; cannon playing on his people and him while engaged in the operation.

Friedrich's obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame,—rendered so emphatic by what befell on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing: all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up,—in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring Friedrich; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening: "How, General Retzow? You have not taken hold of the Stromberg for me!" That is the secret of Retzow: and on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. "Seize me the Stromberg to-morrow morning, the first thing!" ordered Friedrich. And a Detachment went accordingly; but found Daun's people already there,—indisposed to go; nay determined not to go, and getting reinforced to unlimited amounts. So that the Stromberg was left standing, and remained Daun's; furnished with plenty of cannon by Daun. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favorite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours: "pardonable that oversight," thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence: "Saturday, 14th, then, since Friday proves impossible!" Friedrich had settled. And it did end Saturday, 14th, though at an earlier HOUR, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Friedrich. A very dangerous Camp; untenable without the Stromberg. Let us try to understand it, and Daun's position to it, in some slight degree.

"Hochkirch (HIGHkirk) is an old Wendish-Saxon Village, standing pleasantly on its Hill-top, conspicuous for miles round on all sides, or on all but the south side, where it abuts upon other Heights, which gradually rise into Hills a good deal higher than it. The Village hangs confusedly, a jumble of cottages and colegarths, on the crown and north slope of the Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built mostly of rough stone blocks, in our time,—not of wood, as probably in Friedrich's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-looking Village; with pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow hay-stripes (each villager has his stripe), reaching down to the northern levels. The Church is near the top; Churchyard, and some little space farther, are nearly horizontal ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards the woody Hills southward. The view from this little esplanade atop, still better from the Church belfry, is wide and pretty. Free on all sides except the south: pleasant Heights and Hollows, of

arable, of wood, or pasture; well watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Lobau Water, which is the first big branch of Spree.

"The place is still partly of Wendish speech; the Parson has to preach one half of the Sunday in Wend, the other in German. Among the Hills to south," well worth noting at present, "is one called CZARNABOG, or 'Devil's Hill;' where the Wendish Devil and his Witches (equal to any German on his Blocksberg, or preternatural Bracken of the Harz) hold their annual WITCHES'—SABBATH,—a thing not to be contemplated without a shudder by the Wendish mind. Thereabouts, and close from Hochkirch southward, all is shadowy intricacy of thicket and wild wood. Northward too from Hochkirch, and all about, I perceive the scene was woodier then than now;—and must have looked picturesque enough (had anybody been in quest of that), with the multifarious uniforms, and tented people sprinkled far and wide among the leafy red—and—yellow of October, 1758." [Tourist's Note, September, 1858.]

In the Village of Wuischke, precisely at the northern base of that shaggy Czarnabog or Devil's Hill, stand Loudon and 3,000 Croats and grenadiers, as the extreme left of Daun's position. Wuischke is nearly straight south of Hochkirch; so far westward has Loudon pushed forward with his Croats, hidden among the Hills; though Daun's general position lies a good mile to east of Friedrich's:—irregularly north and south, both Friedrich and Daun; the former ignorant what Croats and Loudonries, there may be among those Devil's Hills to his right; the latter not ignorant. Friedrich's right wing, Keith in command of it, stretches to Hochkirch and a little farther: beyond Hochkirch, it has Four flank Battalions in potence form, with proper vedettes and pickets; and above all, with a strong Battery of Twenty Guns, which it maintains on the next Height immediately adjoining Hochkirch, and perceptibly higher than Hochkirch. This is the finis of Keith on his right; and—except those vedettes, and pickets of Free—corps people, thrown out a little way ahead into the bushes, on that side—Friedrich's right wing knows nothing of the shaggy elevations horrent with wood, which lie to southward; and merely intends to play its Twenty Cannon upon them, should they give birth to anything. This is Friedrich's posture on his right or south wing.

From Hochkirch northward or nearly so, but sprinkled about in all the villages and points of strength, as far up as Drehsa and beyond Drehsa, to near Kotitz, a less important village, Friedrich extends about four miles; centre at Rodewitz, where his own head—quarter is, above two miles north of Hochkirch. Not far from Rodewitz, but a little to left and ahead, stands his second and best Battery, of Thirty Guns; ready to play upon Lauska, a poor village, and its roadway, should the Austrians try anything there, or from their Stromberg post, which is a good mile behind Lauska. His strength, in these lines, some count to be only 28,000, or less. Four or five miles to northeast, in and behind Weissenberg (which we used to know last summer), lies Retzow, with perhaps 10 or 12,000, which will bring him up to 40,000, were they properly joined with him as a left wing. Daun's force counts 90,000; with Friedrich lying under his nose in this insolent manner.

Daun's head—quarter, as we said, is Kittlitz; a Village some two miles short of Lobau, in the direction southeast of Friedrich; perhaps five miles to southeast of Rodewitz, Friedrich's lodging. It is close upon the Bautzen—Zittau Highway; Zittau some twenty miles to south of it, Herrnhuth and the pacific Brethren about half—way thither. Kittlitz lies more to south than Hochkirch itself; and Daun's outposts, as we saw, circle quite round among those Devil's Hills, and envelop Friedrich's right flank. But Daun's main force lies chiefly northward, and well to west, of Kittlitz; parallel to Friedrich, and eastward of him; with elaborate intrenchments; every village, brook, bridge, height and bit of good ground, Stromberg to end with, punctually secured. Obliquely over the Stromberg, holding the Stromberg and certain Villages to southeast and to northwest of it, lies D'Ahremberg, as right wing: about 20,000 he, put into oblique potence; looking into Kotitz, which is Friedrich's extreme left; and in a good measure dividing Friedrich from the Retzow 10,000. And lastly, as reserve, in front of Reichenbach, eight or nine miles to east of all that, lies the Prince of Baden—Durlach, 25,000 or so; barring Retzow on that side, and all attempts on the Silesian Road there. Daun's lines, not counting in the southern outposts or Devil's—Hill parties, are considerably longer than Friedrich's, and also considerably deeper. The two head—quarters are about five miles apart: but the two fronts—divided by a brook and good hollow running here (one of many such, making all for Lobau Water)—are not half a mile apart. Towards Hochkirch and the top of this brook, the opposing posts are quite crammed close on one another; divided only by their hollow. Many brooks, each with a definite hollow, run tinkling about here, swift but straitened to get out; especially Lobau Water, which receives them all, has to take a quite meandering circling course (through Daun's quarters and

beyond them) before it can disembody in Spree, and decidedly set out for Berlin under that new name. The Landscape—seen from Hochkirch Village, still better from the Church—steeple which lifts you high above it, and commands all round except to the south, where Friedrich's battery—height quite shuts you in, and hides even those Devil's Hills beyond—is cheerful and pretty. Village belfries, steeples and towers; airy green ridges of heights, and intricate greener valleys: now rather barer than you like. The Tourist tells me, in Friedrich's time there must have been a great deal more of wood than now.

WHAT ACTUALLY BEFELL AT HOCHKIRCH (Saturday, 14th October, 1758).

Friedrich, for some time,—probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not to be his,—had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than more and more intrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich on the second day (Thursday, 12th) rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: "Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be [Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision—convoy cannot possibly be up]; Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this,—we and you;—hurl Baden—Durlach about his business; and are at Schops and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open, next morning, to us!" [Tempelhof, ii. 320.] Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich's part. But on Daun's part there is—started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday—another consummation getting ready, which is to fall out on Saturday MORNING, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other!—

Keith's opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here, is also Loudon's opinion and Lacy's, and indeed everybody's,—and at length Daun's own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. This plan, all judges admit, was elaborate and good; and was well executed too,—Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight: everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday, 14th October, 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning); nobody expects of an unassisted fellow—creature much light on so doubly dark a thing. But the truth is, there are ample accounts, exact, though very chaotic; and the thing, steadily examined, till its essential features extricate themselves from the unessential, proves to be not quite so unintelligible, and nothing like so destructive, overwhelming and ruinous as was supposed.

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, mainspring and father to all the rest, is this: That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artilleries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hochkirch, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke; thence westward and northward, by the northern base of those Devil Mountains, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians: forward, ever forward, through the night—watches that way; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hochkirch and Friedrich: Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hochkirch, westward through the Woods, by Meschwitz, Steindorfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner;—ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hochkirch steeple; and there and then to begin business,—there first; but, on success THERE, the whole 90,000 everywhere,—and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret from so vigilant a man as Friedrich: but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun: Daun, for the last two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's—spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his camp; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs,—one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Procedures substituted as yolk. "You are dead, sirrah," said Daun; "hoisted to the highest gallows: Are not you? But put in a Note of my dictating, and your beggarly life is saved." Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true. [Retzow, i. 347.] Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of Daun's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, had been felling even

more trees than they are aware of,—thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition—wagons there:—and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over their heads, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. "Intending retreat for Zittau to-morrow!" thinks Friedrich, as the false egg—yolk had taught him; or merely, "That poor precautionary fellow!" supposing the false yolk a myth. In short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike up something it is little expecting!—

The Prussians have vedettes, pickets and small outposts of Free—corps people scattered about within their border of that Austrian Wood, the body of which, about Hochkirch as everywhere else, belongs wholly to Croats. Of course there are guard—parties, sentries duly vigilant, in the big Battery to southeast of Hochkirch,—and along southwestward in that POTENCE, or fore—arm of Four Battalions, which are stationed there. Four good Battalions looking southward there, with Cavalry to right; Ziethen's Cavalry, —whose horses stand saddled through the night, ready always for the nocturnal "Pandourade," which seldom fails them. There, as elsewhere, are the due vigilances, watchmen, watch—fires. The rest of the Prussian Army is in its blankets, wholly asleep, while Daun stands waiting for the stroke of five.

That Daun, bursting in with his chosen 30,000, will trample down the sleeping Prussian POTENCE at Hochkirch; capture its big Battery to left, its Village of Hochkirch to rear, and do extensive ruin on the whole right wing of Friedrich; rendering Friedrich everywhere an easy conquest to the rest of Daun's people, who stand, far and wide, duly posted and prepared, waiting only their signal from Hochkirch: much of this, all of it that had regard to Hochkirch Battery and Village, and the Prussians stationed there, Daun did execute. And readers, from the data they have got, must conceive the manner of it,—human description of the next Two Hours, about Hochkirch, in the thick darkness there, and stormful sudden inroad, and stormful resistance made, being manifestly an impossible thing. Nobody was "massacred in his bed" as the sympathetic gazetteers fancied; nobody was killed, that I hear of, without arms, in his hand: but plenty of people perished, fierce of humor, on both sides; and from half—past five till towards eight, there was a general blaze of fiery chaos pushing out ever and anon, swallowed in the belly of Night again, such as was seldom seen in this world. Instead of confused details, and wearisome enumeration of particulars, which nobody would listen to or understand, we will give one intelligent young gentleman's experience, our friend Tempelhof's, who stood in this part of the Prussian Line; experience distinct and indubitable to us; and which was pretty accurately symbolical, I otherwise see, of what befell on all points thereabouts. Faithfully copied, and in the essential parts not even abridged, here it is:—

Tempelhof, at that time a subaltern of artillery, was stationed with a couple of 24—pounders in attendance on the Battalion Plothow, which with three others and some cavalry lay to the south side of Hochkirch, forming a kind of fore—arm or POTENCE there to right of the big Battery, with their rear to Hochkirch; and keeping vedettes and Free—corps parties spread out into the woods and Devil's Hills ahead. Tempelhof had risen about three, as usual; had his guns and gunners ready; and was standing by the watch—fire, "expecting the customary Pandourade," and what form it would take this morning. "Close on five o'clock; and not a mouse stirring! We are not to have our Pandourade, then?" On a sudden, noise bursts out; noise enough, sharp fire among the Free—corps people; fire growing ever sharper, noisier, for the next half—hour, but nothing whatever to be seen. "Battalion Plothow had soon got its clothes on, all to the spatterdashes; and took rank to right and left of the FLECHE, and of my two guns, in front of its post: but on account of the thick fog everything was totally dark. I fired off my cannons [shall we say straight southward?] to learn whether there was anything in front of us. No answer: 'Nothing there—Pshaw, a mere crackery (GEKNACKER) of Pandours and our Free—corps people, after all!' But the noise grew louder, and came ever nearer; I turned my guns towards it [southward, southeastward, or perhaps a gun each way?]"—and here we had a salvo in response, from some battalions who seemed to be two hundred yards or so ahead. The Battalion Plothow hereupon gave fire; I too plied my cannons what I could,—and had perhaps delivered fifteen double shots from them, when at once I tumbled to the ground, and lost all consciousness" for some minutes or moments.

Awakening with the blood running down his face, poor Tempelhof concluded it had been a musket—shot in the head; but on getting to his hands and knees, he found the place "full of Austrian grenadiers, who had crept in

through our tents to rear; and that it had been a knock with the butt of the musket from one of those fellows, and not a bullet" that had struck him down. Battalion Plothow, assailed on all sides, resisted on all sides; and Tempelhof saw from the ground,—I suppose, by the embers of watch-fires, and by rare flashes of musketry, for they did not fire much, having no room, but smashed and stabbed and cut,——"an infantry fight which in murderous intensity surpasses imagination. I was taken prisoner at this turn; but soon after got delivered by our cavalry again." [Tempelhof, ii. 324 n.]

This latter circumstance, of being delivered by the Cavalry, I find to be of frequent occurrence in that first act of the business there: the Prussian Battalion, surprised on front and rear, always makes murderous fight for itself: is at last overwhelmed, obliged to retire, perhaps opening its way by bayonet charge;—upon which our Cavalry (Ziethen's, and others that gathered to him) cutting in upon the disordered surprisers, cut them into flight, rescue the prisoners, and for a time reinstate matters. The Prussian battalions do not run (nobody runs); but when repulsed by the endless odds, rally again. The big Battery is not to be had of them without fierce and dogged struggle; and is retaken more than once or twice. Still fiercer, more dogged, was the struggle in Hochkirch Village; especially in Hochkirch Church and Churchyard,—whither the Battalion Margraf-Karl had flung themselves; the poor Village soon taking fire about them. Soon taking fire, and continuing to be a scene of capture and recapture, by the flame-light; while Battalion Margraf-Karl stood with invincible stubbornness, pouring death from it; not to be compelled by the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers; not by "six Austrian battalions," by "eight," or by never so many. Stood at bay there; levelling whole masses of them,—till its cartridges were spent, all to one or two per man; and Major Lange, the heroic Captain of it, said, "We shall have to go, then, my men; let us cut ourselves through!"—and did so, in an honorably invincible manner; some brave remnant actually getting through, with Lange himself wounded to death.

I think it was not till towards six o'clock that the right wing generally became aware what the case was: "More than a Pandourade, yes;"—though what it might be, in the thick fog which had fallen, blotting out all vestiges of daylight, nobody could well say. Rallied Battalions, reinforced by this or the other Battalion hurrying up from leftward, always charge in upon the enemy, in Hochkirch or wherever he is busy; generally push him back into the Night; but are then fallen upon on both flanks by endless new strength, and obliged to draw back in turn. And Ziethen's Horse, in the mean while, do execution; breaking in on the tumultuous victors; new Cuirassiers, Gens-d'Armes dashing up to help, so soon as saddled, and charging with a will: so that, on the whole, the enemy, variously attempting, could make nothing of us on that western, or rearward side,—thanks mainly to Ziethen and the Horse. "Had we but waited till three or four of our Battalions had got up!" say the Prussian narrators. But it is thick mist; few yards ahead you cannot see at all, unless it be flame; and close at hand, all things and figures waver indistinct,—hairy outlines of blacker shadows on a ground of black.

It must have been while Lange was still fighting, perhaps before Lange took to the Church of Hochkirch, scarcely later than half-past six (but nobody thought of pulling out his watch in such a business!)—about six, or half-past six, when Keith, who has charge of this wing, and lodges somewhere below or north of Hochkirch, came to understand that his big Battery was taken; that here was such a Pandourade as had not been before; and that, of a surety, said Battery must be retaken. Keith springs on horseback; hastily takes "Battalion Kannacker" and several remnants of others; rushes upwards, "leaving Hochkirch a little to right; direct upon the big Battery." Recaptures the big Battery. But is set upon by overwhelming multitudes, bent to have it back;—is passionate for new assistance in this vital point; but can get none: had been "DISARTED by both his Aide-de-camps," says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier, who attends him as mounted groom; "asked twenty times, and twenty more, 'Where are my Aide-de-camps!'" ["Captens Cockcey and Goudy" he calls them—(COCCEJI whose Father the Kanzler we have seen, and GAUDI whose self),—who both had, in succession, struck into Hochkirch as the less desperate place, according to Tebay: see *TEBAY'S LETTER* to Mitchell, "Crossen, October 29th" (in *MEMOIRS AND PAPERS*, ii. 501–505);— which is probably true every word, allowing for Tebay's temper; but is highly indecipherable, though not entirely so after many readings and researhings.]—but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and before long, suddenly stopping short,—falling dead into Tebay's arms; shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded; but this on the left side was final: Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body; but could by no present means; distractedly "rid for a coach;" found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground, and the body of his master; Hochkirch,

Church and all, now undisputedly theirs.

To appearance, it was this news of Keith's repulse (I know not whether of Keith's DEATH as yet) that first roused Friedrich to a full sense of what was now going on, two miles to south of him. Friedrich, according to his habits, must have been awake and afoot when the Business first broke out; though, for some considerable time, treating it as nothing but a common crackery of Pandours. Already, finding the Pandourade louder than usual, he had ordered out to it one battalion and the other that lay handy: but now he pushes forward several battalions under Franz of Brunswick (his youngest Brother-in-law), with Margraf Karl and Prince Moritz: "Swift you, to Hochkirch yonder!"—and himself springs on horseback to deal with the affair. Prince Franz of Brunswick, poor young fellow, cheerily coming on, near Hochkirch had his head shorn off by a cannon-ball. Moritz of Dessau, too, "riding within twenty yards of the Austrians," so dark was it, he so near-sighted, got badly hit,—and soon after, driving to Bautzen for surgery, was made prisoner by Pandours; [In ARCHENHOLTZ (i. 289, 290) his dangerous adventures on the road to Bautzen, in this wounded condition.] never fought again, "died next year of cancer in the lip." Nothing but triumphant Austrian shot and cannon-shot going yonder; these battalions too have to fall back with sore loss.

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, "successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch" (Hochkirch to his left):—but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Steindorfel and farther, a general continent of Austrians enclosing all the south and southwest; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of Drehsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindorfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended; Part second of it begins.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures. Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field; despatches Mollendorf thither (Mollendorf our courageous Leuthen friend); who vigorously bestirs himself; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can; Ziethen co-operating on the Heights of Kumschutz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians: so that, in that southwestern part especially; the Austrians do not try it farther; but "retire at full gallop," on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Mollendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also despatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field;—longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindorfel and Waditz;— extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack: but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D'Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in charge to burst in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, near Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ahremberg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon THEM, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time, and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians on front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous,—the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard, —horse, under Prince Eugen of Wurtemberg,—beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed, before long, by Retzow himself; serenely crossing Lobau Water;

and, with great celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting himself,—hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining; it is now ten of the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner;— efore we lost that big Battery and other things! But he could come no sooner; be thankful he is here at last, in such an overawing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little to occupy him, in this interim; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon—shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein—Bautzen neighborhood (new head—quarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz); four miles or so to northwest. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner; part after part mending off, Retzow standing minatory here, Mollendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi—rhythmic sequence; Cavalry all drawn out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage—wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa;—not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues; their regiments being still in a confused state,—and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman. [Tempelhof, ii. 319–336; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, i. 432–453; *Helden—Geschichte*, v. 241–257; Archenholtz,

And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it; but has made such a buffeting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken,— not, we hope, without instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp—furniture; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded,—not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and "at least 2,000" who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods. [Tempelhof, ii. 336; but see Kausler, p. 576.]

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine:—

*"Enfin apres un an, tu me revois, Arbate,
Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate,
Qui, de Rome toujours balancant le destin,
Tenait entre elle et moi l'univers incertain.
Je suis vaincu; Pompee a saisi l'avantage
D'une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage;
Mes soldats presque nus, dans"— ...*

Not a little to De Catt's comfort. [Rodenbeck, i. 354.] During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa's Aide—de—Camp, with a message to the King; found him on the heights of Klein Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, "Daun has played me a slippery trick to—day!" "I have seen it," answered Retzow; "but it is only a scratch, which your Majesty will soon manage to heal again."—"GLAUBT ER DIES, Do you think so?" "Not only I, but the whole Army firmly believe it of your Majesty."—"You are quite right," added the King, in a confidentially candid way: "We will manage Daun. What I lament is, the number of brave men that have died this morning." [Retzow, i. 359 n.] On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly: "Daun has let us out of check—mate; the game is not lost yet. We will rest ourselves here, a few days; then go for Silesia, and deliver Neisse." The Anecdote—Books (perhaps not mythicaly) add this: "Where are all your guns, though?" said the King to an Artilleryman, standing vacant on parade, next day. "IHRO MAJESTAT, the Devil stole them all, last night!"—"Hm, well, we must have them back from him." [Archenholtz, i. 299.]

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears;—though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth; which did strike one down: "My noble Wilhelmina dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting here!" [On a common Business— Letter to Prince Henri, "Doberschütz, 18th October, 1758," is this sudden bit of Autograph: "GRAND DIEU, MA SOEUR DE BAREITH!"— (Schoning, *Der siebenjahrige Krieg, nach der Original— Correspondens aus den Staats—Archiven*: Potsdam, 1851: i. 287.)] Readers must

conceive it: coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the man; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravengings:—of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich's one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual battling with outward business;—we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying at all times in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

Daun, it appears, was considerably elated; spent a great deal of his time, so precious just at present, in writing despatches, in congratulating and being congratulated;—did an elaborate TE—DEUM, or Ambrosian Song, in Artillery and VOX HUMANA,—which with the adjuncts, say splenetic people, as at Kolin, sensibly assisted Friedrich's affairs. Daun was by no means of braggart turn; but the recognition of his matchless achievement by the gazetteer public, whether in exultation or in lamentation, was loud and universal; and the joy, in Vienna and the cognate quarters, knew no bounds for the time being. Thus, among other tokens, the Holiness of our Lord the Pope, blessing Heaven for such success against the Heretic, was pleased to send him "a Consecrated Hat and Sword,"—such as the old Popes were wont, very long ago, to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen,—(much jeered at, and crowed over, by a profane Friedrich [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xv. 122, 124, 126, in PREUSS, ii. 196, complete List of these poor Pieces; which are hearty, not hypocritical, in their contemptuous hilarity, but have little other merit.]): "the effect of which miraculous furnishings," says Tempelhof, "turned out to be that the Feldmarschall never gained any success more;" in fact, except that small thing on Finck next Year, never any, as it chanced. Daun had withdrawn to his old Camp, on the day of Hochkirch; leaving only a detachment on the field there: it was not for six or seven days more that he stepped out to the Kreckwitz and Purschwitz neighborhood; more within sight of his vanquished enemy,—but nothing like vigilant enough of what might still be in him, after such vanquishing!—We must spare this Note, for the sake of a heroic kind of man, who had not too much of reward in the world:—

"Tebay could not recover Keith's body: Croats had the plundering of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead General into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognizing him there,—like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, as in starlight, piercing and sad, from twenty years distance,—is well known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday, October 15th, Keith had honorable soldier's—burial there,—'twelve cannon' salvoing thrice, and 'the whole Corps of Colloredo' with their muskets thrice; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin, in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honors, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garrison—Kirche:—far from bonnie Inverugie; the hoarse sea—winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honorable line and him, in the imaginations of some few. 'My Brother leaves me a noble legacy,' said the old Lord Marischal: 'last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate is 70 ducats, (about 25 pounds). [Varnhagen, p. 261.]

"In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the Churchyard as formerly, a fine, modestly impressive Monument to Keith; modest Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of gray,—and, in gold letters, an Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: ... 'DUM IN PRAELIO NON PROCUL HINC INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM MENTE MANU VOCE ET EXEMPLO RESTITUERAT PUGNANS UT HEROAS DECET OCCUBUIT. D. XIV. OCTOBRIS' These words go through you like the clang of steel. [In RODENBECK, i. 149. Given also (very nearly correct) in CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH (London, 1849), i. 151. This is the junior of the two Diplomatic Roberts, genealogical cousins of Keith; by this one (in 1771, not 1776 as German Guide—books have it) the Hochkirch Monument was set up. A very interesting Collection of LETTERS those of his;—edited with the usual darkness, or rather more.] Friedrich's sorrow over him ('tears,' high eulogies, 'LOUA EXTREMEMENT') is itself a monument. Twenty years after, Keith had from his Master a Statue, in Berlin. One of Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Winterfeld (1777), Seidlitz (1779, Keith (when?)), [Nicolai (*Beschreibung der Residenzstadt*, i. 193, 194) gives these dates for the Three, and for Keith's no date.]—which still stand in the Wilhelm Platz there.

"Hochkirch Church has been rebuilt in late years: a spacious airy Church, with galleries, and requisites, especially with free air, light and cleanliness. Capable perhaps of 1,500 sitters: half of them Wends. 'Above 700 skeletons, in one heap, were dug out, in cutting the new foundations. The strong outer Door of the old Church, red oak, I should think, is still retained in that capacity; still shows perhaps half a dozen rough big quasi—KEYHOLES, torn through it in different parts, and daylight shining in, where the old bullets passed. The Keith

Monument, perhaps four feet high, is on the flagged floor, left side of the pulpit, close by the wall,—'the bench where Keith's body lay has had to be cased in new plank [zinc would be better] against the knives of tourists.'

Old Lord Marischal—George, "MARECHAL D'ECOSSE" as he always signs himself—was by this time seventy-two; King's Governor of Neufchatel, for a good while past and to come (1754–1763). In "James," the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a FATHER and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gayety, and "pleasant wit," in him: what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years; and how much loved by him (almost as one BOY loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover. Some hints of him will perhaps be allowed us farther on.

SEQUEL OF HOCHKIRCH; THE CAMPAIGN ENDS IN A WAY SURPRISING TO AN ATTENTIVE PUBLIC (22d October–20th November, 1758).

There followed upon Hochkirch five weeks of rapid events; such as nobody had been calculating on. To the reader, so weary of marchings, manoeuvrings, surprisals, campings and details of war, not many words, we hope, may render these results conceivable.

Friedrich stayed ten days, refitting himself, in that Camp of Klein-Bautzen, on one of the branches of the Spree. Daun, who had retired to his old strong place, on the 14th, scarcely occupying Hochkirch Field at all, came out in about a week; and took a strong post near Friedrich; not attempting anything upon him, but watching him, now better within sight. Friedrich's fixed intention is, to march to Neisse all the same; what probably Daun, under the shadow of his laurels and his new Papal Hat, may not have considered possible, with the road to Neisse blocked by 80,000 men. Friedrich has refitted himself with the requisite new cannon and furnitures, from Dresden; especially with Prince Henri and 6,000 foot and horse,—led by Prince Henri in person; so Prince Henri would have it, the capricious little man; and that Finck should be left in Saxony instead of him. All which weakens Saxony not a little. But Friedrich hopes the Reichs Army is a feeble article; ill off for provision in those parts, and not likely to attempt very much on the sudden. Accordingly:—

FRIEDRICH MARCHES, ENIGMATICALLY, NOT ON GLOGAU, BUT ON REICHENBACH AND GORLITZ; TO DAUN'S ASTONISHMENT.

SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22d, Convoy of many wagons quit Bautzen (Bautzen Proper, not the Village, but the Town), laden with all the wounded of Hochkirch; above 3,000 by count, to carry them to Dresden for deliberate surgery. Keith's Tebay, I perceive, is in this Convoy; not ill hurt, but willing to lie in Hospital a little, and consider. These poor fellows cannot get to Dresden: on the second day, a Daun Detachment, hussaring about in those parts, is announced ahead; and (by new order from head-quarters) the Convoy turns northwards for Hoyerswerda,—(to Tebay's disgust with the Commandant; "shied off," says Tebay, "for twelve hussars!" [Second LETTER from Tebay, in Mitchell, ubi supra.])—and, I think, in the end, went on to Glogau instead of Dresden. Which was very fortunate for Tebay and the others. The poor wounded being thus disposed of, Friedrich next night, at 10 o'clock, Monday, 23d, in the softest manner, pushes off his Bakery and Army Stores a little way, northward down the Spree Valley, on the western fork of the Spree (fork farthest from Daun); follows, himself, with the rest of the Army, next evening, down the eastern fork, also northward. "Going for Glogau," thinks Daun, when the hussars report about it (late on Tuesday night): "Let him go, if he fancy that a road TO Neisse! But, indeed, what other shift has he," considers Daun, "but to try rallying at Glogau yonder, safe under the guns?"—and is not in the slightest haste about this new matter. [Tempelhof, ii. 341–347.]

United with his baggage-column, Friedrich proceeds northeastward; crosses Spree still northward or northeastward; encamps there, in the dark hours of Tuesday; no Daun heeding him. Before daylight, however, Friedrich is again on foot; in several columns now, for the bad country—roads ahead;—and has struck straight SOUTHeastward, if Daun were noting him. And, in the afternoon of Wednesday, Daun is astonished to learn that this wily Enemy is arrived in Reichenbach vicinity; sweeping in our poor posts thereabouts; immovably astride of the Silesian Highway, after all! An astonished Daun hastens out, what he can, to take survey of the sudden Phenomenon. Tries it, next day and next, with his best Loudons and appliances; finds that this Phenomenon can actually march to Neisse ahead of him, indifferent to Pandours, or giving them as good as they bring;—and that nothing but a battle and beating (could we rashly dream of such a thing, which we cannot) will prevent it. "Very well, then!" Daun strives to say. And lets the Phenomenon march (FROM Gorlitz, OCTOBER 30th); Loudon

harassing the rear of it, for some days; not without counter harassment, much waste of cannonading, and ruin to several poor Lausitz Villages by fire,— "Prussians scandalously burn them, when we attack!" says Loudon. Till, at last, finding this march impregnably arranged, "split into two routes," and ready for all chances, Loudon also withdraws to more promising business. Poor General Retzow Senior was of this march; absolutely could not be excused, though fallen ill of dysentery, like to die;—and did die, the day after he got to Schweidnitz, when the difficulties and excitement were over. [Retzow, i. 372.]

Of Friedrich's march, onward from Gorlitz, we shall say nothing farther, except that the very wind of it was salvatory to his Silesian Fortresses and interests. That at Neisse, on and after November 1st,—which is the third or second day of Friedrich's march,—General Treskow, Commandant of Neisse, found the bombardment slacken more and more ("King of Prussia coming," said the Austrian deserters to us); and that, on November 6th, Treskow, looking out from Neisse, found the Austrian trenches empty, Generals Harsch and Deville hurrying over the Hills homewards,—pickings to be had of them by Treskow,—and Neisse Siege a thing finished. [TAGEBUCH, ("Diary of the Siege of Neisse," 4th August, 26th October, 6th November, 1758, "1 A.M. suddenly"), in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 468–472: of Treskow's own writing; brief and clear. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268–270.] It had lasted, in the way of blockade and half-blockade, for about three months; Deville, for near one month, half-blockading, then Harsch (since September 30th) wholly blockading, with Deville under him, and an army of 20,000; though the actual cannonade, very fierce, but of no effect, could not begin till little more than a week ago,—so difficult the getting up of siege-material in those parts. Kosel, under Commandant Lattorf, whose praises, like Treskow's, were great,—had stood four months of Pandour blockading and assaulting, which also had to take itself away on advent of Friedrich. Of Friedrich, on his return-journey, we shall hear again before long; but in the mean while must industriously follow Daun.

FELDMARSCHALL DAUN AND THE REICHS ARMY TRY SOME SIEGE OF DRESDEN (9th–16th November).

OCTOBER 30th, Daun, seeing Neisse Siege as good as gone to water, decided with himself that he could still do a far more important stroke: capture Dresden, get hold of Saxony in Friedrich's absence. Daun turned round from Reichenbach, accordingly; and, at his slow-footed pace, addressed himself to that new errand. Had he made better despatch, or even been in better luck, it is very possible he might have done something there. In Dresden, and in Governor Schmettau with his small garrison, there is no strength for a siege; in Saxony is nothing but some poor remnant under Finck, much of it Free-corps and light people: capable of being swallowed by the Reichs Army itself,—were the Reichs Army enterprising, or in good circumstances otherwise. It is true the Russians have quitted Colberg as impossible; and are flowing homewards dragged by hunger: the little Dohna Army will, therefore, march for Saxony; the little Anti-Swedish Army, under Wedell, has likewise been mostly ordered thither; both at their quickest. For Daun, all turns on despatch; loiter a little, and Friedrich himself will be here again!

Daun, I have no doubt, stirred his slow feet the fastest he could. NOVEMBER 7th, Daun was in the neighborhood of Pirna Country again, had his Bridge at Pirna, for communication; urged the Reichs Army to bestir itself, Now or never. Reichs Army did push out a little against Finck; made him leave that perpetual Camp of Gahmig, take new camps, Kesselsdorf and elsewhere; and at length made him shoot across Elbe, to the northwest, on a pontoon bridge below Dresden, with retreating room to northward, and shelter under the guns of that City. Reichs Army has likewise made powerful detachments for capture of Leipzig and the northwestern towns; capture of Torgau, the Magazine town, first of all: summon them, with force evidently overpowering, "Free withdrawal, if you don't resist; and if you do—!" At Torgau there was actual attempt made (November 12th), rather elaborate and dangerous looking; under Haddick, with near 10,000 of the "Austrian-auxiliary" sort: to whom the old Commandant —judging Wedell, the late Anti-Swedish Wedell, to be now near— rushed out with "300 men and one big gun;" and made such a firing and gesticulation as was quite extraordinary, as if Wedell were here already: till Wedell's self did come in sight; and the overpowering Reichs Detachment made its best speed else-whither. [Tempelhof, "Letter from a Prussian Officer," in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 286.] *The other Sieges remained things of theory; the other Reichs Detachments hurried home, I think, without summoning anybody.*

Meanwhile, Daun, with the proper Artilleries at last ready, comes flowing forward (NOVEMBER 8th–9th); and takes post in the Great Garden, or south side of Dresden; minatory to Schmettau and that City. The walls, or

works, are weak; outside there is nothing but Mayer and the Free Corps to resist, who indeed has surpassed himself this season, and been extraordinarily diligent upon that lazy Reichs Army. Commandant Schmettau signifies to Daun, the day Daun came in sight, "If your Excellenz advance farther on me, the grim Rules of War in besieged places will order That I burn the Suburbs, which are your defences in attacking me,"—and actually fills the fine houses on the Southern Suburb with combustible matter, making due announcements, to Court and population, as well as to Dann. "Burn the Suburbs?" answers Daun: "In the name of civilized humanity, you will never think of such thing!" "That will I, your Excellenz, of a surety, and do it!" answers Schmettau. So that Dresden is full of pity, terror and speculation. The common rumor is, says Excellency Mitchell, who is sojourning there for the present, "That Bruhl [nefarious Bruhl, born to be the death of us!] has persuaded Polish Majesty to sanction this enterprise of Daun's,"—very careless, Bruhl, what become of Dresden or us, so the King of Prussia be well hurt or spited!

Certain enough, NOVEMBER 9th, Daun does come on, regardless of Schmettau's assurances; so that, "about midnight:" Mayer, who "can hear the enemy busily building four big batteries" withal, has to report himself driven to the edge of those high Houses (which are filled with combustibles), and that some Croats are got into the upper windows. "Burn them, then!" answers Schmettasu (such the dire necessity of sieged places): and, "at 3 A.M." (three hours' notice to the poor inmates), Mayer does so; hideous flames bursting out, punctually at the stroke of 3: "whole Suburb seemed on blaze [about a sixth part of it actually so], nay you would have said the whole Town was environed in flames." Excellency Mitchell climbed a steeple: "will not describe to your Lordship the horror, the terror and confusion of this night; wretched inhabitants running with their furniture [what of it they had got flung out, between 12 o'clock and 3] towards the Great Garden; all Dresden, to appearance, girt in flames, ruins and smoke." Such a night in Dresden, especially in the Pirna Suburb, as was never seen before. [Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, i. 459. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 295–302, minute account (corresponding well with Mitchell's); *ib.* 303–333, the certified details of the damage done: "280 houses lost;" "4 human lives."] This was the sad beginning, or attempt at beginning, of Dresden Siege; and this also was the end of it, on Daun's part at present. For four days more, he hung about the place, minatory, hesitant; but attempted nothing feasible; and on the fifth day,— "for a certain weighty reason," as the Austrian Gazettes express it,—he saw good to vanish into the Pirna Rock-Country, and be out of harm's way in the mean while!

The Truth is, Daun's was an intricate case just now; needing, above all things, swiftness of treatment; what, of all things, it could not get from Daun. His denunciations on that burnt Suburb were again loud; but Schmettau continues deaf to all that,—means "to defend himself by the known rules of war and of honor;" declares, he "will dispute from street to street, and only finish in the middle of Polish Majesty's Royal Palace." Denunciation will do nothing! Daun had above 100,000 men in those parts. Rushing forward with sharp shot and bayonet storm, instead of logical denunciation, it is probable Daun might have settled his Schmettau. But the hour of tide was rigorous, withal;—and such an ebb, if you missed it in hesitating! NOVEMBER 15th, Daun withdrew; the ebbing come. That same day, Friedrich was at Lauban in the Lausitz, within a hundred miles again; speeding hitherward; behind him a Silesia brushed clear, before him a Saxony to be brushed. "Reason weighty" enough, think Daun and the Austrian Gazettes! But such, since you have missed the tide-hour, is the inexorable fact of ebb,—going at that frightful rate. Daun never was the man to dispute facts.

November 20th, Friedrich arrived in Dresden; heard, next day, that Daun had wheeled decisively homeward from Pirna Country; that the Reichs Army and he are diligently climbing the Metal Mountains; and that there is not in Saxony, more than in Silesia, an enemy left. What a Sequel to Hochkirch! "Neisse and Dresden both!" we had hoped as sequel, if lucky: "Neisse OR Dresden" seemed infallible. And we are climbing the Metal Mountains, under facts superior to us.

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner;—leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in relative strength;—both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could help him much); —and is not "annihilated" in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich's marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring-time, old Marechal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: "But if the King of Prussia were to burst in upon us there?" "The King of Prussia is a great soldier," answered M. de

Belleisle; "but his Army is not a shuttle (NAVETTE),"--to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Marechal. To "come upon us EN NAVETTE," suddenly "like a shuttle" from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters. [Archenholtz, i. 316; Montalembert, SÆPIUS, for the phrase "EN NAVETTE."]

"The Pitt-and-Ferdinand Campaign of 1758," says a Note, which I would fain abridge, "is more palpably victorious than Friedrich's, much more an affair of bonfires than his; though it too has had its rubs. Loss of honor at Crefeld; loss of Louisburg and Codfishery: these are serious blows our enemy has had. But then, to temper the joy over Louisburg, there was, at Ticonderoga, by Abercrombie, on the small scale (all the extent of scale he had), a melancholy Platitude committed: that of walking into an enemy without the least reconnoitring of him, who proves to be chin-deep in abatis and field-works; and kills, much at his ease, about 2,000 brave fellows, brought 5,000 miles for that object. And obliges you to walk away on the instant, and quit Ticonderoga, like a--surely like a very tragic Dignitary in Cocked-hat! To be cashiered, we will hope; at least to be laid on the shelf, and replaced by some Wolfe or some Amherst, fitter for the business! Nor were the Descents on the French Coast much to speak of: 'Great Guns got at Cherbourg,' these truly, as exhibited in Hyde-Park, were a comfortable sight, especially to the simpler sort: but on the other hand, at Morlaix, on the part of poor old General Bligh and Company, there had been a Platitude equal or superior to that of Abercrombie, though not so tragical in loss of men. 'What of that?' said an enthusiastic Public, striking their balance, and joyfully illuminating.-- Here is a Clipping from Ohio Country, 'LETTER of an Officer [distilled essence of Two Letters], dated, FORT-DUQUESNE, 28th NOVEMBER, 1758:--

"Our small Corps under General Forbes, after much sore scrambling through the Wildernesses, and contending with enemies wild and tame, is, since the last four days, in possession of Fort Duquesne [PITTSBURG henceforth]: Friday, 24th, the French garrison, on our appearance, made off without fighting; took to boats down the Ohio, and vanished out of those Countries,'--forever and a day, we will hope. 'Their Louisiana-Canada communication is lost; and all that prodigious tract of rich country,'--which Mr. Washington fixed upon long ago, is ours again, if we can turn it to use. 'This day a detachment of us goes to Braddock's field of battle [poor Braddock!], to bury the bones of our slaughtered countrymen; many of whom the French butchered in cold blood, and, to their own eternal shame and infamy, have left lying above ground ever since. As indeed they have done with all those slain round the Fort in late weeks;'--calling themselves a civilized Nation too!" [Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 41, 39).]

LOWER RHINE, JULY-NOVEMBER, 1758. "Ferdinand's manoeuvres, after Crefeld, on the France-ward side of Rhine, were very pretty: but, without Wesel, and versus a Belleisle as War-Minister, and a Contades who was something of a General, it would not do. Belleisle made uncommon exertions, diligent to get his broken people drilled again; Contades was wary, and counter-manoevred rather well. Finally, Soubise" (readers recollect him and his 24 or 30,000, who stood in Frankfurt Country, on the hither or north side of Rhine), famed Rossbach Soubise,--"pushing out, at Belleisle's bidding, towards Hanover, in a region vacant otherwise of troops,-- became dangerous to Ferdinand. 'Making for Hanover?' thought Ferdinand: 'Or perhaps meaning to attack my 12,000 English that are just landed? Nay, perhaps my Rhine-Bridge itself, and the small Party left there?' Ferdinand found he would have to return, and look after Soubise. Crossed, accordingly (August 8th), by his old Bridge at Rees,--which he found safe, in spite of attempts there had been; ["Fight of Meer" (Chevert, with 10,000, beaten off, and the Bridge saved, by Imhof, with 3,000;--both clever soldiers; Imhof in better luck, and favored by the ground: "5th August, 1758"): MAUVILLON, i. 315.]--and never recrossed during this War. Judges even say his first crossing had never much solidity of outlook in it; and though so delightful to the public, was his questionablest step.

"On the 12,000 English, Soubise had attempted nothing. Ferdinand joined his English at Soest (August 20th); to their great joy and his; [Duke of Marlborough's heavy-laden LETTER to Pitt, "Koesfeld, August 15th:" "Nothing but rains and uncertainties;" "marching, latterly, up to our middles in water;" have come from Embden, straight south towards Wesel Country, almost 150 miles (Soest still a good sixty miles to southeast of us). CHATHAM CORRESPONDENCE (London, 1838), i. 334, 337. The poor Duke died in two months hence; and the command devolved on Lord George Sackville, as is too well known.] 10 to 12,000 as a first instalment:--Grand-looking fellows, said the Germans. And did you ever see such horses, such splendor of

equipment, regardless of expense? Not to mention those BERGSCHOTTEN (Scotch Highlanders), with their bagpipes, sporrans, kilts, and exotic costumes and ways; astonishing to the German mind. [Romantic view of the BERGSCHOTTEN (2,000 of them, led by the Junior of the Robert Keiths above mentioned, who is a soldier as yet), in ARCHENHOLTZ, i. 351–353: IB. and in PREUSS, ii. 136, of the "uniforms with gold and silver lace," of the superb horses, "one regiment all roan horses, another all black, another all" Out of all whom (BERGSCHOTTEN included), Ferdinand, by management,—and management was needed,—got a great deal of first-rate fighting, in the next Four Years.

"Nor, in regard to Hanover, could Soubise make anything of it; though he did (owing to a couple of stupid fellows, General Prince von Ysenburg and General Oberg, detached by Ferdinand on that service) escape the lively treatment Ferdinand had prepared for him; and even gave a kind of Beating to each of those stupid fellows, [1. "Fight of Sandershausen" (Broglie, as Soubise's vanguard, 12,000; VERSUS Ysenburg, 7,000, who stupidly would not withdraw TILL beaten: "23d July, 1758," BEFORE Ferdinand had come across again). 2. Fight of Lutternberg (Soubise, 30,000; VERSUS Oberg, about 18,000, who stupidly hung back till Soubise was all gathered, and THEN still more stupidly: "10th October, 1758"). See MAUVILLON, i. 312 (or better, ARCHENHOLTZ, i. 345); and MAUVILLON, i. 327. Both Lutternberg and Sandershausen are in the neighborhood of Cassel;—as many of those Ferdinand fights were.]—one of which, Oberg's one, might have ruined Oberg and his Detachment altogether, had Soubise been alert, which he by no means was! 'Paris made such jeering about Rossbach and the Prince de Soubise,' says Voltaire, [*Histoire de Louis XV.*] 'and nobody said a word about these two Victories of his, next Year!' For which there might be two reasons: one, according to Tempelhof, that 'the Victories were of the so-so kind (SIC WAREN AUCH DARNACH);' and another, that they were ascribed to Broglie, on both occasions,—how justly, nobody will now argue!

"Contades had not failed, in the mean while, to follow with the main Army; and was now elaborately manoeuvring about; intent to have Lippstadt, or some Fortress in those Rhine–Weser Countries. On the tail of that second so-so Victory by Soubise, Contades thought, Now would be the chance. And did try hard, but without effect. Ferdinand was himself attending Contades; and mistakes were not likely. Ferdinand, in the thick of the game (October 21st– 30th), 'made a masterly movement'—that is to say, cut Contades and his Soubise irretrievably asunder: no junction now possible to them; the weaker of them liable to ruin,—unless Contades, the stronger, would give battle; which, though greatly outnumbering Ferdinand, he was cautious not to do. A melancholic cautious man, apt to be over-cautious,—nicknamed 'L'APOTHECAIRE' by the Parisians, from his down looks,—but had good soldier qualities withal. Soubise and he haggled about, a short while,—not a long, in these dangerous circumstances; and then had to go home again, without result, each the way he came; Contades himself repassing through Wesel, and wintering on his own side of the Rhine."

How Pitt is succeeding, and aiming to succeed, on the French Foreign Settlements: on the Guinea Coast, on the High Seas everywhere; in the West Indies; still more in the East,—where General Lally (that fiery O'MullALLY, famous since Fontenoy), missioned with "full-powers," as they call them, is raging up and down, about Madras and neighborhood, in a violent, impetuous, more and more bankrupt manner:—Of all this we can say nothing for the present, little at any time. Here are two facts of the financial sort, sufficiently illuminative. The much-expending, much-subsidying Government of France cannot now borrow except at 7 per cent Interest; and the rate of Marine Insurance has risen to 70 per cent. [Retzow, ii. 5.] One way and other, here is a Pitt clearly progressive; and a long-pending JENKINS'S–EAR QUESTION in a fair way to be settled!

Friedrich stays in Saxony about a month, inspecting and adjusting; thence to Breslau, for Winter-quarters. His Winter is like to be a sad and silent one, this time; with none of the gayeties of last Year; the royal heart heavy enough with many private sorrows, were there none of public at all! This is a word from him, two days after finishing Daun for the season:—

FRIEDRICH TO MYLORD MARISCHAL (at Colombier in Neufchatel).

"DRESDEN, 23d November, 1758.

"There is nothing left for us, MON CHER MYLORD, but to mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have had. If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not suffice for the grief I feel.

"Our Campaign is over; and there has nothing come of it, on one side or the other, but the loss of a great many worthy people, the misery of a great many poor soldiers crippled forever, the ruin of some Provinces, the ravage, pillage and conflagration of some flourishing Towns. Exploits these which make humanity shudder: sad fruits of

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the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power, who sacrifice everything to their unbridled passions! I wish you, MON CHER MYLORD, nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny; and everything that is wanting to it. Your old friend, till death."—F. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. 273.]

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**BOOK XIX. FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE
SEVEN-YEARS WAR. 1759-1760.**

Chapter I. PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN.

The posting of the Five Armies this Winter—Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest—is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the southeastern Saxon; waited on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk; scattered over Thuringen and the Franconian Countries; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts:—the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Munster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise,—adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies: Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt—Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine,—and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the "CORDON of Posts" or winter—quarters this Year. "From the Giant Mountains and the Metal Mountains, to the Ocean;—to the mouth of Rhine," may we not say; "and back again to the Swiss Alps or springs of Rhine, that Upper—Rhine Country being all either French or Austrian, and a basis for Soubise?" [Archenholtz, i. 306.] Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War—Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling; or of the Americas and Indies beyond!

"This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter—quarters," says Archenholtz, "as was never drawn in Germany, or in Europe, before." Chain of about 300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as well as picturesque. "Three Campaigns there have already been," sighs the peaceable observer: "Three Campaigns, surely furious enough; Eleven Battles in them," [Stenzel, v. 185. This, I suppose, would be his enumeration: LOBOSITZ (1756); PRAG, KOLIN, Hastenbeck, Gross—Jagersdorf, ROSSBACH, Breslau, LEUTHEN, (1757); Crefeld, ZORNDORF, HOCHKIRCH (1758): "eleven hitherto in all."] a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach;—must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind?" thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not considering what are, and have been, the rages, the iniquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blindnesses and sins of mankind; and what amount, of CALCINING these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in three Campaigns at all, it would appear! Four more Campaigns are needed: then there will be innocuous ashes in quantity; and a result unexpected, and worth marking in World—History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes,—of which he keeps up several, as bright cloud—hangings in the haggard inner world he now has,—that Peace is just at hand; one right struggle more, and Peace must come! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made,—one in the end of this Year 1759;—but one and all of them proved futile, and, unless for accidental reasons, need not be mentioned here. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces; "War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable!" think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French—Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, "Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate? Such a War is too ruinous!" Hearing which, the Pompadour is shocked at the favorite creature of her hands; hastens to dismiss him ("Be Cardinal then, you ingrate of a Bernis; disappear under that Red Hat!")—and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul (known hitherto as STAINVILLE, Comte de Stainville, French Excellency at Vienna, but now made Duke on this promotion), Duc de Choiseul; [Minister of Foreign Affairs, "11th November, 1758" (Barbier, iv. 294).] who is a Lorrainer, or Semi—Austrian, by very birth; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

French trade being ruined withal, money is running dreadfully low: but they appoint a new Controller—General; a M. de Silhouette, who is thought to have an extraordinary creative genius in Finance. Had he but a Fortunatus—Purse, how lucky were it! With Fortunatus Silhouette as purse—holder, with a fiery young

Choiseul on this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year,—Invasions of England; stronger German Armies; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point;—and flatters herself, and her poor Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell and feminine is the Pompadour's humor in this matter. Nor is the Czarina's less so; but more, if possible; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has masculine reasons withal; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid: but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith in public reputation; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him: but that, with resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time: he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent; but that is pretty much the only fixed item: Prussia VERSUS France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war! Except its King, these are failing, year by year; and at a rate fatally SWIFT in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits; who are inferior both in discipline and native quality;—though they have still, people say, a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But "it is observable," says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it follows from the nature of the case, "that while the Prussian Army presents always its best kind of soldiers at the beginning of a war, Austria, such are its resources in population, always improves in that particular, and its best troops appear in the last campaigns." In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth; disputing his ground inch by inch: and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either,—what is more a sorrow to me here!

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, "is greater than ever," in these four Years now coming. [Berenhorst, in *Kriegskunst*; Retzow; And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place,— though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations,—especially of MAPS, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed; and can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements and manoeuvrings, year after year, on such a Theatre of War. What is to be done with it here! If we could, by significant strokes, indicate, under features true so far as they went, the great wide fire-flood that was raging round the world; if we could, carefully omitting very many things, omit of the things intelligible and decipherable that concern Friedrich himself, nothing that had meaning: IF indeed—! But it is idle preluding. Forward again, brave reader, under such conditions as there are!

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent, sombre character, this time; nothing of stir in it but from work only: in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gayeties. A Friedrich given up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. "I have passed my winter like a Carthusian monk," he writes to D'Argens: "I dine alone; I spend my life in reading and writing; and I do not sup. When one is sad, it becomes at last too burdensome to hide one's grief continually; and it is better to give way to it by oneself, than to carry one's gloom into society. Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application required in steady and continuous labor. This distraction does force one to put away painful ideas, while it lasts: but, alas, no sooner is the work done, than these fatal companions present themselves again, as if livelier than ever. Maupertuis was right: the sum of evil does certainly surpass that of good:—but to me it is all one; I have almost nothing more to lose; and my few remaining days, what matters it much of what complexion they be?" ["Breslau, 1st March, 1759," To D'Argens (

OEuvres de Frederic, xix. 56).]

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers: [ODE SUR LA MORT DE S. A. S. MADAME LA PRINCESSE DE BAREITH (in *OEuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 79–86): see Friedrich's Letter to him (6th November, 1758); with Voltaire's VERSES in Answer (next month); Friedrich's new Letter (Breslau, 23d January 1759), demanding something more,— followed by the ODE just cited (Ib. lxxii. 402; lxxviii. 82, 92; or *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 20–24: alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such. All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends life or death. This Year, he "expects to have 300,000 enemies upon him;" and "is, with his utmost effort, getting up 150,000 to set against them." Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a SERMON ON THE LAST JUDGMENT; handed to Reader De Catt, one evening:—to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way! [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xv. 1–10 (see Preuss's PREFACE there; Formey, *SOUVENIRS*, i. 37; Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is ON TACTICS; [REFLEXIONS SUR LA TACTIQUE: in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxviii. 153–166.]— properly it might be called, "Serious very Private Thoughts," thrown on paper, and communicated only to two or three, "On the new kind of Tactics necessary with those Austrians and their Allies," who are in such overwhelming strength. "To whose continual sluggishness, and strange want of concert, to whose incoherency of movements, languor of execution, and other enormous faults, we have owed, with some excuse for our own faults, our escaping of destruction hitherto,"—but had better NOT trust that way any longer! Fouquet is one of the highly select, to whom he communicates this Piece; adding along with it, in Fouquet's case, an affectionate little Note, and, in spite of poverty, some New-year's Gift, as usual,—the "Widow's Mite [300 pounds, we find]; receive it with the same heart with which it was set apart for you: a small help, which you may well have need of, in these calamitous times." ["Breslau, 23d December, 1758;" with Fouquet's Answer, 2d January, 1759: in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. 114–117.] Fouquet much admires the new Tactical Suggestions;—seems to think, however, that the certainly practicable one is, in particular, the last, That of "improving our Artillery to some equality with theirs." For which, as may appear, the King has already been taking thought, in more ways than one.

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem; the part which looks especially impossible, from our point of vision! In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling over on you know not whom the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet—though England is busy at it—been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the STANDE of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punctually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. But these are as nothing, in face of such expenses; and the thought how he did contrive on the Finance side, is and was not a little wonderful. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words:—

"Such modicum of Subsidy [he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758], how useful will it prove in a Country bred everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed to regard waste as sin, and which will lay out no penny except to purpose! I guess the Prussian Exchequer is, by this time, much on the ebb; idle precious metals tending everywhere towards the melting-pot. At what precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm balustrades, and enormous silver furnitures, were first gone into, Dryasdust has not informed me: but we know they all went; as they well might. To me nothing is so wonderful as Friedrich's Budget during this War. One day it will be carefully investigated, elucidated and made conceivable and certain to mankind: but that as yet is far from being the case. We walk about in it with astonishment; almost, were it possible, with incredulity. Expenditure on this side, work done on that: human nature, especially British human nature, refuses to conceive it. Never in this world, before or since, was the like. The Friedrich miracles in War are great; but those in Finance are almost greater. Let Dryasdust bethink him; and gird his flabby loins to this Enterprise; which is very behooveful in these Californian times!"—

The general Secret of Prussian Thrift, I do fear, is lost from the world. And how an Army of about 200,000, in field and garrison, could be kept on foot, and in some ability to front combined Europe, on about Three Million Sterling annually ("25 million THALERS"=3,150,000 pounds, that is the steady War-Budget of those years), remains to us inconceivable enough;—mournfully miraculous, as it were; and growing ever more so in the Nugget-generations that now run. Meanwhile, here are what hints I could find, on the Origins of that modest Sum, which also are a wonder: [Preuss, ii. 388–392; Stenzel, v. 137–141.]—

"The hoarded Prussian Moneys, or 'TREASURES' [two of them, KLEINE SCHATZ, GROSSE SCHATZ, which are rigidly saved in Peace years, for incidence of War], being nearly run out, there had come the English Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and the Home revenues and remnants of SCHATZ had sufficed for 1758; but will no longer suffice. Next to Saxony, the English Subsidy (670,000 pounds due the second time this year) was always Friedrich's principal resource: and in the latter years of the War, I observe, it was nearly twice the amount of what all his Prussian Countries together, in their ravaged and worn-out state, could yield him. In and after 1759, besides Home Income, which is gradually diminishing, and English Subsidy, which is a steady quantity, Friedrich's sources of revenue are mainly Two:—

"FIRST, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from those that have deserved ill of you,—such of them as you can come at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not particular, provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this head fall principally three Countries (and their three poor Populations, in lieu of their Governments): Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the main part of it, Mecklenburg-SCHWERIN), and Anhalt; from these three there is a continual forced supply of money and furnishings. Their demerits to Friedrich differ much in intensity; nor is his wringing of them—which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony increases year by year to the nearly intolerable pitch—quite in the simple ratio of their demerits; but in a compound ratio of that and of his indignation and of his wants.

"Saxony, as Prime Author of this War, was from the first laid hold of, collared tightly: 'Pay the shot, then, what you can' (in the end it was almost what you cannot)! As to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the grudge against Prussia was of very old standing, some generations now; and the present Duke, not a very wise Sovereign more than his Ancestors, had always been ill with Friedrich; willing to spite and hurt him when possible: in Reichs Diet he, of all German Princes, was the first that voted for Friedrich's being put to Ban of the Reich,—he; and his poor People know since whether that was a wise step! The little Anhalt Princes, too, all the Anhalts, Dessau, Bernburg, Cothen, Zerbst [perhaps the latter partially excepted, for a certain Russian Lady's sake], had voted, or at least had ambiguously half-voted, in favor of the Ban, and done other unfriendly things; and had now to pay dear for their bits of enmities. Poor souls, they had but One Vote among them all Four;— and they only half gave it, tremulously pulling it back again. I should guess it was their terrors mainly, and over-readiness to reckon Friedrich a sinking ship; and to leap from the deck of him, —with a spurn which he took for insolent! The Anhalt-Dessauers particularly, who were once of his very Army, half Prussians for generations back, he reckoned to have used him scandalously ill.

"This Year the requisition on the Four Anhalts—which they submit to patiently, as people who have leapt into the wrong ship—is, in precise tale: of money, 330,000 thalers (about 50,000 pounds); recruits, 2,200; horses, 1,800. In Saxony, besides the fixed Taxes, strict confiscation of Meissen Potteries and every Royalty, there were exacted heavy 'Contributions,' more and more heavy, from the few opulent Towns, chiefly from Leipzig; which were wrung out, latterly, under great severities,—'chief merchants of Leipzig all clapt in prison, kept on bread-and-water till they yielded,'—AS great severities as would suffice, but NOT greater; which also was noted. Unfortunate chief merchants of Leipzig,—with Bruhl and Polish Majesty little likely to indemnify them! Unfortunate Country altogether. An intelligent Saxon, who is vouched for as impartial, bears witness as follows: 'And this I know, that the oppressions and plunderings of the Austrians and Reichsfolk, in Saxony, turned all hearts away from them; and it was publicly said, We had rather bear the steady burden of the Prussians than such help as these our pretended Deliverers bring.' [Stenzel (citing from KRIEGSKANZLEI, which I have not), v. 137 n.] Whereby, on the whole, the poor Country got its back broken, and could never look up in the world since. Resource FIRST was abundantly severe.

"Resource SECOND is strangest of all;—and has given rise to criticism enough! It is no other than that of issuing base money; mixing your gold and silver coin with copper,—this, one grieves to say, is the Second and extreme resource. (A rude method—would we had a better—of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by

bank-notes instead!" thinks Friedrich, I suppose. From his Prussian Mints, from his Saxon [which are his for the present], and from the little Anhalt-Bernburg Mint [of which he expressly purchased the sad privilege,—for we are not a Coiner, we are a King reduced to suspend Cash-payments, for the time being], Friedrich poured out over all Germany, in all manner of kinds, huge quantities of bad Coin. This, so long as it would last, is more and more a copious fountain of supply. This, for the first time, has had to appear as an item in War-Budget 1759: and it fails in no following, but expands more and more. It was done through Ephraim, the not lovely Berlin Jew, whom we used to hear of in Voltaire's time;—through Ephraim and two others, Ephraim as President: in return for a net Sum, these shall have privilege to coin such and such amounts, so and so alloyed; shall pay to General Tauentzien, Army Treasurer, at fixed terms, the Sums specified: 'Go, and do it; our Mint-Officers sharply watching you; Mint-Officers, and General Tauentzien [with a young Herr Lessing, as his Chief Clerk, of whom the King knows nothing]; Go, ye unlovely!' And Ephraim and Company are making a great deal of money by the unlovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs, the hand, and the unlovely job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none of us knows better than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, how little lovely a job it was; how shockingly UNkingly it was,—though a practice not unknown to German Kings and Kinglets before his time, and since down almost to ours. [In STENZEL (v. 141) enumeration of eight or nine unhappy Potentates, who were busy with it in those same years.] In fact, these are all unkingly practices;—and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud Friedrich: but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

"The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third," —your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28s. 6d. "But yearly it grew worse; and in 1762 [English Subsidy having failed] matters had got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as silver. Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as on a sea under earthquakes; but there was always ready money among Friedrich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common people, or retail purchasers, suffer by it. 'Hah, an Ephraimite!' they would say, grinning not ill-humoredly, at sight of one of these pieces; some of which they had more specifically named 'BLUE-GOWNS' [owing to a tint of blue perceivable, in spite of the industrious plating in real silver, or at least "boiling in some solution" of it]; these they would salute with this rhyme, then current:—

*"Von aussen schon, van innen schlimm;
Von aussen Friedrich, von innen Ephraim.
Outside noble, inside slim:
Outside Friedrich, inside Ephraim.*

"By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be scraped together in Friedrich's world, flows wholly into the Army-Chest, as the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, beginning, I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and wages of Officials, cease to be paid in money; nobody of that kind sees the color even of bad coin; but is paid only in 'Paper Assignments,' in Promises to Pay 'after the Peace.' These Paper Documents made no pretence to the rank of Currency: such holders of them as had money, or friends, and could wait, got punctual payment when the term did arrive; but those that could not, suffered greatly; having to negotiate their debentures on ruinous terms,— sometimes at an expense of three-fourths.—I will add Friedrich's practical Schedule of Amounts from all these various Sources; and what Friedrich's own view of the Sources was, when he could survey them from the safe distance.

"SCHEDULE OF AMOUNTS [say for 1761]. To make up the Twenty-five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are:—

"From our Prussian Countries, ruined, harried as THALERS they have been, 4 millions only. From Saxony and the other Wringings, 7 millions. English Subsidy (4 of good gold; becoppered into double), 8 " From Ephraim and his Farm of the Mint (MUNZ-PATENT), 7 "

In sum Twenty-six Millions; leaving you one Million of margin,— and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sundries. [Preuss, ii. 388.]

"Friedrich's own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *History of the Seven-Years War* [at "Berlin, 17th December, 1763"], is in these words: 'May Heaven grant,—if Heaven deign to look down on the paltry concerns of men,—that the unalterable and flourishing destiny of this Country preserve the Sovereigns who shall govern it

from the scourges and calamities which Prussia has suffered in these times of trouble and subversion; that they may never again be forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which we (L'ON) have been obliged to employ in maintenance of the State against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns of Europe, who wished to annihilate the House of Brandenburg, and exterminate from the world whatever bore the Prussian name!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 234.]

OF THE SMALL-WAR IN SPRING, 1759. THERE ARE FIVE DISRUPTIONS OF THAT GRAND CORDON (February–April); AND FERDINAND OF BRUNSWICK FIGHTS HIS BATTLE OF BERGEN (April 13th).

Friedrich, being denied an aggressive course this Year, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive in the interim; but, all the more vigorously, as is observable, from February onwards, strikes out from him on every side: endeavoring to spoil the Enemy's Magazines, and cripple his operations in that way. So that there was, all winter through, a good deal of Small-War (some of it not Small), of more importance than usual,—chiefly of Friedrich's originating, with the above view, or of Ferdinand his Ally's, on a still more pressing score. And, on the whole, that immense Austrian–French Cordon, which goes from the Carpathians to the Ocean, had by no means a quiet time; but was broken into, and violently hurled back, in different parts: some four, or even five, attacks upon it in all; three of them by Prince Henri,—in two of which Duke Ferdinand's people co-operated; the business being for mutual behoof. These latter Three were famous in the world, that Winter; and indeed are still recognizable as brilliant procedures of their kind; though, except dates and results, we can afford almost nothing of them here. These Three, intended chiefly against Reichs people and their Posts and Magazines, fell out on the western and middle part of the Cordon. Another attack was in the extreme eastward, and was for Friedrich's own behoof; under Fouquet's management;—intended against the Austrian–Moravian Magazines and Preparations, but had little success. Still another assault, or invasive outroad, northward against the Russian Magazines, there also was; of which by and by. Besides all which, and more memorable than all, Duke Ferdinand, for vital reasons of his own, fought a Battle this Spring, considerable Battle, and did NOT gain it; which made great noise in the world.

It is not necessary the reader should load his memory with details of all these preliminary things; on the contrary, it is necessary that he keep his memory clear for the far more important things that lie ahead of these, and entertain these in a summary way, as a kind of foreground to what is coming. Perhaps the following Fractions of Note, which put matters in something of Chronological or Synoptical form, will suffice him, or more than suffice. He is to understand that the grand tug of War, this Year, gradually turns out not to be hereabouts, nor with Daun and his adjacencies at all, but with the Russians, who arrive from the opposite Northern quarter; and that all else will prove to be merely prefatory and nugatory in comparison.

JANUARY 2d, 1759: FRANKFURT–ON–MAYN, THOUGH IT IS A REICHSTADT, FINDS ITSELF SUDDENLY BECOME FRENCH. "Prince de Soubise lies between Mayn and Lahn, with his 25,000; beautifully safe and convenient,—though ill off for a place-of-arms in those parts. Opulent Frankfurt, on his right; how handy would that be, were not Reichs Law so express! Marburg, Giessen are outposts of his; on which side one of Ferdinand's people, Prince von Ysenburg, watches him with an 8 or 10,000, capable of mischief in that quarter.

"On the Eve of New-year's day, or on the auspicious Day itself, Soubise requests, of the Frankfurt Authorities, permission for a regiment of his to march through that Imperial City. To which, by law and theory, the Imperial City can say Yes or No; but practically cannot, without grave inconvenience, say other than Yes, though most Frankfurters wish it could. 'Yes,' answer the Frankfurt Magnates; Yes surely, under the known conditions. Tuesday, January 2d, about 5 in the morning, while all is still dark in Frankfurt, regiment Nassau appears, accordingly, at the Sachsenhausen Gate, Town-guard people all ready to receive it and escort it through; and is admitted as usual. Quite as usual: but instead of being escorted through, it orders, in calm peremptory voice, the Town-guard, To ground arms; with calm rapidity proceeds to admit ten other regiments or battalions, six of them German; seizes the artillery on the Walls, seizes all the other Gates:—and poor Frankfurt finds itself tied hand and foot, almost before it is out of bed! Done with great exactitude, with the minimum of confusion, and without a hurt skin to anybody. The Inhabitants stood silent, gazing; the Town-guard laid down their arms, and went home. Totally against Law; but cleverly done; perhaps Soubise's chief exploit in the world; certainly the one real success the French have yet had.

"Soubise made haste to summon the Magistrates: 'Law of Necessity alone, most honored Sirs! Reichs Law is clear against me. But all the more shall private liberties, religions, properties, in this Imperial Free–Town, be

sacred to us. Defence against any aggression: and the strictest discipline observed. Depend on me, I bid you!—And kept his word to an honorable degree, they say; or in absence, made it be kept, during the Four Years that follow. Most Frankfurters are, at heart, Anti-French: but Soubise's affability was perfect; and he gave evening parties of a sublime character; the Magistrates all appearing there, in their square perukes and long gowns, with a mournful joy." [Tempelhof, iii. 7–8; Stenzel, v. 198–200.]

Soubise soon went home, to assist in important businesses,— Invasion of England, no less; let England look to itself this Summer!—and Broglio succeeded him, as Army-Captain in the Frankfurt parts; with laurels accruing, more or less. Soubise, like Broglio, began with Rossbach; Soubise ends with Frankfurt, for the present; where Broglio also gains his chief laurels, as will shortly be seen. Frankfurt is a great gain to France, though an illicit one. It puts a bar on Duke Ferdinand in that quarter; secures a starting-point for attacks on Hessen, Hanover; for co-operation with Contades and the Lower Rhine. It is the one success France has yet had in this War, or pretty much that it ever had in it. Due to Prince de Soubise, in that illegal fashion.— A highly remarkable little Boy, now in his tenth year, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, has his wondering eyes on these things: and, short while hence, meets daily, on the stairs and lobbies at home, a pleasant French Official Gentlemen who is quartered there; between whom and Papa occur rubs,—as readers may remember, and shall hear in April coming.

GRAND CORDON DISRUPTED: ERFURT COUNTRY, 16th FEBRUARY–2d MARCH. "About six weeks after this Frankfurt achievement, certain Reichsfolk and Austrian Auxiliaries are observed to be cutting down endless timber, '18,800 palisades, 6,000 trees of 60 feet,' and other huge furnishings, from the poor Duke of Gotha's woods; evidently meaning to fortify themselves in Erfurt. Upon which Prince Henri detaches a General Knobloch thitherward, Duke Ferdinand contributing 4,000 to meet him there; which combined expedition, after some sharp knocking and shoving, entirely disrooted the Austrians and Reichsfolk, and sent them packing. Had them quite torn out by the end of the month; and had planned to 'attack them on two sides at once' (March 2d), with a view of swallowing them whole,—when they (these Reichs Volschians, in such a state of flutter) privately hastened off, one and all of them, the day before." [Narrative, in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1022 et seq.]

This was BREAKAGE FIRST of the Grand Cordon; an explosive hurling of it back out of those Erfurt parts. Done by Prince Henri's people, in concert with Duke Ferdinand's,—who were mutually interested in the thing.

BREAKAGE SECOND: ERFURT-FULDA COUNTRY, 31st MARCH–8th APRIL. "About the end of March, these intrusive Austrian Reichsfolk made some attempt to come back into those Countries; but again got nothing but hard knocks; and gave up the Erfurt project. For, close following on this FIRST, there was a SECOND still deeper and rougher Breakage, in those same regions; the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick dashing through, on a special Errand of Ferdinand's own [of which presently], with an 8 or 10,000, in his usual fiery manner; home into the very bowels of the Reich (April 3d, and for a week onward); and returning with 'above 2,000 prisoners' in hand; especially with a Reich well frightened behind him;—still in time for Duke Ferdinand's Adventure [in fact, for his Battle of Bergen, of which we are to hear]. Had been well assisted by Prince Henri, who 'made dangerous demonstrations in the distance,' and was extremely diligent—though the interest was chiefly Ferdinand's this time." [Tempelhof, iii. 19–22.]—Contemporary with that FIRST Erfurt Business, there went on, 300 miles away from it, in the quite opposite direction, another of the same;—too curious to be omitted.

ACROSS THE POLISH FRONTIER: FEBRUARY, 24th–MARCH 4th. "In the end of February, General Wobersnow, an active man, was detached from Glogau, over into Poland, Posen way, To overturn the Russian provision operations thereabouts; in particular, to look into a certain high-flying Polack, a Prince Sulkowski of those parts; who with all diligence is gathering food, in expectation of the Russian advent; and indeed has formally 'declared War against the King of Prussia;' having the right, he says, as a Polish Magnate, subject only to his own high thought in such affairs. The Russians and their wars are dear to Sulkowski. He fell prisoner in their cause, at Zorndorf, last Autumn; was stuck, like all the others, Soltikoff himself among them, into the vaulted parts of Custrin Garrison: 'I am sorry I have no Siberia for you,' said Friedrich, looking, not in a benign way, on the captive Dignitaries, that hot afternoon; 'go to Custrin, and see what you have provided for yourselves!' Which they had to do; nothing, for certain days, but cellarage to lodge in; King inexorable, deaf to remonstrance. Which possibly may have contributed to kindle Sulkowski into these extremely high proceedings.

"At any rate, Wobersnow punctually looks in upon him: seizes his considerable stock of Russian proviants; his belligerent force, his high person itself; and in one luckless hour snuffs him out from the list of potentates. His belligerent force, about 1,000 Polacks, were all compelled, 'by the cudgel, say my authorities, to take Prussian

service [in garrison regiments, and well scattered about, I suppose]; his own high person found itself sitting locked in Glogau, left to its reflections. Sat thus 'till the War ended,' say some; certainly till the Sulkowski War had been sufficiently exploded by the laughter of mankind." Here are, succinctly, the dates of this small memorability:--

"End of February, Wobersnow gathers, at Glogau, a force of about 8,000 horse and foot. Marches, 24th FEBRUARY, over Oder Bridge, straight into Poland; that same night, to the neighborhood of Lissa and Reisen (Sulkowski's dominion), about thirty miles northeast of Glogau. Sulkowski done next day;--part of the capture is 'fifteen small guns.' Wobersnow goes, next, for Posen; arrives, 28th FEBRUARY; destroys Russian Magazine, ransoms Jews. Shoots out other detachments on the Magazine Enterprise;--detaches Platen along the Warta, where are picked up various items, among others 'eighty tuns of brandy,'--but himself proceeds no farther than Posen. MARCH 4th, sets out again from Posen, homewards." [NACHRICHT VON DER UNTERNEHMUNG DES GENERAL-MAJORS VON WOBERSNOW IN POLEN, IM FEB. UND MARZ. 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 526-529. *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 829.] We shall hear again of Wobersnow, in a much more important way, before long.

To the Polish Republic so called, Friedrich explained politely, not apologetically: "Since you allow the Russians to march through you in attack of me, it is evident to your just minds that the attacked party must have similar privilege." "Truly!" answered they, in their just minds, generally; and I made no complaint about Sulkowski (though Polish Majesty and Primate endeavored to be loud about "Invasion" and the like):--and indeed Polish Republic was lying, for a long while past, as if broken-backed, on the public highway, a Nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling Neighbors, especially of Russian Neighbors; and is not now capable of saying much for itself in such cases, or of doing anything at all.

FRANKFURT COUNTRY, APRIL 13th: DUKE FERDINAND'S BATTLE OF BERGEN. "Duke Ferdinand, fully aware what a stroke that seizure of Frankfurt was to him, resolved to risk a long march at this bad season, and attempt to drive the French out. Contades was absent in Paris,--no fear of an attack from Contades's Army; Broglio's in Frankfurt, grown now to about 35,000, can perhaps be beaten if vigorously attacked. Ferdinand appoints a rendezvous at Fulda, of various Corps, Prince Ysenburg's and others, that lie nearest, Hessians many of them, Hanoverians others; proceeds, himself, to Fulda, with a few attendants [a drive of about 200 miles];--having left Lord George Sackville [mark the sad name of him!!--Sackville, head of the English, and General Sporken, a Hanoverian,--to take charge in Munster Country, during his absence. It was from Fulda that he shot out the Hereditary Prince on that important Errand we lately spoke of, under the head of 'BREAKAGE SECOND,'--namely, to clear his right flank, and scare the Reich well off him, while he should be marching on Frankfurt. All which, Henri assisting from the distance, the Hereditary Prince performed to perfection,--and was back (APRIL 8th) in excellent time for the Battle.

"Ferdinand stayed hardly a day in Fulda, ranking himself and getting on the road. Did his long march of above 100 miles without accident or loss of time;--of course, scaring home the Broglio Outposts in haste enough, and awakening Broglio's attention in a high degree;--and arrives, Thursday, April 12th, at Windecken, a Village about fifteen miles northeast of Frankfurt; where he passes the night under arms; intending Battle on the morrow. Broglio is all assembled, 35,000 strong; his Assailant, with the Hereditary Prince come in, counts rather under 30,000. Broglio is posted in, and on both sides of, Bergen, a high-lying Village, directly on Ferdinand's road to Frankfurt. Windecken is about fifteen miles from Frankfurt; Bergen about six:--idle Tourists of our time, on their return from Homburg to that City, leave Bergen a little on their left. The ground is mere hills, woody dales, marshy brooks; Broglio's position, with its Village, and Hill, and ravines and advantages, is the choicest of the region; and Broglio's methods, procedures and arrangements in it are applauded by all judges.

"FRIDAY, 13th APRIL, 1759, Ferdinand is astir by daybreak; comes on, along one of those woody balleys, pickeering, reconnoitring;-- in the end, directly up the Hill of Bergen; straight upon the key-point. It is about 10 A.M., when the batteries and musketries awaken there; very loud indeed, for perhaps two hours or more. Prince von Ysenburg is leader of Ferdinand's attacking party. Their attack is hot and fierce, and they stick to it steadily; though garden-hedges, orchards and impediments are many, and Broglio, with, much cannon helping, makes vigorous defence. These Ysenburgers fought till their cartridges were nearly spent, and Ysenburg himself lay killed; but could not take Bergen. Nor could the Hereditary Prince; who, in aid of them, tried it in flank, with his own usual impetuosity rekindling theirs, and at first with some success; but was himself taken in flank by

Broglio's Reserve, and obliged to desist. No getting of Bergen by that method.

"Military critics say coolly, 'You should have smashed it well with cannon, first [which Ferdinand had not in stock here]; and especially have flung grenades into it, till it was well in flame: impossible otherwise!' [Mauvillon, ii. 19.] The Ysenburgers and Hereditary Prince withdraw. No pursuit of them; or almost less than none; for the one or two French regiments that tried it (against order), nearly got cut up. Broglio, like a very Daun at Kolin, had strictly forbidden all such attempts: 'On no temptation quit your ground!'

"The Battle, after this, lay quiet all afternoon; Ferdinand still in sight; motioning much, to tempt French valor into chasing of him. But all in vain: Broglio, though his subalterns kept urging, remonstrating, was peremptory not to stir. Whereupon, towards evening, across certain woody Heights, perhaps still with some hope of drawing him out, Ferdinand made some languid attempt on Broglio's wing, or wings;—and this also failing, had to give up the affair. He continued cannonading till deep in the night; withdrew to Windecken: and about two next morning, marched for home,—still with little or no pursuit: but without hope of Frankfurt henceforth. And, in fact, has a painful Summer ahead.

"Ferdinand had lost 5 cannon, and of killed and wounded 2,500; the French counted their loss at about 1,900. [Mauvillon, ii. 10–19; Tempelhof, iii. 26–31.] The joy of France over this immense victory was extraordinary. Broglio was made Prince of the Reich, Marechal de France; would have been raised to the stars, had one been able,—for the time being. 'And your immense victory,' so sneered the by-standers, 'consists in not being beaten, under those excellent conditions;—perhaps victory is a rarity just now!'"

This is the Battle which our Boy-Friend Johann Wolfgang watched with such interest, from his garret-window, hour after hour; all Frankfurt simmering round him, in such a whirlpool of self-contradictory emotions; till towards evening, when, in long rows of carts, poor wounded Hessians and Hanoverians came jolting in, and melted every heart into pity. into wailing sorrow, and eagerness to help. A little later, Papa Goethe, stepping downstairs, came across the Official French Gentleman; who said radiantly: "Doubtless you congratulate yourself and us on this victory to his Majesty's arms." "Not a whit (KEINESWEGS)," answers Papa Goethe, a stiff kind of man, nowise in the mood of congratulating: "on the contrary, I wish they had chased you to the Devil, though I had had to go too!" Which was a great relief to his feelings, though a dangerous one in the circumstances. [Goethe's WERKE (Stuttgart und Tubingen, 1829), xxiv. (DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT, i.), 153–157.]

BREAKAGE THIRD: OVER THE METAL MOUNTAINS INTO BOHMEN (APRIL 14th–20th). "Ferdinand's Battle was hardly ending, when Prince Henri poured across the Mountains,—in two columns, Hulsen leading the inferior or rightmost one,—into Leitmeritz–Eger Country; and made a most successful business of the Austrian Magazines he found there. Magazines all filled; Enemy all galloping for Prag:— Daun himself, who is sitting vigilant, far in the interior, at Jaromirtz this month past, was thrown into huge flurry, for some days! Speedy Henri (almost on the one condition of BEING speedy) had his own will of the Magazines: burnt, Hulsen and he, 'about 600,000 pounds worth' of Austrian provender in those parts, 'what would have kept 50,000 men five months in bread' (not to mention hay at all); gave the Enemy sore slaps (caught about 3,000 of him, NOT yet got on gallop for Prag); burnt his 200 boats on the Elbe:— forced him to begin anew at the beginning; and did, in effect, considerably lame and retard certain of his operations through the Summer. Speedy Henri marched for home April 20th; and was all across the Mountains April 23d: a profitable swift nine days." [Tempelhof iii. 47–53; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 963–966.]—And on the sixth day hence he will have something similar, and still more important, on foot. A swift man, when he must!

BREAKAGE FOURTH: INTO MAHREN (APRIL 16th–21st). "This is Fouquet's attempt, alluded to above; of which—as every reader must be satisfied with Small-War—we will give only the dates. Fouquet, ranking at Leobschutz, in Neisse Country, did break through into Mahren, pushing the Austrians before him; but found the Magazines either emptied, or too inaccessible for any worth they had;—could do nothing on the Magazines; and returned without result; home at Leobschutz again on the fifth day." [*Helden-Geschichte*, v. 958–963; Tempelhof, iii. 44–47.] This, however, had a sequel for Fouquet; which, as it brought the King himself into those neighborhoods, we shall have to mention, farther on.

BREAKAGE FIFTH: INTO FRANKEN (MAY 5th–JUNE 1st). "This was Prince Henri's Invasion of the Bamberg–Nurnberg Countries; a much sharper thing than in any former Year. Much the most famous, and," luckily for us, "the last of the Small-War affairs for the present. Started,—from Tschopau region, Bamberg

way,—April 29th—May 5th. In Three Columns: Finck leftmost, and foremost (Finck had marched April 29th, pretending to mean for Bohemia); after whom Knobloch; and (May 5th) the Prince himself. Who has an eye to the Reichs Magazines and Preparations, as usual;—nay, an eye to their Camp of Rendezvous, and to a fight with their miscellaneous Selves and Auxiliaries, if they will stand fight. 'You will have to leave Saxony, and help us with the Russians, soon: beat those Reichs people first!' urged the King; 'well beaten, they will not trouble Saxony for a while.' If they will stand fight? But they would not at all. They struck their tents everywhere; burnt their own Magazines, in some cases; and only went mazing hither and thither, —gravitating all upon Nurnberg, and an impregnable Camp which they have in that neighborhood. Supreme Zweibruck was himself with them; many Croats, Austrians, led by Maguire and others; all marching, whirling at a mighty rate; with a countenance sometimes of vigor, but always with Nurnberg Camp in rear. There was swift marching, really beautiful manoeuvring here and there; sharp bits of fighting, too, almost in the battle-form:—Maguire tried, or was for trying, a stroke with Finck; but made off hastily, glad to get away. [Templehof, iii. 64.] May 11th, at Himmelskron in Baireuth, one Riedesel of theirs had fairly to ground arms, self and 2,500, and become prisoners of war." Much of this manoeuvring and scuffling was in Baireuth Territory. Twice, or even thrice, Prince Henri was in Baireuth Town: "marched through Baireuth," say the careless Old Books. Through Baireuth:—No Wilhelmina now there, with her tremulous melodies of welcome! Wilhelminn's loves, and terrors for her loved, are now all still. Perhaps her poor Daughter of Wurtemberg, wandering unjustly disgraced, is there; Papa, the Widower Margraf, is for marrying again: [Married 20th September, 1759 (a Brunswick Princess, Sister's—daughter of his late Wife); died within four years.]—march on, Prince Henri!

"In Bamberg," says a Note from Archenholtz, "the Reichs troops burnt their Magazine; and made for Nurnberg, as usual; but left some thousand or two of Croats, who would not yet. Knobloch and his Prussians appeared shortly after; summoned Bamberg, which agreed to receive them; and were for taking possession; but found the Croats determined otherwise. Fight ensued; fight in the streets; which, in hideousness of noises, if in nothing else, was beyond parallel. The inhabitants sat all quaking in their cellars; not an inhabitant was to be seen: a City dead,—and given up to the demons, in this manner. Not for some hours were the Croats got entirely trampled out. Bamberg, as usual, became a Prussian place-of-arms; was charged to pay ransom of 40,000 pounds;—'cannot possibly!'— did pay some 14,000 pounds, and gave bills for the remainder." [Archenholtz. i. 371–373.] Which bills, let us mark withal, the Kaiser in Reichs Diet decreed to be invalid: "Don't pay them!" A thing not forgotten by Friedrich;—though it is understood the Bambergers, lest worse might happen, privately paid their bills. "The Expedition lasted, in whole, not quite four weeks: June 1st, Prince Henri was at the Saxon frontier again; the German world all ringing loud,—in jubilation, counter-jubilation and a great variety of tones,—with the noise of what he had done. A sharp swift man; and, sure enough, has fluttered the Reichs Volscians in their Corioli to an unexpected degree." [Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 537–563; *BERICHT VON DER UNTERNEHMUNG DES PRINZEN HEINRICH IN FRANKEN, IM JAHR, 1759; Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1033–1039; Tempelhof, ????, et seq.]

A Colonel Wunsch (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Free Corps WUNSCH) distinguished himself in this Expedition; The beginning of notably great things to him in the few following months. Wunsch is a Wurtemberger by birth; has been in many services, always in subaltern posts, and, this year, will testify strangely how worthy he was of the higher. What a Year, this of 1759, to stout old Wunsch! In the Spring, here has he just seen his poor son, Lieutenant Wunsch, perish in one of these scuffles; in Autumn, he will see himself a General, shining suddenly bright, to his King and to all the world; before Winter, he will be Prisoner to Austria, and eclipsed for the rest of this war!—Kleist, of the GREEN HUSSARS, also made a figure here; and onwards rapidly ever higher; to the top of renown in his business:—fallen heir to Mayer's place, as it were. A Note says: "Poor Mayer of the Free Corps does not ride with the Prince on this occasion. Mayer, dangerously worn down with the hard services of last Year, and himself a man of too sleepless temper, caught a fever in the New-year time; and died within few days: burnt away before his time; much regretted by his Brethren of the Army, and some few others. Gone in this way; with a high career just opening on him at the long last! Mayer was of Austrian, of half Spanish birth; a musical, really melodious, affectionate, but indignant, wildly stormful mortal; and had had adventures without end. Something of pathos, of tragedy, in the wild Life of him. [Still worth reading: in Pauli (our old watery BRANDENBURG-HISTORY Friend). *Leben grosser Helden* (Halle, 1759–1764, 9 vols.), iii. 142–188;—much the best Piece in that still rather watery (or windy) Collection, which,

however, is authentic, and has some tolerable Portraits.] A man of considerable genius, military and other:—genius in the sleepless kind, which is not the best kind; sometimes a very bad kind. The fame of Friedrich invites such people from all sides of the world; and this was no doubt a sensible help to him."—But enough of all this.

Here, surely, is abundance of preliminary Small-War, on the part of a Friedrich reduced to the defensive!—Fouquet's Sequel, hinted at above, was to this effect. On Fouquet's failing to get hold of the Moravian Magazines, and returning to his Post at Leobschutz, a certain rash General Deville, who is Austrian chief in those parts, hastily rushed through the Jagerndorf Hills, and invaded Fouquet. Only for a few days; and had very bad success, in that bit of retaliation. The King, who is in Landshut, in the middle of his main cantonments, hastened over to Leobschutz with reinforcement to Fouquet; in the thought that a finishing-stroke might be done on this Deville;—and would have done it, had not the rash man plunged off again (May 1st, or the night before); homewards, at full speed. So that Friedrich, likewise at full speed, could catch nothing of him; but merely cannonade him in the Passes of Zuckmantel, and cut off his rear-guard of Croats. Poor forlorn of Croats, whom he had left in some bushy Chasm; to gain him a little time, and then to perish if THEY must! as Tempelhof remarks. [Tempelhof, iii. 56.] Upon which Friedrich returned to Landshut; and Fouquet had peace again.

It was from this Landshut region, where his main cantonments are, that Friedrich had witnessed all these Inroads, or all except the very earliest of them; the first Erfurt one, and the Wobersnow-Sulkowski. He had quitted Breslau in the end of March, and gone to his cantonments; quickened thither, probably, by a stroke that had befallen him at Griefenberg, on his Silesian side of the Cordon. At Griefenberg stood the Battalion Duringshofen, with its Colonel of the same name,—grenadier people of good quality, perhaps near 1,000 in whole. Which Battalion, General Beck, after long preliminary study of it, from his Bohemian side,—marching stealthily on it, one night (March 25–26th), by two or more roads, with 8,000 men, and much preliminary Croat-work,—contrived to envelop wholly, and carry off with him, before help could come up. This, I suppose, had quickened Friedrich's arrival. He has been in that region ever since,—in Landshut for the last week or two; and returns thither after the Deville affair.

And at Landshut,—which is the main Pass into Bohemia or from it, and is the grand observatory-point at present,—he will have to remain till the first days of July; almost three months. Watching, and waiting on the tedious Daun, who has the lifting of the curtain this Year! Daun had come to Jaromirtz, to his cantonments, "March 24th" (almost simultaneously with Friedrich to his); expecting Friedrich's Invasion, as usual. Long days sat Daun, expecting the King in Bohemia:—"There goes he, at last!" thought Daun, on Prince Henri's late flamy appearance there (BREAKAGE THIRD we labelled it);—and Daun had hastily pushed a Division thitherward, double-quick, to secure Prag; but found it was only the Magazines. "Above four millions worth [600,000 pounds, counting the THALERS into sterling], above four millions worth of bread and forage gone to ashes, and the very boats burnt? Well; the poor Reichsfolk, or our poor Auxiliaries to them, will have empty haversacks:—but it is not Prag!" thinks Daun.

At what exact point of time Daun came to see that Friedrich was not intending Invasion, and would, on the contrary, require to be invaded, I do not know. But it must have been an interesting discovery to Daun, if he foreshadowed to himself what results it would have on him: "Taking the defensive, then? And what is to become of one's Cunctatorship in that case!" Yes, truly. Cunctatorship is not now the trade needed; there is nothing to be made of playing Fabius-Cunctator:—and Daun's fame henceforth is a diminishing quantity. The Books say he "wasted above five weeks in corresponding with the Russian Generals." In fact, he had now weeks enough on hand; being articulately resolved (and even commanded by Kriegshofrath) to do nothing till the Russians came up;—and also (INarticulately and by command of Nature) to do as little as possible after! This Year, and indeed all years following, the Russians are to be Daun's best card.

Waiting for three months here till the curtain rose, it was Friedrich that had to play Cunctator. A wearisome task to him, we need not doubt. But he did it with anxious vigilance; ever thinking Daun would try something, either on Prince Henri or on him, and that the Play would begin. But the Play did not. There was endless scuffling and bickering of Outposts; much hitching and counter-hitching, along that Bohemian-Silesian Frontier,—Daun gradually hitching up, leftwards, northwards, to be nearer his Russians; Friedrich counter-hitching, and, in the end, detaching against the Russians, as they approached in actuality. The details of all which would break the toughest patience. Not till July came, had both parties got into the Lausitz; Daun into an impregnable Camp near

Mark-Lissa (in Gorlitz Country); Friedrich, opposite and eastward of him, into another at Schmottseifen:—still after which, as the Russians still were not come, the hitching (if we could concern ourselves with it), the maze of strategic shuffling and counter-dancing, as the Russians get nearer, will become more intricate than ever.

Except that of General Beck on Battalion Duringshofen,—if that was meant as retaliatory, and was not rather an originality of Beck's, who is expert at such strokes,—Daun, in return for all these injurious Assaults and Breakages, tried little or no retaliation; and got absolutely none. Deville attempted once, as we saw; Loudon once, as perhaps we shall see: but both proved futile. For the present absolutely none. Next Year indeed, Loudon, on Fouquet at Landshut— But let us not anticipate! Just before quitting Landshut for Schmottseifen, Friedrich himself rode into Bohemia, to look more narrowly; and held Trautenau, at the bottom of the Pass, for a day or two—But the reader has had enough of Small-War! Of the present Loudon attempt, Friedrich, writing to Brother Henri, who is just home from his Franconian Invasion (BREAKAGE FIFTH), has a casual word, which we will quote. "Reich-Hennersdorf" is below Landshut, farther down the Pass; "Liebau" still farther down,—and its "Gallows," doubtless, is on some knoll in the environs!

REICH-HENNERSDORF, 9th JUNE. "My congratulations on the excellent success you have had [out in Frankenland yonder]! Your prisoners, we hear, are 3,000; the desertion and confusion in the Reichs Army are affirmed to be enormous:—I give those Reichs fellows two good months [scarcely took so long] to be in a condition to show face again. As for ourselves, I can send you nothing but contemptibilities. We have never yet had the beatific vision of Him with the Hat and Consecrated Sword [Papal Daun, that is]; they amuse us with the Sieur Loudon instead;—who, three days ago [7th July, two days] did us the honor of a visit, at the Gallows of Liebau. He was conducted out again, with all the politeness imaginable, on to near Schatzlar," well over the Bohemian Border; "where we flung a score of cannon volleys into the"—into the "DERRIERE of him, and everybody returned home." [In SCHONING, ii. 65: "9th June, 1759."]

Perhaps the only points now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim, are Two, hardly noticed then at all by an expectant world. The first is: That in the King's little inroad down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn by horses were part of the King's fighting gear,—the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. "A very great invention," says the military mind: "guns and carriages are light, and made of the best material for strength; the gunners all mounted as postilions to them. Can scour along, over hill and dale, wherever horse can; and burst out, on the sudden, where nobody was expecting artillery. Devised in 1758; ready this Year, four light six-pounders; tried first in the King's raid down to Trautenau [June 29th–30th]. Only four pieces as yet. But these did so well, there were yearly more. Imitated by the Austrians, and gradually by all the world." [Seyfarth, ii. 543.]

The second fact is: That Herr Guichard (Author of that fine Book on the War—methods of the Greeks and Romans) is still about Friedrich, as he has been for above a year past, if readers remember; and, during those tedious weeks, is admitted to a great deal of conversation with the King. Readers will consent to this Note on Guichard; and this shall be our ultimatum on the wearisome Three Months at Landshut.

MAJOR QUINTUS ICILIUS. "Guichard is by birth a Magdeburger, age now thirty-four; a solid staid man, with a good deal of hard faculty in him, and of culture unusual for a soldier. A handy, sagacious, learned and intelligent man; whom Friedrich, in the course of a year's experience, has grown to see willingly about him. There is something of positive in Guichard, of stiff and, as it were, GRITTY, which might have offended a weaker taste; but Friedrich likes the rugged sense of the man; his real knowledge on certain interesting heads; and the precision with which the known and the not rightly known are divided from one another, in Guichard.

"Guichard's business about the King has been miscellaneous, not worth mention hitherto; but to appearance was well done. Of talk they are beginning to have more and more; especially at Landshut here, in these days of waiting; a great deal of talk on the Wars of the Ancients, Guichard's Book naturally leading to that subject. One night, datable accidentally about the end of May, the topic happened to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a certain Centurion of the Tenth Legion, who, seeing Pompey's people about to take him in flank, suddenly flung himself into oblique order [SCHRAGE STELLUNG, as we did at Leutheu], thereby outflanking Pompey's people, and ruining their manoeuvre and them. 'A dexterous man, that Quintus Icilius the Centurion!' observed Friedrich. 'Ah, yes: but excuse me, your Majesty, his name was Quintus Caecilius,' said Guichard. 'No, it was Icilius,' said the King, positive to his opinion on that small point; which Guichard had not the art to let drop; though, except assertion and counter-assertion, what could be made of it there? Or of what use was it anywhere?

"Next day, Guichard came with the book [what "Book" nobody would ever yet tell me], and putting his finger

on the passage, 'See, your Majesty: Quintus CAECILIUS!' extinguished his royal opponent. 'Hm,' answered Friedrich: 'so?—Well, you shall be Quintus ICILIUS, at any rate!' And straightway had him entered on the Army Books 'as Major Quintus ICILIUS;' his Majorship is to be dated '10th April, 1758' (to give him seniority); and from and after this '26th May, 1759,' he is to command the late Du Verger's Free-Battalion. All which was done:—the War-Offices somewhat astonished at such advent of an antique Roman among them; but writing as bidden, the hand being plain, and the man an undeniable article. Onward from which time there is always a 'Battalion Quintus' on their Books, instead of Battalion Du Verger; by degrees two Battalions Quintus, and at length three, and Quintus become a Colonel:—at which point the War ended; and the three Free-Battalions Quintus, like all others of the same type, were discharged." This is the authentic origin of the new name Quintus, which Guichard got, to extinction of the old; substantially this, as derived from Quintus himself,— though in the precise details of it there are obscurities, never yet solved by the learned. Nicolai, for example, though he had the story from Quintus in person, who was his familiar acquaintance, and often came to see him at Berlin, does not, with his usual punctuality, say, nor even confess that he has forgotten, what Book it was that Quintus brought with him to confute the King on their ICILIUS-Caecilius controversy; Nicolai only says, that he, for his part, in the fields of Roman Literature and History, knows only three Quintus-ICILIUSES, not one of whom is of the least likelihood; and in fact, in the above summary, I have had to INVERT my Nicolai on one point, to make the story stick together. [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 129–145.]

"Quintus had been bred for the clerical profession; carefully, at various Universities, Leyden last of all; and had even preached, as candidate for license,—I hope with moderate orthodoxy;—though he soon renounced that career. Exchanged it for learned and vigorous general study, with an eye to some College Professorship instead. He was still hardly twenty-three, when, in 1747, the new Stadtholder, "Prince of Orange, whom we used to know, "who had his eye upon him as a youth of merit, graciously undertook to get him placed at Utrecht, in a vacancy which had just occurred there,— whither the Prince was just bound, on some ceremonial visit of a high nature. The glad Quintus, at that time Guichard and little thinking of such an alias, hastened to set off in the Prince's train; but could get no conveyance, such was the press of people all for Utrecht. And did not arrive till next day,—and found quarter, with difficulty, in the garret of some overflowing Inn.

"In the lower stories of his Inn, solitary Guichard, when night fell, heard a specific GAUDEAMUS going on; and inquired what it was. 'A company of Professors, handselling a newly appointed Professor;'—appointed, as the next question taught, to the very Chair poor Quintus had come for! Serene Highness could not help himself; the Utrechters were so bent on the thing. Quintus lay awake, all night, in his truckle-bed; and gloomily resolved to have done with Professorships, and become a soldier. 'If your Serene Highness do still favor me,' said Quintus next day, 'I solicit, as the one help for me, an ensign's commission!'—And persisted rigorously, in spite of all counsellings, promises and outlooks on the professorial side of things. So that Serene Highness had to grant him his commission; and Quintus was a soldier thenceforth. Fought, more or less, in the sad remainder of that Cumberland-Saxe War; and after the Peace of 1748 continued in the Dutch service. Where, loath to be idle, he got his learned Books out again, and took to studying thoroughly the Ancient Art of War. After years of this, it had grown so hopeful that he proceeded to a Book upon it; and, by degrees, determined that he must get to certain Libraries in England, before finishing. In 1754, on furlough, graciously allowed and continued, he came to London accordingly; finished his manuscript there (printed at the Hague 1757 [*Memoires Militaires sur les* (a La Haye, 1757: 2 vols. 4to);—was in the 5th edition when I last heard of it.]); and new War having now begun, went over (probably with English introductions) as volunteer to Duke Ferdinand. By Duke Ferdinand he was recommended to Friedrich, the goal of all his efforts, as of every vagrant soldier's in those times:—and here at last, as Quintus ICILIUS, he has found permanent billet, a Battalion and gradually three Battalions, and will not need to roam any farther.

"They say, what is very credible, that Quintus proved an active, stout and effectual soldier, in his kind; and perhaps we may hear of some of his small-war adventures by and by: that he was a studious, hard-headed, well-informed man, and had written an excellent Book on his subject, is still abundantly clear. Readers may look in the famous Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or still better in the Guichard Book itself, if they want evidence. The famous Gibbon was drilling and wheeling, very peaceably indeed, in the Hampshire Militia, in those wild years of European War. Hampshire Militia served as key, or glossary in a sort, to this new Book of Guichard's, which Gibbon eagerly bought and studied; and it, was Guichard, ALIAS Quintus ICILIUS, who taught Gibbon all he ever

knew of Ancient War, at least all the teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned DECLINE AND FALL." [See Gibbon's *Works* (4to, London, 1796: *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*), i. 97; and (*Extraits de mes Lectures*), ii. 52–54, of dates May 14th–26th, 1762,—during which days Gibbon is engaged in actual reading of the *Memoires Militaires*; and already knows the Author by his ALIAS of Quintus Icilius, "a man of eminent sagacity and insight, who was in the Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service."

It was in the last days of June that Daun, after many litchings, got into more decisive general movement northward; and slowly but steadily planted himself at Mark–Lissa in the Lausitz: upon which, after some survey of the phenomenon, Friedrich got to Schmottseifen, opposite him, July 10th. Friedrich, on noticing such stir, had ridden down to Trautenau (June 29th–30th), new Horse– Artillery attending, to look closer into Daun's affairs; and, seeing what they were, had thereupon followed. Above a month before this, Friedrich had detached a considerable force against the Russians,—General Dohna, of whom in next Chapter:—and both Daun and he again sit waiting, till they see farther. Rapid Friedrich is obliged to wait; watching Daun and the Dohna– Russian adventure: slow Daun will continue to wait and watch there, long weeks and months, after that is settled, that and much else, fully to his mind! Each is in his impregnable Camp; and each, Daun especially, has his Divisions and Detachments hovering round him, near or far, on different strategic errands; each Main–Camp like a planet with various moons—Mark–Lissa especially, a kind of sun with planets and comets and planetary moons:—of whose intricate motions and counter–motions, mostly unimportant to us, we promised to take no notice, in face of such a crisis just at hand.

By the 6th of July, slow Daun had got hitched into his Camp of Mark–Lissa; and four days after, Friedrich attending him, was in Schmottseifen: where again was pause; and there passed nothing mentionable, even on Friedrich's score; and till July was just ending, the curtain did not fairly rise. Pause of above two weeks on Friedrich's part, and of almost three months on Daun's. Mark–Lissa, an impregnable Camp, is on the Lausitz Border; with Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia all converging hereabouts, and Brandenburg itself in the vicinity,—there is not a better place for waiting on events. Here, accordingly, till well on in September, Daun sat immovable; not even hitching now,—only shooting out Detachments, planetary, cometary, at a great rate, chiefly on his various Russian errands.

Daun, as we said, had been uncomfortably surprised to find, by degrees, that Invasion was not Friedrich's plan this Year; that the dramatic parts are redistributed, and that the playing of Fabius– Cunctator will not now serve one's turn. Daun, who may well be loath to believe such a thing, clings to his old part, and seems very lazy to rise and try another. In fact, he does not rise, properly speaking, or take up his new part at all. This Year, and all the following, he waits carefully till the Russian Lion come; will then endeavor to assist,—or even do jackal, which will be safer still. The Russians he intends shall act lion; he himself modestly playing the subaltern but much safer part! Diligent to flatter the lion; will provide him guidances, and fractional sustenances, in view of the coming hunt; will eat the lion's leavings, once the prey is slaughtered. This really was, in some sort, Daun's yearly game, so long as it would last!—

July ending, and the curtain fairly risen, we shall have to look at Friedrich with our best eyesight. Preparatory to which, there is, on Friedrich's part, ever since the middle of June, this Anti– Russian Dohna adventure going on:—of which, at first, and till about the time of getting to Schmottseifen, he had great hopes; great, though of late rapidly sinking again:—into which we must first throw a glance, as properly the opening scene.

Fouquet has been left at Landshut, should the Daun remnants still in Bohemia think of invading. Fouquet is about rooting himself rather firmly into that important Post; fortifying various select Hills round Landshut, with redoubts, curtains, communications; so as to keep ward there, inexpugnable to a much stronger force. There for about a year, with occasional short sallies, on errands that arise, Fouquet sat successfully vigilant; resisting the Devilles, Becks, Harsches; protecting Glatz and the Passes of Silesia: in about a year we shall hear of his fortunes worsening, and of a great catastrophe to him in that Landshut Post.

Friedrich allowed the Reichsfolk "two good months," after all that flurrying and havoc done on them, "before they could show face in Saxony." They did take about that time; and would have taken more, had not Prince Henri been called away by other pressing occasions in Friedrich's own neighborhood; and Saxony, for a good while (end of June to beginning of September), been left almost bare of Prussian troops. Which encourages the Reichs Army to hurry afield in very unprepared condition,—still rather within the two months. End of July, Light people of them push across to Halberstadt or Halle Country; and are raising Contributions, and plundering diligently, if

nothing else. Of which we can take no notice farther: if the reader can recollect it, well; if not, also well. The poor Reichs Army nominally makes a figure this Year, but nominally only; the effective part of it, now and henceforth, being Austrian Auxiliaries, and the Reichs part as flaccid and insignificant as ever.

Prince Henri's call to quit Saxony was this. Daun, among the numerous Detachments he was making, of which we can take no notice, had shot out Two (rather of COMETARY type, to use our old figure), --which every reader must try to keep in mind. Two Detachments, very considerable: Haddick (who grew at last to 20,000), and Loudon (16,000); who are hovering about mysteriously over the Lausitz;-- intending what? Their intention, Friedrich thinks, especially Haddick's intention, may be towards Brandenburg, and even Berlin: wherefore he has summoned Henri to look after it. Henri, resting in cantonments about Tschopau and Dresden, after the late fatigues, and idle for the moment, hastens to obey; and is in Bautzen neighborhood, from about the end of June and onward. Sufficiently attentive to Haddick and Loudon: who make no attempt on Brandenburg; having indeed, as Friedrich gradually sees, and as all of us shall soon see, a very different object in view!--

Chapter II. GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF ZULLICHAU.

The Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, made his entry, this Year, earlier than usual,—coming now within wind of Mark—Lissa, as we see;—and has stirred Daun into motion, Daun and everybody. From the beginning of April, the Russians, hibernating in the interior parts of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. April 24th, the Vanguard of 10,000 quitted Thorn; June 1st, Vanguard is in Posen; followed by a First Division and a Second, each of 30,000. They called it "Soltikof crossing the Weichsel with 100,000 men;" but, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, there were not above 76,000 regulars: nor was Soltikof their Captain just at first; our old friend Fermor was, and continued to be till Soltikof, in a private capacity, reached Posen (June 29th), and produced his new commission. At Fermor's own request, as Fermor pretended,—who was skilled in Petersburg politics, and with a cheerful face served thenceforth as Soltikof's second.

At Posen, as on the road thither, they find Sulkowski's and the other burnt provenders abundantly replaced: it is evident they intend, in concert with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and do something considerable. Whether on Brandenburg or Silesia, is not yet known to Friedrich. Friedrich, since the time they crossed Weichsel, has given them his best attention; and more than once has had schemes on their Magazines and them,—once a new and bigger Scheme actually afoot, under Wobersnow again, our Anti—Sulkowski friend; but was obliged to turn the force elsewhere, on alarms that rose. He himself cannot quit the centre of the work; his task being to watch Daun, and especially, should Daun attempt nothing else, to prevent junction of Soltikof and him.

Daun still lies torpid, or merely hitching about; but now when the Russians are approaching Posen, and the case becomes pressing, Friedrich, as is usual to him, draws upon the Anti—Swedish resource, upon the Force he has in Pommern. That is to say, orders General Dohna, who has the Swedes well driven in at present, to quit Stralsund Country, to leave the ineffectual Swedes with some very small attendance; and to march—with certain reinforcements that are arriving (Wobersnow already, Hulsen with 10,000 out of Saxony in few days)—direct against the Russians; and at once go in upon them. Try to burn their Magazines again; or, equally good, to fall vigorously on some of their separate Divisions, and cut them off in the vagrant state;—above all, to be vigorous, be rapid, sharp, and do something effectual in that quarter. These were Dohna's Instructions. Dohna has 18,000; Hulsen, with his 10,000, is industriously striding forward, from the farther side of Saxony; Wobersnow, with at least his own fine head, is already there. Friedrich, watching in the Anti—Junction position, ready for the least chance that may turn up.

Dohna marched accordingly; but was nothing like rapid enough: an old man, often in ill health too; and no doubt plenty of impediments about him. He consumed some time rallying at Stargard; twelve days more at Landsberg, on the Warta, settling his provision matters: in fine, did not get to Posen neighborhood till June 23d, three weeks after the Russian Vanguard of 10,000 had fixed itself there, and other Russian parties were daily dropping in. Dohna was 15,000, a Wobersnow with him: had he gone at once on Posen, as Wobersnow urged, it is thought he might perhaps have ruined this Vanguard and the Russian Magazine; which would have been of signal service for the remaining Campaign. But he preferred waiting for Hulsen and the 10,000, who did not arrive for seven or eight days more; by which time Soltikof and most of the Russian Divisions had got in;—and the work was become as good as hopeless, on those languid terms. Dohna did try upon the Magazine, said to be ill guarded in some Suburb of Posen; crossed the Warta with that view, found no Magazine; recrossed the Warta; and went manoeuvring about, unable to do the least good on Soltikof or his Magazines or operations. Friedrich was still in Landshut region, just about quitting it,—just starting on that little Trautenau Expedition, with his Four Pieces of Horse—Artillery (June 29th), when the first ill news of Dohna came in; which greatly disappointed Friedrich, and were followed by worse, instead of better.

The end was, Soltikof, being now all ready, winded himself out of Posen one day, veiled by Cossacks; and, to Dohna's horror, had got, or was in the act of getting, between Dohna and Brandenburg; which necessitated new difficult manoeuvres from Dohna. Soltikof too can manoeuvre a little: Soltikof edges steadily forward; making for Crossen—on—Oder, where he expects to find Austrians (Haddick and Loudon, if Friedrich could yet guess it), with

30,000 odd, especially with provision, which is wearing scarce with him. Twice or so there was still a pretty opportunity for Dohna on him; but Dohna never could resolve about it in time. Back and ever back goes Dohna; facing Soltikof; but always hitching back; latterly in Brandenburg ground, the Russians and he;—having no provision, he either. In fine, July 17th (one week after Friedrich had got to Schmottseifen), Dohna finds himself at the little Town of Zulichau (barely in time to snatch it before Soltikof could), within thirty miles of Crossen; and nothing but futility behind and before. [Tempelhof, iii, 78–88; *Helden–Geschichte*, v. 835–847.]

We can imagine Friedrich's daily survey of all this; his gloomy calculations what it will soon amount to if it last. He has now no Winterfeld, Schwerin, no Keith, Retzow, Moritz:—whom has he? His noblest Captains are all gone; he must put up with the less noble. One Wedell, Lieutenant–General, had lately recommended himself to the royal mind by actions of a prompt daring. The royal mind, disgusted with these Dohna haggings, and in absolute necessity of finding somebody that had resolution, and at least ordinary Prussian skill, hoped Wedell was the man. And determined, the crisis being so urgent, to send Wedell in the character of ALTER–EGO, or "with the powers of a Roman Dictator," as the Order expressed it. [Given in Preuss, ii. 207, 208; in Stenzel, v. 212, other particulars.] Dictator Wedell is to supersede Dohna; shall go, at his own swift pace, fettered by nobody;—and, at all hazards, shall attack Soltikof straightway, and try to beat him. "You are grown too old for that intricate hard work; go home a little, and recover your health," the King writes to Dohna. And to the Dohna Army, "Obey this man, all and sundry of you, as you would myself;" the man's private Order being, "Go in upon Soltikof; attack him straightway; let us have done with this wriggling and haggling." Date of this Order is "Camp at Schmottseifen, 20th July, 1759." The purpose of such high–flown Title, and solemnity of nomination, was mainly, it appears, to hush down any hesitation or surprise among the Dohna Generals, which, as Wedell was "the youngest Lieutenant–General of the Army," might otherwise have been possible.

Wedell, furnished with some small escort and these Documents, arrives in Camp Sunday Evening, 22d July:—poor Dohna has not the least word or look of criticism; and every General, suppressing whatever thoughts there may be, prepares to yield loyal obedience to Dictator Wedell. "Wobersnow was the far better soldier of the two!" murmured the Opposition party, then and long afterwards, [Retzow, the more, as Wobersnow's behavior under it was beautiful, and his end tragical, as will be seen. Wobersnow I perceive to have been a valiant sharp–striking man, with multifarious resources in his head; who had faithfully helped in these operations, and I believe been urgent to quicken them. But what I remember best of him is his hasty admirable contrivance for field–bakery in pressing circumstances,—the substance of which shall not be hidden from a mechanical age:—

"You construct six slight square iron frames, each hinged to the other; each, say, two feet square, or the breadth of two common tiles, and shaped on the edges so as to take in tiles;—tiles are to be found on every human cottage. This iron frame, when you hook it together, becomes the ghost of a cubic box, and by the help of twelve tiles becomes a compact field–oven; and you can bake with it, if you have flour and water, and a few sticks. The succinctest oven ever heard of; for your operation done, and your tiles flung out again, it is capable of all folding flat like a book." [Retzow, ii. 82 n.] Never till now had Wobersnow's oven been at fault: but in these Polish Villages, all of mere thatched hovels, there was not a tile to be found; and the Bakery, with astonishment, saw itself unable to proceed.

Wedell arrived Sunday evening, 22d July; had crossed Oder at Tschischerzig,—some say by Crossen Bridge; no matter which. Dohna's Camp is some thirty miles west of Crossen; in and near the small Town called Zulichau, where his head–quarter is. In those dull peaty Countries, on the right, which is thereabouts the NORTHERN (not eastern), bank of Oder; between the Oder and the Warta; some seventy miles south–by–east of Landsberg, and perhaps as far southwest of Posen: thither has Dohna now got with his futile manoeuvrings. Soltikof, drawn up amid scrubby woods and sluggish intricate brooks, is about a mile to east of him.

Poor Dohna demits at once; and, I could conjecture, vanishes that very night; glad to be out of such a thing. Painfully has Dohna manoeuvred for weeks past; falling back daily; only anxious latterly that Soltikof, who daily tries it, do not get to westward of him on the Frankfurt road, and so end this sad shuffle. Soltikof as yet has not managed that ultimate fatality; Dohna, by shuffling back, does at least contrive to keep between Frankfurt and him;—will not try attacking him, much as Wobersnow urges it. Has agreed twice or oftener, on Wobersnow's urgency: "Yes, yes; we have a chance," Dohna would answer; "only let us rest till to–morrow, and be fresh!" by which time the opportunity was always gone again.

Wedell had arrived with a grenadier battalion and some horse for escort; had picked up 150 Russian prisoners

by the way. Retzow has understood he came in with a kind of state; and seemed more or less inflated; conscious of representing the King's person, and being a Roman Dictator,—though it is a perilously difficult office too, and requires more than a Letter of Instructions to qualify you for it! This is not Leonidas Wedell, whom readers once knew; poor Leonidas is dead long since, fell in the Battle of Sohr, soon after the heroic feat of Ziethen's and his at Elbe—Teinitz (Defence of Elbe against an Army); this is Leonidas's elder Brother. Friedrich had observed his fiery ways on the day of Leuthen: "Hah, a new Winterfeld perhaps?" thought Friedrich, "All the Winterfeld I now have!"—which proved a fond hope. Wedell's Dictatorship began this Sunday towards sunset; and lasted—in practical fact, it lasted one day.

DICTATOR WEDELL FIGHTS HIS BATTLE (Monday, 23d July, 1759), WITHOUT SUCCESS.

Monday morning early, Wedell is on the heights, reconnoitring Soltikof; cannot see much of him, the ground being so woody; does see what he takes to be Soltikof's left wing; and judges that Soltikof will lie quiet for this day. Which was far from a right reading of Soltikof; the fact being that Soltikof, in long columns and divisions, beginning with his right wing, was all on march since daybreak; what Wedell took for Soltikof's "left wing" being Soltikof's rear-guard and baggage, waiting till the roads cleared. Wedell, having settled everything on the above footing, returns to Zullichau about 10 o'clock; and about 11, Soltikof, miles long, disengaged from the bushy hollows, makes his appearance on the open grounds of Palzig: he, sure enough (though Wedell can hardly believe it),—five or six miles to northeast yonder; tramping diligently along, making for Crossen and the Oder Bridge;—and is actually got ahead of us, at last!

This is what Wedell cannot suffer, cost what it may. Wedell's orders were, in such case, Attack the Russians. Wedell instantly took his measures; not unskilfully, say judges,— though the result proved disappointing; and Wobersnow himself earnestly dissuaded: "Too questionable, I should doubt! Soltikof is 70,000, and has no end of Artillery; we are 26,000, and know not if we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is!" [Tempelhof, iii. 132–134.]

Wedell's people have already, of their own accord, got to arms again; stand waiting his orders on this new emergency. No delay in Wedell or in them. "May not it be another Rossbach (if we are lucky)?" thinks Wedell: "Cannot we burst in on their flank, as they march yonder, those awkward fellows; and tumble them into heaps?" The differences were several-fold: First, that Friedrich and Seidlitz are not here. Many brave men we have, and skilful; but not a master and man like these Two. Secondly, that there is no Janus Hill to screen our intentions; but that the Russians have us in full view while we make ready. Thirdly, and still more important, that we do not know the ground, and what hidden inaccessibilities lie ahead. This last is judged to have been the killing circumstance. Between the Russians and us there is a paltry little Brook, or line of quagmire; scarcely noticeable here, but passable nowhere except at the Village-Mill of Kay, by one poor Bridge there. And then, farther inwards, as shelter of the Russians, there is another quaggy Brook, branch of the above, which is without bridge altogether. Hours will be required to get 26,000 people marched up there, not to speak of heavy guns at all.

The 26,000 march with their usual mathematical despatch: Manteuffel and the Vanguard strike in with their sharpest edge, foot and horse, direct on the Head of the Russian Column, Manteuffel leading on, so soon as his few battalions and squadrons are across. Head means BRAIN (or life) to this Russian Column; and these Manteuffel people go at it with extraordinary energy. The Russian Head gives way; infantry and cavalry:—their cavalry was driven quite to rear, and never came in sight again after this of Manteuffel. But the Russians have abundance of Reserves; also of room to manoeuvre in,—no lack of ground open, and ground defensible (Palzig Village and Churchyard, for example);—above all, they have abundance of heavy guns.

Well in recoil from Manteuffel and his furies, the beaten Russians succeed in forming "a long Line behind Palzig Village," with that Second, slighter or Branch Quagmire between them and us; they get the Village beset, and have the Churchyard of it lined with batteries,—say seventy guns. Manteuffel, unsupported, has to fall back;—unwillingly, and not chased or in disorder,—towards Kay-Mill again; where many are by this time across. Hulsén, with the Centre, attacks now, as the Vanguard had done; with a will, he too: Wobersnow, all manner of people attack; time after time, for about four hours coming: and it proves all in vain, on that Churchyard and new Line. Without cannon, we are repulsed, torn away by those Russian volcano-batteries; never enough of us at once!

Hulsén, Wobersnow, everybody in detail is repulsed, or finds his success unavailing. Poor Wobersnow did wonders; but he fell, killed. Gone he; and has left so few of his like: a man that could ill be spared at

present!—Day is sinking; we find we have lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, some 6,000 men. "About sunset,"— flaming July sun going down among the moorlands on such a scene,— Wedell gives it up; retires slowly towards Kay Bridge. Slowly; not chased, or molested; Soltikof too glad to be rid of him. Soltikof's one aim is, and was, towards Crossen; towards Austrian Junction, and something to live upon. Soltikof's loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell's: but he could far better afford it. He has gained his point; and the price is small in comparison. Next day he enters Crossen on triumphant terms.

Poor Wedell had returned over Kay–Mill Bridge, in the night–time after his Defeat. On the morrow (Tuesday, 24th, day of Soltikof's glad entry), Wedell crosses Oder; at Tschischerzig, the old place of Sunday evening last,—in how different a humor, this time!—and in a day more, posts himself opposite to Crossen Bridge, five or six miles south; and again sits watchful of Soltikof there. At Crossen, triumphant Soltikof has found no Austrian Junction, nor anything additional to live upon. A very disappointing circumstance to Soltikof; "Austrian Junction still a problem, then; a thing in the air? And perhaps the King of Prussia taking charge of it now!" Soltikof, more and more impatient, after waiting some days, decided Not to cross Oder by that Bridge;—"shy of crossing anywhere [think the French Gentlemen, Montazet, Montalembert], to the King of Prussia's side!" [Stenzel, iv. 215 (indistinct, and giving a WRONG citation of "Montalembert, ii. 87").] Which is not unlikely, though the King is above 100 miles off him, and has Daun on his hands. Certain enough, keeping the River between him and any operations of the King, Soltikof set out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down. In the hope probably of finding something of human provender withal? July 30th, one week after his Battle, the vanguard of him is there.

Thus, in two days, or even in one, has Wedell's Dictatorship ended. Easy to say scoffingly, "Would it had never begun!" Friedrich knows that, and Wedell knows it;—AFTER the event everybody knows it! Friedrich said nothing of reproachful; the reverse rather,— "I dreaded something of the kind; it is not your fault;" [TO WEDELL, FROM THE KING, "Schmottseifen, July 24th. 1759" (in Schoning, ii. 118).]—ordered Wedell to watch diligently at Crossen Bridge, and be ready on farther signal. The Wedell Problem, in such ruined condition, has now fallen to Friedrich himself.

This is the BATTLE OF ZULLICHAU (afternoon of 23d July, 1759); the beginning of immense disasters in this Campaign. Battle called also of KAY and of PALZIG, those also being main localities in it. It was lost, not by fault of Wedell's people, who spent themselves nobly upon it, nor perhaps by fault of Wedell himself, but principally, if not solely, by those two paltry Brooks, or threads of Quagmire, one of which turns Kay–Mill; memorable Brooks in this Campaign, 1759. [Tempelhof, iii. 125–131.]

Close in the same neighborhood, there is another equally contemptible Brook, making towards Oder, and turning the so–called Krebsmuhle, which became still more famous to the whole European Public twenty years hence. KREBS–MUHLE (Crab–Mill), as yet quite undistinguished among Mills; belonging to a dusty individual called Miller Arnold, with a dusty Son of his own for Miller's Lad: was it at work this day? Or had the terrible sound from Palzig quenched its clacking?—

Some three weeks ago (4th–6th JULY), there occurred a sudden sharp thing at Havre–de–Grace on the French Coast, worth a word from us in this place. The Montazets, Montalemberts, watching, messaging about, in the Austrian–Russian Courts and Camps, assiduously keeping their Soltikofs in tune, we can observe how busy they are. Soubise with his Invasion of England, all the French are very busy; they have conquered Hessen from Duke Ferdinand, and promise themselves a glorious Campaign, after that Seizure of Frankfurt. Soubise, intent on his new Enterprise, is really making ardent preparations: at Vanues in the Morbihan, such rendezvousing and equipping;—especially at Havre, no end of flat–bottomed boats getting built; and much bluster and agitation among the weaker sorts in both Nations. Whereupon,—

"JULY 1st [just in the days while Friedrich was first trying Horse Artillery], Rear–Admiral Rodney sails from Portsmouth with a few Frigates, and Six Bomb–ketches [FIREDRAKE, BASILISK, BLAST, and such nomenclatures [List of him, in Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs* (London, 1804), ii. 241; his Despatch excellently brief, ib. ii. 323]]; and in the afternoon of Tuesday, 3d, arrives in the frith or bay of Havre. Steers himself properly into 'the Channel of Honfleur' before dark; and therefrom, with his Firedrake, Basilisk and Company, begins such a bombardment of Havre and the flat–bottomed manufactories as was quite surprising. Fifty–two incessant hours of it, before he thought poor Havre had enough. Poor Havre had been on fire six times; the flat manufactory (unquenchable) I know not how many; all the inhabitants off in despair; and the Garrison building this battery to no purpose, then that; no salvation for them but in Rodney's 'mortars getting too hot.' He

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had fired of shells 1,900, of carcasses, 1,150: from Wednesday about sunrise till Friday about 8 A.M.,—about time now for breakfast; which I hope everybody had, after such a stretch of work. 'No damage to speak of,' said the French Gazetteers; 'we will soon refit everything!' But they never did; and nothing came of Havre henceforth. Vannes was always, and is now still more, to be the main place; only that Hawke—most unexpectedly, for one fancied all their ships employed in distant parts—rides there with a Channel Fleet of formidable nature; and the previous question always is: 'Cannot we beat Hawke? Can we! Or will not he perhaps go, of himself, when the rough weather comes?'"

Chapter III. FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS.

Before Wedell's catastrophe, the Affair of those Haddick–Loudon Detachments had become a little plainer to Friedrich. The intention, he begins to suspect, is not for Berlin at all; but for junction with Soltikof,—at Crossen, or wherever it may be. This is in fact their real purpose; and this, beyond almost Berlin itself, it is in the highest degree important to prevent! Important; and now as if become impossible!

Prince Henri had come to Bautzen with his Army, specially to look after Loudon and Haddick; and he has, all this while, had Finck with some 10,000 diligently patrolling to westward of them, guarding Berlin; he himself watching from the southern side,—where, as on the western, there was no danger from them. Some time before Wedell's affair, Friedrich had pushed out Eugen of Wurtemberg to watch these people on the eastern side;—suspicious that thitherward lay their real errand. Eugen had but 6,000; and, except in conjunction with Finck and Henri, could do nothing, —nor can, now when Friedrich's suspicion turns out to be fatally true. Friedrich had always the angry feeling that Finck and Prince Henri were the blameworthy parties in what now ensued; that they, who were near, ought to have divined these people's secret, and spoiled it in time; not have left it to him who was far off, and so busy otherwise. To the last, that was his fixed private opinion; by no means useful to utter,—especially at present, while attempting the now very doubtful enterprise himself, and needing all about him to be swift and zealous. This is one of Friedrich's famous labors, this of the Haddick–Loudon junction with Soltikof; strenuous short spasm of effort, of about a week's continuance; full of fiery insight, velocity, energy; still admired by judges, though it was unsuccessful, or only had half success. Difficult to bring home, in any measure, to the mind of modern readers, so remote from it.

Friedrich got the news of Zullichau next day, July 24th;—and instantly made ready. The case is critical; especially this Haddick–Loudon part of it: add 30 or 36,000 Austrians to Soltikof, how is he then to be dealt with? A case stringently pressing:—and the resources for it few and scattered. For several days past, Haddick, and Loudon under him, whose motions were long enigmatic, have been marching steadily eastward through the Lausitz,—with the evident purpose of joining Soltikof; unless Wedell could forbid. Wedell ahead was the grand opposition;—Finck, Henri, Wurtemberg, as good as useless;—and Wedell being now struck down, these Austrians will go, especially Loudon will, at a winged rate. They are understood to be approaching Sagan Country; happily, as yet, well to westward of it, and from Sagan Town well NORTH–westward;—but all accounts of them are vague, dim: they are an obscure entity to Friedrich, but a vitally important one. Sagan Town may be about 70 miles northward of where Friedrich now is: from Sagan, were they once in the meridian of Sagan, their road is free eastward and northward;—to Crossen is about 60 miles north–by–east from Sagan, to Frankfurt near 100 north. Sagan is on the Bober; Bober, in every event, is between the Austrians and their aim.

Friedrich feels that, however dangerous to quit Daun's neighborhood, he must, he in person, go at once. And who, in the interim, will watch Daun and his enterprises? Friedrich's reflections are: "Well, in the crisis of the moment, Saxony—though there already are marauding Bodies of Reichsfolk in it—must still be left to itself for a time; or cannot Finck and his 10,000 look to it? Henri, with his Army, now useless at Bautzen, shall instantly rendezvous at Sagan; his Army to go with me, against the Russians and their Haddick–Loudons; Henri to Schmottseifen, instead of me, and attend to Daun; Henri, I have no other left! Finck and his 10,000 must take charge of Saxony, such charge as he can:—how lucky those Spring Forays, which destroyed the Reichs Magazines! Whereby there is no Reichs Army yet got into Saxony (nothing but preliminary pulses and splashings of it); none yet, nor like to be quite at once." That is Friedrich's swift plan.

Henri rose on the instant, as did everybody concerned: July 29th, Henri and Army were at Sagan; Army waiting for the King; Henri so far on his road to Schmottseifen. He had come to Sagan "by almost the rapidest marches ever heard of,"—or ever till some others of Henri's own, which he made in that neighborhood soon. Punctual, he, to his day; as are Eugen of Wurtemberg's people, and all Detachments and Divisions: Friedrich himself arrives at Sagan that same 29th, "about midnight,"—and finds plenty of work waiting: no sleep these two nights past; and none coming just yet! A most swift rendezvous. The speed of everybody has been, and needs still to be, intense.

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This rendezvous at Sagan—intersection of Henri and Friedrich, bound different roads (the Brothers, I think, did not personally meet, Henri having driven off for Schmottseifen by a shorter road) —was SUNDAY, JULY 29th. Following which, are six days of such a hunt for those Austrian reynards as seldom or never was! Most vehement, breathless, baffling hunt; half of it spent in painfully beating cover, in mere finding and losing. Not rightly successful, after all. So that, on the eighth day hence, AUGUST 6th, at Mullrose, near Frankfurt, 80 miles from Sagan, there is a second rendezvous,—rendezvous of Wedell and Friedrich, who do not now "intersect," but meet after the hunt is done;—and in the interim, there has been a wonderful performance, though an unsuccessful. Friedrich never could rightly get hold of his Austrians. Once only, at Sommerfeld, a long march northwest of Sagan, he came upon some outskirts of them. And in general, in those latter eight days, especially in the first six of them, there is, in that Kotbus–Sagan Country, such an intersecting, checking, pushing and multifarious simmering of marches, on the part of half a dozen Strategic Entities, Friedrich the centre of them, as—as, I think, nobody but an express soldier–student, well furnished with admiration for this particular Soldier, would consent to have explained to him. One of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching; inextricable Sword Dance, or Dance of the Furies,—five of them (that is the correct number: Haddick, Loudon, Friedrich, Wurtemberg, Wedell);—and it is flung down for us, all in a huddle, in these inhuman Books (which have several errors of the press, too): let no man rashly insist with himself on understanding it, unless he have need! Humanly pulled straight, not inhumanly flung down at random, here the essentials of it are,—in very brief state:—

"SAGAN, MONDAY, 30th JULY. Friedrich is at Sagan, since midnight last, busier and busier;" beating cover, as we termed it, and getting his hounds (his new Henri–Army) in leash; "endeavoring, especially, to get tidings of those Austrian people; who are very enigmatic,—Loudon a dexterous man,—and have hung up such a curtain of Pandours between Friedrich and them as is nearly impenetrable. In the course of this Monday Friedrich ascertains that they are verily on the road; coming eastward, for Sommerfeld, —'thence for Crossen!' he needs no ghost to tell him. Wherefore,

"TUESDAY, SAGAN TO NAUMBURG. Tuesday before daybreak Friedrich too is on the road: northwestward; in full march towards Naumburg on Bober, meaning to catch the Bridge from them there. March of the swiftest; he himself is ahead, as usual, with the Vanguard of Horse. He reaches Naumburg (northward, a march of 20 miles); finds, not Haddick or Loudon, but a Detachment of theirs: which he at once oversets with his cavalry, and chases,—marking withal that 'westward is the way they run.' Westward; and that we are still ahead, thank Heaven!

"Before his Infantry are all up, or are well rested in Naumburg, Friedrich ascertains, on more precise tidings, that the Austrians are in Sommerfeld, to westward (again a 20 miles); and judges That, no doubt, they will bear off more to leftward, by Guben probably, and try to avoid him,—unless he can still catch them in Sommerfeld. About nightfall he marches for Sommerfeld, at his swiftest; arrives Wednesday early; finds—alas!—

"SOMMERFELD, WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1st, Friedrich finds that Loudon was there last night,—preterite tense, alas; the question now being, Where is he!" In fact, Loudon had written yesterday to Daun (Letter still extant, "Sommerfeld, July 31st"), That "being swift and light," consisting of horse for most part, "he may probably effect Junction this very night;"—but has altered his mind very much, on sight of these fugitives from Naumburg, since! And has borne off more to leftward. Straight north now, and at a very brisk pace; being now all of horse;—and has an important conference with Haddick at Guben, when they arrive there. "Not in Sommerfeld?" thinks Friedrich (earnestly surveying, through this slit he has made in the Pandour veil): "Gone to Guben most likely, bearing off from us to leftward?"—Which was the fact; though not the whole fact. And indeed the chase is now again fallen uncertain, and there has to be some beating of covers. For one thing, he learns to–day (August 1st) that the Russians are gone to Frankfurt: "Follow them, you Wedell,"—orders Friedrich: them we shall have to go into,—however this hunt end!—

"To Markersdorf, Thursday, August 2d. Friedrich takes the road for Guben; reaches Markersdorf (twenty miles' march, still seven or eight from Guben); falls upon—What phenomenon is this? The Austrian heavy Train; meal–wagons not a few, and a regiment of foot in charge of it;—but going the wrong way, not TOWARDS the Russians, but from them! What on earth can this be? This is Haddick,—if Friedrich could yet clearly know it,—Haddick and Train, who for his own part has given up the junction enterprise. At Guben, some hours ago, he had conference with Loudon; and this was the conclusion arrived at: 'Impossible, with that King so near! You, Herr Loudon, push on, without heavy baggage, and with the Cavalry altogether: you can get in, almost 20,000

strong; I, with the Infantry, with the meal and heavy guns, will turn, and make for the Lausitz again!

"This mysterious Austrian Train, going the wrong way, Friedrich attacks, whatever it be (hoping, I suppose, it might be the Austrians altogether); chases it vigorously; snatches all the meal-wagons, and about 1,000 prisoners. Uncertain still what it is,—if not the Austrians altogether? To his sorrow, he finds, on pushing farther into it, that it is only Haddick and the Infantry; that Loudon, with the 20,000 Horse, will have gone off for Frankfurt;—irretrievably ahead, the swift Loudon,—ever careering northward all this while, since that afternoon at Sommerfeld, when the fugitives altered his opinion: a now unattainable Loudon. In the course of Thursday night, Friedrich has satisfied himself that the Loudon junction is a thing as good as done;—in effect, Loudon did get to Frankfurt, morning of August 3d, and joined the Russians there; and about the same time, or only a few hours sooner, Friedrich, by symptoms, has divined that his hunt has ended, in this rather unsuccessful way; and that chasing of Haddick is not the road to go." [Tempelhof, iii. 135–139.]

Not Haddick now; with or without their Austrians, it shall be the Russians now! Two days ago (Wednesday, as was mentioned), before sight of those enigmatic meal-wagons, Friedrich had learned that the Russians were to be in Frankfurt again; and had ordered Wedell to march thitherward, at any rate. Which Wedell is doing, all this Thursday and the four following days. As does likewise, from and after "FRIDAY, AUGUST 3d, 1 A.M." (hunt then over), Friedrich himself,—renouncing Haddick and the hunt. Straight towards Frankfurt thenceforth; head-quarters Beeskow that night; next night, Mullrose, whither Wedell is appointed, within twelve miles of Frankfurt. This is the end of Friedrich's sore Chase and March; burnt deeply into his own weary brain, if ours still refuse it admittance! Here, of utterly fatigued tone, is a Note of his, chiefly on business, to Minister Finkenstein. Indeed there are, within the next ten days, Three successive Notes to Finkenstein, which will be worth reading in their due places. This is the First of them:—

THE KING TO GRAF VON FINKENSTEIN (at Berlin).

"BEESKOW, 3d August, 1759."

"I am just arrived here, after cruel and frightful marchings [CHECKS HIMSELF, HOWEVER]. There is nothing desperate in all that; and I believe the noise and disquietude this hurly-burly has caused will be the worst of it. Show this Letter to everybody, that it may be known the State is not undefended. I have made above 1,000 prisoners from Haddick. All his meal-wagons have been taken. Finck, I believe, will keep an eye on him," and secure Berlin from attempts of his. "This is all I can say.

"To-morrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfurt [to Mullrose, namely]. Katte [the Minister who has charge of such things] must send me instantly Two Hundred Wispels [say tons] of Meal, and Bakers One Hundred, to Furstenwalde. I shall encamp at Wulkow. I am very tired. For six nights I have not closed an eye. Farewell.—F."

During the above intricate War-Dance of Five,—the day while Friedrich was at Sommerfeld, the day before he came in sight of Haddick's meal-wagons going the wrong road,—there went on, at Minden, on the Weser, three hundred miles away, a beautiful feat of War, in the highest degree salutary to Duke Ferdinand and Britannic Majesty's Ministry; feat which requires a word from us here. A really splendid Victory, this of Minden, August 1st: French driven headlong through the Passes there; their "Conquest of Hanover and Weser Country" quite exploded and flung over the horizon; and Duke Ferdinand relieved from all his distresses, and lord of the ascendant again in those parts. Highly interesting to Friedrich;—especially to Prince Henri; whose apprehensions about Ferdinand and the old Richelieu Hastenbeck-Halberstadt time returning on us, have been very great; and who now, at Schmottseifen, fires FEU-DE-JOIE for it with all his heart. This is a Battle still of some interest to English readers. But can English readers consent to halt in this hot pinch of the Friedrich crisis; and read the briefest thing which is foreign to it? Alas, I fear they can;—and will insert the Note here:—

BATTLE OF MINDEN: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1759.——"Ever since Bergen, things have gone awry with Ferdinand, and in spite of skilful management, of hard struggles and bright sparkles of success, he has had a bad Campaign of it. The French, it would seem, are really got into better fighting order; Belleisle's exertions as War-Minister have been almost wonderful,—in some respects, TOO wonderful, as we shall hear!—and Broglio and Contades, in comparison with Clermont and Soubise, have real soldier qualities. Contades, across Rhine again, in those Weser Countries, who is skilful in his way, and is pricked on by emulation of Broglio, has been spreading himself out steadily progressive there; while Broglio, pushing along from Frankfurt-on-Mayn, has conquered Hessen; is into Hanover; on the edge of conquering Hanover,—which how is Ferdinand to hinder?

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Ferdinand has got two, if not three Armies to deal with, and in number is not much superior to one. If he run to save Hanover from Broglio, he loses Westphalia: Osnabruck (his magazine)? Munster, Lippstadt,—Contades, if left to himself, will take these, after short siege; and will nestle himself there, and then advance, not like a transitory fever—fit, but like visible death, on Hanover. Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, manoeuvred his very best among those interests of his, on the left bank of Weser; but after the surprisal of Minden from him (brilliantly done by Broglio, and the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the capture of Osnabruck, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at Versailles, and at Minden where Contades has established himself, 'the Conquest of Hanover' (beautiful counterweight to all one's losses in America or elsewhere) is regarded as a certainty of this Year.

"For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manoeuvring, especially on Ferdinand's part, had been intense; a great idea in the head of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades. Contades, with some 30,000, which is the better half of his force, has taken one of the unassailable positions. He lies looking northward, his right wing on the Weser with posts to Minden (Minden perhaps a mile northeastward there), on his left impassable peat—bogs and quagmires; in front a quaggy River or impassable black Brook, called the Bastau, coming from the westward, which disembogues at Minden: [Sketch of Plan, p. 238]—there lies Contades, as if in a rabbit—hole, say military men; for defence, if that were the sole object, no post can be stronger. Contades has in person say 30,000; and round him, on both sides of the Weser, are Broglio with 20,000; besides other Divisions, I know not how many, besieging Munster, capturing Osnabruck (our hay magazine), attempting Lippstadt by surprise (to no purpose), and diligently working forward, day by day, to Ferdinand's ruin in those Minden regions. Three or four Divisions busy in that manner;—and above all, we say, he has Broglio with a 20,000 on the right or east bank of the Weser,—who, if Ferdinand quit him even for a day, seems to have Hanover at discretion, and can march any day upon Hanover City, where his light troops have already been more than once. Why does n't Ferdinand cross Weser, re—cross Weser; coerce Broglio back; and save Hanover? cry the Gazetteers and a Public of weak judgment. Pitt's Public is inclined to murmur about Ferdinand; Pitt himself never. Ferdinand persists in sticking by Minden neighborhood,—and, in a scarcely accountable way, manoeuvring there, shooting out therefrom what mischief he can upon the various Contades people in their sieges and the like.

"On Contades himself he can pretend to do nothing,—except hoodwink him, entice him out, and try to get a chance on him. But for his own subsistence and otherwise, he is very lively;—snatches, by a sudden stroke, Bremen City: 'Yes truly, Bremen is a Reichstadt; nor shall YOU snatch it, as you did Frankfurt; but I will, instead; and my English proviant—ships shall have a sure haven henceforth!' Snatches Bremen by one sudden stroke; RE—snatches Osnabruck by another ('our magazine considerably INCREASED since you have had it, many thanks!'); does lose Munster, to his sorrow; but nevertheless sticks by his ground here;—nay detaches his swift—cutting Nephew, the Hereditary Prince, who is growing famous for such things, to cut out Contades's strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up the Weser), which guards his meal—wagons, after their long journey from the south. That is Contades's one weak point, in this posture of things: his meal is at Cassel, seventy miles off. Broglio and he see clearly, 'Till we can get a new magazine much nearer Hanover, or at lowest, can clear out these people from infesting us here, there is no moving northward!' To both Contades and Broglio that is an evident thing: the corollary to which is, They must fight Ferdinand; must watch lynx—like till a chance turn up of beating him in fight. That is their outlook; and Ferdinand knows it is,—and manoeuvres accordingly. Military men admire much, not his movements only, but his clear insight into Contades's and Broglio's temper of mind, and by what methods they were to be handled, they and his own affairs together, and brought whither he wanted them. [In MAUVILLON (ii. 41—44) minute account of all that.]

"This attempt on Gohfeld was a serious mischief to Contades, if it succeeded. But the detaching of the Prince of Brunswick on it, and weakening one's too weak Army, 'What a rashness, what an oversight!' thinks Contades (as Ferdinand wished him to do): 'Is our skilful enemy, in this extreme embarrassment, losing head, then? Look at his left wing yonder [General Wangenheim, sitting behind batteries, in his Village of Todtenhausen, looking into Minden from the north]:—Wangenheim's left leans on the Weser, yes; but Wangenheim's right, observe, has no support within three miles of it: tear Wangenheim out, Ferdinand's flank is bare!' These things seemed to Contades the very chance he had been waiting for; and brought him triumphantly out of his rabbit—hole, into the Heath of Minden, as Ferdinand hoped they would do.

"And so, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 31st, things being now all ripe, upwards of 50,000 French are

industriously in motion. Contades has nineteen bridges ready on the Bastau Brook, in front of him; TATTOO this night, in Contades's Camp, is to mean GENERAL MARCH, 'March, all of you, across these nineteen Bridges, to your stations on the Plain or Heath of Minden yonder,—and be punctual, like the clock!' Broglio crosses Weser by the town Bridge, ranks himself opposite Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there is, on the part of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and deploying. Contades and Broglio together are 51,400 foot and horse. Ferdinand's entire force will be near 46,000; but on the day of Battle he is only 36,000,—having detached the Hereditary Prince on Gohfeld, in what view we know.—The BATTLE OF MINDEN, called also of TONHAUSEN (meaning TODTENhausen), which hereupon fell out, has still its fame in the world; and, I perceive, is well worth study by the soldier mind: though nothing but the rough outline of it is possible here.

"Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todtenhausen round by Stemmern, Holzhausen, to Hartum and the Bog of Bastau (the chief part of him towards Bastau),—in various Villages, and woody patches and favorable spots; all looking in upon Minden, from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a kind of arc, with Minden for centre. He will march up in eight Columns; of course, with wide intervals between them,—wide, but continually narrowing as he advances; which will indeed be ruinous gaps, if Ferdinand wait to be attacked; but which will coalesce close enough, if he be speedy upon Contades. For Contades's line is also of arc-like or almost semicircular form, behind it Minden as centre; Minden, which is at the intersection of Weser and the Brook; his right flank is on Weser, Broglio VERSUS Wangenheim the extreme right; his left, with infantry and artillery, rests on that black Brook of Bastau with its nineteen Bridges. As the ground on both wings is rough, not so fit for Cavalry, Contades puts his Cavalry wholly in the centre: they are the flower of the French Army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open ground ahead of them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry to support on each flank; batteries to ply with cross-fire any assailant that may come on. Broglio, we said, is right wing; strong in artillery and infantry. Broglio is to root out Wangenheim: after which,—or even before which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble,—what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three miles between Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen horse to take advantage of it! Had the French been of Prussian dexterity and nimbleness in marching, it is very possible something might have come of this latter circumstance: but Ferdinand knows they are not; and intends to take good care of his flank.

"Contades and his people were of willing mind; but had no skill in 'marchiug up:' and, once got across the Bastau by their nineteen Bridges, they wasted many hours:—"Too far, am I? not far enough? Too close? not close enough?"—and broiled about, in much hurry and confusion, all night. Fight was to have begun at 5 in the morning. Broglio was in his place, silently looking into Wangenheim, by five o'clock; but unfortunately did nothing upon Wangenheim ('Not ready you, I see!'), except cannonade a little;—and indeed all through did nothing ('Still not ready you others!'); which surely was questionable conduct, though not reckoned so at Versailles, when the case came to be argued there. As to the Contades people, across those nineteen Bridges, they had a baffling confused night; and were by no means correctly on their ground at sunrise, nor at 7 o'clock, nor at 8; and were still mending themselves when the shock came, and time was done.

"The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself been out examining since the earliest daybreak: his orders last night were, 'Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning,'—having a guess that there would be work, as he now finds there will. From 5 A.M. Ferdinand is issuing from his Camp, flowing down eastward, beautifully concentric, closing on Contades; horse NOT in centre, but English Infantry in centre (Six Battalions, or Six REGIMENTS by English reckoning); right opposite those 10,000 Horse of Contades's, the sight of whom seems to be very animating to them. The English Cavalry stand on the right wing, at the Village of Hartum: Lord George Sackville had not been very punctual in saddling at 1 o'clock; but he is there, ranked on the ground, at 8, —in what humor nobody knows; sulky and flabby, I should rather guess. English Tourists, idle otherwise, may take a look at Hartum on the south side, as the spot where a very ugly thing occurred that day.

"Soon after 8 the Fight begins: attack, by certain Hessians, on Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of Hahlen, as the first thing,—which does not succeed at once (indeed took three attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious to those Six English Battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, 'You shall march up to attack, you Six, on sound of drum;' but, it seems, they read it, 'BY sound of drum;' 'Beating our own drums; yes, of course!'—and, being weary of this Hahlen work, or fancying they had no concern with it, strode on, double-quick, without waiting for Hahlen at all! To the horror of their Hanoverian comrades, who nevertheless determined to follow as second line. The Contades cross-fire of artillery, battery of 30 guns on one flank, of 36

on the other, does its best upon this forward-minded Infantry, but they seem to heed it little; walk right forward; and, to the astonishment of those French Horse and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 Horse feel astonished, insulted; and rush out again, furiously charging; the English halt and serry themselves: 'No fire till they are within forty paces;' and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can endure. Rally after rally there is, on the part of those 10,000; mass after mass of them indignantly plunges on,—again, ever again, about six charges in all;—but do not break the English lines: one of them (regiment Mestrede—Camp, raised to a paroxysm) does once get through, across the first line, but is blown back in dreadful circumstances by the second. After which they give it up, as a thing that cannot be done. And rush rearward, hither, thither, the whole seventy-five squadrons of them; and 'between their two wings of infantry are seen boiling in complete disorder.'

"This has lasted about an hour: this is essentially the soul of the Fight,—though there wanted not other activities, to right of it and to left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate on both wings; and counter-artilleries (superlative practice 'by Captain Phillips' on OUR right wing); Broglio cannonading Wangenheim very loudly, but with little harm done or suffered, on their right wing. Wangenheim is watchful of that gap between Ferdinand and him, till it close itself sufficiently. Their right-wing Infantry did once make some attempt there; but the Prussian Horse—(always a small body of Prussians serve in this Allied Army)—shot out, and in a brilliant manner swept them home again.

Artillery and that pretty charge of Prussian Horse are all one remembers, except this of the English and Hanover Foot in the centre: 'an unsurpassable thing,' says Tempelhof (though it so easily might have been a fatal!)—which has set Contades's centre boiling, and reduced Contades altogether to water, as it were. Contades said bitterly: 'I have seen what I never thought to be possible,—a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin!' [Stenzel, v. 204.]

"This was the feat, this hour's work in the centre, the essential soul of the Fight:—and had Lord George Sackville, General of the Horse, come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been such a ruin, say all judges, as seldom came upon an Army. Lord George—everlasting disgrace and sorrow on the name of him—could not see his way to coming on; delayed, haggled; would not even let Granby, his lieutenant, come; not for a second Adjutant, not for a third; never came on at all; but rode to the Prince, asking, 'How am I to come on?' Who, with a politeness I can never enough admire, did not instantly kill him, but answered, in mild tone, 'Milord, the opportunity is now past!' Whereby Contades escaped ruin, and was only beaten. By about 10 in the morning all was over. When a man's centre is gone to water, no part of him is far from the fluid state. Contades retreated into his rabbit-hole by those nineteen bridges,—well tormented, they say, by Captain Phillips's artillery, till he got beyond the knolls again. Broglio, who had never been in musket-fire at all, but had merely barked on Wangenheim all morning, instead of biting, covered the retreat, and withdrew into Minden. And we are a beaten Army,—thanks to Lord George, not an annihilated one. Our loss being only 7,086 (with heavy guns, colors, cavalry flags and the like); theirs being 2,822,—full half of it falling on those rash Six Battalions. [Mauvillon, ii. 44–60; Tempelhof, iii. 154–179, and *Proceedings of a Court-Martial, held at the Horse-Guards, 7th–24th March and 25th March–5th April, 1760, in Trial of Lord George Sackville* (London, 1760). In Knesebeck, *Ferdinand wahrend des siebenjahrigen Krieges* (i. 395), Ferdinand's Letter to Friedrich of "July 31st;" and (i. 398–418 and ii. 33–36) many special details about Sackville and "August 1st."

"And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening? The Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Minden, has blown our rear-guard division to the winds there;—and we must move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! Out of this rabbit-hole the retreat by rearward is through a difficult country, the Westphalian Gates so called; fatal to Varus's Legions long ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his baggage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and more than all his glories (Versailles shrieking on him, 'Resign you; let Broglio be chief,);—and, on the whole, jumbled homeward hither and thither, gravitating towards the Rhine, nothing but Wesel to depend on in those parts, as heretofore. Broglio retreated Frankfurt-way, also as usual, though not quite so far; and at Versailles had clearly the victory. Zealous Belleisle could not protect his Contades; it is not known whether he privately blamed Contades or blamed Broglio for loss of Minden. Zealous old man, what a loss to himself withal had Minden been! That shadow-conquest of Hanover is quite vanished: and worse, in Ferdinand's spoil were certain LETTERS from Belleisle to Contades, inculcating strange things;—for example, 'IL FAUT FAIRE UN DESERT DU PAYS [all Hessen, I think, lest

Ferdinand advance on you] DEVANT L'ARMÉE,' and the like. Which Ferdinand saw good to publish, and which resounded rather hideously through the general mind." [Were taken at Detmold (Tempelhof, iii. 223); Old Newspapers full of Excerpts from them, in the weeks following.]

Ignominious Sackville was tried by Court-martial; cashiered, declared incapable of again serving his Majesty "in any military capacity;"—perhaps a mild way of signifying that he wanted the common courage of a soldier? Zealous Majesty, always particular in soldier matters, proclaimed it officially to be "a sentence worse than death;" and furthermore, with his own royal hand, taking the pen himself, struck out Sackville from the List of Privy-Councillors. Proper surely, and indispensable;—and should have been persisted in, like Fate; which, in a new Reign, it was not! For the rest, there was always, and is, something of enigma in Sackville's palpably bad case. It is difficult to think that a Sackville wanted common courage. This Sackville fought duels with propriety; in private life, he was a surly, domineering kind of fellow, and had no appearance of wanting spirit. It is known, he did not love Duke Ferdinand; far from it! May not he have been of peculiarly sour humor that morning, the luckless fool; sulky against Ferdinand, and his "saddling at one o'clock;" sulky against himself, against the world and mankind; and flabbily disinclined to heroic practices for the moment? And the moment came; and the man was not there, except in that foggy, flabby and forever ruinous condition! Archenholtz, alone of Writers, judges that he expressly wanted to spoil the Battle of Minden and Ferdinand's reputation, and to get appointed Commander in his stead. Wonderful; but may have some vestige of basis, too! True, this Sackville was as fit to lead the courses of the stars as to lead armies. But such a Sackville has ambition, and, what is fatally more peculiar to him, a chance for unfolding it;—any blockhead has an ambition capable, if you encourage it sufficiently, of running to the infinite. Enough of this particular blockhead; and may it be long before we see his like again!—

The English Cavalry was in a rage with Sackville. Of the English Infantry, Historians say, what is not now much heard of in this Country, "That these unsurpassable Six [in industrious valor unsurpassable, though they mistook orders, and might have fared badly!] are ever since called the Minden Regiments; that they are the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th and 51st of the British Line; and carry 'Minden' on their colors," [Kausler, *Schlachter*, p. 587.]—with silent profit, I hope!

Fancy how Pitt's public, lately gloomy and dubious, blazed aloft into joyful certainty again! Pitt's outlooks have been really gloomy all this season; nor are the difficulties yet ended, though we hope they will end. Let us add this other bit of Synchronism, which is still of adverse aspect, over Seas; and will be pungently interesting to Pitt and England, when they come to hear of it.

"BEFORE QUEBEC, JULY 31st, 1759. This same Evening, at Quebec, on the other side of the Atlantic,—evening at Quebec, 9 or 10 at night for Contades and his nineteen Bridges,—there is a difficult affair going on. Above and below the Falls of Montmorenci, and their outflow into the St. Lawrence: attempt on General Wolfe's part to penetrate through upon the French, under Marquis de Montcalm, French Commander-in-chief, and to get a stroke at Quebec and him. From the south side of the St. Lawrence, nothing can be done upon Quebec, such the distance over. From Isle d'Orleans and the north side, it is also impossible hitherto. Easy enough to batter the Lower Town, from your ships and redoubts: but the High Town towers aloft on its sheer pinnacles, inaccessible even to cannon; looks down on the skilfulest British Admiral and Fleet as if with an air of indifference,—trying him on dark nights with fire-ships, fire-rafts, the cunningest kinds of pyrotechny, which he skilfully tows aside.

"A strenuous thing, this of Wolfe's; though an unsuccessful. Towards evening, the end of it; all Quebec assembled on the southern ramparts, witnessing with intense interest; the sublime Falls of Montmorenci gushing on, totally indifferent. For about a month past, General Wolfe, with the proper equipments, and about 10,000 men, naval and military, who was expressly selected by Pitt to besiege Quebec, and is dying to succeed, has been trying every scheme to get into contact with it:—to no purpose, so lofty, chasmy, rocky is the ground, cut by mountainous precipices and torrent streams, branches of the grand St. Lawrence River; so skilfully taken advantage of by Montcalm and his people, who are at home here, and in regulars nearly equal Wolfe, not to speak of Savages and Canadians, Wolfe's plan of the 31st was not ill laid; and the execution has been zealous, seamen and landsmen alike of willing mind;—but it met with accidents. Accidents in boating; then a still worse accident on landing; the regiment of grenadiers, which crossed below the Falls, having, so soon as landed, rushed off on the redoubt there on their own score, without waiting for the two brigades that were to cross and co-operate

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ABOVE the Falls! Which cut Wolfe to the heart; and induced him, especially as the tide was making again, to give up the enterprise altogether, and recall everybody, while it was yet time. [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 470–473; Thackeray, i. 488.] Wolfe is strict in discipline; loves the willing mind, none more, and can kindle it among those about him; but he loves discipline withal, and knows how fatal the too willing may be. For six weeks more there is toil on the back of toil everywhere for poor Wolfe. He falls into fevers, into miseries, almost into broken heart;— nothing sure to him but that of doing his own poor utmost to the very death. After six weeks, we shall perhaps hear of him again. Gliding swiftly towards death; but also towards victory and the goal of all his wishes."

And now, after this flight half round the world, it is time we return to Oder Country, and a Friedrich on the edge of formidable things there. Next day after Beeskow, where we left him, he duly arrived at Mullrose; was joined by Wedell there, August 6th; and is now at Wulkow,——"encamped between Lebus and Wulkow," as we hear elsewhere;—quite in the environs of Frankfurt and of great events.

FRIEDRICH TO GRAF VON FINKENSTEIN (Second Note).

WULKOW, 8th August, 1759.

"If you hear of firing to-morrow, don't be surprised; it is our rejoicing for the Battle of Minden. I believe I shall have to keep you in suspense some days yet. I have many arrangements to make; I find great difficulties to surmount,—and it is required to save our Country, not to lose it: I ought both to be more prudent and more enterprising than ever. In a word, I will do and undertake whatever I find feasible and possible. With all that, I see myself in the necessity of making haste, to check the designs Haddick may have on Berlin. Adieu, MON CHER. In a little, you will have either a DE PROFUNDIS or a TE DEUM.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxv. 305, 306.]

Chapter IV. BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

Sunday, July 29th, at Frankfurt—on—Oder divine worship was broken in upon, and the poor City thrown into consternation, by actual advent, or as good as advent, of the Russians: "On the Crossen road, close by; coming, come!" And they did undeniably appear, next morning, in force; on the opposite, eastern or Kunersdorf side of the River, on the top of the Oder—Dam there; and demanded instant admission, under penalty of general death by fire.

Within the Town stood Major Arnim, a Veteran of those parts, with 400 militia; these, with their muskets and with two cannon, are the only defence of Frankfurt, The Town has Gates; but its walls, I doubt, are mainly garden—walls and house—walls. On the eastern side, the River, especially if you have cannon on the Bridge, gives it something of protection; but on the western and all other sides, it is overhung by heights. This Frankfurt, like its bigger Namesake on the Mayn, is known as a busy trading place, its Fairs much frequented in those Eastern parts; and is believed by the Russians to be far richer than it is. The reader, as there happens to be ocular testimony extant, [Johann Zudwig Kriele, SCHLACHT BEI KUNERSDORF, MIT (Berlin, 1801). Kriele was subsequent Pastor in the Parish, an excellent intelligent man: has compiled in brief form, with an elaborate Chart too, a clear account of everything, in the Battle and before and after it.] may like to see a little how they behaved there.

"Arnim, taking survey of the Russian Party, values it, or what he can see of it, at 1,000 [they really were 6,000]; keeps his Drawbridge up; and answers stoutly enough, 'No.' Upon which, from the Oder—Dam, there flies off one fiery grenado; one and no more,— which alighted in the house of 'Mrs. Thielicke, a Baker's Widow, who was standing at the door;'—killed poor Mrs. Thielicke, blew the house considerably to wreck, but did not set fire to it. Arnim, all the Magistrates entreating him for the love of Heaven to leave them, is secretly shoving off his two cannon to the Northern Gate; and in fact is making his packages with full speed: 'Push for Custrin,' thinks Arnim, and save selves and cannon, since no good is to be done here!"

"It was about 11 A.M. when the Thielicke grenado fell: obstinate Arnim would by no means go; only packed all the faster. A second summons came: still, No. For the third and last time the Russians then summon: 'Grenadoes, a hundred more of them lie ready, unless—!' 'We will, we will; O merciful servant of Czarish Majesty!' passionately signify the Magistrates. But Arnim is still negative, still keeps the Bridge up. One of the hundred does go, by way of foretaste: this lighted 'near the Ober Kirche, in the chimney of the Town Musikus;' brought the chimney crashing down on him [fancy a man with some fineness of ear]; tore the house a good deal to pieces, but again did not set it on fire. 'Your obstinate Town can be bombarded, then,—cannot it?' observed the Russian Messenger.—'Give us Free Withdrawal!' proposes Arnim. 'No; you to be Prisoners of War; Town at Czarish Majesty's discretion.' 'Never,' answers Arnim (to the outward ear).—'Go, oh, for the love of Heaven, go!' cry all Official people.

"Arnim, deaf to clamor, but steadily diligent in getting ready, does at last go; through the Lebus Suburb, quick march; steady, yet at his best step;—taking the Town—keys in his pocket, and leaving the Drawbridge up. One is sorry for poor Arnim and his 400 Militia; whose conduct was perfect, under difficulties and alarms; but proved unsuccessful. The terrified Magistrates, finding their Keys gone, and the conflagrative Russians at their gates, got blacksmiths on the instant; smote down, by chisel and mallet, the locked Drawbridge, smote open the Gates: 'Enter, O gracious Sirs; and may Czarish Majesty have mercy on us!' So that Arnim had small start for marchers on foot; and was overtaken about half—way. Would not yield still, though the odds were overwhelming; drew himself out on the best ground discoverable; made hot resistance; hot and skilful; but in vain. About six in the evening, Arnim and Party were brought back, Prisoners, to Frankfurt again,— self, surviving men, cannons and all (self in a wounded state);— and 'were locked in various Brew—houses;' little of careful surgery, I should fear. Poor Arnim; man could do no more; and he has been unfortunate."

It is by no means our intention to describe the Iliad of miseries, the agitations, terrors and disquietudes, the tribulation and utter harrowing to despair, which poor Frankfurt underwent, incessantly from that day forward, for about five weeks to come. "The furnishings of victual [Russian stock quite out] were to an inconceivable amount; surrender of arms, of linens, cloths, of everything useful to a hungry Army; above all things, of horses, so that at last there were but four horses left in all Frankfurt; and"—But we must not go into details.

"On the second day, besides all this," what will be significant of it all, "there was exacted 'ransom of 600,000

thalers (90,000 pounds), or you shall be delivered to the Cossacks!' Frankfurt has not above 12,000 inhabitants within its bounds; here is a sudden poll-tax of 7 pounds 10s. per head. Frankfurt has not such a sum; the most rigorous collection did not yield above the tenth part of it. And more than once those sanguinary vagabonds were openly drawn out, pitch-link in hand: 'The 90,000 pounds or—!' Civic Presidency Office in Frankfurt was not a bed of roses. The poor Magistrates rushed distractedly about; wrung out moneys to the last drop; moneys, and in the end plate from those that had it; went in tearful deputation to General Soltikof,—a severe proud kind of man, capable perhaps of being flattered,—who usually locked them up instead. Magistrates were locked in Russian ward, at one time, for almost a week; sat in the blazing sun; if you try for the shade of a tree, the sentry handles arms upon you;—and were like to die. To me, Kriele, it is a miracle how the most of us lived; nay we never really wanted food, so kind was Providence, so generous our poor neighbors out of all the Towns round. The utmost of money that could be raised was 6,000 pounds; nothing but some little of plate, and our Bill for the remainder. Soltikof, a high kind of gentleman, saw at last how it stood; let the Magistrates out of ward; sent back the plate—'Nothing of that!'—nay, Czarish Majesty was herself generous; and FORGAVE the Bill, on our petition, next Year. Cossacks, indeed, were a plunderous wild crew; but the Russians kept them mostly without the gates. The regular Russians were civil and orderly, officers and men,—greatly beyond the Austrians in behavior." [Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf*; pp. 1–15 (in compressed state).] By these few traits conceive Frankfurt: this, now forgotten in most books, is a background on which things were transacted still memorable to everybody.

"Friday, August 3d, General Loudon came to hand: arrived early, in the Guben (or Western) Suburb, his 18,000 and he. In high spirits naturally, and somewhat exultant to have evaded Friedrich; but found a reception that surprised him. The Russians had been living in the hope of junction; but still more vividly in that of meal. 'Auxiliaries; humph,—only 18,000 of them; how much welcomer had been as many hundredweights of meal!' Loudon had pushed his baggage direct into Frankfurt; and likewise a requisition of such and such proviants, weights of meal and the like, in exuberant amount, to be furnished straightway by the City: neither of which procedures would the Russians hear of for a moment. 'Out with you!' said they roughly to the baggage-people: 'quarter in the Guben Suburb, or where you like; not here!' And with regard to the requisition of proviant, they answered in a scornful angry key, 'Proviant? You too without it? You have not brought us meal, according to covenant; instead of meal, you bring us 18,000 new eaters, most of them on horse-back,—Satan thank you! From Frankfurt be very certain you can get no ounce of meal; Frankfurt is our own poor meal-bag, dreadfully scanty: stay outside, and feed where and how you can!'

"All this, Loudon, though of hot temper, easily capable of rising to the fierce point, had to endure in silence, for the common interest. Loudon's own table is furnished from Frankfurt; no other Austrian man's: all others have to shift how they can. Sad requisitioning needed, and sad plunder to supplement it: the Austrian behavior was very bad, say the Frankfurters; 'in particular, they had burnt gradually all the corn-mills in the country; within many miles not one mill standing when they left us,'—and four horses all the conveyance power we had. Soltikof lodges in great pomp, much soldiery and cannon parading before his doors; not an undignified man, or an inhuman or essentially foolish, but very high in his ways, and distasteful to Austrian dignitaries."

The Russian Army lies mainly across Oder; encamped on the Judenberg, and eastward there, along the Heights, near three miles, to Kunersdorf and beyond. They expect Friedrich at the gates of Frankfurt shortly; know well that they cannot defend Frankfurt. They calculate that Friedrich will attack them in their Judenberg Encampment, but hope they are nearly ready for him there. Loudon, from the Guben Suburb, will hasten across, at any moment;— welcome on such fighting occasion, though ill seen when the question is of eating! The Russians have their Wagenburg on an Island southward, farther up the River; they have three Pontoon Bridges leading thither, a free retreat should they be beaten. And in the mean while are intrenching themselves, as only Daun would,—cannon and redoubts all round those Heights;—and except it be screwing Frankfurt to do its impossible duty, and carting provender with all the horses except four, have not much farther to do but wait till the King come. Which will be speedily, it is probable!—

Wednesday, August 8th, Russian and Austrian Generals, a cheerful party of them, had rendezvoused at FISCHERS MUHLE; a Mill not yet burnt, and a pleasant Tavern as well; in one of the prettiest valleys in the Western Environs;—intending to dine there, and have a pleasant day. But the Miller's Boy runs in upon them, wide-eyed, "HIMMEL UND ERDE, Prussian Hussars!" It was in verity Prussian Hussars; the King of Prussia with them in person. He is come out reconnoitring,—the day after his arrival in those parts. The pleasuring

Generals, Russian and Austrian, sprang to horseback at their swiftest,—hope of dinner gone futile, except to the intervening Prussian Hussars;—and would have all been captured, but for that Miller's Boy; whose Mill too was burnt before long. This gallop home of the undined Generals into Frankfurt was the first news we poor Frankfurters had of the King's arrival.

The King has been punctual to his reckoning: he picked up Wedell at Mullrose,—not too cordial to Wedell's people: "None of you speak to those beaten wretches," ordered he; "till perhaps they wipe off their Zullichau stain!" On the 7th, Friedrich advanced to Frankfurt neighborhood; took Camp between Wulkow and Lebus;—and has just been out reconnoitring. And has raised, fancy what emotion in poor Frankfurt lying under its nightmare! "Next day, August 9th, from Wulkow—Lebus hand, we" of Frankfurt, "heard a great firing; cannon—salvos, musket—volleys: 'Nothing of fight,' the Russian Officers told us; 'it is the King of Prussia doing joy—fire for Minden,' of which we till now knew nothing."

Friedrich, on survey of this Russian—Austrian Army, some 90,000 in number, with such posts, artilleries, advantages, judges that he, counting only 40,000, is not strong enough. And, indeed, had so anticipated, and already judged; and, accordingly, has Finck on march hitherward again,—Berlin must take its risk, Saxony must shift for itself in the interim. Finck is due in two days,—not here at Lebus precisely, but at another place appointed; Finck will raise him to 50,000; and then business can begin! Contrary to Russian expectation, Friedrich does not attack Frankfurt; seems quite quiet in his cantonments;—he is quietly (if one knew it) making preparations farther down the River. About Reitwein, between this and Custrin, there arrangements are proceeding, by no means of a showy sort.

The Russian—Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison: Loudon moves across, Soltikof across; to the Oder—Dam and farther; and lie, powerfully intrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right—angles to Oder—Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to beyond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle, or nearly so; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack, through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North (Reitwein way, as it happens); to their rear, and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank; that is to say, Loudon's left hand is towards the Oder—Dam and Frankfurt; he lies at the ROTHE VORWERK ("Red Grange," a Farmstead much mentioned just now); rather to northwestward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (JUDENBERG and JUDENKIRCHHOF, likewise much mentioned); and in advance of the general Mass. Soltikof's head—quarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village; there, at least, our highly important Russian right wing is; there, elaborately fortified; and, half a mile farther, ends,—on the edge of steep dells; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis; so making assurance doubly sure. Looking to the northward all these 90,000; their left rather southward of Frankfurt Bridge, over which Friedrich will probably arrive. Leftward, somewhat to rearward, they have bridges of their own; should anything sinister befall; three bridges which lead into that Oder Island, and the Russian Wagenburg there.

August 10th, Finck, punctual to time, arrives in the neighborhood of Reitwein (which is some ten miles down stream from Lebus, from Frankfurt perhaps fifteen); Friedrich, the same day, is there before him; eager to complete the Bridges, and get to business. One Bridge is of pontoons; one of "Oder—boats floated up from Custrin." Bridges are not begun till nightfall, lest eyes be abroad; are ready in the minimum of time. And so, during the same night of the 10th, all the Infantry, with their artilleries and battle—furnitures, pour over in two columns; the Cavalry, at the due point of time, riding by a ford short way to the right. And at four, in the gray of the August morning (Saturday, 11th August, 1759), all persons and things find themselves correctly across; ranked there, in those barren, much—indented "Pasture—grounds of Goritz" or of OEtscher; intending towards Kunersdorf; ready for unfolding into order of battle there. They leave their heavy baggage at Goritz, Wunsch to guard the Bridges and it; and, in succinct condition, are all under way. At one in the afternoon we are got to Leissow and Bischofsee; scrubby hamlets (as the rest all are), not above two miles from Kunersdorf. The August day is windless, shiny, sultry; man and horse are weary with the labors, and with the want of sleep: we decide to bivouac here, and rest on the scrubby surface, heather or whatever it is, till to—morrow.

Finck is Vanguard, ahead short way, and with his left on a bit of lake or bog; the Army is in two lines, with its right on Leissow, and has Cavalry in the kind of wood which there is to rear. Friedrich, having settled the

positions, rides out reconnoitring; hither, thither, over the Heights of Trettin. "The day being still hot, he suffers considerably from thirst [it is our one Anecdote] in that arid tract: at last a Peasant does bring him, direct from the fountain, a jug of pure cold water; whom, lucky man, the King rewarded with a thaler; and not only so, but, the man being intelligent of the localities, took with him to answer questions." Readers too may desire to gain some knowledge of the important ground now under survey.

"Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful," says my Note, "stands on an alluvium which has been ground down from certain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. It counted about 12,000 inhabitants in Friedrich's time; has now perhaps about 20,000; not half the bulk of its namesake on the Mayn; but with Three great Fairs annually, and much trade of the rough kind. On this left or west bank of Oder the country is arable, moderately grassy and umbrageous, the prospect round you not unpleasant; but eastward, over the River, nothing can be more in contrast. Oder is of swift current, of turbid color, as it rolls under Frankfurt Bridge,—Wooden Bridge, with Dam Suburb at the end;—a River treeless, desolate, as you look up and down; which has, evidently, often changed its course, since grinding down that alluvium as site for Frankfurt; and which, though now holding mainly to northward, is still given to be erratic, and destructive on the eastern low grounds,—had not the Frankfurters built an 'Oder-Dam' on that side; a broad strong Earth-mound, running for many miles, and confining its floods. Beyond the Dam there are traces of an 'Old Oder (ALTE ODER);' and, in fact, Oder, in primeval and in recent time, has gone along, many-streamed; indenting, quarrying, leaving lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy tumult, at a great rate, on that eastern shore. Making of it one of the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with;—fallen unlovelier than ever in our own more recent times.

"What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of Knolls; coming out, at right-angles, or as a kind of spur, from the eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-Hill (MUHLBERG) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From the Muhlberg, over Kunersdorf, to Oder-Dam, which is the whole length of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four miles; the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile,—which is its grand defect as a Camp: 'too narrow for manoeuvring in.' Here, atop and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought the furious Battle of Kunersdorf [to be fought to-morrow], one of the most furious ever known. A Block of Knolls memorable ever since.

"To all appearance: it was once some big Island or chain of Islands in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows,—KUHGRUND (Cow-Hollow), TIEFE WEG (Deep Way), and westernmost of all, and most important for us here, HOHLE GRUND (Big Hollow, let us call it; 'LOUDON'S Hollow' people subsequently called it);—and is everywhere strangely tumbled up into knolls blunt or sharp, the work of primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls,—of which let readers note specially the Spitzberg, the Muhlberg, the Judenberg,—it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height of it may be about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, the Country is of most intricate character: bushy, scraggy, with brooklets or muddy oozings wandering about, especially with a thing called the HUNERFLIESS (Hen-Floss), which springs in the eastern woods, and has inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder,—if it get at all! This was a sore Floss to Friedrich to-morrow. Hen-Floss struggles, painfully meandering and oozing, along the northern side (sometimes close, sometimes not) of our Chain of Knolls: along the south side of it (in our time, through the middle of it) goes the Highway to Reppen ["From that Highway will his attack come!" thought the Russians, always till to-day]: on the north, to Leissow, to Trettin," where Friedrich is now on survey, "go various wheel-tracks, but no firm road. A most intricate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, perhaps gorse, and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, reaching eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.

"For the rest," to our ill-luck in this place, "the Battlefield of Kunersdorf has had a peculiar fate in the world; that of being blown away by the winds! The then scene of things exists no longer; the descriptions in the Old Books are gone hopelessly irrecognizable. In our time, there is not anywhere a tract more purely of tumbled sand, than all this between Kunersdorf and Dam Vorstadt; and you judge, without aid of record or tradition, that it is greatly altered for the worse since Friedrich's time,—some rabbit-colony, or other the like insignificance, eating out the roots, till all vegetation died, and the wind got hold and set it dancing;—and that, in 1759, when Russian human beings took it for a Camp, it must have been at least coherent, more or less; covered, held together by some film of scrubby vegetation; not blowing about in every wind as now! Kunersdorf stands with its northern end pushed into that KUHGRUND (Cow-Hollow); which must then have been a grassy place. Eastward of Kunersdorf the ground has still some skin of peat, and sticks together: but westward, all that three miles, it is a

mere tumult of sand—hills, tumbled about in every direction (so diligent have the conies been, and then the winds); no gullet, or definite cut or hollow, now traceable anywhere, but only an endless imbroglio of twisted sand—heaps and sand—hollows, which continually alter in the wind—storms. Sand wholly, and—except the strong paved Highway that now runs through it (to Reppen, Meseritz and the Polish Frontier, and is strongly paved till it get through Kunersdorf)—chaotic wholly; a scene of heaped barrenness and horror, not to be matched but in Sahara; the features of the Battle quite blown away, and indecipherable in our time.

"A hundred years ago, it would have some tattered skin,—of peat, of heather and dwarf whins, with the sand cropping out only here and there. So one has to figure it in Soltikof's day,—before the conies ruined it. Which was not till within the last sixty years, as appears. Kriele's Book (in 1801) still gives no hint of change: the KUHGRUND, which now has nothing but dry sand for the most industrious ruminant, is still a place of succulence and herbage in Kriele's time; 'Deep Way,' where 'at one point two carts could not pass,' was not yet blown out of existence, but has still 'a Well in it' for Kriele; HOHLE GRUND (since called Loudon's Hollow), with the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard beyond, seem tolerable enough places to Kriele. Probably not unlike what the surrounding Country still is. A Country of poor villages, and of wild ground, flat generally, and but tolerably green; with lakelets, bushes, scrubs, and intricate meandering little runlets and oozelets; and in general with more of Forest so called than now is:—this is Kunersdorf Chain of Knolls; Soltikof's Intrenched Camp at present; destined to become very famous in the world, after lying so long obscure under Oder and its rages." [TOURIST'S NOTE (Autumnn, 1852).]

From the Knolls of Trettin, that Saturday afternoon, Friedrich takes view of the Russian Camp. All lying bright enough there; from Muhlberg to Judenberg, convenient to our glass; between us and the evening Sun. Batteries most abundant, difficulties great: Soltikof just ahead here, 72,000: Loudon at the Red Grange yonder, on their extreme left, with 18,000 more. An uncommonly strong position for 90,000 against 50,000. One thing strikes Friedrich: On front in this northern side, close by the base of the Russian Camp, runs—for the present away FROM Oder, but intending to join it elsewhere—a paltry little Brook, "Hen—Floss" so called, with at least two successive Mills on it (KLEINE MUHLE, GROSSE MUHLE); and on the northern shore of it, spilling itself out into a wet waste called ELSBRUCH (Alder Waste), which is especially notable to Friedrich. ALDER Waste? Watery, scrubby; no passage there, thinks Friedrich; which his Peasant with the water—jug confirms. "Tell me, however," inquires Friedrich, with strictness, "From the Red Grange yonder, where General Loudon is, if you wished to get over to the HOHLE GRUND, or to the Judenberg, would you cross that Hen—Floss?" "It is not crossable, your Majesty; one has to go round quite westward by the Dam." "What, from Rothe Vorwerk to Big Hollow, no passage, say you; no crossing?" "None, your Majesty," insists the Peasant;—who is not aware that the Russians have made one of firm trestles and logs, and use it daily for highway there; an error of some interest to Friedrich within the next twenty—four hours!

Friedrich himself does not know this bit of ground: but there is with him, besides the Peasant, a Major Linden, whose Regiment used to lie in Frankfurt, of whom Friedrich makes minute questioning. Linden answers confidently; has been over all this tract a hundred times; "but knows it only as a hunter," says Tempelhof, [Tempelhof, iii. 186.] "not as a soldier," which he ought to have done. His answers are supposed to have misled Friedrich on various points, and done him essential damage. Friedrich's view of the case, that evening, is by no means so despondent as might be imagined: he regards the thing as difficult, not as impossible,—and one of his anxieties is, that he be not balked of trying it straightway. Retiring to his hut in Bischofsee, he makes two Dispositions, of admirable clearness, brevity, and calculated for two contingencies: [Given in Tempelhof, iii. 182, 183.] That of the enemy retaining his now posture; and That of the enemy making off for Reppen;—which latter does not at all concern us, as matters turned! Of the former the course will unfold itself to us, in practice, shortly. At 2 A.M. Friedrich will be on foot again, at 3 on march again.—The last phenomenon, at Bischofsee this night, is some sudden glare of disastrous light rising over the woods:—"Russians burning Kunersdorf!" as neighbors are sorry to hear. That is the finale of much Russian rearranging and tumbling, this day; that barbarous burning of Kunersdorf, before going to bed. To—morrow various other poor Villages got burnt by them, which they had better have left standing.

The Russians, on hearing that Friedrich was across at Goritz, and coming on them from the north side, not from Frankfurt by the Reppen Highway, were in great agitation. Not thrown into terror, but into manifold haste, knowing what hasty adversary there was. Endless readjustments they have to make; a day of tumultuous business

with the Russians, this Saturday, 11th, when the news reached them. "They inverted their front [say all the Books but Friedrich's own]: Not coming by the Reppen Highway, then!" think they. And thereupon changed rear to front, as at Zorndorf, but more elaborately;—which I should not mention, were it not that hereby their late "right wing on the Muhlberg" has, in strict speech, become their "left," and there is ambiguity and discrepancy in some of the Books, should any poor reader take to studying them on this matter. Changed their front; which involves much interior changing; readjusting of batteries and the like. That of burning Kunersdorf was the barbaric winding up of all this: barbaric, and, in the military sense, absurd; poor Kunersdorf could have been burnt at any moment, if needful; and to the Russians the keeping of it standing was the profitable thing, as an impediment to Friedrich in his advance there. They have laid it flat and permeable; ashes all of it,—except the Church only, which is of stone; not so combustible, and may have uses withal. Has perhaps served as temporary lock-up, prison for the night, to some of those Frankfurt Deputations and their troublesome wailings; and may serve as temporary hospital to-morrow, who knows?

Readjustments in the Russian Camp were manifold: but these are as nothing, in the tumultuous business of the day. Carting of their baggage, every article of value, to that safe Wagenburg in the River; driving of cattle,—the very driving of cattle through Frankfurt, endless herds of them, gathered by the Cossacks from far and wide, "lasted for four-and-twenty hours." Oxen in Frankfurt that day were at the rate of ten shillings per head. Often enough you were offered a full-grown young steer for a loaf of bread; nay the Cossacks, when there was absolutely no bidder, would slaughter down the animal, leave its carcass in the streets, and sell the hide for a TYMPF,—fivepence (very bad silver at present). Never before or since was seen in Frankfurt such a Saturday, for bellowing and braying, and raging and tumulting, all through the day and through the night; ushering in such a Sunday too!

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again,—Russians still in their place; and Disposition FIRST, not SECOND at all, to be our rule of action! Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Muhlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there (left flank, as he persists to call it), out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry, is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Wurtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right Wing. That is the order of march;—order of BATTLE, we shall find, had to alter itself somewhat, for reasons extremely valid!

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to ride out reconnoitring, with many General Officers, and to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The Russians give Finck and his General Officers a cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. "The King does not see his way, then, after all?" think the Russians. Their Cossacks go scouring about; on the southern side, "burn Schwetig and Reipzig," without the least advantage to themselves: most of the Cavalry, and a regiment or two of excellent Austrian Grenadiers, are with Loudon, near the Red Grange, in front of the Russian extreme left;—but will have stepped over into Big Hollow at a moment of crisis!

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring on. Boggy ooze especially,—there is one dirty stream or floss (HUNERFLIESS, Hen-Floss) which wanders dismally through those recesses, issuing from the far south, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it, and others that cannot get into it (being of the lake kind): these, in their weary, circling, recircling course towards Oder,—FAULE LAACKE (Foul Lake, LITHEr-MERE, as it were), Foul Bridge, Swine's Nook (SCHWEINEBUCKT), and many others,—occasion endless difficulty. Whether Major Linden was shot that day, or what became of him after, I do not know: but it was pity he had not studied the ground with a soldier's eye instead of a hunter's! Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly; angularly, which occasions great delay: the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Custrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, re-yoked, turned round by

hand:—in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody BERGS or knolls, within reach of Muhlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there (abatis which was rather of service to him than otherwise);—and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (CENTRE of Line First, if we reckon Finck as RIGHT-WING), is there; busy in that manner: Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf neighborhood, or can (having wriggled itself into a kind of LEFT-WING) co-operate on the Russian Position from the south side. On the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours.—Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries: "Silent, too; the Russians have not yet noticed us!" By degrees the Russians do notice something; shoot out Cossacks to reconnoitre. Cossacks in quantity; who are so insolent, and venture so very near, our gunners on the north battery give them a blast of satisfactory grape-shot; one and then another, four blasts in all, satisfactory to the gunner mind,—till the King's self, with a look, with a voice, came galloping: "Silence, will you!" The Russians took no offence; still considering Finck to be the main thing and Friedrich some scout party,—till at last,

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich's batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible; who have 72 guns on this Muhlberg, and are nothing loath. Upon whom Finck's battery is opening from the north, withal: Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts; on the Walckberg, on the LITTLE Spitzberg (called SEIDLITZ HILL ever since); all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Muhlberg: while Finck's battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Volcanic to a degree all these; nor are the Russians wanting, though they get more and more astonished: Tempelhof, who was in it, says he never, except at Torgau next Year, heard a louder cannonade. Loud exceedingly; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination: but not destructive in proportion; the distance being too considerable,—"1,950 paces at the nearest," as Tempelhof has since ascertained by measuring. Friedrich's two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. "The Russian guns were ill-pointed; the Russian batteries wrong-built; batteries so built as did not allow them sight of the Hollow they were meant to defend." [Tempelhof, iii. 186, 187.]

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Muhlberg: Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in the Prussian War—Annals), tramp forth on this service: cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets; "with a precision and coherency," says Tempelhof, "which even on the parade-ground would have deserved praises. Once well in the Hollow, they suffer nothing; though the blind Russian fire, going all over their heads, rages threefold:" suffered nothing in the Hollow; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Muhlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster,—speed one's only safety. They poured into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries: which are all empty before we can leap into them; artillery-men, musketeer battalions, all on wing; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Muhlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against the flight; "mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep." The Russian Left Wing is beaten: had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way!

This is a glorious beginning; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o'clock: and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white-heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was Friedrich's calculation: but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck farther west, were now on the instant to have simultaneously closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Muhlberg, are here: but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and poor single Bridges; and of the Left Wing there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping ("who drove

out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard," as their first feat),—no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush! The entire Wing does at last get to the southeast of Kunersdorf, free of the wood; but finds (contrary to Linden with his hunter eye) an intricate meshwork of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, "march up," that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfulest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon! On the Muhlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, "owing to difference of calibre," or artillery—men know what, cannot be used by us: a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Muhlberg; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. Soft sloping ground, with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long: by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (RICOCHETS); and carried beautiful execution! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots: but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each: fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere;—and how the Russian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim! And had, in part, settled; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops!

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the moments NOT running out! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin [Preuss, ii. 212 n.] (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant): "Russians beaten; rejoice with me!" Four successive couriers, I believe, with messages to that effect; and at last a Fifth with dolefully contrary news!—

In proportion as the cannon and other necessaries gradually got in, the Fight flamed up from its embers more and more: and there ensued,—the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) "in many lines," and very fierce,—a second still deadlier bout; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favor; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg,—what can only be very partially true. Broken portions of the Russian left flank,—some of Finck's people, in their victorious wrath, may have chased these very far: but it is certain the general Russian mass rallied again a long way short of the Judenberg;—though, the ground being all obliterated by the rabbits and the winds, nobody can now know with exactitude where.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Where the "Big Spitzberg" was (so terribly important soon), nobody can now tell me, except from maps. Loudon's motions too are obscure, though important. I believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow; fresh for the rescue; and have taken front rank in this Second Rally that is made. Loudon's Cavalry Loudon himself has in hand, and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh: of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be 3 of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing; one of the hottest August days; and "nobody, for twelve hours past, could command a drink of water:" very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circumstances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till to-morrow. Friedrich knew well the need of rest; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life; though favorable judges, who were on the ground, Tempelhof for one, [Tempelhof, iii. 194.] are willing to prove that pausing here—at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumor puts us—was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, "Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire!" calls out the entire left wing, foot and horse: these are to emerge from their

meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on the Russian front here,—especially to sweep away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front. Big Spitzberg is blown irrecognizable in our time; but it was then an all-important thing.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards; but cannot, with their best efforts, take the Spitzberg; and have to fall back under its floods of tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich's blank disappointment: "Try it you, then, Seidlitz; you saved us at Zorndorf!" Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery: but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable; the Seidlitz people, torn in gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts on that Spitzberg battery prove vain; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate; rallying, animating, new-ordering; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. "Thrice he personally led on the main attack." He has had two horses shot down under him; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (ETUI) has got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value; he answers curtly, "We must all of us try every method here, to win the Battle: I, like every other, must stand to my duty here!" These, and a second brief word or two farther on, are all of articulate that we hear from him this day.

Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately; but cannot prevail farther; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground,—back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and exclaimed masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labors, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King! Nothing now succeeding; the death-agony now come; all hearts growing hopeless; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible; tried how often I know not. Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and again attacks; without success: "Let the Cavalry go round, then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not; you Eugen of Wurtemberg lead them!" Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what); round by the eastern end of the Muhlberg; then westward, along the Alder Waste; finally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging:—Eugen, "looking round, finds his men all gone," and has to gallop the other way, gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, nothing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again; fairly over the steep brow there; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, rose frightful struggle; desperate attempt by the fordone Prussians to retake that Height. "Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty yards asunder;" such musketry,—our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, "Hope ended, then!"—and their solid ranks rustle everywhere; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o'clock; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled; gray evening sinking over those wastes. "N'Y A-T-IL DONC PAS UN BOUGRE DE BOULET QUI PUISSE M'ATTEINDREE (Is there no one b— of a ball that can reach me, then)?" exclaimed Friedrich in despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, "Children, don't forsake me, in this pinch (KINDER, VERLASSET HEUTE MICH, EUREN KONIG, EUREN VATER, NICHT)!" [Kriele, p. 169.]—but all ears are deaf. On the Muhlberg one regiment still stood by their guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; "no Prussian Army was ever seen in such a state." At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no

more. But beyond the Muhlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come. [Tempelhof, iii. 179–200; Retzow, ii. 80–115: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 589–598, *Bericht von der am 12 August, 1759 bey Kunersdorf vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Official); and IB. 598–603, *Beschreibung der* (by a Private Hand): lucidly accurate both.]

Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place. "PRITTWITZ, ICH BIN VERLOREN (Prittwitz, I am lost)!" remarked he. "NEIN, IHRO MAJESTAT!" answered Prittwitz with enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the swarms of Cossacks; cut them about, held them at bay, or sent them else-whither, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At OEtscher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men. Even Wunsch is not there till next morning. Wunsch with his Party had, early in the afternoon, laid hold of Frankfurt, as ordered; made the garrison prisoners, blocked the Oder Bridge; poor Frankfurt tremulously thanking Heaven for him, and for such an omen. In spite of their Wagenburg and these Pontoon-Bridges, it appears, there would have been no retreat for the Russians except into Wunsch's cannon: Wagenburg way, latish in the afternoon, there was such a scramble of runaways and retreating baggage, all was jammed into impassability; scarcely could a single man get through. In case of defeat, the Russian Army would have had no chance but surrender or extermination. [Tempelhof, iii. 194: in Retzow (ii. 110) is some dubious traditionary stuff on the matter.] At dark, however, Wunsch had summons, so truculent in style, he knew what it meant; and answering in words peremptorily, "No" with a like emphasis, privately got ready again, and at midnight disappeared. Got to Reitwein without accident.

Friedrich found at OEtscher nothing but huts full of poor wounded men, and their miseries and surgeries;—he took shelter, himself, in a hut "which had been plundered by Cossacks" (in the past days), but which had fewer wounded than others, and could be furnished with some bundles of dry straw. Kriele has a pretty Anecdote, with names and particulars, of two poor Lieutenants, who were lying on the floor, as he entered this hut. They had lain there for many hours; the Surgeons thinking them desperate; which Friedrich did not. "ACH KINDER, Alas, children, you are badly wounded, then?" "JA, your Majesty: but how goes the Battle?" (Answer, evasive on this point): "Are you bandaged, though? Have you been let blood?" "NEIN, EUER MAJESTAT, KEIN TEUFEL WILL UNS VERBINDEN (Not a devil of them would bandage us)!" Upon which there is a Surgeon instantly brought; reprimanded for neglect: "Desperate, say you? These are young fellows; feel that hand, and that; no fever there: Nature in such cases does wonders!" Upon which the leech had to perform his function; and the poor young fellows were saved,—and did new fighting, and got new wounds, and had Pensions when the War ended. [Kriele, pp. 169, 170; and in all the Anecdote-Books.] This appears to have been Friedrich's first work in that hut at OEtscher. Here next is a Third Autograph to Finkenstein, written in that hut, probably the first of several Official things there:—

THE KING TO GRAF VAN FINKENSTEIN (at Berlin): Third Note.

OETSCHER, "12th August," 1759.

"I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven; we beat him back to the JUDENKIRCHHOF (Jew Churchyard,"—a mistake, but now of no moment), "near Frankfurt. All my troops came into action, and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times; at length, I was myself nearly taken prisoner; and we had to quit the Field. My coat is riddled with bullets, two horses were killed under me;—my misfortune is, that I am still alive. Our loss is very considerable. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this moment while I write, not more than 3,000 together; and am no longer master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your safety. It is a great calamity; and I will not survive it: the consequences of this Battle will be worse than the Battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my Country. Farewell forever (ADIEU POUR JAMAIS).—F." [In orig. "CE 12," no other date (*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxv. 306).]

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor: and along with it the following notable Autograph,—a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists; but has no date,—date of the Order would probably be still OETSCHER, 12th AUGUST; date of the Autograph, REITWEIN (across the River), next day.

FRIEDRICH TO LIEUT.-GENERAL FINCK (at OEtscher or Reitwein).

"General Finck gets a difficult commission; the unlucky Army which I give up to him is no longer in condition to make head against the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon too; if General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his rear; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank (SO KRIGT ER DEN HADEK DISS SEIT):—however, I believe, should Loudon go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon, and try to beat him: this, if it succeeded, would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circumstances. The news from Torgau and Dresden, Coper my Secretary (COPER MEIN SEGRETER," kind of lieutenant to Eichel [See Preuss, i. 349, iii. 442.]) "will send him. You (ER) must inform my Brother [Prince Henri] of everything; whom I have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair this bad luck altogether is not possible: but what my Brother shall command, must be done:—the Army swears to my Nephew [King henceforth].

"This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances, I am in a condition to give. Had I still had resources, I would have stayed by them (SO WEHRE ICH DARBEI GEBLIEBEN).

"FRIEDRICH" [Exact Copy, two exact copies, in PREUSS (i. 450, and again, ii. 215).]

All this done, the wearied Friedrich flung himself into his truss of dry straw; and was seen sound asleep there, a single sentry at the door, by some high Generals that ventured to look in. On the morrow he crossed to Reitwein; by to-morrow night, there had 23,000 of his fugitives come in to him;—but this is now to be Finck's affair, not his! That day, too (for the Paper seems to be misdated), he signed, and despatched to Schmettau, Commandant in Dresden, a Missive, which proved more fatal than either of the others; and brought, or helped to bring, very bitter fruits for him, before long:—

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL VON SCHMETTAU (at Dresden).

"REITWEIN, 14th [probably 13th] August, 1759.

"You will perhaps have heard of the Check [L'ECHEC, Kunersdorf to wit!] I have met with from the Russian Army on the 13th [12th, if you have the Almanac at hand] of this month. Though at bottom our affairs in regard to the Enemy here are not desperate, I find I shall not now be able to make any detachment for your assistance. Should the Austrians attempt anything against Dresden, therefore, you will see if there are means of maintaining yourself; failing which, it will behoove you to try and obtain a favorable Capitulation,—to wit, Liberty to withdraw, with the whole Garrison, Moneys, Magazines, Hospital and all that we have at Dresden, either to Berlin or else—whither, so as to join some Corps of my Troops.

"As a fit of illness [MALADIE, alas!] has come on me,—which I do not think will have dangerous results,—I have for the present left the command of my Troops to Lieutenant-General von Finck; whose Orders you are to execute as if coming to you directly from myself. On this I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping.—F." [Preuss, ii. *Urkundenbuch*, p. 43.]

At Berlin, on this 13th,—with the Five Couriers coming in successively (and not in the order of their despatch, but the fatal Fifth arriving some time AHEAD of the Fourth, who still spoke of progress and victory),—there was such a day as Sulzer (ACH MEIN LIEBER SULZER!) had never seen in the world. "'Above 50,000 human beings on the Palace Esplanade and streets about;' swaying hither and thither, in agony of expectation, in alternate paroxysm of joy and of terror and woe; often enough the opposite paroxysms simultaneous in the different groups, and men crushed down in despair met by men leaping into the air for very gladness:" Sulzer (whose sympathy is of very aesthetic type) "would not, for any consideration, have missed such a scene." [*Briefe der Schweitzer Bodmer, Sulzer, Gessner; aus Gleim's literarischen Nachlasse: herausgegeben von Wilhelm Korte* (Zurich, 1804), pp. 316–319.] The "scene" is much obliged to you, MEIN LIEBER!—

Practically we find, in Rodenbeck, or straggling elsewhere, this Note: "On the day after Kunersdorf, Queen and Court fly to Magdeburg: this is their second flight. Their first was on Haddick's Visit, October, 1757; but after Rossbach they soon returned, and Berlin and the Court were then extremely gay: different gentlemen, French and others of every Nation, fallen prisoners, made the Queen's soirees the finest in the world for splendor and variety, at that time." [Rodenbeck, i. 390;

One other Note we save, for the sake of poor Major Kleist, "Poet of the Spring," as he was then called. A valiant, punctual Soldier, and with a turn for Literature as well; who wrote really pleasant fine things, new at that time and rapturously welcome, though too much in the sentimental vein for the times which have followed. Major

Kleist,—there is a General Kleist, a Colonel Kleist of the Green Hussars (called GRUNE Kleist, a terrible cutting fellow):— this is not Grune Kleist; this is the Poet of THE SPRING; whose fate at Kunersdorf made a tragic impression in all intelligent circles of Teutschland. Here is Kriele's Note (abridged):—

"Christian Ewald von Kleist, 'Poet of the Spring' [a Pommern gentleman, now in his forty-fourth year], was of Finck's Division; had come on, after those Eight Battalions took the first Russian battery [that is, Muhlberg]; and had been assisting, with zeal, at the taking of three other batteries, regardless of twelve contusions, which he gradually got. At the third battery, he was farther badly hurt on the left arm and the right. Took his Colonel's place nevertheless, whom he now saw fall; led the regiment MUTHIG forward on the fourth battery. A case-shot smashed his right leg to pieces; he fell from his horse [hour not given, shall we say 3 P.M.]; sank, exclaiming: 'KINDER, My children, don't forsake your King!' and fainted there. Was carried to rear and leftward; laid down on some dry spot in the Elsbruch, not far from the Kuhgrund, and a Surgeon brought. The Surgeon, while examining, was torn away by case-shot: Kleist lay bleeding without help. A friend of his, Pfau [who told Kriele], one of Finck's Generals, came riding that way: Kleist called to him; asked how the Battle went; uncommonly glad to hear we are still progressive. Pfau undertook, and tried his utmost, for a carriage to Kleist; did send one of Finck's own carriages; but after such delays that the Prussians were now yielding: poor Kleist's had become Russian ground, and the carriage could not get in.

"Kleist lay helpless; no luck worse than his. In the evening, Cossacks came round him; stript him stark-naked; threw him, face foremost, into the nearest swampy place, and went their way. One of these devils had something so absurd and Teniers-like in the face of him, that Kleist, in his pains, could not help laughing at remembrance of it. In the night some Russian Hussars, human and not Cossack, found Kleist in this situation; took him to a dry place; put a cloak over him, kindled a watch-fire for themselves, and gave him water and bread. Towards morning they hastened away, throwing an 8-GROSCHEN STUCK [ninepenny piece, shilling, say half-crown] on his cloak,—with human farewell. But Cossacks again came; again stript him naked and bare. Towards noon of the 13th, Kleist contrived to attract some Russian Cavalry troop passing that way, and got speech of the Captain (one Fackelberg, a German); who at once set about helping him;—and had him actually sent into Frankfurt, in a carriage, that evening. To the House of a Professor Nikolai; where was plenty of surgery and watchful affection. After near thirty hours of such a lair, his wounds seemed still curable; there was hope for ten days. In the tenth night (22d–23d August), the shivered pieces of bone disunited themselves; cut an artery,—which, after many trials, could not be tied. August 24th, at two in the morning, he died.—Great sorrow. August 26th, there was soldier's funeral; poor Kleist's coffin borne by twelve Russian grenadiers; very many Russian Officers attending, who had come from the Camp for that end; one Russian Staff-Officer of them unbuckling his own sword to lay on the bier, as there was want of one. King Friedrich had Kleist's Portrait hung in the Garrison Kirche. Freemason Lodge, in 1788, set up a monument to him," [Kriele, pp. 39–43.]—which still stands on the Frankfurt pavement, and is now in sadly ruinous state.

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: "which will not surprise your Majesty," reports Soltikof to his Czarina; "who are aware that the King of Prussia sells his defeats at a dear rate." And privately Soltikof was heard to say, "Let me fight but another such Victory, and I may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself, with the staff in my hand." The joy at Petersburg, striving not to be braggart or immodest, was solemn, steady and superlative: a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King,—though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon's politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business stepped into a peasant's cottage to consult on it; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there; and sat drinking instead. [Preuss, ii. 217.]

Chapter V. SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN.

Friedrich's despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day,—day after leaving Reitwein,—there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor: "My dear Major—General von Wunsch,—Your Letter of the 16th to Lieutenant—General von Finck punctually arrived here: and for the future, as I am now recovered from my illness, you have to address your Reports directly to Myself.—F." ["Madlitz," on the road to Furstenwalde, "17th August:" in Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse; eine historische Portrait—Skizze* (kind of LECTURE, so let us call it, if again citing it; Lecture delivered, on Friedrich's Birthday, to Majesty and Staff—Officers as Audience, Berlin, 24th January, 1855), p. 18.] Finding that, except Tottleben warily reconnoitring with a few Cossacks, no Russians showed themselves at Reitwein; that the Russians were encamping and intrenching on the Wine—Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate,—he took heart again; ranked his 23,000; sent for General Kleist from Pommern with his Anti—Swedish handful (leave the Swedes alone, as usual in time of crisis); considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin, which is but 60 miles; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again! "Till death, then;—rage on, ye elements and black savageries!" Friedrich's humor is not despondent, now or afterwards; though at this time it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, scorning even to hope: but he is at all times of beautifully practical turn; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. His utterances to D'Argens, about this time and onward,—brief hints, spontaneous, almost unconscious,—give curious testimony of his glooms and moody humors. Of which the reader shall see something. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. "Actual running away!" he will have it to be; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory); —though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and rain—deluges, but refusing to pause; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes; aware that the Storm—winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth's Shadow:—a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

Once more the world was certain of Friedrich's ruin;—Friedrich himself we have seen certain of it, for some few desperate hours:— but the world and he, as had been repeatedly the world's case, were both disappointed. Intrinsicly there could be little doubt but Friedrich's enemies might now have ruined him, had they been diligent about it. Now again, and now more than ever, they have the winning—post in sight. At small distance is the goal and purpose of all these four years' battlings and marchings, and ten years' subterranean plottings and intrigings. He himself says deliberately, "They had only to give him the finishing stroke (COUP—DE—GRACE)." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 20.] But they never gave him that stroke; could not do it, though heartily desirous. Which was, and is, matter of surprise to an observant public.

The cause of failure may be considered to have been, in good part, Daun and his cunctations. Daun's zeal was unquestionable; ardent and continual is Daun's desire to succeed: but to try it at his own risk was beyond his power. He expected always to succeed by help of others: and to show them an example, and go vigorously to work himself, was what he never could resolve on. Could play only Fabius Cunctator, it would seem; and never was that part less wanted than now! Under such a Chief Figure, the "incoherency of action," instead of diminishing, as Friedrich had feared, rose daily towards its maximum; and latterly became extreme. The old Lernean Hydra had many heads; but they belonged all to one body. The many heads of this Anti—Friedrich Hydra had withal each its own body, and separate set of notions and advantages. Friedrich was at least a unity; his whole strength going one way, and at all moments, under his own sole command. The value of this circumstance is

incalculable; this is the saving-clause of Pitt and his England (Pitt also a despotic sovereign, though a temporary one); this, second only to Friedrich's great gifts from Nature, and the noble use he makes of them, is above all others the circumstance that saved him in such a duel with the Hydras.

On the back of Kunersdorf, accordingly, there was not only no finishing stroke upon Friedrich, but for two months no stroke or serious attempt whatever in those neighborhoods where Friedrich is. There are four Armies hereabouts: The Grand Russian, hanging by Frankfurt; Friedrich at Furstenwalde (whitherward he marched from Reitwein August 16th), at Furstenwalde or farther south, guarding Berlin;—then, unhurt yet by battle of any kind, there are the Grand Daunish or Mark-Lissa Army, and Prince Henri's of Schmottseifen. Of which latter Two the hitchings and manoeuvrings from time to time become vivid, and never altogether cease; but in no case come to anything. Above two months' scientific flourishing of weapons, strategic counter-dancing; but no stroke struck, or result achieved, except on Daun's part irreparable waste of time:— all readers would feel it inhuman to be burdened with any notice of such things. One march of Prince Henri's, which was of a famous and decisive character, we will attend to, when it comes, that is, were the end of September at hand; the rest must be imagined as a general strategic dance in those frontier parts,—Silesia to rearward on one side, the Lausitz and Frankfurt on the other,—and must go on, silently for most part, in the background of the reader's fancy. Indeed, Saxony is the scene of action; Friedrich, Henri, Soltikof, Daun, comparatively inactive for the next six weeks and more.

Some days before Kunersdorf, Daun personally, with I will forget how many thousands, had made a move to northward from Mark-Lissa, 60 miles or so, through Sagan Country; and lies about Priebus, waiting there ever since. Priebus is some 40 miles north of Gorlitz, about 60 west of Glogau, south of Frankfurt 80. This is where the Master-Smith, having various irons in the fire, may be handiest for clutching them out, and forging at them, as they become successively hot. Daun, as Master-Smith, has at least three objects in view. The FIRST is, as always, Reconquest of Silesia: this is obstructed by Prince Henri, who sits, watchful on the threshold, at Schmottseifen yonder. The SECOND is, as last year, Capture of Dresden: which is much the more feasible at present,— there being, except the Garrisons, no Prussian force whatever in Saxony; and a Reichs Army now actually there at last, after its long haggling about its Magazines; and above all, a Friedrich with his hands full elsewhere. To keep Friedrich's hands full,—in other words, to keep the Russians sticking to him,—that is the THIRD object: or indeed we may call it the first, second and third; for Daun is well aware that unless Soltikof can manage to keep Friedrich busy, Silesia, Saxony and all else becomes impossible.

Ever since the fortunate junction of Loudon with Soltikof, Daun has sat, and still sits, expectant; elaborately calculative, gathering Magazines in different parts, planting out-parties, this way, that way, with an eye to these three objects, all or each,—especially to the third object, which he discerns to be all AND each. Daun was elaborately calculative with these views: but to try any military action, upon Prince Henri for example, or bestir himself otherwise than in driving provender forward, and marching detachments hither and thither to the potentially fit and fittest posts, was not in Daun's way,—so much the worse for Daun, in his present course of enterprise.

Prince Henri had lain quiet at Schmottseifen, waiting his Brother's adventure; did not hear the least tidings of him till six days after Kunersdorf, and then only by rumor; hideous, and, though still dubious, too much of it probable! On the very day of Kunersdorf, Henri had begun effecting some improvements on his right flank,—always a sharply strategic, most expert creature,— and made a great many motions, which would be unintelligible here. [Detailed, every fibre of them (as is the soul-confusing custom there), in Tempelhof, iii. 228 et seq.] Henri feels now that upon him lies a world of duties; and foremost of all, the instant duty of endeavoring to open communication with his Brother. Many marches, in consequence; much intricate marching and manoeuvring between Daun and him: of which, when we come to Henri's great March (of 25th September), there may be again some hint.

For the present, let readers take their Map, and endeavor to fix the following dates and localities in their mind. Here, in summary, are the King's various Marches, and Two successive Encampments, two only, during those Six Weeks of forced inaction, while he is obliged to stand watching the Russians, and to witness so many complicacies and disasters in the distance; which he struggles much and fruitlessly to hinder or help:—

ENCAMPMENT 1st (Furstenwalde, August 18th–30th). Friedrich left Reitwein AUGUST 16th; 17th, he is at Madlitz [Note to Wunsch written there, which we read]; 18th, to Furstenwalde, and encamp. Furstenwalde is on the Spree, straight between Frankfurt and Berlin; 25 miles from the former, 35 from the latter. Here for near a

fortnight. At first, much in alarm about the Russians and Berlin; but gradually ascertaining that the Russians intend nothing.

"In effect, all this while Soltikof lay at Lossow, 10 miles south of Frankfurt, with his right on Oder; totally motionless, inactive, except listening, often rather gloomily, to Daun's and Montalembert's suasive eloquences and advices,—and once, August 22d, in the little Town of Guben, holding Conference with Daun [of which by and by]. In consequence of which, AUGUST 28th, Soltikof and his Russians and Austrians got under way again; southward, but only a few marches: first to Mullrose, then to Lieberose:—whom, the instant he heard of their movements, Friedrich, August 30th, hastened to follow; but had not to follow very far. Whereupon ensues

"ENCAMPMENT SECOND (Waldau, till September 15th). AUGUST 30th, Friedrich, we say, rose from Furstenwalde; hastened to follow this Russian movement, and keep within wind of it: up the valley of the Spree; first to Mullrose neighborhood [where the Russians, loitering some time, spoiled the canal—locks of the Friedrich—Wilhelm Canal, if nothing more],—thence to Lieberose neighborhood; Waldau, the King's new place of encampment,—Waldau, with Spree Forest to rear of it: silent both parties till September 15th, when Soltikof did fairly march, not towards Berlin, but quite in the opposite direction."

By the middle of September, when the Russians did get on foot, and moved eastward; especially on and after September 25th, when Henri made his famous March westward; then it will behoove us to return to Friedrich and these localities. For the present we must turn to Saxony, where, and not here, the scene of action is. Take, farther, only the following bits of Note, which will now be readable. First, these Utterances to D'Argens; direct glimpses into the heavy—laden, indeed hag—ridden and nearly desperate inner man of Friedrich, during the first three weeks after his defeat at Kunersdorf:—

THE KING TO MARQUIS D'ARGENS (at Berlin): Six Notes.

1. "MADLITZ [road from Reitwein to Furstenwalde], 16th AUGUST, 1759. We have been unfortunate, my dear Marquis; but not, by my fault. The victory was ours, and would even have been a complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment abandoned the field of battle. The enemy to—day is on march to Mullrose, to unite with Haddick [not to Mullrose for ten days yet; Haddick had already got united with THEM]. The Russian infantry is almost totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks, all that I have been able to assemble amounts to 32,000 men; with these I am pushing on to throw myself across the enemy's road, and either perish or save the Capital. That is not what you [you Berliners] will call a deficiency of resolution.

"For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than one, I would sacrifice them all to my Country. But if this stroke fail, I think I am clear—scores with her, and that it will be permissible to look a little to myself. There are limits to everything. I support my misfortune; courage not abated by it: but I am well resolved, after this stroke, if it fail, to open an outgate for myself [that small glass tube which never quits me], and no longer be the sport of any chance."

2. Furstenwalde, 20th AUGUST. ... "Remain at Berlin, or retire to Potsdam; in a little while there will come some catastrophe: it is not fit that you suffer by it. If things take a good turn, you can be back to Berlin [from Potsdam] in four hours. If ill—luck still pursue us, go to Hanover or to Zelle, where you can provide for your safety.

"I protest to you, that in this late Action I did what was humanly possible to conquer; but my people"—Oh, your Majesty!

3. FURSTENWALDE, 21st AUGUST. ... "The enemy is intrenching himself near Frankfurt; a sign he intends no attempt. If you will do me the pleasure to come out hither, you can in all safety. Bring your bed with you; bring my Cook Noel; and I will have you a little chamber ready. You will be my consolation and my hope."—

This day,—let readers mark the circumstance,—Friedrich, in better spirits, detaches Wunsch with some poor 6,000, to try if he can be of help in Saxony; where the Reichs Army, now arrived in force, and with nothing whatever in the field against them, is taking all the Northward Garrison—Towns, and otherwise proceeding at a high rate. Too possibly with an eye towards Dresden itself! Wunsch sets out August 21st. [Tempelhof, iii. 211.] And we shall hear of him in those Saxon Countries before long.

4. FURSTENWALDE, 22d AUGUST. "Yesterday I wrote to you to come; but to—day I forbid it. Daun is at Kotbus; he is marching on Luben and Berlin [nothing like so rash!].—Fly these unhappy Countries!— This news obliges me again to attack the Russians between here and Frankfurt. You may imagine if this is a desperate resolution. It is the sole hope that remains to me, of not being cut off from Berlin on the one side or the other. I

will give the discouraged troops some brandy"—alas!—"but I promise myself nothing of success. My one consolation is, that I shall die sword in hand."

5. SAME PLACE AND DAY (after a Letter FROM D'Argens). "You make the panegyric, MON CHER, of an Army that does not deserve any. The soldiers had good limbs to run with, none to attack the enemy. [Alas, your Majesty; after fifteen hours of such marching and fighting!]

"For certain I will fight; but don't flatter yourself about the event. A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to Tangermunde [since the Royal Family went, D'Argens and many Berliners are thinking of flight], to Tangermunde, where you will be well; and wait there how Destiny shall have disposed of us. I will go to reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow. Next day, if there is anything to do, we will try it. But if the enemy still holds to the Wine-Hills of Frankfurt, I shall never dare to attack him.

"No, the torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I suffer for the last ten days [from Kunersdorf till now, when destruction has to be warded off again, and the force wanting]. Death is sweet in comparison to such a life. Have compassion on me and it; and believe that I still keep to myself a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict or disquiet anybody with them; and that I would not counsel you to fly these unlucky Countries, if I had any ray of hope. Adieu, MON CHER."

Four days after, AUGUST 25th, from this same Furstenwalde, the Russians still continuing stagnant, Friedrich despatches to Schmettau, Commandant of Dresden (by some industrious hand, for the roads are all blocked), a Second Letter, "That Dresden is of the highest moment; that in case of Siege there, relief [Wunsch, namely, and perhaps more that may follow] is on the road; and that Schmettau must defend himself to the utmost." Let us hope this Second Missive may counteract the too despondent First, which we read above, should that have produced discouragement in Schmettau! [Second Letter is given in *Schmettau's Leben*, pp. 436, 437.]—D'Argens does run to Wolfenbittel; stays there till September 9th. Nothing more from Friedrich till 4th September, when matters are well cooled again.

6. WALDAU, 4th SEPTEMBER. "I think Berlin is now in safety; you may return thither. The Barbarians [Russians] are in the Lausitz; I keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so that there is nothing to fear for the Capital. The imminency of danger is past; but there will still be many bad moments to get through, before reaching the end of the Campaign. These, however, only regard myself; never mind these. My martyrdom will last two months yet; then the snows and the ices will end it." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 78, 82, 83, 85, 86.]

Thus at Furstenwalde, then at Waldau, keeping guard, forlorn but resolute, against the intrusive Russian-Austrian deluges, Friedrich stands painfully vigilant and expectant,—still for about a fortnight more. With bad news coming to him latterly, as we shall hear. He is in those old moorland Wusterhausen Countries, once so well known under far other circumstances. Thirty years ago, in fine afternoons, we used to gallop with poor Duhan de Jandun, after school-tasks done, towards Mittenwalde, Furstenwalde and the furzy environs, far and wide; at home, our Sister and Mother waiting with many troubles and many loves, and Papa sleeping, Pan-like, under the shadow of his big tree:—Thirty years ago, ah me, gone like a dream is all that; and there is solitude and desolation and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead! These, I suppose, were Friedrich's occasional remembrances; silent always, in this locality and time. The Sorrows of WERTER, of the GIAOUR, of the Dyspeptic Tailor in multifarious forms, are recorded in a copious heart-rending manner, and have had their meed of weeping from a sympathetic Public: but there are still a good few Sorrows which lie wrapt in silence, and have never applied there for an idle tear!—Let us look now into Daun's side of things.

DAUM, AFTER NEGOTIATION, HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH SOLTIKOF (at Guben, August 22d).—"Daun, who had moved to Priebus, with a view to be nearer Soltikof, had scarcely got his tent pitched there {August 13th), when a breathless horseman rode in, with a Note from Loudon, dated the night before: 'King of Prussia beaten, to the very bone, beyond mistake this time,—utterly ruined, if one may judge!' What a vision of the Promised Land! Delighted Daun moves forward, one march, to Triebel on the morrow; to be one march nearer the scene of glory, and endeavor to forge this biggest of the hot irons to advantage.

"At Triebel Soltikof's own account, elucidated by oral messengers, eye-witnesses, and, in short, complete conspectus of this ever memorable Victory, await the delighted Daun. Who despatches messengers, one and another; Lacy, the first, not succeeding quite: To congratulate with enthusiasm the most illustrious of Generals; who has beaten King Friedrich as none else ever did or could; beaten to the edge of extinction;—especially to urge him upon trampling out this nearly extinct King, before he gleam up again. Soltikof understands the

congratulations very well; but as to that of trampling out, snorts an indignant negative: 'Nay, you, why don't you try it? Surely it is more your business than my Imperial Mistress's or mine. We have wrenched two victories from him this season. Kay and Kunersdorf have killed near the half of us: go you in, and wrench something!' This is Soltikof's logic; which no messenger of Daun's, Lacy or another, aided by never such melodies and suasions from Montalembert and Loudon, who are permanently diligent that way, can shake.

"And truly it is irrefragable. How can Daun, if himself merely speculative, calculative, hope that Soltikof will continue acting? Men who have come to help you in a heavy job of work need example. If you wish me to weep, be grieved yourself first of all. Soltikof angrily wipes his countenance at this point, and insists on a few tears from Daun. Without metaphor, Soltikof has shot away all his present ammunition, his staff of bread is quite precarious in these parts; and Soltikof thinks always, 'Is it my business, then, or is it yours?'

"Soltikof has intrenched himself on the Wine-Hills at Lossow, comfortably out of Friedrich's way, and contiguous to Oder and the provision-routes; sits there, angrily deaf to the voice of the charmer; nothing to be charmed out of him, but gusts of indignation, instead of consent. A proud, high-going, indignant kind of man, with a will of his own. And sees well enough what is what, in all this symphony of the Lacys, the Montalemberts and surrounding adorers. Montalembert, who is here this season, our French best man (unprofitable Swedes must put up with an inferior hand), is extremely persuasive, tries all the arts of French rhetoric, but effects nothing. 'To let the Austrians come in for the finishing stroke,---Excellence, it will be to let them gain, in History, a glory which is of your earning. Daun and Austria, not Soltikof and Russia, will be said to have extinguished this pestilent King; whom History will have to remember!' [Choiseul's Letter (not DUC de Choiseul, but COMTE, now Minister at Vienna) to Montalembert, "Vienna, 16th August;" and Montalembert's Answer, "Lieberhausen [means LIEBEROSE], 31st August, 1759:" in Montalembert, *Correspondance*, ii. 58-65.] 'With all my heart,' answers Soltikof; 'I make the Austrians and History perfectly welcome! Monsieur, my ammunition is in Posen; my bread is fallen scarce; in Frankfurt can you find me one horse more?' Indignant Soltikof is not to be taken by chaff; growls now and then, if you stir him to the bottom: 'Why should we, who are volunteer assistants, take all the burden of the work? I will fall back to Posen, and home to Poland and East Preussen, if this last much longer.'

"Austria has a good deal disgusted these Soltikofs and Russian Chief Officers;---who are not so stupid as Austria supposes. Austria's steady wish is, 'Let them do their function of cat's-paw for us; we are here to eat the chestnuts; not, if we can help it, to burn our own poor fingers for them!' After every Campaign hitherto, Austria has been in use to raise eager accusations at Petersburg; and get the Apraxins, Fermors into trouble: this is not the way to conciliate Russian General Officers. Austria, taught probably by Daun, now tries the other tack: heaps Soltikof with eulogies, flatteries, magnificent presents. All which Soltikof accepts, but with a full sense of what they mean. An unmanageable Soltikof; his answer always,---'Your turn now to fight a victory! I will go my ways to Posen again, if you don't.' And, in these current weeks, in Soltikof's audience-room, if anybody were curious about it, we could present a very lively solicitation going on, with answers very gruff and negatory. No suasion of Montalembert, Lacy, and Daun Embassies, backed by diamond-hilted swords, and splendor of gifts from Vienna itself, able to prevail on the barbarous people.

"Daun at length resolves to go in person; solicits an Interview with the distinguished Russian Conqueror; gets it, meets Soltikof at Guben, half-way house between Frankfurt and Triebel; select suite attending both Excellencies (August 22d); and exerts whatever rhetoric is in him on the barbarous man.

The barbarous man is stiff as brass; but Daun comes into all his conditions: 'Saxony, Silesia,---Excellenz, we have them both within clutch; such our exquisite angling and manoeuvring, in concert with your immortal victory, which truly gives the life-breath to everything. Oh, suffer us to clutch them: keep that King away from us; and see if they are not ours, Saxony first, Silesia next! Provisions of meal? I will myself undertake to furnish bread for you [though I have to cart it from Bohemia all the way, and am myself terribly off; but fixed to do the impossible]; ration of bread shall fail no Russian man, while you escort us as protective friend. Towards Saxony first, where the Reichs Army is, and not a Prussian in the field; the very Garrisons mostly gone by this time. Dresden is to be besieged, within a week; Dresden itself is ours, if only YOU please! Come into the Lausitz with us, Magazines are there, loaves in abundance: Saxony done, Dresden ours, cannot we turn to Silesia together; besiege Glogau together (I am myself about trying Neisse, by Harsch again); capture Glogau as well as Neisse; and crown the successfulest campaign that ever was? Oh, Excellenz---!'"

In a word, Excellenz, strictly fixing that condition of the loaves, consents. Will get ready to leave those Frankfurt Wine-Hills in about a week. "But the loaves, you recollect: no Bread, no Russian!" Daun returns to Triebel a victorious man,—though with an onerous condition incumbent. Tempelhof, minutely computing, finds that to cart from Bohemia such a cipher of human rations daily into these parts, will surpass all the vehiculatory power of Daun. [Tempelhof, iii. 225.]

THE "REICHS ARMY" 80 CALLED HAS ENTERED SAXONY, UNDER FINE OMENS; DOES SOME FEATS OF SIEGING (August 7th–23d), —WITH AN EYE ON DRESDEN AS THE CROWNING ONE.

The Reichs Army, though it had been so tumbled about, in Spring, with such havoc on its magazines and preparations, could not wait to refit itself, except superficially; and showed face over the Mountains almost earlier than usual. The chance was so unique: a Saxony left to its mere Garrisons,—as it continued to be, for near two months this Year. On such golden opportunity the Reichs Army—first, in light mischievous precursor parties, who roamed as far as Halle or even as Halberstadt; then the Army itself, well or ill appointed, under Generalissimo the Prince von Zweibruck,—did come on, winding through Thuringen towards the Northwestern Towns; various Austrian Auxiliary-Corps making appearance on the Dresden side. Eight Austrian regiments, as a permanency, are in the Reichs Army itself. Commander, or part Commander, of the eight is (what alone I find noteworthy in them) "Herr General Thomas von Blonquet:" Irish by nation, says a foot-note; [Seyfarth, ii. 831 n.]—sure enough some adventurous "Thomas PLUNKET," visible this once, soldiering, in those circumstances; never heard of by a sympathetic reader before or after. It was while the King was hunting the Haddick-Loudon people in Sagan Country in such vehement fashion, that Zweibruck came trumpeting into Saxony,—King, Prince Henri and everybody, well occupied otherwise, far away!

The Reichs Army has a camp at Naumburg (Rossbach neighborhood): and has light troops out in Halle neighborhood; which have seized Halle; are very severe upon Halle, and other places thereabouts, till chased away. August 7th, the Reichs Army begirt Leipzig; summoned the weak garrison there. It is a Town capable of ruin, but not of defence: "Free-withdrawal," proposes the Reichs Army,—and upon these terms gets hold of Leipzig, for the time being. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg; in a fortnight or less, all the Prussian posts in those parts fall to the Reichs Army. Its marchings and siegings, among those Northwestern places, not one of them capable of standing above a few days' siege, are worth no mention, except to Parish History: enough that, by little after the middle of August, Zweibruck had got all these places, "Free-withdrawal" the terms for all; and that, except it be the following feature in their Siege of Torgau, feature mainly Biographic, and belonging to a certain Colonel Wolfersdorf concerned, there is not one of those Sieges now worth a moment's attention from almost any mortal. This is the Torgau feature,—feature of human nature, soldiering under difficulties:—

COLONEL VON WOLFERSDORF BEAUTIFULLY DEFENDS HIMSELF IN TORGAU (August 9th–14th). Two days after Leipzig was had, there appeared at Torgau a Body of Pandours, 2,000 and more; who attempted some kind of scalade on Torgau and its small Garrison (of 700 or so),—where are a Magazine, a Hospital and other properties: not capable, by any garrison, of standing regular siege; but important to defend till you have proper terms offered. The multitudinous Pandours, if I remember, made a rush into the Suburbs, in their usual vociferous way; but were met by the 700 silent Prussians,—silent except through their fire-arms and field-pieces,—in so eloquent a style as soon convinced the Pandour mind, and sent it travelling again. And in the evening of the same day (August 9th), Colonel Wolfersdorf arrives, as new Commandant, and with reinforcements, small though considerable in the circumstances.

Wolfersdorf, one dimly gathers, had marched from Wittenberg on this errand; the whole force in Torgau is now of about 3,000, still with only field-cannon, but with a Captain over them;—who, as is evident, sets himself in a very earnest manner to do his utmost in defence of the place. Next morning Reichs General Kleefeld ("Cloverfield"), with 6 or 8,000 Pandour and Regular, summons Wolfersdorf: "Surrender instantly; or—!" "We will expect you!" answers Wolfersdorf. Whereupon, same morning (August 10th), general storm; storm No. 1: beautifully handled by Wolfersdorf; who takes it in rear (to its astonishment), as well as in front; and sends it off in haste. On the morrow, Saturday, a second followed; and on Sunday a third; both likewise beautifully handled. This third storm, readers see, was "Sunday, August 12th:" a very busy stormful day at Torgau here,—and also, for some others of us, during the heats of Kunersdorf, over the horizon far away! Wolfersdorf tumbles back all storms; furthermore makes mischievous sallies: a destructive, skilled person; altogether prompt, fertile in expedients; and evidently is not to be managed by Kleefeld. So that Prince von Stolberg, Second to supreme

Zweibruck himself, has to take it in hand. And,

MONDAY, 13th, at break of day, Stolberg arrives with a train of battering guns and 6,000 new people; summons Wolfersdorf: "No," as before. Storms him, a fourth time; likewise "No," as before: attacks, thereupon, his Elbe Bridge, and his Redoubt across the River; finds a Wolfersdorf party rush destructively into his rear there. And has to withdraw, and try battering from behind the Elbe Dam. Continues this, violently for about two hours; till again Wolfersdorf, whose poor fieldpieces, the only artillery he has, "cannot reach so far with leaden balls" (the iron balls are done, and the powder itself is almost done), manages, by a flank attack, to quench this also. Which produces entire silence, and considerable private reflection, on the part of indignant Stolberg. Stolberg offers him the favorablest terms devisable: "Withdraw freely, with all your honors, all your properties; only withdraw!" Which Wolfersdorf, his powder and ball being in such a state of ebb, and no relief possible, agrees to; with stipulations very strict as to every particular. [In *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iii. 350) the Capitulation, "August 14th." given IN EXTENSO.]

COLONEL VON WOLFERSDORF WITHDRAWS, ALSO BEAUTIFULLY (August 15th). Accordingly, Wednesday, August 15th, at eight in the morning, Wolfersdorf by the Elbe Gate moves out; across Elbe Bridge, and the Redoubt which is on the farther shore yonder. Near this Redoubt, Stolberg and many of his General Officers are waiting to see him go. He goes in state; flags flying, music playing. Battalion Hessen-Cassel, followed by all our Packages, Hospital convalescents, King's Artillery, and whatever is the King's or ours, marches first. Next comes, as rear-guard to all this, Battalion Grollmann;—along with which is Wolfersdorf himself, knowing Grollmann for a ticklish article (Saxons mainly); followed on the heel by Battalion Hofmann, and lastly by Battalion Salmuth, trusty Prussians both of these.

Battalion Hessen-Cassel and the Baggages are through the Redoubt, Prince of Stolberg handsomely saluting as saluted. But now, on Battalion Grollmann's coming up, Stolberg's Adjutant cries out with a loud voice of proclamation, many Officers repeating and enforcing: "Whoever is a brave Saxon, whoever is true to his Kaiser, or was of the Reichs Army, let him step out: Durchlaucht will give him protection!" At sound of which Grollmann quivers as if struck by electricity; and instantly begins dissolving;—dissolves, in effect, nearly all, and is in the act of vanishing like a dream! Wolfersdorf is a prompt man; and needs to be so. Wolfersdorf, in Olympian rage, instantly stops short; draws pistol: "I will shoot dead every man that quits rank!" vociferates he; and does, with his pistol, make instant example of one; inviting every true Prussian to do the like: "Jagers, Hussars, a ducat for every traitor you shoot down!" continues Wolfersdorf (and punctually paid it afterwards): unable to prevent an almost total dissolution of Grollmann. For some minutes, there is a scene indescribable: storm of vociferation, menace, musket-shot, pistol-shot; Grollmann disappearing on every side,— "behind the Redoubt, under the Bridge, into Elbe Boats, under the cloaks of the Croats;" —in spite of Wolfersdorf's Olympian rages and efforts.

At sight of the shooting, Prince Stolberg, a hot man, had said indignantly, "Herr, that will be dangerous for you (DAS WIRD NICHT GUT GEHN)!" Wolfersdorf not regarding him a whit; regarding only Grollmann, and his own hot business of coercing it at a ducat per head. Grollmann gone, and Battalion Hofmann in due sequence come up, Wolfersdorf—who has sent an Adjutant, with order, "Hessen-Cassel, HALT"—gives Battalion Hofmann these three words of command: "Whole Battalion, halt!--Front!--Make ready!" (with due simultaneous click of every firelock, on utterance of that last);— and turning to Prince Stolberg, with a brow, with a tone of voice: "Durchlaucht, Article 9 of the Capitulation is express on this point; 'ALL DESERTION STRICTLY PROHIBITED; NO DESERTER TO BE RECEIVED EITHER ON THE IMPERIAL OR ON THE PRUSSIAN SIDE!' [Durchlaucht silently gives, we suppose, some faint sniff.] Since your Durchlaucht does not keep the Capitulation, neither will I regard it farther. I will now take you and your Suite prisoners, return into the Town, and again begin defending myself. Be so good as ride directly into that Redoubt, or I will present, and give fire!"

A dangerous moment for the Durchlaucht of Stolberg; Battalion Salmuth actually taking possession of the wall again; Hofmann here with its poised firelock on the cock, "ready" for that fourth word, as above indicated. A General Lusinsky of Stolberg's train, master of those Croats, and an Austrian of figure, remarks very seriously: "Every point of the Capitulation must be kept!" Upon which Durchlaucht has to renounce and repent; eagerly assists in recovering Grollmann, restores it (little the worse, little the FEWER); will give Wolfersdorf "COMMAND of the Austrian Escort you are to have", and every satisfaction and assurance;—wishful only to get rid of Wolfersdorf. Who thereupon marches to Wittenberg, with colors flying again, and a name mentionable ever

since. [Templehof, iii. 201–204; Seyfarth, ii. 562 n., and *Beylagen*, ii. 587; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 283.]

This Wolfersdorf was himself a Pirna Saxon; serving Polish Majesty, as Major, in that Pirna time; perhaps no admirer of "Feldmarschall Bruhl" and Company?—at any rate, he took Prussian service, as then offered him; and this is his style of keeping it. A decidedly clever soldier, and comes out, henceforth, more and more as such,—unhappily not for long. Was taken at Maxen, he too, as will be seen. Rose, in after times, to be Lieutenant-General, and a man famous in the Prussian military circles; but given always, they say, to take the straight line (or shortest distance between self and object), in regard to military matters, to recruiting and the like, and thus getting himself into trouble with the Civil Officials.

Wolfersdorf, at Wittenberg or farther on, had a flattering word from the King; applauding his effective procedures at Torgau; and ordering him, should Wittenberg fall (as it did, August 23d), to join Wunsch, who is coming with a small Party to try and help in those destitute localities. Wunsch the King had detached (21st August), as we heard already. Finck the King finds, farther, that he can detach (from Waldau Country, September 7th); [Tempelhof, iii. 211, 237.] Russians being so languid, and Saxony fallen into such a perilous predicament.

"Few days after Kunersdorf," says a Note, which should be inserted here, "there had fallen out a small Naval matter, which will be consolatory to Friedrich, and go to the other side of the account, when he hears of it: Kunersdorf was Sunday, August 12th; this was Saturday and Sunday following. Besides their Grand Brest Fleet, with new Flat-bottoms, and world-famous land-preparations going on at Vannes, for Invasion of proud Albion, all which are at present under Hawke's strict keeping, the French have, ever since Spring last, a fine subsidiary Fleet at Toulon, of very exultant hopes at one time; which now come to finis.

"SEA-FIGHT (PROPERLY SEA-HUNT OF 200 MILES), IN THE CADIZ WATERS, AUGUST 18th–19th. The fine Toulon Fleet, which expected at one time, Pitt's ships being so scattered over the world, to be 'mistress of the Mediterranean,' has found itself, on the contrary (such were Pitt's resources and promptitudes); cooped in harbor all Summer; Boscawen watching it in the usual strict way. No egress possible; till, in the sultry weather (8th July–4th August), Boscawen's need of fresh provisions, fresh water and of making some repairs, took him to Gibraltar, and gave the Toulon Fleet a transient opportunity, which it made use of.

"August 17th, at 8 in the evening, Boscawen, at Gibraltar (some of his ships still in deshabelle or under repair), was hastily apprised by one of his Frigates, That the Toulon Fleet had sailed; been seen visibly at Ceuta Point so many hours ago. 'Meaning,' as Boscawen guesses, 'to be through the Straits this very night!' By power of despatch, the deshabelle ships were rapidly got buttoned together (in about two hours); and by 10 P.M. all were under sail. And soon were in hot chase; the game, being now in view,—going at its utmost through the Straits, as anticipated. At 7 next morning (Saturday, August 18th) Boscawen got clutch of the Toulon Fleet; still well east of Cadiz, somewhere in the Trafalgar waters, I should guess. Here Boscawen fought and chased the Toulon Fleet for 24 hours coming; drove it finally ashore, at Lagos on the coast of Portugal, with five of its big ships burnt or taken, its crews and other ships flying by land and water, its poor Admiral mortally wounded; and the Toulon Fleet a ruined article. The wind had been capricious, here fresh, there calm; now favoring the hunters, now the hunted; both Fleets had dropped in two. De la Clue, the French Admiral, complained bitterly how his Captains lagged, or shore off and forsook him. Boscawen himself, who for his own share had gone at it eagle-like, was heard grumbling, about want of speed in some people; and said: 'It is well; but it might have been better!' [Beatson, ii. 313–319; ib. iii. 237–238, De la Clue, the French Admiral's Despatch;—Boscawen's Despatch, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 434.]

"De la Clue—fallen long ago from all notions of 'dominating the Mediterranean'—had modestly intended to get through, on any terms, into the Ocean; might then, if possible, have joined the Grand 'Invasion Squadron,' now lying at Brest, till Vannes and the furnishings are ready, or have tried to be troublesome in the rear of Hawke, who is blockading all that. A modest outlook in comparison;—and this is what it also has come to. As for the Grand Invasion Squadron, Admiral Conflans, commanding it, still holds up his head in Brest Harbor, and talks big. Makes little of Rodney's havoc on the Flat-bottoms at Havre, 'Will soon have Flat-bottoms again: and you shall see!'—if only Hawke, and wind and weather and Fortune, will permit."

AUSTRIAN REICHS ARMY DOES ITS CROWNING FEAT (August 26th–September 4th): DIARY OF WHAT IS CALLED THE "SIEGE" OF DRESDEN.

Since the first weeks of, August there have been Austrian detachments, Wehla's Corps, Brentano's Corps, entering Saxony from the northeast or Daun-ward side, and posting themselves in the strong points looking

towards Dresden; waiting there till the Reichs Army should capture its Leipzigs, Torgaus, Wittenbergs, and roll forward from northwest. To all which it is easy to fancy what an impetus was given by Kunersdorf and August 12th; the business, after that, going on double-quick, and pointing to immediate practical industry on Dresden. The Reichs Army hastens to settle its northwestern Towns, puts due garrison in each, leaves a 10 or 12,000 movable for general protection, in those parts; and, August 23d, marches for Dresden. There are only some 15,000 left of it now; almost half the Reichs Army drunk up in that manner; were not Daun now speeding forth his Maguire with a fresh 12,000; who is to command the Wehlas and Brentanos as well. And, in effect, to be Austrian Chief, and as regards practical matters, Manager of this important Enterprise,—all-important to Daun just now. Schmettau in Dresden sees clearly what mischief is at hand.

To Daun this Siege of Dresden is the alpha to whatever omegas there may be: he and his Soltikof are to sit waiting this; and can attempt nothing but eating of provender, till this be achieved. As the Siege was really important, though not quite the alpha to all omegas, and has in it curious points and physiognomic traits, we will invite readers to some transient inspection of it,—the rather as there exist ample contemporary Narratives, DIARIUMS and authentic records, to render that possible and easy. [In TEMPELHOF (iii. 210–216–222) complete and careful Narrative; in ANONYMOUS OF HAMBURG (iii. 371–377) express "DAY-BOOK" by some Eye-witness in Dresden.]

"Ever since the rumor of Kunersdorf," says one Diarium, compiled out of many, "in the last two weeks of August, Schmettau's need of vigilance and diligence has been on the increase, his outlooks becoming grimmer and grimmer. He has a poorish Garrison for number (3,700 in all [Schmettau's LEBEN (by his Son), p. 408.]), and not of the best quality; deserters a good few of them: willing enough for strokes; fighting fellows all, and of adventurous turn, but uncertain as to loyalty in a case of pinch. He has endless stores in the place; for one item, almost a million sterling of ready money. Poor Schmettau, if he knew it, has suddenly become the Leonidas of this campaign, Dresden its Thermopylae; and"—But readers can conceive the situation.

"AUGUST 20th, Schmettau quits the Neustadt, or northern part of Dresden, which lies beyond the River: unimportant that, and indefensible with garrison not adequate; Schmettau will strengthen the River-bank, blow up the Stone Bridge if necessary, and restrict himself to Dresden Proper. The Court is here; Schmettau does not hope that the Court can avert a Siege from him; but he fails not to try, in that way too, and may at least gain time.

"AUGUST 25th, He has a Mine put under the main arch of the Bridge: 'mine ill-made, uncertain of effect,' reports the Officer whom he sent to inspect it. But it was never tried, the mere rumor of it kept off attacks on that side. Same day, August 25th, Schmettau receives that unfortunate Royal Missive [Tempelhof, iii. 208; Schmettau's LEBEN (p. 421) has "August 27th."] written in the dark days of Reitwein, morrow of Kunersdorf (14th or 13th August)," which we read above. "That there is another Letter on the road for him, indicating 'Relief shall be tried,' is unknown to Schmettau, and fatally continues unknown. While Schmettau is reading this (August 25th), General Wunsch has been on the road four days: Wunsch and Wolfersdorf with about 8,000, at their quickest pace, and in a fine winged frame of mind withal, are speeding on: will cross Elbe at Meissen to-morrow night,—did Schmettau only know. People say he did, in the way of rumor, understand that Kunersdorf had not been the fatal thing it was thought; and that efforts would be made by a King like his. In his place one might have, at least, shot out a spy or two? But he did not, then or afterwards.

"Already, ever since the arrival of Wehla and Brentano in those parts, he has been laboring under many uncertainties; too many for a Leonidas! Hanging between Yes and No, even about that of quitting the Neustadt, for example: carrying over portions of his goods, but never heartily the whole; unable to resolve; now lifting visibly the Bridge pavement, then again visibly restoring it;—and, I think, though the contrary is asserted, he had at last to leave in the Neustadt a great deal of stores, horse-provender and other, not needful to him at present, or impossible to carry, when dubiety got ended. He has put a mine under the Bridge; but knows it will not go off.

"Schmettau has been in many wars, but this is a case that tries his soldier qualities as none other has ever done. A case of endless intricacy,—if he be quite equal to it; which perhaps he was not altogether. Nobody ever doubted Schmettau's high qualities as a man and captain; but here are requisite the very highest, and these Schmettau has not. The result was very tragical; I suppose, a pain to Friedrich all his life after; and certainly to Schmettau all his. This is Saturday night, 25th August: before Tuesday week (September 4th) there will have sad things arrived, irremediable to Schmettau. Had Schmettau decided to defend himself, Dresden had not been taken. What a pity Schmettau had not been spared this Missive, calculated to produce mere doubt! Whether he could not,

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and should not, after a ten days of inquiry and new discernment, have been able to read the King's true meaning, as well as the King's momentary humor, in this fatal Document, there is no deciding. Sure enough, he did not read the King's true meaning in it, but only the King's momentary humor; did not frankly set about defending himself to the death,—or 'seeing' in that way 'whether he could not defend himself,'—with a good capitulation lying in the rear, after he had.

"SUNDAY, AUGUST 26th, Trumpet at the gates. Messenger from Zweibruck is introduced blindfold; brings formal Summons to Schmettau. Summons duly truculent: 'Resistance vain; the more you resist, the worse it will be,—and there is a worst [that of being delivered to the Croats, and massacred every man], of which why should I speak? Especially if in anything you fail of your duty to the Kur-Prinz [Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent, poor crook-backed young Gentleman, who has an excellent sprightly Wife, a friend of Friedrich's and daughter of the late Kaiser Karl VII., whom we used so beautifully], imagine what your fate will be!'—To which Schmettau answers: 'Can Durchlaucht think us ignorant of the common rules of behavior to Persons of that Rank? For the rest, Durchlaucht knows what our duties here are, and would despise us if we did NOT do them;'—and, in short, our answer again is, in polite forms, 'Pooh, pooh; you may go your way!' Upon which the Messenger is blindfolded again; and Schmettau sets himself in hot earnest to clearing out his goods from the Neustadt; building with huge intertwined cross-beams and stone and earth—masses a Battery at his own end of the Bridge, batteries on each side of it, below and above;—locks the Gates; and is passionately busy all Sunday,— though divine service goes on as usual.

"Hardly were the Prussian guns got away, when Croat people in quantity came in, and began building a Battery at their end of the Bridge, the main defence-work being old Prussian meal-barrels, handily filled with earth. 'If you fire one cannon-ball across on us,' said Schmettau, 'I will bombard the Neustadt into flame in few minutes [I have only to aim at our Hay Magazine yonder]: be warned! 'Nor did they once fire from that side; Electoral Highness withal and Royal Palace being quite contiguous behind the Prussian Bridge-Battery. Electoral Highness and Household are politely treated, make polite answer to everything; intend going down into the 'APOTHEKE' (Kitchen suite), or vaulted part of the Palace, and will lodge there when the cannonade begins.

"This same SUNDAY, AUGUST 26th, Maguire arrived; and set instantly to building his bridge at Pillnitz, a little way above Dresden: at Uebigau, a little below Dresden, the Reichsfolk have another. Reichsfolk, Zweibruck in person, come all in on Wednesday; post themselves there, to north and west of the City. What is more important, the siege-guns, a superb stock, are steadily floating, through the Pirna regions, hitherward; get to hand on Friday next, the fifth day hence. [Tempelhof, p. 210.] Korbitz (half-way out to Kesselsdorf) is Durchlaucht's head-quarter:—Chief General is Durchlaucht, conspicuously he, at least in theory, and shall have all the glory; though Maguire, glancing on these cannon, were it nothing more, has probably a good deal to say. Maguire too, I observe, takes post on that north or Kesselsdorf side; contiguous for the Head General. Wehla and Brentano post themselves on the south or up-stream side; it is they that hand in the siege-guns: batteries are already everywhere marked out, 13 cannon-batteries and 5 howitzer. In short, from the morrow of that truculent Summons, Monday morning to Thursday, there is hot stir of multifarious preparation on Schmettau's part; and continual pouring in of the hostile force, who are also preparing at the utmost. Thursday, the Siege, if it can be called a Siege, begins. Gradually, and as follows:—

"THURSDAY MORNING (August 30th), Schmettau, who is, night and day, 'palisading the River,' and much else,—discloses (that is, Break of Day discloses on his part) to the Dresden public a huge Gallows, black, huge, of impressive aspect; labelled 'For Plunderers, Mutineers and their Helpers.' [ANONYMOUS OF HAMBURG, iii. 373.] The Austrian heavy guns are not yet in battery; but multitudes of loose Croat people go swarming about everywhere, and there is plentiful firing from such artilleries as they have. This same Thursday morning, two or three battalions of them rush into the Pirna Suburb; attack the Prussian Guard-parties there. Schmettau instantly despatches Captain Kollas and a Trumpet:— 'Durchlaucht, have the goodness to recall these Croat Parties; otherwise the Suburb goes into flame! And directly on arrival of this Messenger, may it please Durchlaucht. For we have computed the time; and will not wait beyond what is reasonable for his return!' Zweibruck is mere indignation and astonishment; 'will burn Halle,' burn Quedlinburg, Berlin itself, and utterly ruin the King of Prussia's Dominion in general:—the rejoinder to which is, burning of Pirna Suburb, as predicted; seventy houses of it, this evening, at six o'clock.

"Onward from which time there is on both sides, especially on Schmettau's, diligent artillery practice;

cannonade kept up wherever Schmettau can see the enemy busy; enemy responding with what artillery he has:—not much damage done, I should think, though a great deal of noise; and for one day (Saturday, September 1st), our Diarist notes, 'Not safe to walk the streets this day.' But, in effect, the Siege, as they call it,—which fell dead on the fifth day, and was never well alive—consists mainly of menace and counter-menace, in the way of bargain-making and negotiation;—and, so far as I can gather, that superb Park of Austrian Artillery, though built into batteries, and talked about in a bullying manner, was not fired from at all.

"Schmettau affects towards the enemy (and towards himself, I dare say) an air of iron firmness; but internally has no such feeling,— 'Calls a Council of War,' and the like. Council of War, on sight of that King's Missive, confirms him with one voice: 'Surely, surely, Excellenz; no defence possible!' Which is a prophecy and a fulfilment, both in one. Why Schmettau did not shoot forth a spy or two, to ascertain for him What, or whether Nothing whatever, was passing outside Dresden? I never understand! Beyond his own Walls, the world is a vacancy and blank to Schmettau, and he seems content it should be so.

"SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2d. Though Schmettau's cannonade was very loud, and had been so all night, divine service was held as usual, streets safe again,—Austrians, I suppose, not firing with cannon. About 4 P.M., after a great deal of powder spent, General Maguire, stepping out on Elbe Bridge, blows or beats Appeal, three times; 'wishes a moment's conversation with his Excellency.' Granted at once; witnesses attending on both sides. 'Defence is impossible; in the name of humanity, consider!' urges Maguire. 'Defence to the last man of us is certain,' answers Schmettau, from the teeth outwards;—but, in the end, engages to put on paper, in case he, by extremity of ill-luck, have at any time to accept terms, what his terms will inflexibly be. Upon which there is 'Armistice till To-morrow:' and Maguire, I doubt not, reports joyfully on this feeling of the enemy's pulse. Zweibruck and Maguire are very well aware of what is passing in these neighborhoods (General Wunsch back at Wittenberg by forced marches; blew it open in an hour); and are growing highly anxious that Dresden on any terms were theirs.

"MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, The death-day of the Siege; an uncommonly busy day,—though Armistice lasted perfect till 3 P.M., and soon came back more perfect than ever. A Siege not killed by cannon, but by medical industry. Let us note with brevity the successive symptoms and appliances. About seven in the morning Maguire had his Messenger in Dresden, 'Your Excellency's Paper ready?' 'Nearly ready,' answers Schmettau; 'we will send it by a Messenger of our own.' And about eleven of the day Maguire does get it;—the same Captain Kollas (whose name we recollect) handing it in; and statue-like waiting Answer. 'Pshaw, this will never do,' ejaculates Maguire; 'terms irrationally high!' Captain Kollas 'knows nothing of what is IN the Paper; and is charged only to bring a Written Answer from Excellenz.' Excellenz, before writing, 'will have to consult with Durchlaucht;' can, however, as if confidentially and from feelings of friendship, can assure you, Sir, on my honor, That the Garrison will be delivered to the Croats, and every man of it put to the sword. 'The Garrison will expect that (WIRD DAS ERWARTEN),' said Kollas, statue-like; and withdrew, with the proper bow. [Tempelhof, iii. 211.] Something interesting to us in these Military diplomatic passages, with their square-elbowed fashions, and politeness stiff as iron! "Not till three of the afternoon does the Written Answer reach Schmettau: 'Such Terms never could be accepted.'—'Good,' answers Schmettau: 'To our last breath no others will be offered.' And commences cannonading again, not very violently, but with the order, 'Go on, then, night and day!"

"About 10 at night, General Guasco, a truculent kind of man, whom I have met with up and down, but not admitted to memory, beats Appeal on the Bridge: 'Inform the Commandant that there will now straightway 13 batteries of cannon, and 5 ditto of howitzers open on him, unless he bethinks himself!' Which dreadful message is taken to Schmettau. 'Wish the gentleman good-evening,' orders Schmettau; 'and say we will answer with 100 guns.' Upon which Guasco vanishes;—but returns in not many minutes, milder in tone; requests 'a sight of that Written Paper of Terms again.' 'There it still is,' answers Schmettau, 'not altered, nor ever shall be.' And there is Armistice again:—and the Siege, as turns out, has fired its last shot; and is painfully expiring in paroxysms of negotiation, which continue a good many hours. Schmettau strives to understand clearly that his terms (of the King's own suggesting, as Schmettau flatters himself) are accepted: nor does Durchlaucht take upon him to refuse in any point; but he is strangely slow to sign, still hoping to mend matters.

"Much hithering and thithering there was, till 4 next morning (Durchlaucht has important news from Torgau, at that moment); till 11 next day; till 4 in the afternoon and later,—Guasco and others coming with message after message, hasty and conciliatory: (Durchlaucht at such a distance, his signature not yet come; but be patient; all is

right, upon my honor!' Very great hurry evident on the part of Guasco and Company; but, nothing suspected by Schmettau. Till, dusk or darkness threatening now to supervene, Maguire and Schmettau with respective suites have a Conference on the Bridge,—'rain falling very heavy.' Durchlaucht's signature, Maguire is astonished to say, has not yet come; hut Maguire pledges his honor 'that all shall be kept without chicane;' and adds 'what to some of us seemed not superfluous afterwards), 'I am incapable of acting falsely or with chicane.' In fact, till 9 in the evening there was no signature by Durchlaucht; but about 6, on such pledge by Maguire of his hand and his honor, the Siege entirely gave up the ghost; and Dresden belonged to Austria. Tuesday Evening, 4th September, 1759; Sun just setting, could anybody see him for the rain.

"Schmettau had been over-hasty; what need had Schmettau of haste? The terms had not yet got signature, perfection of settlement on every point; nor were they at all well kept, when they did! Considerable flurry, temporary blindness, needless hurry, and neglect of symptoms and precautions, must be imputed to poor Schmettau; whose troubles began from this moment, and went on increasing. The Austrians are already besetting Elbe Bridge, rooting up the herring-bone balks; and approaching our Block-house,—sooner than was expected. But that is nothing. On opening the Pirna Gate to share it with the Austrians, Friedrich's Spy (sooner had not been possible to the man) was waiting; who handed Schmettau that Second Letter of Friedrich's, 'Courage; there is relief on the road!' Poor Schmettau!"

What Captain Kollas and the Prussian Garrison thought of all this, THEY were perhaps shy of saying, and we at such distance are not informed,—except by one symptom: that, of Colonel Hoffman, Schmettau's Second, whose indignation does become tragically evident. Hoffman, a rugged Prussian veteran, is indignant at the Capitulation itself; doubly and trebly indignant to find the Austrians on Elbe Bridge, busy raising our Balks and Battery: "How is this Sir?" inquires he of Captain Sydow, who is on guard at the Prussian end; "How dared you make this change, without acquainting the Second in Command? Order out your men, and come along with me to clear the Bridge again!" Sydow hesitates, haggles; indignant Hoffman, growing loud as thunder, pulls out a pistol, fatal-looking to disobedient Sydow; who calls to his men, or whose men spring out uncalled; and shoot Hoffman down,—send two balls through him, so that he died at 8 that night. With noise enough, then and afterwards. Was drunk, said Schmettau's people. Friedrich answered, on report of it: "I think as Hoffman did. If he was 'drunk,' it is pity the Governor and all the Garrison had not been so, to have come to the same judgment, as he." [P.S. in Autograph of Letter to Schmettau, "Waldau, 11th September, 1759" (Preuss, ii.; *Urkundenbuch*, p. 45).] Friedrich's unbearable feelings, of grief and indignation, in regard to all this Dresden matter,—which are not expressed except coldly in business form,—can be fancied by all readers. One of the most tragical bits of ill-luck that ever befell him. A very sore stroke, in his present condition; a signal loss and affront. And most of all, unbearable to think how narrowly it has missed being a signal triumph;—missed actually by a single hair's-breadth, which is as good as by a mile, or by a thousand miles!

Soon after 9 o'clock that evening, Durchlaucht in person came rolling through our battery and the herring-bone balks, to visit Electoral Highness,—which was not quite the legal time either, Durchlaucht had not been half an hour with Electoral Highness, when a breathless Courier came in: "General Wunsch within ten miles [took Torgau in no time, as Durchlaucht well knows, for a week past]; and will be here before we sleep!" Durchlaucht plunged out, over the herring-bone balks again (which many carpenters are busy lifting); and the Electoral Highnesses, in like manner, hurry off to Toplitz that same night, about an hour after. What a Tuesday Night! Poor Hoffman is dead at 8 o'clock; the Saxon Royalties, since 11, are galloping for Pirna, for Toplitz; Durchlaucht of Zweibruck we saw hurry off an hour before them,—Capitulation signature not yet dry, and terms of it beginning to be broken; and Wunsch reported to be within ten miles!

The Wunsch report is perfectly correct. Wunsch is at Grossenhayn this evening; all in a fiery mood of swiftness, his people and he; —and indeed it is, by chance, one of Wolfersdorf's impetuosities that has sent the news so fast. Wunsch had been as swift with Torgau as he was with Wittenberg: he blew out the poor Reichs Garrison there by instant storm, and packed it off to Leipzig, under charge of "an Officer and Trumpet:"—he had, greatly against his will, to rest two days there for a few indispensable cannon from Magdeburg. Cannon once come, Wunsch, burning for deliverance of Dresden, had again started at his swiftest, "Monday, 3d September [death day of the Siege], very early."

"He is under 8,000; but he is determined to do it;—and would have done it, think judges, half thinks Zweibruck himself: such a fire in that Wunsch and his Corps as is very dangerous indeed. At 4 this morning,

Zweibruck heard of his being on march: 'numbers uncertain' --(numbers seemingly not the important point,--blows any number of us about our business!)--and since that moment Zweibruck has driven the capitulation at such a pace; though the flurried Schmettau suspected nothing.

"Afternoon of TUESDAY, 4th, Wunsch, approaching Grossenhayn, had detached Wolfersdorf with 100 light horse rightwards to Grodel, a boating Village on Elbe shore, To seek news of Dresden; also to see if boats are procurable for carrying our artillery up thither. At Grodel, Wolfersdorf finds no boats that will avail: but certain boat-people, new from Dresden, report that no capitulation had been published when they left, but that it was understood to be going on. New spur to Wolfersdorf and Wunsch. Wolfersdorf hears farther in this Village, That there are some thirty Austrian horse in Grossenhayn:--'Possible these may escape General Wunsch!' thinks Wolfersdorf; and decides to have them. Takes thirty men of his own; orders the other seventy to hold rightward, gather what intelligence is going, and follow more leisurely; and breaks off for the Grossenhayn-Dresden Highway, to intercept those fellows.

"Getting to the highway, Wolfersdorf does see the fellows; sees also,--with what degree of horror I do not know,--that there are at least 100 of them against his 30! Horror will do nothing for Wolfersdorf, nor are his other 70 now within reach. Putting a bold face on the matter, he commands, Stentor-like, as if it were all a fact: 'Grenadiers, march; Dragoons, to right forwards, WHEEL; Hussars, FORWARD: MARCH!'--and does terrifically dash forward with the thirty Hussars, or last item of the invoice; leaving the others to follow. The Austrians draw bridle with amazement; fire off their carbines; take to their heels, and do not stop for more. Wolfersdorf captures 68 of them, for behoof of Grossenhayn; and sends the remaining 32 galloping home. [Tempelhof, iii. 214.] Who bring the above news to Durchlaucht of Zweibruck: '12,000 of them, may it please your Durchlaucht; such the accounts we had!'-- Fancy poor Schmettau's feelings!

"On the morrow Dresden was roused from its sleep by loud firing and battle, audible on the north side of the River: 'before daybreak, and all day.' It is Wunsch impetuously busy in the woody countries there. Durchlaucht had shot out Generals and Divisions, Brentano, Wehla, this General and then that, to intercept Wunsch: these the fiery Wunsch--almost as if they had been combustible material coming to quench fire--repels and dashes back, in a wonderful manner, General after General of them. And is lord of the field all day:--but cannot hear the least word from Dresden; which is a surprising circumstance.

"In the afternoon Wunsch summons Maguire in the Neustadt: 'Will answer you in two hours,' said Maguire. Wunsch thereupon is for attacking their two Pontoon Elbe-Bridges; still resolute for Dresden,--and orders Wolfersdorf on one of them, the Uebigau Bridge, who finds the enemy lifting it at any rate, and makes them do it faster. But night is now sinking; from Schmettau not a word or sign. 'Silence over there, all day; not a single cannon to or from,' say Wunsch and Wolfersdorf to one another. 'Schmettau must have capitulated!' conclude they, and withdraw in the night-time, still thunderous if molested; bivouac at Grossenhayn, after twenty-four hours of continual march and battle, not time even for a snatch of food. [BERICHT VON DER ACTION DES GENERAL-MAJORS VON WUNSCH, BEY REICHENBERG, DEN 5 SEPTEMBER, 1759 in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 606-608.]

"Resting at Grossenhayn, express reaches Wunsch from his Commandant at Torgau: 'Kleefeld is come on me from Leipzig with 14,000; I cannot long hold out, unless relieved.' Wunsch takes the road again; two marches, each of twenty miles. Reaches Torgau late; takes post in the ruins of the North Suburb, finds he must fight Kleefeld. Refreshes his men 'with a keg of wine per Company,' surely a judicious step; and sends to Wolfersdorf, who has the rear-guard, 'Be here with me to-morrow at 10.' Wolfersdorf starts at 4, is here at 10: and Wunsch, having scanned Kleefeld and his Position [a Position strong IF you are dexterous to manoeuvre in it; capable of being ruinous if you are not,--part of the Position of a bigger BATTLE OF TORGAU, which is coming],--flies at Kleefeld and his 14,000 like a cat-o'-mountain; takes him on the left flank:--Kleefeld and such overplus of thousands are standing a little to west-and-south of Torgau, with the ENTEFANG [a desolate big reedy mere, or PLACE OF DUCKS, still offering the idle Torgauer a melancholy sport there] as a protection to their right; but with no evolution-talent, or none in comparison to Wunsch's;--and accordingly are cut to pieces by Wunsch, and blown to the winds, as their fellows have all been." [HOFBERCHT VON DER AM 8 SEPTEMBER, 1759, BEY TORGAU, VORGEFALLENEN ACTION: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 609, 610. Tempelhof, iii. 219-222.]

Wunsch, absolute Fate forbidding, could not save Dresden: but he is here lord of the Northern regions again,--nothing but Leipzig now in the enemy's hand;--and can await Finck, who is on march with a stronger

party to begin business here. It is reckoned, there are few more brilliant little bits of Soldiering than this of Wunsch's. All the more, as his men, for most part, were not Prussian, but miscellaneous Foreign spirits of uncertain fealty: roving fellows, of a fighting turn, attracted by Friedrich's fame, and under a Captain who had the art of keeping them in tune. Wunsch has been soldiering, in a diligent though dim miscellaneous way, these five-and-twenty years; fought in the old Turk Wars, under disastrous Seckendorf,—Wunsch a poor young Wurtemberg ensign, visibly busy there (1737–1739) as was this same Schmettau, in the character of staff-officer, far enough apart from Wunsch at that time!—fought afterwards, in the Bavarian service, in the Dutch, at Roucoux, at Lauffeld, again under disastrous people. Could never, under such, find anything but subaltern work all this while; was glad to serve, under the eye of Friedrich, as Colonel of a Free Corps; which he has done with much diligence and growing distinction: till now, at the long last, his chance does come; and he shows himself as a real General. Possibly a high career lying ahead;—a man that may be very valuable to Friedrich, who has now so few such left? Fate had again decided otherwise for Wunsch; in what way will be seen before this Campaign ends: "an infernal Campaign," according to Friedrich, "CETTE CAMPAGNE INFERNALE."

Finck, whom Friedrich had just detached from Waldau (September 6th) with a new 8 or 6,000, to command in chief in those parts, and, along with Wunsch, put Dresden out of risk, as it were,—Finck does at least join Wunsch, as we shall mention in a little. And these Two, with such Wolfersdorfs and people under them, did prove capable of making front against Reichsfolk in great overplus of number. Nor are farther SIEGES of those Northern Garrisons, but recaptures of them, the news one hears from Saxony henceforth;—only that Dresden is fatally gone. Irrecoverably, as turned out, and in that unbearable manner. Here is the concluding scene:—

DRESDEN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th; EXIT SCHMETTAU. "A thousand times over, Schmettau must have asked himself, 'Why was I in such a hurry? Without cause for it I, only Maguire having cause!'—The Capitulation had been ended in a huddle, without signature: an unwise Capitulation; and it was scandalously ill kept. Schmettau was not to have marched till Monday, 10th,—six clear days for packing and preparing;—but, practically, he has to make three serve him; and to go half-packed, or not packed at all. Endless chicanes do arise, 'upon my honor!'—not even the 800 wagons are ready for us; 'Can't your baggages go in boats, then?' 'No, nor shall!' answers Schmettau, with blazing eyes, and heart ready to burst; a Schmettau living all this while as in Purgatory, or worse. Such bullyings from truculent Guasco, who is now without muzzle. Capitulation, most imperfect in itself, is avowedly infringed: King's Artillery,—which we had haggled for, and ended by 'hoping for,' to Maguire that rainy evening: why were we in such a hurry, too, and blind to Maguire's hurry!—King's Artillery, according to Durchlaucht of Zweibruck, when he actually signed within the walls, is 'NICHT ACCORDIRT (Not granted), except the Field part.' King's regimental furnishings, all and sundry, were 'ACCORDIRT, and without visitation,'—but on second thoughts, the Austrian Officials are of opinion there must really be visitation, must be inspection. 'May not some of them belong to Polish Majesty?' In which sad process of inspection there was incredible waste, Schmettau protesting; and above half of the new uniforms were lost to us. Our 80 pontoons, which were expressly bargained for, are brazenly denied us: '20 of them are Saxon,' cry the Austrians: 'who knows if they are not almost all Saxon,'—upon my honor! At this rate, only wait a day or two, and fewer wagons than 800 will be needed! thinks Schmettau; and consents to 18 river-boats; Boats in part, then; and let us march at once. Accordingly,

"SATURDAY, 8th, at 5 in the morning, Schmettau, with goods and people, does at last file out: across Elbe Bridge through the Neustadt; Prussians five deep; a double rank of Austrians, ranged on each side, in 'espalier' they call it,—espalier with gaps in it every here and there, to what purpose is soon evident. The march was so disposed (likewise for a purpose) that, all along, there were one or two Companies of Prussian Foot; and then in the interval, carriages, cannon, cavalry and hussars. Schmettau's carriage is with the rear-guard, Madam Schmettau's well in the van:—in two other carriages are two Prussian War-and-Domain Ministers. [ANONYMOUS OF HAMBURG, III. 376.] 'Managers of Saxon Finance,' these Two;—who will have to manage elsewhere than in Dresden henceforth. Zinnow, Borck, they sit veritably there, with their multiform Account Papers: of whom I know absolutely nothing, —except (if anybody cared) that Zinnow, who 'died of apoplexy in June following,' is probably of pury red-nosed type; and that Borck, for certain, has a very fine face and figure; delicacy, cheerful dignity, perfect gentlemanhood in short, written on every feature of him; as painted by Pesne, and engraved by Schmidt, for my accidental behoof. [*Fredericus Wilhelmus Borck (Pesne pinxit, 1732; Schmidt,*

sculptur Regis, sculpsit, Berolini, 1764): an excellent Print and Portrait.] Curious to think of that elaborate court-coat and flowing periwig, with this specific Borck, 'old as the Devil' (whom I have had much trouble to identify), forming visible part of this dismal Procession: the bright eye of Borck not smiling as usual, but clouded, though impassive! But that of Borck or his Limners is not the point.

"The Prussians have been divided into small sections, with a mass of baggage-wagons and cavalry between every two. And no sooner is the mass got in movement, than there rises from the Austrian part, and continues all the way, loud invitation, 'Whosoever is a brave Saxon, a brave Austrian, Reichsman, come to us! Gaps in the espalier, don't you see!' And Schmettau, in the rear, with baggage and cavalry intervening,—nobody can reach Schmettau. Here is a way of keeping your bargain! The Prussian Officers struggle stoutly: but are bellowed at, struck at, menaced by bayonet and bullet,—none of them shot, I think, but a good several of them cut and wounded;—the Austrian Officers themselves in passionate points behaving shamefully, 'Yes, shoot them down, the (were it nothing else) heretic dogs;' and being throughout evidently in a hot shivery frame of mind, forgetful of the laws. Seldom was such a Procession; spite, rage and lawless revenge blazing out more and more. On the whole, there deserted, through those gaps of the espalier, about half of the whole Garrison. On Madam Schmettau's hammercloth there sat, in the Schmettau livery, a hard-featured man, recognizable by keen eyes as lately a Nailer, of the Nailer Guild here; who had been a spy for Schmettau, and brought many persons into trouble: him they tear down, and trample hither and thither,—at last, into some Guard-house near by." [The Schmettau DIARIUM in ANONYMOUS OF HAMBURG, iii. 364–376 (corrected chiefly from TEMPELHOF): Protest, and Correspondence in consequence, is in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 611–621; in *Helden-Geschichte*,

Schmettau's protest against all this is vehement, solemnly circumstantial: but, except in regard to the trampled Nailer (Zweibruck on that point "heartily sorry for the insult to your Excellency's livery; and here the man is, with a thousand apologies"), Schmettau got no redress. Nor had Friedrich any, now or henceforth. Friedrich did at once, more to testify his disgust than for any benefit, order Schmettau: "Halt at Wittenberg, not at Magdeburg as was pretended to be bargained. Dismiss your Escort of Austrians there; bid them home at once, and out of your sight." Schmettau himself he ordered to Berlin, to idle waiting. Never again employed Schmettau: for sixteen years that they lived together, never saw his face more.

Schmettau's ill-fortune was much pitied, as surely it deserved to be, by all men. About Friedrich's severity there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for Yes or for No. "You are like the rest of them!" writes Friedrich to him; "when the moment comes for showing firmness, you fail in it." ["Waldau, 10th September, 1759:" in Preuss, ii. URKUNDEN. p. 44.] Friedrich expects of others what all Soldiers profess,—and what is in fact the soul of all nobleness in their trade,—but what only Friedrich himself, and a select few, are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettau is clearly absolvable; a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a King of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say, would be ordered by his Office, if Nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of over-generosity to the unfortunate among his Captains.

After the War, Schmettau, his conduct still a theme of argument, was reduced to the Invalid List: age now sixty-seven, but health and heart still very fresh, as he pleaded; complaining that he could not live on his retiring Pension of 300 pounds a year. "Be thankful you have not had your head struck off by sentence of Court-Martial," answered Friedrich. Schmettau, after some farther troubles from Court quarters, retired to Brandenburg, and there lived silent, poor but honorable, for his remaining fifteen years. Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful in those bad circumstances: cheery, thrifty, full of loyal patience; a constant sunshine to her poor man, whom she had preceded out of Dresden in the way we saw. Schmettau was very quiet, still studious of War matters; [See *Leben* (by his Son, "Captain Schmettau;" a modest intelligent Book), pp. 440–447.] "sent the King" once,—in 1772, while Polish Prussia, and How it could be fortified, were the interesting subject,—"a JOURNAL," which he had elaborated for himself, "OF THE MARCHES OF KARL TWELFTH IN WEST PREUSSEN;" which was well received: "Apparently the King not angry with me farther?" thought Schmettau. A completely retired old man; studious, social, —the best men of the Army still his friends and familiars:—nor, in his own mind, any mutiny against his Chief; this also has its beauty in a human life, my friend. So long as Madam Schmettau lived, it was well; after her death, not well, dark rather, and growing darker: and in about three years Schmettau followed (27th October, 1775), whither that good soul had gone. The elder Brother —who was a distinguished

Academician, as well as Feldmarschall and Negotiator—had died at Berlin, in Voltaire's time, 1751. Each of those Schmettaus had a Son, in the Prussian Army, who wrote Books, or each a short Book, still worth reading. [*Bavarian War of 1778*, by the Feldmarschall's Son; ad this *Leben* we have just been citing, by the Lieutenant-General's.] But we must return.

On the very morrow, September 5th, Daun heard of the glorious success at Dresden; had not expected it till about the 10th at soonest. From Triebel he sends the news at gallop to Lieberose and Soltikof: "Rejoice with us, Excellenz: did not I predict it? Silesia and Saxony both are ours; fruits chiefly of your noble successes. Oh, continue them a very little!" "Umph!" answers Soltikof, not with much enthusiasm: "Send us meal steadily; and gain you, Excellenz's self, some noble success!" Friedrich did not hear of it for almost a week later; not till Monday, 10th,—as a certain small Anecdote would of itself indicate.

Sunday Evening, 9th September, General Finck, with his new 6,000, hastening on to join Wunsch for relief of Dresden, had got to Grossenhayn; and was putting up his tents, when the Outposts brought him in an Austrian Officer, who had come with a Trumpeter inquiring for the General. The Austrian Officer "is in quest of proper lodgings for General Schmettau and Garrison [fancy Finck's sudden stare!];—last night they lodged at Gross-Dobritz, tolerably to their mind: but the question for the Escort is, Where to lodge this night, if your Excellency could advise me?" "Herr, I will advise you to go back to Gross-Dobritz on the instant," answers Finck grimly; "I shall be obliged to make you and your Trumpet prisoners, otherwise!" Exit Austrian Officer. That same evening, too, Captain Kollas, carrying Schmettau's sad news to the King, calls on Finck in passing; gives dismal details of the Capitulation and the Austrian way of keeping it; filling Finck's mind with sorrowful indignation. [Tempelhof, iii. 237.]

Finck—let us add here, though in date it belongs a little elsewhere—pushes on, not the less, to join Wunsch at Torgau; joins Wunsch, straightway recaptures Leipzig, garrison prisoners (September 13th): recaptures all those northwestern garrisons,— multitudinous Reichsfolk trying, once, to fight him, in an amazingly loud, but otherwise helpless way ("ACTION OF KORBITZ" they call it); cannonading far and wide all day, and manoeuvring about, here bitten in upon, there trying to bite, over many leagues of Country; principally under Haddick's leading; [HOFBERICHT VON DER AM 21 SEPTEMBER BEY KORBITZ (in Meissen Country, south of Elbe; Krogis too is a Village in this wide-spread "Action") VORGEFALLENEN ACTION (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 621–630). Tempelhof, iii. 248, 258.] who saw good to draw off Dresden-ward next day, and leave Finck master in those regions. To Daun's sad astonishment,—in a moment of crisis,—as we shall hear farther on! So that Saxony is not yet conquered to Daun; Saxony, no, nor indeed will be:—but Dresden is. Friedrich never could recover Dresden; though he hoped, and at intervals tried hard, for a long while to come.

Chapter VI. PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA.

The eyes of all had been bent on Dresden latterly; and there had occurred a great deal of detaching thitherward, and of marching there and thence, as we have partly seen. And the end is, Dresden, and to appearance Saxony along with it, is Daun's. Has not Daun good reason now to be proud of the cunctatory method? Never did his game stand better; and all has been gained at other people's expense. Daun has not played one trump card; it is those obliging Russians that have played all the trumps, and reduced the Enemy to nothing. Only continue that wise course,—and cart meal, with your whole strength, for the Russians!—

Safe behind the pools of Lieberose, Friedrich between them and Berlin, lie those dear Russians; extending, Daun and they, like an impassable military dike, with spurs of Outposts and cunningly devised Detachments, far and wide,—from beyond Bober or utmost Crossen on the east, to Hoyerswerda in Elbe Country on the west;—dike of eighty miles long, and in some eastern parts of almost eighty broad; so elaborate is Daun's detaching quality, in cases of moment. "The King's broken Army on one side of us," calculates Daun; "Prince Henri's on the other; incommunicative they; reduced to isolation, powerless either or both of them against such odds. They shall wait there, please Heaven, till Saxony be quite finished. Zweibruck, and our Detachments and Maguires, let them finish Saxony, while Soltikof keeps the King busy. Saxony finished, how will either Prince or King attempt to recover it! After which, Silesia for us;—and we shall then be near our Magazines withal, and this severe stress of carting will abate or cease." In fact, these seem sound calculations: Friedrich is 24,000; Henri 38,000; the military dike is, of Austrians 75,000, of Russians and Austrians together 120,000. Daun may fairly calculate on succeeding beautifully this Year: Saxony his altogether; and in Silesia some Glogau or strong Town taken, and Russians and Austrians wintering together in that Country.

If only Daun do not TOO much spare his trump cards! But there is such a thing as excess on that side too: and perhaps it is even the more ruinous kind,—and is certainly the more despised by good judges, though the multitude of bad may notice it less. Daun is unwearied in his vigilantes, in his infinite cartings of provision for himself and Soltikof,—long chains of Magazines, big and little, at Guben, at Gorlitz, at Bautzen, Zittau, Friedland; and does, aided by French Montalembert, all that man can to keep those dear stupid Russians in tune.

Daun's problem of carting provisions, and guarding his multifarious posts, and sources of meal and defence, is not without its difficulties. Especially with a Prince Henri opposite; who has a superlative manoeuvring talent of his own, and an industry not inferior to Daun's in that way. Accordingly, ever since August 11th–13th, when Daun moved northward to Triebel, and Henri shot out detachments parallel to him, "to secure the Bober and our right flank, and try to regain communication with the King,"—still more, ever since August 22d, when Daun undertook that onerous cartage of meal for Soltikof as well as self, the manoeuvring and mutual fencing and parrying, between Henri and him, has been getting livelier and livelier. Fain would Daun secure his numerous Roads and Magazines; assiduously does Henri threaten him in these points, and try all means to regain communication with his Brother. Daun has Magazines and interests everywhere; Henri is everywhere diligent to act on them.

Daun in person, ever since Kunersdorf time, has been at Triebel; Henri moved to Sagan after him, but has left a lieutenant at Schmottseifen, as Daun has at Mark–Lissa:—here are still new planets, and secondary ditto, with revolving moons. In short, it is two interpenetrating solar systems, gyrating, osculating and colliding, over a space of several thousand square miles,—with an intricacy, with an embroiled abstruseness Ptolemean or more! Which indeed the soldier who would know his business—(and not knowing it, is not he of all solecisms in this world the most flagrant?)—ought to study, out of Tempelhof and the Books; but which, except in its results, no other reader could endure. The result we will make a point of gathering: carefully riddled down, there are withal in the details five or six little passages which have some shadow of interest to us; these let us note, and carefully omit the rest:—

OF FOUQUET AT LANDSHUT. "Fouquet was twice attacked at Landshut; but made a lucky figure both times. Attack first was by Deville: attack second by Harsch. Early in July, not long after Friedrich had left for Schmottseifen, rash Deville (a rash creature, and then again a laggard, swift where he should be slow, and VICE

VERSA) again made trial on Landshut and Fouquet; but was beautifully dealt with; taken in rear, in flank, or I forget how taken, but sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss of many Prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of mind: whom Daun thereupon summoned out of those parts, 'Hitherward to Mark-Lissa with your Corps; leave Fouquet alone!' [HOFBERICHT VON DEN UNTERNEHMUNGEN DES FOUQUETSCHEN CORPS, IM JULIUS 1759: in Seyfarth, Beylagen, ii. 582-586.]

"After which, Fouquet, things being altogether quiet round him, was summoned, with most part of his force, to Schmottseifen; left General Goltz (a man we have met before) to guard Landshut; and was in fair hopes of proving helpful to Prince Henri,—when Harsch [Harsch by himself this time, not Harsch and Deville as usual] thought here was his opportunity; and came with a great apparatus, as if to swallow Landshut whole. So that Fouquet had to hurry off reinforcements thither; and at length to go himself, leaving Stutterheim in his stead at Schmottseifen. Goltz, however, with his small handful, stood well to his work. And there fell out sharp fencings at Landshut:—especially one violent attack on our outposts; the Austrians quite triumphant; till 'a couple of cannon open on them from the next Hill,'—till some violent Werner or other charge in upon them with Prussian Hussars;—a desperate tussle, that special one of Werner's; not only sabres flashing furiously on both sides, but butts of pistols and blows on the face: [Tempelhof, iii. 233: 31st August.] till, in short, Harsch finds he can make nothing of it, and has taken himself away, before Fouquet come." This Goltz, here playing Anti-Harsch, is the Goltz who, with Winterfeld, Schmettau and others, was in that melancholy Zittau march, of the Prince of Prussia's, in 1757: it was Goltz by whom the King sent his finishing compliment, "You deserve, all of you, to be tried by Court-Martial, and to lose your heads!" Goltz is mainly concerned with Fouquet and Silesia, in late times; and we shall hear of him once again. Fouquet did not return to Schmottseifen; nor was molested again in Landshut this year, though he soon had to detach, for the King's use, part of his Landshut force, and had other Silesian business which fell to him.

FORTRESS OF PEITZ. The poor Fortress of Peitz was taken again;—do readers remember it, "on the day of Zorndorf," last year? "This year, a fortnight after Kunersdorf, the same old Half-pay Gentleman with his Five-and-forty Invalids have again been set adrift, 'with the honors of war,' poor old creatures; lest by possibility they afflict the dear Russians and our meal-carts up yonder. [Tempelhof, iii. 231: 27th August.] I will forget who took Peitz: perhaps Haddick, of whom we have lately heard so much? He was captor of Berlin in 1757, did the Inroad on Berlin that year,—and produced Rossbach shortly after. Peitz, if he did Peitz, was Haddick's last success in the world. Haddick has been most industrious, 'guarding the Russian flank,'—standing between the King and it, during that Soltikof march to Mullrose, to Lieberose; but that once done, and the King settled at Waldau, Haddick was ordered to Saxony, against Wunsch and Finck:—and readers know already what he made of these Two in the 'Action at Korbitz, September 21st,'—and shall hear soon what befell Haddick himself in consequence."

COLONEL HORDT IS CAPTURED. "It was in that final marching of Soltikof to Lieberose that a distinguished Ex-Swede, Colonel Hordt, of the Free Corps HORDT, was taken prisoner. At Trebatsch; hanging on Soltikof's right flank on that occasion. It was not Haddick, it was a swarm of Cossacks who laid Hordt fast; his horse having gone to the girths in a bog. [*Memoires du Comte de Hordt* (a Berlin, 1789), ii. 53-58 (not dated or intelligible there): in Tempelhof (iii. 235, 236) clear account, "Trebatsch, September 4th."] Hordt, an Ex-Swede of distinction,—a Royalist Exile, on whose head the Swedes have set a price (had gone into 'Brahe's Plot,' years since, Plot on behalf of the poor Swedish King, which cost Brahe his life),—Hordt now might have fared ill, had not Friedrich been emphatic, 'Touch a hair of him, retaliation follows on the instant!' He was carried to Petersburg; 'lay twenty-six months and three days' in solitary durance there; and we may hear a word from him again."

ZIETHEN ALMOST CAPTURED. "Prince Henri, in the last days of August, marched to Sagan in person; [Tempelhof, iii. 231: 29th August.] Ziethen along with him; multifariously manoeuvring 'to regain communication with the King.' Of course, with no want of counter-manoeuvring, of vigilant outposts, cunningly devised detachments and assiduous small measures on the part of Daun. Who, one day, had determined on a more considerable thing; that of cutting out Ziethen from the Sagan neighborhood. And would have done it, they say,—had not he been too cunctatory. September 2d, Ziethen, who is posted in the little town of Sorau, had very nearly been cut off. In Sorau, westward, Daun-ward, of Sagan a short day's march: there sat Ziethen, conscious of nothing particular,—with Daun secretly marching on him; Daun in person, from the west, and two others from

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the north and from the south, who are to be simultaneous on Sorau and the Zietheners. A well-laid scheme; likely to have finished Ziethen satisfactorily, who sat there aware of nothing. But it all miswent: Daun, on the road, noticed some trifling phenomenon (Prussian party of horse, or the like), which convinced his cautious mind that all was found out; that probably a whole Prussian Army, instead of a Ziethen only, was waiting at Sorau; upon which Daun turned home again, sorry that he could not turn the other two as well. The other two were stronger than Ziethen, could they have come upon him by surprise; or have caught him before he got through a certain Pass, or bit of bad ground, with his baggage. But Ziethen, by some accident, or by his own patrols, got notice; loaded his baggage instantly; and was through the Pass, or half through it, and in a condition to give stroke for stroke with interest, when his enemies came up. Nothing could be done upon Ziethen; who marched on, he and all his properties, safe to Sagan that night,—owing to Daun's over-caution, and to Ziethen's own activity and luck." [Tempelhof, iii. 233.]

All this was prior to the loss of Dresden. During the crisis of that, when everybody was bestirring himself, Prince Henri made extraordinary exertions: "Much depends on me; all on me!" sighed Henri. A cautious little man; but not incapable of risking, in the crisis of a game for life and death. Friedrich and he are wedged asunder by that dike of Russians and Austrians, which goes from Bober river eastward, post after post, to Hoyerswerda westward, eighty miles along the Lausitz-Brandenburg Frontier, rooting itself through the Lausitz into Bohemia, and the sources of its meal. Friedrich and he cannot communicate except by spies ("the first JAGER," or regular express "from the King, arrived September 13th" [Ib. iii. 207.]): but both are of one mind; both are on one problem, "What is to be done with that impassable dike?"—and co-operate sympathetically without communicating. What follows bears date AFTER the loss of Dresden, but while Henri still knew only of the siege,—that JAGER of the 13th first brought him news of the loss.

"A day or two after Ziethen's adventure, Henri quits Sagan, to move southward for a stroke at the Bohemian-Lausitz magazines; a stroke, and series of strokes. SEPTEMBER 8th, Ziethen and (in Fouquet's absence at Landshut) Stutterheim are pushed forward into the Zittau Country; first of all upon Friedland,—the Zittau Friedland, for there are Friedlands many! SEPTEMBER 9th, Stutterheim summons Friedland, gets it; gets the bit of magazine there; and next day hastens on to Zittau. Is refused surrender of Zittau; learns, however, that the magazine has been mostly set on wheels again, and is a stage forward on the road to Bohemia; whitherward Stutterheim, quitting Zittau as too tedious, hastens after it, and next day catches it, or the unburnt remains of it. A successful Stutterheim. Nor is Ziethen idle in the mean while; Ziethen and others; whom no Deville or Austrian Party thinks itself strong enough to meddle with, Prince Henri being so near.

"Here is a pretty tempest in the heart of our Bohemian meal-conduit! Continue that, and what becomes of Soltikof and me? Daun is off from Triebel Country to this dangerous scene; indignantly cashiers Deville, 'Why did not you attack these Ziethen people? Had not you 10,000, Sir?' Cashiers poor Deville for not attacking;—does not himself attack: but carts away the important Gorlitz magazine, to Bautzen, which is the still more important one; sits down on the lid of that (according to wont); shoots out O'Donnell (an Irish gentleman, Deville's successor), and takes every precaution. Prince Henri, in presence of O'Donnell, coalesces again; walks into Gorlitz; encamps there, on the Landskron and other Heights (Moys Hill one of them, poor Winterfeld's Hill!),—and watches a little how matters will turn, and whether Daun, severely vigilant from Bautzen, seated on the lid of his magazine, will not perhaps rise."

First and last, Daun in this business has tried several things; but there was pretty much always, and emphatically there now is, only one thing that could be effectual: To attack Prince Henri, and abolish him from those countries;—as surely might have been possible, with twice his strength at your disposal?—This, though sometimes he seemed to be thinking of such a thing, Daun never would try: for which the subsequent FACTS, and all good judges, were and are inexorably severe on Daun. Certain it is, no rashness could have better spilt Daun's game than did this extreme caution.

DAUN, SOLTIKOF AND COMPANY AGAIN HAVE A COLLOQUY (Bautzen, September 15th); AFTER WHICH EVERYBODY STARTS ON HIS SPECIAL COURSE OF ACTION.

Soltikof's disgust at this new movement of Daun's was great and indignant. "Instead of going at the King, and getting some victory for himself, he has gone to Bautzen, and sat down on his meal-bags! Meal? Is it to be a mere fighting for meal? I will march to-morrow for Poland, for Preussen, and find plenty of meal!" And would have gone, they say, had not Mercury, in the shape of Montalembert with his most zealous rhetoric, intervened; and

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prevailed with difficulty. "One hour of personal interview with Excellency Daun," urges Montalembert; "one more!" "No," answers Soltikof.—"Alas, then, send your messenger!" To which last expedient Soltikof does assent, and despatches Romanzof on the errand.

SEPTEMBER 15th, at Bautzen, at an early hour, there is meeting accordingly; not Romanzof, Soltikof's messenger, alone, but Zweibruck in person, Daun in person; and most earnest council is held. "A noble Russian gentleman sees how my hands are bound," pleads Daun. "Will not Excellency Soltikof, who disdains idleness, go himself upon Silesia, upon Glogau for instance, and grant me a few days?" "No," answers Romanzof; "Excellency Soltikof by himself will not. Let Austria furnish Siege—Artillery; daily meal I need not speak of; 10,000 fresh Auxiliaries beyond those we have: on these terms Excellency Soltikof will perhaps try it; on lower terms, positively not." "Well then, yes!" answers Daun, not without qualms of mind. Daun has a horror at weakening himself to that extent; but what can he do? "General Campitelli, with the 10,000, let him march this night, then; join with General Loudon where you please to order: Excellency Soltikof shall see that in every point I conform." [Tempelhof, iii. 247–249.]—An important meeting to us, this at Bautzen; and breaks up the dead-lock into three or more divergent courses of activity; which it will now behoove us to follow, with the best brevity attainable. "Bautzen, Saturday, 15th September, early in the morning," that is the date of the important Colloquy. And precisely eight—and—forty hours before, "on Thursday, 13th, about 10 A.M.", in the western Environs of Quebec, there has fallen out an Event, quite otherwise important in the History of Mankind! Of which readers shall have some notice at a time more convenient.—

Romanzof returning with such answer, Soltikof straightway gathers himself, September 15th–16th, and gets on march. To Friedrich's joy; who hopes it may be homeward; waits two days at Waldau, for the Yes or No. On the second day, alas, it is No: "Going for Silesia, I perceive; thither, by a wide sweep northward, which they think will be safer!" Upon which Friedrich also rises; follows, with another kind of speed than Soltikof's; and, by one of his swift clutchings, lays hold of Sagan, which he, if Soltikof has not, sees to be a key-point in this operation. Easy for Soltikof to have seized this key-point, key of the real road to Glogau; easy for Loudon and the new 10,000 to have rendezvoused there: but nobody has thought of doing it. A few Croats were in the place, who could make no debate.

From Sagan Friedrich and Henri are at length in free communication; Sagan to the Landskron at Gorlitz is some fifty miles of country, now fallen vacant. From Henri, from Fouquet (the dangers of Landshut being over), Friedrich is getting what reinforcement they can spare (September 20th–24th); will then push forward again, industriously sticking to the flanks of Soltikof, thrusting out stumbling-blocks, making his march very uncomfortable.

Strange to say, from Sagan, while waiting two days for these reinforcements, there starts suddenly to view, suddenly for Friedrich and us, an incipient Negotiation about Peace! Actual Proposal that way (or as good as actual, so Voltaire thinks it), on the part of Choiseul and France; but as yet in Voltaire's name only, by a sure though a backstairs channel, of his discovering. Of which, and of the much farther corresponding that did actually follow on it, we purpose to say something elsewhere, at a better time. Meanwhile Voltaire's announcement of it to the King has just come in, through a fair and high Hand: how Friedrich receives it, what Friedrich's inner feeling is, and has been for a fortnight past—Here are some private utterances of his, throwing a straggle of light on those points:—

FOUR LETTERS OF FRIEDRICH'S (10th–24th September).

No. 1. TO PRINCE FERDINAND (at Berlin). Poor little Ferdinand, the King's Brother, fallen into bad health, has retired from the Wars, and gone to Berlin; much an object of anxiety to the King, who diligently corresponds with the dear little man,—giving earnest medical advices, and getting Berlin news in return.

"WALDAU, 10th September, 1759.

"Since my last Letter, Dresden has capitulated,—the very day while Wunsch was beating Maguire at The Barns [north side of Dresden, September 5th] day AFTER the capitulation]. Wunsch went back to Torgau, which St. Andre, with 14,000 Reichs—people under him, was for retaking; him too Wunsch beat, took all his tents, kettles, haversacks and utensils, 300 prisoners, six cannon and some standards. Finck is uniting with Wunsch; they will march on the Prince of Zweibruck, and retake Dresden [hopes always, for a year and more, to have Dresden back very soon]. I trust before long to get all these people gathered round Dresden, and our own Country rid of them: that, I take it, will be the end of the Campaign.

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"Many compliments to the Prince of Wurtemberg [wounded at Kunersdorf], and to all our wounded Generals: I hope Seidlitz is now out of danger: that bleeding fit (EBULLITION DE SANG) will cure him of the cramp in his jaw, and of his colics; and as he is in bed, he won't take cold. I hope the viper-broth will do you infinite good; be assiduous in patching your constitution, while there is yet some fine weather left: I dread the winter for you; take a great deal of care against cold. I have still a couple of cruel months ahead of me before ending this Campaign. Within that time, there will be, God knows what upshot." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 544.]—This is "September 10th:" the day of Captain Kollas's arrival with his bad Dresden news; Daun and Soltikof profoundly quiet for three days more.

No. 2. TO THE DUCHESS OF SACHSEN-GOTHA (at Gotha). Voltaire has enclosed his Peace-Proposal to that Serene Lady, always a friend of Friedrich's and his; to whom Friedrich, directly on receipt of it, makes answer:—

"SAGAN, 22d September, 1759.

"MADAM,—I receive on all occasions proofs of your goodness, to which I am as sensible as a chivalrous man can be. Certainly it is not through your hands, Madam, that my Correspondence with V. [with Voltaire, if one durst write it in full] ought to be made to pass! Nevertheless, in present circumstances, I will presume to beg that you would forward to him the Answer here enclosed, on which I put no Address. The difficulty of transmitting Letters has made me choose my Brother," Ferdinand, at Berlin, "to have this conveyed to your hand.

"If I gave bridle to my feelings, now would be the moment for developing them; but in these critical times I judge it better not; and will restrict myself to simple assurances of—" F.

No. 3. TO VOLTAIRE, at the Delices (so her Serene Highness will address it). Here is part of the Enclosure to "V." Friedrich is all for Peace; but keeps on his guard with such an Ambassador, and writes in a proud, light, only half-believing style:—

"SAGAN, 22d September, 1759.

"The Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha sends me your Letter. I never received your packet of the 29th: communications all interrupted here; with much trouble I get this passed on to you, if it is happy enough to pass.

"My position is not so desperate as my enemies give out. I expect to finish my Campaign tolerably; my courage is not sunk:—it appears, however, there is talk of Peace. All I can say of positive on this article is, That I have honor for ten; and that, whatever misfortune befall me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything to wound, the least in the world, this principle,—which is so sensitive and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman (PENSE EN PREUX CHEVALIER); and so little regarded by rascally politicians, who think like tradesmen.

"I know nothing of what you have been telling me about [your backstairs channels, your Duc de Choiseul and his humors]: but for making Peace there are two conditions which I never will depart from: 1. To make it conjointly with my faithful Allies [Hessen and England; I have no other]; 2. To make it honorable and glorious. Observe you, I have still honor remaining; I will preserve that, at the price of my blood.

"If your people want Peace, let them propose nothing to me which contradicts the delicacy of my sentiments. I am in the convulsions of military operations; I do as the gamblers who are in ill-luck, and obstinately set themselves against Fortune. I have forced her to return to me, more than once, like a fickle mistress, when she had run away. My opponents are such foolish people, in the end I bid fair to catch some advantage over them: but, happen whatsoever his Sacred Majesty Chance may please, I don't disturb myself about it. Up to this point, I have a clear conscience in regard to the misfortunes that have come to me. As to you, the Battle of Minden, that of Cadiz" (Boscawen VERSUS De la Clue; Toulon Fleet running out, and caught by the English, as we saw), these things perhaps, "and the loss of Canada, are arguments capable of restoring reason to the French, who had got confused by the Austrian hellebore.

"This is my way of thinking. You do not find me made of rose-water: but Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze,—my present enemies even, whom I could cite [Maria Theresa, twenty years ago, when your Belleisle set out to cut her in Four],—were of no softer temper either. Had I been born a private man, I would yield everything for the love of Peace; but one has to take the tone of one's position. This is all I can tell you at present. In three or four weeks the ways of correspondence will be freer.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 60, 61.]

No. 4. TO PRINCE FERDINAND. Two days later: has got on foot again, —end of his first march upon Soltikof again:—

"BAUNAU, 24th September, 1759.

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"Thank you for the news you send of the wounded Officers," Wurtemberg, Seidlitz and the others. "You may well suppose that in the pass things are at, I am not without cares, inquietudes, anxieties; it is the frightfullest crisis I have had in my life. This is the moment for dying unless one conquer. Daun and my Brother Henri are marching side by side [not exactly!]. It is possible enough all these Armies may assemble hereabouts, and that a general Battle may decide our fortune and the Peace. Take care of your health, dear Brother.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 545.]

Baunau is on Silesian ground, as indeed Sagan itself is; at Baunau Friedrich already, just on arriving, has done a fine move on Soltikof, and surprisingly flung the toll-gate in Soltikof's face. As we shall see by and by;—and likewise that Prince Henri, who emerges to-morrow morning (September 25th), has not been "marching side by side with Daun," but at a pretty distance from that gentleman!—

Soltikof is a man of his word; otherwise one suspects he already saw his Siege of Glogau to be impossible. Russians are not very skilful at the War-minuet: fancy what it will be dancing to such a partner! Friedrich, finding they are for Glogau, whisks across the Oder, gets there before them: "No Glogau for you!" They stand agape for some time; then think "Well then Breslau!" Friedrich again whisks across from them, farther up, and is again ahead of them when they cross: "No Breslau either!" In effect, it is hopeless; and we may leave the two manoeuvring in those waste parts, astride of Oder, or on the eastern bank of it, till a fitter opportunity; and attend to Henri, who is now the article in risk.

Zweibruck's report of himself, on that day of the general Colloquy, was not in the way of complaint, like that of the Russians, though there did remain difficulties. "Dresden gloriously ours; Maguire Governor there, and everything secure; upon my honor. But in the northwest part, those Fincks and Wunsches, Excellenz?"— And the actual truth is, Wunsch has taken Leipzig, day before yesterday (September 13th), as Daun sorrowfully knows, by news come in overnight. And six days hence (September 21st), Finck and Wunsch together will do their "ACTION OF KORBITZ," and be sending Haddick a bad road! These things Zweibruck knows only in part; but past experience gives him ominous presentiment, as it may well do; and he thinks decidedly: "Excellenz, more Austrian troops are indispensable there; in fact, your Excellenz's self, were that possible; which one feels it is not, in the presence of these Russians!"

Russians and Reichsfolk, these are a pair of thumbscrews on both thumbs of Daun; screwing the cunctation out of him; painfully intimating: "Get rid of this Prince Henri; you must, you must!" And, in the course of the next eight days Daun has actually girt himself to this great enterprise. Goaded on, I could guess, by the "Action of Korbitz" (done on Friday, thirty hours ago); the news of which, and that Haddick, instead of extinguishing Finck, is retreating from him upon Dresden,—what a piece of news! thinks Daun: "You, Zweibruck, Haddick, Maguire and Company, you are 36,000 in Saxony; Finck has not 12,000 in the field: How is this?"—and indignantly dismisses Haddick altogether: "Go, Sir, and attend to your health!" [Tempelhof, iii. 276, 258–261.] News poignantly astonishing to Daun, as would seem;—like an ox-goad in the lazy rear of Daun. Certain it is, Daun had marched out to Gorlitz in collected form; and, on Saturday afternoon, SEPTEMBER 22d is personally on the Heights (not Moys Hill, I should judge, but other points of vision), taking earnest survey of Prince Henri's position on the Landskron there. "To-morrow morning we attack that Camp," thinks Daun; "storm Prince Henri and it: be rid of him, at any price!" [Ib. iii. 253–256 (for the March now ensuing): iii. 228–234, 241–247 (for Henri's anterior movements).]

"To-morrow morning," yes:—but this afternoon, and earlier, Prince Henri has formed a great resolution, his plans all laid, everything in readiness; and it is not here you will find Prince Henri to-morrow. This is his famous March of Fifty Hours, this that we are now come to; which deserves all our attention,—and all Daun's much more! Prince Henri was habitually a man cautious in War; not aggressive, like his Brother, but defensive, frugal of risks, and averse to the lion-springs usual with some people; though capable of them, too, in the hour of need. Military men are full of wonder at the bold scheme he now fell upon; and at his style of executing it. Hardly was Daun gone home to his meditations on the storm of the Landskron to-morrow, and tattoo beaten in Prince Henri's Camp there, when, at 8 that Saturday evening, issuing softly, with a minimum of noise, in the proper marching columns, baggage-columns, Henri altogether quitted this Camp; and vanished like a dream. Into the Night; men and goods, every item:—who shall say whitherward? Leaving only a few light people to keep up the watch-fires and sentry-cries, for behoof of Daun! Let readers here, who are in the secret, watch him a little from afar.

Straight northward goes Prince Henri, down Neisse Valley, 20 miles or so, to Rothenburg; in columns

several-fold, with much delicate arranging, which was punctually followed: and in the course of to-morrow Prince Henri is bivouacked, for a short rest of three hours,—hidden in unknown space, 20 miles from Daun, when Daun comes marching up to storm him on the Landskron! Gone veritably; but whitherward Daun cannot form the least guess. Daun can only keep his men under arms there, all day; while his scouts gallop far and wide,—bringing in this false guess and the other; and at length returning with the eminently false one, misled by some of Henri's baggage-columns, which have to go many routes, That the Prince is on march for Glogau:—"Gone northeast; that way went his wagons; these we saw with our eyes." "Northeast? Yes, to Glogau possibly enough," thinks Daun: "Or may not he, cunning as he is and full of feints, intend a stroke on Bautzen, in my absence?"—and hastens thither again, and sits down on the Magazine-lid, glad to find nothing wrong there.

This is all that Daun hears of Henri for the next four days. Plenty of bad news from Saxony in these four days: the Finck-Haddick Action of Korbitz, a dismal certainty before one started,— and Haddick on his road to some Watering Place by this time! But no trace of Henri farther; since that of the wagons wending northeast. "Gone to Glogau, to his Brother: no use in pushing him, or trying to molest him there!" thinks Daun; and waits, in stagnant humor, chewing the cud of bitter enough thoughts, till confirmation of that guess arrive:—as it never will in this world! Read an important Note:—

"To northward of Bautzen forty miles, and to westward forty miles, the country is all Daun's; only towards Glogau, with the Russians and Friedrich thereabouts, does it become disputable, or offer Prince Henri any chance. Nevertheless it is not to Glogau, it is far the reverse, that the nimble Henri has gone. Resting himself at Rothenburg 'three hours' (speed is of all things the vilest), Prince Henri starts again, SUNDAY afternoon, straight westward this time. Marches, with his best swiftness, with his best arrangements, through many sleeping Villages, to Klitten, not a wakeful one: a march of 18 miles from Rothenburg;—direct for the Saxon side of things, instead of the Silesian, as Daun had made sure.

"At Klitten, MONDAY morning, bivouac again, for a few hours,—'has no Camp, only waits three hours,' is Archenholtz's phrase: but I suppose the meaning is, Waits till the several Columns, by their calculated routes, have all got together; and till the latest in arriving has had 'three hours' of rest,—the earliest having perhaps gone on march again, in the interim? There are 20 miles farther, still straight west, to Hoyerswerda, where the outmost Austrian Division is: 'Forward towards that; let us astonish General Wehla and his 3,000, and our March is over!' All this too Prince Henri manages; never anything more consummate, more astonishing to Wehla and his Master.

"Wehla and Brentano, readers perhaps remember them busy, from the Pirna side, at the late Siege of Dresden. Siege gloriously done, Wehla was ordered to Hoyerswerda, on the northwest frontier; Brentano to a different point in that neighborhood; where Brentano escaped ruin, and shall not be mentioned; but Wehla suddenly found it, and will require a word. Wehla, of all people on the War-theatre, had been the least expecting disturbance. He is on the remotest western flank; to westward of him nothing but Torgau and the Finck-Wunsch people, from whom is small likelihood of danger: from the eastern what danger can there be? A Letter of Dauns, some days ago, had expressly informed him that, to all appearance, there was none.

"And now suddenly, on the Tuesday morning, What is this? Prussians reported to be visible in the Woods! 'Impossible!' answered Wehla;—did get ready, however, what he could; Croat Regiments, pieces of Artillery behind the Elster River and on good points; laboring more and more diligently, as the news proved true. But all his efforts were to no purpose. General Lentulus with his Prussians (the mute Swiss Lentulus, whom we sometimes meet), who has the Vanguard this day, comes streaming out of the woods across the obstacles; cannonades Wehla both in front and rear; entirely swallows Wehla and Corps: 600 killed; the General himself, with 28 Field-Officers, and of subalterns and privates 1,785, falling prisoners to us; and the remainder scattered on the winds, galloping each his own road towards covert and a new form of life. Wehla is eaten, in this manner, Tuesday, September 25th:— metaphorically speaking, the March of Fifty Hours ends in a comfortable twofold meal (military-cannibal, as well as of common culinary meat), and in well-deserved rest." [Tempelhof, iii. 255, 256; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*;

The turning-point of the Campaign is reckoned to be this March of Henri's; one of the most extraordinary on record. Prince Henri had a very fast March INTO these Silesian-Lausitz Countries, early in July, [Seyfarth, ii. 545.] and another very fast, from Bautzen, to intersect with Schmottseifen, in the end of July: but these were as nothing compared with the present. Tempelhof, the excellent solid man,—but who puts all things, big and little, on the same level of detail, and has unparalleled methods of arranging (what he reckons to be "arranging"), and no

vestige of index,—is distressingly obscure on this grand Incident; but at length, on compulsion, does yield clear account. [Tempelhof, iii. 253–258.] In Archenholtz it is not DATED at all; who merely says as follows: "Most extraordinary march ever made; went through 50 miles of Country wholly in the Enemy's possession; lasted 56 hours, in which long period there was no camp pitched, and only twice a rest of three hours allowed the troops. During the other fifty hours the march, day and night, continually proceeded. Ended (NO date) in surprise of General Wehla at Hoyerswerda, cutting up 600 of his soldiers, and taking 1,800 prisoners. Kalkreuth, since so famous," in the Anti-Napoleon Wars, "was the Prince's Adjutant." [Archenholtz, i. 426.]

This is probably Prince Henri's cleverest feat,—though he did a great many of clever; and his Brother used to say, glancing towards him, "There is but one of us that never committed a mistake." A highly ingenious dexterous little man in affairs of War, sharp as needles, vehement but cautious; though of abstruse temper, thin-skinned, capricious, and giving his Brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. By this last consummate little operation he has astonished Daun as much as anybody ever did; shorn his elaborate tissue of cunctations into ruin and collapse at one stroke; and in effect, as turns out, wrecked his campaign for this Year.

Daun finds there is now no hope of Saxony, unless he himself at once proceed thither. At once thither;—and leave Glogau and the Russians to their luck,—which in such case, what is it like to be? Probably, to Daun's own view, ominous enough; but he has no alternative. To this pass has the March of Fifty Hours brought us. There is such a thing as being too cunctatory, is not there, your Excellency? Every mortal, and more especially every Feldmarschall, ought to strike the iron while it is hot. The remainder of this Campaign, we will hope, can be made intelligible in a more summary manner.

FRIEDRICH MANAGES (September 24th–October 24th) TO GET THE RUSSIANS SENT HOME; AND HIMSELF FALLS LAMED WITH GOUT.

Friedrich's manoeuvres against Soltikof,—every reader is prepared to hear that Soltikof was rendered futile by them: and none but military readers could take delight in the details. Two beautiful short-cuts he made upon Soltikof; pulled him up both times in mid career, as with hard check-bit. The first time was at Zobelwitz: September 24th, Friedrich cut across from Sagan, which is string to bow of the Russian march; posted himself on the Heights of Zobelwitz, of Baunau, Milkau (at Baunau Friedrich will write a LETTER this night, if readers bethink themselves; Milkau is a place he may remember for rain-deluges, in the First Silesian War [Supra, p. 323; ib. vol. vii. p. 311.]): "Let the Russians, if they now dare, try the Pass of Neustadtel here!" A fortunate hour, when he got upon this ground. Quartermaster-General Stoffel, our old Custring acquaintance, is found marking out a Camp with a view to that Pass of Neustadtel; [Tempelhof, iii. 293; Retzow, ii. 163.] is, greatly astonished to find the Prussian Army emerge on him there; and at once vanishes, with his Hussar-Cossack retinues. "September 24th," it is while Prince Henri was on the last moiety of his March of Fifty Hours. This severe twitch flung Soltikof quite out from Glogau,—was like to fling him home altogether, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence;—did fling him across the Oder. Where, again thanks to Montalembert, he was circling on with an eye to Breslau, when Friedrich, by the diameter, suddenly laid bridges, crossed at Koben, and again brought Soltikof to halt, as by turnpike suddenly shut: "Must pay first; must beat us first!"

These things had raised Friedrich's spirits not a little. Getting on the Heights of Zobelwitz, he was heard to exclaim, "This is a lucky day; worth more to me than a battle with victory." [Retzow, ii. 163.] Astonishing how he blazed out again, quite into his old pride and effulgence, after this, says Retzow. Had been so meek, so humbled, and even condescended to ask advice or opinion from some about him. Especially "from two Captains," says the Opposition Retzow, whose heads were nearly turned by this sunburst from on high. Captain Marquart and another,—I believe, he did employ them about Routes and marking of Camps, which Retzow calls consulting: a King fallen tragically scarce of persons to consult; all his Winterfelds, Schwerins, Keiths and Council of Peers now vanished, and nothing but some intelligent-looking Captain Marquart, or the like, to consult:—of which Retzow, in his splenetic Opposition humor, does not see the tragedy, but rather the comedy: how the poor Captains found their favor to be temporary, conditional, and had to collapse again. One of them wrote an "ESSAY on the COUP-D'OEIL MILITAIRE," over which Retzow pretends to weep. This was Friedrich's marginal Note upon the MS., when submitted to his gracious perusal: "You (ER) will do better to acquire the Art of marking Camps than to write upon the Military Stroke of Eye." Beautifully written too, says Retzow; but what, in the eyes of this King, is beautiful writing, to knowing your business well? No friend he to writing, unless you have got something really special, and urgent to be written.

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Friedrich crossed the Oder twice. Took Soltikof on both sides of the Oder, cut him out of this fond expectation, then of that; led him, we perceive, a bad life. Latterly the scene was on the right bank; Sophienthal, Koben, Herrnsstadt and other poor places,— on that big eastern elbow, where Oder takes his final bend, or farewell of Poland. Ground, naturally, of some interest to Friedrich: ground to us unknown; but known to Friedrich as the ground where Karl XII. gave Schulenburg his beating, ["Near Guhrau" (while chasing August the Strong and him out of Poland), "12th October, 1704:" vague account of it, dateless, and as good as placeless, in Voltaire (*Charles Douse*, liv. iii.), *OEuvres*, xxx. 142–145.] which produced the "beautiful retreat" of Schulenburg. The old Feldmarschall Schulenburg whom we used to hear of once,—whose Nephew, a pipeplayed little gentleman, was well known to Friedrich and us.

For the rest, I do not think he feels this out–manoeuvring of the Russians very hard work. Already, from Zobelwitz Country, 25th September, day of Henri at Hoyerswerda, Friedrich had written to Fouquet: "With 21,000 your beaten and maltreated Servant has hindered an Army of 50,000 from attacking him, and compelled them to retire on Neusatz!" Evidently much risen in hope; and Henri's fine news not yet come to hand. By degrees, Soltikof, rendered futile, got very angry; especially when Daun had to go for Saxony. "Meal was becoming impossible, at any rate," whimpers Daun: "O Excellency, do but consider, with the nobleness natural to you! Our Court will cheerfully furnish money, instead of meal."—"Money? My people cannot eat money!" growled Soltikof, getting more and more angry; threatening daily to march for Posen and his own meal– stores. What a time of it has Montalembert, has the melancholy Loudon, with temper so hot!

At Sophienthal, October 10th, Friedrich falls ill of gout;— absolutely lamed; for three weeks cannot stir from his room. Happily the outer problem is becoming easier and easier; almost bringing its own solution. At Sophienthal the lame Friedrich takes to writing about CHARLES XII. AND HIS MILITARY CHARACTER,— not a very illuminative Piece, on the first perusal, but I intend to read it again; [REFLEXIONS SUR LES TALENS MILITAIRES ET SUR LE CARACTERE DE CHARLES XII. (*OEuvres de Frederic*, vii. 69–88).]—which at least helps him to pass the time. Soltikof, more and more straitened, meal itself running low, gets angrier and angrier. His treatment of the Country, Montalembert rather encouraging, is described as "horrible." One day he takes the whim, whim or little more, of seizing Herrnsstadt; a small Town, between the Two Armies, where the Prussians have a Free Battalion. The Prussian Battalion resists; drives Soltikof's people back. "Never mind," think they: "a place of no importance to us; and Excellency Soltikof has ridden else–whither." By ill–luck, in the afternoon, Excellency Soltikof happened to mention the place again. Hearing that the Prussians still have it, Soltikof mounts into a rage; summons the place, with answer still No; thereupon orders instant bombardment of it, fiery storms of grenadoes for it; and has the satisfaction of utterly burning poor Herrnsstadt; the Prussian Free–Corps still continuing obstinate. It was Soltikof's last act in those parts, and betokens a sulphurous state of humor.

Next morning (October 24th), he took the road for Posen, and marched bodily home. [Tempelhof, iii. 299, 291–300 (general account, abundantly minute).] Home verily, in spite of Montalembert and all men. "And for me, what orders has Excellency?" Loudon had anxiously inquired, on the eve of that event. "None whatever!" answered Excellency: "Do your own pleasure; go whithersoever seems good to you." And Loudon had to take a wide sweep round, by Kalish, through the western parts of Poland; and get home to the Troppau– Teschen Country as he best could.

By Kalish, by Czenstochow, Cracow, poor Loudon had to go: a dismal march of 300 miles or more,—waited on latterly by Fouquet, with Werner, Goltz and others, on the Silesian Border; whom Friedrich had ordered thither for such end. Whom Loudon skilfully avoided to fight; having already, by desertion and by hardships, lost half his men on the road. Glad enough to get home and under roof, with his 20,000 gone to 10,000; and to make bargain with Fouquet: "Truce, then, through Winter; neither of us to meddle with the other, unless after a fortnight's warning given." [Tempelhof, iii. 328–331.] NOVEMBER 1st, a month before this, the King, carried on a litter by his soldiers, had quitted Sophienthal; and, crossing the River by Koben, got to Glogau. [Rodenbeck, i. 396.] The greater part of his force, 13,000 under Hulsen, he had immediately sent on for Saxony; he himself intending to wait recovery in Glogau, with this Silesian wing of the business happily brought to finis for the present.

On the Saxon side, too, affairs are in such a course that the King can be patient at Glogau till he get well. Everything is prosperous in Saxony since that March on Hoyerswerda; Henri, with his Fincks and Wunsches, beautifully posted in the Meissen–Torgau region; no dislodging of him, let Daun, with his big mass of forces, try

as he may. Daun, through the month of October, is in various Camps, in Schilda last of all: Henri successively in two; in Strehla for some ten days; then in Torgau for about three weeks, carefully intrenched, [Tempelhof. iii. 276, 281, 284 (Henri in Strehla, October 4th–17th; thence to Torgau: 22d October, Daun "quits his Camp of Belgern" for that of Schilda, which was his last in those parts).]—where traces of him will turn up (not too opportunely) next year. Daun, from whatever Camp, goes laboring on this side and on that; on every side the deft Henri is as sharp as needles; nothing to be made of him by the cunning movements and contrivances of Daun. Very fine manoeuvring it was, especially on Henri's part; a charm to the soldier mind;—given minutely in Tempelhof, and capable of being followed (if you have Maps and Patience) into the last details. Instructive really to the soldier;—but must be, almost all, omitted here. One beautiful slap to Duke d'Ahremberg (a poor old friend of Daun's and ours) we will remember: "Action of Pretsch" they call it; defeat, almost capture of poor D'Ahremberg; who had been sent to dislodge the Prince, by threatening his supplies, and had wheeled, accordingly, eastward, wide away; but, to his astonishment, found, after a march or two, Three select Prussian Corps emerging on him, by front, by rear, by flank, with Horse–artillery (quasi–miraculous) bursting out on hill–tops, too, —and, in short, nothing for it but to retreat, or indeed to run, in a considerably ruinous style: poor D'Ahremberg! [Seyfarth (*Beylagen*, ii. 634–637), "HOFBERICHT VON DER AM 29 OCTOBER, 1759, BEY MEURO [chiefly BEY PRETSCH] VORGEFALLENEN ACTION;" ib. ii. 543 n.] On the whole, Daun is reduced to a panting condition; and knows not what to do. His plans were intrinsically bad, says Tempelhof; without beating Henri in battle, which he cannot bring himself to attempt, he, in all probability, will, were it only for difficulties of the commissariat kind, have to fall back Dresden–ward, and altogether take himself away. [Tempelhof, iii. 287–289.]

After this sad slap at Pretsch, Daun paused for consideration; took to palisading himself to an extraordinary degree, slashing the Schilda Forests almost into ruin for this end; and otherwise sat absolutely quiet. Little to be done but take care of oneself. Daun knows withal of Hulsen's impending advent with the Silesian 13,000;—November 2d, Hulsen is actually at Muskau, and his 13,000 magnified by rumor to 20,000. Hearing of which, Daun takes the road (November 4th); quits his gloriously palisaded Camp of Schilda; feels that retreat on Dresden, or even home to Bohemia altogether, is the one course left.

And now, the important Bautzen Colloquy of SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, having here brought its three or more Courses of Activity to a pause,—we will glance at the far more important THURSDAY, 13th, other side the Ocean:—

ABOVE QUEBEC, NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 12th–13th, In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("As a last shift, we will try that way"), with about 5,000 men, is silently descending in boats; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's ELEGY, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear–witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as WE might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!" [Professor Robison, then a Naval Junior, in the boat along with Wolfe, afterwards a well–known Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this Anecdote. See Playfair, BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF PROFESSOR ROBISON,—in *Transactions* of Royal Society of Edinburgh, vii. 495 et seq.] Next morning (Thursday, 13th September, 1759), Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringiug up another; and by 10 of the clock stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all poiuts for Montcalm, but refusing to be over–ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: "OUI, JE LES VOIS OU ILS NE DOIVENT PAS ETRE; JE VAIS LES E'CRASER (to smash them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. Has numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: "Steady!" orders Wolfe; "from you not one shot till they are within thirty yards." And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till at thirty

yards the stones become vocal,—and continue so at a dreadful rate; and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more the agony was done; "English falling on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the claymore;" fierce pursuit, rout total:—and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman; [The military details of it seem to be very ill known (witness Colonel Beatson's otherwise rather careful Pamphlet, THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, written quite lately, which we are soon to cite farther); and they would well deserve describing in the SEYFARTH-BEYLAGEN, or even in the TEMPELHOF way,—could an English Officer, on the spot as this Colonel was, be found to do it!—Details are in Beatson (quite another "Beatson"), *Naval and Military History*, ii. 300–308; in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, the Despatches and particulars: see also Walpole, *George the Second*, iii. 217–222.] and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement, How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderoga; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours.

Colonel Reatson, in his recent Pamphlet, THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM,—which, especially on the military side, is distressingly ignorant and shallow, though NOT intentionally incorrect anywhere,—gives Extracts from a Letter of Montcalm's ("Quebec, 24th August, 1759"), which is highly worth reading, had we room. It predicts to a hair's-breadth, not only the way "M. Wolfe, if he understands his trade, will take to beat and ruin me if we meet in fight;" but also,—with a sagacity singular to look at, in the years 1775–1777, and perhaps still more in the years 1860–1863,—what will be the consequences to those unruly English, Colonial and other. "If he beat me here, France has lost America utterly," thinks Montcalm: "Yes;—and one's only consolation is, In ten years farther, America will be in revolt against England!" Montcalm's style of writing is not exemplary; but his power of faithful observation, his sagacity, and talent of prophecy are so considerable, we are tempted to give the IPSISSIMA VERBA of his long Letter in regard to those two points,—the rather as it seems to have fallen much out of sight in our day:—

MONTCALM TO A COUSIN IN FRANCE.

"CAMP BEFORE QUEBEC, 24th August, 1759.

"MONSIEUR ET CHER COUSIN,—Here I am, for more than three months past, at handgrips with M. Wolfe; who ceases not day or night to bombard Quebec, with a fury which is almost unexampled in the Siege of a Place one intends to retain after taking it." ... Will never take it in that way, however, by attacking from the River or south shore; only ruins us, but does not enrich himself. Not an inch nearer his object than he was three months ago; and in one month more the equinoctial storms will blow his Fleet and him away.— Quebec, then, and the preservation of the Colony, you think, must be as good as safe?" Alas, the fact is far otherwise. The capture of Quebec depends on what we call a stroke-of-hand—[But let us take to the Original now, for Prediction First]:—

"La prise de Quebec depend d'un coup de main. Les Anglais sont maitres de la riviere: ils n'ont qu'a effectuer une descente sur la rive ou cette Ville, sans fortifications et sans defense, est situee. Les voila en etat de me presenter la bataille; que je ne pourrais plus refuser, et que je ne devrais pas gagner. M. Wolfe, en effet, s'il entend son metier, n'a qu'a essayer le premier feu, venir ensuite a grands pas sur mon armee, faire a bout portant sa decharge; mes Canadiens, sans discipline, sourds a la voix du tambour et des instrumens militaires, deranges par cette escarre, ne sauront plus reprendre leurs rangs. Ils sont d'ailleurs sans baionettes pour repondre a celles de l'ennemi: il ne leur reste qu'a fuir,—et me voila battu sans ressource. [This is a curiously exact Prediction! I won't survive, however; defeat here, in this stage of our affairs, means loss of America altogether:] il est des situations ou il ne reste plus a un General que de perir avec honneur. ... Mes sentimens sont francais, et ils le seront jusque dans le tombeau, si dans le tombeau on est encore quelque chose.

"Je me consolerais du moins de ma defaite, et de la perte de la Colonie, par l'intime persuasion ou je suis [Prediction Second, which is still more curious], que cette defaite vaudra, un jour, a ma Patrie plus qu'une

victoire; et que le vainqueur, en s'agrandissant, trouvera un tombeau dans son agrandissement meme.

"Ce que j'avance ici, mon cher Cousin, vous paraîtra un paradoxe: mais un moment de reflexion politique, un coup d'oeil sur la situation des choses en Amerique, et la verite de mon opinion brillera dans tout son jour. [Nobody will obey, unless necessity compel him: VOILA LES HOMMES; GENE of any kind a nuisance to them; and of all men in the world LES ANGLAIS are the most impatient of obeying anybody.] Mais si ce sont—la les Anglais de l'Europe, c'est encore plus les Anglais d'Amerique. Une grande partie de ces Colons sont les enfans de ces hommes qui s'expatrierent dans ces temps de trouble ou l'ancienne Angleterre, en proie aux divisions, etait attaquée dans ses privileges et droits; et allerent chercher en Amerique une terre ou ils pussent vivre et mourir libres et presque independants:—et ces enfans n'ont pas degene des sentimens republicains de leurs peres. D'autres sont des hommes ennemis de tout frein, de tout assujettissement, que le gouvernement y a transportes pour leurs crimes, D'autres, enfin, sont un ramas de differentes nations de l'Europe, qui tiennent tres—peu a l'ancienne Angleterre par le coeur et le sentiment; tous, en general, ne se soucient gueres du Roi ni du Parlement d'Angleterre.

"Je les connais bien,—non sur des rapports etrangers, mais sur des correspondances et des informations secretes, que j'ai moi—meme menagees; et dont, un jour, si Dieu me prete vie, je pourrai faire usage a l'avantage de ma Patrie. Pour surcroit de bonheur pour eux, tous ces Colons sont parvenues, dans un etat tres—florissant; ils sont nombreux et riches:—ils recueillent dans le sein de leur patrie toutes les necessites de la vie. L'ancienne Angleterre a ete assez sotté, et assez dupe, pour leur laisser etablir chez eux les arts, les metiers, les manufactures:—c'est a dire, qu'elle leur a laisse briser la chaine de besoins qui les liait, qui les attachait a elle, et qui les fait dependants. Aussi toutes ces Colonies Anglaises auraient—elles depuis longtemps secoué le joug, chaque province aurait formé une petite republique independante, si la crainte de voir les Francais a leur Porte n'avait ete un frein qui les avait retenu. Maitres pour maitres, ils ont peferé leurs compatriotes aux etrangers; prenant cependant pour maxime de n'obeir que le moins qu'ils pourraient. Mais que le Canada vint a etre conquis, et que les Canadiens et ces Colons ne fussent plus qu'une seul peuple,—et la premiere occasion ou l'ancienne Angleterre semblerait toucher a leurs interets, croyez—vous, mon cher Cousin, que ces Colons obeiront? Et qu'auraient—ils a craindre en se revoltant? ... Je suis si sur de ce que j'ecris, que je ne donnerais pas dix ans apres la conquete du Canada pour en voir l'accomplissement.

"Voila ce que, comme Francais, me console aujourd'hui du danger imminent, que court ma Patrie, de voir cette Colonie perdue pour elle." [In Beatson, Lieutenant—Colonel R.E., *The Plains of Abraham; Notes original and selected* (Gibraltar, Garrison Library Press, 1858), pp. 38 et seq.: Extract from "*Lettres de M. le Marquis de Montcalm a MM. De Berryer et De la Mole: 1757—1759* (Londres, 1777),"—which is not in the British—Museum Library, on applying; and seems to be a forgotten Book. (NOTE OF FIRST EDITION, 1865.)

"A Copy is in the BOSTON ATHENAEUM LIBRARY, New—England: it is a Pamphlet rather than a Book; contains Two Letters to Berryer MINISTRE DE LA MARINE, besides this to Mole the Cousin: Publisher is the noted J. Almon,—in French and English." (From *Boston Sunday Courier*, of 19th April, 1868, where this Letter is reproduced.)

In the Temple Library, London, I have since found a Copy: and, on strict survey, am obliged to pronounce the whole Pamphlet a FORGERY,—especially the Two Letters to "Berryer MINISTER OF MARINE;" who was not yet Minister of anything, nor thought of as likely to be, for many months after the date of these Letters addressed to him as such! Internal evidence too, were such at all wanted, is abundant in these BERRYER Letters; which are of gross and almost stupid structure in comparison to the MOLE one. As this latter has already got into various Books, and been argued of in Parliaments and high places (Lord Shelburne asserting it to be spurious, Lord Mansfield to be genuine: REPORT OF PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES in *Gentleman's Magazine* for NOVEMBER and for DECEMBER, 1777, pp. 515, 560),—it may be allowed to continue here in the CONDEMNED state. Forger, probably, some Ex—Canadian, or other American ROYALIST, anxious to do the Insurgent Party and their British Apologists an ill turn, in that critical year;—had shot off his Pamphlet to voracious Almon; who prints without preface or criticism, and even without correcting the press. (NOTE OF JULY, 1868.)]

Montcalm had been in the Belleisle RETREAT FROM PRAG (December, 1742); in the terrible EXILLES Business (July, 1747), where the Chevalier de Belleisle and 4 or 5,000 lost their lives in about an hour. Captain Cook was at Quebec, Master in the Royal Navy; "sounding the River, and putting down buoys." Bougainville,

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another famous Navigator, was Aide-de-Camp of Montcalm. There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this CAPTURE OF QUEBEC;—which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World-History! Montcalm was 48 when he perished; Wolfe 33. Montcalm's skull is in the Ursulines Convent at Quebec,—shown to the idly curious to this day. [Lieutenant-Colonel Beatson, pp. 28, 15.]

It was on October 17th,—while Friedrich lay at Sophienthal, lamed of gout, and Soltikof had privately fixed for home (went that day week),—that this glorious bit of news reached England. It was only three days after that other, bad and almost hopeless news, from the same quarter; news of poor Wolfe's Repulse, on the other or eastern side of Quebec, July 31st, known to us already, not known in England till October 14th. Heightened by such contrast, the news filled all men with a strange mixture of emotions. "The incidents of Dramatic Fiction," says one who was sharer in it, "could not have been conducted with more address to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation, than Accident had here prepared to excite the passions of a whole People. They despaired; they triumphed; and they wept,—for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every countenance: the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting." [Walpole, iii. 219.] America ours; but the noble Wolfe now not!

What Pitt himself said of these things, we do not much hear. On the meeting of his Parliament, about a month hence, his Speech, somebody having risen to congratulate and eulogize him, is still recognizably of royal quality, if we evoke it from the Walpole Notes. Very modest, very noble, true; and with fine pieties and magnanimities delicately audible in it: "Not a week all Summer but has been a crisis, in which I have not known whether I should not be torn to pieces, instead of being commended, as now by the Honorable Member. The hand of Divine Providence; the more a man is versed in business, the more he everywhere traces that! ... Success has given us unanimity, not unanimity success. For my own poor share, I could not have dared as I have done, except in these times. Other Ministers have hoped as well, but have not been so circumstanced to dare so much. ... I think the stone almost rolled to the top of the hill; but let us have a care; it may rebound, and hideously drag us down with it again." [Ib. iii. 225; Thackeray, i. 446.]

The essential truth, moreover, is, Pitt has become King of England; so lucky has poor England, in its hour of crisis, again been. And the difference between an England guided by some kind of Friedrich (temporary Friedrich, absolute, though of insecure tenure), and by a Newcastle and the Clack of Tongues, is very great! But for Pitt, there had been no Wolfe, no Amherst; Duke Ferdinand had been the Royal Highness of Cumberland,—and all things going round him in St. Vitus, at their old rate. This man is a King, for the time being,—King really of the Friedrich type;— and rules, Friedrich himself not more despotically, where need is. Pitt's War-Offices, Admiralties, were not of themselves quick-going entities; but Pitt made them go. Slow-paced Lords in Office have remonstrated, on more than one occasion: "Impossible, Sir; these things cannot be got ready at the time you order!" "My Lord, they indispensably must," Pitt would answer (a man always reverent of coming facts, knowing how inexorable they are); and if the Negative continued obstinate in argument, he has been known to add: "My Lord, to the King's service, it is a fixed necessity of time. Unless the time is kept, I will impeach your Lordship!" Your Lordship's head will come to lie at your Lordship's feet! Figure a poor Duke of Newcastle, listening to such a thing;—and knowing that Pitt will do it; and that he can, such is his favor with universal England;—and trembling and obeying. War-requisites for land and for sea are got ready with a Prussian punctuality,— at what multiple of the Prussian expense, is a smaller question for Pitt.

It is about eighteen months ago that Pownal, Governor of New England, a kind of half-military person, not without sound sense, though sadly intricate of utterance,—of whom Pitt, just entering on Office, has, I suppose, asked an opinion on America, as men do of Learned Counsel on an impending Lawsuit of magnitude,—had answered, in his long-winded, intertangled, nearly inextricable way, to the effect, "Sir, I incline to fear, on the whole, that the Action will NOT lie,—that, on the whole, the French will eat America from us in spite of our teeth." [In THACKERAY, ii. 421–452, Pownal's intricate REPORT (his "DISCOURSE," or whatever he calls it, "ON THE DEFENCE OF THE INLAND FRONTIERS," his of date "15th January, 1758.") January 15th, 1758, that is the Pownal Opinion-of-Counsel;—and on September 13th, 1759, this is what we have practically come to. And on September 7th, 1760: within twelve months more,—Amherst, descending the Rapids from Ticonderoga side, and two other little Armies, ascending from Quebec and Louisburg, to meet him at Montreal, have proved punctual almost to an hour; and are in condition to extinguish, by triple pressure (or what we call

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noosing), the French Governor-General in Montreal, a Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and his Montreal and his Canada altogether; and send the French bodily home out of those Continents. [Capitulation between Amherst and Vaudreuil ("Montreal, 8th September, 1760"), in 55 Articles: in BEATSON, iii. 274–283.] Which may dispense us from speaking farther on the subject.

From the Madras region, too, from India and outrageous Lally, the news are good. Early in Spring last, poor Lally,—a man of endless talent and courage, but of dreadfully emphatic loose tongue, in fact of a blazing ungoverned Irish turn of mind,—had instantly, on sight of some small Succors from Pitt, to raise his siege of Madras, retire to Pondicherry; and, in fact, go plunging and tumbling downhill, he and his India with him, at an ever-faster rate, till they also had got to the Abyss. "My policy is in these five words, NO ENGLISHMAN IN THIS PENINSULA," wrote he, a year ago, on landing in India; and now it is to be No FRENCHMAN, and there is one word in the five to be altered!—Of poor Lally, zealous and furious over-much, and nearly the most unfortunate and worst-used "man of genius" I ever read of, whose lion-like struggles against French Official people, and against Pitt's Captains and their sea-fights and siegings, would deserve a volume to themselves, we have said, and can here say, as good as nothing,—except that they all ended, for Lally and French India, in total surrender, 16th January, 1761; and that Lally, some years afterwards, for toils undergone and for services done, got, when accounts came to be liquidated, death on the scaffold. Dates I give below. [28th April, 1758, Lands at Pondicherry; instantly proceeds upon Fort St. David. 2d June, 1758, Takes it: meant to have gone now on Madras; but finds he has no money;—goes extorting money from Black Potentates about, Rajah of Travancore, in a violent and extraordinary style; and can get little. Nevertheless, 14th December, 1758, Lays Siege to Madras.

16th February, 1759, Is obliged to quit trenches at Madras, and retire dismally upon Pondicherry,—to mere indigence, mutiny ("ten mutinies"), Official conspiracy, and chaos come again.

22d January, 1760, Makes outrush on Wandewash, and the English posted there; is beaten, driven back into Pondicherry. April, 1760, Is besieged in Pondicherry. 16th January, 1761, Is taken, Pondicherry, French India and he;—to Madras he, lest the French Official party kill him, as they attempt to do.

23d September, 1761, arrives, prisoner, in England: thence, on parole, to France and Paris, 21st October. November, 1762, To Bastille; waits trial nineteen months; trial lasts two years. 6th May, 1766, To be BEHEADED,—9th May was. See BEATSON, ii. 369–372, 96–110, Voltaire (FRAGMENTS SUR L'INDE) in *OEuvres*, xxix. 183–253; BIOGRAPHIC UNIVERSELLE, Lally.]

"Gained Fontenoy for us," said many persons;—undoubtedly gained various things for us, fought for us Berserkir-like on all occasions; hoped, in the end, to be Marechal de France, and undertook a Championship of India, which issues in this way! America and India, it is written, are both to be Pitt's. Let both, if possible, remain silent to us henceforth.

As to the Invasion-of-England Scheme, Pitt says he does not expect the French will invade us; but if they do, he is ready. [Speech, 4th November, *supra*.]

Chapter VII. FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN.

November 6th–8th, Daun had gone to Meissen Country: fairly ebbing homeward; Henri following, with Hulsen joined,—not vehemently attacking the rhinoceros, but judiciously pricking him forward. Daun goes at his slowest step: in many divisions, covering a wide circuit; sticking to all the strong posts, till his own time for quitting them: slow, sullenly cautious; like a man descending dangerous precipices back foremost, and will not be hurried. So it had lasted about a week; Daun for the last four days sitting restive, obstinate, but Henri pricking into him more and more, till the rhinoceros seemed actually about lifting himself,—when Friedrich in person arrived in his Brother's Camp. [Tempelhof, iii. 301–305.]

At the Schloss of Herschstein, a mile or two behind Lommatsch, which is Henri's head-quarter (still to westward of Meissen; Daun hanging on, seven or eight miles to southeastward ahead; loath to go, but actually obliged),—it was there, Tuesday, November 13th, that the King met his Brother again. A King free of his gout; in joyful spirits; and high of humor,—like a man risen indignant, once more got to his feet, after three months' oppressions and miseries from the unworthy. "Too high," mourns Retzow, in a gloomy tone, as others do in perhaps a more indulgent one. Beyond doubt, Friedrich's farther procedures in this grave and weighty Daun business were more or less imprudent; of a too rapid and rash nature; and turned out bitterly unlucky to him. "Had he left the management to Henri!" sighed everybody, after the unlucky event.

Friedrich had not arrived above four—and—twenty hours, when news came in: "The Austrians in movement again; actually rolling off Dresden—ward again." "Haha, do they smell me already!" laughed he: "Well, I will send Daun to the Devil,"—not adding, "if I can." And instantly ordered sharp pursuit,—and sheer stabbing with the ox-goad, not soft and delicate pricking, as Henri's lately. [Retzow, ii. 168; Tempelhof, iii. 306.] Friedrich, in fact; was in a fiery condition against Daun: "You trampled on me, you heavy buffalo, these three months; but that is over now!"—and took personally the vanguard in this pursuit. And had a bit of hot fighting in the Village of Korbitz (scene of that Finck–Haddick "Action," 21st September last, and of poor Haddick's ruin, and retirement to the Waters);—where the Austrians now prove very fierce and obstinate; and will not go, till well slashed into, and torn out by sheer beating:—which was visibly a kind of comfort to the King's humor. "Our Prussians do still fight, then, much as formerly! And it was all a hideous Nightmare, all that, and Daylight and Fact are come, and Friedrich is himself again!"

They say Prince Henri took the liberty of counselling him, even of entreating him: "Leave well alone; why run risks?" said Henri. Daun, it was pretty apparent, had no outlook at the present but that of sauntering home to Bohmen; leaving Dresden to be an easy prey again, and his whole Campaign to fall futile, as the last had. Under Henri's gentle driving he would have gone slower; but how salutary, if he only went! These were Henri's views: but Friedrich was not in the slow humor; impatient to be in Dresden; "will be quartered there in a week," writes he, "and more at leisure than now." ["Wilsdruf, 17th November, 1759," and still more "19th November," Friedrich to Voltaire. in high spirits that way (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 66).] He is thinking of Leuthen, of Rossbach, of Campaign 1757, so gloriously restored after ruin; and, in the fire of his soul, is hoping to do something similar a second time. That is Retzow's notion: who knows but there may be truth in it? A proud Friedrich, got on his feet again after such usage;—nay, who knows whether it was quite so unwise to be impressive on the slow rhinoceros, and try to fix some thorn in his snout, or say (figuratively), to hobble his hind-feet; which, I am told, would have been beautifully ruinous; and, though riskish, was not impossible? [Tempelhof, iii. 311, Ill it indisputably turned out; and we have, with brevity, to say how, and leave readers to their judgment of it.

It was in the Village of Krogis, about six miles forward, on the Meissen–Freyberg road, a mile or two on from Korbitz, and directly after the fierce little tussle in that Village,—that Friedrich, his blood still up, gave the Order for Maxen, which proved so unlucky to him. Wunsch had been shot off in pursuit of the beaten Austrians; but they ran too fast; and Wunsch came back without farther result, still early in the day. Back as far as Krogis, where the next head-quarter is to be;—and finds the King still in a fulminant condition; none the milder, it is likely, by Wunsch's returning without result. "Go straight to General Finck; bid him march at once!" orders the King; and rapidly gives Wunsch the instructions Finck is to follow. Finck and his Corps are near Nossen, some ten miles

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ahead of Krogis, some twenty west from Dresden. There, since yesterday, stands Finck, infesting the left or western flank of the Austrians,—what was their left, and will be again, when they call halt and face round on us:—Let Finck now march at once, quite round that western flank; by Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, thence east to Maxen; plant himself at Maxen (a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky hills), and stick diligently in the rear of those Austrians, cutting off, or threatening to cut off, their communications with Bohemia, and block the Pirna Country for them.

Friedrich calculates that, if Daun is for retreating by Pirna Country, this will, at lowest, be a method to quicken him in that movement; or perhaps it may prove a method to cut off such retreat altogether, and force Daun to go circling by the Lausitz Hills and Wildernesses, exposed to tribulations which may go nigh to ruin him. That is Friedrich's proud thought: "an unfortunate Campaign; winding up, nevertheless, as 1757 did, in blazes of success!" And truly, if Friedrich could have made himself into Two; and, while flashing and charging in Daun's front, have been in command at Maxen in Daun's rear,—Friedrich could have made a pretty thing of this waxen Enterprise; and might in good part have realized his proud program. But there is no getting two Friedrichs. Finck, a General of approved quality, he is the nearest approach we can make to a second Friedrich;—and he, ill-luck too super-adding itself, proves tragically inadequate. And sets all the world, and Opposition Retzow, exclaiming, "See: Pride goes before a fall!"—

At 3 in the afternoon, Friedrich, intensely surveying from the heights of Krogis the new Austrian movements and positions, is astonished, not agreeably ("What, still only here, Herr General!"), by a personal visit from Finck. Finck finds the Maxen business intricate, precarious; wishes farther instructions, brings forward this objection and that. Friedrich at last answers, impatiently: "You know I can't stand making of difficulties (ER WEISS DASS ICH DIE DIFFICULTATEN NICHT LEIDEN KANN; MACHE DASS ER FORT KOMMT); contrive to get it done!" With which poor comfort Finck has to ride back to Nossen; and scheme out his dispositions overnight.

Next morning, Thursday, 15th, Finck gets on march; drives the Reichsfolk out of Freyberg; reaches Dippoldiswalde:—"Freyberg is to be my Magazine," considers Finck; "Dippoldiswalde my half-way house; Four Battalions of my poor Eighteen shall stand there, and secure the meal-carts." Friday, 16th, Finck has his Vanguard, Wunsch leading it, in possession of Maxen and the Heights; and on Saturday gets there himself, with all his people and equipments. I should think about 12,000 men: in a most intersected, intertwined Hill Country; full of gulleys, dells and winding brooks;—it is forecourt of the Pirna rocks, our celebrated Camp of Gahmig lies visible to north, Dohna and the Rothwasser bounding us to east;—in grim November weather, some snow falling, or snow-powder, alternating with sleet and glazing frosts: by no means a beautiful enterprise to Finck. Nor one of his own choosing, had one a choice in such cases.

To Daun nothing could be more unwelcome than this news of Finck, embattled there at Maxen in the inextricable Hill Country, direct on the road of Daun's meal-carts and Bohemian communications. And truly withal,—what Daun does not yet hear, but can guess,—there is gone, in supplement or as auxiliary to Finck, a fierce Hussar party, under GRUNE Kleist, their fiercest Hussar since Mayer died; who this very day, at Aussig, burns Daun's first considerable Magazine; and has others in view for the same fate. [Friedrich's second Letter to Voltaire, Wilsdruf, "19th November, 1759."] An evident thing to Daun, that Finck being there, meal has ceased.

On the instant, Daun falls back on Dresden; Saturday, 17th, takes post in the Dell of Plauen (PLAUEN'SCHE GRUND); an impassable Chasm, with sheer steps on both sides, stretching southward from Dresden in front of the Hill Country: thither Daun marches, there to consider what is to be done with Finck. Amply safe this position is; none better in the world: a Village, Plauen, and a Brook, Weistritz, in the bottom of this exquisite Chasm; sheer rock-walls on each side,—high especially on the Daun, or south side;—head-quarters can be in Dresden itself; room for your cavalry on the plain ground between Dresden and the Chasm. A post both safe and comfortable; only you must not loiter in making up your mind as to Finck; for Friedrich has followed on the instant. Friedrich's head-quarter is already Wilsdruf, which an hour or two ago was Daun's: at Kesselsdorf vigilant Ziethen is vanguard. So that Friedrich looks over on you from the northern brow of your Chasm; delays are not good near such a neighbor.

Daun—urged on by Lacy, they say—is not long in deciding that, in this strait, the short way out will be to attack Finck in the Hills. Daun is in the Hills, as well as Finck (this Plauen Chasm is the boundary-ditch of the Hills): Daun with 27,000 horse and foot, moving on from this western part; 3,000 light people (one Sincere the leader of them) moving simultaneously from Dresden itself, that is, from northward or northwestward; 12,000

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Reichsfolk, horse and foot, part of them already to southeastward of Finck, other part stealing on by the Elbe bank thitherward: here, from three different points of the compass, are 42,000. These simultaneously dashing in, from west, north, south, upon Finck, may surely give account of his 12,000 and him! If only we can keep Friedrich dark upon it; which surely our Pandours will contrive to do.

Finck, directly on arriving at Maxen, had reported himself to the King; and got answer before next morning: "Very well; but draw in those Four Battalions you have left in Dippoldiswalde; hit with the whole of your strength, when a chance offers." Which order Finck, literally and not too willingly, obeys; leaves only some light remnant in Dippoldiswalde, and reinforcement to linger within reach, till a certain Bread-convoy come to him, which will be due next morning (Monday, 19th); and which does then safely get home, though under annoyances from cannonading in the distance.

SUNDAY, 18th, Finck fails not to reconnoitre from the highest Hill-top; to inquire by every method: he finds, for certain, that the enemy are coming in upon him. With his own eyes he sees Reichsfolk marching, in quantity, southeastward by the Elbe shore: "Intending towards Dohna, as is like?"—and despatched Wunsch, who, accordingly, drove them out of Dohna. Of all this Finck, at once, sent word to Friedrich. Who probably enough received the message; but who would get no new knowledge from it,—vigilant Ziethen having, by Austrian deserters and otherwise, discovered this of the Reichsfolk; and furthermore that Sincere with 3,000 was in motion, from the north, upon Finck. Sunday evening, Friedrich despatches Ziethen's Report; which punctually came to Finck's hand; but was the last thing he received from Friedrich, or Friedrich from him. The intervening Pandours picked up all the rest. The Ziethen REPORT, of two or three lines, most succinct but sufficient, like a cutting of hard iron, is to be read in many Books: we may as well give the Letter and it:—

FRIEDRICH'S LETTER (WILSDRUF, 18th NOVEMBER, 1759). "My dear General-Lieutenant von Finck,—I send you the enclosed Report from General Ziethen, showing what is the lie of matters as seen from this side; and leave the whole to your disposition and necessary measures. I am your well-affectioned King,—F." The Enclosure is as follows:—

GENERAL ZIETHEN'S REPORT (KESSELSORF, 18th NOVEMBER, 1759). "To your Royal Majesty, send [no pronoun "I" allowed] herewith a Corporal, who has deserted from the Austrians. He says, Sincere with the Reserve did march with the Reichs Army; but a league behind it, and turned towards Dippoldiswalde. General Brentano [Wehla's old comrade, luckier than Wehla], as this Deserter heard last night in Daun's head-quarter,—which is in the southern Suburb of Dresden, in the Countess Moschinska's Garden,—was yesterday to have been in Dohlen [looking into our outposts from the hither side of their Plauen Dell], but was not there any longer," as our Deserter passed, "and it was said that he had gone to Maxen at three in the afternoon." [Tempelhof, iii. 309.]

Thus curtly is Finck authorized to judge for himself in the new circumstances. Marginally is added, in Friedrich's own hand: "ER WIRD ENTWEDER MIT DEN REICHERN ODER MIT SICEREN EINEN GANG HABEN,—Either with the Reichers or with Sincere you will have a bout, I suppose."

Finck, from his own Hill-top, on Sunday and Monday, sees all this of Ziethen, and much more. Sees the vanguard of Daun himself approaching Dippoldiswalde, cannonading his meal-carts as they issue there; on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees;— and has a sphinx-riddle on his mind, such as soldier seldom had. Shall he manoeuvre himself out, and march away, bread-carts, baggages and all entire? There is still time, and perfect possibility, by Dippoldiswalde there, or by other routes and methods. But again, did not his Majesty expect, do not these words "a bout" still seem to expect, a bit of fighting with somebody or other? Finck was an able soldier, and his skill and courage well known; but probably another kind of courage was wanted this day, of which Finck had not enough. Finck was not king of this matter; Finck was under a King who perhaps misjudged the matter. If Finck saw no method of doing other than hurt and bad service to his King by staying here, Finck should have had the courage to come away, and front the King's unreasonable anger, expecting redress one day, or never any redress. That was Finck's duty: but everybody sees how hard it was for flesh and blood.

Finck, truer to the letter than to the spirit, determined to remain. Did, all that Monday, his best to prepare himself; called in his outposts ("Was not I ordered?" thinks Finck, too literally); and sees his multitudes of enemies settle round him;—Daun alone has 27,000 men, who take camp at Dippoldiswalde; and in sum-total they are as 4 to 1 of Finck:—a Finck still resolute of face, though internally his thoughts may be haggard enough. Doubtless he hopes, too, that Friedrich will do something:—unaware that none of his messages reach Friedrich.

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As for Daun, having seen his people safely encamped here, he returns to Dresden for the night, to see that Friedrich is quiet. Friedrich is quiet enough: Daun, at seven next morning (TUESDAY, 20th), appeared on the ground again; and from all sides Finck is assaulted,—from Daun's side nearest and soonest, with Daun's best vigor.

Dippoldiswalde is some seven miles from Maxen. Difficult hill—road all the way: but the steepest, straitest and worst place is at Reinhartsgrimma, the very first Hamlet after you are out of Dippoldiswalde. There is a narrow gullet there, overhung with heights all round. The roads are slippery, glazed with sleet and frost; Cavalry, unroughened, make sad sliding and sprawling; hardly the Infantry are secure on their feet: a terrible business getting masses of artillery—wagons, horse and man, through such a Pass! It is thought, had Finck garnished this Pass of Reinhartsgrimma, with the proper batteries, the proper musketries, Daun never would have got through. Finck had not a gun or a man in it: "Had not I order?" said he,—again too literally. As it was, Daun, sliding and sprawling in the narrow steeps, had difficulties almost too great; and, they say, would have given it up, had it not been that a certain Major urged, "Can be done, Excellenz, and shall!" and that the temper of his soldiers was everywhere excellent. Unfortunate Finck had no artillery to bear on Daun's transit through the Pass. Nothing but some weak body of hussars and infantry stood looking into it, from the Hill of Hausdorf: even these might have given him some slight hindrance; but these were played upon by endless Pandours, "issuing from a wood near by," with musketries, and at length with cannon batteries, one and another;—and had to fall back, or to be called back, to Maxen Hill, where the main force is.

In the course of yesterday, by continual reconnoitring, by Austrian deserters, and intense comparison of symptoms, Finck had completely ascertained where the Enemy's Three Attacks were to be,—“on Maxen, from Dippoldiswalde, Trohritz, Dohna, simultaneously three attacks,” it appears;—and had with all his skill arranged himself on the Maxen summits to meet these. He stands now elaborately divided into Three groups against those Three simultaneities; forming (sadly wide apart, one would say, for such a force as Finck's) a very obtuse—angled triangle:—the obtuse vertex of which (if readers care to look on their Map) is Trohritz, the road Brentano and Sincere are coming. On the base—angles, Maxen and Dohna, Finck expects Daun and the Reich. From Trohritz to Maxen is near two miles; from Maxen to Dohna above four. At Dohna stands Wunsch against the Reich; Finck himself at Maxen, expecting Daun, as the pith of the whole affair. In this triangular way stands Finck at the topmost heights of the country,—“Maxen highest, but Hausdorf only a little lower,”—and has not thought of disputing the climb upwards. Too literal an eye to his orders: alas, he was not himself king, but only king's deputy!

The result is, about 11 A.M., as I obscurely gather, Daun has conquered the climb; Daun's musketries begin to glitter on the top of Hausdorf; and 26 or 32 heavy cannon open their throats there; and the Three Attacks break loose. Finck's Maxen batteries (scarcely higher than Daun's, and far inferior in weight) respond with all diligence, the poor regimental fieldpieces helping what they can. Mutual cannonade, very loud for an hour and half; terrific, but doing little mischief; after which Daun's musketries (the ground now sufficiently clear to Daun), which are the practical thing, begin opening, first from one point, then from another: and there ensues, for five hours coming, at Maxen and at the other two points of Finck's triangle, such a series of explosive chargings, wheelings, worryings and intricate death—wrestlings, as it would provoke every reader to attempt describing to him. Except indeed he were a soldier, bound to know the defence of posts; in which case I could fairly promise him that there are means of understanding the affair, and that he might find benefit in it. [Tempelhof, iii. 307–317. JOURNAL UND NACHRICHT VON DER GEFANGENNEHMUNG DES FINCK'SCHEN CORPS BEY MAXEN, IM JAHRE 1759 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 637–654).]

Daun's Grenadiers, and Infantry generally, are in triumphant spirits; confident of victory, as they may reasonably be. Finck's people, too, behave well, some of them conspicuously well, though in gloomier mood; and make stubborn fight, successful here and there, but, as a whole, not capable of succeeding. By 3 in the afternoon, the Austrians have forced the Maxen Post; they "enter Maxen with great shoutings;" extrude the obstinate Prussian remnants; and, before long, have the poor Village "on fire in every part." Finck retreating northward to Schmorsdorf, towards the obtuse angle of his triangle, if haply there may be help in that quarter for him. Daun does not push him much; has Maxen safely burning in every part.

From Schmorsdorf Finck pushes out a Cavalry charge on Brentano. "Could we but repulse Brentano yonder," thinks he, "I might have those Four Battalions to hand, and try again!" But Brentano makes such cannonading, the

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Cavalry swerve to a Hollow on their right; then find they have not ground, and retire quite fruitless. Finck's Cavalry, and the Cavalry generally, with their horses all sliding on the frosty mountain—gnarls, appear to be good for little this day. Brentano, victorious over the Cavalry, comes on with such storm, he sweeps through the obtuse angle, home upon Finck; and sweeps him out of Schmorsdorf Village to Schmorsdorf Hill, there to take refuge, as the night sinks,—and to see himself, if his wild heart will permit him to be candid, a ruined man. Of the Three Attacks, Two have completely succeeded on him; only Wunsch, at Dohna, stands victorious; he has held back the Reich all day, and even chased it home to its posts on the Rothwasser (RED WATER), multitudinous as it was.

Finck's mood, as the November shadows gathered on him,—the equal heart may at least pity poor Finck! His resolution is fixed: "Cut ourselves through, this night: Dohna is ours: other side that Red Water there are roads;—perish or get through!" And the Generals (who are rallied now "on the Heights of Falkenhain and Bloschwitz," midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to arrange for executing it,—though with outlook more and more desperate, as their scouts report that every pass and post on the Red Water is beset by Reichsfolk. "Wunsch, with the Cavalry, he at least may thread his way out, under cloud of night, by the opposite or Daun side," calculates Finck. And Wunsch sets out accordingly: a very questionable, winding, subterranean march; difficult in the extreme,—the wearied SLIPshod horses going at a snail's pace; and, in the difficult passes, needing to be dragged through with bridle and even to be left altogether:—in which, withal, it will prove of no use for Wunsch to succeed! Finck's Generals endeavoring to rank and rearrange through the night, find that their very cartridges are nearly spent, and that of men, such wounding, such deserting has there been, they have, at this time, by precise count, 2,836 rank and file. Evidently desperate.

At daylight, Daun's cannon beginning again from the Maxen side, Finck sends to capitulate. "Absolute surrender," answers Daun: "prisoners of war, and you shall keep your private baggage. General Wunsch with the Cavalry, he too must turn back and surrender!" Finck pleaded hard, on this last score: "General Wunsch, as head of the Cavalry, is not under me; is himself chief in that department." But it was of no use: Wunsch had to return (not quite got through Daun's Lines, after such a night), and to surrender, like everybody else. Like Eight other Generals; like Wolfersdorf of Torgau, and many a brave Officer and man. Wednesday morning, 21st November, 1769: it is Finck's fourth day on Maxen; his last in the Prussian Service.

That same Wednesday Afternoon there were ranked in the GROSSE GARTEN at Dresden, of dejected Prussian Prisoners from Maxen, what exact number was never known: the Austrians said 15,000; but nobody well believed them; their last certain instalment being only, in correct numbers, 2,836. Besides the killed, wounded and already captured, many had deserted, many had glided clear off. It is judged that Friedrich lost, by all these causes, about 12,000 men. Gone wholly,—with their equipments and appurtenances wholly, which are not worth counting in comparison. Finck and the other Generals, 8 of them, and 529 Officers,—Finck, Wunsch, Wolfersdorf, Mosel (of the Olmutz Convoy), not to mention others of known worth, this is itself a sore loss to Friedrich, and in present circumstances an irreparable. [Seyfarth, ii. 576; in *Helden-Geschichte*, (v. 1115), the Vienna Account.]

The outburst and paroxysm of Gazetteer rumor, which arose in Europe over this, must be left to the imagination; still more the whirlwind of astonishment, grief, remorse and indignation that raged in the heart of Friedrich on first hearing of it. "The Caudine Forks;" "Scene of Pirna over again, in reverse form;" "Is not your King at last over with it?" said and sang multifariously the Gazetteers. As counter-chorus to which, in a certain Royal Heart: "That miserable purblind Finck, unequal to his task;—that overhasty I, who drove him upon it! This disgrace, loss nigh ruinous; in fine, this infernal Campaign (CETTE CAMPAGNE INFEMALE)!" The Anecdote—Books abound in details of Friedrich's behavior at Wilsdruf that day; mythical all, or in good part, but symbolizing a case that is conceivable to everybody. Or would readers care to glance into the very fact with their own eyes? As happens to be possible.

1. BEFORE MAXEN: FRIEDRICH TO D'ARGENS AND OTHERS.

TO D'ARGENS (Krogis, 15th November, order for Maxen just given). "Yesterday I joined the Army [day before yesterday, but took the field yesterday], and Daun decamped. I have followed him thus far, and will continue it to the frontiers of Bohemia. Our measures are so taken [Finck, to wit], that he will not get out of Saxony without considerable losses. Yesterday cost him 500 men taken at Korgis here. Every movement he makes will cost him as many." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 101.]

TO VOLTAIRE (Wilsdruf, 17th November). "We are verging on the end of our Campaign: and I will write to

you in eight days from Dresden, with more composure and coherency than now." [Ib. xxiii. 66.]

TO THE SAME (Wilsdruf, 19th November). "The Austrians are packing off to Bohemia,—where, in reprisal for the incendiary operations they have done in my countries, I have burnt them two big magazines. I render the beatified Hero's retreat as difficult as possible; and I hope he will come upon some bad adventures within a few days." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 66.]

SAME DAY AND PLACE, TO D'ARGENS. A volley of most rough—paced off—hand Rhyming, direct from the heart; "Ode [as he afterwards terms it, or irrepressible extempore LILT] TO FORTUNE:"

"MARQUIS, QUEL CHANGEMENT, what a change! I, a poor heretic creature, never blessed by the Holy Father; indeed, little frequenting Church, nor serving either Baal or the God of Israel; held down these many months, and reported by more than one shaven scoundrel [priest—pamphleteer at Vienna] to be quite extinct, and gone vagabond over the world,—see how capricious Fortune, after all her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with helpful hand from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and Sword,—whom Popes have blessed what they could, and who has walked in Pilgrimage before now [to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna],—out of Saxony; panting, harassed goes he, like a stranger dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged him out!" [Ib. xix. 103–106.] ... (A very exultant Lilt, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King!)

2. AFTER MAXEN.

TO D'ARGENS (Wilsdruf, 22d November). "Do with that [some small piece of business] whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I am so stupefied (E'TOURDI) with the misfortune which has befallen General Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It deranges all my measures; it cuts me to the quick. Ill—luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark [Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg] to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. The little ODE I sent you, addressed TO FORTUNE, had been written too soon! One should not sing victory till the battle is over. I am so crushed down by these incessant reverses and disasters, that I wish a thousand times I were dead; and from day to day I grow wearier of dwelling in a body worn out and condemned to suffer. I am writing to you in the first moment of my grief. Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, scorn, all blended together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then, of this execrable Campaign; I will then write to you what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest. Pity me;—ad make no noise about me; bad news go fast enough of themselves. Adieu, dear Marquis." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 107.]

All this, of course, under such pressing call of actualities, had very soon to transform itself into silence; into new resolution, and determinate despatch of business. But the King retained a bitter memory of it all his days. To Finck he was inexorable:— ordered him, the first thing on his return from Austrian Captivity, Trial by Court—Martial; which (Ziethen presiding, June, 1763) censured Finck in various points, and gave him, in supplement to the Austrian detention, a Year's Imprisonment in Spandau. No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the Royal mind. So that the poor man had to beg his dismissal; get it, and go to Denmark for new promotion and appreciation.—"Far too severe!" grumbled the Opposition voices, with secret counter—severity. And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck,—had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his Generals and Delegates; which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did. And truly, as we often observe, the Laws of Fact are still severer than Friedrich was:—so that, in the long—run, perhaps it is beautifulest of all for a King, who is just, to be rhadamanthine in important cases.

Exulting Daun, instead of Bohemia for winter—quarters, pushes out now for the prize of Saxony itself. Daun orders Beck to attack suddenly another Outpost of Friedrich's, which stands rearward of him at Meissen, under a General Dierecke,—the same whom, as Colonel Dierecke, we saw march out of flamy Zittau, summer gone two years. Beck goes in accordingly, 3d December; attacks Dierecke, not by surprise, but with overwhelming superiority; no reinforcement possible: Dierecke is on the wrong side of the Elbe, no retreat or reinforcement for him; has to fight fiercely all day, Meissen Bridge being in a broken state; then, at night, to ship his people across in Elbe boats, which are much delayed by the floating ice, so that daylight found 1,500 of them still on that northern side; all of whom, with General Dierecke himself, were made prisoners by Beck. [Tempelhof, iii. 321: "3d–4th December, 1759."] A comfortable supplement to Maxen, though not of the same magnificence.

After which, Daun himself issued minatory from the Plauen Chasm; expecting, as all the world did, that Friedrich, who is 36,000 of Unfortunate against, say, 72,000 of Triumphant, will, under penalty, take himself

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away. But it proved otherwise. "If you beat us, Excellency Feldmarschall, yes; but till then—!" Friedrich draws out in battalia; Leo in wild ragged state and temper, VERSUS Bos in the reverse: "Come on; then!" Rhinoceros Bos, though in a high frame of mind, dare not, on cool survey; but retires behind the Plauen Chasm again. Will at least protect Dresden from recapture; and wait here, in the interim; carting his provision out of Bohemia,—which is a rough business, with Elbe frozen, and the passes in such a choked wintry state. Upon whom Friedrich, too, has to wait under arms, in grim neighborhood, for six weeks to come: such a time as poor young Archenholtz never had before or after. [Archenholtz, ii. 11–13.] It was well beyond New-year's day before Friedrich could report of himself, and then only in a sense, as will be seen: "We retired to this poor cottage [cottage still standing, in the little Town of Freyberg]; Daun did the like; and this unfortunate Campaign, as all things do, came actually to an end."

Daun holds Dresden and the Dell of Plauen; but Saxony, to the world's amazement, he is as far as ever from holding. "Daun's front is a small arc of a circle, bending round from Dresden to Dippoldiswalde; Friedrich is at Freyberg in a bigger concave arc, concentric to Daun, well overlapping Daun on that southward or landward side, and ready for him, should he stir out; Kesselsdorf is his nearest post to Daun; and the Plauen Chasm for boundary, which was not overpassed by either." In Dresden, and the patch of hill-country to the southeastward of it by Elbe side, which is instep or glacis of the Pirna rock-country, seventy square miles or so, there rules Daun; and this—with its heights of Gahmig, valuable as a defence for Dresden against Austria, but not otherwise of considerable value—was all that Daun this year, or pretty much in any coming year, could realize of conquest in Saxony.

Fabius Cunctator has not succeeded, as the public expected. In fact, ever since that of Hochkirch and the Papal Hat, he has been a waning man, more and more questionable to the undiscerning public. Maxen was his last gleam upwards; a round of applause rose again on Maxen, feeble in comparison with Hochkirch, but still arguing hope,—which, after this, more and more died out; so that in two years more, poor Madam Daun, going to Imperial Levee, "had her state-carriage half filled with nightcaps, thrown into it by the Vienna people, in token of her husband's great talent for sleep." [Archenholtz (Anno 1762, "last Siege of Schweidnitz").]

Chapter VIII. MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759-1760.

Friedrich was very loath to quit the field this Winter. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavorable weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden first, and drive Daun home. "Had I but a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it!" said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince with 12,000, who stayed above two months; ["Till February 15th;" List of the Regiments (German all), in SEYFARTH, ii. 578 n.] and Friedrich did march about, attempting that way, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 32. Old Newspaper rumors: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 605, "29th December," forward to Maguire and Dippoldiswalde, looked passionately into Maguire on all sides; but found him, in those frozen chasms, and rock-labyrinths choked with snow, plainly unattackable; him and everybody, in such frost-element;—and renounced the passionate hope.

It was not till the middle of January that Friedrich put his troops into partial cantonments, Head-quarter Freyberg; troops still mainly in the Villages from Wilsdruf and southward, close by their old Camp there. Camp still left standing, guarded by Six Battalions; six after six, alternating week about: one of the grimmest camps in Nature; the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost:—never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you, while the other was freezing. [Archenholtz (UT SUPRA), ii. 11-15.] But Daun's people, on the opposite side of Plauen Dell, did the like; their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions, no better off than their Prussian neighbors. This of the Tents, and Six frost-bitten Battalions guarding them, lasted till April. An extraordinary obstinacy on the part both of Daun and of Friedrich; alike jealous of even seeming to yield one inch more of ground.

The Hereditary Prince, with his 12,000, marched home again in February; indeed, ever after the going into cantonments, all use of the Prince and his Force here visibly ceased; and, on the whole, no result whatever followed those strenuous antagonisms, and frozen tents left standing for three months; and things remained practically what they were. So that, as the grand "Peace Negotiations" also came to nothing, we might omit this of Winter-quarters altogether; and go forward to the opening of Campaign Fifth;—were it not that characteristic features do otherwise occur in it, curious little unveilings of the secret hopes and industries of Friedrich:—besides which, there have minor private events fallen out, not without interest to human readers. For whose behoof mainly a loose intercalary Chapter may be thrown together here.

SERENE HIGHNESS OF WURTEMBERG, AT FULDA (November 30th, 1759), IS JUST ABOUT "FIRING VICTORIA," AND GIVING A BALL TO BEAUTY AND FASHION, IN HONOR OF A CERTAIN EVENT;—BUT IS UNPLEASANTLY INTERRUPTED.

November 21st, the very day while Finck was capitulating in the Hills of Maxen, Duke Ferdinand, busy ever since his Victory at Minden, did, after a difficult Siege of Munster, Siege by Imhof, with Ferdinand protecting him, get Munster into hand again, which was reckoned a fine success to him. Very busy has the Duke been: industriously reaping the fruits of his Victory at Minden; and this, the conclusive rooting out of the French from that Westphalian region, is a very joyful thing; and puts Ferdinand in hopes of driving them over the Mayn altogether. Which some think he would have done; had not he, with magnanimous oblivion of self and wishes, agreed to send the Hereditary Prince and those 12,000 to assist in Friedrich's affairs, looking upon that as the vital point in these Allied Interests. Friedrich's attempts, we have said, turned out impossible; nor would the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000, though a good deal talked about in England and elsewhere, [Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 248 (in a sour Opposition tone); require more than mention; were it not that on the road thither, at Fulda ("Fulda is half-way house to Saxony," thinks Ferdinand, "should Pitt and Britannic Majesty be pleased to consent, as I dare presume they will"), the Hereditary Prince had, in his swift way, done a thing useful for Ferdinand himself, and which caused a great emotion, chiefly of laughter, over the world, in those weeks.

"No Enemy of Friedrich's," says my Note, "is of feller humor than the Serenity of Wurtemberg, Karl Eugen, Reigning Duke of that unfortunate Country; for whom, in past days, Friedrich had been so fatherly, and really took such pains. 'Fatherly? STEP-fatherly, you mean; and for his own vile uses!' growled the Serenity of Wurtemberg:—always an ominous streak of gloom in that poor man; streak which is spread now to whole skies

of boiling darkness, owing to deliriums there have been! Enough, Karl Eugen, after divorcing his poor Wife, had distinguished himself by a zeal without knowledge, beyond almost all the enemies of Friedrich;—and still continues in that bad line of industry. His poor Wife he has made miserable in some measure; also himself; and, in a degree, his poor soldiers and subjects, who are with him by compulsion in this Enterprise. The Wurtembergers are Protestants of old type; and want no fighting against 'the Protestant Hero,' but much the reverse! Serene Karl had to shoot a good few of these poor people, before they would march at all; and his procedures were indeed, and continued to be, of a very crying nature, though his poor Populations took them silently. Always something of perverse in this Serene Highness; has it, I think, by kind.

"Besides his quota to the Reich, Karl Eugen has 12,000 more on foot,—and it is of them we are treating at present. In 1757 he had lent these troops to the Empress Queen, for a consideration; it was they that stood on the Austrian left, at Leuthen; and were the first that got beaten, and had to cease standing,—as the Austrians were abundantly loud in proclaiming. To the disgust of Serene Highness: 'Which of you did stand, then? Was it their blame, led as they were?' argued he. And next year, 1758, after Crefeld, he took his 12,000 to the French ('subsidy,' or consideration, 'to be paid in SALT,' it appears [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 10.]); with whom they marched about, and did nothing considerable. The Serenity had pleaded, 'I must command them myself!' 'You?' said Belleisle, and would not hear of it. Next year again, however, that is 1759, the Duke was positive, 'I must;' Belleisle not less so, 'You cannot;'—till Minden fell out; and then, in the wreck of Contades, Belleisle had to consent. Serenity of Wurtemberg, at that late season, took the field accordingly; and Broglio now has him at Fulda, 'To cut off Ferdinand from Cassel;' to threaten Ferdinand's left flank and his provision-carts in that quarter. May really become unpleasant there to Ferdinand;—and ought to be cut out by the Hereditary Prince. 'To Fulda, then, and cut him out!'

"FULDA, FRIDAY, 30th NOVEMBER, 1759. Serene Highness is lying here for a week past; abundantly strong for the task on hand,—has his own 12,000, supplemented by 1,000 French Light Horse;—but is widely scattered withal, posted in a kind of triangular form; his main posts being Fulda itself, and a couple of others, each thirty miles from Fulda, and five miles from one another,—with 'patrols to connect them,' better or worse. Abundantly strong for the task, and in perfect security; and indeed intends this day to 'fire VICTORIA' for the Catastrophe at Maxen, and in the evening will give a Ball in farther honor of so salutary an event:—when, about 9 A.M., news arrives at the gallop, 'Brunswickers in full march; are within an hour of the Town—Bridge!' Figure to what flurry of Serene Highness; of the victoria-shooting apparatus; of busy man—milliner people, and the Beauty and Fashion of Fulda in general!

"The night before, a rumor of the French Post being driven in by somebody had reached Serene Highness; who gave some vague order, not thinking it of consequence. Here, however, is the Fact come to hand in a most urgent and undeniable manner! Serene Highness gets on horseback; but what can that help? One cannon (has nothing but light cannon) he does plant on the Bridge; but see, here come premonitory bomb-shells one and another, terrifying to the mind;— and a single Hessian dragoon, plunging forward on the one unready cannon, and in the air making horrid circles,—the gunners leave said cannon to him, take to their heels; and the Bridge is open. The rest of the affair can be imagined. Retreat at our swiftest, 'running fight,' we would fain call it, by various roads; lost two flags, two cannon; prisoners were above 1,200, many of them Officers. 'A merciful Providence saved the Duke's Serene Person from hurt,' say the Stuttgart Gazetteers: which was true,—Serene Highness having been inspired to gallop instantly to rearward and landward, leaving an order to somebody, 'Do the best you can!'

"So that the Ball is up; dress-pumps and millineries getting all locked into their drawers again,—with abundance of te-hee-ing (I hope, mostly in a light vein) from the fair creatures disappointed of their dance for this time. Next day Serene Highness drew farther back, and next day again farther,—towards Frankenland and home, as the surest place;—and was no more heard of in those localities." [Buchholz, ii. 332; Mauvillon, ii. 80; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1184–1193; Old Newspapers, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603.]

Making his first exit, not yet quite his final, from the War- Theatre, amid such tempests of haha-ing and te-hee-ing. With what thoughts in his own lofty opaque mind;—like a crowned mule, of such pace and carriage, who had unexpectedly stepped upon galvanic wires!—

As to those poor Wurtembergers, and their notion of the "Protestant Hero," I remark farther, that there is a something of real truth in it. Friedrich's Creed, or Theory of the Universe, differed extremely, in many important

points, from that of Dr. Martin Luther: but in the vital all-essential point, what we may call the heart's core of all Creeds which are human, human and not simious or diabolic, the King and the Doctor were with their whole heart at one: That it is not allowable, that it is dangerous and abominable, to attempt believing what is not true. In that sense, Friedrich, by nature and position, was a Protestant, and even the chief Protestant in the world. What kind of "Hero," in this big War of his, we are gradually learning;—in which too, if you investigate, there is not wanting something of "PROTESTANT Heroism," even in the narrow sense. For it does appear,—Maria Theresa having a real fear of God, and poor Louis a real fear of the Devil, whom he may well feel to be getting dangerous purchase over him,—some hope-gleams of acting upon Schism, and so meriting Heaven, did mingle with their high terrestrial combinations, on this unique opportunity, more than are now supposed in careless History-Books.

WHAT IS PERPETUAL PRESIDENT MAUPERTUIS DOING, ALL THIS WHILE? IS HE STILL IN BERLIN; OR WHERE IN THE UNIVERSE IS HE? ALAS, POOR MAUPERTUIS!

In the heat of this Campaign, "July 27th,"—some four days after the Battle of Zullichau, just while Friedrich was hurrying off for that Intersection at Sagan, and breathless Hunt of Loudon and Haddick,—poor Maupertuis had quitted this world. July 27th, 1759; at Basel, on the Swiss Borders, in his friend Bernouilli's house, after long months of sickness painfully spent there. And our poor Perpetual President, at rest now from all his Akakia burns, and pains and labors in flattening the Earth and otherwise, is gone.

Many beautifuler men have gone within the Year, of whom we can say nothing. But this is one whose grandly silent, and then occasionally fulminant procedures, Akakia controversies, Olympian solemnities and flamy pirouettings under the contradiction of sinners, we once saw; and think with a kind of human pathos that we shall see no more. From his goose of an adorer, La Beaumelle, I have riddled out the following particulars, chiefly chronological, —and offer them to susceptible readers. La Beaumelle is, in a sort, to be considered the speaker; or La Beaumelle and this Editor in concert.

FINAL PILGRIMAGE OF THE PERPETUAL PRESIDENT. "Maupertuis had quitted Berlin soon after Voltaire. That threat of visiting Voltaire with pistols,—to be met by 'my syringe and vessel of dishonor' on Voltaire's part,—was his last memorability in Berlin. His last at that time; or indeed altogether, for he saw little of Berlin farther.

"End of April, 1753, he got leave of absence; set out homewards, for recovery of health. Was at Paris through summer and autumn: very taciturn in society; 'preferred pretty women to any man of science;' would sententiously say a strong thing now and then, 'bitter but not without BONHOMIE,' shaking slightly his yellow wig. Disdainful, to how high a degree, of AKAKIA brabbles, and Voltaire gossip for or against! In winter went to St. Malo; found his good Father gone; but a loving Sister still there.

"June, 1754, the King wrote to him, 'VENEZ VITE, Come quickly:' July, 1754, he came accordingly, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. 49.] saw Berlin again; did nothing noticeable there, except get worse in health; and after eleven months, June, 1756, withdrew again on leave,—never to return this time, though he well intended otherwise. But at St. Malo, when, after a month or two of Paris, he got thither (Autumn, 1756), and still more, next summer, 1757, when he thought of leaving St. Malo,—what wars, and rumors of war, all over the world!

"June, 1757, he went to Bordeaux, intending to take ship for Hamburg, and return; but the sea was full of English cruisers [Pitt's Descents lying in store for St. Malo itself]. No getting to Berlin by the Hamburg or sea route! 'Never mind, then,' wrote the King: 'Improve your health; go to Italy, if you can.'

"Summer, 1757, Maupertuis made for Italy; got as far as Toulouse;— stayed there till May following; sad, tragically stoical; saying, sparingly, and rather to women than men, strong things, admired by the worthier sort. Renounced thoughts of Italy: 'Europe bleeding, and especially France and Prussia, how go idly touring?'

"May, 1758, Maupertuis left Toulouse: turned towards Berlin; slow, sad, circuitous;—never to arrive. Saw Narbonne, Montpellier, Nimes; with what meditations! At Lyons, under honors sky-high, health getting worse, stays two months; vomits clots of blood there. Thence, July 24th, to Neufchatel and the Lord Marischal; happy there for three months. Hears there of Professor Konig's death (AKAKIA Konig): 'One scoundrel less in the world,' ejaculated he; 'but what is one!'—October 16th, to the road again, to Basel; stays perforce, in Bernouilli's house there, all Winter; health falling lower and lower.

"April, 1759, one day he has his carriage at the door ('Homeward, at all rates!'): but takes violent spasms in the carriage; can't; can no farther in this world. Lingers here, under kind care, for above three months more: dying slowly, most painfully. With much real stoicism; not without a stiff-jointed algebraic kind of piety, almost

pathetic in its sort. 'Two Capuchins from a neighboring Convent daily gave him consolations,' not entirely satisfactory; for daily withal, 'unknown to the Capuchins, he made his Valet, who was a Protestant, read to him from the Geneva Bible;'—and finds many things hard to the human mind. July 27th, 1759, he died." [La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis*, pp. 196–216.]

Poor Maupertuis; a man of rugged stalwart type; honest; of an ardor, an intelligence, not to be forgotten for La Beaumelle's pulings over them. A man of good and even of high talent; unlucky in mistaking it for the highest! His poor Wife, a born Borck,—hastening from Berlin, but again and again delayed by industry of kind friends, and at last driving on in spite of everything,—met, in the last miles, his Hearse and Funeral Company. Adieu, a pitying adieu to him forever,—and even to his adoring La Beaumelle, who is rather less a blockhead than he generally seems.

This of the Two Capuchins, the last consummation of collapse in man, is what Voltaire cannot forget, but crows over with his shrillest mockery; and seldom mentions Maupertuis without that last touch to his life-drama.

GRAND FRENCH INVASION—SCHEME COMES ENTIRELY TO WRECK (Quiberon Bay, 20th November, 1759): OF CONTROLLER—GENERAL SILHOUETTE, AND THE OUTLOOKS OF FRANCE, FINANCIAL AND OTHER.

On the very day of Maxen, Tuesday, November 20th, the grand French Invasion found its terminus,—not on the shores of Britain, but of Brittany, to its surprise. We saw Rodney burn the Flat-bottom manufactory at Havre; Boscawen chase the Toulon Squadron, till it ended on the rocks of Lagos. From January onwards, as was then mentioned, Hawke had been keeping watch, off Brest Harbor, on Admiral Conflans, who presides there over multifarious preparations, with the last Fleet France now has. At Vannes, where Hawke likewise has ships watching, are multifarious preparations; new Flat-bottoms, 18,000 troops,—could Conflans and they only get to sea. At the long last, they did get;—in manner following:—

"November 9th, a wild gale of wind had blown Hawke out of sight; away home to Torbay, for the moment. 'Now is the time!' thought Conflans, and put to sea (November 14th); met by Hawke, who had weighed from Torbay to his duty; and who, of course, crowded every sail, after hearing that Conflans was out. At break of day, November 20th [in the very hours when poor Finck was embattling himself round Maxen, and Daun sprawling up upon him through the Passes], Hawke had had signal, 'A Fleet in sight;' and soon after, 'Conflans in sight,'—and the day of trial come.

"Conflans is about the strength of Hawke, and France expects much of him; but he is not expecting Hawke. Conflans is busy, at this moment, in the mouth of Quiberon Bay, opening the road for Vannes and the 18,000;—in hot chase, at the moment, of a Commodore Duff and his small Squadron, who have been keeping watch there, and are now running all they can. On a sudden, to the astonishment of Conflans, this little Squadron whirls round, every ship of it (with a sky-rending cheer, could he hear it), and commences chasing! Conflans, taking survey, sees that it is Hawke; he, sure enough, coming down from windward yonder at his highest speed; and that chasing will not now be one's business!—

"About 11 A.M. Hawke is here; eight of his vanward ships are sweeping on for action. Conflans, at first, had determined to fight Hawke; and drew up accordingly, and did try a little: but gradually thought better of it; and decided to take shelter in the shoaly coasts and nooks thereabouts, which were unknown to Hawke, and might ruin him if he should pursue, the day being short, and the weather extremely bad. Weather itself almost to be called a storm. 'Shoreward, then; eastward, every ship!' became, ultimately, Conflans's plan. On the whole, it was 2 in the afternoon before Hawke, with those vanward Eight, could get clutch of Conflans. And truly he did then strike his claws into him in a thunderously fervid manner, he and all hands, in spite of the roaring weather:— a man of falcon, or accipitral, nature as well as name.

"Conflans himself fought well; as did certain of the others,—all, more or less, so long as their plan continued steady:—thunderous miscellany of cannon and tempest; Conflans with his plan steady, or Conflans with his plan wavering, VERSUS those vanward Eight, for two hours or more. But the scene was too dreadful; this ship sinking, that obliged to strike; things all going awry for Conflans. Hawke, in his own Flagship, bore down specially on Conflans in his,—who did wait, and exchange a couple of broadsides; but then sheered off, finding it so heavy. French Vice- Admiral next likewise gave Hawke a broadside; one only, and sheered off, satisfied with the return. Some Four others, in succession, did the like; 'One blast, as we hurry by' (making for the shore, mostly)! So that Hawke seemed swallowed in volcanoes (though, indeed, their firing was very bad, such a flurry

among them), and his Blue Flag was invisible for some time, and various ships were hastening to help him,—till a Fifth French ship coming up with her broadside, Hawke answered her in particular (LA SUPERBE, a Seventy-four) with all his guns together; which sent the poor ship to the bottom, in a hideously sudden manner. One other (the THESEE) had already sunk in fighting; two (the SOLEIL and the HEROS) were already running for it,—the HEROS in a very unheroic manner! But on this terrible plunge-home of the SUPERBE, the rest all made for the shore;—and escaped into the rocky intricacies and the darkness. Four of Conflans's ships were already gone,—struck, sunk, or otherwise extinct,—when darkness fell, and veiled Conflans and his distresses. 'Country people, to the number of 10,000,' crowded on the shore, had been seen watching the Battle; and, 'as sad witnesses of the White Flag's disgrace,' disappeared into the interior." [Beatson, ii. 327–345: and Ib. iii. 244–250. In *Gentleman's Magazine*, (xxix. 557), "A Chaplain's Letter,"

It was such a night as men never witnessed before. Walpole says: "The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the thunder from our ships; and both concurred in that scene of horror to put a period to the Navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the River Vilaine [lay there fourteen months, under strict watching, till their backs were broken, "thumping against the shallow bottom every tide," and only "three, with three frigates," ever got out again]; eight more escaped to different ports," into the River Charente ultimately. "Conflans's own ship and another were run on shore, and burnt. One we took." Two, with their crews, had gone to the bottom; one under Hawke's cannon; one partly by its own mismanagement. "Two of ours were lost in the storm [chasing that SOLEIL and HEROS], but the crews saved. Lord Howe, who attacked LA FORMIDABLE, bore down on her with such violence, that her prow forced in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby, in the DUNKIRK, received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and lost not a man. Keppel's was full of water, and he thought it sinking: a sudden squall emptied his ship; but he was informed all his powder was wet; 'Then,' said he, 'I am sorry I am safe.' They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged; 'Very well,' said he; 'then attack again.' Not above eight of our ships were engaged in obtaining that decisive victory. The Invasion was heard of no more." [Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 232.— Here is the List, accurately riddled out: 1. FORMIDABLE, struck (about 4 P.M.): 2. THESEE, sunk (by a tumble it made, while in action, under an unskilful Captain): 3. SUPERBE, sunk: 4. HEROS, struck; could not be boarded, such weather; and recommenced next day, but had to run and strand itself, and be burnt by the English;—as did (5.) the SOLEIL ROYAL (Conflans's Flagship), Conflans and crew (like those of the HEROS) getting out in time.]

Invasion had been fully intended, and even, in these final days, considerably expected. In the old London Newspapers we read this notice: MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19th: "To-day there came Three Expresses,"—Three Expresses, with what haste in their eyes, testifying successively of Conflans's whereabouts. But it was believed that Hawke would still manage. And, at any rate, Pitt wore such a look,—and had, in fact, made such preparation on the coasts, even in failure of Hawke,—there was no alarm anywhere. Indignation rather;—and naturally, when the news did come, what an outburst of Illumination in the windows and the hearts of men!

"Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Vilaine and Charente Rivers for a good while after, and without interruption henceforth, —till the storms of Winter had plainly closed them for one season. Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from England all Summer; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which, in the Fleet, arose this gravely pathetic Stave of Sea-Poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humor grinning in it:—

Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans [CONGFLANG],
 You sent us beef and beer;
 Now Monsieur's beat, we've nought to eat,
 Since you have nought to fear." [Beatson, ii. 342 n.]

The French mode of taking this catastrophe was rather peculiar. Hear Barbier, an Eye-witness; dating PARIS, DECEMBER, 1759: "Since the first days of December, there has been cried, and sold in the streets, a Printed Detail of all that concerns the GRAND INVASION projected this long while: to wit, the number of Ships of the Line, of Frigates, Galiots,—among others 500 Flat-bottomed Boats, which are to carry over, and land in England, more than 54,000 men;—with list of the Regiments, and number of the King's Guards, that are also to go: there are announced for Generals—in-Chief, M. le Prince de Conti [do readers remember him since the Broglio-Maillebois time, and how King Louis prophesied in autograph that he would be "the Grand Conti" one

day?)]—Prince de Conti, Prince de Soubise [left his Conquest of Frankfurt for this greater Enterprise], and Milord Thomont [Irish Jacobite, whom I don't know]. As sequel to this Detail, there is a lengthy Song on the DISEMBARKMENT IN ENGLAND, and the fear the English must have of it!" Calculated to astonish the practical forensic mind.

"It is inconceivable", continues he, "how they have permitted such a Piece to be printed; still more to be cried, and sold price one halfpenny (DEUX LIARDS). This Song is indecent, in the circumstances of the actual news from our Fleet at Brest (20th of last month);—in regard to which bad adventure M. le Marquis de Conflans has come to Versailles, to justify himself, and throw the blame on M. le Marquis de Beauffremont [his Rear-Admiral, now safe in the Charente, with eight of our poor ships]. Such things are the more out of place, as we are in a bad enough position,—no Flat-bottoms stirring from the ports, no Troops of the MAISON DU ROI setting out; and have reason to believe that we are now to make no such attempt." [Barbier, iv. 336.]

Silhouette, the Controller-General, was thought to have a creative genius in finance: but in the eighth month of his gestation, what phenomena are these? October 26th, there came out Four Decrees of Council, setting forth, That, "as the expenses of the War exceed not only the King's ordinary revenues, but the extraordinaries he has had to lay on his people, there is nothing for it but," in fact, Suspension of Payment; actual Temporary Bankruptcy:—"Cannot pay you; part of you not for a year, others of you not till the War end; will give you 5 per cent interest instead." Coupled with which, by the same creative genius, is a Declaration in the King's name, "That the King compels nobody, but does invite all and sundry of loyal mind to send their Plate (on loan, of course, and with due receipt for it) to the Mint to be coined, lest Majesty come to have otherwise no money,"—his very valets, as is privately known, having had no wages from him for ten months past.

Whereupon the rich Princes of the Blood, Due d'Orleans foremost, and Official persons, Pompadour, Belleisle, Choiseul, do make an effort; and everybody that has Plate feels uneasily that he cannot use it, and that he ought to send it. And, November 5th, the King's own Plate, packed ostentatiously in carts, went to the Mint;—the Dauphiness, noble Saxon Lady, had already volunteered with a silver toilet-table of hers, brand-new and of exquisite costly pattern; but the King forbade her. On such examples, everybody had to make an effort, or uneasily try to make one. King Friedrich, eight days after Maxen, is somewhat amused at these proceedings in the distance:—

"The kettles and spoons of the French seem to me a pleasant resource, for carrying on War!" writes he to D'Argens. ["Wilsdruf, 28th November, 1759," *OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 108.] "A bit of mummery to act on the public feeling, I suppose. The result of it will be small: but as the Belleisle LETTERS [taken in Contades's baggage, after Minden, and printed by Duke Ferdinand for public edification] make always such an outcry about poverty, those people are trying to impose on their enemies, and persuade them that the carved and chiselled silver of the Kingdom will suffice for making a vigorous Campaign. I see nothing else that can have set them on imagining the farce they are now at. There is Munster taken from them by the English-Hanoverian people; it is affirmed that the French, on the 25th, quitted Giessen, to march on Friedberg and repossess the Rhine [might possibly have done so;—but the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000 come to be needed elsewhere!]
—Poor we are opposite our enemies here, cantoned in the Villages about; the last truss of straw, the last loaf of bread will decide which of us is to remain in Saxony. And as the Austrians are extremely squeezed together, and can get nothing out of Bohmen,"—one hopes it will not be they!

All through November, this sending of Plate, I never knew with what net-result of moneys coinable, goes on in Paris; till, at the highest tables, there is nothing of silver dishes left;— and a new crockery kind (rather clumsy; "CULS NOIRS," as we derisively call them, pigment of BOTTOM part being BLACK) has had to be contrived instead. Under what astonishments abroad and at home, and in the latter region under what execrations on Silhouette, may be imagined. "TOUT LE MONDE JURE BEAUCOUP CONTRE M. DE SILHOUETTE, All the world swears much against him," says Barbier;—but I believe probably he was much to be pitied: "A creative genius, you; and this is what you come to?"

November 22d, the poor man got dismissed; France swearing at him, I know not to what depth; but howling and hissing, evidently, with all its might. The very tailors and milliners took him up,— trousers without pockets, dresses without flounce or fold, which they called A LA SILHOUETTE:—and, to this day, in France and Continental Countries, the old-fashioned Shadow-Profile (mere outline, and vacant black) is practically called a SILHOUETTE. So that the very Dictionaries have him; and, like bad Count Reinhart, or REYNARD, of earlier

date, he has become a Noun Appellative, and is immortalized in that way. The first of that considerable Series of Creative Financiers, Abbe Terray and the rest,—brought in successively with blessings, and dismissed with cursings and hissings,—who end in Calonne, Lomenie de Brienne, and what Mirabeau Pere called "the General Overturn (CULBUTE GENERALE)." Thitherward, privately, straight towards the General Overturn, is France bound;—and will arrive in about thirty years.

FRIEDRICH, STRANGE TO SAY, PUBLISHES (March–June, 1760) AN EDITION OF HIS POEMS. QUESTION, "WHO WROTE Matinees du Roi de Prusse?"—FOR THE SECOND, AND POSITIVELY THE LAST TIME.

In this avalanche of impending destructions, what can be more surprising than to hear of the Editing of Poems on his Majesty's part! Actual publication of that OEuvre de Poesie, for which Voltaire, poor gentleman, suffered such tribulation seven years ago. Now coming out from choice: Reprint of it, not now to the extent of twelve copies for highly special friends, but in copious thousands, for behoof of mankind at large! The thing cost Friedrich very little meditating, and had become necessary,—and to be done with speed.

Readers recollect the OEUVRE DE POESIE, and satirical hits said to be in it. At Paris, about New–year's time 1760, some helpful Hand had contrived to bring out, under the pretended date "Potsdam," a cheap edition of that interesting Work. ["*OEuvres du Philosophe de Sans–Souci*:" 1 vol. 12 mo, "Potsdam [PARIS, in truth], 1760."] Merely in the way of theft, as appeared to cursory readers, to D'Argens, for example: [His Letter to the King, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 138.] but, in deeper fact, for the purpose of apprising certain Crowned Heads, friendly and hostile,—Czarish Majesty and George II. of England the main two,—what this poetizing King was pleased to think of them in his private moments. D'Argens declares himself glad of this theft, so exquisitely clever is the Book. But Friedrich knows better: "March 17th, when a Copy of it came to him," Friedrich sees well what is meant,—and what he himself has to do in it. He instantly sets about making a few suppressions, changes of phrase; sends the thing to D'Argens: "Publish at once, with a little prefatory word." And, at the top of his speed, D'Argens has, in three weeks' time, the suitable AVANT–PROPOS, or AVIS AU LIBRAIRE, "circulating in great quantities, especially in London and Petersburg" ("Thief Editor has omitted; and, what is far more, has malignantly interpolated: here is the poor idle Work itself, not a Counterfeit of it, if anybody care to read it"), and an Orthodox Edition ready. [Came out April 9th [see MITCHELL, ii. 153], and a second finer Edition in June:" in *OEuvres de Frederic*, x. p. x, xix. 137 n., 138; especially in PREUSS, i. 467, 468 (if you will compare him with HIMSELF on these different occasions, and patiently wind out his bit of meaning), all manner of minutest details.] The diligent Pirate Booksellers, at Amsterdam, at London, copiously reproduced this authorized Berlin Edition too,—or added excerpts from it to their reprints of the Paris one, by way of various–readings. And everybody read and compared, what nobody will now do; theme, and treatment of theme, being both now so heartily indifferent to us.

Who the Perpetrator of this Parisian maleficence was, remained dark;—and would not be worth inquiring into at all, except for two reasons intrinsically trifling, but not quite without interest to readers of our time. First, that Voltaire, whom some suspected (some, never much Friedrich, that I hear of), appears to have been perfectly innocent;—and indeed had been incapacitated for guilt, by Schmidt and Freytag, and their dreadful Frankfurt procedures! This is reason FIRST; poor Voltaire mutely asking us, Not to load him with more sins than his own. Reason SECOND is, that, by a singular opportunity, there has, in these very months, [Spring, 1863.] a glimmering of light risen on it to this Editor; illustrating two other points as well, which readers here are acquainted with, some time ago, as riddles of the insignificant sort. The DEMON NEWSWRITER, with his "IDEA" of Friedrich, and the "MATINEES DU ROI DE PRUSSE:" readers recollect both those Productions; both enigmatic as to authorship;—but both now become riddles which can more or less be read.

For the surprising circumstance (though in certain periods, when the realm of very Chaos re–emerges, fitfully, into upper sunshine now and then, nothing ought to surprise one as happening there) is, That, only a few months ago, the incomparable MATINEES (known to my readers five years since) has found a new Editor and reviver. Editor illuminated "by the Secretary of the Great Napoleon," "by discovery of manuscripts," "by the Duc de Rovigo," and I know not what; animated also, it is said, by religious views. And, in short, the MATINEES is again abroad upon the world,—"your London Edition twice reprinted in Germany, by the Jesuit party since" (much good may it do the Jesuit party!)—a MATINEES again in comfortable circumstances, as would seem. Probably the longest–eared Platitude now walking the Earth, though there are a good many with ears long.

Unconscious, seemingly, that it has been killed thrice and four times already; and that indeed, except in the realm of Nightmare, it never was alive, or needed any killing; belief in it, doubt upon it (I must grieve to inform the Duc de Rovigo and honorable persons concerned), being evidence conclusive that you have not yet the faintest preliminary shadow of correct knowledge about Friedrich or his habits or affairs, and that you ought first to try and acquire some.

To me argument on this subject would have been too unendurable. But argument there was on it, by persons capable and willing, more than one: and in result this surprising brand-new London moon-calf of a MATINEES was smitten through, and slit in pieces, for the fifth time,—as if that could have hurt it much! "MIT DER DUMMHEIT," sings Schiller; "Human Stupidity is stronger than the very Gods." However, in the course of these new inspections into matters long since obsolete, there did—what may truly be considered as a kind of profit by this Resuscitating of the moon-calf MATINEES upon afflicted mankind, and is a net outcome from it, real, though very small—some light rise as to the origin and genesis of MATINEES; some twinkles of light, and, in the utterly dark element, did disclose other monstrous extinct shapes looming to right and left of said monster: and, in a word, the Authorship of MATINEES, and not of MATINEES only, becomes now at last faintly visible or guessable. To one of those industrious Matadors, as we may call them, Slayers of this moon-calf for the fourth or fifth time, I owe the following Note; which, on verifying, I can declare to be trustworthy:—

"The Author of MATINEES, it is nearly certain", says my Correspondent, "is actually a 'M. de Bonneville,'—contrary to what you wrote five years ago. [A.D. 1858 (SUPRA, v. 165, 166).] Not indeed the Bonneville who is found in Dictionaries, who is visibly impossible; but a Bonneville of the preceding generation, who was Marechal de Saxe's Adjutant or Secretary, old enough to have been the Uncle or the Father of that revolutionary Bonneville. Marechal de Saxe died November 30th, 1750; this senior Bonneville, still a young man, had been with him to Potsdam on visit there. Bonneville, conscious of genius, and now out of employment, naturally went thither again; lived a good deal there, or went between France and there: and authentic History knows of him, by direct evidence, and by reflex, the following Three Facts (the SECOND of them itself threefold), of which I will distinguish the indubitable from the inferentially credible or as good as certain:—

"1. Indubitable, That Bonneville sold to Friedrich certain Papers, military Plans, or the like, of the late Marechal and was paid for them; but by no means met the recognition his genius saw itself to merit. These things are certain, though not dated, or datable except as of the year 1750 or 1751. After which, for above twenty years, Bonneville entered upon a series of adventures, caliginous, underground, for most part; 'soldiering in America,' 'writing anonymous Pamphlets or Books,' roaming wide over the world; and led a busy but obscure and uncertain life, hanging by Berlin as a kind of centre, or by Paris and Berlin as his two centres; and had a miscellaneous series of adventures, subterranean many of them, unluminous all of them, not courting the light; which lie now in naturally a very dark condition. Dimly discernible, however, in the general dusk of Bonneville, dim and vague of outline, but definitely steady beyond what could have been expected, it does appear farther,—what alone entitles Bonneville to the least memory here, or anywhere in Nature now or henceforth,—

"2. Inferentially credible, That, shortly after that first rebuff in Potsdam, he, not another, in 1752, was your 'DEMON NEWSWRITER,' whom we gazed at, some time since, devoutly crossing ourselves, for a little while!

"Likewise that, in 1759–1760, after or before his American wanderings, he, the same Bonneville, as was suspected at the time, ["Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: 'suspected both of MATINEES and of the Stolen EDITION.'"] stole and edited this surreptitious mischief-making *OEuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris or Lyon, pretending to be 'Potsdam,' January, 1760)," which we are now considering! "Encouraged, probably enough, by Choiseul himself, who, in any case, is now known to have been the promoter of this fine bit of mischief, [Choiseul's own Note, "To M. de Malesherbes, DIRECTEUR DE LA LIBRAIRE, 10th December, 1759: 'By every method screen the King's Government from being suspected;—and get the Edition out at once.'" (Published in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December, 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in Preuss, *OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 168 n.)]— and who may thereupon [or may as probably, NOT "thereupon," if it were of the least consequence to gods or men] have opened to Bonneville a new military career in America? Career which led to as good as nothing; French soldiering in America being done for, in the course of 1760. Upon which Bonneville would return to his old haunts, to his old subterranean industries in Paris and Berlin.

"And that, finally, in 1765, he, as was again suspected at the time, ["Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*,

i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: 'suspected both of MATINEES and of the Stolen EDITION.'"] he and no other, did write those MATINEES, which appeared next year in print (1766), and many times since; and have just been reprinted, as a surprising new discovery, at London, in Spring, 1863.

"3. Again indubitable, That either after or before those Editorial exploits, Bonneville had sold the Marechal de Saxe's Plans and Papers, which were already the King's, to some second person, and been a second time paid for them. And was, in regard to this Swindling exploit, found out; and by reason of that sale, or for what reason is not known, was put into Spandau, and, one hopes, ended his life there." ["Nicolai, UBI SUPRA;—and besides him, only the two following references, out of half a cart-load: 1. Bachaumont, MEMOIRES SECRETES, '7th February, 1765' (see Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, § Matinees), who calls MATINEES 'a development of the IDEE DE LA PERSONNE,' (that is, of your 'DEMON NEWSWRITER;' already known to Bachaumont, this 'IDEE,' it seems, as well as the MATINEES in Manuscript). 2. LETTER of Grimm to Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha [OUR Duchess], dated 'Paris, 15th April, 1765:' not in printed *Correspondance de Grimm*, but still in the Archives of Gotha, in company with a MS. of MATINEES, probably the oldest extant (see,—in the GRENZBOTEN Periodical, Leipzig, 1863, pp. 473–484, 500–519,—K. SAMWER, who is Chief MALLEUS of this new London moon-calf, and will inform the curious of every particular)."

MATINEES was first printed 1766 (no place), and seven or eight times since, in different Countries; twice or thrice over, as "an interesting new discovery:"—very wearisome to this Editor; who read MATINEES (in poor LONDON print, that too) many years ago,— with complete satisfaction as to Matinees, and sincere wish not to touch it again even with a pair of tongs;—and has since had three "priceless MSS. of it" offered him, at low rates, as a guerdon to merit.]

Fact No. 2, which alone concerns us here,—and which, in its three successive stages, does curiously cohere with itself and with other things,—comes, therefore, not by direct light, which indeed, by the nature of the case, would be impossible. Not by direct light, but by various reflex lights, and convergence of probabilities old and new, which become the stronger the better they are examined; and may be considered as amounting to what is called a moral certainty,—"certain" enough for an inquiry of that significance. To a kind of moral certainty: kind of moral consolation too; only One individual of Adam's Posterity, not Three or more, having been needed in these multifarious acts of scoundrelism; and that One receiving payment, or part payment, so prompt and appropriate, in the shape of a permanent cannon-ball at his ankle.

This is the one profit my readers or I have yet derived from the late miraculous Resuscitation of MATINEES ROYALES; the other items of profit in that Enterprise shall belong, not to us in the least measure, but to Bonneville, and to his well or ill disposed Coadjutors and Copartners in the Adventure. Adieu to it, adieu to him and to them, forever and a day!

PEACE-NEGOTIATIONS HOPEFUL TO FRIEDRICH ALL THROUGH WINTER; BUT THE FRENCH WON'T. VOLTAIRE, AND HIS STYLE OF CORRESPONDING.

This Winter there was talk of Peace, more specifically than ever. November 15th, at the Hague, as a neutral place, there had been, by the two Majesties, Britannic and Prussian, official DECLARATION, "We, for our part, deeply lament these horrors, and are ready to treat of Peace." This Declaration was presented November 15th, 1759, by Prince Ludwig of Brunswick (Head General of the Dutch, and a Brother of Prince Ferdinand our General's, suitable for such case), to the Austrian-French Excellencies at the Hague. By whom it had been received with the due politeness, "Will give it our profoundest consideration;" [DECLARATION (by the two Majesties) that they are ready to treat of Peace, 15th November, 1759, presented by, (as above); ANSWER from France, in stingy terms, and not till 3d April, 1760: are in *London Gazette*; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603, xxx. 188; in indeed the French, for some time, privately did; though the Austrians privately had no need to do so, being already fixed for a negative response to the proposal. But hereby rose actual talk of a "Congress;" and wagging of Diplomatic wigs as to where it shall be. "In Breda," said some; "Breda a place used to Congresses." "Why not in Nanci here?" said poor old Ex-Polish Stanislaus, alive to the calls of benevolence, poor old Titular soul. Others said "Leipzig;" others "Augsburg;"— and indeed in Augsburg, according to the Gazetteers, at one time, there were "upholsterers busy getting ready the apartments." So that, with such rumor in the Diplomatic circles, the Gazetteer and outer world was full of speculation upon Peace; and Friedrich had lively hopes of it, and had been hoping three months before, as we transiently saw, though again it came to nothing. All to nothing; and

is not, in itself, worth the least attention from us here,—a poor extinct fact, loud in those months and filling the whole world, now silent and extinct to everybody,—except, indeed, that it offers physiognomic traits here and there of a certain King, and of those about him. For which reason we will dwell on it a few minutes longer.

Nobody, in that Winter 1759–1760, could guess where, or from whom, this big world–interesting Peace–Negotiation had its birth; as everybody now can, when nobody now is curious on the question! At Sagan, in September last, we all saw the small private source of it, its first outspurt into daylight; and read Friedrich's ANSWERS to Voltaire and the noble Duchess on it:—for the sake of which Two private Correspondents, and of Friedrich's relation to them, possibly a few more Excerpts may still have a kind of interest, now when the thing corresponded on has ceased to have any. To the Duchess, a noble–minded Lady, beautifully zealous to help if she could, by whose hand these multifarious Peace–Papers have to pass, this is always Friedrich's fine style in transmitting them. Out of many specimens, following that of Sagan which we gave, here are the Next Three:—

FRIEDRICH TO THE DUCHESS OF SACHSEN–GOTHA (Three other Letters on the "Peace").

1. "WILSDRUF, 21st November, 1759 [day after Maxen, SURRENDER was THIS morning—of which he has not heard].

"MADAM,—Nothing but your generousities and your indulgence could justify my incongruity [INCONGRUITE, in troubling you with the Enclosed]. You will have it, Madam, that I shall still farther abuse those bounties, which are so precious to me: at least remember that it is by your order, if I forward through your hand this Letter, which does not merit such honor.

"Chance, which so insolently mocks the projects of men, and delights to build up and then pull down, has led us about, thus far,—to the end of the Campaign [not quite ended yet, if we knew]. The Austrians are girt in by the Elbe on this side; I have had two important Magazines of theirs in Bohemia destroyed [Kleist's doing]. There have been some bits of fighting (AFFAIRES), that have turned entirely to our advantage:—so that I am in hopes of forcing M. Daun to repass the Elbe, to abandon Dresden, and to take the road for Zittau and Bohemia.

"I talk to you, Madam, of what I am surrounded with; of what, being in your neighborhood, may perhaps have gained your attention. I could go to much greater length, if my heart dared to explain itself on the sentiments of admiration, gratitude and esteem, with which I am,—Madam my Cousin,—Your most faithful Cousin, Friend and Servant,—F."

2.

"FREYBERG, 18th December, 1759.

"MADAM,—You spoil me so by your indulgence, you so accustom me to have obligations to you, that I reproach myself a hundred times with this presumption. Certainly I should not continue to enclose these Letters to your care, had not I the hope that perhaps the Correspondence may be of some use to England, and even to Europe,—for without doubt Peace is the desirable, the natural and happy state for all Nations. It is to accelerate Peace, Madam, that I abuse your generousities. This motive excuses me to myself for the incongruity of my procedures.

"The goodness you have to take interest in my situation obliges me to give you some account of it. We have undergone all sorts of misfortune here [Maxen, what not], at the moment we were least expecting them. Nevertheless, there remains to us courage and hope; here are Auxiliaries [Hereditary Prince and 12,000] on the point of arriving; there is reason to think that the end of our Campaign will be less frightful than seemed likely three weeks ago. May you, Madam, enjoy all the happiness that I wish you. May all the world become acquainted with your virtues, imitate them, and admire you as I do. May you be persuaded that ...—F."

3.

"FREYBERG, 16th February, 1760.

"MADAM,—It is to my great regret that I importune Your Highness so often with my Letters. Your bounties, Madam, have spoiled me;—it will teach you to be more chary of them to others. I regard you as an estimable Friend, to whose friendship I have recourse in straits. The question is still Peace, Madam; and were not the object of my importunities so beautiful, Madam, I should be inexcusable."—Goes then into practical considerations, about "Cocceji" (King's Aide–de–Camp, once Keith's, who carries this Letter), about a "Herr von Edelsheim," a "Bailli de Froulay", and the possible "Conditions of Peace,"—not of consequence to us just now. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 174, 173, 172. Correspondence on this subject lasts from 22d September, 1759, to 8th May, 1760: IB. pp. 170–186. In that final Letter of 8th May is the phrase, hardly worth restoring to its real ownership, though

the context considerably redeems it there,—“the prejudice I can't get rid of, that, in war, DIEU EST POUR LES GROS ESCADRONS.”]

As to Voltaire again, and the new Friedrich–Voltaire Style of Correspondence, something more of detail will be requisite. Ever since the black days of 1757, when poor Wilhelmina, with Rossbach and Leuthen still hidden from her in a future gloomy as death, desperately brought Voltaire to bear upon Cardinal Tencin in this matter, without success, there has been a kind of regular corresponding between Voltaire and Friedrich; characteristic on both sides. A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus,—let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us: but here still is the Present with its Future; better than blank nothing. Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather,— perhaps intermixed with secret gibings on myself:—let us hear it while we can, amid those world–wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing off; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn: they talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them,—Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him;—as has Voltaire too, but in a finer TREBLE tone, being always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement: “Nothing more of you,—especially of YOU, Madam,—as a practical domestic article!”

After long reading, with Historical views, in this final section of the Friedrich–Voltaire Correspondence, at first so barren otherwise and of little entertainment, one finds that this too, when once you CAN “read” it (that is to say, when the scene and its details are visible to you), becomes highly dramatic, Shakspearean–comic or more, for this is Nature's self, who far excels even Shakspeare;— and that the inextricably dark condition of these Letters is a real loss to the ingenuous reader, and especially to the student of Friedrich. Among the frequently recurring topics, one that oftenest turns up on Voltaire's side is that of Peace: Oh, if your Majesty would but make Peace! Does it depend on me? thinks Friedrich always; and is, at last, once provoked to say so:—

FRIEDRICH TO VOLTAIRE.

“REICH–HENNERSDORF, 2d July, 1759, [shortly before Schmottseifen, while waiting Daun's slow movements].

“Asking ME for Peace: there is a bitter joke!—[In verse, this; flings off a handful of crackers on the BIEN–AIME, whose Chamberlain you are, on the HONGROISE QUI'IL ADORE, on the Russian QUE J'ABHORRE;—then continues in prose]:

“It is to him,” the Well–beloved Louis, “that you must address yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats [his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal–Premier on this occasion]. But these people have their heads filled with ambitious projects: these people are the difficulty; they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns;— and that is what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put up with. I love Peace quite as much as you could wish; but I want it good, solid and honorable. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I do on this subject, had they found themselves placed in the accursed position which is now mine in the world.

“Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life [CHIENNE, she–dog]? In seeing and causing the butchery of people you know nothing of; in losing daily those you do know and love; in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices of chance; in passing year after year in disquietudes and apprehensions; in risking, without end, your life and your fortune?

“I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society, the charms of life; and I love to be happy, as much as anybody whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not purchase them by basenesses and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our duty; faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice that can be required of us. The illustrious ZADIG went through a good many adventures which were not to his taste, CANDIDE the like; and nevertheless took their misfortune in patience. What finer example to follow than that of those heroes?

“Take my word, our ‘curt jackets,’ as you call them [HABITS ECOURTES, peculiar to the Prussian soldier at that time], are as good as your red heels, as the Hungarian pelisses, and the green frocks of the Roxelans

[Russians]. We are actually on the heels of the latter [at least poor Dohna is, and poor Dictator Wedell will be, not with the effect anticipated!]
—who by their stupidities give us fine chance. You will see I shall get out of the scrape this Year too, and deliver myself both from the Greens and the Dirty-Whites [Austrian color of coat]. My neighbor of the Sacred Hat,—I think, in spite of Holy Father's benediction, the Holy Ghost must have inspired him the reverse way; he seems to have a great deal of lead in his bottom. ... F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 53.]

VOLTAIRE IN ANSWER.

"THE DELICES," guessed to be some time in "August, 1759."

"In whatever state you are, it is very certain that you are a great man. It is not to weary your Majesty that I now write; it is to confess myself,—on condition you will give me absolution! I have betrayed you; that is the fact"—(really guilty this time, and HAVE shown something of your writing; as your Majesty, oh how unjustly, is often suspecting that I do, and with mischievous intention, instead of good, ah, Sire!)—In fact, I have received that fine "MARCUS-AURELIUS" Letter (Letter we have just read); exquisite Piece, though with biting "JUVENAL" qualities in it too; and have shown it, keeping back the biting parts, to a beautiful gillflirt of the Court, MINAUDIERE (who seems to be a Mistress of Choiseul's), who is here attending Tissot for her health: MINAUDIERE charmed with it; insists on my sending to Choiseul, "He admires the King of Prussia, as he does all nobleness and genius; send it!" And I did so;—and look here, what an Answer from Choiseul (Answer lost): and may it not have a fine effect, and perhaps bring Peace—Oh, forgive me, Sire. But read that Note of the great man. "Try if you can decipher his writing. One may have very honest sentiments, and a great deal of ESPRIT, and yet write like a cat. ...

"Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (RAT); the mouse fell in love with the lion, and went to pay him court. The lion, tired of it, gave him a little scrape with his paw. The mouse withdrew into his mouse-hole (SOURICIERE); but he still loved the lion; and seeing one day a net they were spreading out to catch the lion and kill him, he gnawed asunder one mesh of it. Sire, the mouse kisses very humbly your beautiful claws, in all submissiveness:—he will never die between two Capuchins, as, at Bale, the mastiff (DOGUE) of St. Malo has done [27th July last]. He would have wished to die beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more attached than the mastiff."—V. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 59, 60.]

To which we saw the Answer, pair of Answers, at Sagan, in September last. This Note from Choiseul, conveyed by Voltaire, appears to have been the trifling well-spring from which all those wide-spread waters of Negotiation flowed. Pitt, when applied to, on the strength of Friedrich's hopes from this small Document of Choiseul's, was of course ready, "How welcome every chance of a just Peace!" and agreed to the Joint Declaration at the Hague; and took what farther trouble I know not,—probably less sanguine of success than Friedrich. Friedrich was ardently industrious in the affair; had a great deal of devising and directing on it, a great deal of corresponding with Voltaire and the Duchess, only small fractions of which are now left. He searched out, or the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha did it for him, a proper Secret Messenger for Paris: Secret Messenger, one Baron von Edelsheim, properly veiled, was to consult a certain Bailli de Froulay, a friend of Friedrich's in Paris;—which loyal-hearted Bailli did accordingly endeavor there; but made out nothing. Only much vague talking; part of it, or most of it, subdolous on Choiseul's side. Pitt would hear of no Peace which did not include Prussia as well as England: some said this was the cause of failure;—the real cause was that Choiseul never had any serious intention of succeeding. Light Choiseul, a clever man, but an unwise, of the sort called "dashing," had entertained the matter merely in the optative form, —and when it came nearer, wished to use it for making mischief between Pitt and Friedrich, and for worming out Edelsheim's secrets, if he had any,—for which reason he finally threw Edelsheim into the Bastille for a few days. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 38–41, detailed account of the Affair.]

About the end of March I guess it to have been that Choiseul, by way of worming out poor Edelsheim's secrets, flung him into the Bastille for a day or two. Already in December foregoing, we have seen Choiseul's Black-Artist busy upon the Stolen EDITION of Friedrich's Verses. A Choiseul full of intrigues; adroit enough, ambitious enough; restlessly industrious in making mischief, if there were nothing else to be made; who greatly disgusted Friedrich, now and afterwards.

And this was what the grand Voltaire Pacification came to, though it filled the world with temporary noise, and was so interesting to Voltaire and another. What a heart-affecting generosity, humility and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net! There is a good deal of that throughout, on the Voltaire side,—that is to say, while writing to Friedrich. But while writing of him, to third parties, sometimes

almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling; and the beautiful affectionately chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up. All readers of Voltaire are aware of this; and how Voltaire handles his "LUC" (mysterious nickname for KING FRIEDRICH), when Luc's back is turned. For alas, there is no man or thing but has its wrong side too; least of all, a Voltaire,—doing TREBLE voice withal, if you consider it, in such a Duet of estranged Lovers! Suppose we give these few Specimens,—treble mostly, and a few of bass as well,—to illustrate the nature of this Duet, and of the noises that went on round it, in a war-convulsed world? And first of all, concerning the enigma "What is Luc?"

What the LUC in Voltaire is? Shocking explanations have been hit upon: but Wagniere (WAGNER, an intelligent Swiss man), Voltaire's old Secretary, gives this plain reading of the riddle: "M. de Voltaire had, at The Delices [near by Ferney, till the Chateau got built], a big Ape, of excessively mischievous turn; who used to throw stones at the passers-by, and sometimes would attack with its teeth friend or foe alike. One day it thrice over bit M. de Voltaire's own leg. He had called it LUC (Luke); and in conversation with select friends, as also in Letters to such, he sometimes designated the King of Prussia by that nickname: 'HE is like my Luc here; bites whoever caresses him!'—In 1756 M. de Voltaire, having still on his heart the Frankfurt Outrage, wrote curious MEMOIRES [ah, yes, VIE PRIVEE]; and afterwards wished to burn them; but a Copy had been stolen from him in 1768,"—and they still afflict the poor world.

To the same effect speaks Johannes von Muller: "Voltaire had an Ape called Luc; and the spiteful man, in thus naming the King, meant to stigmatize him as the mere APE of greater men; as one without any greatness of his own."—No; LUC was mischievous, flung stones after passengers; had, according to Clogenson, "bitten Voltaire himself, while being caressed by him;" that was the analogy in Voltaire's mind. Preuss says, this Nickname first occurs "12th December, 1757." Suppose 11th December to have been the day of getting one's leg bitten thrice over; and that, in bed next morning,—stiff, smarting, fretful against the sad ape-tricks and offences of this life,—before getting up to one's Works and Correspondences, the angry similitude had shot, slightly fulgurous and consolatory, athwart the gloom of one's mood? [Longchamp et Wagniere *Memoires*, i. 34; Johannes von Muller, *Works* (12mo, Stuttgart, 1821), xxxi. 140 (LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER, No, 218, "July, 1796"); Clogenson's Note, in *OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 103; Preuss, ii. 71.] That will account for Luc.

Many of the Voltaire-Friedrich LETTERS are lost; and the remainder lie in sad disorder in all the Editions, their sequence unintelligible without lengthy explanation. So that the following Snatches cannot well be arranged here in the way of Choral Strophe and Antistrophe, as would have been desirable. We shall have to group them loosely under heads; with less respect to date than to subject-matter, and to the reader's convenience for understanding them.

VOLTAIRE ON FRIEDRICH, TO DIFFERENT THIRD-PARTIES, DURING THIS WAR.

TO D'ARGENTAL (Has not yet heard of LEUTHEN, which happened five days before). ... "I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating on the one side, and getting beaten on the other: except for another miracle [like Rossbach], he will be ruined. Better have really been a philosopher, as he pretended to be." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 139 ("The Delices, 10th December, 1757").]

TO THE REVEREND COMTE DE BERNIS (outwardly still our flourishing Prime-Minister, by grace of Pompadour, but soon to be extinguished under a Red Hat. Date is six days before ZORNDORF). ... "I cannot imagine how some people have gone into suspecting that my heart might have the weakness to lean a little towards WHOM you know, towards my Ingrate that was! One is bound to have politeness; but one has memory as well;—and one is attached, as warmly as superfluously, to the Good Cause, which it belongs only to you to defend. Certain it is, poor I am not like the three-fourths of the Germans in these days [since ROSSBACH, above all]! I have everywhere seen Ladies'-fans with the Prussian Eagle painted on them, eating the FLEUR-DE-LIS; the Hanover Horse giving a kick to M. de Richelieu's bottom; a Courier carrying a bottle of Queen-of-Hungary Water to Madame de Pompadour. My Nieces shall certainly not have that fashion of Fans, at my poor little DELICES, whither I am just returning." [Ib. lxxvii. 35 ("Soleure, 19th August, 1758").]

TO MADAME D'ARGENTAL (on occasion of MINDEN: Kunersdorf three days ago, but not yet heard of). ... "Truly, Madame, when M. de Contades leads to the butchery all the descendants of our ancient chevaliers, and sets them to attack eighty pieces of cannon [not in the least, if you knew it; the reverse, if you knew it],—as Don Quixote did the windmills! This horrible day pierces my soul. I am French to excess, especially since those new favors [not worth mentioning here], which I owe to my divine Angels and to M. le Duc de Choiseul.

"Luc--you know who Luc is [as do we]--is probably giving Battle to the Austrians and Russians [KUNERSDORF, 12th; three days ago, did it, and was beaten to your mind], at the moment while I have the honor of writing to you; at least, he told me such was his Royal intention. If they beat him, as may happen, what a shame for us to have been beaten by the Duke of Brunswick! I wish you knew this Duke [as I have done; a Duke of no ESPRIT, no gift of tongue, in fact no talent at all that I could discern], you would be much astonished; and would say, 'The people whom he beats must be great blockheads.' The truth of the fact is, that all these troops are better disciplined than ours:" [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii, 186, 187 ("Delices, 15th August, 1759").]--Yes indeed, my esteemed Voltaire; and also, perhaps, that ESPRIT, or gift of tongue, is not the sole gift for Battles and Campaigns?--

TO D'ARGENTAL (seventh day after KUNERSDORF: "mouse upon lion's net" nearly contemporaneous). "At last, then, I think my Russians must be near Great Glogau [might have been, one thinks, after such a Kunersdorf; did not start for a month yet; never could get very near at all]. Who would have thought that Barberina [Mackenzie's Dancer once; sent to Glogau, Cocceji and she, when their marriage became public] was going to be besieged by the Russians, and in Glogau: O Destiny!--

"I don't love Luc, far from it: I never will pardon him his infamous procedure with my Niece [at Frankfurt that time]; nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month; without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner; whether his eternal damnation. I don't quite know." [Ib. lxxviii. 195 ("19th August, 1759").] (Hear, hear!)

TO THE SAME (a month after MAXEN: "Peace" Negotiation very lively). ... "Meanwhile, if Luc could be punished before this happy Peace! If, by this last stroke of General Beck [tussle with Dierecke at Meissen, 4th December, capture of Dierecke and 1,500; stroke not of an overwhelming nature, but let us be thankful for our mercies], which has opened the road from the Lausitz to Berlin [alas, not in the least], some Haddick could pay Berlin a visit again! You see, in Tragedy I wish always to have crime punished.

"There is talk of a great Battle fought the 6th [not a word of truth in it] between Luc and him of the Consecrated Hat: said to have been very murderous. I interest myself very much in this Piece" now playing under the Sun. "Whenever the Austrians have any advantage, Kaunitz says to Madame de Bentinck [litigant wandering Lady, known to me at Berlin and elsewhere], 'Write that to our Friend Voltaire.' Whenever Luc has the least success, he tells me, 'I have battered the oppressors of mankind. Dear Angel, in these horrors I am the only one that has room to laugh:--and yet I don't laugh either; owing to the CULS--NOIRS [base crockery; one's Dinner Plate all vanished [Supra, p. 374.]], to the Annuities, Lotteries, and to Pondicherry,--for I am always afraid about that latter!" (Going, that, for certain; going, gone, and your East Indies along with it!) [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 346 ("22d December, 1759").]

TO PERPETUAL SECRETARY FORMEY (in forwarding a "Letter left with me"). "Health and peace, Monsieur; and be SECRETAIRE ETERNEL. Your King is always a man unique, astonishing, inimitable. He makes charming verses, in times when another could not write a line of prose; he deserves to be happy: but will he be so? And if not, what becomes of you? For my own part, I will not die between two Capuchins. Hardly worth while, exalting one's soul for such a future as that. What a stupid and detestable farce this world is!" [Ib. lxxviii. 348 (from SOUVENIRS D'UN CITOYEN, i. 302), "11th January 1760."]

TO D'ARGENTAL ("Peace" Negotiations still at their briskest), ... "But, my dear Angel, you will see on Tuesday the great man who has turned my head (DONT JE SUIS FOU), M. le Duc de Choiseul. The Letters he honors me with enchant me. God will bless him, don't doubt it,"--after all! "We have at Pondicherry a Lally, a devil of an Irish spirit,--who will cost me, sooner or later, above 20,000 livres annually [have rents in our INDIA COMPANY, say 1,000 pounds a year, as my Angels know], which used to be the readiest item of my Pittance. But M. le Duc de Choiseul will triumph over Luc in one way or other; then what joy! I suppose he shows you my impertinent reveries. Do you know, Luc is so mad, that I don't despair of bringing him to reason [persuading him to give up Cleve, and knuckle as he should, in this Peace Affair]. That were what I should call the true Comedy! I should like to have your advices on the conduct of that Dramatic Piece." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 375 ("Delices, 15th February, 1760").]

The late "mouse" gnawing its mesh of net, what a subtle and mighty hunter has it grown! This of Cleve, however, and of knuckling, would not do. Hear the stiff Answer that comes: "'Conditions of Peace,' do you call them? The people that propose such can have no wish to see Peace. What a logic theirs! 'I might yield the Country

of Cleve, because the inhabitants are stupid! What would your Ministers say if one required the Province of Champagne from them, because the Proverb says, Ninety-nine sheep and one Champagner make a Hundred head of cattle?" [Friedrich to Voltaire, "Freyberg, 3d April, 1760:" *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 73, 74.]

AGAIN TO D'ARGENTAL (three or four months after; Luc having proved obstinate, and still unsuccessful). ... "I conjure you make use of all your eloquence to tell him [the supreme Duc de Choiseul], that if Luc misgo, it will be no misfortune to France. That Brandenburg will always remain an Electorate; that it is good there be no Elector in it strong enough to do without the protection of our King; and that all the Princes of the Empire will always have recourse to that august protection (Most Christian Majesty's) CONTRA L'AQUILA GRIFAGNA,—were the Prussian Kingship but abolished. Nota bene, if Luc were discomfited this Year, we should have Peace next Winter." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxix. 110 ("July, 1760").]

TO SUPREME CHOISEUL (a year later). ... "He has been a bad man, this Luc; and now, if one were to bet,—by the law of probability it would be 3 to 1 that Luc will go to pot (SERA PERDU), with his rhymings and his banterings, and his injustices and politics, all as bad as himself." [Ib. lxxx. 313 ("Chateau de Ferney, 13th July, 1761").]

VOLTAIRE ON SURROUNDING OBJECTS, CHIEFLY ON MAUPERTUIS, AND THE BATTLES.

TO D'ALEMBERT (in the Rossbach–Leuthen interval: on the Battle of BRESLAU, 22d November, 1757; called by the Austrians "a Malplaquet," and believed by Voltaire to be a Malplaquet and more). ... "The Austrians do avenge us, and humble us [us, and our miserable Rossbachs], in a terrible manner. Thirteen attacks on the Prussian intrenchments, lasted six hours; never was Victory bloodier, or more horribly beautiful [in the brain of certain men]. We pretty French fellows, we are more expeditious, our job is done in five minutes. The King of Prussia is always writing me Verses, now like a desperado, now like a hero; and as for me, I try to live like a philosopher in my hermitage. He has obtained what he always wished: to beat the French, to be admired by them, to mock them; but the Austrians are mocking him in a very serious way. Our shame of November 5th has given him glory; and with such glory, which is but transient and dearly bought, he must content himself. He will lose his own Countries, with those he has seized, unless the French again discover [which they will] the secret of losing all their Armies, as they did in 1741." [Ib. Lxxvii. 133, 134 ("Delices, 6th December, 1757," day after Leuthen).]

TO CLAIRAUT, THE MATHEMATICIAN (Maupertuis lately dead). An excellent Treatise, this you have sent me, Monsieur! "Your war with the Geometers on the subject of this Comet appears to me like a war of the gods in Olympus, while on Earth there is going on a fight of dogs and cats. ... Would to Heaven our friend Moreau–Maupertuis had cultivated his art like you! That he had predicted comets, instead of exalting his soul to predict the future; of dissecting the brains of giants to know the nature of the soul; of japanning people with pitch to cure them of every malady; of persecuting Konig; and of dying between Two Capuchins" (dead three weeks ago, on those terms, poor soul)! [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 191 ("Delices, 19th August, 1759").]

TO D'ALEMBERT (a week later). ... "What say you of Maupertuis dying between Two Capuchins! He was ill, this long while, of a repletion of pride; but I had not reckoned him either a hypocrite or an imbecile. I don't advise you ever to go and fill his place at Berlin; you would repent that. I am Astolpho warning Roger (Ruggiero) not to trust himself to the Enchantress Alcina; but Roger was unadvisable." [Ib. lxxviii. 197 ("Delices, 25th August, 1759").]

TO THE SAME (two years later: Luc, on certain grounds, may as well be saved). "With regard to Luc, though I have my just causes of anger against him, I own to you, in my quality of Frenchman and thinking being, I am glad that a certain most Orthodox House has not swallowed Germany, and that the Jesuits are not confessing in Berlin. Over towards the Danube superstition is very powerful. ... The INFAME—You are well aware that I speak of superstition only; for as to the Christian religion, I respect and love it, like you. Courage, Brethren! Preach with force, and write with address: God will bless you.—Protect, you my Brother, the Widow Calas all you can! She is a poor weak-minded Huguenot, but her Husband was the victim of the WHITE PENITENTS. It is the concern of Human Nature that the Fanatics of Toulouse be confounded." (The case of Calas, SECOND act of it, getting on the scene: a case still memorable to everybody. Stupendous bit of French judicature; and Voltaire's noblest outburst, into mere transcendent blaze of pity, virtuous wrath, and determination to bring rescue and help against the whole world.) [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, lxxviii. 52, 53 ("Ferney, 28th November, 1762").]

FRIEDRICH TO VOLTAIRE, BEFORE AND DURING THESE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

AT SCHMOTTSEIFEN, FIVE DAYS BEFORE ZULLICHAU, TEN DAYS BEFORE THAT HUNT OF LOUDON AND HADDICK (Voltaire, under rebuke for indiscretion, has been whimpering a little. My discreet Niece burnt those LAST verses, Sire; no danger there, at least! Truculent Bishop Something—AC tried to attack your Majesty; but was done for by a certain person). Friedrich answers: "In truth, you are a singular creature. When I think of scolding you, you say two words, and the reproach expires. Impossible to scold you, even when you deserve it. ...

"As to your Niece, let her burn me or roast me, I care little. Nor are you to think me so sensitive to what your Bishops in IC or in AC may say of me. I have the lot of all actors who play in public; applauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare oneself for satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be sent abroad into currency against one: but need that trouble my tranquillity? I go my road; I do nothing against the interior voice of my conscience; and I concern myself very little in what way my actions paint themselves in the brain of beings, not always very thinking, with two legs and without feathers." ["Schmottseifen, 18th July, 1759;" *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 55, 56.]

AT WILSDRUF, JUST BEFORE MAXEN (an exultant exuberant curious Letter; too long for insertion,—part of it given above). ... "For your Tragedy of SOCRATE, thanks. At Paris they are going to burn it, the wretched fools,—not aware that absurd fanaticism is their dominant vice. Better burn the dose of medicine, however, than the useful Doctor. I, can I join myself to that set? If I bite you, as you complain, it is without my knowledge. But I am surrounded with enemies, one hitting me, another pricking me, another daubing me with mud;—patience at last yields, and one flies abroad into a general rage, too indiscriminate perhaps."

You talk of my Verses on Rossbach (my ADIEU TO THE HOOPERS on finding their Bridge burnt [Supra, p. 21.]). "This Campaign I have had no beatific vision, in the style of Moses. The barbarous Cossacks and Tartars, infamous to look at on any side, have burnt and ravaged countries, and committed atrocious inhumanities. This is all I saw of THEM. Such melancholy spectacles don't tend to raise one's spirits. [Breaks off into metre:] LA FORTUNE INCONSTANTE ET FIERE, Fortune inconstant and proud. Does not treat her suitors Always in an equal manner. Those fools called heroes, who run the country,

*Ces fous nommes heros, et qui courent les champs,
Couverts de sang et de poussiere,
Voltaire, n'ont pas tous les ans
La faceur de voir le derriere
De leurs ennemis insolents.*

Can't expect that pleasure every year"! ...

Maupertuis, say you? "Don't trouble the ashes of the dead; let the grave at least put an end to your unjust hatreds. Reflect that even Kings make peace after long battling; cannot you ever make it? I think you would be capable, like Orpheus, of descending to Hell, not to soften Pluto and bring back your beautiful Emilie, but to pursue into that Abode of Woe an enemy whom your wrath has only too much persecuted in the world: for shame!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 61–65 ("Wilsdruf, 17th November, 1759").]—and rebukes him, more than once elsewhere, in very serious terms.

IN WINTER—QUARTERS, ON PEACE AND THE STOLEN EDITION. (Starts in verse, which we abridge:) With how many laurels you have covered yourself in all the fields of Literature! One laurel yet is wanting to the brow of Voltaire. If, as the crown of so many perfect works, he could by a skilful manoeuvre bring back Peace, I, and Europe with me, would think that his masterpiece! [Takes to prose:]

"This is my thought and all Europe's. Virgil made as fine Verses as you; but he never made a Peace. It will be a distinction you will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, if you succeed.

"I know not who has betrayed me, and thought of printing [the EDITION;—not you, surely!] a pack of rhapsodies which were good enough to amuse myself, but were never meant for publication. After all, I am so used to treacheries and bad manoeuvres,"—what matters this insignificant one?

"I know not who the Bredow is [whom you speak of having met]; but he has told you true. The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. And the worst is, we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. You may judge what effect these cruel shocks made on me. I wrap myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and blood revolt against such tyrannous command; but it must be followed. If you saw me, you would scarcely know me again: I am old, broken, gray-headed, wrinkled; I am losing my teeth and my gayety: if this go on, there will be

nothing of me left, but the mania of making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties and to the few virtuous men whom I know." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 69 ("Freyberg, 24th Feb. 1760").]

IN WINTER—QUARTERS, A MONTH LATER (comes still on "Peace" again). ... "I will have you paid that bit of debt [perhaps of postage or the like], that Louis of the Mill (Louis du Moulin," at Fontenoy, who got upon a Windmill with his Dauphin, and caught that nickname from the common men) "may have wherewithal to make war on me. Add tenth—penny tax to your tax of twentieth—penny; impose new capitations, make titular offices to get money; do, in a word, whatever you like. In spite of all your efforts, you will not get a Peace signed by my hands, except on conditions honorable to my Nation. Your people, blown up with self—conceit and folly, may depend on these words. Adieu, live happy; and while you make all your efforts to destroy Prussia, think that nobody has less deserved it than I, either of you or of your French." [Ib. xxiii. 72 ("Freyberg, 20th March, 1760").]

STILL IN WINTER—QUARTERS (on "Peace" still; but begins with "Maupertuis," which is all we will give). "What rage animates you against Maupertuis? You accuse HIM of having published that Furtive EDITION. Know that his Copy, well sealed by him, arrived here after his death, and that he was incapable of such an indiscretion. [Breaks into verse:]

Leave in peace the cold ashes of Maupertuis:
 Truth can defend him, and will.
 His soul was faithful and noble:
 He pardoned you that scandalous Akakia (CE VIL LIBELLE
 QUE VOTRE FUREUR CRIMINELLE
 PRIT SOIN CHEZ MOI DE GRIFFONER); he did:—
 And you? Shame on such delirium as Voltaire's!
 What, this beautiful, what, this grand genius,
 Whom I admired with transport,
 Soils himself with calumny, and is ferocious on the dead?
 Flocking together, in the air uttering cries of joy,
 Vile ravens pounce down upon sepulchres,
 And make their prey of corpses:—"—
 Blush, repent, alas!

These Specimens will suffice. "The King of Prussia?" Voltaire would sometimes say: "He is as potent and as malignant as the Devil; but he is also as unhappy, not knowing friendship,"—having such a chance, too, with some of us!

FRIEDRICH HAS SENT LORD MARISCHAL TO SPAIN: OTHER FOND HOPES OF FRIEDRICH'S.

In the beginning of this Year, 1759, Earl Marischal had been called out of his Neufchatel stagnancy, and launched into the Diplomatic field again; sent on mission into Spain, namely. The case was this: Ferdinand VI. of Spain (he who would not pay Friedrich the old Spanish debt, but sent him merino rams, and a jar of Queen—Dowager snuff) had fallen into one of his gloomy fits, and was thought to be dying;—did, in fact, die, in a state nearly mad, on the 10th August following. By Treaty of Aix—la—Chapelle, and by all manner of Treaties, Carlos of Naples, his Half—Brother (Termagant's Baby Carlos, whom we all knew), was to succeed him in Spain; Don Philip, the next Brother, now of Parma and Piacenza, was to follow as King in Naples,—ceding those two litigious Duchies to Austria, after all. Friedrich, vividly awake to every chance, foresaw, in case of such disjunctures in Italy, good likelihood of quarrel there. And has despatched the experienced old Marischal to be on the ground, and have his eyes open. Marischal knows Spain very well; and has often said, "He left a dear old friend there, the Sun." Marischal was under way, about New—year's time; but lingered by the road, waiting how Ferdinand would turn,—and having withal an important business of his own, as he sauntered on. Did not arrive, I think, till Summer was at hand, and his dear Old Friend coming out in vigor.

August 10th, 1759, Ferdinand died; and the same day Carlos became King of Spain. But, instead of giving Naples to Don Philip, Carlos gave it to a junior Son of his own; and left poor Philip to content himself with Parma and Piacenza, as heretofore. Clear against the rights of Austria; Treaty of Aix—la—Chapelle is perfectly explicit on that point! Will not Austria vindicate its claim? Politicians say, Austria might have recovered not only Parma and

Piacenza, but the kingdom of Naples itself,—no France at present able to hinder it, no Spain ever able. But Austria, contrary to expectation, would not: a Country tenacious enough of its rights, real and imaginary; greedy enough of Italy, but of Silesia much more! The matter was deliberated in Council at Vienna; but the result was magnanimously, No. "Finish this Friedrich first; finish this Silesia. Nothing else till that!"

The Marischal's legationary function, therefore, proved a sinecure; no Carlos needing Anti-Austrian assistance from Friedrich or another; Austria magnanimously having let him alone. Doubtless a considerable disappointment to Friedrich. Industrious Friedrich had tried, on the other side of this affair, Whether the King of Sardinia, once an adventurous fighting kind of man, could not be stirred up, having interests involved? But no; he too, grown old, devotional, apprehensive, held by his rosaries, and answered, No. Here is again a hope reasonable to look at, but which proves fallacious.

Marischal continued in Spain, corresponding, sending news (the Prussian Archives alone know what), for nearly a couple of years. [Returned "April, 1762" (Friedrich's Letter to him, "10th April, 1762:" in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. 285).] His Embassy had one effect, which is of interest to us here. On his way out, he had gone by London, with a view of getting legal absolution for his Jacobitism,—so far, at least, as to be able to inherit the Earldom of Kintore, which is likely to fall vacant soon. By blood it is his, were the Jacobite incapacities withdrawn. Kintore is a cadet branch of the Keiths; "John, younger Son of William Sixth Lord Marischal," was the first Kintore. William Sixth's younger Son, yes;—and William's Father, a man always venerable to me, had (A.D. 1593) founded Marischal College, Aberdeen,—where, for a few, in those stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal. MARISCHAL—COLLEGE Keith, or FIFTH Lord Marischal, was grandfather's grandfather of our Potsdam Friend, who is tenth and last. [Douglas's *Scotch Peerage*, pp. 448 et seq., 387 et seq.] Honor to the brave and noble, now fallen silent under foot NOT of the nobler! In a word, the fourth Kintore was about dying childless; and Marischal had come by London on that heritage business.

He carried, naturally, the best recommendations. Britannic Majesty, Pitt and everybody met him with welcome and furtherance; what he wished was done, and in such a style of promptness and cordiality, Pitt pushing it through, as quite gained the heart of old Marischal. And it is not doubted, though particulars have not been published, That he sent important Spanish notices to Pitt, in these years;—and especially informed him that King Carlos and the French Bourbon had signed a FAMILY COMPACT (15th August, 1761), or solemn covenant, to stand by one another as brothers. Which was thenceforth, to Pitt privately, an important fact, as perhaps we shall see; though to other men it was still only a painful rumor and dubiety. Whether the old Marischal informed him, That King Carlos hated the English; that he never had, in his royal mind, forgiven that insult of Commodore Martin's (watch laid on the table, in the Bay of Naples, long ago), I do not know; but that also was a fact. A diligent, indignant kind of man, this Carlos, I am told; by no means an undeserving King of Spain, though his Portraits declare him an ugly: we will leave him in the discreet Marischal's hands, with the dear Old Friend shining equally on both.

Singular to see how, in so veracious an intellect as Friedrich's, so many fallacies of hope are constantly entertained. War in Italy, on quarrel with King Carlos; Peace with France and the Pompadour, by help of Edelsheim and the Bailli de Froulay; Peace with Russia and the INFAME CATIN, by help of English briberies (Friedrich sent an agent this winter with plenty of English guineas, but he got no farther than the Frontier, not allowed even to try): sometimes, as again this winter, it is hope of Denmark joining him (in alarm against the Russian views on Holstein; but that, too, comes to nothing); above all, there is perennially, budding out yearly, the brighter after every disappointment, a hope in the Grand Turk and his adherencies. Grand Turk, or failing him, the Cham of Tartary,— for certain, some of these will be got to fasten on the heels of Austria, of Russia; and create a favorable diversion? Friedrich took an immense deal of trouble about this latter hope. It is almost pathetic to see with what a fond tenacity he clings to it; and hopes it over again, every new Spring and Summer. [Preuss, ii. 121 et seq., 292 Schoning, ii. iii. PASSIM.]

The hope that an INFAME CATIN might die some day (for she is now deep in chaotic ailments, deepish even in brandy) seems never to have struck him; at least there is nowhere any articulate hint of it,—the eagle-flight of one's imagination soaring far above such a pettiness! Hope is very beautiful; and even fallacious hope, in such a Friedrich. The one hope that did not deceive him, was hope in his own best exertion to the very death; and no fallacy ever for a moment slackened him in that. Stand to thyself: in the wide domain of Imagination, there is no

other certainty of help. No other certainty;—and yet who knows through what pettinesses Heaven may send help!

Chapter IX. PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN.

It was April 25th before Friedrich quitted Freyberg, and took Camp; not till the middle of June that anything of serious Movement came. Much discouragement prevails in his Army, we hear: and indeed, it must be owned, the horoscope of these Campaigns grows yearly darker. Only Friedrich himself must not be discouraged! Nor is;— though there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking Year than this that is now dimly shaping itself to Friedrich. His fortune seems to have quitted him; his enemies are more confident than ever.

This Year, it seems, they have bethought them of a new device against him. "We have 90 million Population," count they; "he has hardly 5; in the end, he must run out of men! Let us cease exchanging prisoners with him." At Jagerndorf, in April, 1758 (just before our march to Olmutz), there had been exchange; not without haggles; but this was the last on Austria's part. Cartel of the usual kind, values punctually settled: a Field-marshal is worth 3,000 common men, or 1,500 pounds; Colonel worth 130 men, or 65 pounds; common man is worth 10s. sterling, not a high figure. [Archenholtz, ii. 53.] The Russians haggled still more, no keeping of them to their word; but they tried it a second time, last year (October, 1759); and by careful urging and guiding, were got dragged through it, and the prisoners on both sides sent to their colors again. After which, it was a settled line of policy, "No more exchanging or cartelling; we will starve him out in that article!" And had Friedrich had nothing but his own 5 millions to go upon, though these contributed liberally, he had in truth been starved out. Nor could Saxony, with Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Erfurt, and their 10,000 men a year, have supplied him,— "had not there," says Archenholtz (a man rather fond of superlatives),—

"Had not there risen a Recruiting system," or Crimping system, "the like of which for kind and degree was never seen in the Earth before. Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows, were by every means persuaded, and even compelled, to take Prussian service. Compelled, cudgel in hand," says Archenholtz (who is too indiscriminating, I can see,—for there were Pfaltzers, Wurtembergers, Reichsfolk, who had FIRST been compelled the other way): "not asked if they wished to serve, but dragged to the Prussian colors, obliged to swear there, and fight against, their countrymen." Say at least, against their countrymen's Governors, contumacious Serene Highnesses of Wurtemberg, Mecklenburg and the like. Wurtemberg, we mentioned lately, had to shoot a good few of his first levy against the Protestant Champion, before they would march at all!—I am sorry for these poor men; and wish the Reich had been what it once was, a Veracity and Practical Reality, not an Imaginary Entity and hideously contemptible Wiggery, as it now is! Contemptible, and hideous as well;—setting itself up on that, fundamental mendacity; which is eternally tragical, though little regarded in these days, and which entails mendacities without end on parties concerned!—But, apart from all this, certain it is,

"The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian Enlisters. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at all, but hungry Adventurers, who had been bargained with, and who, for their own profit, allowed themselves every imaginable art to pick up men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colonel Colignon," one of the Free-Corps people; "a man formed by nature for this business [what a beautiful man!]—who gave all the others their directions, and taught them by his own example. Colignon himself," in winter-time, "travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters; persuading hundreds of people into the Prussian service. He not only promised Commissions, but gave such,—nominating loose young fellows (Laffen), students, merchants' clerks and the like, to Lieutenancies and Captaincies in the Prussian Army [about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it]: in the Infantry, in the Cuirassiers, in the Hussars,—it is all one, you have only to choose. The renown of the Prussian arms was so universal, and combined with the notion of rich booty, that Colignon's Commission-manufactory was continually busy. No need to provide marching-money, hand-money [shillings for earnest]; Colignon's recruits travelled mostly of will and at their own charge. In Franken, in Schwaben, in the Rhine Countries, a dissolute son would rob his father,—as shopmen their masters' tills, and managers their cash-boxes,—and hie off to those magnanimous Prussian Officials, who gave away companies like kreutzers, and had a value for young fellows of spirit. They hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where they were received as common recruits, and put by force into the regiments suitable. No use in resisting: the cudgel and the drill-sergeant," —who doubts it?—"till complete submission. By this and other methods Colignon and his helpers are reckoned to have raised for the King, in the

course of this War, about 60,000 recruits." [Archenholtz, ii. 53.]

This Year, Daun, though his reputation is on the decline lately, is to have the chief command, as usual; the Grand Army, with Saxony for field of conquest, and the Reichsfolk to assist, is to be Daun's. But, what is reckoned an important improvement, Loudon is to have a separate command, and Army of his own. Loudon, hot of temper, melancholic, shy, is not a man to recommend himself to Kriegshofrath people; but no doubt Imperial Majesty has had her own wise eye on him. His merits are so undeniable; the need of some Commander NOT of the Cunctator type is become so very pressing. "Army of Silesia, 50,000;" that is to be Loudon's, with 40,000 Russians to co-operate and unite themselves with Loudon; and try actually for conquest of Silesia, this Year; while Daun, conquering Saxony, keeps the King busy.

At Petersburg, Versailles, Vienna, much planning there has been, and arduous consulting: first at Petersburg, in time and in importance, where Montalembert has again been very urgent in regard to those poor Swedish people, and the getting of them turned to some kind of use: "Stettin in conjunction with the Swedes; oh, listen to reason, and take Stettin!" "Would not Dantzic by ourselves be the advisable thing?" answers Soltikof: "Dantzic is an important Town, and the grand Baltic Haven; and would be so convenient for our Preussen, since we have determined to maintain that fine Conquest." So thinks Czarish Majesty, as well as Soltikof, privately, though there are difficulties as to Dantzic; and, in fine, except Colberg over again, there can be nothing attempted of sieging thereabouts. A Siege of Colberg, however, there is actually to be: Second Siege,—if perhaps it will prove luckier than the First was, two years since? Naval Armament Swedish—Russian, specific Land Armament wholly Russian, are to do this Second Siege, at a favorable time; except by wishes, Soltikof will not be concerned in it; nor, it is to be hoped, shall we,—in such pressure of haste as is probably ahead for us.

"Silesia would be the place for sieges!" say the Vienna people always; and Imperial Majesty is very urgent; and tries all methods, —eloquence, flatteries, bribes,—to bring Petersburg to that view. Which is at last adopted; heartily by Czarish Majesty, ever ready for revenge on Friedrich, the more fatal and the more direct, the better. Heartily by her; not so heartily by Soltikof and her Army people, who know the Austriau habits; and privately decide on NOT picking chestnuts from the fire, while the other party's paws keep idle, and only his jaws are ready.

Of Small—War there is nothing or little to be said; indeed there occurs almost none. Roving Cossack—Parties, under one Tottleben, whom we shall hear of otherwise, infest Pommern, bickering with the Prussian posts there; not ravaging as formerly, Tottleben being a civilized kind of man. One of these called at the Castle of Schwedt, one day; found Prince Eugen of Wurtemberg there (nearly recovered of his Kunersdorf wounds), who is a Son—in—law of the House, married to a Daughter of Schwedt;—ancestor of the now Russian Czars too, had anybody then known it. Him these Cossacks carried off with them, a march or two; then, taking his bond for a certain ransom, let him go. Bond and bondholder being soon after captured by the Prussians, Eugen paid no ransom; so that to us his adventure is without moment, though it then made some noise among the Gazetteers.

Two other little passages, and only two, we will mention; which have in themselves a kind of memorability. First, that of General Czetteritz and the MANUSCRIPT he lost. Of posts across the Elbe I find none mentionable here, and believe there is none, except only Czetteritz's; who stands at Cosdorf, well up towards Torgau Country, as sentry over Torgau and the Towns there. On Czetteritz there was, in February, an attempt made by the active General Beck, whom Daun had detached for that object. Extremely successful, according to the Austrian Gazetteers; but in reality amounting to as good as nothing:—Surprisal of Czetteritz's first vedette, in the dawn of a misty February morning (February 21st, 1760); non—surprisal of his second, which did give fire and alarm, whereupon debate; and Czetteritz springing into his saddle; retreat of his people to rearward, with loss of 7 Officers and 200 prisoners;—but ending in re—advance, with fresh force, a few hours after; [Seyfarth, ii. 655.]—in repulse of Beck, in recovery of Cosdorf, and a general state of AS—YOU—WERE in that part. A sputter of Post—War, not now worth mentioning at all,—except only for one small circumstance: That in the careering and swift ordering, such as there was, on the rear—guard especially, Major—General Czetteritz's horse happened to fall; whereby not only was the General taken prisoner, but his quarters got plundered, and in his luggage,—what is the notable circumstance,—there was found a small Manuscript, MILITAIRISCHE INSTRUKZION FUR DIE GENERALE, such as every Prussian General has, and is bound to keep religiously secret.[Stands now in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxviii. 3 et. seq.; was finished (the revisal of it was), by the King, "2d April, 1748:" see PREUSS, i. 478—480; and (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxviii. PREFACE, for endless indistinct details about the translations and

editions of it. London Edition, 1818, calls itself the FIFTH.] This, carried to Daun's head-quarters, was duly prized, copied; and in the course of a year came to print, in many shapes and places; was translated into English, under the Title, MILITARY INSTRUCTIONS BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA, in 1762 (and again, hardly so WELL, in 1797); and still languidly circulates among the studious of our soldiers. Not a little admired by some of them; and unfortunately nearly all they seem to know of this greatest of modern Soldiers. [See, for example, in *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother* (London, 1857), iii. 365 and elsewhere,—one of the best judges in the world expressing his joy and admiration on discovery of Friedrich; discovery, if you read well, which amounts to these INSTRUCTIONS, and no more.]

Next, about a month after, we have something to report of Loudon from Silesia, or rather of the Enemies he meets there; for it is not a victorious thing. But it means a starting of the Campaign by an Austrian invasion of Silesia; long before sieging time, while all these Montalembert-Soltikof pleadings and counter-pleadings hang dubious at Petersburg, and Loudon's "Silesian Army" is still only in a nascent or theoretic state, and only Loudon himself is in a practical one.

Friedrich has always Fouquet at Landshut, in charge of the Silesian Frontier; whose outposts, under Goltz as head of these, stretch, by Neisse, far eastward, through the Hills to utmost Mahren; Fouquet's own head-quarter being generally Landshut, the main gate of the Country. Fouquet, long since, rooted himself rather firmly into that important post; has a beautiful ring of fortified Hills around Landshut; battery crossing battery, girdling it with sure destruction, under an expert Fouquet,—but would require 30,000 men to keep it, instead of 13,000, which is Fouquet's allotment. Upon whom Loudon is fully intending a stroke this Year. Fouquet, as we know, has strenuously managed to keep ward there for a twelvemonth past; in spite, often enough, of new violent invadings and attemptings (violent, miscellaneous, but intermittent) by the Devilles and others;—and always under many difficulties of his own, and vicissitudes in his employment: a Fouquet coming and going, waxing and waning, according to the King's necessities, and to the intermittency or constancy of pressures on Landshut. Under Loudon, this Year, Fouquet will have harder times than ever; —in the end, too hard! But will resist, judge how by the following small sample:—

"Besides Fouquet and his 13,000," says my Note, "the Silesian Garrisons are all vigilant, are or ought to be; and there are far eastward of him, for guarding of the Jagerndorf-Troppau Border, some 4 or 6,000, scattered about, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, in various Hill Posts,—the chief Post of which, Goltz's own, is the little Town of Neustadt, northward of Jagerndorf [where we have billeted in the old Silesian Wars]: Goltz's Neustadt is the chief; and Leobschutz, southwestward of it, under 'General Le Grand' [once the Major GRANT of Kolin Battle, if readers remember him, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the Battery ourselves!"] is probably the second in importance. Loudon, cantoned along the Moravian side of the Border, perceives that he can assemble 32,000 foot and horse; that the Prussians are 13,000 PLUS 6,000; that Silesia can be invaded with advantage, were the weather come. And that, in any kind of weather, Goltz and his straggle of posts might be swept into the interior, perhaps picked up and pocketed altogether, if Loudon were sharp enough. Swept into the interior Goltz was; by no means pocketed altogether, as he ought to have been!

"MARCH 13th, 1760, Loudon orders general muster hereabouts for the 15th, everybody to have two days, bread and forage; and warns Goltz, as bound in honor: 'Excellenz, to-morrow is March 14th; to-morrow our pleasant time of Truce is out,—the more the pity for both of us!' 'Yea, my esteemed neighbor Excellenz!' answers Goltz, with the proper compliments; but judges that his esteemed neighbor is intending mischief almost immediately. Goltz instantly sends orders to all his posts: 'You, Herr General Grant, you at Leobschutz, and all the rest of you, make your packages; march without delay; rendezvous at Steinau and Upper Glogau [far different from GREAT-Glogau], Neisse-ward; swift!' And would have himself gone on the 14th, but could not,—his poor little Bakery not being here, nor wagons for his baggages quite to be collected in a moment,—and it was Saturday, 15th, 5 A.M., that Goltz appointed himself to march.

"The last time we saw General Goltz was on the Green of Bautzen, above two years ago,—when he delivered that hard message to the King's Brother and his party, 'You deserve to be tried by Court-martial, and have your heads cut off!' He was of that sad Zittau business of the late Prince of Prussia's,—Goltz, Winterfeld, Ziethen, Schmettau and others? Winterfeld and the Prince are both dead; Schmettau is fallen into disaster; Goltz is still in good esteem with the King. A stalwart, swift, flinty kind of man, to judge by the Portraits of him; considerable obstinacy, of a tacitly intelligent kind, in that steady eye, in that droop of the eyebrows towards the strong

cheek-bones; plenty of sleeping fire in Lieutenant-General Goltz.

"His principal force, on this occasion, is one Infantry Regiment; REGIMENT MANTEUFFEL:—readers perhaps recollect that stout Pommern Regiment, Manteuffel of Foot, and the little Dialogue it had with the King himself, on the eve of Leuthen: 'Good-night, then, Fritz! To-morrow all dead, or else the Enemy beaten.' Their conduct, I have heard, was very shining at Leuthen, where everybody shone; and since then they have been plunging about through the death-element in their old rugged way,—and re-emerge here into definite view again, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, issuing from the north end of Neustadt, in the dim dawn of a cold spring morning, March 15th, 5 A.M.; weather latterly very wet, as I learn. They intend Neisse-way, with their considerable stock of baggage-wagons; a company of Dragoons is to help in escorting: party perhaps about 2,000 in all. Goltz will have his difficulties this day; and has calculated on them. And, indeed, at the first issuing, here they already are.

"Loudon, with about 5,000 horse,—four Regiments drawn up here, and by and by with a fifth (happily not with the grenadiers, as he had calculated, who are detained by broken bridges, waters all in flood from the rain),—is waiting for him, at the very environs of Neustadt. Loudon, by a trumpet, politely invites him to surrender, being so outnumbered; Goltz, politely thanking, disregards it, and marches on: Loudon escorting, in an ominous way; till, at Buchelsdorf, the fifth Regiment (best in the Austrian service) is seen drawn out across the highway, plainly intimating, No thoroughfare to Goltz and Pommern. Loudon sends a second trumpet: 'Surrender prisoners; honorablest terms; keep all your baggage: refuse, and you are cut down every man.' 'You shall yourself hear the answer,' said Goltz. Goltz leads this second trumpet to the front; and, in Pommern dialect, makes known what General Loudon's proposal is. The Pommerners answer, as one man, a No of such emphasis as I have never heard; in terms which are intensely vernacular, it seems, and which do at this day astonish the foreign mind: 'We will for him something, WIR WOLLEN IHM WAS—' But the powers of translation and even of typography fail; and feeble paraphrase must give it: 'We will for him SOMETHING INEFFABLE CONCOCT,' of a surprisingly contrary kind! 'WIR WOLLEN IHM WAS' (with ineffable dissyllabic verb governing it)! growled one indignant Pommerner; 'and it ran like file-fire along the ranks,' says Archenholtz; everybody growling it, and bellowing it, in fierce bass chorus, as the indubitable vote of Pommern in those circumstances.

"Loudon's trumpet withdrew. Pommern formed square round its baggage; Loudon's 5,000 came thundering in, fit to break adamant; but met such a storm of bullets from Pommern, they stopped about ten paces short, in considerable amazement, and wheeled back. Tried it again, still more amazement; the like a third time; every time in vain. After which, Pommern took the road again, with vanguard, rearguard; and had peace for certain miles,—Loudon gloomily following, for a new chance. How many times Loudon tried again, and ever again, at good places, I forget,—say six times in all. Between Siebenhufen and Steinau, in a dirty defile, the jewel of the road for Loudon, who tried his very best there, one of our wagons broke down; the few to rear of it, eighteen wagons and some country carts, had to be left standing. Nothing more of Pommern was left there or anywhere. Near Steinau there, Loudon gave it up as desperate, and went his way. His loss, they say, was 300 killed, 500 wounded; Pommern's was 35 killed, and above 100 left wounded or prisoners. One of the stiffest day's works I have known: some twelve miles of march, in every two an attack. Pommern has really concocted something surprising, and kept its promise to Loudon! 'Thou knowest what the Pommerners can do,' said they once to their own King. An obstinate, strong-boned, heavy-browed people; not so stupid as you think. More or less of Jutish or English type; highly deficient in the graces of speech, and, I should judge, with little call to Parliamentary Eloquence." [Preuss, ii. 241 (incorrect in some small points); Archenholtz, ii. 61; Seyfarth, ii. 640, and *Beylagen*, ii. 657–660; Tempelhof, iv. 8–10; in ANONYMOUS OF HAMBURG (iv. 68) the Austrian account.]

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind, to be ruined: "Lost 60,000 men last Campaign; was beaten twice; his luck is done; what is to become of him?" say his enemies, and even the impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own people there is gloom or censure; hard commentaries on Maxen: "So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri!" Henri himself, they say, is sullen; threatening, as he often does, to resign "for want of health;" and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim presiding as usual); and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits; but the men know nothing of discouragement. Friedrich proclaims to

them at marching, "For every cannon you capture, 100 ducats; for every flag, 50; for every standard (cavalry flag), 40;"—which sums, as they fell due, were accordingly paid thenceforth. [Stenzel, v. 236, 237; ib. 243.] But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few;—or all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm. Read carefully by the light of contemporary occurrences, not vaguely in the vacant haze, as the Editors give it, his correspondence with D'Argens becomes interesting almost to a painful degree: an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls weighed down with dispiriting labors and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. Wilhelmina is away, away; to D'Argens alone of mortals does he whisper of these things; and to him not wearisomely, or with the least prolixity, but in short sharp gusts, seldom now with any indignation, oftenest with a touch of humor in them, not soliciting any sympathy, nor expecting nearly as much as he will get from the faithful D'Argens.

"I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis; that is why they persecute me: God knows what my future is to be this Year! I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my prophecies; but how augur well of the desperate situation we are in, and which goes on growing worse? I am so gloomy to-day, I will cut short. ... Write to me when you have nothing better to do; and don't forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in THIS world." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 138, 139 ("Freyberg, 20th March, 1760").] ... To another Friend, in the way of speech, he more deliberately says: "The difficulties I had, last Campaign, were almost infinite: such a multitude of enemies acting against me; Pommern, Brandenburg, Saxony, Frontiers of Silesia, alike in danger, often enough all at one time. If I escaped absolute destructioun, I must impute it chiefly to the misconduct of my enemies; who gained such advantages, but had not the sense to follow them up. Experience often corrects people of their blunders: I cannot expect to profit by anything of that kind; on their part, in the course of this Campaign:" judge if it will be a light one, MON CHER. [To Mitchell, one evening, "Camp of Schlettau, May 23d" (Mitchell, ii. 159).]

The symptoms we decipher in these Letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come. Prometheus, chained on the Ocean-cliffs, with the New Ruling-Powers in the upper hand, and their vultures gradually eating him; dumb Time and dumb Space looking on, apparently with small sympathy: Prometheus and other Titans, now and then, have touched the soul of some AEschylus, and drawn tones of melodious sympathy, far heard among mankind. But with this new Titan it is not so: nor, upon the whole, with the proper Titan, in this world, is it usually so; the world being a—what shall we say?—a poorish kind of world, and its melodies and dissonances, its loves and its hatreds worth comparatively little in the long-run. Friedrich does wonderfully without sympathy from almost anybody; and the indifference with which he walks along, under such a cloud of sulky stupidities, of mendacities and misconceptions from the herd of mankind, is decidedly admirable to me.

But let us look into the Campaign itself. Perhaps—contrary to the world's opinion, and to Friedrich's own when, in ultra-lucid moments, he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it "frightful"—this Campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be:—or if so, it will at least be final to him!

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

BOOK XX. FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS. 25th April, 1760–15th February, 1763.

Chapter I. FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

There were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two;—was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish: and the hope of ruining such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent,—all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both sides, is fast abating,—hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent being always a FIXED quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing),—what remains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event. Let us diligently follow that, and be compendious with the remainder.

Friedrich was always famed for his Marches; but, this Year, they exceeded all calculation and example; and are still the admiration of military men. Can there by no method be some distant notion afforded of them to the general reader? They were the one resource Friedrich had left, against such overwhelming superiority in numbers; and they came out like surprises in a theatre,— unpleasantly surprising to Daun. Done with such dexterity, rapidity and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as upset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

Evening of April 25th, Friedrich rose from his Freyberg cantonments; moved back, that is, northward, a good march; then encamped himself between Elbe and the Hill-Country; with freer prospect and more elbow-room for work coming. His left is on Meissen and the Elbe; his right at a Village called the Katzenhauser, an uncommonly strong camp, of which one often hears afterwards; his centre camp is at Schlettau, which also is strong, though not to such a degree. This line extends from Meissen southward about 10 miles, commanding the Reich-ward Passes of the Metal Mountains, and is defensive of Leipzig, Torgau and the Towns thereabouts. [Tempelhof, iv. 16 et seq.] Katzenhauser is but a mile or two from Krogis—that unfortunate Village where Finck got his Maxen Order: "ER WEISS,—You know I can't stand having difficulties raised; manage to do it!"

Friedrich's task, this Year, is to defend Saxony; Prince Henri having undertaken the Russians,—Prince Henri and Fouquet, the Russians and Silesia. Clearly on very uphill terms, both of them: so that Friedrich finds he will have a great many things to assist in, besides defending Saxony. He lies here expectant till the middle of June, above seven weeks; Daun also, for the last two weeks, having taken the field in a sort. In a sort;—but comes no nearer; merely posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the River, with Lacy thrown out ahead in good force on that vacant side; and so waiting the course of other people's enterprises.

Well to eastward and rearward of Daun, where we have seen Loudon about to be very busy, Prince Henri and Fouquet have spun themselves out into a long chain of posts, in length 300 miles or more, "from Landshut, along the Bober, along the Queiss and Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stettin and Colberg, to the Baltic Sea." [Tempelhof, iv. 21–24.] On that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise, Daun can attempt nothing; still less on the Katzenhauser-Schlettau side can he dream of an attempt: only towards Brandenburg and Berlin—the Country on that side, 50 or 60 miles of it, to eastward of Meissen, being vacant of troops— is Daun's road open, were he enterprising, as Friedrich hopes he is not. For some two weeks, Friedrich—not ready otherwise, it being difficult to cross the River, if Lacy with his 30,000 should think of interference—had to leave the cunctatory Feldmarschall this chance or unlikely possibility. At the end of the second week ("June 14th," as we shall mark by and by), the chance was withdrawn.

Daun and his Lacy are but one, and that by no means the most harassing, of the many cares and anxieties

which Friedrich has upon him in those Seven Weeks, while waiting at Schlettau, reading the omens. Never hitherto was the augury of any Campaign more indecipherable to him, or so continually fluctuating with wild hopes, which proved visionary, and with huge practical fears, of what he knew to be the real likelihood. "Peace coming?" It is strange how long Friedrich clings to that fond hope: "My Edelsheim is in the Bastille, or packed home in disgrace: but will not the English and Choiseul make Peace? It is Choiseul's one rational course; bankrupt as he is, and reduced to spoons and kettles. In which case, what a beautiful effect might Duke Ferdinand produce, if he marched to Eger, say to Eger, with his 50,000 Germans (Britannic Majesty and Pitt so gracious), and twitched Daun by the skirt, whirling Daun home to Bohemia in a hurry!" Then the Turks; the Danes,— "Might not the Danes send us a trifle of Fleet to Colberg (since the English never will), and keep our Russians at bay?"—"At lowest these hopes are consolatory," says he once, suspecting them all (as, no doubt, he often enough does), "and give us courage to look calmly for the opening of this Campaign, the very idea of which has made me shudder!" ["To Prince Henri:" in *Schoning*, ii. 246 (3d April, 1760): ib. 263 (of the DANISH outlook);

Meanwhile, by the end of May, the Russians are come across the Weichsel again, lie in four camps on the hither side; start about June 1st;—Henri waiting for them, in Sagan Country his head-quarter; and on both hands of that, Fouquet and he spread out, since the middle of May, in their long thin Chain of Posts, from Landshut to Colberg again, like a thin wall of 300 miles. To Friedrich the Russian movements are, and have been, full of enigma: "Going upon Colberg? Going upon Glogau; upon Breslau?" That is a heavy-footed certainty, audibly tramping forward on us, amid these fond visions of the air! Certain too, and visible to a duller eye than Friedrich's; Loudon in Silesia is meditating mischief. "The inevitable Russians, the inevitable Loudon; and nothing but Fouquet and Henri on guard there, with their long thin chain of posts, infinitely too thin to do any execution!" thinks the King. To whom their modes of operating are but little satisfactory, as seen at Schlettau from the distance. "Condense yourself," urges he always on Henri; "go forward on the Russians; attack sharply this Corps, that Corps, while they are still separate and on march!" Henri did condense himself, "took post between Sagan and Sprottau; post at Frankfurt,"—poor Frankfurt, is it to have a Kunersdorf or Zorndorf every year, then? No; the cautious Henri never could see his way into these adventures; and did not attack any Corps of the Russians. Took post at Landsberg ultimately,—the Russians, as usual, having Posen as place-of-arms,—and vigilantly watched the Russians, without coming to strokes at all. A spectacle growing gradually intolerable to the King, though he tries to veil his feelings.

Neither was Fouquet's plan of procedure well seen by Friedrich in the distance. Ever since that of Regiment Manteuffel, which was a bit of disappointment, Loudon has been quietly industrious on a bigger scale. Privately he cherishes the hope, being a swift vehement enterprising kind of man, to oust Fouquet; and perhaps to have Glatz Fortress taken, before his Russians come! In the very end of May, Loudon, privately aiming for Glatz, breaks in upon Silesia again,—a long way to eastward of Fouquet, and as if regardless of Glatz. Upon which, Fouquet, in dread for Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau itself, hastened down into the Plain Country, to manoeuvre upon Loudon; but found no Loudon moving that way; and, in a day or two, learned that Landshut, so weakly guarded, had been picked up by a big corps of Austrians; and in another day or two, that Loudon (June 7th) had blocked Glatz,—Loudon's real intention now clear to Fouquet. As it was to Friedrich from the first; whose anger and astonishment at this loss of Landshut were great, when he heard of it in his Camp of Schlettau. "Back to Landshut," orders he (11th June, three days before leaving Schlettau); "neither Schweidnitz nor Breslau are in danger: it is Glatz the Austrians mean [as Fouquet and all the world now see they do!]; watch Glatz; retake me Landshut instantly!"

The tone of Friedrich, which is usually all friendliness to Fouquet, had on this occasion something in it which offended the punctual and rather peremptory Spartan mind. Fouquet would not have neglected Glatz; pity he had not been left to his own methods with Landshut and it. Deeply hurt, he read this Order (16th June); and vowing to obey it, and nothing but it, used these words, which were remembered afterwards, to his assembled Generals: "MEINE HERREN, it appears, then, we must take Landshut again. Loudon, as the next thing, will come on us there with his mass of force; and we must then, like Prussians, hold out as long as possible, think of no surrender on open field, but if even beaten, defend ourselves to the last man. In case of a retreat, I will be one of the last that leaves the field: and should I have the misfortune to survive such a day, I give you my word of honor never to draw a Prussian sword more." [Stenzel, v. 239.] This speech of Fouquet's (June 16th) was two days after Friedrich got on march from Schlettau. June 17th, Fouquet got to Landshut; drove out the Austrians more easily than he had

calculated, and set diligently, next day, to repair his works, writing to Friedrich: "Your Majesty's Order shall be executed here, while a man of us lives." Fouquet, in the old Crown-Prince time, used to be called Bayard by his Royal friend. His Royal friend, now darker of face and scathed by much ill-weather, has just quitted Schlettau, three days before this recovery of Landshut; and will not have gone far till he again hear news of Fouquet.

NIGHT OF JUNE 14th-15th, Friedrich, "between Zehren and Zabel," several miles down stream,—his bridges now all ready, out of Lacy's cognizance,—has suddenly crossed Elbe; and next afternoon pitches camp at Broschwitz, which is straight towards Lacy again. To Lacy's astonishment; who is posted at Moritzburg, with head-quarter in that beautiful Country-seat of Polish Majesty,—only 10 miles to eastward, should Friedrich take that road. Broschwitz is short way north of Meissen, and lies on the road either to Grossenhayn or to Radeburg (Radeburg only four miles northward of Lacy), as Friedrich shall see fit, on the morrow. For the Meissen north road forks off there, in those two directions: straight northward is for Grossenhayn, right hand is for Badeburg. Most interesting to Lacy, which of these forks, what is quite optional, Friedrich will take! Lacy is an alert man; looks well to himself; warns Daun; and will not be caught if he can help it. Daun himself is encamped at Reichenberg, within two miles of him, inexpugnably intrenched as usual; and the danger surely is not great: nevertheless both these Generals, wise by experience, keep their eyes open.

The FIRST great Feat of Marching now follows, On Friedrich's part; with little or no result to Friedrich; but worth remembering, so strenuous, so fruitless was it,—so barred by ill news from without! Both this and the Second stand recorded for us, in brief intelligent terms by Mitchell, who was present in both; and who is perfectly exact on every point, and intelligible throughout,—if you will read him with a Map; and divine for yourself what the real names are, out of the inhuman blotchings made of them, not by Mitchell's blame at all. [Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 et seq.]

TUESDAY, JUNE 17th, second day of Friedrich's stay at Broschwitz, Mitchell, in a very confidential Dialogue they had together, learned from him, under seal of secrecy, That it was his purpose to march for Radeburg to-morrow morning, and attack Lacy and his 30,000, who lie encamped at Moritzburg out yonder; for which step his Majesty was pleased farther to show Mitchell a little what the various inducements were: "One Russian Corps is aiming as if for Berlin; the Austrians are about besieging Glatz,—pressing need that Fouquet were reinforced in his Silesian post of difficulty. Then here are the Reichs-people close by; can be in Dresden three days hence, joined to Daun: 80,000 odd there will then be of Enemies in this part: I must beat Lacy, if possible, while time still is!"—and ended by saying: "Succeed here, and all may yet be saved; be beaten here, I know the consequences: but what can I do? The risk must be run; and it is now smaller than it will ever again be."

Mitchell, whose account is a fortnight later than the Dialogue itself, does confess, "My Lord, these reasons, though unhappily the thing seems to have failed, 'appear to me to be solid and unanswerable.'" Much more do they to Tempelhof, who sees deeper into the bottom of them than Mitchell did; and finds that the failure is only superficial. [Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 (Despatch, "June 30th, 1760"); Tempelhof, iv. 44.] The real success, thinks Tempelhof, would be, Could the King manoeuvre himself into Silesia, and entice a cunctatory Daun away with him thither. A cunctatory Daun to preside over matters THERE, in his superstitiously cautious way; leaving Saxony free to the Reichsfolk,—whom a Hulsen, left with his small remnant in Schlettau, might easily take charge of, till Silesia were settled? "The plan was bold, was new, and completely worthy of Friedrich," votes Tempelhof; "and it required the most consummate delicacy of execution. To lure Daun on, always with the prospect open to him of knocking you on the head, and always by your rapidity and ingenuity to take care that he never got it done." This is Tempelhof's notion: and this, sure enough, was actually Friedrich's mode of management in the weeks following; though whether already altogether planned in his head, or only gradually planning itself, as is more likely, nobody can say. We will look a very little into the execution, concerning which there is no dubiety:—

WEDNESDAY, 18th JUNE, "Friedrich," as predicted to Mitchell, the night before, "did start punctually, in three columns, at 3 A.M. [Sun just rising]; and, after a hot march, got encamped on the southward side of Radeburg: ready to cross the Rodern Stream there to-morrow, as if intending for the Lausitz [should that prove needful for alluring Lacy],—and in the mean while very inquisitive where Lacy might be. One of Lacy's outposts, those Saxon light horse, was fallen in with; was chased home, and Lacy's camp discovered, that night. At Bernsdorf, not three miles to southward or right of us; Daun only another three to south of him. Let us attack Lacy to-morrow morning; wind round to get between Daun and him, [Tempelhof, iv. 47-49.]—with fit arrangements;

rapid as light! In the King's tent, accordingly, his Generals are assembled to take their Orders; brief, distinct, and to be done with brevity. And all are on the move for Bernsdorf at 4 next morning; when, behold,—

"THURSDAY, 19th, At Bernsdorf there is no Lacy to be found. Cautions Dorn has ordered him in,—and not for Lacy's sake, as appears, but for his own: 'Hitherward, you alert Lacy; to cover my right flank here, my Hill of Reichenberg,—lest it be not impregnable enough against that feline enemy!' And there they have taken post, say 60,000 against 30,000; and are palisading to a quite extraordinary degree. No fight possible with Lacy or Daun."

This is what Mitchell counts the failure of Friedrich's enterprise: and certainly it grieved Friedrich a good deal. Who, on riding out to reconnoitre Reichenberg (Quintus Icilius and Battalion QUINTUS part of his escort, if that be an interesting circumstance), finds Reichenberg a plainly unattackable post; finds, by Daun's rate of palisading, that there will be no attack from Daun either. No attack from Daun;—and, therefore, that Hulsen's people may be sent home to Schlettau again; and that he, Friedrich, will take post close by, and wearisomely be content to wait for some new opportunity.

Which he does for a week to come; Daun sitting impregnable, intrenched and palisaded to the teeth,—rather wishing to be attacked, you would say; or hopeful sometimes of doing something of the Hochkirch sort again (for the country is woody, and the enemy audacious);—at all events, very clear not to attack. A man erring, sometimes to a notable degree, by over-caution. "Could hardly have failed to overwhelm Friedrich's small force, had he at once, on Friedrich's crossing the Elbe, joined Lacy, and gone out against him," thinks Tempelhof, pointing out the form of operation too. [Tempelhof, iv. 42, 48.] Caution is excellent; but not quite by itself. Would caution alone do it, an Army all of Druidic whinstones, or innocent clay-sacks, incapable of taking hurt, would be the proper one!—Daun stood there; Friedrich looking daily into him,—visibly in ill humor, says Mitchell; and no wonder; gloomy and surly words coming out of him, to the distress of his Generals: "Which I took the liberty of hinting, one evening, to his Majesty;" hint graciously received, and of effect perceptible, at least to my imagining.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25th, After nearly a week of this, there rose, towards sunset, all over the Reichenberg, and far and wide, an exuberant joy-firing: "For what in the world?" thinks Friedrich. Alas, your Majesty,—since your own messenger has not arrived, nor indeed ever will, being picked up by Pandours,—here, gathered from the Austrian outposts or deserters, are news for you, fatal enough! Landshut is done; Fouquet and his valiant 13,000 are trodden out there. Indignant Fouquet has obeyed you, not wisely but too well. He has kept Landshut six nights and five days. On the morning of the sixth day, here is what befell:—

"LANDSHUT, MONDAY, 23d JUNE, About a quarter to two in the morning, Loudon, who had gathered 31,000 horse and foot for the business, and taken his measures, fired aloft, by way of signal, four howitzers into the gray of the summer morning; and burst loose upon Fouquet, in various columns, on his southward front, on both flanks, ultimately in his rear too: columns all in the height of fighting humor, confident as three to one,—and having brandy in them, it is likewise said. Fouquet and his people stood to arms, in the temper Fouquet had vowed they would: defended their Hills with an energy, with a steady skill, which Loudon himself admired; but their Hill-works would have needed thrice the number;—Fouquet, by detaching and otherwise, has in arms only 10,680 men. Toughly as they strove, after partial successes, they began to lose one Hill, and then another; and in the course of hours, nearly all their Hills. Landshut Town Loudon had taken from them, Landshut and its roads: in the end, the Prussian position is becoming permeable, plainly untenable;—Austrian force is moving to their rearward to block the retreat.

"Seeing which latter fact, Fouquet throws out all his Cavalry, a poor 1,500, to secure the Passes of the Bober; himself formed square with the wrecks of his Infantry; and, at a steady step, cuts way for himself with bayonet and bullet. With singular success for some time, in spite of the odds. And is clear across the Bober; when lo, among the knolls ahead, masses of Austrian Cavalry are seen waiting him, besetting every passage! Even these do not break him; but these, with infantry and cannon coming up to help them, do. Here, for some time, was the fiercest tug of all,—till a bullet having killed Fouquet's horse, and carried the General himself to the ground, the spasm ended. The Lichnowski Dragoons, a famed Austrian regiment, who had charged and again charged with nothing but repulse on repulse, now broke in, all in a foam of rage; cut furiously upon Fouquet himself; wounded Fouquet thrice; would have killed him, had it not been for the heroism of poor Trautschke, his Groom [let us name the gallant fellow, even if unpronounceable], who flung himself on the body of his Master, and took the bloody strokes instead of him; shrieking his loudest, 'Will you murder the Commanding General, then!' Which brought up the Colonel of Lichnowski; a Gentleman and Ritter, abhorrent of such practices. To him Fouquet gave

his sword;—kept his vow never to draw it again.

"The wrecks of Fouquet's Infantry were, many of them, massacred, no quarter given; such the unchivalrous fury that had risen. His Cavalry, with the loss of about 500, cut their way through. They and some stragglers of Foot, in whole about 1,500 of both kinds, were what remained of those 10,680 after this bloody morning's work. There had been about six hours of it; 'all over by 8 o'clock.'" [*Hofbericht von der am 23 Junius, 1760, bey Landshuth vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 669–671); *Helden–Geschichte*, vi. 258–284; Tempelhof, iv. 26–41; Stenzel, v. 241 (who, by oversight,—this Volume being posthumous to poor Stenzel, —protracts the Action to "half–past 7 in the evening").]

Fouquet has obeyed to the letter: "Did not my King wrong me?" Fouquet may say to himself. Truly, Herr General, your King's Order was a little unwise; as you (who were on the ground, and your King not) knew it to be. An unwise Order;—perhaps not inexcusable in the sudden circumstances. And perhaps a still more perfect Bayard would have preferred obeying such a King in spirit, rather than in letter, and thereby doing him vital service AGAINST his temporary will? It is not doubted but Fouquet, left to himself and his 13,000, with the Fortresses and Garrisons about him, would have maintained himself in Silesia till help came. The issue is,—Fouquet has probably lost this fine King his Silesia, for the time being; and beyond any question, has lost him 10,000 Prussian– Spartan fighters, and a fine General whom he could ill spare!—In a word, the Gate of Silesia is burst open; and Loudon has every prospect of taking Glatz, which will keep it so.

What a thunder–bolt for Friedrich! One of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs. "Inevitable, then? We are over with it, then?" One may fancy Friedrich's reflections. But he showed nothing of them to anybody; in a few hours, had his mind composed, and new plans on the anvil. On the morrow of that Austrian Joy–Firing,—morrow, or some day close on it (ought to have been dated, but is not),—there went from him, to Magdeburg, the Order: "Have me such and such quantities of Siege–Artillery in a state of readiness." [Tempelhof, iv. 51.] Already meaning, it is thought, or contemplating as possible a certain Siege, which surprised everybody before long! A most inventive, enterprising being; no end to his contrivances and unexpected outbreaks; especially when you have him jammed into a corner, and fancy it is all over with him!

"To no other General," says Tempelhof, "would such a notion of besieging Dresden have occurred; or if it had suggested itself, the hideous difficulties would at once have banished it again, or left it only as a pious wish. But it is strokes of this kind that characterize the great man. Often enough they have succeeded, been decisive of great campaigns and wars, and become splendid in the eyes of all mankind; sometimes, as in this case, they have only deserved to succeed, and to be splendid in the eyes of judges. How get these masses of enemies lured away, so that you could try such a thing? There lay the difficulty; insuperable altogether, except by the most fine and appropriate treatment. Of a truth, it required a connected series of the wisest measures and most secret artifices of war;—and withal, that you should throw over them such a veil as would lead your enemy to see in them precisely the reverse of what they meant. How all this was to be set in action, and how the Enemy's own plans, intentions and moods of mind were to be used as raw material for attainment of your object,—studious readers will best see in the manoeuvres of the King in his now more than critical condition; which do certainly exhibit the completest masterpiece in the Art of leading Armies that Europe has ever seen."

Tempelhof is well enough aware, as readers should continue to be, that, primarily, and onward for three weeks more, not Dresden, but the getting to Silesia on good terms, is Friedrich's main enterprise: Dresden only a supplement or substitute, a second string to his bow, till the first fail. But, in effect, the two enterprises or strings coincide, or are one, till the first of them fail; and Tempelhof's eulogy will apply to either. The initiatory step to either is a Second Feat of Marching;—still notabler than the former, which has had this poor issue. Soldiers of the studious or scientific sort, if there are yet any such among us, will naturally go to Tempelhof, and fearlessly encounter the ruggedest Documents and Books, if Tempelhof leave them dubious on any point (which he hardly will): to ingenuous readers of other sorts, who will take a little pains for understanding the thing, perhaps the following intermittent far–off glimpses may suffice. [Mitchell, ii. 162 et seq.; and Tempelhof (iv. 50–53 et seq.), as a scientific check on Mitchell, or unconscious fellow–witness with him,— agreeing beautifully almost always.]

On ascertaining the Landshut disaster, Friedrich falls back a little; northward to Gross–Dobritz: "Possibly Daun will think us cowed by what has happened; and may try something on us?" Daun is by no means sure of this COWED phenomenon, or of the retreat it has made; and tries nothing on it; only rides up daily to it, to ascertain

that it is there; and diligently sends out parties to watch the Northeastward parts, where run the Silesian Roads. After about a week of this, and some disappointments, Friedrich decides to march in earnest. There had, one day, come report of Lacy's being detached, Lacy with a strong Division, to block the Silesian roads; but that, on trial, proved to be false. "Pshaw, nothing for us but to go ourselves!" concludes Friedrich,— and, JULY 1st, sends off his Bakery and Heavy Baggage; indicating to Mitchell, "To-morrow morning at 3!"—Here is Mitchell's own account; accurate in every particular, as we find: [Mitchell, ii. 164; Tempelhof, iv. 54.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2d. "From Gross-Dobritz to Quosdorf [to Quosdorf, a poor Hamlet there, not QuoLsdorf, as many write, which is a Town far enough from there]—the Army marched accordingly. In two columns; baggage, bakery and artillery in a third; through a country extremely covered with wood. Were attacked by some Uhlans and Hussars; whom a few cannon-shot sent to the road again. March lasted from 3 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon;" twelve long hours. "Went northeastward a space of 20 miles, leaving Radeburg, much more leaving Reichenberg, Moritzburg and the Daun quarters well to the right, and at last quite to rearward; crossed the Roder, crossed the Pulsnitz," small tributaries or sub-tributaries of the Elbe in those parts; "crossed the latter (which divides Meissen from the Lausitz) partly by the Bridge of Krakau, first Village in the Lausitz. Head-quarter was the poor Hamlet of Quosdorf, a mile farther on. 'This march had been carefully kept secret,' says Mitchell; 'and it was the opinion of the most experienced Officers, that, had the Enemy discovered the King of Prussia's design, they might, by placing their light troops in the roads with proper supports, have rendered it extremely difficult, if not impracticable.'"

Daun very early got to know of Friedrich's departure, and whitherward; which was extremely interesting to Daun: "Aims to be in Silesia before me; will cut out Loudon from his fine prospects on Glatz?"—and had instantly reinforced, perhaps to 20,000, Lacy's Division; and ordered Lacy, who is the nearest to Friedrich's March, to start instantly on the skirts of said March, and endeavor diligently to trample on the same. For the purpose of harassing said March, Lacy is to do whatever he with safety can (which we see is not much: "a few Uhlans and Hussars"); at lowest, is to keep it constantly in sight; and always encamp as near it as he dare; [Tempelhof, iv. 54.]—Daun himself girding up his loins; and preparing, by a short-cut, to get ahead of it in a day or two. Lacy was alert enough, but could not do much with safety: a few Uhlans and Hussars, that was all; and he is now encamped somewhere to rearward, as near as he dare.

THURSDAY, 3d JULY. "A rest-day; Army resting about Krakau, after such a spell through the woody moors. The King, with small escort, rides out reconnoitring, hither, thither, on the southern side or Lacy quarter: to the top of the Keulenberg (BLUDGEON HILL), at last,—which is ten or a dozen miles from Krakau and Quosdorf, but commands an extensive view. Towns, village-belfries, courses of streams; a country of mossy woods and wild agricultures, of bogs, of shaggy moor. Southward 10 miles is Radeberg [not Radeburg, observe]; yonder is the town of Pulsnitz on our stream of Pulsnitz; to southeast, and twice as far, is Bischofswerda, chasmy Stolpen (too well known to us before this): behind us, Konigsbruck, Kamenz and the road from Grossenhayn to Bautzen: these and many other places memorable to this King are discoverable from Bludgeon Hill. But the discovery of discoveries to him is Lacy's Camp,—not very far off, about a mile behind Pulsnitz; clearly visible, at Lichtenberg yonder. Which we at once determine to attack; which, and the roads to which, are the one object of interest just now, —nothing else visible, as it were, on the top of the Keulenberg here, or as we ride homeward, meditating it with a practical view. 'March at midnight,' that is the practical result arrived at, on reaching home."

FRIDAY, JULY 4th. "Since the stroke of midnight we are all on march again; nothing but the baggages and bakeries left [with Quintus to watch them, which I see is his common function in these marches]; King himself in the Vanguard,—who hopes to give Lacy a salutation. [Tempelhof, iv. 56.] 'The march was full of defiles,' says Mitchell: and Mitchell, in his carriage, knew little what a region it was, with boggy intricacies, lakelets, tangly thickets, stocks and stumps; or what a business to pass with heavy cannon, baggage-wagons and columns of men! Such a march; and again not far from twenty miles of it: very hot, as the morning broke, in the breathless woods. Had Lacy known what kind of ground we had to march in, and been enterprising—! thinks Tempelhof. The march being so retarded, Lacy got notice of it, and vanished quite away, —to Bischofswerda, I believe, and the protecting neighborhood of Daun. Nothing of him left when we emerge, simultaneously from this hand and from that, on his front and on his rear, to take him as in a vice, as in the sudden snap of a fox-trap;—fox quite gone. Hardly a few hussars of him to be picked up; and no chase possible, after such a march."

Friedrich had done everything to keep himself secret: but Lacy has endless Pandours prowling about; and, I

suppose, the Country—people (in the Lausitz here, who ought to have loyalty) are on the Lacy side. Friedrich has to take his disappointment. He encamps here, on the Heights, head—quarter Pulsnitz,—till Quintus come up with the baggage, which he does punctually, but not till nightfall, not till midnight the last of him.

SATURDAY, JULY 5th. "To the road again at 3 A.M. Again to northward, to Kloster (CLOISTER) Marienstern, a 15 miles or so,— head—quarter in the Cloister itself. Daun had set off for Bautzen, with his 50 or 60,000, in the extremest push of haste, and is at Bautzen this night; ahead of Friedrich, with Lacy as rear—guard of him, who is also ahead of Friedrich, and safe at Bischofswerda. A Daun hastening as never before. This news of a Daun already at Bautzen awakened Friedrich's utmost speed: 'Never do, that Daun be in Silesia before us! Indispensable to get ahead of Bautzen and him, or to be waiting on the flank of his next march!' Accordingly,

"SUNDAY, JULY 6th, Friedrich, at 3 A.M., is again in motion; in three columns, streaming forward all day: straight eastward, Daun—ward. Intends to cross the Spree, leaving Bautzen to the right; and take post somewhere to northeast of Bautzen, and on the flank of Daun. The windless day grows hotter and hotter; the roads are of loose sand, full of jungles and impediments. This was such a march for heat and difficulty as the King never had before. In front of each Column went wagons with a few pontoons; there being many brooks and little streams to cross. The soldier, for his own health's sake, is strictly forbidden to drink; but as the burning day rose higher, in the sweltering close march, thirst grew irresistible. Crossing any of these Brooks, the soldiers pounce down, irrepressible, whole ranks of them; lift water, clean or dirty; drink it greedily from the brim of the hat. Sergeants may wag their tongues and their cudgels at discretion: 'showers of cudgel—strokes,' says Archenholtz; Sergeants going like threshers on the poor men;—'though the upper Officers had a touch of mercy, and affected not to see this disobedience to the Sergeants and their cudgels,' which was punishable with death. War is not an over—fond Mother, but a sufficiently Spartan one, to her Sons. There dropt down, in the march that day, 105 Prussian men, who never rose again. And as to intercepting Daun by such velocity,— Daun too is on march; gone to Gorlitz, at almost a faster pace, if at a far heavier,—like a cart—horse on gallop; faring still worse in the heat: '200 of Daun's men died on the road this day, and 300 more were invalided for life.' [Tempelhof, iv. 58; Archenholtz, ii. 68; Mitchell, ii. 166.]

"Before reaching the Spree, Friedrich, who is in the Vanguard, hears of this Gorlitz March, and that the bird is flown. For which he has, therefore, to devise straightway a new expedient: 'Wheel to the right; cross Spree farther down, holding towards Bautzen itself,' orders Friedrich. And settles within two miles of Bautzen; his left being at Doberschütz,—on the strong ground he held after Hochkirch, while Daun, two years ago, sat watching so quiescent. Daun knows what kind of march these Prussians, blocked out from relief of Neisse, stole on him THEN, and saved their Silesia, in spite of his watching and blocking;—and has plunged off, in the manner of a cart—horse scared into galloping, to avoid the like." What a Sabbath—day's journey, on both sides, for those Sons of War! Nothing in the Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern marching: nor is this the fastest of Friedrich's, though of Daun's it unspeakably is. "Friedrich, having missed Daun, is thinking now to whirl round, and go into Lacy,—which will certainly bring Daun back, even better.

"This evening, accordingly, Ziethen occupies Bautzen; sweeps out certain Lacy precursors, cavalry in some strength, who are there. Lacy has come on as far as Bischofswerda: and his Horse—people seem to be wide ahead; provokingly pert upon Friedrich's outposts, who determines to chastise them the first thing to—morrow. To—morrow, as is very needful, is to be a rest—day otherwise. For Friedrich's wearied people a rest—day; not at all for Daun's, who continues his heavy—footed galloping yet another day and another, till he get across the Queiss, and actually reach Silesia."

MONDAY, JULY 7th. "Rest—day accordingly, in Bautzen neighborhood; nothing passing but a curious Skirmish of Horse,—in which Friedrich, who had gone westward reconnoitring, seeking Lacy, had the main share, and was notably situated for some time. Godau, a small town or village, six miles west of Bautzen, was the scene of this notable passage: actors in it were Friedrich himself, on the Prussian part; and, on the Austrian, by degrees Lacy's Cavalry almost in whole. Lacy's Cavalry, what Friedrich does not know, are all in those neighborhoods: and no sooner is Godau swept clear of them, than they return in greater numbers, needing to be again swept; and, in fact, they gradually gather in upon him, in a singular and dangerous manner, after his first successes on them, and before his Infantry have time to get up and support.

"Friedrich was too impatient in this provoking little haggles, arresting him here. He had ordered on the suitable Battalion with cannon; but hardly considers that the Battalion itself is six miles off,—not to speak of the Order,

which is galloping on horseback, not going by electricity:—the impatient Friedrich had slashed in at once upon Godau, taken above 100 prisoners; but is astonished to see the slashed people return, with Saxon–Dragoon regiments, all manner of regiments, reinforcing them. And has some really dangerous fencing there;—issuing in dangerous and curious pause of both parties; who stand drawn up, scarcely beyond pistol–shot, and gazing into one another, for I know not how many minutes; neither of them daring to move off, lest, on the instant of turning, it be charged and overwhelmed. As the impatient Friedrich, at last, almost was,—had not his Infantry just then got in, and given their cannon–salvo. He lost about 200, the Lacy people hardly so many; and is now out of a considerable personal jeopardy, which is still celebrated in the Anecdote–Books, perhaps to a mythical extent. 'Two Uhlans [Saxon–Polish Light–Horse], with their truculent pikes, are just plunging in,' say the Anecdote–Books: Friedrich's Page, who had got unhorsed, sprang to his feet, bellowed in Polish to them: 'What are you doing here, fellows?' 'Excellenz [for the Page is not in Prussian uniform, or in uniform at all, only well–dressed], Excellenz, our horses ran away with us,' answer the poor fellows; and whirl back rapidly." The story, says Retzow, is true. [Retzow, ii. 215.]

This is the one event of July 7th,—and of July 8th withal; which day also, on news of Daun that come, Friedrich rests. Up to July 8th, it is clear Friedrich is shooting with what we called the first string of his bow,—intent, namely, on Silesia. Nor, on hearing that Daun is forward again, now hopelessly ahead, does he quit that enterprise; but, on the contrary, to–morrow morning, July 9th, tries it by a new method, as we shall see: method cunningly devised to suit the second string as well. "How lucky that we have a second string, in case of failure!"—

TUESDAY, 8th JULY. "News that Daun reached Gorlitz yesternight; and is due to–night at Lauban, fifty miles ahead of us:—no hope now of reaching Daun. Perhaps a sudden clutch at Lacy, in the opposite direction, might be the method of recalling Daun, and reaching him? That is the method fallen upon.

"Sun being set, the drums in Bautzen sound TATTOO,—audible to listening Croats in the Environs;—beat TATTOO, and, later in the night, other passages of drum–music, also for Croat behoof (GENERAL–MARCH I think it is); indicating That we have started again, in pursuit of Daun. And in short, every precaution being taken to soothe the mind of Lacy and the Croats, Friedrich silently issues, with his best speed, in Three columns, by Three roads, towards Lacy's quarters, which go from that village of Godau westward, in a loose way, several miles. In three columns, by three routes, all to converge, with punctuality, on Lacy. Of the columns, two are of Infantry, the leftmost and the rightmost, on each hand, hidden as much as possible; one is of Cavalry in the middle. Coming on in this manner—like a pair of triple–pincers, which are to grip simultaneously on Lacy, and astonish him, if he keep quiet. But Lacy is vigilant, and is cautious almost in excess. Learning by his Pandours that the King seems to be coming this way, Lacy gathers himself on the instant; quits Godau, by one in the morning; and retreats bodily, at his fastest step, to Bischofswerda again; nor by any means stops there." [Tempelhof, iv. 61–63.]

For the third time! "Three is lucky," Friedrich may have thought: and there has no precaution, of drum–music, of secrecy or persuasive finesse, been neglected on Lacy. But Lacy has ears that hear the grass grow: our elaborately accurate triple–pincers, closing simultaneously on Bischofswerda, after eighteen miles of sweep, find Lacy flown again; nothing to be caught of him but some 80 hussars. All this day and all next night Lacy is scouring through the western parts at an extraordinary rate; halting for a camp, twice over, at different places,—Durre Fuchs (THIRSTY FOX), Durre Buhle (THIRSTY SWEETHEART), or wherever it was; then again taking wing, on sound of Prussian parties to rear; in short, hurrying towards Dresden and the Reichsfolk, as if for life.

Lacy's retreat, I hear, was ingeniously done, with a minimum of disorder in the circumstances: but certainly it was with a velocity as if his head had been on fire; and, indeed, they say he escaped annihilation by being off in time. He put up finally, not at Thirsty Sweetheart, still less at Thirsty Fox, successive Hamlets and Public Houses in the sandy Wilderness which lies to north of Elbe, and is called DRESDEN HEATH; but farther on, in the same Tract, at Weisse Hirsch (WHITE HART); which looks close over upon Dresden, within two miles or so; and is a kind of Height, and military post of advantage. Next morning, July 10th, he crosses Dresden Bridge, comes streaming through the City; and takes shelter with the Reichsfolk near there:—towards Plauen Chasm; the strongest ground in the world; hardly strong enough, it appears, in the present emergency.

Friedrich's first string, therefore, has snapt in two; but, on the instant, he has a second fitted on:—may that

prove luckier!

Chapter II. FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN.

From and after the Evening of Wednesday, July 9th, it is upon a Siege of Dresden that Friedrich goes;—turning the whole war— theatre topsy—turvy; throwing Daun, Loudon, Lacy, everybody OUT, in this strange and sudden manner. One of the finest military feats ever done, thinks Tempelhof. Undoubtedly a notable result so far, and notably done; as the impartial reader (if Tempelhof be a little inconsistent) sees for himself. These truly are a wonderful series of marches, opulent in continual promptitudes, audacities, contrivances;—done with shining talent, certainly; and also with result shining, for the moment. And in a Fabulous Epic I think Dresden would certainly have fallen to Friedrich, and his crowd of enemies been left in a tumbled condition.

But the Epic of Reality cares nothing for such considerations; and the time allowable for capture of Dresden is very brief. Had Daun, on getting warning, been as prompt to return as he was to go, frankly fronting at once the chances of the road, he might have been at Dresden again perhaps within a week,—no Siege possible for Friedrich, hardly the big guns got up from Magdeburg. But Friedrich calculated there would be very considerable fettling and haggling on Daun's part; say a good Fortnight of Siege allowed;—and that, by dead—lift effort of all hands, the thing was feasible within that limit. On Friedrich's part, as we can fancy, there was no want of effort; nor on his people's part,—in spite of his complainings, say Retzow and the Opposition party; who insinuate their own private belief of impossibility from the first. Which is not confirmed by impartial judgments,—that of Archenholtz, and others better. The truth is, Friedrich was within an inch of taking Dresden by the first assault,—they say he actually could have taken it by storm the first day; but shuddered at the thought of exposing poor Dresden to sack and plunder; and hoped to get it by capitulation.

One of the rapidest and most furious Sieges anywhere on record. Filled Europe with astonishment, expectancy, admiration, horror:— must be very briefly recited here. The main chronological epochs, salient points of crisis and successive phases of occurrence, will sufficiently indicate it to the reader's fancy.

"It was Thursday Evening, 10th July, when Lacy got to his Reichsfolk, and took breath behind Plauen Chasm. Maguire is Governor of Dresden. The consternation of garrison and population was extreme. To Lacy himself it did not seem conceivable that Friedrich could mean a Siege of Dresden. Friedrich, that night, is beyond the River, in Daun's old impregnability of Reichenberg: 'He has no siege—artillery,' thinks Lacy; 'no means, no time.'

"Nevertheless, Saturday, next day after to—morrow,—behold, there is Hulsen, come from Schlettau to our neighborhood, on our Austrian side of the River. And at Kaditz yonder, a mile below Dresden, are not the King's people building their pontoons; in march since 2 in the morning,— evidently coming across, if not to besiege Dresden, then to attack us; which is perhaps worse! We outnumber them,—but as to trying fight in any form? Zweibruck leaves Maguire an additional 10,000;—every help and encouragement to Maguire; whose garrison is now 14,000: 'Be of courage, Excellenz Maguire! Nobody is better skilled in siege—matters. Feldmarschall and relief will be here with despatch!'—and withdraws, Lacy and he, to the edge of the Pirna Country, there to be well out of harm's way. Lacy and he, it is thought, would perhaps have got beaten, trying to save Dresden from its misery. Lacy's orders were, Not, on any terms, to get into fighting with Friedrich, but only to cover Dresden. Dresden, without fighting, has proved impossible to cover, and Lacy leaves it bare." [Tempelhof, iv. 65.]

"At Kaditz," says Mitchell, "where the second bridge of boats took a great deal of time, I was standing by his Majesty, when news to the above effect came across from General Hulsen. The King was highly pleased; and, turning to me, said: 'Just what I wished! They have saved me a very long march [round by Dippoldiswalde or so, in upon the rear of them] by going of will.' And immediately the King got on horseback; ordering the Army to follow as fast as it could." [Mitchell, ii. 168.] "Through Preisnitz, Plauen—ward, goes the Army; circling round the Western and the Southern side of Dresden; [a dread spectacle from the walls]; across Weistritz Brook and the Plauen Chasm [comfortably left vacant]; and encamps on the Southeastern side of Dresden, at Gruna, behind the GREAT GARDEN; ready to begin business on the morrow. Gruna, about a mile to southeast of Dresden Walls, is head—quarter during this Siege.

"Through the night, the Prussians proceed to build batteries, the best they can;—there is no right siege—artillery yet; a few accidental howitzers and 25—pounders, the rest mere field—guns;— but to—morrow morning, be as it may, business shall begin. Prince von Holstein [nephew of the Holstein Beck, or "Holstein

SILVER-PLATE," whom we lost long ago], from beyond the River, encamped at the White Hart yonder, is to play upon the Neustadt simultaneously.

MONDAY 14th, "At 6 A.M., cannonade began; diligent on Holstein's part and ours; but of inconsiderable effect. Maguire has been summoned: 'Will [with such a garrison, in spite of such trepidations from the Court and others] defend himself to the last man.' Free-Corps people [not Quintus's, who is on the other side of the River], [Tempelhof, v. 67.] with regulars to rear, advance on the Pirna Gate; hurl in Maguire's Out-parties; and had near got in along with them,—might have done so, they and their supports, it is thought by some, had storm seemed the recommendable method.

"For four days there is livelier and livelier cannonading; new batteries getting opened in the Moschinska Garden and other points; on the Prussian part, great longing that the Magdeburg artillery were here. The Prussians are making diligently ready for it, in the mean while (refitting the old Trenches, 'old Envelope' dug by Maguire himself in the Anti-Schmettau time; these will do well enough):—the Prussians reinforce Holstein at the Weisse, Hirsch, throw a new bridge across to him; and are busy day and night. Maguire, too, is most industrious, resisting and preparing: Thursday shuts up the Weistritz Brook (a dam being ready this long while back, needing only to be closed), and lays the whole South side of Dresden under water. Many rumors about Daun: coming, not coming;—must for certain come, but will possibly be slowish."

FRIDAY 18th. "Joy to every Prussian soul: here are the heavy guns from Magdeburg. These, at any rate, are come; beds for them all ready; and now the cannonading can begin in right earnest. As it does with a vengeance. To Mitchell, and perhaps others, 'the King of Prussia says He will now be master of the Town in a few days. And the disposition he has made of his troops on the other side of the River is intended not only to attack Dresden on that side [and defend himself from Daun], but also to prevent the Garrison from retiring. ... This morning, Friday, 18th, the Suburb of Pirna, the one street left of it, was set fire to, by Maguire; and burnt out of the way, as the others had been. Many of the wretched inhabitants had fled to our camp: "Let them lodge in Plauen, no fighting there, quiet artificial water expanses there instead." Many think the Town will not be taken; or that, if it should, it will cost very dear,—so determined seems Maguire. [Mitchell, iii. 170, 171.] And, in effect, from this day onwards, the Siege became altogether fierce, and not only so, but fiery as well; and, though lasting in that violent form only four, or at the very utmost seven, days more, had near ruined Dresden from the face of the world."

SATURDAY, 19th, "Maguire, touched to the quick by these new artilleries of the Prussians this morning, found good to mount a gun or two on the leads of the Kreuz-Kirche [Protestant High Church, where, before now, we have noticed Friedrich attending quasi-divine service more than once];—that is to say, on the crown of Dresden; from which there is view into the bottom of Friedrich's trenches and operations. Others say, it was only two or three old Saxon cannon, which stand there, for firing on gala-days; and that they hardly fired on Friedrich more than once. For certain, this is one of the desirablest battery-stations,—if only Friedrich will leave it alone. Which he will not for a moment; but brings terrific howitzers to bear on it; cannon-balls, grenadoes; tears it to destruction, and the poor Kreuz-Kirche along with it. Kirche speedily all in flames, street after street blazing up round it, again and again for eight-and-forty hours coming; hapless Dresden, during two days and nights, a mere volcano henceforth." "By mistake all that, and without order of mine," says Friedrich once;—meaning, I think, all that of the Kreuz-Kirche: and perhaps wishing he could mean the bombardment altogether, [Schoning, ii. 361 "To Prince Henri, at Giessen [Frankfurt Country], 23d July, 1760."]—who nevertheless got, and gets, most of the credit of the thing from a shocked outside world.

"This morning," same Saturday, 19th, "Daun is reported to have arrived; vanguard of him said to be at Schonfeld, over in THIRSTY-SWEETHEART Country yonder which Friedrich, going to reconnoitre, finds tragically indisputable: 'There, for certain; only five miles from Holstein's post at the WHITE HART, and no River between;—as the crow flies, hardly five from our own Camp. Perhaps it will be some days yet before he do anything?' So that Friedrich persists in his bombardment, only the more: 'By fire-torture, then! Let the bombarded Royalties assail Maguire, and Maguire give in;—it is our one chance left; and succeed we will and must!' Cruel, say you?— Ah, yes, cruel enough, not merciful at all. The soul of Friedrich, I perceive, is not in a bright mood at this time, but in a black and wrathful, worn almost desperate against the slings and arrows of unjust Fate: 'Ahead, I say! If everybody will do miracles, cannot we perhaps still manage it, in spite of Fate?'" Mitchell is very sorry; but will forget and forgive those inexorable passages of war.

"I cannot think of the bombardment of Dresden without horror," says he; "nor of many other things I have

seen. Misfortunes naturally sour men's temper [even royal men's]; and long continued, without interval, at last extinguish humanity." "We are now in a most critical and dangerous situation, which cannot long last: one lucky event, approaching to a miracle, may still save all: but the extreme caution and circumspection of Marshal Daun—!" [Mitchell, ii. 184, 185.]

If Daun could be swift, and end the miseries of Dresden, surely Dresden would be much obliged to him. It was ten days yet, after that of the Kreuz-Kirche, before Dresden quite got rid of its Siege: Daun never was a sudden man. By a kind of accident, he got Holstein hustled across the River that first night (July 19th),— not annihilated, as was very feasible, but pushed home, out of his way. Whereby the North side of Dresden is now open; and Daun has free communication with Maguire.

Maguire rose thereupon to a fine pitch of spirits; tried several things, and wished Daun to try; but with next to no result. For two days after Holstein's departure, Daun sat still, on his safe Northern shore; stirring nothing but his own cunctations and investigations, leaving the bombardment, or cannonade, to take its own course. One attempt he did make in concert with Maguire (night of Monday 21st), and one attempt only, of a serious nature; which, like the rest, was unsuccessful. And would not be worth mentioning,—except for the poor Regiment BERNBURG'S sake; Bernburg having got into strange case in consequence of it.

"This Attempt [night of 21st–22d July] was a combined sally and assault—Sally by Maguire's people, a General Nugent heading them, from the South or Plauen side of Dresden, and Assault by 4,000 of Daun's from the North side—upon Friedrich's Trenches. Which are to be burst in upon in this double way, and swept well clear, as may be expected. Friedrich, however, was aware of the symptoms, and had people ready waiting,—especially, had Regiment BERNBURG, Battalions 1st and 2d; a Regiment hitherto without stain.

"Bernburg accordingly, on General Nugent's entering their trenches from the south side, falls altogether heartily on General Nugent; tumbles him back, takes 200 prisoners, Nugent himself one of them [who is considered to have been the eye of the enterprise, worth many hundreds this night] all this Bernburg, in its usually creditable manner, does, as expected of it. But after, or during all this, when the Dann people from the north come streaming in, say four to one, both south and north, Bernburg looked round for support; and seeing none, had, after more or less of struggle, to retire as a defeated Bernburg,—Austrians taking the battery, and ruling supreme there for some time. Till Wedell, or somebody with fresh Battalions, came up; and, rallying Bernburg to him, retook their Battery, and drove out the Austrians, with a heavy loss of prisoners. [Tempelhof, iv. 79.]

"I did not hear that Bernburg's conduct was liable to the least fair censure. But Friedrich's soul is severe at this time; demanding miracles from everybody: 'You runaway Bernburg, shame on you!'—and actually takes the swords from them, and cuts off their Hat-tresses: 'There!' Which excited such an astonishment in the Prussian Army as was seldom seen before. And affected Bernburg to the length almost of despair, and breaking of heart,—in a way that is not ridiculous to me at all, but beautiful and pathetic. Of which there is much talk, now and long afterwards, in military circles. 'The sorrows of these poor Bernburgers, their desperate efforts to wash out this stigma, their actual washing of it out, not many weeks hence, and their magnificent joy on the occasion,— these are the one distinguishing point in Daun's relief of Dresden, which was otherwise quite a cunctatory, sedentary matter."

Daun built three Bridges,—he had a broad stone one already,—but did little or nothing with them; and never himself came across at all. Merely shot out nocturnal Pandour Parties, and ordered up Lacy and the Reichsfolk to do the like, and break the night's rest of his Enemy. He made minatory movements, one at least, down the River, by his own shore, on Friedrich's Ammunition-Boats from Torgau, and actually intercepted certain of them, which was something; but, except this, and vague flourishings of the Pandour kind, left Friedrich to his own course.

Friedrich bombarded for a day or two farther; cannonaded, out of more or fewer batteries, for eight, or I think ten days more. Attacks from Daun there were to be, now on this side, now on that; many rumors of attack, but, except once only (midnight Pandours attempting the King's lodging, "a Farm-house near Gruna," but to their astonishment rousing the whole Prussian Army "in the course of three minutes" [Archenholtz, ii. 81 (who is very vivid, but does not date); Rodenbeck, ii. 24 (quotes similar account by another Eye-witness, and guesses it to be "night of July 22d–23d").]), rumor was mainly all. For guarding his siege-lines, Friedrich has to alter his position; to shift slightly, now fronting this way, now the other way; is "called always at midnight" (against these nocturnal disturbances), and "never has his clothes off." Nevertheless, continues his bombardment, and then his cannonading, till his own good time, which I think is till the 26th. His "ricochet-battery," which is good against

Maguire's people, innocent to Dresden, he continued for three days more;—while gathering his furnitures about Plauen Country, making his arrangements at Meissen;—did not march till the night of June 29th. Altogether calmly; no Daun or Austrian molesting him in the least; his very sentries walking their rounds in the trenches till daylight; after which they also marched, unmolested, Meissen—ward.

Unfortunate Friedrich has made nothing of Dresden, then. After such a June and July of it, since he left the Meissen Country; after all these intricate manoeuvrings, hot fierce marchings and superhuman exertions, here is he returning to Meissen Country poorer than if he had stayed. Fouquet lost, Glatz unrelieved—Nay, just before marching off, what is this new phenomenon? Is this by way of "Happy journey to you!" Towards sunset of the 29th, exuberant joy—firing rises far and wide from the usually quiet Austrian lines,——"Meaning what, once more?" Meaning that Glatz is lost, your Majesty; that, instead of a siege of many weeks (as might have been expected with Fouquet for Commandant), it has held out, under Fouquet's Second, only a few hours; and is gone without remedy! Certain, though incredible. Imbecile Commandant, treacherous Garrison (Austrian deserters mainly), with stealthy Jesuits acting on them: no use asking what. Here is the sad Narrative, in succinct form.

CAPTURE OF GLATZ (26th July, 1760).

"Loudon is a swift man, when he can get bridle; but the curb—hand of Daun is often heavy on him. Loudon has had Glatz blockaded since June 7th; since June 23d he has had Fouquet rooted away, and the ground clear for a Siege of Glatz. But had to abstain altogether, in the mean time; to take camp at Landshut, to march and manoeuvre about, in support of Daun, and that heavy—footed gallop of Daun's which then followed: on the whole, it was not till Friedrich went for Dresden that the Siege—Artillery, from Olmutz, could be ordered forward upon Glatz; not for a fortnight more that the Artillery could come; and, in spite of Loudon's utmost despatch, not till break of day, July 26th, that the batteries could open. After which, such was Loudon's speed and fortune,—and so diligent had the Jesuits been in those seven weeks,—the 'Siege,' as they call it, was over in less than seven hours.

"One Colonel D'O [Piedmontese by nation, an incompetent person, known to loud Trenck during his detention here] was Commandant of Glatz, and had the principal Fortress,—for there are two, one on each side the Neisse River;—his Second was a Colonel Quadt, by birth Prussian, seemingly not very competent he either, who had command of the Old Fortress, round which lies the Town of Glatz: a little Town, abounding in Jesuits;—to whose Virgin, if readers remember, Friedrich once gave a new gown; with small effect on her, as would appear. The Quadt—D'O garrison was 2,400,—and, if tales are true, it had been well bejesuitied during those seven weeks. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 55.] At four in the morning, July 26th) the battering began on Quadt; Quadt, I will believe, responding what he could,—especially from a certain Arrowhead Redoubt (or FLECHE) he has, which ought to have been important to him. After four or five hours of this, there was mutual pause,—as if both parties had decided upon breakfast before going farther.

"Quadt's Fortress is very strong, mostly hewn in the rock; and he has that important outwork of a FLECHE; which is excellent for enfilading, as it extends well beyond the glacis; and, being of rock like the rest, is also abundantly defensible. Loudon's people, looking over into this FLECHE, find it negligently guarded; Quadt at breakfast, as would seem:—and directly send for Harsch, Captain of the Siege, and even for Loudon, the General—in—Chief. Negligently guarded, sure enough; nothing in the FLECHE but a few sentries, and these in the horizontal position, taking their unlawful rest there, after such a morning's work. 'Seize me that,' eagerly orders Loudon; 'hold that with firm grip!' Which is done; only to step in softly, two battalions of you, and lay hard hold. Incompetent Quadt, figure in what a flurry, rushing out to recapture his FLECHE,—explodes instead into mere anarchy, whole Companies of him flinging down their arms at their Officers' feet, and the like. So that Quadt is totally driven in again, Austrians along with him; and is obliged to beat chamade;—D'O following the example, about an hour after, without even a capitulation. Was there ever seen such a defence! Major Unruh, one of a small minority, was Prussian, and stanch; here is Unruh's personal experience,—testimony on D'O's Trial, I suppose,—and now pretty much the one thing worth reading on this subject.

"MAJOR ULZRUH TESTIFIES: 'At four in the morning, 26th July, 1760,

the Enemy began to cannonade the Old Fortress [that of Quadt]; and about nine, I was ordered with 150 men to clear the Envelope from Austrians. Just when I had got to the Damm—Gate, halt was called. I asked the

Commandant, who was behind me, which way I should march; to the Crown—work or to the Envelope? Being answered, To the Envelope, I found on coming out at the Field—Gate nothing but an Austrian Lieutenant—colonel and some men. He called to me, "There had been chamade beaten, and I was not to run into destruction (MICH UNGLUCKLICH MACHEN)!" I offered him Quarter; and took him in effect prisoner, with 20 of his best men; and sent him to the Commandant, with request that he would keep my rear free, or send me reinforcement. I shot the Enemy a great many people here; chased him from the Field—Gate, and out of both the Envelope and the Redoubt called the Crane [that is the FLECHE itself, only that the Austrians are mostly not now there, but gone THROUGH into the interior there!]
—Returning to the Field—Gate, I found that the Commandant had beaten chamade a second time; there were marching in, by this Field—Gate, two battalions of the Austrian Regiment ANDLAU; I had to yield myself prisoner, and was taken to General Loudon. He asked me, "Don't you know the rules of war, then; that you fire after chamade is beaten?" I answered in my heat, "I knew of no chamade; what poltroonery or what treachery had been going on, I knew not!" Loudon answered, "You might deserve to have your head laid at your feet, Sir! Am I here to inquire which of you shows bravery, which poltroonery?" [Seyfarth, ii. 652.] A blazing Loudon, when the fire is up!"—

After the Peace, D'O had Court—Martial, which sentenced him to death, Friedrich making it perpetual imprisonment: "Perhaps not a traitor, only a blockhead!" thought Friedrich. He had been recommended to his post by Fouquet. What Trenck writes of him is, otherwise, mostly lies.

Thus is the southern Key of Silesia (one of the two southern Keys, Neisse being the other) lost to Friedrich, for the first time; and Loudon is like to drive a trade there; "Will absolutely nothing prosper with us, then?" Nothing, seemingly, your Majesty! Heavier news Friedrich scarcely ever had. But there is no help. This too he has to carry with him as he can into the Meissen Country. Unsuccessful altogether; beaten on every hand. Human talent, diligence, endeavor, is it but as lightning smiting the Serbonian Bog? Smite to the last, your Majesty, at any rate; let that be certain. As it is, and has been. That is always something, that is always a great thing.

Friedrich intends no pause in those Meissen Countries. JULY 30th, on his march northward, he detaches Hulsen with the old 10,000 to take Camp at Schlettau as before, and do his best for defence of Saxony against the Reichsfolk, numerous, but incompetent; he himself, next day, passes on, leaving Meissen a little on his right, to Schieritz, some miles farther down,—intending there to cross Elbe, and make for Silesia without loss of an hour. Need enough of speed thither; more need than even Friedrich supposes! Yesterday, July 30th, Loudon's Vanguard came blockading Breslau, and this day Loudon himself;—though Friedrich heard nothing, anticipated nothing, of that dangerous fact, for a week hence or more.

Soltikof's and Loudon's united intentions on Silesia he has well known this long while; and has been perpetually dunning Prince Henri on the subject, to no purpose,—only hoping always there would probably be no great rapidity on the part of these discordant Allies. Friedrich's feelings, now that the contrary is visible, and indeed all through the Summer in regard to the Soltikof—Loudon Business, and the Fouquet—Henri method of dealing with it, have been painful enough, and are growing ever more so. Cautious Henri never would make the smallest attack on Soltikof, but merely keep observing him;—the end of which, what can the end of it be? urges Friedrich always: "Condense yourselves; go in upon the Russians, while they are in separate corps;"—and is very ill—satisfied with the languor of procedures there. As is the Prince with such reproaches, or implied reproaches, on said languor. Nor is his humor cheered, when the King's bad predictions prove true. What has it come to? These Letters of King and Prince are worth reading,—if indeed you can, in the confusion of Schoning (a somewhat exuberant man, loud rather than luminous);—so curious is the Private Dialogue going on there at all times, in the background of the stage, between the Brothers. One short specimen, extending through the June and July just over,—specimen distilled faithfully out of that huge jumbling sea of Schaning, and rendered legible,—the reader will consent to.

DIALOGUE OF FRIEDRICH AND HENRI (from their Private Correspondence: June 7th—July 29th, 1760).

FRIEDRICH (June 7th; before his first crossing Elbe: Henri at Sagan; he at Schlettau, scanning the waste of fatal possibilities). ... Embarrassing? Not a doubt, of that! "I own, the circumstances both of us are in are like to turn my head, three or four times a day." Loudon aiming for Neisse, don't you think? Fouquet all in the wrong.—"One has nothing for it but to watch where the likelihood of the biggest misfortune is, and to run thither with one's whole strength."

henri ... "I confess I am in great apprehension for Colberg:"— shall one make thither; think you? Russians,

8,000 as the first instalment of them, have ARRIVED; got to Posen under Fermor, June 1st:—so the Commandant of Glogau writes me (see enclosed).

FRIEDRICH (June 9th). Commandant of Glogau writes impossibilities: Russians are not on march yet, nor will be for above a week.

"I cross Elbe, the 15th. I am compelled to undertake something of decisive nature, and leave the rest to chance. For desperate disorders desperate remedies. My bed is not one of roses. Heaven aid us: for human prudence finds itself fall short in situations so cruel and desperate as ours." [Schoning, ii. 313 ("Meissen Camp, 7th June, 1760"); ib. ii. 317 ("9th June").]

HENRI. Hm, hm, ha (Nothing but carefully collected rumors, and wire-drawn auguries from them, on the part of Henri; very intense inspection of the chicken-bowels,—hardly ever without a shake of the head).

FRIEDRICH (June 26th; has heard of the Fouquet disaster). ... "Yesterday my heart was torn to pieces [news of Landshut, Fouquet's downfall there], and I felt too sad to be in a state for writing you a sensible Letter; but to-day, when I have come to myself a little again, I will send you my reflections. After what has happened to Fouquet, it is certain Loudon can have no other design but on Breslau [he designs Glatz first of all]: it will be the grand point, therefore, especially if the Russians too are bending thither, to save that Capital of Silesia. Surely the Turks must be in motion:—if so, we are saved; if not so, we are lost! To-day I have taken this Camp of Dobritz, in order to be more collected, and in condition to fight well, should occasion rise,—and in case all this that is said and written to me about the Turks is TRUE [which nothing of it was], to be able to profit by it when the time comes." [Schoning, ii. 341 ("Gross-Dobritz, 26th June, 1760").]

HENRI (simultaneously, June 26th: Henri is forward from Sagan, through Frankfurt, and got settled at Landsberg, where he remains through the rest of the Dialogue). ... Tottleben, with his Cossacks, scouring about, got a check from us,—nothing like enough. "By all my accounts, Soltikof, with the gross of the Russians, is marching for Posen. The other rumors and symptoms agree in indicating a separate Corps, under Fermor, who is to join Tottleben, and besiege Colberg: if both these Corps, the Colberg and the Posen one, act, in concert, my embarrassment will be extreme. ... I have just had news of what has befallen General Fouquet. Before this stroke, your affairs were desperate enough; now I see but too well what we have to look for." [Ib. ii. 339 ("Landsberg, 26th June, 1760").] (How comforting!)

FRIEDRICH. "Would to God your prayers for the swift capture of Dresden had been heard; but unfortunately I must tell you, this stroke has failed me. ... Dresden has been reduced to ashes, third part of the Altstadt lying burnt;—contrary to my intentions: my orders were, To spare the City, and play the Artillery against the works. My Minister Graf von Finck will have told you what occasioned its being set on fire." [Schoning, ii. 361 ("2d-3d July").]

HENRI (July 26th; Dresden Siege gone awry). ... "I am to keep the Russians from Frankfurt, to cover Glogau, and prevent a besieging of Breslau! All that forms an overwhelming problem;—which I, with my whole heart, will give up to somebody abler for it than I am." [Ib. ii. 369-371 ("Landsberg, 26th July").]

FRIEDRICH (29th July; quits the Trenches of Dresden this night). ... "I have seen with pain that you represent everything to yourself on the black side. I beg you, in the name of God, my dearest Brother, don't take things up in their blackest and worst shape:—it is this that throws your mind into such an indecision, which is so lamentable. Adopt a resolution rather, what resolution you like, but stand by it, and execute it with your whole strength. I conjure you, take a fixed resolution; better a bad than none at all. ... What is possible to man, I will do; neither care nor consideration nor effort shall be spared, to secure the result of my plans. The rest depends on circumstances. Amid such a number of enemies, one cannot always do what one will, but must let them prescribe." [Ib. ii. 370-372 ("Leubnitz, before Dresden, 29th July, 1760").]

An uncomfortable little Gentleman; but full of faculty, if one can manage to get good of it! Here, what might have preceded all the above, and been preface to it, is a pretty passage from him; a glimpse he has had of Sans-Souci, before setting out on those gloomy marchings and cunctatory haggings. Henri writes (at Torgau, April 26th, just back from Berlin and farewell of friends):—

"I mean to march the day after to-morrow. I took arrangements with General Fouquet [about that long fine-spun Chain of Posts, where we are to do such service?]-—the Black Hussars cannot be here till to-morrow, otherwise I should have marched a day sooner. My Brother [poor little invalid Ferdinand] charged me to lay him at your feet. I found him weak and thin, more so than formerly. Returning hither, the day before yesterday, I

passed through Potsdam; I went to Sans-Souci [April 24th, 1760]:—all is green there; the Garden embellished, and seemed to me excellently kept. Though these details cannot occupy you at present, I thought it would give you pleasure to hear of them for a moment." [Schoning, ii. 233 ("Torgau, 26th April, 1760").] Ah, yes; all is so green and blessedly silent there: sight of the lost Paradise, actually IT, visible for a moment yonder, far away, while one goes whirling in this manner on the illimitable wracking winds!—

Here finally, from a distant part of the War-Theatre, is another Note; which we will read while Friedrich is at Schieritz. At no other place so properly; the very date of it, chief date (July 31st), being by accident synchronous with Schieritz:—

DUKE FERDINAND'S BATTLE OF WARBURG (31st July, 1760).

Duke Ferdinand has opened his difficult Campaign; and especially— just while that Siege of Dresden blazed and ended—has had three sharp Fights, which were then very loud in the Gazettes, along with it. Three once famous Actions; which unexpectedly had little or no result, and are very much forgotten now. So that bare enumeration of them is nearly all we are permitted here. Pitt has furnished 7,000 new English, this Campaign,—there are now 20,000 English in all, and a Duke Ferdinand raised to 70,000 men. Surely, under good omens, thinks Pitt; and still more think the Gazetteers, judging by appearances. Yes: but if Broglio have 130,000, what will it come to? Broglio is two to one; and has, before this, proved himself a considerable Captain.

Fight FIRST is that of KORBACH (July 10th): of Broglio, namely, who has got across the River Ohm in Hessen (to Ferdinand's great disgust with the General Imhof in command there), and is streaming on to seize the Diemel River, and menace Hanover; of Broglio, in successive sections, at a certain "Pass of Korbach," VERSUS the Hereditary Prince (ERBPRINZ of Brunswick), who is waiting for him there in one good section,—and who beautifully hurls back one and another of the Broglio sections; but cannot hurl back the whole Broglio Army, all marching by sections that way; and has to retire, back foremost, fencing sharply, still in a diligently handsome manner, though with loss. [Mauvillon, ii. 105.] That is the Battle of Korbach, fought July 10th,—while Lacy streamed through Dresden, panting to be at Plauen Chasm, safe at last.

Fight SECOND (July 16th) was a kind of revenge on the Erbprinz's part: Affair of EMSDORF, six days after, in the same neighborhood; beautiful too, said the Gazetteers; but of result still more insignificant. Hearing of a considerable French Brigade posted not far off, at that Village of Emsdorf, to guard Broglio's meal-carts there, the indignant Erbprinz shoots off for that; light of foot,—English horse mainly, and Hill Scots (BERG-SCHOTTEN so called, who have a fine free stride, in summer weather);—dashes in upon said Brigade (Dragoons of Bauffremont and other picked men), who stood firmly on the defensive; but were cut up, in an amazing manner, root and branch, after a fierce struggle, and as it were brought home in one's pocket. To the admiration of military circles,—especially of mess-rooms and the junior sort. "Elliot's light horse [part of the new 7,000], what a regiment! Unparalleled for willingness, and audacity of fence; lost 125 killed,"—in fact, the loss chiefly fell on Elliot. [Ib. ii. 109 (Prisoners got "were 2,661, including General and Officers 179," with all their furnitures whatsoever, "400 horses, 8 cannon," The BERG-SCHOTTEN too,—I think it was here that these kilted fellows, who had marched with such a stride, "came home mostly riding:" poor Bauffremont Dragoons being entirely cut up, or pocketed as prisoners, and their horses ridden in this unexpected manner! But we must not linger,—hardly even on WARBURG, which was the THIRD and greatest; and has still points of memorability, though now so obliterated.

"Warburg," says my Note on this latter, "is a pleasant little Hessian Town, some twenty-five miles west of Cassel, standing on the north or left bank of the Diemel, among fruitful knolls and hollows. The famous 'BATTLE OF WARBURG,'—if you try to inquire in the Town itself, from your brief railway-station, it is much if some intelligent inhabitant, at last, remembers to have heard of it! The thing went thus: Chevalier du Muy, who is Broglio's Rear-guard or Reserve, 30,000 foot and horse, with his back to the Diemel, and eight bridges across it in case of accident, has his right flank leaning on Warburg, and his left on a Village of Ossendorf, some two miles to northwest of that. Broglio, Prince Xavier of Saxony, especially Duke Ferdinand, are all vehemently and mysteriously moving about, since that Fight of Korbach; Broglio intent to have Cassel besieged, Du Muy keeping the Diemel for him; Ferdinand eager to have the Diemel back from Du Muy and him.

"Two days ago (July 29th), the Erbprinz crossed over into these neighborhoods, with a strong Vanguard, nearly equal to Du Muy; and, after studious reconnoitring and survey had, means, this morning (July 31st), to knock him over the Diemel again, if he can. No time to be lost; Broglio near and in such force. Duke Ferdinand

too, quitting Broglio for a moment, is on march this way; crossed the Diemel, about midnight, some ten miles farther down, or eastward; will thence bend southward, at his best speed, to support the Erbprinz, if necessary, and beset the Diemel when got;— Erbprinz not, however, in any wise, to wait for him; such the pressure from Broglio and others. A most busy swift-going scene that morning;—hardly worth such describing at this date of time.

"The Erbprinz, who is still rather to northeastward, that is to rightward, not directly frontward, of Du Muy's lines; and whose plan of attack is still dark to Du Muy, commences [about 8 A.M., I should guess] by launching his British Legion so called,—which is a composite body, of Free-Corps nature, British some of it ('Colonel Beckwith's people,' for example), not British by much the most of it, but an aggregate of wild strikers, given to plunder too:—by launching his British Legion upon Warburg Town, there to take charge of Du Muy's right wing. Which Legion, 'with great rapidity, not only pitched the French all out, but clean plundered the poor Town;' and is a sad sore on Du Muy's right, who cannot get it attended to, in the ominous aspects elsewhere visible. For the Erbprinz, who is a strategic creature, comes on, in the style of Friedrich, not straight towards Du Muy, but sweeps out in two columns round northward; privately intending upon Du Muy's left wing and front—left wing, right wing, (by British Legion), and front, all three;—and is well aided by a mist which now fell, and which hung on the higher ground, and covered his march, for an hour or more. This mist had not begun when he saw, on the knoll-tops, far off on the right, but indisputable as he flattered himself, —something of Ferdinand emerging! Saw this; and pours along, we can suppose, with still better step and temper. And bursts, pretty simultaneously, upon Du Muy's right wing and left wing, coercing his front the while; squelches both these wings furiously together; forces the coerced centre, mostly horse, to plunge back into the Diemel, and swim. Horse could swim; but many of the Foot, who tried, got drowned. And, on the whole, Du Muy is a good deal wrecked [1,600 killed, 2,000 prisoners, not to speak of cannon and flags], and, but for his eight bridges, would have been totally ruined.

"The fight was uncommonly furious, especially on Du Muy's left; 'Maxwell's Brigade' going at it, with the finest bayonet-practice, musketry, artillery-practice; obstinate as bears. On Du Muy's right, the British Legion, left wing, British too by name, had a much easier job. But the fight generally was of hot and stubborn kind, for hours, perhaps two or more;—and some say, would not have ended so triumphantly, had it not been for Duke Ferdinand's Vanguard, Lord Granby and the English Horse; who, warned by the noise ahead, pushed on at the top of their speed, and got in before the death. Granby and the Blues had gone at the high trot, for above five miles; and, I doubt not, were in keen humor when they rose to the gallop and slashed in. Mauvillon says, 'It was in this attack that Lord Granby, at the head of the Blues, his own regiment, had his hat blown off; a big bald circle in his head rendering the loss more conspicuous. But he never minded; stormed still on,' bare bald head among the helmets and sabres; 'and made it very evident that had he, instead of Sackville, led at Minden, there had been a different story to tell. The English, by their valor,' adds he, 'greatly distinguished themselves this day. And accordingly they suffered by far the most; their loss amounting to 590 men:' or, as others count,—out of 1,200 killed and wounded, 800 were English." [Mauvillon, ii. 114. Or better, in all these three cases, as elsewhere, Tempelhof's specific Chapter on Ferdinand (Tempelhof, iv. 101–122). Ferdinand's Despatch (to King George), in *Knesebeck*, ii. 96–98;—or in the Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 386, 387), where also is Lord Granby's Despatch.]

This of Granby and the bald head is mainly what now renders Warburg memorable. For, in a year or two, the excellent Reynolds did a Portrait of Granby; and by no means forgot this incident; but gives him bare-headed, bare and bald; the oblivious British connoisseur not now knowing why, as perhaps he ought. The portrait, I suppose, may be in Belvoir Castle; the artistic Why of the baldness is this BATTLE OF WARBURG, as above. An Affair otherwise of no moment. Ferdinand had soon to quit the Diemel, or to find it useless for him, and to try other methods,—fencing gallantly, but too weak for Broglio; and, on the whole, had a difficult Campaign of it, against that considerable Soldier with forces so superior.

Chapter III. BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

Friedrich stayed hardly one day in Neissen Country; Silesia, in the jaws of destruction, requiring such speed from him. His new Series of Marches thitherward, for the next two weeks especially, with Daun and Lacy, and at last with Loudon too, for escort, are still more singular than the foregoing; a fortnight of Soldier History such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Of his inward gloom one hears nothing. But the Problem itself approaches to the desperate; needing daily new invention, new audacity, with imminent destruction overhanging it throughout. A March distinguished in Military Annals;—but of which it is not for us to pretend treating. Military readers will find it in TEMPELHOF, and the supplementary Books from time to time cited here. And, for our own share, we can only say, that Friedrich's labors strike us as abundantly Herculean; more Alcides-like than ever,—the rather as hopes of any success have sunk lower than ever. A modern Alcides, appointed to confront Tartarus itself, and be victorious over the Three-headed Dog. Daun, Lacy, Loudon coming on you simultaneously, open-mouthed, are a considerable Tartarean Dog! Soldiers judge that the King's resources of genius were extremely conspicuous on this occasion; and to all men it is in evidence that seldom in the Arena of this Universe, looked on by the idle Populaces and by the eternal Gods and Antigods (called Devils), did a Son of Adam fence better for himself, now and throughout.

This, his Third march to Silesia in 1760, is judged to be the most forlorn and ominous Friedrich ever made thither; real peril, and ruin to Silesia and him, more imminent than even in the old Leuthen days. Difficulties, complicacies very many, Friedrich can foresee: a Daun's Army and a Lacy's for escort to us; and such a Silesia when we do arrive. And there is one complicacy more which he does not yet know of; that of Loudon waiting ahead to welcome him, on crossing the Frontier, and increase his escort thenceforth!—Or rather, let us say, Friedrich, thanks to the despondent Henri and others, has escaped a great Silesian Calamity;—of which he will hear, with mixed emotions, on arriving at Bunzlau on the Silesian Frontier, six days after setting out. Since the loss of Glatz (July 26th), Friedrich has no news of Loudon; supposes him to be trying something upon Neisse, to be adjusting with his slow Russians; and, in short, to be out of the dismal account—current just at present. That is not the fact in regard to Loudon; that is far from the fact.

LOUDON IS TRYING A STROKE-OF-HAND ON BRESLAU, IN THE GLATZ FASHION, IN THE INTERIM (July 30th—August 3d).

Hardly above six hours after taking Glatz, swift Loudon, no Daun now tethering him (Daun standing, or sitting, "in relief of Dresden" far off), was on march for Breslau—Vanguard of him "marched that same evening (July 26th):" in the liveliest hope of capturing Breslau; especially if Soltikof, to whom this of Glatz ought to be a fine symbol and pledge, make speed to co-operate. Soltikof is in no violent enthusiasm about Glatz; anxious rather about his own Magazine at Posen, and how to get it carted out of Henri's way, in case of our advancing towards some Silesian Siege. "If we were not ruined last year, it was n't Daun's fault!" growls he often; and Montalembert has need of all his suasive virtues (which are wonderful to look at, if anybody cared to look at them, all flung into the sea in this manner) for keeping the barbarous man in any approach to harmony. The barbarous man had, after haggles enough, adjusted himself for besieging Glogau; and is surly to hear, on the sudden (order from Petersburg reinforcing Loudon), that it is Breslau instead. "Excellenz, it is not Cunctator Daun this time, it is fiery Loudon." "Well, Breslau, then!" answers Soltikof at last, after much suasion. And marches thither; [Tempelhof, iv. 87–89 ("Rose from Posen, July 26th").] faster than usual, quickened by new temporary hopes, of Montalembert's raising or one's own: "What a place-of-arms, and place of victual, would Breslau be for us, after all!"

And really mends his pace, mends it ever more, as matters grow stringent; and advances upon Breslau at his swiftest: "To rendezvous with Loudon under the walls there,—within the walls very soon, and ourselves chief proprietor!"—as may be hoped. Breslau has a garrison of 4,000, only 1,000 of them stanch; and there are, among other bad items, 9,000 Austrian Prisoners in it. A big City with weak walls: another place to defend than rock-hewn little Glatz,—if there be no better than a D'O for Commandant in it! But perhaps there is.

"WEDNESDAY, 30th JULY, Loudon's Vanguard arrived at Breslau; next day Loudon himself;—and besieged Breslau very violently, according to his means, till the Sunday following. Troops he has plenty, 40,000

odd, which he gives out for 50 or even 60,000; not to speak of Soltikof, 'with 75,000' (read 45,000), striding on in a fierce and dreadful manner to meet him here. 'Better surrender to Christian Austrians, had not you?' Loudon's Artillery is not come up, it is only struggling on from Glatz; Soltikof of his own has no Siege-Artillery; and Loudon judges that heavy-footed Soltikof, waited on by an alert Prince Henri, is a problematic quantity in this enterprise. 'Speedy oneself; speedy and fiery!' thinks Loudon: 'by violence of speed, of bullying and bombardment, perhaps we can still do it!' And Loudon tried all these things to a high stretch; but found in Tauentzien the wrong man.

"THURSDAY, 31st, Loudon, who has two bridges over Oder, and the Town begirt all round, summons Tauentzien in an awful sounding tone: 'Consider, Sir: no defence possible; a trading Town, you ought not to attempt defence of it: surrender on fair terms, or I shall, which God forbid, be obliged to burn you and it from the face of the world!' 'Pooh, pooh,' answers Tauentzien, in brief polite terms; 'you yourselves had no doubt it was a Garrison, when we besieged you here, on the heel of Leuthen; had you? Go to!'—Fiery Loudon cannot try storm, the Town having Oder and a wet ditch round it. He gets his bombarding batteries forward, as the one chance he has, aided by bullying. And to-morrow,

"FRIDAY, AUGUST 1st, sends, half officially, half in the friendly way, dreadful messages again: a warning to the Mayor of Breslau (which was not signed by Loudon), 'Death and destruction, Sir, unless'—!—warning to the Mayor; and, by the same private half-official messenger, a new summons to Tauentzien: 'Bombardment infallible; universal massacre by Croats; I will not spare the child in its mother's womb.' 'I am not with child,' said Tauentzien, 'nor are my soldiers! What is the use of such talk?' And about 10 that night, Loudon does accordingly break out into all the fire of bombardment he is master of. Kindles the Town in various places, which were quenched again by Tauentzien's arrangements; kindles especially the King's fine Dwelling-house (Palace they call it), and adjacent streets, not quenched till Palace and they are much ruined. Will this make no impression? Far too little.

"Next morning Loudon sends a private messenger of conciliatory tone: 'Any terms your Excellency likes to name. Only spare me the general massacre, and child in the mother's womb!' From all which Tauentzien infers that you are probably short of ammunition; and that his outlooks are improving. That day he gets guns brought to bear on General Loudon's own quarter; blazes into Loudon's sitting-room, so that Loudon has to shift else-whither. No bombardment ensues that night; nor next day anything but desultory cannonading, and much noise and motion;—and at night, SUNDAY, 3d, everything falls quiet, and, to the glad amazement of everybody, Loudon has vanished." [Tempelhof, iv. 90–100; Archenholtz, ii. 89–94; HOFBERICHT VON DER BELAGERUNG VON BRESLAU IM AUGUST 1760 (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 688–698); also in *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 299–309; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 115–124), that is, in the OLD NEWSPAPERS, extremely particular account, How "not only the finest Horse in Breslau, and the finest House [King's Palace], but the handsomest Man, and, alas, also the prettiest Girl [poor Jungfer Muller, shattered by a bomb-shell on the streets], were destroyed in this short Siege,"—world-famous for the moment. Preuss, ii. 246.]

Loudon had no other shift left. This Sunday his Russians are still five days distant; alert Henri, on the contrary, is, in a sense, come to hand. Crossed the Katzbach River this day, the Vanguard of him did, at Parchwitz; and fell upon our Bakery; which has had to take the road. "Guard the Bakery, all hands there," orders Loudon; "off to Striegau and the Hills with it;"—and is himself gone thither after it, leaving Breslau, Henri and the Russians to what fate may be in store for them. Henri has again made one of his winged marches, the deft creature, though the despondent; "march of 90 miles in three days [in the last three, from Glogau, 90; in the whole, from Landsberg, above 200], and has saved the State," says Retzow. "Made no camping, merely bivouacked; halting for a rest four or five hours here and there;" [Retzow, ii. 230 (very vague); in Tempelhof (iv. 89, 90, 95–97) clear and specific account.] and on August 5th is at Lissa (this side the Field of Leuthen); making Breslau one of the gladdest of cities.

So that Soltikof, on arriving (village of Hundsfeld, August 8th), by the other side of the River, finds Henri's advanced guards intrenched over there, in Old Oder; no Russian able to get within five miles of Breslau,—nor able to do more than cannonade in the distance, and ask with indignation, "Where are the siege-guns, then; where is General Loudon? Instead of Breslau capturable, and a sure Magazine for us, here is Henri, and nothing but steel to eat!" And the Soltikof risen into Russian rages, and the Montalembert sunk in difficulties: readers can imagine these. Indignant Soltikof, deaf to suasion, with this dangerous Henri in attendance, is gradually edging back;

always rather back, with an eye to his provisions, and to certain bogs and woods he knows of. But we will leave the Soltikof–Henri end of the line, for the opposite end, which is more interesting.—To Friedrich, till he got to Silesia itself, these events are totally unknown. His cunctatory Henri, by this winged march, when the moment came, what a service has he done!—

Tauentzien's behavior, also, has been superlative at Breslau; and was never forgotten by the King. A very brave man, testifies Lessing of him; true to the death: "Had there come but three, to rally with the King under a bush of the forest, Tauentzien would have been one." Tauentzien was on the ramparts once, in this Breslau pinch, giving orders; a bomb burst beside him, did not injure him. "Mark that place," said Tauentzien; and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark were put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, he now lies buried. [*Militair–Lexikon*, iv. 72–75; Lessing's *Werke*;

FRIEDRICH ON MARCH, FOR THE THIRD TIME, TO RESCUE SILESIA (August 1st–15th).

AUGUST 1st, Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Zehren, in the Schieritz vicinity, as near Meissen as he could; but it had to be some six miles farther down, such the liabilities to Austrian disturbance. All are across that morning by 5 o'clock (began at 2); whence we double back eastward, and camp that night at Dallwitz,—are quietly asleep there, while Loudon's bombardment bursts out on Breslau, far away! At Dallwitz we rest next day, wait for our Bakeries and Baggages; and SUNDAY, AUGUST 3d, at 2 in the morning, set forth on the forlornest adventure in the world.

The arrangements of the March, foreseen and settled beforehand to the last item, are of a perfection beyond praise;—as is still visible in the General Order, or summary of directions given out; which, to this day, one reads with a kind of satisfaction like that derivable from the Forty–seventh of Euclid: clear to the meanest capacity, not a word wanting in it, not a word superfluous, solid as geometry. "The Army marches always in Three Columns, left Column foremost: our First Line of Battle [in case we have fighting] is this foremost Column; Second Line is the Second Column; Reserve is the Third. All Generals' chaises, money–wagons, and regimental Surgeons' wagons remain with their respective Battalions; as do the Heavy Batteries with the Brigades to which they belong. When the march is through woody country, the Cavalry regiments go in between the Battalions [to be ready against Pandour operations and accidents].

"With the First Column, the Ziethen Hussars and Free–Battalion Courbiere have always the vanguard; Mohring Hussars and Free– Battalions Quintus [speed to you, learned friend!] the rear–guard. With the Second Column always the Dragoon regiments Normann and Krockow have the vanguard; Regiment Czetteritz [Dragoons, poor Czetteritz himself, with his lost MANUSCRIPT, is captive since February last], the rear–guard. With the Third Column always the Dragoon regiment Holstein as head, and the ditto Finkenstein to close the Column.—During every march, however, there are to be of the Second Column 2 Battalions joined with Column Third; so that the Third Column consists of 10 Battalions, the Second of 6, while on march.

"Ahead of each Column go three Pontoon Wagons; and daily are 50 work–people allowed them, who are immediately to lay Bridge, where it is necessary. The rear–guard of each Column takes up these Bridges again; brings them on, and returns them to the head of the Column, when the Army has got to camp. In the Second Column are to be 500 wagons, and also in the Third 500, so shared that each battalion gets an equal number. The battalions—" [In TEMPELHOF (iv. 125, 126) the entire Piece.] ... This may serve as specimen.

The March proceeded through the old Country; a little to left of the track in June past: Roder Water, Pulsnitz Water; Kamenz neighborhood, Bautzen neighborhood,—Bunzlau on Silesian ground. Daun, at Bischofswerda, had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, HALF–felled the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always, to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy's, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. "An on–looker, who had observed the march of these different Armies," says Friedrich, "would have thought that they all belonged to one leader. Feldmarschall Daun's he would have taken for the Vanguard, the King's for the main Army, and General Lacy's for the Rear–guard." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 56.] Tempelhof says: "It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; between Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a Third [Loudon's, in Striegau Country] waiting ahead."

The March passed without accident of moment; had not, from Lacy or Daun, any accident whatever. On the

second day, an Aide-de-Camp of Daun's was picked up, with Letters from Lacy (back of the cards visible to Friedrich). Once,—it is the third day of the March (August 6th, village of Rothwasser to be quarter for the night),— on coming toward Neisse River, some careless Officer, trusting to peasants, instead of examining for himself and building a bridge, drove his Artillery-wagons into the so-called ford of Neisse; which nearly swallowed the foremost of them in quicksands. Nearly, but not completely; and caused a loss of five or six hours to that Second Column. So that darkness came on Column Second in the woody intricacies; and several hundreds of the deserter kind took the opportunity of disappearing altogether. An unlucky, evidently too languid Officer; though Friedrich did not annihilate the poor fellow, perhaps did not rebuke him at all, but merely marked it in elucidation of his qualities for time coming." This miserable village of Rothwasser" (head-quarters after the dangerous fording of Neisse), says Mitchell, "stands in the middle of a wood, almost as wild and impenetrable as those in North America. There was hardly ground enough cleared about it for the encampment of the troops." [Mitchell, ii. 190; Tempelhof, iv. 131.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 7th, Friedrich—traversing the whole Country, but more direct, by Konigsbruck and Kamenz this time—is at Bunzlau altogether. "Bunzlau on the Bober;" the SILESIAN Bunzlau, not the Bohemian or any of the others. It is some 30 miles west of Liegnitz, which again lies some 40 northwest of Schweidnitz and the Strong Places. Friedrich has now done 100 miles of excellent marching; and he has still a good spell more to do,—dragging "2,000 heavy wagons" with him, and across such impediments within and without. Readers that care to study him, especially for the next few days, will find it worth their while.

Tempelhof gives, as usual, a most clear Account, minute to a degree; which, supplemented by Mitchell and a Reimann Map, enables us as it were to accompany, and to witness with our eyes. Hitherto a March toilsome in the extreme, in spite of everything done to help it; starting at 3 or at 2 in the morning; resting to breakfast in some shady place, while the sun is high, frugally cooking under the shady woods,—"*BURSCHEN ABZUKOCHEN* here," as the Order pleasantly bears. All encamped now, at Bunzlau in Silesia, on Thursday evening, with a very eminent week's work behind them. "In the last five days, above 100 miles of road, and such road; five considerable rivers in it"—Bober, Queiss, Neisse, Spree, Elbe; and with such a wagon-train of 2,000 teams. [Tempelhof, iv. 123–150.]

Proper that we rest a day here; in view of the still swifter marchings and sudden dashings about, which lie ahead. It will be by extremely nimble use of all the limbs we have,—hands as well as feet,—if any good is to come of us now! Friedrich is aware that Daun already holds Striegau "as an outpost [Loudon thereabouts, unknown to Friedrich], these several days;" and that Daun personally is at Schmottseifen, in our own old Camp there, twenty or thirty miles to south of us, and has his Lacy to leftward of him, partly even to rearward: rather in advance of US, both of them,—if we were for Landshut; which we are not. "Be swift enough, may not we cut through to Jauer, and get ahead of Daun?" counts Friedrich: "To Jauer, southeast of us, from Bunzlau here, is 40 miles; and to Jauer it is above 30 east for Daun: possible to be there before Daun! Jauer ours, thence to the Heights of Striegau and Hohenfriedberg Country, within wind of Schweidnitz, of Breslau: magazines, union with Prince Henri, all secure thereby?" So reckons the sanguine Friedrich; unaware that Loudon, with his corps of 35,000, has been summoned hitherward; which will make important differences! Loudon, Beck with a smaller Satellite Corps, both these, unknown to Friedrich, lie ready on the east of him: Loudon's Army on the east; Daun's, Lacy's on the south and west; three big Armies, with their Satellites, gathering in upon this King: here is a Three-headed Dog, in the Tartarus of a world he now has! On the fourth side of him is Oder, and the Russians, who are also perhaps building Bridges, by way of a supplementary or fourth head.

AUGUST 9th (BUNZLAU TO GOLDBERG), Friedrich, with his Three Columns and perfect arrangements, makes a long march: from Bunzlau at 3 in the morning; and at 5 afternoon arrives in sight of the Katzbach Valley, with the little Town of Goldberg some miles to right. Katzbach River is here; and Jauer, for to-morrow, still fifteen miles ahead. But on reconnoitring here, all is locked and bolted: Lacy strong on the Hills of Goldberg; Daun visible across the Katzbach; Daun, and behind him Loudon, inexpugnably posted: Jauer an impossibility! We have bread only for eight days; our Magazines are at Schweidnitz and Breslau: what is to be done? Get through, one way or other, we needs must! Friedrich encamps for the night; expecting an attack. If not attacked, he will make for Liegnitz leftward; cross the Katzbach there, or farther down at Parchwitz:—Parchwitz, Neumarkt, LEUTHEN, we have been in that country before now:—Courage!

AUGUST 10th–11th (TO LIEGNITZ AND BACK). At 5 A.M., Sunday, August 10th, Friedrich, nothing of

attack having come, got on march again: down his own left bank of the Katzbach, straight for Liegnitz; unopposed altogether; not even a Pandour having attacked him overnight. But no sooner is he under way, than Daun too rises; Daun, Loudon, close by, on the other side of Katzbach, and keep step with us, on our right; Lacy's light people hovering on our rear:—three truculent fellows in buckram; fancy the feelings of the way-worn solitary fourth, whom they are gloomily dogging in this way! The solitary fourth does his fifteen miles to Liegnitz, unmolested by them; encamps on the Heights which look down on Liegnitz over the south; finds, however, that the Loudon–Daun people have likewise been diligent; that they now lie stretched out on their right bank, three or four miles up-stream or to rearward, and what is far worse, seven miles downwards, or ahead: that, in fact, they are a march nearer Parchwitz than he;—and that there is again no possibility. "Perhaps by Jauer, then, still? Out of this, and at lowest, into some vicinity of bread, it does behoove us to be!" At 11 that night Friedrich gets on march again; returns the way he came. And,

AUGUST 11th, At daybreak, is back to his old ground; nothing now to oppose him but Lacy, who is gone across from Goldberg, to linger as rear of the Daun–Loudon march. Friedrich steps across on Lacy, thirsting to have a stroke at Lacy; who vanishes fast enough, leaving the ground clear. Could but our baggage have come as fast as we! But our baggage, Quintus guarding and urging, has to groan on for five hours yet; and without it, there is no stirring. Five mortal hours;—by which time, Daun, Lacy, Loudon are all up again; between us and Jauer, between us and everything helpful;— and Friedrich has to encamp in Seichau,— "a very poor Village in the Mountains," writes Mitchell, who was painfully present there, "surrounded on all sides by Heights; on several of which, in the evening, the Austrians took camp, separated from us by a deep ravine only." [Mitchell, ii. 194.]

Outlooks are growing very questionable to Mitchell and everybody. "Only four days' provisions" (in reality six), whisper the Prussian Generals gloomily to Mitchell and to one another: "Shall we have to make for Glogau, then, and leave Breslau to its fate? Or perhaps it will be a second Maxen to his Majesty and us, who was so indignant with poor Finck?" My friends, no; a Maxen like Finck's it will never be: a very different Maxen, if any! But we hope better things.

Friedrich's situation, grasped in the Three-lipped Pincers in this manner, is conceivable to readers. Soltikof, on the other side of Oder, as supplementary or fourth lip, is very impatient with these three. "Why all this dodging, and fidgeting to and fro? You are above three to one of your enemy. Why don't you close on him at once, if you mean it at all? The end is, He will be across Oder; and it is I that shall have the brunt to bear: Henri and he will enclose me between two fires!" And in fact, Henri, as we know, though Friedrich does not or only half does, has gone across Oder, to watch Soltikof, and guard Breslau from any attempts of his,— which are far from HIS thoughts at this moment;—a Soltikof fuming violently at the thought of such cunctations, and of being made cat's-paw again. "Know, however, that I understand you," violently fumes Soltikof, "and that I won't. I fall back into the Trebnitz Bog-Country, on my own right bank here, and look out for my own safety."—"Patience, your noble Excellenz," answer they always; "oh, patience yet a little! Only yesterday (Sunday, 10th) the day after his arrival in this region, we had decided to attack and crush him; Sunday very early: [Tempelhof, iv. 137, 148–150.] but he skipped away to Liegnitz. Oh, be patient yet a day or two: he skips about at such a rate!" Montalembert has to be suasive as the Muses and the Sirens. Soltikof gloomily consents to another day or two. And even, such his anxiety lest this swift King skip over upon HIM, pushes out a considerable Russian Division, 24,000 ultimately, under Czernichef, towards the King's side of things, towards Auras on Oder, namely,—there to watch for oneself these interesting Royal movements; or even to join with Loudon out there, if that seem the safer course, against them. Of Czernichef at Auras we shall hear farther on,—were these Royal movements once got completed a little.

MORNING OF AUGUST 12th, Friedrich has, in his bad lodging at Seichau, laid a new plan of route: "Towards Schweidnitz let it be; round by Pombsen and the southeast, by the Hill-roads, make a sweep flankward of the enemy!"—and has people out reconnoitring the Hill-roads. Hears, however, about 8 o'clock, That Austrians in strength are coming between us and Goldberg! "Intending to enclose us in this bad pot of a Seichau; no crossing of the Katzbach, or other retreat to be left us at all?" Friedrich strikes his tents; ranks himself; is speedily in readiness for dispute of such extremity;—sends out new patrols, however, to ascertain. "Austrians in strength" there are NOT on the side indicated;— whereupon he draws in again. But, on the other hand, the Hill-roads are reported absolutely impassable for baggage; Pombsen an impossibility, as the other places have been. So Friedrich sits down again in Seichau to consider; does not stir all day. To Mitchell's horror, who, "with great labor," burns all the legationary ciphers and papers ("impossible to save the baggage if we be attacked in this

hollow pot of a camp"), and feels much relieved on finishing. [Mitchell, ii. 144; Tempelhof, iv. 144.]

Towards sunset, General Bulow, with the Second Line (second column of march), is sent out Goldberg—way, to take hold of the passage of the Katzbach: and at 8 that night we all march, recrossing there about 1 in the morning; thence down our left bank to Liegnitz for the second time,—sixteen hours of it in all, or till noon of the 13th. Mitchell had been put with the Cavalry part; and "cannot but observe to your Lordship what a chief comfort it was in this long, dangerous and painful March," to have burnt one's ciphers and dread secrets quite out of the way.

And thus, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13th, about noon, we are in our old Camp; Head—quarter in the southern suburb of Liegnitz (a wretched little Tavern, which they still show there, on mythical terms): main part of the Camp, I should think, is on that range of Heights, which reaches two miles southward, and is now called "SIEGESBERG (Victory Hill)," from a modern Monument built on it, after nearly 100 years. Here Friedrich stays one day,—more exactly, 30 hours;— and his shifting, next time, is extremely memorable.

BATTLE, IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF LIEGNITZ, DOES ENSUE (Friday morning, 15th August, 1760).

Daun, Lacy and Loudon, the Three—lipped Pincers, have of course followed, and are again agape for Friedrich, all in scientific postures: Daun in the Jauer region, seven or eight miles south; Lacy about Goldberg, as far to southwest; Loudon "between Jeschkendorf and Koischwitz," northeastward, somewhat closer on Friedrich, with the Katzbach intervening. That Czernichef, with an additional 24,000, to rear of Loudon, is actually crossing Oder at Auras, with an eye to junction, Friedrich does not hear till to—morrow. [Tempelhof, iv. 148–151; Mitchell, ii. 197.]

The scene is rather pretty, if one admired scenes. Liegnitz, a square, handsome, brick—built Town, of old standing, in good repair (population then, say 7,000), with fine old castellated edifices and aspects: pleasant meeting, in level circumstances, of the Katzbach valley with the Schwartz—wasser (BLACK—WATER) ditto, which forms the north rim of Liegnitz; pleasant mixture of green poplars and brick towers,—as seen from that "Victory Hill" (more likely to be "Immediate—Ruin Hill!") where the King now is. Beyond Liegnitz and the Schwartzwasser, northwestward, right opposite to the King's, rise other Heights called of Pfaffendorf, which guard the two streams AFTER their uniting. Kloster Wahlstatt, a famed place, lies visible to southeast, few miles off. Readers recollect one Blucher "Prince of Wahlstatt," so named from one of his Anti— Napoleon victories gained there? Wahlstatt was the scene of an older Fight, almost six centuries older, [April 9th, 1241 (Kohler, REICHS—HISTORIE).]—a then Prince of Liegnitz VERSUS hideous Tartar multitudes, who rather beat him; and has been a CLOISTER Wahlstatt ever since. Till Thursday, 14th, about 8 in the evening, Friedrich continued in his Camp of Liegnitz. We are now within reach of a notable Passage of War.

Friedrich's Camp extends from the Village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzbach for about two miles, northeastward, to his Head— quarter in Liegnitz Suburb: Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five, the Katzbach separating Friedrich and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg northeastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward: that is the position on Thursday, 14th. Provisions being all but run out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth) watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here, beyond this day. If even this day it be allowed us? This day, Friedrich had to draw out, and stand to arms for some hours; while the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack; till it proved to be nothing: only an elaborate reconnoitring by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

Friedrich understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitred, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Friedrich was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Friedrich has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches: Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty—five long miles northwestward. "Let us lean upon Glogau withal," thinks Friedrich; "and let us be out of this straightway! March to—night; towards Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the Heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck: let the empty meal—wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighborhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manoeuvrings,—let us hope it may not!"—Daun and the Austrians having ceased reconnoitring, and gone home, Friedrich rides with his Generals, through Liegnitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. "Here, Messieurs, is our first

halting—place to be: here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal—wagons jingle on!" And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

It is a fact recorded by Friedrich himself, and by many other people, That, at this interesting juncture, there appeared at the King's Gate, King hardly yet asleep, a staggering Austrian Officer, Irish by nation, who had suddenly found good to desert the Austrian Service for the Prussian—"Sorrow on them: a pack of"—what shall I say?—Irish gentleman, bursting with intelligence of some kind, but evidently deep in liquor withal. "Impossible; the King is asleep," said the Adjutant on duty; but produced only louder insistence from the drunk Irish gentleman. "As much as all your heads are worth; the King's own safety, and not a moment to lose!" What is to be done? They awaken the King: "The man is drunk, but dreadfully in earnest, your Majesty." "Give him quantities of weak tea [Tempelhof calls it tea, but Friedrich merely warm water]; then examine him, and report if it is anything." Something it was: "Your Majesty to be attacked, for certain, this night!" what his Majesty already guessed:—something, most likely little; but nobody to this day knows. Visible only, that his Majesty, before sunset, rode out reconnoitring with this questionable Irish gentleman, now in a very flaccid state; and altered nothing whatever in prior arrangements;—and that the flaccid Irish gentleman staggers out of sight, into dusk, into rest and darkness, after this one appearance on the stage of history. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 63; Tempelhof, iv. 154.]

From about 8 in the evening, Friedrich's people got on march, in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River;—where the camp—fires are burning extremely distinct to—night. The Prussian camp—fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them; and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Friedrich's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser: artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone—Bridge at Topferberg (POTTER—HILL) there; the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About one in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a River of many tails (boggy most of them, Sohnelle or SWIFT Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far northwest of Topferberg. Towards this Waldau, Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our "left wing,"—which he will find to consist of those empty watch—fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Topferberg and Pfaffendorf (PRIEST—town, or as we should call it, "Preston"), which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horse—shoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern; till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that, northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horse—shoe Heights,—which run parallel to Schwartzwasser one part of them, and nearly parallel to Katzbach another (though above a mile distant, these latter, from IT),—Friedrich plants himself: in Order of Battle; slightly altering some points of the afternoon's program, and correcting his Generals, "Front rather so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!" Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both:—and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we resting here, and our meal—wagons jingling on Glogau way!

Excellency Mitchell, under horse—escort, among the lighter baggage, is on Kuchelberg Heath, in scrubby country, but well north behind Friedrich's centre: has had a dreadful march; one comfort only, that his ciphers are all burnt. The rest of us lie down on the grass;—among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment FORCADE: who testifies that it is one of the beautifullest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier—ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative. [Archenholtz, ii. 100–111.] Friedrich's line, we observed, is in the horse—shoe shape (or PARABOLIC, straighter than horse—shoe), fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line, Friedrich in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things being moderately in order, Friedrich has himself sat down—I think, towards the middle or convex part of

his lines—by a watch-fire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say; half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past 2,—when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildern way, northward, reconnoitring, comes dashing up full speed: "The King? where is the King?" "What is it, then?" answers the King for himself. "Your Majesty, the Enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildern, coming on our Left Wing yonder; has flung back all my vedettes: is within 500 yards by this time!"

Friedrich springs to horse; has already an Order speeding forth, "General Schenkendorf and his Battalion, their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder; swift!" How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) "has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand!" ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the Enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done; and our Left Wing is in condition to receive its early visitors,—Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Books whether Friedrich was in clear expectation of Loudon here; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Friedrich; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his Camp at Jeschkendorf, about the time Friedrich did his at Schimmelwitz; and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand; which was (also identical with Friedrich's), to seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke. Scouts having informed him that the Prussian Baggage was certainly gone through to Topferberg,—more his scouts did not know, nor could Loudon guess,—"We will snatch that Baggage!" thought Loudon; and with such view has been speeding all he could; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage escort: Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve, striding on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may be. Friedrich's reconnoitring Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: "Yes, yes!" thought Loudon. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture, here, out of the vacant darkness, is Friedrich in person, on the brow of the Heights where we intended to form!—

Loudon's behavior, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had,—highly unfavorable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for Five Battalions (5,000) of front;—and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Friedrich; but could not, Friedrich edging conformably. From his right-hand, or northeast part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward: but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the northeastward on his part and Friedrich's, there had at last a considerable gap in Friedrich's Line established itself,—not only Ziethen's Line and Friedrich's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but, at the Village of Panten, in Friedrich's own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began: in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since; well to left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour;—and lo, in the nick of time, Mollendorf (our Leuthen—and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it; rushed up with infantry and cavalry; set Panten on fire, and blocked out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance: his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-fury. Bernburg, poor Regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before; and on the whole, stemming invincibly that horse-torrent,—not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough; and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther: threw up a fine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse:—and went his ways, sorely but not dishonorably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him: 4,000 killed and wounded; prisoners 6,000; 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole. [Tempelhof, iv. 159.] By 5

o'clock, the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Friedrich's Left Wing (say half of his Army, some 15,000) in such conclusive manner. Friedrich's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By 11 last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on, across the Katzbach, about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Friedrich's Camp appeared to consist only of watch-fires; and had shot off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news; which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle! One's beautiful Plan exploded into mere imbroglia of distraction; become one knows not what! Daun's watch-fires too had all been left burning; universal stratagem, on both sides, going on; producing—tragically for some of us—a TRAGEDY of Errors, or the Mistakes of a Night! Daun sallied out again, in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible: pushed on, in the track of Friedrich; warning Lacy to push on. Daun, though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious Fight and cannonade; "southwest wind having risen," so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons,—not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible: "Nonsense; you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your usual way; perhaps not sorry that, the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!"

Emerging out of Liegnitz, Daun did see, to northeastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. "Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!" Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen; but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the Stone-bridge at the Topferberg: who drove in Ziethen's picket there; but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognizes the impossibility; wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide-hour missed again; ebb going uncommonly rapid! Lacy had been about Waldau, to try farther up the Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right: but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy; not accessible on any point to heavy people,—"owing to bogs on the bank," with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

And, in fact, nothing of Lacy more than of Daun, could manage to get across: nothing except two poor Hussar regiments; who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln,—Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs. And gave a new alarm to Mitchell, the last of several during this horrid night; who has sat painfully blocked in his carriage, with such a Devil's tumult, going on to eastward, and no sight, share or knowledge to be had of it. Repeated hussar attacks there were on the Baggage here, Loudon's hussars also trying: but Mitchell's Captain was miraculously equal to the occasion; and had beaten them all off. Mitchell, by magnanimous choice of his own, has been in many Fights by the side of Friedrich; but this is the last he will ever be in or near;—this miraculous one of Liegnitz, 3 to 4.30 A.M., Friday, August 15th, 1760.

Never did such a luck befall Friedrich before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side: ruin likelier at no moment, of his life;—and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save him. Partly by accident too; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents. [Tempelhof, iv. 151–171; Archenholtz, *ubi supra*; HO BERICHT VON DER SCHLACHT SO AM 15 AUGUST, 1760, BEY LIEGNITZ, VORGEFALLEN (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 696–703);

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field,—if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon;—the wagons we split up, no Austrians to have them; usable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg; which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the

miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on,—Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, "I saw you, BURSCHE;" but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): "In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?" But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stepped out, saluting reverentially: "Regiment Bernburg, IHRO MAJESTAT—?" "Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed out!" "And you are again our Gracious King, then?" says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—"GEWISS, Yea, surely!" [Tempelhof, iv. 162–164.] Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, "glorious Sons of Freedom" to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand;—but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman "gave three Salvos, as Joy-fire, on the field of Liegnitz;" and, in the above succinct shape,—leaving Ziethen to come on, "with the prisoners, the sick-wagons and captured cannon," in the afternoon,—marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed: Parchwitz is the road to Breslau, also to Glogau,—to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Friedrich has but two days' bread left; on the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's Force, had Daun made any despatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

All judges say, Daun ought now to have marched, on this enterprise of still intercepting Friedrich, without loss of a moment. But he calculated Friedrich would probably spend the day in TE-DEUM-ing on the Field (as is the manner of some); and that, by to-morrow, things would be clearer to one's own mind. Daun was in no haste; gave no orders,—did not so much as send Czernichef a Letter. Czernichef got one, however. Friedrich sent him one; that is to say, sent him one TO INTERCEPT. Friedrich, namely, writes a Note addressed to his Brother Henri: "Austrians totally beaten this day; now for the Russians, dear Brother; and swift, do what we have agreed on!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 67.] Friedrich hands this to a Peasant, with instructions to let himself be taken by the Russians, and give it up to save his life. Czernichef, it is thought, got this Letter; and perhaps rumor itself, and the delays of Daun, would, at any rate, have sent him across. Across he at once went, with his 24,000, and burnt his Bridge. A vanished Czernichef;—though Friedrich is not yet sure of it: and as for the wandering Austrian Divisions, the Loudons, Lacys, all is dark to him.

So that, at Parchwitz, next morning (August 16th), the question, "To Glogau? To Breslau?" must have been a kind of sphinx-enigma to Friedrich; dark as that, and, in case of error, fatal. After some brief paroxysm of consideration, Friedrich's reading was, "To Breslau, then!" And, for hours, as the march went on, he was noticed "riding much about," his anxieties visibly great. Till at Neumarkt (not far from the Field of LEUTHEN), getting on the Heights there,—towards noon, I will guess,—what a sight! Before this, he had come upon Austrian Out-parties, Beck's or somebody's, who did not wait his attack: he saw, at one point, "the whole Austrian Army on march (the tops of its columns visible among the knolls, three miles off, impossible to say whitherward);" and fared on all the faster, I suppose, such a bet depending;—and, in fine, galloped to the Heights of Neumarkt for a view: "Dare we believe it? Not an Austrian there!" And might be, for the moment, the gladdest of Kings. Secure now of Breslau, of junction with Henri: fairly winner of the bet;—and can at last pause, and take breath, very needful to his poor Army, if not to himself, after such a mortal spasm of sixteen days! Daun had taken the Liegnitz accident without remark; usually a stoical man, especially in other people's misfortunes; but could not conceal his painful astonishment on this new occasion,—astonishment at unjust fortune, or at his own sluggardly cunctations, is not said.

Next day (August 17th), Friedrich encamps at Hermannsdorf, head-quarter the Schloss of Hermannsdorf, within seven miles of Breslau; continues a fortnight there, resting his wearied people, himself not resting much, watching the dismal miscellany of entanglements that yet remain, how these will settle into groups,—especially what Daun and his Soltikof will decide on. In about a fortnight, Daun's decision did become visible; Soltikof's not in a fortnight, nor ever clearly at all. Unless it were To keep a whole skin, and gradually edge home to his

actuals. As essentially it was, and continued to be; creating endless negotiations, and futile overtures and messagings from Daun to his barbarous Friend, endless suasions and troubles from poor Montalembert,—of which it would weary every reader to hear mention, except of the result only.

Friedrich, for his own part, is little elated with these bits of successes at Liegnitz or since; and does not deceive himself as to the difficulties, almost the impossibilities, that still lie ahead. In answer to D'Argens, who has written ("at midnight," starting out of bed "the instant the news came"), in zealous congratulation on Liegnitz, here is a Letter of Friedrich's: well worth reading,— though it has been oftener read than almost any other of his. A Letter which D'Argens never saw in the original form; which was captured by the Austrians or Cossacks; [See *OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 198 (D'Argens himself, "19th October" following), and ib. 191 n.; Rodenbeck, ii. 31, 36;—mention of it in Voltaire, Montalembert, which got copied everywhere, soon stole into print, and is ever since extensively known.

FRIEDRICH TO MARQUIS D'ARGENS (at Berlin).

"HERMANNSDORF, near Breslau, 27th August, 1760.

"In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 15th would have settled the Campaign; at present it is but a scratch. There will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate: such, by all appearance, we shall soon have; and then you may rejoice, if the event is favorable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all your sympathy. It has cost a deal of scheming, striving and much address to bring matters to this point. Don't speak to me of dangers; the last Action costs me only a Coat [torn, useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon—ball?] and a Horse [shot under me]: that is not paying dear for a victory.

"In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Campaign. Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to overcome all the difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is growing weak withal. 'Herculean' labors to accomplish at an age when my powers are forsaking me, my weaknesses increasing, and, to speak candidly, even hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You are not enough acquainted with the posture of things, to know all the dangers that threaten the State: I know them, and conceal them; I keep all the fears to myself, and communicate to the Public only the hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. If the stroke I am meditating succeed [stroke on Daun's Anti—Schweidnitz strategies, of which anon], then, my dear Marquis, it will be time to expand one's joy; but till then let us not flatter ourselves, lest some unexpected bit of bad news depress us too much.

"I live here [Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a seven miles west of Breslau] like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless businesses, and these done, a little consolation from my Books. I know not if I shall outlive this War: but should it so happen, I am firmly resolved to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship. When the roads are surer, perhaps you will write me oftener. I know not where our winter—quarters this time are to be! My House in Breslau is burnt down in the Bombardment [Loudon's, three weeks ago]. Our enemies grudge us everything, even daylight, and air to breathe: some nook, however, they must leave us; and if it be a safe one, it will be a true pleasure to have you again with me.

"Well, my dear Marquis, what has become of the Peace with France [English Peace]! Your Nation, you see, is blinder than you thought: those fools will lose their Canada and Pondicherry, to please the Queen of Hungary and the Czarina. Heaven grant Prince Ferdinand may pay them for their zeal! And it will be the innocent that suffer, the poor officers and soldiers, not the Choiseuls and—... But here is business come on me. Adieu, dear Marquis; I embrace you.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 191.]

Two Events, of opposite complexion, a Russian and a Saxon, Friedrich had heard of while at Hermannsdorf, before writing as above. The Saxon Event is the pleasant one, and comes first.

HULSEN ON THE DURRENBERG, AUGUST 20th. "August 20th, at Strehla, in that Schlettau—Meissen Country, the Reichsfolk and Austrians made attack on Hulsens's Posts, principal Post of them the Durrenberg (DRY—HILL) there,—in a most extensive manner; filling the whole region with vague artillery—thunder, and endless charges, here, there, of foot and horse; which all issued in zero and minus quantities; Hulsens standing beautifully to his work, and Hussar Kleist especially, at one point, cutting in with masterly execution, which proved general overthrow to the Reichs Project; and left Hulsens master of the field and of his Durrenberg, PLUS 1,217 prisoners and one Prince among them, and one cannon: a Hulsens who has actually given a kind of beating to the Reichsfolk and Austrians, though they were 30,000 to his 10,000, and had counted on making a new Maxens of it." [Archenholts, ii. 114; BERICHT VON DER OM 20 AUGUST 1780 BEY STREHLA

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VORGEFALLONEN ACTION (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 703–719).] Friedrich writes a glad laudatory Letter to Hulsen: "Right, so; give them more of that when they apply next!" [Letter in SCHONING, ii. 396, "Hermsdorf" (Hermannsdorf), "27th August, 1760."]

This is a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind, dark enough otherwise. Had Friedrich got done here, right fast would he fly to the relief of Hulsen, and recovery of Saxony. Hope, in good moments, says, "Hulsen will be able to hold out till then!" Fear answers, "No, he cannot, unless you get done here extremely soon!"—The Russian Event, full of painful anxiety to Friedrich, was a new Siege of Colberg. That is the sad fact; which, since the middle of August, has been becoming visibly certain.

SECOND SIEGE OF COLBERG, AUGUST 26th. "Under siege again, that poor Place; and this time the Russians seem to have made a vow that take it they will. Siege by land and by sea; land-troops direct from Petersburg, 15,000 in all (8,000 of them came by ship), with endless artillery; and near 40 Russian and Swedish ships-of-war, big and little, blackening the waters of poor Colberg. August 26th [the day before Friedrich's writing as above], they have got all things adjusted,—the land-troops covered by redoubts to rearward, ships moored in their battering-places;—and begin such a bombardment and firing of red-hot balls upon Colberg as was rarely seen. To which, one can only hope old Heyde will set a face of gray-steel character, as usual; and prove a difficult article to deal with, till one get some relief contrived for him. [Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte*, (vi.73–83), "TAGEBUCH of Siege, 26th August–18th September," and other details.]

Chapter IV. DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS.

In spite of Friedrich's forebodings, an extraordinary recoil, in all Anti-Friedrich affairs, ensued upon Liegnitz; everything taking the backward course, from which it hardly recovered, or indeed did not recover at all, during the rest of this Campaign. Details on the subsequent Daun-Friedrich movements—which went all aback for Daun, Daun driven into the Hills again, Friedrich hopeful to cut off his bread, and drive him quite through the Hills, and home again—are not permitted us. No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousand-fold marchings, manoeuvrings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings—about (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfulest human memory, not exclusively devoted to study the Art Military under Friedrich, remember them when understood. For soldiers, desirous not to be sham-soldiers, they are a recommendable exercise; for them I do advise Tempelhof and the excellent German Narratives and Records. But in regard to others—A sample has been given: multiply that by the ten, by the threescore and ten; let the ingenuous imagination get from it what will suffice. Our first duty here to poor readers, is to elicit from that sea of small things the fractions which are cardinal, or which give human physiognomy and memorability to it; and carefully suppress all the rest.

Understand, then, that there is a general going-back on the Austrian and Russian part. Czernichef we already saw at once retire over the Oder. Soltikof bodily, the second day after, deaf to Montalembert, lifts himself to rearward; takes post behind bogs and bushy grounds more and more inaccessible; ["August 18th, to Trebnitz, on the road to Militsch" (Tempelhof, iv. 167).] followed by Prince Henri with his best impressiveness for a week longer, till he seem sufficiently remote and peaceably minded: "Making home for Poland, he," thinks the sanguine King; "leave Goltz with 12,000 to watch him. The rest of the Army over hither!" Which is done, August 27th; General Forcade taking charge, instead of Henri,—who is gone, that day or next, to Breslau, for his health's sake. "Prince Henri really ill," say some; "Not so ill, but in the sulks," say others:—partly true, both theories, it is now thought; impossible to settle in what degree true. Evident it is, Henri sat quiescent in Breslau, following regimen, in more or less pathetic humor, for two or three months to come; went afterwards to Glogau, and had private theatricals; and was no more heard of in this Campaign. Greatly to his Brother's loss and regret; who is often longing for "your recovery" (and return hither), to no purpose.

Soltikof does, in his heart, intend for Poland; but has to see the Siege of Colberg finish first; and, in decency even to the Austrians, would linger a little: "Willing I always, if only YOU prove feasible!" Which occasions such negotiating, and messaging across the Oder, for the next six weeks, as—as shall be omitted in this place. By intense suasion of Montalembert, Soltikof even consents to undertake some sham movement on Glogau, thereby to alleviate his Austrians across the River; and staggers gradually forward a little in that direction:—sham merely; for he has not a siege-gun, nor the least possibility on Glogau; and Goltz with the 12,000 will sufficiently take care of him in that quarter.

Friedrich, on junction with Forcade, has risen to perhaps 50,000; and is now in some condition against the Daun-Loudon-Lacy Armies, which cannot be double his number. These still hang about, in the Breslau-Parchwitz region; gloomy of humor; and seem to be aiming at Schweidnitz,—if that could still prove possible with a Friedrich present. Which it by no means does; though they try it by their best combinations;—by "a powerful Chain of Army-posts, isolating Schweidnitz, and uniting Daun and Loudon;" by "a Camp on the Zobtenberg, as crown of the same;"—and put Friedrich on his mettle. Who, after survey of said Chain, executes (night of August 30th) a series of beautiful manoeuvres on it, which unexpectedly conclude its existence:—"with unaccountable hardihood," as Archenholtz has it, physiognomically TRUE to Friedrich's general style just now, if a little incorrect as to the case in hand, "sees good to march direct, once for all, athwart said Chain; right across its explosive cannonadings and it,—counter-cannonading, and marching rapidly on; such a march for insolence, say the Austrians!" [Archenholtz (ii. 115–116); who is in a hurry, dateless, and rather confuses a subsequent DAY (September 18th) with this "night of August 30th." See RETZOW, ii. 26; and still better, TEMPELHOF, iv. 203.] Till, in this way, the insolent King has Schweidnitz under his protective hand again; and forces the Chain to coil itself wholly together, and roll into the Hills for a safe lodging. Whither he again follows it: with continual changes of position, vying in inaccessibility with your own; threatening your meal-wagons; trampling on your

skirts in this or the other dangerous manner; marching insolently up to your very nose, more than once ("Dittmannsdorf, September 18th," for a chief instance), and confusing your best schemes. [Tempelhof, iv. 193–231; in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iv. 222–235, "Diary of the AUSTRIAN Army" (3–8th September).]

This "insolent" style of management, says Archenholtz, was practised by Julius Caesar on the Gauls; and since his time by nobody,—till Friedrich, his studious scholar and admirer, revived it "against another enemy." "It is of excellent efficacy," adds Tempelhof; "it disheartens your adversary, and especially his common people, and has the reverse effect on your own; confuses him in endless apprehensions, and details of self-defence; so that he can form no plan of his own, and his overpowering resources become useless to him." Excellent efficacy,—only you must be equal to doing it; not unequal, which might be very fatal to you!

For about five weeks, Friedrich, eminently practising this style, has a most complex multifarious Briarean wrestle with big Daun and his Lacy–Loudon Satellites; who have a troublesome time, running hither, thither, under danger of slaps, and finding nowhere an available mistake made. The scene is that intricate Hill–Country between Schweidnitz and Glatz (kind of GLACIS from Schweidnitz to the Glatz Mountains): Daun, generally speaking, has his back on Glatz, Friedrich on Schweidnitz; and we hear of encampings at Kunzendorf, at BUNZELWITZ, at BURKERSDORF—places which will be more famous in a coming Year. Daun makes no complaint of his Lacy–Loudon or other satellite people; who are diligently circumambient all of them, as bidden; but are unable, like Daun himself, to do the least good; and have perpetually, Daun and they, a bad life of it beside this Neighbor. The outer world, especially the Vienna outer world, is naturally a little surprised: "How is this, Feldmarschall Daun? Can you do absolutely nothing with him, then; but sit pinned in the Hills, eating sour herbs!"

In the Russians appears no help. Soltikof on Glogau, we know what that amounts to! Soltikof is evidently intending home, and nothing else. To all Austrian proposals,—and they have been manifold, as poor Montalembert knows too well,—the answer of Soltikof was and is: "Above 90,000 of you circling about, helping one another to do Nothing. Happy were you, not a doubt of it, could WE be wiled across to you, to get worried in your stead!" Daun begins to be extremely ill-off; provisions scarce, are far away in Bohemia; and the roads daily more insecure, Friedrich aiming evidently to get command of them altogether. Think of such an issue to our once flourishing Campaign 1760! Daun is vigilance itself against such fatality; and will do anything, except risk a Fight. Here, however, is the fatal posture: Since September 18th, Daun sees himself considerably cut off from Glatz, his provision–road more and more insecure;—and for fourteen days onward, the King and he have got into a dead–lock, and sit looking into one another's faces; Daun in a more and more distressed mood, his provender becoming so uncertain, and the Winter season drawing nigh. The sentries are in mutual view: each Camp could cannonade the other; but what good were it? By a tacit understanding they don't. The sentries, outposts and vedettes forbear musketry; on the contrary, exchange tobaccos sometimes, and have a snatch of conversation. Daun is growing more and more unhappy. To which of the gods, if not to Soltikof again, can he apply?

Friedrich himself, successful so far, is abundantly dissatisfied with such a kind of success;—and indeed seems to be less thankful to his stars than in present circumstances he ought. Profoundly wearied we find him, worn down into utter disgust in the Small War of Posts: "Here we still are, nose to nose," exclaims he (see Letters TO HENRI), "both of us in unattackable camps. This Campaign appears to me more unsupportable than any of the foregoing. Take what trouble and care I like, I can't advance a step in regard to great interests; I succeed only in trifles. ... Oh for good news of your health: I am without all assistance here; the Army must divide again before long, and I have none to intrust it to." [Schoning, ii. 416.]

And TO D'ARGENS, in the same bad days: "Yes, yes, I escaped a great danger there [at Liegnitz]. In a common War it would have signified something; but in this it is a mere skirmish; my position little improved by it. I will not sing Jeremiads to you; nor speak of my fears and anxieties, but can assure you they are great. The crisis I am in has taken another shape; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can the development of it be foreseen. I am getting consumed by slow fever; I am like a living body losing limb after limb. Heaven stand by us: we need it much. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 193 ("Dittmannsdorf, 18th September," day after, or day of finishing, that cannonade).] ... You talk always of my person, of my dangers. Need I tell you, it is not necessary that I live; but it is that I do my duty, and fight for my Country to save it if possible. In many LITTLE things I have had luck: I think of taking for my motto, MAXIMUS IN MINIMIS, ET MINIMUS IN MAXIMIS. A worse Campaign than any of the others: I know not sometimes what will become of it. But why weary you with such details of my

labors and my sorrows? My spirits have forsaken me. All gayety is buried with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was bound to. Adieu."

Or, again, TO HENRI: Berlin? Yes; I am trying something in bar of that. Have a bad time of it, in the interim." Our means, my dear Brother, are so eaten away; far too short for opposing the prodigious number of our enemies set against us:—if we must fall, let us date our destruction from the infamous Day of Maxen!"

Is in such health, too, all the while: "Am a little better, thank you; yet have still the"—what shall we say (dreadful biliary affair)?—"HEMORRHOIDES AVEUGLES: nothing that, were it not for the disquietudes I feel: but all ends in this world, and so will these. ... I flatter myself your health is recovering. For these three days in continuance I have had so terrible a cramp, I thought it would choke me;—it is now a little gone. No wonder the chagrins and continual disquietudes I live in should undermine and at length overturn the robustest constitution." [Schoning, ii. 419: "2d October." Ib. ii. 410: "16th September." Ib. ii. 408.]

Friedrich, we observe, has heard of certain Russian–Austrian intentions on Berlin; but, after intense consideration, resolves that it will behoove him to continue here, and try to dislodge Daun, or help Hunger to dislodge him; which will be the remedy for Berlin and all things else. There are news from Colberg of welcome tenor: could Daun be sent packing, Soltikof, it is probable, will not be in much alacrity for Berlin!—September 18th, at Dittmannsdorf, was the first day of Daun's dead–lock: ever since, he has had to sit, more and more hampered, pinned to the Hills, eating sour herbs; nothing but Hunger ahead, and a retreat (battle we will not dream of), likely to be very ruinous, with a Friedrich sticking to the wings of it. Here is the Note on Colberg:—

SEPTEMBER 18th, COLBERG SIEGE RAISED. "The same September 18th, what a day at Colberg too! it is the twenty–fourth day of the continual bombardment there. Colberg is black ashes, most of its houses ruins, not a house in it uninjured. But Heyde and his poor Garrison, busy day and night, walk about in it as if fire–proof; with a great deal of battle still left in them. The King, I know not whether Heyde is aware, has contrived something of relief; General Werner coming:—the fittest of men, if there be possibility. When, see, September 18th, uneasy motion in the Russian intrenchments (for the Russians too are intrenched against attack): Something that has surprised the Russians yonder. Climb, some of you, to the highest surviving steeple, highest chimney–top if no steeple survive:—Yonder IS Werner come to our relief, O God the Merciful!"

"Werner, with 5,000, was detached from Glogau (September 5th), from Goltz's small Corps there; has come as on wings, 200 miles in thirteen days. And attacks now, as with wings, the astonished Russian 15,000, who were looking for nothing like him,—with wings, with claws, and with beak; and in a highly aquiline manner, fierce, swift, skilful, storms these intrenched Russians straightway, scatters them to pieces,—and next day is in Colberg, the Siege raising itself with great precipitation; leaving all its artilleries and furnitures, rushing on shipboard all of it that can get,—the very ships–of–war, says Archenholtz, hurrying dangerously out to sea, as if the Prussian Hussars might possibly take THEM. A glorious Werner! A beautiful defence, and ditto rescue; which has drawn the world's attention." [Seyfarth, ii. 634; Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden–Geschichte*, (vi. 73–83), TAGEBUCH of Siege.]

Heyde's defence of Colberg, Werner's swift rescue of it, are very celebrated this Autumn. Medals were struck in honor of them at Berlin, not at Friedrich's expense, but under Friedrich's patronage; who purchased silver or gold copies, and gave them about. Veteran Heyde had a Letter from his Majesty, and one of these gold Medals;—what an honor! I do not hear that Heyde got any other reward, or that he needed any. A beautiful old Hero, voiceless in History; though very visible in that remote sphere, if you care to look.

That is the news from Colberg; comfortable to Friedrich; not likely to inspire Soltikof with new alacrity in behalf of Daun. It remains to us only to add, that Friedrich, with a view to quicken Daun, shot out (September 24th, after nightfall, and with due mystery) a Detachment towards Neisse,—4,000 or so, who call themselves 15,000, and affect to be for Mahren ultimately. "For Mahren, and my bit of daily bread!" Daun may well think; and did for some time think, or partly did. Pushed off one small detachment really thither, to look after Mahren; and (September 29th) pushed off another bigger; Lacy namely, with 15,000, pretending to be thither,—but who, the instant they were out of Friedrich's sight, have whirled, at a rapid pace, quite into the opposite direction: as will shortly be seen! Daun has now other irons in the fire. Daun, ever since this fatal Dead–lock in the Hills, has been shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, day and night; who at last take pity on him,—or find something feasible in his proposals.

THE RUSSIANS MAKE A RAID ON BERLIN, FOR RELIEF OF DAUN AND THEIR OWN BEHOOF

(October 3d–12th, 1760).

Powerful entreaties, influences are exercised at Petersburg, and here in the Russian Camp: "Noble Russian Excellencies, for the love of Heaven, take this man off my windpipe! A sally into Brandenburg: oh, could not you? Lacy shall accompany; seizure of Berlin, were it only for one day!" Soltikof has fallen sick,—and, indeed, practically vanishes from our affairs at this point;—Fermor, who has command in the interim, finally consents: "Our poor siege of Colberg, what an end is come to it! What an end is the whole Campaign like to have! Let us at least try this of Berlin, since our hands are empty." The joy of Daun, of Montalembert, and of everybody in Austrian Court and Camp may be conceived.

Russians to the amount of 20,000, Czernichef Commander; Tottleben Second in command, a clever soldier, who knows Berlin: these are to start from Sagan Country, on this fine Expedition, and to push on at the very top of their speed. September 20th, Tottleben, with 3,000 of them as Vanguard, does accordingly cross Oder, at Beuthen in Sagan Country; and strides forward direct upon Berlin: Lacy, with 15,000, has started from Silesia, we saw how, above a week later (September 29th), but at a still more furious rate of speed. Soltikof,—theoretically Soltikof, but practically Fermor, should the dim German Books be ambiguous to any studious creature, —with the Main Army (which by itself is still a 20,000 odd), moves to Frankfurt, to support the swift Expedition, and be within two marches of it. Here surely is a feasibility! Berlin, for defence, has nothing but weak palisades; and of effective garrison 1,200 men.

And feasible, in a sort, this thing did prove; indisputably delivering Daun from strangulation in the Silesian Mountains; filling the Gazetteer mind with loud emotion of an empty nature; and very much affecting many poor people in Berlin and neighborhood. Making a big Chapter in Berlin Local History; though compressible to small bulk for strangers, who have no specific sympathies in that locality.

"FRIDAY, 3d OCTOBER, 1760, Tottleben, with his hasty Vanguard of 3,000, preceded by hastier rumor, comes circling round Berlin environs; takes post at the Halle Gate [West side of the City]; summons Rochow [the same old Commandant of Haddick's time];— requires instant admittance; ransom of Four million Thalers, and other impossible things. Berlin has been putting itself in some posture; repairing its palisades, throwing up bits of redoubts in front of the gates, and, though sounding with alarms and uncertainties, shows a fine spirit of readiness for the emergency. Rochow is still Commandant, the same old Rochow who shrunk so questionably in Haddick's time: but Rochow has no Court to tremble for at present; Queen and Royal Family, Archives, Principal Ministries, Directorium in a body, went all to Magdeburg again, on the Kunersdorf Disaster last year, and are safe from such insults. The spirit of the population, it appears, even of the rich classes, some of whom are very rich, is extraordinary. Besides Rochow, moreover, there are, by accident, certain Generals in Berlin: Seidlitz and two others, recovering from their Kunersdorf hurts, who step into the breach with heart admirably willing, if with limbs still lame. Then there is old Field-marshal Lehwald [Anti- Russian at Gross Jagersdorf, but dismissed as too old], who is official Governor of Berlin, who succeeded poor Keith in that honorable office: all these were strong for defence;—and do not now grudge, great men as they are, to take each his Gate of Berlin, his small redoubt thrown up there, and pass the night and the day in doing his utmost with it.

"Rochow refuses the surrender, and the Four Millions pure specie; and Tottleben, about 3 P.M. in an intermittent way, and about 5 in a constant, begins bombarding—grenadoes, red-hot balls, what he can;—and continues the still 3 next morning. Without result to speak of; Seidlitz and Consorts making good counter-play; the poor old 1,200 of Garrison growing almost young again with energy, under their Seidlitzes; and the population zealously co-operating, especially quenching all fires that rose. What greatly contributed withal was the arrival of Prince Eugen overnight. Eugen of Wurtemberg [cadet of that bad Duke] had been engaged driving home the Swedes, but instantly quitted that with a 5,000 he had; and has marched this day,—his Vanguard has, mostly Horse, whom the Foot will follow to-morrow,—a distance of forty miles, on this fine errand. Delicate manoeuvring, by these wearied horsemen, to enter Berlin amid uncertain jostlings, under the shine of Russian bombardment; ecstatic welcome to them, when they did get in,— instant subscription for fat oxen to them; a just abundance of beef to them, of generous beer I hope not more than an abundance: phenomena which, with others of the like, could be dwelt on, had we room. [Tempelhof, iv. 266–290; Archenholtz, ii. 122–148; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103–149, 350–352;

"Tottleben, under these omens, found it would not do; wended off towards his Czernichef next morning; eastward again as far as Copenik, Prince Eugen attending him in a minatory manner: and, in Berlin for the

moment, the bad ten hours were over. For four days more, the fate of things hung dubious; hope soon fading again, but not quite going out till the fifth day. And this, in fact, was mainly all of bombardment that the City had to suffer; though its fate of capture was not to be averted. Is not Tottleben gone? Yes; but Lacy, marching at a rate he never did before (except from Bischofswerda), is arrived in the environs this same evening, cautious but furious. The King is far away; what are Eugen's 5,000 against these?

"On the other hand, Hulsén, leaving his Saxon affairs to their chance,—which, alas, are about extinct, at any rate; except Wittenberg, all Saxony gone from us!—Hulsén is on winged march hitherward with about 9,000. 'How would the King come on wings, like an eagle from the Blue, if he were but aware!' thought everybody, and said. Hulsén did arrive on the 8th; so that there are now 14,000 of us. Hulsén did;—but no King could; the King is just starting (October 4th, the King, on these bad rumors about Saxony, about Berlin, quitted the attempt on Daun; October 7th, got on march hitherward; has finished his first march hitherward,—Daun gradually preparing to attend him in the distance),—when Hulsén arrives. And here are all their Lacys, Czernichefs fairly assembled; five to two of us,—35,000 of them against our 14,000.

"Hulsén and Eugen, drawn out in their skilfullest way, manoeuvred about, all this Wednesday, 8th; attempted, did not attempt; found on candid examination, That 14,000 VERSUS 35,000 ran a great risk of being worsted; that, in such case, the fate of the City might be still more frightful; and that, on the whole, their one course was that of withdrawing to Spandau, and leaving poor Berlin to capitulate as it could. Capitulation starts again with Tottleben that same night; Gotzkowsky, a magnanimous Citizen and Merchant—Prince, stepping forth with beautiful courageous furtherances of every kind; and it ends better than one could have hoped: Ransom— not of Four Millions pure specie (which would have been 600,000 pounds): 'Gracious Sir, it is beyond our utmost possibility!'—but of One and a Half Million in modern Ephraim coin; with a 30,000 pounds of douceur—money to the common man, Russian and Austrian, for his forbearance;—'for the rest, we are at your Excellency's mercy, in a manner!' And so,

"THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9th, about 7 in the morning, Tottleben marches in; exactly six days since he first came circling to the Halle Gate and began bombarding. Tottleben, knowing Friedrich, knew the value of despatch; and, they say, was privately no enemy to Berlin, remembering old grateful days here. For Tottleben has himself been in difficulties; indeed, was never long out of them, during the long stormy life he had. Not a Russian at all; though I suppose Father of the now Russian Tottlebens whom one hears of: this one was a poor Saxon Gentleman, Page once to poor old drunken Weissenfels, whom, for a certain fair soul's sake, we sigh to remember! Weissenfels dying, Tottleben became a soldier of Polish Majesty's;—acceptable soldier, but disagreed with Bruhl, for which nobody will like him worse. Disagreed with Bruhl; went into the Dutch service (may have been in Fontenoy for what I know); was there till Aix-la-Chapelle, till after Aix-la-Chapelle; kindly treated, and promoted in the Dutch Army; but with outlooks, I can fancy, rather dull. Outlooks probably dull in such an element,—when, being a handsome fellow in epaulettes (Major—General, in fact, though poor), he, diligently endeavoring, caught the eye of a Dutch West-Indian Heiress; soft creature with no end of money; whom he privately wedded, and ran away with. To the horror of her appointed Dutch Lover and Friends; who prosecuted the poor Major-General with the utmost rigor, not of Law only. And were like to be the ruin of his fair West-Indian and him; when Friedrich, about 1754 as I guess, gave him shelter in Berlin; finding no insupportable objection in what the man had done. The rather, as his Heiress and he were rich. Tottleben gained general favor in Berlin society; wished, in 1756, to take service with Friedrich on the breaking out of this War. 'A Colonel with me, yes,' said Friedrich. But Tottleben had been Major-General among the Dutch, and could not consent to sink; had to go among the Russians for a Major-Generalcy; and there and elsewhere, for many years coming, had many adventures, mostly troublesome, which shall not be memorable to us here. [Sketch of Tottleben's Life; in RODENBECK, ii. 69–72.]

"Lacy, who, after hovering about in these vicinities for four days, had now actually come up, so soon as Eugen and Hulsén withdrew,— was deeply disgusted at the Terms of Capitulation; angry to find that Tottleben had concluded without him; and, in fact, flew into open rage at the arrangements Tottleben had made for himself and for others. 'No admittance, except on order from his Excellency!' said the Russian Sentry to Lacy's Austrians: upon which, Lacy forced the Gate, and violently marched in. Took lodging, to his own mind, in the Friedrichstadt quarter; and was fearfully truculent upon person and property, during his short stay. A scandal to be seen, how his Croats and loose hordes went openly ravaging about, bent on mere housebreaking, street-robbery and insolent

violence. So that Tottleben had fairly to fire upon the vagabonds once or twice; and force on the unwilling Lacy some coercion of them within limits. For the three days of his continuance,—it was but three days in all,—Lacy was as the evil genius of Berlin; Tottleben and his Russians the good. Their discipline was so excellent; all Cossacks and loose rabble strictly kept out beyond the Walls. To Bachmann, Russian Commandant, the Berliners, on his departure, had gratefully got ready a money-gift of handsome amount: 'By no means,' answered Bachmann: 'your treatment was according to the mildness of our Sovereign Czarina. For myself, if I have served you in anything, the fact that for three days I have been Commandant of the Great Friedrich's Capital is more than a reward to me.'

"Tottleben and Lacy, during those three days of Russian and Austrian joint dominion, had a stormy time of it together. 'Destroy the LAGER-HAUS,' said Lacy: Lager-Haus, where they manufacture their soldiers' uniforms; it is the parent of all cloth-manufacturing in Prussia; set up by Friedrich Wilhelm,—not on free-trade principles. 'The Lager-Haus, say you? I doubt, it is now private property; screened by our Capitulation;'—which it proves to be. 'You shall blow up the Arsenal!' said Lacy, with vehemence and truculence. A noble edifice, as travellers yet know: fancy its fragments flying about among the populous streets, plunging through the roofs of Palaces, and great houses all round. Lacy was inexorable; Tottleben had to send a Russian Party (one wishes they had been Croats) on this sad errand. They proceeded to the Powder-Magazine for explosive material, as preliminary; they were rash in handling the gunpowder there, which blew up in their hands; sent itself and all of them into the air; and saved the poor Arsenal: 'Not powder enough now left for our own artillery uses,' urged Tottleben.

"Saxon and Austrian Parties were in the Palaces about,—at Potsdam, at Charlottenburg, Schonhausen (the Queen's), at Friedrichsfeld (the Margraf Karl's), some of whom behaved well, some horribly ill. In Charlottenburg, certain Saxon Bruhl-Dragoons, who by their conduct might have been Dragoons of Attila, smashed the furnitures, the doors, cutting the Pictures, much maltreating the poor people; and, what was reckoned still more tragical, overset the poor Polignac Collection of Antiques and Classicalities; not only knocking off noses and arms, but beating them small, lest reparation by cement should be possible. Their Officers, Pirna people, looking quietly on. A scandalous proceeding, thought everybody, friend or foe,—especially thought Friedrich; whose indignation at this ruin of Charlottenburg came out in way of reprisal by and by. At Potsdam, on the other hand, Prince Esterhazy, with perhaps Hungarians among his people, behaved like a very Prince; received from the Castellan an Attestation that he had scrupulously respected everything; and took, as souvenir, only one Picture of little value; Prince de Ligne, who was under him, carrying off, still more daintily, one goose-quill, immortal by having been a pen of the Great Friedrich's.

"Tottleben, with no feeling other than Official tempered by Human, was in great contrast with Lacy, and very beneficent to Berlin during the three days it lay under the TRIBULA, or harrow of War. But the Tutelary Angel of Berlin, then and afterwards for weeks and months, till all scores got settled, was the Gotzkowsky mentioned above." Whom we shall see again helpful at Leipzig; a man worth marking in these tumults. "If Tottleben was the temporal Armed King, this Gotzkowsky was the Spiritual King, PAPA or Universal Father, armed only with charities, pieties, prayers, ever shiningly attended by self-sacrifices on Gotzkowsky's part; which averted woes innumerable (Lager-Haus only one of a long list); and which 'surpassed all belief,' write the Berlin Magistracy, as if in tears over such heroism. Truly a Prince of Merchants, this Gotzkowsky, not for his vast enterprises, and the mere 1,500 workmen he employs, but for the still greater heart that dwells in him. Had begun as a travelling Pedler; used to call at Reinsberg, with female haberdasheries exquisitely chosen ('GALLANTERIE wares' the Germans call them), for the then Princess Royal; not unnoticed by Friedrich, who recognized the broad sense, solidity and great thoughts of the man. Of all which Friedrich has known far more since then, in various branches of Prussian commerce improved by Gotzkowsky's managements. A truly notable Gotzkowsky; became bankrupt at last, one is sorry to hear; and died in affliction and neglect,—short of the humblest wages for so much good work done in the world! [Preuss, ii. 257, GESCHICHTE EINES PATRIOTISCHEN KAUFMANN'S (Berlin, 1769, by Gotzkowsky himself).]

"Gotzkowsky's House was like a general storeroom for everybody's preciosities; his time, means, self were the refuge of all the needy. In Zorndorf time, when this Czernichef [if readers can remember], who is now so supreme,—Czernichef, Soltikof and others,—had nothing for it but to lodge in the cellars of burnt Custrin, Gotzkowsky, with ready money, with advice, with assuagement, had been their DEUS EX MACHINA: and now Czernichef remembers it; and Gotzkowsky, as Papa, has to go with continual prayers, negotiations, counsellings,

expedients, and be the refuge of all unjustly suffering men Berlin has immensities of trade in war-furnitures: the capitals circulating are astonishing to Archenholtz; million on the back of million; no such city in Germany for trade. The desire of the Three-days Lacy Government is towards any Lager-Haus; any mass of wealth, which can be construed as Royal or connected with Royalty. Ephraim and Itzig, mint- masters of that copper-coinage; rolling in foul wealth by the ruin of their neighbors; ought not these to bleed? Well, yes,—if anybody; and copiously if you like! I should have said so: but the generous Gotzkowsky said in his heart, 'No;' and again pleaded and prevailed. Ephraim and Itzig, foul swollen creatures, were not broached at all; and their gratitude was, That, at a future day, Gotzkowsky's day of bankruptcy, they were hardest of any on Gotzkowsky.

"Archenholtz and the Books are enthusiastically copious upon Gotzkowsky and his procedures; but we must be silent. This Anecdote only, in regard to Freedom of the Press,—to the so-called 'air we breathe, not having which we die!' Would modern Friends of Progress believe it? Because, in former stages of this War, the Berlin Newspapers have had offensive expressions (scarcely noticeable to the microscope in our day, and below calculation for smallness) upon the Russian and Austrian Sovereigns or Peoples,—the Able Editors (there are only Two) shall now in person, here in the market-place of Berlin, actually run the gantlet for it,—'run the rods (GASSEN-LAUFEN)', as the fashion now is; which is worse than GANTLET, not to speak of the ignominy. That is the barbaric Russian notion: 'who are you, ill-formed insolent persons, that give a loose to your tongue in that manner? Strip to the waistband, swift! Here is the true career opened for you: on each hand, one hundred sharp rods ranked waiting you; run your courses there,—no hurry more than you like!' The alternative of death, I suppose, was open to these Editors; Roman death at least, and martyrdom for a new Faith (Faith in the Loose Tongue), very sacred to the Democratic Ages now at hand. But nobody seems to have thought of it; Editors and Public took the thing as a 'sorrow incident to this dangerous Profession of the Tongue Loose (or looser than usual); which nobody yet knew to be divine. The Editors made passionate enough lamentation, in the stript state; one of then, with loud weeping, pulled off his wig, showed ice-gray hair; 'I am in my 68th year!' But it seems nothing would have steeaded them, had not Gotzkowsky been busy interceding. By virtue of whom there was pardon privately in readiness: to the ice-gray Editor complete pardon; to the junior quasi-complete; only a few switches to assert the principle, and dismissal with admonition." [*Helden- Geschichte*, vi. 103–148; *Rodenbeck*, ii. 41–54; *Archenholtz*, ii. 130–147; *Preuss*, UBI SUPRA:

The pleasant part of the fact is, that Gotzkowsky's powerful intercessions were thenceforth no farther needed. The same day, Saturday, October 11th, a few hours after this of the GASSEN- LAUFEN, news arrived full gallop: "The King is coming!" After which it was beautiful to see how all things got to the gallop; and in a no-time Berlin was itself again. That same evening, Saturday, Lacy took the road, with extraordinary velocity, towards Torgau Country, where the Reichsfolk, in Hulsen's absence, are supreme; and, the second evening after, was got 60 miles thitherward. His joint dominion had been of Two days. On the morning of Sunday, 12th, went Tottleben, who had businesses, settlements of ransom and the like, before marching. Tottleben, too, made uncommon despatch; marched, as did all these invasive Russians, at the rate of thirty miles a day; their Main Army likewise moving off from Frankfurt to a safer distance. Friedrich was still five marches off; but there seemed not a moment to lose.

*The Russian spoilings during the retreat were more horrible than ever: "The gallows gaping for us; and only this one opportunity, if even this!" thought the agitated Cossack to himself. Our poor friend Nissler had a sad tale to tell of them; [In *Busching*, *Beitrage*, i. 400, 401, account of their sacking of Nussler's pleasant home and estate, "Weissensee, near Berlin."] as who had not? Terror and murder, incendiary fire and other worse unnamable abominations of the Pit. One old Half-pay gentleman, whom I somewhat respect, desperately barricaded himself, amid his domestics and tenantries, Wife and Daughters assisting: "Human Russian Officers can enter here; Cossacks no, but shall kill us first. Not a Cossack till all of us are lying dead!" [Archenholtz, ii. 150.] And kept his word; the human Russians owning it to be proper.*

In Guben Country, "at Gross-Muckro, October 15th," the day after passing Guben, Friedrich first heard for certain, That the Russians had been in Berlin, and also that they were gone, and that all was over. He made two marches farther, —not now direct for Berlin, but direct for Saxony AND it; —to Lubben, 50 or 60 miles straight south of Berlin; and halted there some days, to adjust himself for a new sequel. "These are the things," exclaims he, sorrowfully, to D'Argens, "which I have been in dread of since Winter last; this is what gave the dismal tone to my Letters to you. It has required not less than all my philosophy to endure the reverses, the provocations, the

outrages, and the whole scene of atrocious things that have come to pass." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 199; "22d October."] Friedrich's grief about Berlin we need not paint; though there were murmurs afterwards, "Why did not he start sooner?" which he could not, in strict reason, though aware that these savageries were on march. He had hoped the Eugen—Hulsen appliances, even should all else fail, might keep them at bay. And indeed, in regard to these latter, it turned only on a hair. Montalembert calculating, vows, on his oath, "Can assure you, M. l'Ambassadeur, PUIS BIEN VOUS ASSURER COMME SI J'ETAIS DEVANT DIEU, as if I stood before God," [Montalembert, ii. 108.] that, from first to last, it was my doing; that but for me, at the very last, the Russians, on sight of Hulsen and Eugen, and no Lacy come, would have marched away!

Friedrich's orderings and adjustings, dated Lubben, where his Army rested after this news from Berlin, were manifold; and a good deal still of wrecks from the Berlin Business fell to his share. For instance, one thing he had at once ordered: "Your Bill of a Million—and—half to the Russians, don't pay it, or any part of it! When Bamberg was ransomed, Spring gone a year, —Reich and Kaiser, did they respect our Bill we had on Bamberg? Did not they cancel it, and flatly refuse?" Friedrich is positive on the point, "Reprisal our clear remedy!" But Berlin itself was in alarm, for perhaps another Russian visit; Berlin and Gotzkowsky were humbly positive the other way. Upon which a visit of Gotzkowsky to the Royal Camp: "Merchants' Bills are a sacred thing, your Majesty!" urged Gotzkowsky. Who, in his zeal for the matter, undertook dangerous visits to the Russian Quarters, and a great deal of trouble, peril and expense, during the weeks following. Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, "in mere bribes to the Russian Officials, spent about 6,000 pounds of his own," for one item. But he had at length convinced his Majesty that Merchants' Bills were a sacred thing, in spite of Bamberg and desecrative individualities; and that this Million—and—half must be paid. Friedrich was struck with Gotzkowsky and his view of the facts. Friedrich, from his own distressed funds, handed to Gotzkowsky the necessary Million—and—half, commanding only profound silence about it; and to Gotzkowsky himself a present of 150,000 thalers (20,000 pounds odd); [Archenholtz, ii. 146.] and so the matter did at last end.

It had been a costly business to Berlin, and to the King, and to the poor harried Country. To Berlin, bombardment of ten hours; alarm of discursive siege—work in the environs for five days; foreign yoke for three days; lost money to the amounts above stated; what loss in wounds to body or to peace of mind, or whether any loss that way, nobody has counted. The Berlin people rose to a more than Roman height of temper, testifies D'Argens; [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 195–199: "D'Argens to the King: Berlin, 19th October, 1760," —an interesting Letter of details.] so that perhaps it was a gain. The King's Magazines and War—furnitures about Berlin are wasted utterly, —Arsenal itself not blown up, we well know why; —and much Hunnish ruin in Charlottenburg, with damage to Antiques, —for which latter clause there shall, in a few months, be reprisal: if it please the Powers!

Of all this Montalembert declares, "Before God, that he, Montalembert, is and was the mainspring." And indeed, Tempelhof, without censure of Montalembert and his vocation, but accurately computing time and circumstance, comes to the same conclusion; —as thus: "OCTOBER 8th, seeing no Lacy come, Czernichef, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence, had fixed for returning to Copenik: whom cautious Lacy would have been obliged to imitate. Suppose Czernichef had, OCTOBER 9th, got to Copenik, —Eugen and Hulsen remain at Berlin; Czernichef could not have got back thither before the 11th; on the 11th was news of Friedrich's coming; which set all on gallop to the right about." [Tempelhof, iv. 277.] So that really, before God, it seems Montalembert must have the merit of this fine achievement: —the one fruit, so far as I can discover, of his really excellent reasonings, eloquences, patiences, sown broadcast, four or five long years, on such a field as fine human talent never had before. I declare to you, M. l'Ambassadeur, this excellent vulture—swoop on Berlin, and burning or reburning of the Peasantry of the Mark, is due solely to one poor zealous gentleman! —

What was next to follow out of THIS, —in Torgau neighborhood, where Daun now stands expectant, —poor M. de Montalembert was far from anticipating; and will be in no haste to claim the merit of before God or man.

Chapter V. BATTLE OF TORGAU.

After Hulsens's fine explosion on the Durrenberg, August 20th, on the incompetent Reichs Generals, there had followed nothing eminent; new futilities, attemptings and desistings, advancings and recoilings, on the part of the Reich; Hulsens solidly maintaining himself, in defence of his Torgau Magazine and Saxon interests in those regions, against such overwhelming odds, till relief and reinforcement for them and him should arrive; and gaining time, which was all he could aim at in such circumstances. Had the Torgau Magazine been bigger, perhaps Hulsens might have sat there to the end. But having solidly eaten out said Magazine, what could Hulsens do but again move rearward? [*Hogbericht von dem Ruckzug des General-Lieutenants von Hulsens aus dem Lager bey Torgau* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 755–784).] Above all, on the alarm from Berlin, which called him off double-quick, things had to go their old road in that quarter. Weak Torgau was taken, weak Wittenberg besieged. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, all that Country, by the time the Russians left Berlin, was again the Reich's. Eugen and Hulsens, hastening for relief of Wittenberg, the instant Berlin was free, found Wittenberg a heap of ruins, out of which the Prussian garrison, very hunger urging, had issued the day before, as prisoners of war. Nothing more to be done by Eugen, but take post, within reach of Magdeburg and victual, and wait new Order from the King.

The King is very unquestionably coming on; leaves Lubben thitherward October 20th. [Rodenbeck, ii. 35: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 241–245) Friedrich's Two Marches, towards and from Berlin (7th–17th October, to Lubben; thence, 20th October–3d November, to Torgau).] With full fixity of purpose as usual; but with as gloomy an outlook as ever before. Daun, we said, is now arrived in those parts: Daun and the Reich together are near 100,000; Daun some 60,000,—Loudon having stayed behind, and gone southward, for a stroke on Kosel (if Goltz will permit, which he won't at all!),—and the Reich 35,000. Saxony is all theirs; cannot they maintain Saxony? Not a Town or a Magazine now belongs to Friedrich there, and he is in number as 1 to 2. "Maintain Saxony; indisputably you can!" that is the express Vienna Order, as Friedrich happens to know. The Russians themselves have taken Camp again, and wait visibly, about Landsberg and the Warta Country, till they see Daun certain of executing said Order; upon which they intend, they also, to winter in those Elbe-Prussian parts, and conjointly to crush Friedrich into great confinement indeed. Friedrich is aware of this Vienna Order; which is a kind of comfort in the circumstances. The intentions of the hungry Russians, too, are legible to Friedrich; and he is much resolved that said Order shall be impossible to Daun. "Were it to be possible, we are landless. Where are our recruits, our magazines, our resources for a new Campaign? We may as well die, as suffer that to be possible!" Such is Friedrich's fixed view. He says to D'Argens:—

"You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life; as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view. Never shall I see the moment that forces me to make a disadvantageous Peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my dishonor. Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my Country, or if that consolation appears too sweet to the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is impossible to bear them any longer. I have acted, and continue to act, according to that interior voice of conscience and of honor which directs all my steps: my conduct shall be, in every time, conformable to those principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, Never shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish this Campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious end (FIN GLORIEUSE)." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 202 ("Kemberg, 28th October, 1760," a week and a day before Torgau).]

Friedrich had marched from Lubben, after three days, settling of affairs, OCTOBER 20th; arrived at Jessen, on the Elbe, within wind of Wittenberg, in two days more. "He formed a small magazine at Duben," says Archenholtz; "and was of a velocity, a sharpness,"— like lightning, in a manner! Friedrich is uncommonly dangerous when crushed into a corner, in this way; and Daun knows that he is. Friedrich's manoeuvrings upon Daun—all readers can anticipate the general type of them. The studious military reader, if England boasts any such, will find punctual detail of them in TEMPELHOF and the German Books. For our poor objects, here is a Summary which may suffice:—

From Lubben, having winded up these bad businesses,—and reinforced Goltz, at Glogau, to a 20,000 for

Silesia's sake, to look towards Kosel and Loudon's attempts there,—Friedrich gathered himself into proper concentration; and with all the strength now left to him pushed forward (20th October) towards Wittenberg, and recovery of those lost Saxon Countries. To Wittenberg from Lubben is some 60 miles;—can be done, nearly, in a couple of days. With the King, after Goltz is furnished, there are about 30,000; Eugen and Hulsen, not idle for their own part, wait in those far Western or Ultra- Wittenberg regions (in and beyond Dessau Country), to join him with their 14,000, when they get signal. Joined with these, he will be 44,000; he will then cross Elbe somewhere, probably not where Daun and the Reich imagine, and be in contact with his Problem; with what a pitch of willingness nobody need be told! Daun, in Torgau Country, has one of the best positions; nor is Daun a man for getting flurried.

The poor Reichs Army, though it once flattered itself with intending to dispute Friedrich's passage of the Elbe, and did make some detachings and manoeuvrings that way, on his approach to Wittenberg (October 22d–23d),—took a safer view, on his actual arrival there, on his re-seizure of that ruined place, and dangerous attitude on the right bank below and above. Safer view, on salutary second thoughts;—and fell back Leipzig-way, southward to Duben, 30 or 40 miles. Whence rapidly to Leipzig itself, 30 or 40 more, on his actually putting down his bridges over Elbe. Friedrich's crossing-place was Schanzhaus, in Dessau Country, between Roslau and Klikau, 12 or 15 miles below Wittenberg; about midway between Wittenberg and the inflow of the Mulda into Elbe. He crossed OCTOBER 26th, no enemy within wind at all; Daun at Torgau in his inexpugnable Camp, Reichsfolk at Duben, making towards Leipzig at their best pace. And is now wholly between Elbe and Mulda; nothing but Mulda and the Anhall Countries and the Halle Country now to rear of him.

At Jonitz, next march southward, he finds the Eugen-Hulsen people ready. We said they had not been idle while waiting signal: of which here is one pretty instance. Eugen's Brother, supreme Reigning Duke of Wurtemberg,—whom we parted with at Fulda, last Winter, on sore terms; but who again, zealous creature, heads his own little Army in French-Austrian service, in still more eclipsed circumstances ("No subsidy at all, this Year, say your august Majesties? Well, I must do without: a volunteer; and shall need only what I can make by forced contributions!" which of course he is diligent to levy wherever possible),—has latterly taken Halle Country in hand, very busy raising contributions there: and Eugen hears, not without interest, that certain regiments or detachments of his, pushed out, are lying here, there, superintending that salutary work,—within clutch, perhaps, of Kleist the Hussar! Eugen despatches Kleist upon him; who pounces with his usual fierce felicity upon these people. To such alarm of his poor Serenity and poor Army, that Serenity flies off homeward at once, and out of these Wars altogether; where he never had other than the reverse of business to be, and where he has played such a farce-tragedy for four years back. Eugen has been heard to speak,—theoretically, and in excited moments,—of "running such a fellow through the body, were one near him:: but it is actually Eugen in person that sends him home from these Wars: which may be counted a not unfraternal or unpatriotic procedure; being of indisputable benefit to the poor Sovereign man himself, and to everybody concerned with him.

Hearing that Friedrich was across, Daun came westward that same day (October 26th), and planted himself at Eilenburg; concluding that the Reichsfolk would now be in jeopardy first of all. Which was partly the fact; and indeed this Daun movement rather accelerated the completion of it. Without this the Reichs Army might have lived another day. It had quitted Duben, and gone in all haste for Leipzig, at 1 in the morning (not by Eilenburg, of which or of Daun's arrival there it knows nothing),—"at 1 in the morning of the 27th," or in fact, so soon as news could reach it at the gallop, That Friedrich was across. And now Friedrich, seeing Daun out in this manner, judged that a junction was contemplated; and that one could not be too swift in preventing it. October 29th, with one diligent march, Friedrich posted himself at Duben; there, in a sort now between Daun and the Reichsfolk, detached Hulsen with a considerable force to visit these latter in Leipzig itself; and began with all diligence forming "a small Magazine in Duben," Magdeburg and the current of the Elbe being hitherto his only resource in that kind. By the time of Hulsen's return, this little operation will be well forward, and Daun will have declared himself a little.

Hulsen, evening of October 30th, found Leipzig in considerable emotion, the Reichsfolk taking refuge in it: not the least inclined to stand a push, when Hulsen presented himself. Night of 30th–31st, there was summoning and menacing; Reich endeavoring to answer in firm style; but all the while industriously packing up to go. By 5 in the morning, things had come to extremity;—morning, happily for some of us, was dark mist. But about 5 o'clock, Hulsen (or Hulsen's Second) coming on with menace of fire and sword upon these poor Reichspeople,

found the Reichspeople wholly vanished in the mist. Gone bodily; in full march for the spurs of the Metal-Mountain Range again;—concluding, for the fourth time, an extremely contemptible Campaign. Daun, with the King ahead of him, made not the least attempt to help them in their Leipzig difficulty; but retired to his strong Camp at Torgau; feels his work to lie THERE,—as Friedrich perceives of him, with some interest.

Hulsen left a little garrison in Leipzig (friend Quintus a part of it); [Tempelhof, iv. 290.] and returned to the King; whose small Magazine at Duben, and other small affairs there,—Magdeburg with boats, and the King with wagons, having been so diligent in carrying grain thither,—are now about completed. From Daun's returning to Torgau, Friedrich infers that the cautious man has got Order from Court to maintain Torgau at all costs,—to risk a battle rather than go. "Good: he shall have one!" thinks Friedrich. And, NOVEMBER 2d, in four columns, marches towards Torgau; to Schilda, that night, which is some seven miles on the southward side of Torgau. The King, himself in the vanguard as usual, has watched with eager questioning eye the courses of Daun's advanced parties, and by what routes they retreat; discerns for certain that Daun has no views upon Duben or our little Magazine; and that the tug of wrestle for Torgau, which is to crown this Campaign into conquest of Saxony, or shatter it into zero like its foregoers on the Austrian part, and will be of death-or-life nature on the Prussian part, ought to ensue to-morrow. Forward, then!

This Camp of Torgau is not a new place to Daun. It was Prince Henri's Camp last Autumn; where Daun tried all his efforts to no purpose; and though hugely outnumbering the Prince, could make absolutely nothing of it. Nothing, or less; and was flowing back to Dresden and the Bohemian Frontier, uncheered by anything, till that comfortable Maxen Incident turned up. Daun well knows the strength of this position. Torgau and the Block of Hill to West, called Hill of Siptitz:—Hulsen, too, stood here this Summer; not to mention Finck and Wunsch, and their beating the Reichspeople here. A Hill and Post of great strength; not unfamiliar to many Prussians, nor to Friedrich's studious considerations, though his knowledge of it was not personal on all points;—as To-morrow taught him, somewhat to his cost.

"Tourists, from Weimar and the Thuringian Countries," says a Note-book, sometimes useful to us, "have most likely omitted Rossbach in their screaming railway flight eastward; and done little in Leipzig but endeavor to eat dinner, and, still more vainly, to snatch a little sleep in the inhuman dormitories of the Country. Next morning, screaming Dresden-ward, they might, especially if military, pause at Oschatz, a stage or two before Meissen, where again are objects of interest. You can look at Hubertsburg, if given that way,—a Royal Schloss, memorable on several grounds;—at Hubertsburg, and at other features, in the neighborhood of Oschatz. This done, or this left not done, you strike off leftward, that is northward, in some open vehicle, for survey of Torgau and its vicinities and environs. Not above fifteen miles for you; a drive singular and pleasant; time enough to return and be in Dresden for dinner.

"Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant the GAU, or District, of THOR; Capital of that Gau,—part of which, now under Christian or quasi-Christian circumstances, you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your own reflections: a really agreeable kind of Gau; pleasant, though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with pleasant Villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda and many Villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned Villages, with their village industries visible around; laboring each in its kind,—not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (KALT-RAUCHEND, 'smoking COLD,' as they phrase it).

"Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins and homely and hearty rustic banter; welling up from the serious extinct Ages to our own day; 'SCHILTburger' (Inhabitant of SCHILDA) meaning still, among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to himself only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms: amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at or despised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost their mirth, and become all one snigger of mock-mirth. For it is observable, the more solemn is your background of DARK, the brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations on it,—of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who the DOCTOR BORDEL of Schilda was, I do not know: but they have had

their Bordel, as Gotham had;—probably various Bordels; industrious to pick up those Spiritual fruits of the earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive than those of Gotham here are.—And yonder, then, is actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to the right:—a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke-canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles on the simmer;—and you remember kindly those good old grinnings, over good SCHILTBURGER, good WISE MEN OF GOTHAM, and their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

"After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, all under forest management; with long straight stretches of sandy road (one of which is your own), straight like red tape-strings, intersecting the wide solitudes: dangerous to your topographies,—for the finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their combined whisper or big forest SOUGH audible to you in the world:—on the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular deliverance from the mad railway, and its iron bedlamisms and shrieking discords and precipitances; and is soothing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods, no chance of a wolf:"—what concerns us more is, that Friedrich's columns, on the 3d of November, had to march up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment!—

"Torgau itself stands near Elbe; on the shoulder, eastern or Elbe-ward shoulder, of a big mass of Knoll, or broad Height, called of Siptitz, the main Eminence of the Gau. Shoulder, I called it, of this Height of Siptitz; but more properly it is on a continuation, or lower ulterior height dipping into Elbe itself, that Torgau stands. Siptitz Height, nearly a mile from Elbe, drops down into a straggle of ponds; after which, on a second or final rise, comes Torgau dipping into Elbe. Not a shoulder strictly, but rather a CHEEK, with NECK intervening;—neck GOITRY for that matter, or quaggy with ponds! The old Town stands high enough, but is enlaced on the western and southern side by a set of lakes and quagmires, some of which are still extensive and undrained. The course of the waters hereabouts; and of Elbe itself, has had its intricacies: close to northwest, Torgau is bordered, in a straggling way, by what they call OLD ELBE; which is not now a fluent entity, but a stagnant congeries of dirty waters and morasses. The Hill of Siptitz abuts in that aqueous or quaggy manner; its forefeet being, as it were, at or in Elbe River, and its sides, to the South and to the North for some distance each way, considerably enveloped in ponds and boggy difficulties.

"Plenty of water all about, but I suppose mostly of bad quality; at least Torgau has declined drinking it, and been at the trouble to lay a pipe, or ROHRGRABEN, several miles long, to bring its culinary water from the western neighborhoods of Siptitz Height. Along the southern side of Siptitz Height goes leisurely an uncomfortable kind of Brook, called the 'ROHRGRABEN (Pipe-Ditch);' the meaning of which unexpected name you find to be, That there is a SERVICE-PIPE laid cunningly at the bottom of this Brook; lifting the Brook at its pure upper springs, and sending it along, in secret tubular quasi-bottled condition; leaving the fouler drippings from the neighborhood to make what 'brook' they still can, over its head, and keep it out of harm's way till Torgau get it. This is called the ROHRGRABEN, this which comes running through Siptitz Village, all along by the southern base of Siptitz Hill; to the idle eye, a dirtyish Brook, ending in certain notable Ponds eastward: but to the eye of the inquiring mind, which has pierced deeper, a Tube of rational Water, running into the throats of Torgau, while the so-called Brook disembogues at discretion into the ENTEFANG (Duck-trap), and what Ponds or reedy Puddles there are,"—of which, in poor Wunsch's fine bit of fighting, last Year, we heard mention. Let readers keep mind of them.

The Hill Siptitz, with this ROHRGRABEN at the southern basis of it, makes a very main figure in the Battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp; where he stands intrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed Elevation, mostly in vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area: length, east to west, from Grosswig neighborhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles; breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighborhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the southwest angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great Action

coming), but swells up with easier ascent on the west, east and other sides. Let the reader try for some conception of its environment and it, as the floor or arena of a great transaction this day.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbor; heights, woods, ponds and inaccessibilities environing his Position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved inexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks:—where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force: how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say;—though One military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering, discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manoeuvring 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light—flash, the EUREKA of this terrible problem. "We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!" Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich's plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big Army and him pell—mell upon the Elbe Bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe River, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

MONDAY, 3d NOVEMBER, 1760, at half—past 6 in the morning Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in Three Columns, with a Fourth of Baggage; through the woods, on four different roads; roads, or combinations of those intricate sandy avenues already noticed. Northward all of it at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg—Torgau Road, namely), the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward, long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue—simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible—upon Siptitz Hill from the north side. We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes off by that rightward course: "Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again,— your road is called the Butter— Strasse (BUTTER—STREET); goes by the northwest side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter—Street, and then do your endeavor!"

With the other Half of his Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and footguard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own Column. Friedrich's Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage—column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hulsens's of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not AT Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front, —simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's,—some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long HANDLE of it, well away from Siptitz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part,—intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march: fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods;

heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods: --a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being BETWEEN Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable: but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery--wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods; which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second--best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000,--who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the GROSSE TEICH (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, ENTEFANG, and hangs like a chief goitre on the goitry neck of Torgau),--Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rear-guard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly. On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former,--things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side:--"Ziethen engaged!" thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the BUTTER--STRASSE, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction,--a long way east of Butter-Street, and Ziethen's real place;--unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends, in the distance read to be, "Ziethen engaged!" Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable:--"Stupid, stupid, MEIN LIEBER!" which Ziethen never would admit;--and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hulsen, still less any Third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry on these Columns;--and rides out reconnoitring, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna had been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down EN POTENCE, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year, an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall,--only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as firewood lately. There, on the northwest corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind,--Holstein, with all the Cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humor under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder;

which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him,—not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "MEIN GOTT, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry up!" [Tempelhof, iv. 303.] cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infantry; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden hand, through difficult brooks, Striebach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form,— parallel to Daun's northwest shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles AFTER forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of Artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death—peal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire (HOLLISCHES FEUER)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never." [Tempelhof, iv. 304; Archenholtz, ii. 164.] Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun—carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right—hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire—volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon—shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment STUTTERHEIM was nearly all killed and wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances;—Daun having to hurry up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after 3. Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire—throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks;—but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this Grenadier Attack went on,—a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen,—nobody, himself least of all, records for us: only by this little symptom: Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion, as was usual in such moments, said: "All goes ill to—day; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your Brother is killed (TOUT VA MAL AUJOURD'HUI; MES AMIS ME QUITTENT. ON VIENT DE M'ANNONCER LA MORT DE VOTRE FRERE)!" [Preuss, ii. 226.] Words which

the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hulsen's Column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian MANTEUFFEL, one regiment of them;—young Archenholtz of FORCADE (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon—balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a TODES— POSAUNE, or Doomsday—Thunder, broken loose:—they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, "like sea—billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane." Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same northwest corner of him; say about half—past 3. The rain is now done, "blown away by the tremendous artillery," thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field—batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humor of those once overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here;—poor young Archenholtz too, ONLY wounded, not killed, as so many were:— Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case—shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore,— "which saved my life," he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed Book on the ART OF WAR. Berenhorst—a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate—speaking or intellectual form—was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide—de—camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over—pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance: when Friedrich reopened his indignant eyes: "WAS MACHT ER HIER?" cried Friedrich: "ER SAMMLE FUYARDS! What have you to do here? Go and gather runaways" (be of some real use, can't you)!—which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradicated from his gloomy heart. It is certain he became Prince Henri's Adjutant soon after, and that in his KRIEGSKUNST, amidst the clearest orthodox admiration, he manifests, by little touches up and down, a feeling of very fell and pallid quality against the King; and belongs, in a peculiarly virulent though taciturn way, to the Opposition Party. His Book, next to English Lloyd's (or perhaps superior, for Berenhorst is of much the more cultivated intellect, highly condensed too, though so discursive and far—read, were it not for the vice of perverse diabolic temper), seemed, to a humble outsider like myself, greatly the strongest—headed, most penetrating and humanly illuminative I had had to study on that subject. Who the weakest—headed was (perhaps JOMINI, among the widely circulating kind?), I will not attempt to decide, so great is the crush in that bad direction. To return.

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous:—when, see, here at length, about half—past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe—ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death— struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organizes a new and third

Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dusk and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, SPAEN Dragoons,—one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column,—SPAEN Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manoeuvrer, who has stormed through many fields, from Mollwitz onwards), cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon, the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian cavalry rushing up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again. [Tempelhof, iv. 305.] "Had these Prussian Horse been on their ground at 2 o'clock, and done as now, it is very evident," says Tempelhof, "what the Battle of Torgau had by this time been!"

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Baireuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment KAISER, Regiment NEIPPERG,—nobody now cares which four) heels over head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sabring with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, "Daun's whole Front Line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; and on the western and northwestern the Prussian Horse Regiments were now standing in its place." But, indeed, such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: "Nothing more to be made of it; try it again to-morrow!" thinks the King; gives Hulsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people; and rides with escort northwestward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena,—in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home to Torgau,—I think, a little earlier,—to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postilions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination,—for the space of certain hours following.

Hulsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is northwestward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest SOUTHWESTERN—most portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms:—when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hulsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal,—some unfortunate Village going up ("Village of Siptitz, think you?"); and need of Hulsen at his fastest! Hulsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises,—of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not,—waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradually died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and the Leuthen Mollendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or southwestern side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Rohrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on our side of the Rohrgraben:—UM GOTTES WILLEN, something, Herr General!" Ziethen

does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far,—were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Rohrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Mollendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter- Street,"—it is nothing more,—where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Rohrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the SCHAFFEREI (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Mollendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Mollendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Mollendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hulsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Mollendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Mollendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the southwest corner of Siptitz Height. Southwest corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Rohrgraben, where this Mollendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper—and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hulsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; "beating the Prussian march, they," sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Mollendorf's, to Ziethen's left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hulsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Mollendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell; who do try what they can; send reinforcements, and the like; but nothing that proves useful. O'Donnell is not the man for such a crisis: Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich's way than in fighting anybody. [Archenholtz's sour remark.] In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons,—all the rest packed off except these 26;—and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against

attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time! [Tempelhof, iv. 291–318.; Archenholtz, ii. 159–174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; UMSTANDLICHE BESCHREIBUNG DES (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823–848): in *Helden–Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245–300), the Daun DESPATCHES, the Lists,

On Torgau–field, behind that final Prussian half–moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff– Officers, seeking to re–form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; but in the dark who needed mind them?— they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word– of–command saw itself futile. Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: "Peace and truce between us; to–morrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the night there. Busy about many things; —"using the altar," it seems, "by way of writing–table [self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?], and the stairs of it as seat." Of the final Ziethen–Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night–time, I know not: the Anecdote–Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before daybreak; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipiency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations:—evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none could be welcomer. Head–quarters change from the altar–steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole Army follows next day; and, on the War– theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near; but could make nothing of it; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way. [HOFBERICHT VON DER BELAGERUNG VON KOSEL, IM OCTOBER 1760 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 798–804): began "October 21st;" ended "at daybreak, October 27th."] The Russians, on sound of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this Winter; in need of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius; wishes the Fabius were a little less cunctatory. But Imperial Majesty herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in Old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated ever–honored Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State. [Archenholtz, ii. 179.]

Torgau was Daun's last Battle: Daun's last battle; and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Friedrich's last,—so that the remaining Two Campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree; and a few Chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element!—

Daun lost at Torgau, by his own account, "about 11,000 men,"— should have said, according to Tempelhof, and even to neutral persons, "above 12,000 killed and wounded, PLUS 8,000 prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 flags, 1 standard (or horse–flag)," [Tempelhof, iv. 213; Kausler, p. 726.] which brings him to at least 20,000 minus;— the Prussian loss, heavy enough too, being, by Tempelhof's admission, "between 13 and 14,000, of whom 4,000 prisoners." The sore loss, not so computable in arithmetic,—but less sore to Daun, perhaps, than to most people,—is that of being beaten, and having one's Campaign reduced to water again. No Conquest of Saxony, any

more than of Silesia, possible to Daun, this Year. In Silesia, thanks to Loudon, small thanks to Loudon's Chief, they have got Glatz: Kosel they could not get; fiery Loudon himself stormed and blazed to no purpose there, and had to hurry home on sight of Goltz and relief. Glatz is the net sum-total. Daun knows all this; but in a stoical arithmetical manner, and refuses to be flurried by it.

Friedrich, as we said, had hoped something might be done in Saxony on the defeated Daun;—perhaps Dresden itself be got back from him, and his Army altogether sent to winter in Bohemia again? But it proved otherwise. Daun showed not the least disposition to quit his Plauen Chasm, or fall into discouragement: and after some weeks of diligent trial, on Friedrich's part, and much running about in those central and Hill-ward parts, Friedrich found he would have to be content with his former allotment of Saxon territory, and to leave the Austrians quiet in theirs. Took winter-quarters accordingly, and let the Enemy take. Cantoned himself, in that Meissen-Freyberg Country, in front of the Austrians and their impassable Plauens and Chasms:—pretty much as in the past Year, only that the Two Armies lay at a greater distance, and were more peaceable, as if by mutual consent.

Head-quarter of the King is Leipzig; where the King did not arrive till December 8th,—such adjusting and arranging has he had, and incessant running to and fro. He lived in the "Apel House, NEW Neumarkt, No. 16;" [Rodenbeck, ii. 65.] the same he had occupied in 1757, in the Rossbach time. "ACH! how lean your Majesty has grown!" said the Mistress of it, at sight of him again (mythically, I should fancy, though it is in the Anecdote-Books). "Lean, JA WOHL," answered he: "and what wonder, with Three Women [Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour] hanging on the throat of me all this while!" But we propose to look in upon him ourselves, in this Apel House, on more authentic terms, by and by. Read, meanwhile, these Two bits of Autograph, thrown off incidentally, at different places, in the previous busy journeyings over Meissen-Freyberg country:—

1. FRIEDRICH TO MARQUIS D'ARGENS (at Berlin).

"MEISSEN, 10th November, 1760.

... "I drove the enemy to the Gates of Dresden; they occupy their Camp of last Year; all my skill is not enough to dislodge them,"— [Chasm of Plauen, "a place impregnable, were it garrisoned by chimney-sweeps," says the King once]. "We have saved our reputation by the Day of Torgau: but don't imagine our enemies are so disheartened as to desire Peace. Duke Ferdinand's affairs are not in a good way [missed Wesel, of which presently;—and, alas also, George II. died, this day gone a fortnight, which is far worse for us, if we knew it!—I fear the French will preserve through Winter the advantages they gained during the Campaign.

"In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a tomb. Have some compassion on the situation I am in; conceive that I disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not detail to you all my embarrassments, my apprehensions and troubles. Adieu, dear Marquis; write to me sometimes,—don't forget a poor devil, who curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already were in those Silent Countries from which nobody returns with news." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 204, 205.]

2. The Second, of different complexion, is a still more interesting little Autograph, date elsewhere, farther on, in those wanderings. Madam Camas, Widow of the Colonel Camas whom we knew twenty years ago, is "Queen's OBER-HOFMEISTERINN (Lady in Chief),"—to whom the King's Letters are always pretty:—

FREIDRICH TO MADAM CAMAS (at Magdeburg, with the Queen's Majesty).

"NEUSTADT, 18th November, 1760.

"I am exact in answering, and eager to satisfy you [in that matter of the porcelain: you shall have a breakfast-set, my good Mamma; six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, and tricked out with all the little embellishments which increase their value. On account of some pieces which they are adding to the set, you will have to wait a few days; but I flatter myself this delay will contribute to your satisfaction, and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, and make you remember your old Adorer. It is curious how old people's habits agree. For four years past I have given up suppers, as incompatible with the Trade I am obliged to follow; and in marching days, my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate.

"We hurried off, like fools, quite inflated with our Victory, to try if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden: they made a mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. So I have withdrawn, like a bad little boy, to conceal myself, out of spite, in one of the wretchedest villages in Saxony. And here the first thing will be to drive the Circle gentlemen, [Reichs Army] out of Freyberg into Chemnitz, and get ourselves room to quarter and something to live upon. It is, I swear to you, a dog of a life [or even a she-dog, CHIENNE DE VIE], the like of

which nobody but Don Quixote ever led before me. All this tumbling and toiling, and bother and confusion that never ceases, has made me so old, that you would scarcely know me again. On the right side of my head the hair is all gray; my teeth break and fall out; I have got my face wrinkled like the falbalas of a petticoat; my back bent like a fiddle-bow; and spirit sad and downcast like a monk of La Trappe. I forewarn you of all this, lest, in case we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might feel yourself too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains to me nothing but the heart,—which has undergone no change, and which will preserve, so long as I breathe, its feelings of esteem and of tender friendship for my good Mamma. Adieu." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, XVIII. 144.]— To which add only this on Duke Ferdinand, "whose affairs," we just heard, "are not in a good way:"—

FIGHT OF KLOSTER KAMPEN (Night of October 15th–16th); WESEL NOT TO BE HAD BY DUKE FERDINAND.

After WARBURG (July 31st, while Friedrich was on the eve of crossing Elbe on new adventures, Dresden Siege having failed him), Duke Ferdinand made no figure to the Gazetteers; fought no Battle farther; and has had a Campaign, which is honorable only to judges of a higher than the Gazetteer sort.

By Warburg Ferdinand had got the Diemel; on the north bank of which he spread himself out, impassable to Broglio, who lay trying on the opposite bank:—"No Hanover by this road." Broglio thereupon drew back a little; pushed out circuitously from his right wing, which reaches far eastward of Ferdinand, a considerable Brigade,—circuitously, round by the Weser–Fulda Country, and beyond the embouchure of Diemel,—to try it by that method. Got actually a few miles into Hanoverian territory, by that method; laid hold of Gottingen, also of Munden, which secures a road thither: and at Gottingen there, "ever since August 4th," Broglio has been throwing up works, and shooting out hussar-parties to a good distance; intending, it would seem, to maintain himself, and to be mischievous, in that post. Would, in fact, fain entice Ferdinand across the Weser, to help Gottingen. "Across Weser, yes;—and so leave Broglio free to take Lippstadt from me, as he might after a short siege," thinks Ferdinand always; "which would beautifully shorten Broglio's communication [quite direct then, and without interruption, all the way to Wesel], and make Hanover itself, Hanover and Brunswick, the central Seat of War!" Which Ferdinand, grieved as he is for Gottingen, will by no means consent to.

Ferdinand, strong only as one to two, cannot hinder Broglio, though he tries variously; and is much at a loss, seeing Broglio irrepressibly busy this way, all through August and on into September;—has heard, however, from Wesel, through secret partisans there, that Wesel, considered altogether out of risk, is left in a very weak condition; weak in garrison, weak even in gunners. Reflecting upon which, in his difficulties, Ferdinand asks himself, "A sudden stroke at Wesel, 200 miles away, might it not astonish Broglio, who is so busy on us just here?"—and, September 22d, despatches the Hereditary Prince on that errand. A man likely for it, if there be one in the world:—unable to do it, however, as the issue told. Here is what I find noted.

"SEPTEMBER 22d, the Erbprinz, with a chosen Corps of 15,000, mostly English, left these Diemel regions towards Wesel, at his speediest. September 29th, Erbprinz and vanguard, Corps rapidly following, are got to Dorsten, within 20 miles of Wesel. A most swift Erbprinz; likely for such work. And it is thought by judges, Had he had either siege-artillery or scaling apparatus, he might really have attacked Wesel with good chance upon it. But he has not even a ladder ready, much less a siege-gun. Siege-guns are at Bielefeld [come from Bremen, I suppose, by English boating, up the Weser so far]; but that is six score miles of wheel-carriage; roads bad, and threatening to be worse, as it is equinoctial weather. There is nothing for it but to wait for those guns.

"The Erbprinz, hopefully waiting, does his endeavor in the interim; throws a bridge over the Rhine, pounces upon Cleve garrison (prisoners, with their furnitures), pounces upon this and that; 'spreads terror' on the French thereabouts 'up to Dusseldorf and Koln,—and on Broglio himself, so far off, the due astonishment. 'Wesel to be snatched,—ye Heavens! Our Netherlands road cut off: Dusseldorf, Koln, our Rhine Magazines, all and sundry, fallen to the hawks,—who, the lighter-winged of them, might pay visits in France itself!' Broglio has to suspend his Gottingen operations, and detach Marquis de Castries with (say ultimately, for Castries is to grow and gather by the road) 35,000, to relieve Wesel. Castries marches double-quick; weather very rainy;—arrives in those parts OCTOBER 13th;—hardly a gun from Bielefeld come to hand yet, Erbprinz merely filling men with terror. And so,

"OCTOBER 14th, after two weeks and a day, the Hereditary Prince sees, not guns from Bielefeld, but Castries pushing into Wesel a 7,000 of additional garrison,—and the Enterprise on Wesel grown impossible. Impossible,

and probably far more; Castries in a condition to devour us, if he prove sharp. It behooves the Hereditary Prince to be himself sharp;—which he undoubtedly was, in this sharp crisis. Next day, our Erbprinz, taking survey of Castries in his strong ground of Kloster Kampen, decides, like a gallant fellow, to attack HIM;—and straightway does it. Breaks, that same night (October 15th–16th, 1760), stealthily, through woods and with precautions, into Castries's Post;—intending surprisal, and mere ruin to Castries. And there ensued, not the SURPRISAL as it turned out, but the BATTLE OF KLOSTER KAMPEN; which again proved unsuccessful, or only half-successful, to the Hereditary Prince. A many-winged, intricate Night-Battle; to be read of in Books. This is where the Chevalier d'Assas, he or Somebody, gave the alarm to the Castries people at the expense of his life. 'A MOI, AUVERGNE, Ho, Auvergne!' shouted D'Assas (if it was D'Assas at all), when the stealthy English came upon him; who was at once cut down. [Preuss (ii. 270 n.) asserts it to be proved, in "*Miscellen aus den neuesten auslandischen Litteratur* (1824, No. 3, p. 409)," a Book which none of us ever saw, "That the real hero [equal to a Roman Decius or more] was not Captain d'Assas, of the Regiment Auvergne, but a poor Private Soldier of it, called Dubois"!—Is not this a strange turn, after such be-PENSIONING, be-painting, singing and celebrating, as rose upon poor D'Assas, or the Family of D'Assas, twenty years afterwards (1777–1790)!—Both Dubois and D'Assas, I conclude, lay among the slain at Kloster Kampen, silent they forever:—and a painful doubt does rise, As to the miraculous operation of Posthumous Rumor and Wonder; and Whether there was any "miracle of heroism," or other miracle at all, and not rather a poor nocturnal accident,—poor sentry in the edge of the wood, shrieking out, on apparition of the stealthy English, "Ho, Auvergne, help!" probably firing withal; and getting killed in consequence? NON NOSTRUM EST.] It is certain, Auvergne gave fire; awoke Castries bodily; and saved him from what was otherwise inevitable. Surprise now there was none farther; but a complex Fight, managed in the darkness with uncommon obstinacy; ending in withdrawal of the Erbprinz, as from a thing that could not be done. His loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was 1,638; that of Castries, by his own counting, 2,036: but Kloster Kampen, in the wide-awake state, could not be won.

"During the Fight, the Erbprinz's Rhine-Bridge had burst in two: his ammunition was running short;—and, it would seem, there is no retreat, either! The Erbprinz put a bold face on the matter, stood to Castries in a threatening attitude; manoeuvred skilfully for two days longer, face still to Castries, till the Bridge was got mended; then, night of October 18th–19th, crossed to his own side; gathered up his goods; and at a deliberate pace marched home, on those terms;—doing some useful fighting by the road." [Mauvillon, ii. 120–129: Tempelhof, ii. 325–332.]

Had lost nothing, say his admirers, "but one cannon, which burst." One burst cannon left on the field of Kloster Kampen;—but also, as we see, his errand along with it; and 1,600 good fighters lost and burst: which was more important! Criticisms there were on it in England, perhaps of the unwise sort generally; sorrow in the highest quarter. "An unaccountable expedition," Walpole calls it, "on which Prince Ferdinand suddenly despatched his Nephew, at the head of a considerable force, towards the frontiers of Holland,"—merely to see the country there?—"which occasioned much solicitude in England, as the Main Army, already unequal to that of France, was thus rendered much weaker. King George felt it with much anxiety." [Walpole's *George Second*, iii. 299.] An unaccountable Enterprise, my poor Gazetteer friends,—very evidently an unsuccessful one, so far as Wesel went. Many English fallen in it, too: "the English showed here again a GANZ AUSNEHMENDE TAPFERKEIT," says Mauvillon; and probably their share of the loss was proportionate.

Clearly enough there is no Wesel to be had. Neither could Broglio, though disturbed in his Gottingen fortifyings and operations, be ejected out of Gottingen. Ferdinand, on failure of Wesel, himself marched to Gottingen, and tried for some days; but found he could not, in such weather, tear out that firmly rooted French Post, but must be content to "mask it," for the present; and, this done, withdrew (December 13th) to his winter-quarters near by, as did Broglio to his,—about the time Friedrich and Daun had finally settled in theirs.

Ferdinand's Campaigns henceforth, which turn all on the defence of Hanover, are highly recommended to professional readers; but to the laic sort do not prove interesting in proportion to the trouble. In fact, the huge War henceforth begins everywhere, or everywhere except in Pitt's department of it, to burn lower, like a lamp with the oil getting done; and has less of brilliancy than formerly. "Let us try for Hanover," the Belleisles, Choiseuls and wise French heads had said to themselves: "Canada, India, everything is lost; but were dear Hanover well in our clutch, Hanover would be a remedy for many things!" Through the remaining Campaigns, as in this now done, that is their fixed plan. Ferdinand, by unwearied effort, succeeded in defending Hanover,—nothing of it but that

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inconsiderable slice or skirt round Gottingen, which they kept long, could ever be got by the French. Ferdinand defended Hanover; and wore out annually the big French Armies which were missioned thither, as in the spasm of an expiring last effort by this poor hag-ridden France,—at an expense to her, say, of 50,000 men per year. Which was good service on Ferdinand's part; but done less and less in the shining or universally notable way.

So that with him too we are henceforth, thank Heaven, permitted and even bound to be brief. Hardly above two Battles more from him, if even two:—and mostly the wearied Reader's imagination left to conceive for itself those intricate strategies, and endless manoeuvrings on the Diemel and the Dill, on the Ohm River and the Schwalm and the Lippe, or wherever they may be, with small help from a wearied Editor!—

Chapter VI. WINTER-QUARTERS 1760-1761.

A melancholy little event, which afterwards proved unexpectedly unfortunate for Friedrich, had happened in England ten days before the Battle of Torgau. Saturday, 25th October, 1760, George II., poor old gentleman, suddenly died. He was in his 77th year; feeble, but not feebler than usual,—unless, perhaps, the unaccountable news from Kloster Kampen may have been too agitating to the dim old mind? On the Monday of this week he had, "from a tent in Hyde Park," presided at a Review of Dragoons; and on Thursday, as his Coldstream Guards were on march for Portsmouth and foreign service, "was in his Portico at Kensington to see them pass;"—full of zeal always in regard to military matters, and to this War in particular. Saturday, by sunrise he was on foot; took his cup of chocolate; inquired about the wind, and the chances of mails arriving; opened his window, said he would have a turn in the Gardens, the morning being so fine. It was now between 7 and 8. The valet then withdrew with the chocolate apparatus; but had hardly shut the door, when he heard a deep sigh, and fall of something,—"billet of wood from the fire?" thought he;—upon which, hurrying back, he found it was the King, who had dropt from his seat, "as if in attempting to ring the bell." King said faintly, "Call Amelia," and instantly died. Poor deaf Amelia (Friedrich's old love, now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George Second was no more; his grandson George Third was now King. [Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 486-488).]

Intrinsically taken, this seemed no very great event for Friedrich, for Pitt, for England or mankind: but it proved otherwise. The merit of this poor King deceased, who had led his Nation stumbling among the chimney-pots at such a rate in these mad German Wars for Twenty Years past, was, That he did now stand loyal to the Enterprise, now when it had become sane indeed; now when the Nation was broad awake, and a Captain had risen to guide it out of that perilous posture, into never-expected victory and triumph! Poor old George had stood by his Pitt, by his Ferdinand, with a perfect loyalty at all turns; and been devoted, heart and soul and breeches-pocket, to completely beating Bourbon's oppressive ideas out of Bourbon's head. A little fact, but how important, then and there! Under the Successor, all this may be different:—ghastly beings, Old Tutors, Favorites, Mother's-Favorites, flit, as yet invisible, on the new backstairs:—should Bute and Company get into the foreground, people will then know how important it was. Walpole says:—

"The Yorkes [Ex-Chancellor Hardwicke people] had long distasted this War:" yes, and been painfully obliged to hold their tongues: "but now," within a month or so of the old King's death, "there was published, under Lord Hardwicke's countenance, a Tract setting forth the burden and ill policy of our German measures. It was called CONSIDERATIONS ON THE GERMAN WAR; was ably written, and changed many men's minds." This is the famous "Mauduit Pamphlet:" first of those small stones, from the sling of Opposition not obliged to be dormant, which are now beginning to rattle on Pitt's Olympian Dwelling-place,—high really as Olympus, in comparison with others of the kind, but which unluckily is made of GLASS like the rest of them! The slinger of this first resounding little missile, Walpole informs us, was "one Mauduit, formerly a Dissenting Teacher,"—son of a Dissenting Minister in Bermondsey, I hear, and perhaps himself once a Preacher, but at present concerned with Factorage of Wool on the great scale; got soon afterwards promoted to be Head of the Custom-house in Southampton, so lovely did he seem to Bute and Company. "How agreeable his politics were to the interior of the Court, soon appeared by a place [Southampton Custom-house] being bestowed on him by Lord Bute." A fortunate Mauduit, yet a stupidly tragical; had such a destiny in English History! Hear Walpole a little farther, on Mauduit, and on other things then resonant to Arlington Street in a way of their own. "TO SIR HORACE MANN [at Florence]:—

"NOVEMBER 14th, 1760 [tenth night after Torgau]. ... We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters."

"DECEMBER 5th, 1760. I have received the samples of brocadella. ... I shall send you a curious Pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PRESENT GERMAN WAR, ["London: Printed for John Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1761," adds my poor Copy (a frugal 12mo, of pp. 144), not adding of what edition.] and is written by a wholesale Woollen-Draper [connected with Wool, in some way; "Factor at Blackwell Hall," if that mean Draper:—and a

growing man ever after; came to be "Agent for Massachusetts," on the Boston-TEA occasion, and again did Tracts; was "President of the"—in short, was a conspicuous Vice-President, so let us define him, of The general Anti-Penalty or Life-made-Soft Association, with Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the World, and such like; and a Mauduit comfortably resonant in that way till he died [Chalmers, BIOG. DICTIONARY; Nichols, LITERARY ANECDOTES; but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes. The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples of the Pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that Monarch's head shot off. [Hear, hear!]]—

"There are Letters from the Hague [what foolish Letters do fly about, my friend!], that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last. [Oh!] It has been the fashion to cry down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself [does immensely, according to our Selwyn informations], I dare say he would have been glad to be matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal."

"JANUARY 2d, 1761. The German War is not so popular as you imagine, either in the Closet or in the Nation." [Walpole, *Letters to Sir Horace Mann* (Lond. 1843), i. 6, 7.] (Enough, enough.)

The Mauduit Pamphlet, which then produced such an effect, is still to be met in old Collections and on Bookstalls; but produces little save weariness to a modern reader. "Hanover not in real danger," argues he; "if the French had it, would not they, all Europe ordering them, have to give it up again?" Give it up,—GRATIS, or in return for Canada and Pondicherry, Mauduit's does not say. Which is an important omission! But Mauduit's grand argument is that of expense; frightful outlay of money, aggravated by ditto mismanagement of same.

A War highly expensive, he says—(and the truth is, Pitt was never stingy of money: "Nearly the one thing we have in any plenty; be frank in use of that, in an Enterprise so ill-provided otherwise, and involving life and death!" thinks Pitt);— "dreadfully expensive," urges Mauduit, and gives some instances of Commissariat moneys signally wasted,—not by Pitt, but by the stupidity of Pitt's War Offices, Commissariat Offices, Offices of all kinds; not to be cured at once by any Pitt:—How magazines of hay were shipped and reshipped, carried hither, thither, up this river, down that (nobody knowing where the war-horses would be that were to eat it); till at length, when it had reached almost the value of bohea tea, the right place of it was found to be Embden (nearest to Britain from the first, had one but known), and not a horse would now taste it, so spoiled was the article; all horses snorted at it, as they would have done at bohea, never so expensive. [Mauduit (towards the end) has a story of that tenor,—particulars not worth verifying.] These things are incident to British warfare; also to Swedish, and to all warfares that have their War Offices in an imaginary state,—state much to be abhorred by every sane creature; but not to be mended all at once by the noblest of men, into whose hands they are suddenly thrust for saving his Nation. Conflagration to be quenched; and your buckets all in hideous leakage, like buckets of the Danaides:—your one course is, ply them, pour with them, such as they are.

Mauduit points out farther the enormous fortunes realized by a swindling set of Army-Furnishers, Hebrews mainly, and unbeautiful to look on. Alas, yes; this too is a thing incident to the case; and in a degree to all such cases, and situations of sudden crisis;—have not we seen Jew Ephraim growing rich by the copper money even of a Friedrich? Christian Protestants there are, withal, playing the same game on a larger scale. Herr Schimmelmann ("MOULDY-man") the Dane, for instance,—Dane or Holsteiner,—is coining false money for a Duke of Holstein-Plon, who has not a Seven-Years War on his hands. Diligently coining, this Mouldy Individual; still more successfully, is trading in Friedrich's Meissen China (bought in the cheapest market, sold in the dearest); has at Hamburg his "Auction of Meissen Porcelain," steadily going on, as a new commercial institution of that City;—and, in short, by assiduously laboring in such harvest-fields, gathers a colossal fortune, 100,000 pounds, 300,000 pounds, or I will not remember what. Gets "ennobled," furthermore, by a Danish Government prompt to recognize human merit: Elephant Order, Dannebrog Order; no Order good enough for this Mouldy-man of merit; [Preuss, ii. 391, 282, is, so far as I know, begetting "Nobles," that is to say, Vice-Kings and monitory Exemplars, for the Danish People, to this day. Let us shut down the iron lid on all that.

Mauduit's Pamphlet, if it raised in the abhorrent unthinking English mind some vague notion, as probably it did, that Pitt was responsible for these things, or was in a sort the cause or author of them, might produce some effect against him. "What a splash is this you are making, you Great Commoner; wetting everybody's feet, —as our Mauduit proves;—while the Conflagration seems to be going out, if you let it alone!" For the heads of men

resemble— My friend, I will not tell you what they, in multitudinous instances, resemble.

But thus has woollen Mauduit, from his private camp ("Clement's Lane, Lombard Street," say the Dictionaries), shot, at a very high object, what pigeon's-egg or small pebble he had; the first of many such that took that aim; with weak though loud-sounding impact, but with results—results on King Friedrich in particular, which were stronger than the Cannonade of Torgau! As will be seen. For within year and day,—Mauduit and Company making their noises from without, and the Butes and Hardwickes working incessantly with such rare power of leverage and screwage in the interior parts,—a certain Quasi-Olympian House, made of glass, will lie in sherds, and the ablest and noblest man in England see himself forbidden to do England any service farther: "Not needed more, Sir! Go you,—and look at US for the remainder of your life!"

KING FRIEDRICH IN THE APEL HOUSE AT LEIPZIG (8th December, 1760–17th March, 1761).

Friedrich's Winter in the Apel House at Leipzig is of cheerfuler character than we might imagine. Endless sore business he doubtless has, of recruiting, financiering, watching and providing, which grows more difficult year by year; but he has subordinates that work to his signal, and an organized machinery for business such as no other man. And solacements there are withal: his Books he has about him; welcomer than ever in such seasons: Friends too,—he is not solitary; nor neglectful of resources. Faithful D'Argens came at once (stayed till the middle of March): [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 212, 213. Sends a Courier to conduct D'Argens "FOR December 8th;" "21st March," D'Argens is back at Berlin.] D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, English Mitchell; these three almost daily bore him company. Till the middle of January, also, he had his two Nephews with him (Sons of his poor deceased Brother, the late tragic Prince of Prussia),—the elder of whom, Friedrich Wilhelm, became King afterwards; the second, Henri by name, died suddenly of small-pox within about seven years hence, to the King's deep and sore grief, who liked him the better of the two. Their ages respectively are now about 16 and 14. [Henri, born 30th December, 1747, died 26th May, 1767;—Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm II. (sometimes called DER DICKE, The Big), born 25th December, 1744; King, 17th August, 1786; died 16th November, 1797.] Their appetite for dancing, and their gay young ways, are pleasant now and afterwards to the old Uncle in his grim element. [Letters, in SCHONING.]

Music, too, he had; daily evening Concert, though from himself there is no fluting now. One of his Berlin Concert people who had been sent for was Fasch, a virtuoso on I know not what instrument, —but a man given to take note of things about him. Fasch was painfully surprised to see his King so altered in the interim past: "bent now, sunk into himself, grown old; to whom these five years of war-tumult and anxiety, of sorrow and hard toil, had given a dash of gloomy seriousness and melancholy, which was in strong contrast with his former vividly bright expression, and was not natural to his years." [Zelter's *Life of Fasch* (cited in PREUSS, ii. 278).]

From D'Argens there is one authentic Anecdote, worth giving. One evening D'Argens came to him; entering his Apartment, found him in a situation very unexpected; which has been memorable ever since. "One evening [there is no date to it, except vaguely, as above, December, 1760–March, 1761], D'Argens, entering the King's Apartment, found him sitting on the ground with a big platter of fried meat, from which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with which he kept order among them, and shoved the best bits to his favorites. The Marquis, in astonishment, recoiled a step, struck his hands together, and exclaimed: 'The Five Great Powers of Europe, who have sworn alliance, and conspired to undo the Marquis de Brandebourg, how might they puzzle their heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming some dangerous plan for the next Campaign, think they; collecting funds to have money for it; studying about magazines for man and horse; or he is deep in negotiations to divide his enemies, and get new allies for himself? Not a bit of all that. He is sitting peaceably in his room, and feeding his dogs!'" [Preuss, ii. 282.]

INTERVIEW WITH HERR PROFESSOR GELLERT (Thursday, 18th December, 1760).

Still more celebrated is the Interview with Gellert; though I cannot say it is now more entertaining to the ingenuous mind. One of Friedrich's many Interviews, this Winter, with the Learned of Leipzig University; for he is a born friend of the Muses so called, and never neglects an opportunity. Wonderful to see how, in such an environment, in the depths of mere toil and tribulation, with a whole breaking world lying on his shoulders, as it were,—he always shows such appetite for a snatch of talk with anybody presumably of sense, and knowledge on something!

This Winter, say the Books, "he had, in vacant intervals, a great deal of communing with the famed of Leipzig University;" this or the other famed Professor,—Winkler, Ernesti, Gottsched again, and others, coming to give

account, each for himself, of what he professed to be teaching in the world: "on the Natural Sciences, more especially the Moral; on Libraries, on Rare Books. Gottsched was able to satisfy the King on one point; namely, That the celebrated passage of St. John's Gospel—"THERE ARE THREE THAT BEAR RECORD—was NOT in the famous Manuscript of the Vienna Library; Gottsched having himself examined that important CODEX, and found in the text nothing of said Passage, but merely, written on the margin, a legible intercalation of it, in Melanchthon's hand. Luther, in his Version, never had it at all." [*Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 596.] A Gottsched inclined to the Socinian view? Not the least consequence to Friedrich or us! Our business is exclusively with Gellert here.

Readers have heard of Gellert; there are, or there were, English Writings about him, LIVES, or I forget what: and in his native Protestant Saxony, among all classes, especially the higher, he had, in those years and onwards to his death, such a popularity and real splendor of authority as no man before or since. Had risen, against his will in some sort, to be a real Pope, a practical Oracle in those parts. In his modest bachelor lodging (age of him five-and-forty gone) he has sheaves of Letters daily,—about affairs of the conscience, of the household, of the heart: from some evangelical young lady, for example, Shall I marry HIM, think you, O my Father?" and perhaps from her Papa, "Shall SHE, think you, O my ditto?"—Sheaves of Letters: and of oral consulters such crowds, that the poor Oracle was obliged to appoint special hours for that branch of his business. His class-room (he lectures on MORALS, some THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENT, or such like) is crowded with "blue uniforms" (ingenuous Prussian Officers eager to hear a Gellert) in these Winters. Rugged Hulsen, this very season, who commands in Freyberg Country, alleviates the poor village of Hainichen from certain official inflictions, and bids the poor people say "It is because Gellert was born among you!" Plainly the Trismegistus of mankind at that date:—who is now, as usual, become a surprising Trismegistus to the new generations!

He had written certain thin Books, all of a thin languid nature; but rational, clear; especially a Book of FABLES IN VERSE, which are watery, but not wholly water, and have still a languid flavor in them for readers. His Book on LETTER-WRITING was of use to the rising generation, in its time. Clearly an amiable, ingenious, correct, altogether good man; of pious mind,—and, what was more, of strictly orthodox, according to the then Saxon standard in the best circles. This was the figure of his Life for the last fifteen years of it; and he was now about the middle of that culminating period. A modest, despondent kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: "of neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open brow;"—a fine countenance, and fine soul of its sort, poor Gellert: "punctual like the church-clock at divine service, in all weathers." [Jordens, *Lexikon Deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten* (Leipzig, 1807), ii. 54–68 (§ Gellert).]

A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no means much; who was of amiable meek demeanor; studious to offend nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the established methods;—and who, what was the great secret of his success, was of orthodoxy perfect and eminent. Whom, accordingly, the whole world, polite Saxon orthodox world, hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. Essentially a commonplace man; but who employed himself in beautifying and illuminating the commonplace of his clay and generation:—infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. "How charming that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical and comfortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you creature plainly divine!" And the homages to Gellert were unlimited and continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish man in weak health.

Mitchell and Quintus Icilius, who are often urging on the King that a new German Literature is springing up, of far more importance than the King thinks, have spoken much to him of Gellert the Trismegistus;—and at length, in the course of a ten days from Friedrich's arrival here, actual Interview ensues. The DIALOGUE, though it is but dull and watery to a modern palate, shall be given entire, for the sake of one of the Interlocutors. The Report of it, gleaned gradually from Gellert himself, and printed, not long afterwards, from his manuscripts or those of others, is to be taken as perfectly faithful. Gellert, writing to his inquiring Friend Rabener (a then celebrated Berlin Wit), describes, from Leipzig, "29th January, 1760," or about six weeks after the event: "How, one day about the middle of December, Quintus Icilius suddenly came to my poor lodging here, to carry me to the King." Am too ill to go. Quintus will excuse me to-day; but will return to-morrow, when no excuse shall avail. Did go accordingly next day, Thursday, 18th December, 4 o'clock of the afternoon; and continued till a quarter to 6. "Had nothing of fear in speaking to the King. Recited my MALER ZU ATHEN." King said, at parting, he would send for me again. "The English Ambassador [Mitchell], an excellent man, was probably the cause of the

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King's wish to see me. ... The King spoke sometimes German, sometimes French; I mostly German." [*Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius, herausgegeben von F. A. Ebert* (Leipzig, 1823), pp. 629, 631.] As follows:—

RING. "Are you (ER) the Professor Gellert?"

GELLERT. "Yea, IHRO MAJESTAT."

KING. "The English Ambassador has spoken highly of you to me. Where do you come from?"

GELLERT. "From Hainichen, near Freyberg."

KING. "Have not you a brother at Freyberg?"

GELLERT. "Yea, IHRO MAJESTAT."

KING. "Tell me why we have no good German Authors."

MAJOR QUINTUS ICILIUS (puts in a word). "Your Majesty, you see here one before you;—one whom the French themselves have translated, calling him the German La Fontaine!"

KING. "That is much. Have you read La Fontaine?"

GELLERT. "Yes, your Majesty; but have not imitated: I am original (ICH BIN EIN ORIGINAL)."

KING. "Well, this is one good Author among the Germans; but why have not we more?"

GELLERT. "Your Majesty has a prejudice against the Germans."

KING. "No; I can't say that (Nein; das kann ich nicht sagen)."

GELLERT. "At least, against German writers."

KING. "Well, perhaps. Why have we no good Historians? Why does no one undertake a Translation of Tacitus?"

GELLERT. "Tacitus is difficult to translate; and the French themselves have but bad translations of him."

KING. "That is true (DA HAT ER RECHT)."

GELLERT. "And, on the whole, various reasons may be given why the Germans have not yet distinguished themselves in every kind of writing. While Arts and Sciences were in their flower among the Greeks, the Romans were still busy in War. Perhaps this is the Warlike Era of the Germans:—perhaps also they have yet wanted Augustuses and Louis-Fourteenths!"

KING. "How, would you wish one Augustus, then, for all Germany?"

GELLERT. "Not altogether that; I could wish only that every Sovereign encouraged men of genius in his own country."

KING (starting a new subject). "Have you never been out of Saxony?"

GELLERT. "I have been in Berlin."

KING. "You should travel."

GELLERT. "IHRO MAJESTAT, for that I need two things,—health and means."

KING. "What is your complaint? Is it DIE GELEHRTE KRANKHEIT (Disease of the Learned," Dyspepsia so called)? "I have myself suffered from that. I will prescribe for you. You must ride daily, and take a dose of rhubarb every week."

GELLERT. "ACH, IHRO MAJESTAT: if the horse were as weak as I am, he would be of no use to me; if he were stronger, I should be too weak to manage him." (Mark this of the Horse, however; a tale hangs by it.)

KING. "Then you must drive out."

GELLERT. "For that I am deficient in the means."

KING. "Yes, that is true; that is what Authors (GELEHRTE) in Deutschland are always deficient in. I suppose these are bad times, are not they?"

GELLERT. "JA WOHL; and if your Majesty would grant us Peace (DEN FRIEDEN GEBEN WOLLTEN)—"

KING. "How can I? Have not you heard, then? There are three of them against me (ES SIND JA DREI WIDER MICH)!"

GELLERT. "I have more to do with the Ancients and their History than with the Moderns."

KING (changing the topic). "What do you think, is Homer or Virgil the finer as an Epic Poet?"

GELLERT. "Homer, as the more original."

KING. "But Virgil is much more polished (VIEL POLIRTER)."

GELLERT. "We are too far removed from Homer's times to judge of his language. I trust to Quintilian in that

respect, who prefers Homer."

KING. "But one should not be a slave to the opinion of the Ancients."

GELLERT. "Nor am I that. I follow them only in cases where, owing to the distance, I cannot judge for myself."

MAJOR ICILIUS (again giving a slight fillip or suggestion). "He," the Herr Professor here, "has also treated of GERMAN LETTER— WRITING, and has published specimens."

KING. "So? But have you written against the CHANCERY STYLE, then" (the painfully solemn style, of ceremonial and circumlocution; Letters written so as to be mainly wig and buckram)?

GELLERT. "ACH JA, that have I, IHRO MAJESTAT!"

KING. "But why doesn't it change? The Devil must be in it (ES IST ETWAS VERTEUFELTES). They bring me whole sheets of that stuff, and I can make nothing of it!"

GELLERT. "If your Majesty cannot alter it, still less can I. I can only recommend, where you command."

KING. "Can you repeat any of your Fables?"

GELLERT. "I doubt it; my memory is very treacherous."

KING. "Bethink you a little; I will walk about [Gellert bethinks him, brow puckered. King, seeing the brow unpucker itself]. Well, have you one?"

GELLERT. "Yes, your Majesty: THE PAINTER." Gellert recites (voice plaintive and hollow; somewhat PREACHY, I should doubt, but not cracked or shrieky);—we condense him into prose abridgment for English readers; German can look at the bottom of the page: [(Gellert's WERKE: Leipzig, 1840; i. 135.)]—

"A prudent Painter in Athens, more intent on excellence than on money, had done a God of War; and sent for a real Critic to give him his opinion of it. On survey, the Critic shook his head: "Too much Art visible; won't do, my friend!" The Painter strove to think otherwise; and was still arguing, when a young Coxcomb [GECK, Gawlk] stept in: "Gods, what a masterpiece!" cried he at the first glance: "Ah, that foot, those exquisitely wrought toenails; helm, shield, mail, what opulence of Art!" The sorrowful Painter looked penitentially at the real Critic, looked at his brush; and the instant this GECK was gone, struck out his God of War."

KING. "And the Moral?"

GELLERT (still reciting):

"When the Critic does not like thy Bit of Writing, it is a bad sign for thee; but when the Fool admires, it is time thou at once strike it out."

"Ein kluger Maler in Athen, Der minder, weil man ihn bezhalte, Als weil er Ehre suchte, malte, Liess einen Kenner einst den Mars im Bilde sehn, Und bat sich seine Meinung aus. Der Kenner sagt ihm fiei heraus, Dass ihm das Bild nicht ganz gefallen wollte, Und dass es, um recht schon zu sein, Weit minder Kunst verrathen sollte. Der Maler wandte vieles ein; Der Kenner stritt mit ihm aus Grunden, Und konnt ihn doch nicht uberwinden. Gleich trat ein junger Geck herein, Und nahm das Bild in Augenschein. 'O,' rief er, 'bei dem ersten Blicke, Ihr Gotter, welch ein Meisterstucke! Ach, welcher Fuss! O, wie geschickt Sind nicht die Nagel ausgedruckt! Mars lebt durchaus in diesem Bilde. Wie viele Kunst, wie viele Pracht Ist in dem Helm und in dem Schilde, Und in der Rustung angebracht!' Der Maler ward beschamt geruhret, Und sah den Kenner klaglich an. 'Nun,' sprach er, 'bin ich uberfuhrer! Ihr habt mir nicht zu viel gethan.' Der junge Geck war kaum hinaus, So strich er seinen Kriegsgott aus."

MORAL.

"Wenn deine Schrift dem Kenner nicht gefallt, So ist es schon ein boses Zeichen; Doch, wenn sie gar des Narren Lob erhalt, So ist es Zeit, sie auszustreichen."

KING. "That is excellent; very fine indeed. You have a something of soft and flowing in your verses; them I understand altogether. But there was Gottsched, one day, reading me his Translation of IPHIGENIE; I had the French Copy in my hand, and could not understand a word of him [a Swan of Saxony, laboring in vain that day]! They recommended me another Poet, one Peitsch [Herr Peitsch of Konigsberg, Hofrath, Doctor and Professor there, Gottsched's Master in Art; edited by Gottsched thirty years ago; now become a dumb idol, though at one time a god confessed]; him I flung away."

GELLERT. "IHRO MAJESTAT, him I also fling away."

KING. "Well, if I continue here, you must come again often; bring your FABLES with you, and read me something."

GELLERT. "I know not if I can read well; I have the singing kind of tone, native to the Hill Country."

KING. "JA, like the Silesians. No, you must read me the FABLES yourself; they lose a great deal otherwise. Come back soon." [*Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius* (already cited), pp. 632 et seq.] (EXIT GELLERT.)

KING (to Icilius, as we learn from a different Record). "That is quite another man than Gottsched!" (EXUENT OMNES.)

The modest Gellert says he "remembered Jesus Sirach's advice, PRESS NOT THYSELF ON KINGS,—and never came back;" nor was specially sent for, in the hurries succeeding; though the King never quite forgot him. Next day, at dinner, the King said, "He is the reasonablest man of all the German Literary People, C'EST LE PLUS RAISONNABLE DE TOUS LES SAVANS ALLEMANDS." And to Garve, at Breslau, years afterwards: "Gellert is the only German that will reach posterity; his department is small, but he has worked in it with real felicity." And indeed the King had, before that, as practical result of the Gellert Dialogue, managed to set some Berlin Bookseller upon printing of these eligible FABLES, "for the use of our Prussian Schools;" in which and other capacities the FABLES still serve with acceptance there and elsewhere. [Preuss, ii. 274.]

In regard to Gellert's Horse—exercise, I had still to remember that Gellert, not long after, did get a Horse; two successive Horses; both highly remarkable. The first especially; which was Prince Henri's gift: "The Horse Prince Henri had ridden at the Battle of Freyberg" (Battle to be mentioned hereafter);—quadruped that must have been astonished at itself! But a pretty enough gift from the warlike admiring Prince to his dyspeptic Great Man. This Horse having yielded to Time, the very Kurfurst (grandson of Polish Majesty that now is) sent Gellert another, housing and furniture complete; mounted on which, Gellert and it were among the sights of Leipzig;—well enough known here to young Goethe, in his College days, who used to meet the great man and princely horse, and do salutation, with perhaps some twinkle of scepticism in the corner of his eye. [DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT, Theil ii. Buch 6 (in Goethe's WERKE, xxv. 51 et seq.)] Poor Gellert fell seriously ill in December, 1769; to the fear and grief of all the world: "estafettes from the Kurfurst himself galloped daily, or oftener, from Dresden for the sick bulletin;" but poor Gellert died, all the same (13th of that month); and we have (really with pathetic thoughts, even we) to bid his amiable existence in this world, his bits of glories and him, adieu forever.

DIALOGUE WITH GENERAL SALDERN (in the Apel House, Leipzig, 21st January, 1761).

Four or five weeks after this of Gellert, Friedrich had another Dialogue, which also is partly on record, and is of more importance to us here: Dialogue with Major—General Saldern; on a certain business, delicate, yet profitable to the doer,—nobody so fit for it as Saldern, thinks the King. Saldern is he who did that extraordinary feat of packing the wrecks of battle on the Field of Liegnitz; a fine, clear—flowing, silent kind of man, rapid and steady; with a great deal of methodic and other good faculty in him,—more, perhaps, than he himself yet knows of. Him the King has sent for, this morning; and it is on the business of Polish Majesty's Royal Hunting—Schloss at Hubertsburg,—which is a thing otherwise worth some notice from us.

For three months long the King had been representing, in the proper quarters, what plunderings, and riotous and even disgusting savageries, the Saxons had perpetrated at Charlottenburg, Schonhausen, Friedrichsfeld, in October last, while masters there for a few days: but neither in Reichs Diet, where Plotho was eloquent, nor elsewhere by the Diplomatic method, could he get the least redress, or one civil word of regret. From Polish Majesty himself, to whom Friedrich remonstrated the matter, through the English Resident at Warsaw, Friedrich had expected regret; but he got none. Some think he had hoped that Polish Majesty, touched by these horrors of war, and by the reciprocities evidently liable to follow, might be induced to try something towards mediating a General Peace: but Polish Majesty did not; Polish Majesty answered simply nothing at all, nor would get into any correspondence: upon which Friedrich, possibly a little piqued withal, had at length determined on retaliation.

Within our cantonments, reflects Friedrich, here is Hubertsburg Schloss, with such a hunting apparatus in and around it; Polish Majesty's HERTZBLATT ("lid of the HEART," as they call it; breastbone, at least, and pit of his STOMACH, which inclines to nothing but hunting): let his Hubertsburg become as our Charlottenburg is; perhaps that will touch his feelings! Friedrich had formed this resolution; and, Wednesday, January 21st, sends for Saldern, one of the most exact, deft—going and punctiliously honorable of all his Generals, to execute it. Enter Saldern accordingly,—royal Audience—room "in the APEL'SCHE HAUS, New Neumarkt, No. 16," as above;—to whom (one Kuster, a reliable creature, reporting for us on Saldern's behalf) the King says, in the distinct slowish tone of a King giving orders:—

KING. "Saldern, to-morrow morning you go [ER, He goes) with a detachment of Infantry and Cavalry, in all silence, to Hubertsburg; beset the Schloss, get all the furnitures carefully packed up and invoiced. I want nothing with them; the money they bring I mean to bestow on our Field Hospitals, and will not forget YOU in disposing of it."

Saldern, usually so prompt with his "JA" on any Order from the King, looks embarrassed, stands silent,—to the King's great surprise;—and after a moment or two says:—

SALDERN. "Forgive me, your Majesty: but this is contrary to my honor and my oath."

KING (still in a calm tone). "You would be right to think so if I did not intend this desperate method for a good object. Listen to me: great Lords don't feel it in their scalp, when their subjects are torn by the hair; one has to grip their own locks, as the only way to give them pain." (These last words the King said in a sharper tone; he again made his apology for the resolution he had formed; and renewed his Order. With the modesty usual to him, but also with manliness, Saldern replied:)—

SALDERN. "Order me, your Majesty, to attack the enemy and his batteries, I will on the instant cheerfully obey: but against honor, oath and duty, I cannot, I dare not!"

The King, with voice gradually rising, I suppose, repeated his demonstration that the thing was proper, necessary in the circumstances; but Saldern, true to the inward voice, answered steadily:—

SALDERN. "For this commission your Majesty will easily find another person in my stead."

KING (whirling hastily round, with an angry countenance, but, I should say, an admirable preservation of his dignity in such extreme case). "SALDERN, ER WILL NICHT REICH WERDEN,—Saldern, you refuse to become rich." And EXIT, leaving Saldern to his own stiff courses. [Kuster, *Charakterzüge des General-Lieutenant v. Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), pp. 39–44.]

Nothing remained for Saldern but to fall ill, and retire from the Service; which he did: a man honorably ruined, thought everybody;— which did not prove to be the case, by and by.

This surely is a remarkable Dialogue; far beyond any of the Gellert kind. An absolute King and Commander-in-Chief, and of such a type in both characters, getting flat refusal once in his life (this once only, so far as I know), and how he takes it:—one wishes Kuster, or somebody, had been able to go into more details!—Details on the Quintus-Icilius procedure, which followed next day, would also have been rather welcome, had Kuster seen good. It is well known, Quintus Icilius and his Battalion, on order now given, went cheerfully, next day, in Saldern's stead. And sacked Hubertsburg Castle, to the due extent or farther: 100,000 thalers (15,000 pounds) were to be raised from it for the Field-Hospital behoof; the rest was to be Quintus's own; who, it was thought, made an excellent thing of it for himself. And in hauling out the furnitures, especially in selling them, Quintus having an enterprising sharp head in trade affairs, "it is certain," says Kuster, as says everybody, "various SCHANDLICHKEITEN (scandals) occurred, which were contrary to the King's intention, and would not have happened under Saldern." What the scandals particularly were, is not specified to me anywhere, though I have searched up and down; much less the net amount of money realized by Quintus. I know only, poor Quintus was bantered about it, all his life after, by this merciless King; and at Potsdam, in years coming, had ample time and admonition for what penitence was needful.

"The case was much canvassed in the Army," says poor Kuster; "it was the topic in every tent among Officers and common Men. And among us Army-Chaplains too," poor honest souls, "the question of conflicting duties arose: Your King ordering one thing, and your own Conscience another, what ought a man to do? What ought an Army-Chaplain to preach or advise? And considerable mutual light in regard to it we struck out from one another, and saw how a prudent Army-Chaplain might steer his way. Our general conclusion was, That neither the King nor Saldern could well be called wrong. Saldern listening to the inner voice; right he, for certain. But withal the King, in his place, might judge such a thing expedient and fit; perhaps Saldern himself would, had Saldern been King of Prussia there in January, 1761."

Saldern's behavior in his retirement was beautiful; and after the Peace, he was recalled, and made more use of than ever: being indeed a model for Army arrangements and procedures, and reckoned the completest General of Infantry now left, far and near. The outcries made about Hubertsburg, which still linger in Books, are so considerable, one fancies the poor Schloss must have been quite ruined, and left standing as naked walls. Such, however, we by no means find to be the case; but, on the contrary, shall ourselves see that everything was got refitted there, and put into perfect order again, before long.

THERE ARE SOME WAR–MOVEMENTS DURING WINTER; GENERAL FINANCIERING DIFFICULTIES. CHOISEUL PROPOSES PEACE.

February 15th, there fell out, at Langensalza, on the Unstrut, in Gotha Country, a bit of sharp fighting; done by Friedrich's people and Duke Ferdinand's in concert; which, and still more what followed on it, made some noise in the quiet months. Not a great thing, this of Langensalza, but a sudden, and successfully done; costing Broglio some 2,000 prisoners; and the ruin of a considerable Post of his, which he had lately pushed out thither, "to seize the Unstrut," as he hoped. A Broglio grasping at more than he could hold, in those Thuringen parts, as elsewhere! And, indeed, the Fight of Langensalza was only the beginning of a series of such; Duke Ferdinand being now upon one of his grand Winter–Adventures: that of suddenly surprising and exploding Broglio's Winter–quarters altogether, and rolling him back to Frankfurt for a lodging. So that, since the first days of February, especially since Langensalza day, there rose suddenly a great deal of rushing about, in those regions, with hard bits of fighting, at least of severe campaigning;—which lasted two whole–months;— filling the whole world with noise that Winter; and requiring extreme brevity from us here. It was specially Duke Ferdinand's Adventure; Friedrich going on it, as per bargain, to the Langensalza enterprise, but no farther; after which it did not much concern Friedrich, nor indeed come to much result for anybody.

"Strenuous Ferdinand, very impatient of the Gottingen business and provoked to see Broglio's quarters extend into Hessen, so near hand, for the first time, silently determines to dislodge him. Broglio's chain of quarters, which goes from Frankfurt north as far as Marburg, then turns east to Ziegenhayn; thence north again to Cassel, to Munden with its Defiles; and again east, or southeast, to Langensalza even: this chain has above 150 miles of weak length; and various other grave faults to the eye of Ferdinand,—especially this, that it is in the form, not of an elbow only, or joiner's– square, which is entirely to be disapproved, but even of two elbows; in fact, of the PROFILE OF A CHAIR [if readers had a Map at hand]. FOOT of the chair is Frankfurt; SEAT part is from Marburg to Ziegenhayn; BACK part, near where Ferdinand lies in chief force, is the Cassel region, on to Munden, which is TOP of the back,—still backwards from which, there is a kind of proud CURL or overlapping, down to Langensalza in Gotha Country, which greedy Broglio has likewise grasped at! Broglio's friends say he himself knew the faultiness of this zigzag form, but had been overruled. Ferdinand certainly knows it, and proceeds to act upon it.

"In profound silence, namely, ranks himself (FEBRUARY 1st–12th) in three Divisions, wide enough asunder; bursts up sudden as lightning, at Langensalza and elsewhere; kicks to pieces Broglio's Chair–Profile, kicks out especially the bottom part which ruins both foot and back, these being disjointed thereby, and each exposed to be taken in rear;—and of course astonishes Broglio not a little; but does not steal his presence of mind.

"So that, in effect, Broglio had instantly to quit Cassel and warm lodging, and take the field in person; to burn his Magazines; and, at the swiftest rate permissible, condense himself, at first partially about Fulda (well down the leg of his chair), and then gradually all into one mass near Frankfurt itself;—with considerable losses, loss especially of all his Magazines, full or half full. And has now, except Marburg, Ziegenhayn and Cassel, no post between Gottingen and him. Ferdinand, with his Three Divisions, went storming along in the wild weather, Granby as vanguard; pricking into the skirts of Broglio. Captured this and that of Corps, of Magazines that had not been got burnt; laid siege to Tassel, siege to Ziegenhayn; blocked Marburg, not having guns ready: and, for some three or four weeks, was by the Gazetteer world and general public thought to have done a very considerable feat;—though to himself, such were the distances, difficulties of the season, of the long roads, it probably seemed very questionable whether, in the end, any feat at all.

"Cassel he could not take, after a month's siege under the best of Siege–Captains; Ziegenhayn still less under one of the worst. Provisions, ammunitions, were not to be had by force of wagonry: scant food for soldiers, doubly scant the food of Sieges;"—"the road from Beverungen [where the Weser–boats have to stop, which is 30 miles from Cassel, perhaps 60 from Ziegenhayn, and perhaps 100 from the outmost or southern–most of Ferdinand's parties] is paved with dead horses," nor has even Cassel nearly enough of ammunition:—in a word, Broglio, finding the time come, bursts up from his Frankfurt Position (March 14th–21st) in a sharp and determined manner; drives Ferdinand's people back, beats the Erbprinz himself one day (by surprisal, 'My compliment for Langensalza'), and sets his people running. Ferdinand sees the affair to be over; and deliberately retires; lucky, perhaps, that he still can deliberately: and matters return to their old posture. Broglio resumes his quarters, somewhat altered in shape, and not quite so grasping as formerly; and beyond his half–filled Magazines,

has lost nothing considerable, or more considerable than has Ferdinand himself." [Tempelhof, v. 15–45; Mauvillon, ii. 135–148.]

The vital element in Ferdinand's Adventure was the Siege of Cassel; all had to fail, when this, by defect of means, under the best of management, declared itself a failure. Siege Captain was a Graf von Lippe–Buckeburg, Ferdinand's Ordnance–Master, who is supposed to be "the best Artillery Officer in the world,"—and is a man of great mark in military and other circles. He is Son and Successor of that fantastic Lippe–Buckeburg, by whom Friedrich was introduced to Free–Masonry long since. He has himself a good deal of the fantast again, but with a better basis of solidity beneath it. A man of excellent knowledge and faculty in various departments; strict as steel, in regard to discipline, to practice and conduct of all kinds; a most punctilious, silently supercilious gentleman, of polite but privately irrefragable turn of mind. A tall, lean, dusky figure; much seen to by neighbors, as he stalks loftily through this puddle of a world, on terms of his own. Concerning whom there circulates in military circles this Anecdote, among many others;— which is set down as a fact; and may be, whether quite believable or not, a symbol of all the rest, and of a man not unimportant in these Wars. "Two years ago, on King Friedrich's birthday, 24th January, 1759, the Count had a select dinner–party in his tent in Ferdinand's Camp, in honor of the occasion. Dinner was well over, and wine handsomely flowing, when somebody at last thought of asking, 'What is it, then, Herr Graf, that whistling kind of noise we hear every now and then overhead?' 'That is nothing,' said the Graf, in his calm, dusky way: 'that is only my Artillery–people practising; I have bidden them hit the pole of our tent if they can: unhappily there is not the slightest danger. Push the bottles on.'" [Archenholtz, ii. 356; Zimmermann, *Einsamkeit*, iii. 461; Lippe–Buckeburg was Siege–Captain at Cassel; Commandant besieged was Comte de Broglio, the Marshal's younger Brother, formerly in the Diplomatic line;—whom we saw once, five years ago, at the Pirna Barrier, fly into fine frenzy, and kick vainly against the pricks. Friedrich says once, to D'Argens or somebody: "I hope we shall soon have Cassel, and M. le Comte de Broglio prisoner" (deserves it for his fine frenzies, at Pirna and since);—but that comfort was denied us.

Some careless Books say, Friedrich had at first good hopes of this Enterprise; and "had himself lent 7,000 men to it:" which is the fact, but not the whole fact. Friedrich had approved, and even advised this plan of Ferdinand's, and had agreed to send 7,000 men to co–operate at Langensalza,—which, so far out in Thuringen, and pointing as if to the Reichsfolk, is itself an eye–sorrow to Friedrich. The issue we have seen. His 7,000 went accordingly, under a General Syburg; met the Ferdinand people (General Sporcken head of these, and Walpole's "Conway" one of them); found the Unstrut in flood, but crossed nevertheless; dashed in upon the French and Saxons there, and made a brilliant thing of it at Langensalza. [*Bericht von der bey Langensalza am 15 Februar 1761 vorgefallenen Action in Seyfarth, Beylagen*, iii. 75; Tempelhof, v. 22–27.] Which done, Syburg instantly withdrew, leaving Sporcken and his Conways to complete the Adventure; and, for his part, set himself with his whole might "to raising contributions, recruits, horses, proviants, over Thuringen;" "which," says Tempelhof, "had been his grand errand there, and in which he succeeded wonderfully."

Towards the end of Ferdinand's Affair, Cassel Siege now evidently like to fail, Friedrich organized a small Expedition for his own behoof: expedition into Voigtland, or Frankenland, against the intrusive Reichs–people, who have not now a Broglio or Langensalza to look across to, but are mischievous upon our outposts on the edge of the Voigtland yonder. The expedition lasted only ten days (APRIL 1st it left quarters; APRIL 11th was home again); a sharp, swift and very pretty expedition; [Tempelhof, v. 48–57.] of which we can here say only that it was beautifully impressive on the Reichs gentlemen, and sent their Croateries and them home again, to Bamberg, to Eger, quite over the horizon, in a considerably flurried state. After which there was no Small–War farther, and everybody rested in cantonment, making ready till the Great should come.

The Prussian wounded are all in Leipzig this Winter; a crowded stirring Town; young Archenholtz, among many others, going about in convalescent state,—not attending Gellert's course, that I hear of,—but noticing vividly to right and left. Much difficulty about the contributions, Archenholtz observes;—of course an ever–increasing difficulty, here as everywhere, in regard to finance! From Archenholtz chiefly, I present the following particulars; which, though in loose form, and without date, except the general one of Winter 1760–1761, to any of them, are to be held substantially correct.

... "It is impossible to pay that Contribution,' exclaim the Leipzigers: 'you said, long since, it was to be 75,000 pounds on us by the year; and this year you rise to 160,000 pounds; more than double!'—'Perhaps that is because you favored the Reichsfolk while here?' answer the Prussians, if they answer anything: 'It is the King's order. Pay

it you must.'—'Cannot; simply impossible.' 'Possible, we tell you, and also certain; we will burn your Leipzig if you don't!' And they actually, these Collector fellows, a stony–hearted set, who had a percentage of their own on the sums levied, got soldiers drawn out more than once pitch–link in hand, as if for immediate burning: hut the Leipcigers thought to themselves, 'King Friedrich is not a Soltikof!' and openly laughed at those pitch–links. Whereupon about a hundred of their Chief Merchants were thrown into prison,—one hundred or so, riddled down in a day or two to Seventeen; which latter Seventeen, as they stood out, were detained a good many days, how many is not said, but only that they were amazingly firm. Black–hole for lodging, bread–and–water for diet, straw for bed: nothing would avail on the Seventeen: 'Impossible,' they answered always; each unit of them, in sight of the other sixteen, was upon his honor, and could not think of flinching. 'You shall go for soldiers, then;—possibly you will prefer that, you fine powdered velvet gentlemen? Up then, and march; here are your firelocks, your seventeen knapsacks: to the road with us; to Magdeburg, there to get on drill!' Upon which the Seventeen, horror–struck at such quasi–ACTUAL possibility, gave in.

"Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, who had come to Leipzig on business at the time [which will give us a date for this by and by], and been solemnly applied to by Deputation of the Rath, pleaded with his usual zealous fidelity on their behalf; got various alleviations, abatements; gave bills:—'Never was seen such magnanimity!' said the Leipzig Town–Council solemnly, as that of Berlin, in October last, had done." [Archenholtz, ii. 187–192.]

Of course the difficulties, financial and other, are increasing every Winter;—not on Friedrich's side only. Here, for instance, from the Duchy of Gottingen, are some items in the French Account current, this Winter, which are also furnished by Archenholtz:—

"For bed–ticking, 13,000 webs; of shirts ready–made, 18,000; shoes," I forget in what quantity; but "from the poor little Town of Duderstadt 600 pairs,—liability to instant flogging if they are not honest shoes; flogging, and the whole shoemaker guild summoned out to see it." Hardy women the same Duderstadt has had to produce: 300 of them, "each with basket on back, who are carrying cannon–balls from the foundry at Lauterberg to Gottingen, the road being bad." [Archenholtz, ii. 237.] "These French are in such necessity," continues Archenholtz, "they spare neither friend nor foe. The Frankish Circle, for example, pleads piteously in Reichs Diet that it has already smarted by this War to the length of 2,230,000 pounds, and entreats the Kaiser to bid Most Christian Majesty cease HIS exactions,—but without the least result." Result! If Most Christian Majesty and his Pompadour will continue this War, is it he, or is it you, that can furnish the Magazines? "Magazine–furnishings, over all Hessen and this part of Hanover, are enormous. Recruits too, native Hessian, native Hanoverian, you shall furnish,—and 'We will hang them, and do, if caught deserting' [to their own side]!"

I add only one other item from Archenholtz: "Mice being busy in these Hanover Magazines, it is decided to have cats, and a requisition goes out accordingly [cipher not given]: cats do execution for a time, but cannot stand the confinement," are averse to the solitary system, and object (think with what vocality!): "upon which Hanover has to send foxes and weasels." [Ib. ii. 240] These guardian animals, and the 300 women laden with cannon–balls from the forge, are the most peculiar items in the French Account current, and the last I will mention.

Difficulty, quasi–impossibility, on the French side, there evidently is, perhaps more than on any other. But Choiseul has many arts;—and his Official existence, were there nothing more, demands that he do the impossible now if ever. This Spring (26th March, 1761), to the surprise and joy of mankind, there came formal Proposal, issuing from Choiseul, to which Maria Theresa and the Czarina had to put their signatures; regretting that the British–Prussian Proposal of last Year had, by ill accident, fallen to the ground, and now repeating it themselves (real "Congress at Augsburg," and all things fair and handsome) to Britannic and Prussian Majesties. Who answered (April 3d) as before, "Nothing with more willingness, we!" [The "Declaration" (of France with the Answer or "Counter–Declaration," in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 12–16.)

And there actually did ensue, at Paris, a vivid Negotiating all Summer; which ended, not quite in nothing, but in less, if we might say so. Considerably less, for some of us. We shall have to look what end it had, and Mauduit will look!—Most people, Pitt probably among the others, came to think that Choiseul, though his France is in beggary, had no real view from the first, except to throw powder in the eyes of France and mankind, to ascertain for himself on what terms those English would make Peace, and to get Spain drawn into his quarrel. A Choiseul with many arts. But we will leave him and his Peace–Proposals, and the other rumors and futilities of this Year. They are part of the sound and smoke which fill all Years; and which vanish into next to nothing, oftenest into pure nothing, when the Years have waited a little. Friedrich's finances, copper and other, were got completed; his

Armies too were once more put on a passable footing;—and this Year will have its realities withal.

Gotzkowsky, in regard to those Leipzig Finance difficulties, yields me a date, which is supplementary to some of the Archenholtz details. I find it was "January 20th, 1761,"—precisely while the Saldern Interview, and subsequent wreck of Hubertsburg, went on, —that "Gotzkowsky arrived in Leipzig," [Rodenbeck, ii. 77.] and got those unfortunate Seventeen out of ward, and the contributions settled.

And withal, at Paris, in the same hours, there went on a thing worth noting. That January day, while Icilius was busy on the Schloss of Hubertsburg, poor old Marechal de Belleisle,—mark him, reader!—"in the Rue de Lille at Paris," lay sunk in putrid fever; and on the fourth day after, "January 26th, 1761," the last of the grand old Frenchmen died. "He had been reported dead three days before," says Barbier: "the public wished it so; they laid the blame on him of this apparent" (let a cautious man write it, "apparent) derangement in our affairs,"—instead of thanking him for all he had done and suffered (loss of so much, including reputation and an only Son) to repair and stay the same. "He was in his 77th year. Many people say, 'We must wait three months, to see if we shall not regret him,'"—even him! [Barbier, iv. 373; i. 154.] So generous are Nations.

Marechal Duc de Belleisle was very wealthy: in Vernon Country, Normandy, he had estates and chateaux to the value of about 24,000 pounds annually. All these, having first accurately settled for his own debts, he, in his grand old way, childless, forlorn, but loftily polite to the last, bequeathed to the King. His splendid Paris Mansion he expressly left "to serve in perpetuity as a residence for the Secretary of State in the Department of War:" a magnificent Town—House it is, "HOTEL MAGNIFIQUE, at the end of the Pont—Royal,"—which, I notice farther, is in our time called "Hotel de CHOISEUL—PRASLIN,"—a house latterly become horrible in men's memory, if my guess is right.

And thus vanishes, in sour dark clouds, the once great Belleisle. Grandiose, something almost of great in him, of sublime,—alas, yes, of too sublime; and of unfortunate beyond proportion, paying the debt of many foregoers! He too is a notability gone out, the last of his kind. Twenty years ago, he crossed the OEil—de—Boeuf with Papers, just setting out to cut Teutschland in Four; and in the Rue de Lille, No. 54, with that grandiose Enterprise drawing to its issue in universal defeat, disgrace, discontent and preparation for the General Overturn (CULBUTE GENERALE of 1789)) he closes his weary old eyes. Choiseul. succeeds him as War—Minister; War—Minister and Prime—Minister both in one;—and by many arts of legerdemain, and another real spasm of effort upon Hanover to do the impossible there, is leading France with winged steps the same road.

Since March 17th, Friedrich was no longer in Leipzig. He left at that time, for Meissen Country, and the Hill Cantonments,—organized there his little Expedition into Voigtland, for behoof of the Reichsfolk;—and did not return. Continued, mostly in Meissen Country, as the fittest for his many businesses, Army—regulating and other. Till the Campaign come, we will remember of him nothing, but this little Note, and pleasant little Gift, to his CHERE MAMAN, the day after his arrival in those parts:—

TO MADAM CAMAS (at Magdeburg, with the Queen).

"MEISSEN, 20th March, 1761.

"I send you, my dear Mamma, a little Trifle, by way of keepsake and memento [Snuffbox of Meissen Porcelain, with the figure of a Dog on the lid]. You may use the Box for your rouge, for your patches, or you may put snuff in it, or BONBONS or pills: but whatever use you turn it to, think always, when you see this Dog, the Symbol of Fidelity, that he who sends it outstrips, in respect of fidelity and attachment to MAMAN, all the dogs in the world; and that his devotion to you has nothing whatever in common with the fragility of the material which is manufactured hereabouts.

"I have ordered Porcelain here for all the world, for Schonhausen [for your Mistress, my poor uncomplaining Wife], for my Sisters—in—law; in fact, I am rich in this brittle material only. And I hope the receivers will accept it as current money: for, the truth is, we are poor as can be, good Mamma; I have nothing left but honor, my coat, my sword, and porcelain.

"Farewell, my beloved Mamma. If Heaven will, I shall one day see you again face to face; and repeat to you, by word of mouth, what I have already said and written; but, turn it and re—turn it as I may, I shall never, except very incompletely, express what the feelings of my heart to you are.—F." [Given in Rodenbeck, ii. 79; omitted, for I know not what reason, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 145: cited partly in Preuss, ii. 282.]

It was during this Winter, if ever it was, that Friedrich received the following Letter from an aspiring Young

Lady, just coming out, age seventeen,—in a remote sphere of things. In "Sleepy Hollow" namely, or the Court of Mirow in Mecklenburg—Strelitz, where we once visited with Friedrich almost thirty years ago. The poor collapsed Duke has ceased making dressing—gowns there; and this is his Niece, Princess Charlotte, Sister to the now reigning Duke.

This Letter, in the translated form, and the glorious results it had for some of us, are familiar to all English readers for the last hundred years. Of Friedrich's Answer to it, if he sent one, we have no trace whatever. Which is a pity, more or less;—though, in truth, the Answer could only have been some polite formality; the Letter itself being a mere breath of sentimental wind, absolutely without significance to Friedrich or anybody else,—except always to the Young Lady herself, to whom it brought a Royal Husband and Queenship of England, within a year. Signature, presumably, this Letter once had; date of place, of day, year, or even century (except by implication), there never was any: but judicious persons, scanning on the spot, have found that the "Victory" spoken of can only have meant Torgau; and that the aspiring Young Lady, hitherto a School Girl, not so much as "confirmed" till a month or two ago, age seventeen in May last, can only have I written it, at Mirow, in the Winter subsequent. [Ludwig Giesebrecht,—DER FURSTENHOF IN MIROW WUHREND DER JAHRE 1708—1761, in *Programm des vereinigten Koniglichen und Stadt—Gymnasiums* for 1863 (Stettin, 1863), pp. 26—29,—enters into a minute criticism.] Certain it is, in September NEXT, September, 1761, directly after George III.'s Wedding, there appeared in the English Newspapers, what doubtless had been much handed about in society before, the following "TRANSLATION OF A LETTER, SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF MECKLENBERG TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA, ON ONE OF HIS VICTORIES,"—without farther commentary or remark of any kind; everybody then understanding, as everybody still. So notable a Document ought to be given in the Original as well (or in what passes for such), and with some approach to the necessary preliminaries of time and place: [From *Gentleman's Magazine* (for October, 1761, xxxi. 447) we take, verbatim, the TRANSLATION; from PREUSS (ii. 186) the "ORIGINAL," who does not say where he got it,—whether from an old German Newspaper or not.]—

[TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA (in Leipzig, or Somewhere. or Somewhere).

MIROW IN MECHLENBURG—STRELITZ, Winter of 1760—1761.]

"Sire!—Ich weiss nicht, ob ich uber Ewr. Majestat letzteren Sieg frohlich odor traurig sein soll, weil eben der gluckliche Sieg, der neue Lorbeern um Dero Scheitel geflochten hat, uber mein Vaterland Jammer und Elend verbreitet. Ich weiss, Sire, in diesem unserm lasterhaft verfeinerten Zeitalter werde ich verlacht werden, dass mein Herz uber das Ungluck des Landes trauert, dass ich die Drangsale des Krieges beweine, und von ganzer Seele die Ruckkehr des Friedens wunsche. Selbst Sie, Sire, werden vielleicht denken, es schicke sich besser fur mich, mich in der Kunst zu gefallen zu uben, oder mich nur um hausliche Angelegenheiten zu bekummern. Allein dem seye wie ihm wolle, so fuhlt mein Herz zu sehr fur diese Unglucklichen, um eine dringende Furbitte fur dieselben zuruck zu halten.

"Seit wenigen Jahren hatte dieses Land die angenehmste Gestalt gewonnen. Man traf keine verodete Stellen an. Alles war angebaut. Das Landvolk sah vergnugt aus, und in den Stadten herrschte Wohlstand und Freude. Aber Welch' eine Veranderung gegen eine so angenehme Scene! Ich bin in partheischen Beschreibungen nicht erfahren, noch weniger kann ich die Grauel der Verwiltung mit erdichteten Schilderungen schrecklicher darstellen. Allein gewiss selbst Krieger, welche ein edles Herz und Gefuhl besitzen, wurden durch den Anblick dieser Scenen zu Thränen bewegt werden. Das ganze Land, mein werthes Vaterland, liegt da gleich einer Wuste. Der Ackerbau und die Viehzucht haben aufgehört. Der Bauer und der Hirt sind Soldaten worden, und in den Stadten sieht man nur Greise, Weiber, und Kinder, vielleicht noch hie und da einen jungen Mann, der aber durch empfangene Wunden ein Kruppel ist und den ihn umgebenden kleinen Knaben die Geschichte einer jeden Wunde mit einem so pathetischen Heldenton erzahlt, dass ihr Herz schon der Trommel folgt, ehe sie recht gehen können. Was aber das Elend auf den höchsten Gipfel bringt, sind die immer abwechselnden Vorrückungen und Zurückziehungen beider Armeen, da selbst die, so sich unsre Freunde nennen, beim Abzuge alles mitnehmen und verheeren, und wenn sie wieder kommen, gleich viel wieder herbei geschafft haben wollen. Von Dero Gerechtigkeit, Sire, hoffen wir Hilfe in dieser aussersten Noth. An Sie, Sire, mögen auch Frauen, ja selbst Kinder ihre Klagen bringen. Sie, die sich auch zur niedrigsten Klasse gutigst herablassen, und dadurch, wenn es möglich ist, noch grosser werden, als selbst durch ihre Siege, werden die meinigen nicht unerhört lassen und, zur Ehre Dero eigenen Ruhmes, Bedrückungen und Drangsalen abhelfen, welche wider alle Menschenliebe und wider alle

gute Kriegszucht streiten. Ich bin

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY, "I am at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success that has covered you with laurels has overspread the Country of MecklenburgH with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature: but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I can't resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

"It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The Country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds and loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask a history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

"I am, Sire,

It is remarked that this Young Lady, so amiably melodious in tone, though she might address to King Friedrich, seems to be writing to the wind; and that she gives nothing of fact or picture in regard to Mecklenburg, especially to Mecklenburg-STRELITZ, but what is taken from her own beautiful young brain. All operative, vague, imaginary,—some of it expressly untrue. [In Mecklenburg-SCHWERIN, which had always to smart sore for its Duke and the line he took, the Swedes, this year, as usual (but, TILL Torgau, with more hope than usual), had been trying for winter-quarters: and had by the Prussians, as usual, been hunted out,—Eugen of Wurtemberg speeding thither, directly after Torgau; Rostock his winter-quarters;—who, doubtless with all rigor, is levying contributions for Prussian behoof. But as to Mecklenburg-Strelitz,—see, for example, in SCHONING, iii. 30 an indirect but altogether conclusive proof of the perfectly amicable footing now and always subsisting there; Friedrich reluctant to intrude even with a small request or solicitation, on Eugen's behalf, at this time.] So that latterly there have been doubts as to its authenticity altogether. ["Boll, *Geschichte Mecklenburgs mit besonderer Berucksichtigung der Culturgeschichte* (Neubrandenburg, 1856), ii. 303–305;"—cited by Giesebrecht, who himself takes the opposite view.] And in fact the Piece has a good deal the air of some School-Exercise, Model of Letter-writing, Patriotic Aspiration or the like;—thrown off, shall we say, by the young Parson of Mirow (Charlotte's late Tutor), with Charlotte there to SIGN; or by some Patriotic Schoolmaster elsewhere, anywhere, in a moment of enthusiasm, and without any Charlotte but a hypothetic one? Certainly it is difficult to fancy how a modest, rational, practical young person like Charlotte can have thought of so airy a feat of archery into the blue! Charlotte herself never disavowed it, that I heard of; and to Colonel Grahame the Ex-Jacobite, hunting about among potential Queens of England, for behoof of Bute and of a certain Young King and King's Mother, the Letter did seem abundantly unquestionable and adorable. Perhaps authentic, after all;—and certainly small matter whether or not.

Chapter VII. SIXTH CAMPAIGN OPENS: CAMP OF BUNZELWITZ.

To the outward observer Friedrich stands well at present, and seems again in formidable posture. After two such Victories, and such almost miraculous recovery of himself, who shall say what resistance he will not yet make? In comparison with 1759 and its failures and disasters, what a Year has 1760 been! Liegnitz and Torgau, instead of Kunersdorf and Maxen, here are unexpected phenomena; here is a King risen from the deeps again,—more incalculable than ever to contemporary mankind. "How these things will end?" Fancy of what a palpitating interest THEN, while everybody watched the huge game as it went on; though it is so little interesting now to anybody, looking at it all finished! Finished; no mystery of chance, of world—hope or of world—terror now remaining in it; all is fallen stagnant, dull, distant;—and it will behoove us to be brief upon it.

Contemporaries, and Posterity that will make study, must alike admit that, among the sons of men, few in any Age have made a stiffer fight than Friedrich has done and continues to do. But to Friedrich himself it is dismally evident, that year by year his resources are melting away; that a year must come when he will have no resource more. Ebbing very fast, his resources;—fast too, no doubt, those of his Enemies, but not SO fast. They are mighty Nations, he is one small Nation. His thoughts, we perceive, have always, in the background of them, a hue of settled black. Easy to say, "Resist till we die;" but to go about, year after year, practically doing it, under cloudy omens, no end of it visible ahead, is not easy. Many men, Kings and other, have had to take that stern posture;—few on sterner terms than those of Friedrich at present; and none that I know of with a more truly stoical and manful figure of demeanor. He is long used to it! Wet to the bone, you do not regard new showers; the one thing is, reach the bridge before IT be swum away.

The usual hopes, about Turks, about Peace, and the like, have not been wanting to Friedrich this Winter; mentionable as a trait of Friedrich's character, not otherwise worth mention. Hope of aid from the Turks, it is very strange to see how he nurses this fond shadow, which never came to anything! Happily, it does not prevent, it rather encourages, the utmost urgency of preparation: "The readier we are, the likelier are Turks and everything!" Peace, at least, between France and England, after such a Proposal on Choiseul's part, and such a pass as France has really got to, was a reasonable probability. But indeed, from the first year of this War, as we remarked, Peace has seemed possible to Friedrich every year; especially from 1759 onward, there is always every winter a lively hope of Peace:—"No slackening of preparation; the reverse, rather; but surely the Campaign of next Summer will be cut short, and we shall all get home only half expended!" [Schoning (IN LOCIS).]

Practically, Friedrich has been raising new Free—Corps people, been recruiting, refitting and equipping, with more diligence than ever; and, in spite of the almost impossibilities, has two Armies on foot, some 96,000 men in all, for defence of Saxony and of Silesia,—Henri to undertake Saxony, VERSUS Daun; Silesia, with Loudon and the Russians, to be Friedrich's heavier share. The Campaign, of which, by the one party and the other, very great things had been hoped and feared, seemed once as if it would begin two months earlier than usual; but was staved off, a long time, by Friedrich's dexterities, and otherwise; and in effect did not begin, what we can call beginning, till two months later than usual. Essentially it fell, almost all, to Friedrich's share; and turned out as little decisive on him as any of its foregoers. The one memorable part of it now is, Friedrich's Encampment at Bunzelwitz; which did not occur till four months after Friedrich's appearance on the Field. And from the end of April, when Loudon made his first attempt, till the end of August, when Friedrich took that Camp, there was nothing but a series of attempts, all ineffectual, of demonstrations, marchings, manoeuvrings and small events; which, in the name of every reader, demand condensation to the utmost. If readers will be diligent, here, so far as needful, are the prefatory steps.

Since Fouquet's disaster, Goltz generally has Silesia in charge; and does it better than expected. He was never thought to have Fouquet's talent in him; but he shows a rugged loyalty of mind, less egoistic than the fiery Fouquet's; and honestly flings himself upon his task, in a way pleasant to look at: pleasant to the King especially, who recognizes in Goltz a useful, brave, frank soul;— and has given him, this Spring, the ORDER OF MERIT, which was a high encouragement to Goltz. In Silesia, after Kosel last Year, there had been truce between Goltz and Loudon; which should have produced repose to both; but did not altogether, owing to mistakes that rose. And at any rate, in the end of April, Loudon, bursting suddenly into Silesia with great increase to the forces already

there, gave notice, as per bargain, That "in 96 hours" the Truce would expire. And waiting punctiliously till the last of said hours was run out, Loudon fell upon Goltz (APRIL 25th, in the Schweidnitz–Landshut Country) with his usual vehemence;—meaning to get hold of the Silesian Passes, and extinguish Goltz (only 10 or 12,000 against 30,000), as he had done Fouquet last Year.

But Goltz took his measures better; seized "the Gallows–Hill of Hohenfriedberg," seized this and that; and stood in so forcible an attitude, that Loudon, carefully considering, durst not risk an assault; and the only result was: Friedrich hastened to relief of Goltz (rose from Meissen Country MAY 3d), and appeared in Silesia six weeks earlier than he had intended. But again took Cantonments there (Schweidnitz and neighborhood);—Loudon retiring wholly, on first tidings of him, home to Bohemia again. Home in Bohemia; at Braunau, on the western edge of the Glatz Mountains,—there sits Loudon thenceforth, silent for a long time; silently collecting an Army of 72,000, with strict orders from Vienna to avoid fighting till the Russians come. Loudon has very high intentions this Year. Intends to finish Silesia altogether;—cannot he, after such a beginning upon Glatz last Year? That is the firm notion at Vienna among men of understanding: ever–active Loudon the favorite there, against a Cunctator who has been too cunctatory many times. Liegnitz itself, was not that (as many opine) a disaster due to cunctation, not of Loudon's?

Loudon is to be joined by 60,000 Russians, under a Feldmarschall Butturlin, not under sulky Soltikof, this Year; junction to be in Upper Silesia, in Neisse neighborhood. We take that Fortress," say the Vienna people; "it is next on the file after Glatz. Neisse taken; thence northward, cleaning the Country as we go; Brieg, Schweidnitz, Glogau, probably Breslau itself in some good interim: there are but Four Fortresses to do; and the thing is finished. Let the King, one to three, and Loudon in command against him, try if he can hinder it!" This is the Program in Vienna and in Petersburg. And, accordingly, the Russians have got on march about the end of May; plodding on ever since, due hereabouts before June end: "junction to be as near Neisse as you can: and no fighting of the King, on any terms, till the Russians come." Never were the Vienna people so certain before. Daun is to do nothing "rash" in Saxony (a Daun not given that way, they can calculate), but is to guard Loudon's game; carefully to reinforce, comfort and protect the brave Loudon and his Russians till they win;—after which Saxony as rash as you like. This is the Program of the Season:— readers feel what an immensity of preliminary higgings, hitchings and manoeuvrings will now demand to be suppressed by us! Read these essential Fractions, chiefly chronological;—and then, at once, To Bunzelwitz, and the time of close grips in Silesia here.

"Last Year," says a loose Note, which we may as well take with us, "Tottleben did not go home with the rest, but kept hovering about, in eastern Pommern, with a 10,000, all Winter; attempting several kinds of mischief in those Countries, especially attempting to do something on Colberg; which the Russians mean to besiege next Summer, with more intensity than ever, for the Third, and, if possible, the last time. 'Storm their outposts there,' thinks Tottleben, 'especially Belgard, the chief outpost; girdle tighter and tighter the obstinate little crow's–nest of a Colberg, and have it ready for besieging in good time.' Tottleben did try upon the outposts, especially Belgard the chief one (January 18th, 1761), but without the least success at Belgard; with a severe reproof instead, Werner's people being broad awake: [Account of itt, *Helden–Geschichte*, vi. 670.] upon which Tottleben and they made a truce, 'Peaceable till May 12th;' till June 1st, it proved, about which time [which time, or afterwards, as the Silesian crisis may admit!] we will look in on them again."

MAY 3d, as above intimated, Friedrich hastened off for Silesia, quitted Meissen that day, with an Army of some 50,000; pressingly intent to relieve Goltz from his dangerous predicament there. This is one of Friedrich's famed marches, done in a minimum of time and with a maximum of ingenuity; concerning which I will remember only that, one night, "he lodged again at Rodewitz, near Hochklrch, in the same house as on that Occasion [what a thirty months to look back upon, as you sink to sleep!];—and that no accident anywhere befell the March, though Daun's people, all through Saxony and the Lausitz, were hovering on the flank,— apprehensive chiefly lest it might mean a plunge INTO BOHEMIA, for relief of Goltz, instead of what it did." For six weeks after that hard March, the King's people got Cantonments again, and rested.

Prince Henri is left in Saxony, with Daun in huge force against him, Daun and the Reich; between whom and Henri,—Seidlitz being in the field again with Henri, Seidlitz and others of mark,—there fell out a great deal of exquisite manoeuvring, rapid detaching and occasional sharp cutting on the small scale; but nothing of moment to detain us here or afterwards, We shall say only that Henri, to a wonderful extent, maintained himself against the heavy overwhelming Daun and his Austrian and Reichs masses; and that Napoleon, I know not after what degree

of study, pronounced this Campaign of 1761 to be the masterpiece of Henri, and really a considerable thing, "*La campagne de 1761 est celle ou ce Prince a vraiment montre des talents superieurs; the Battle of Freyberg [wait till next Year] nothing in comparison.*" [Montholon, *Memoires de Napoleon*, vii. 324.] Which may well detain soldier-people upon it; but must not us, in any measure. The result of Henri being what we said,—a drawn game, or nearly so,—we will, without interference from him, follow Friedrich and Goltz.

Friedrich and Goltz,—or, alas, it is very soon Friedrich alone; the valiant Goltz soon perishing from his hand! After brief junction in Schweidnitz Country, Friedrich detached Goltz to his old fortified Camp at Glogau, there to be on watch. Goltz watching there, lynx-eyed, skilful, volunteered a Proposal (June 22d): "Reinforce me to 20,000, your Majesty; I will attack so and so of those advancing Russians!" Which his Majesty straightway approved of, and set going. [Goltz's Letter to the King, "Glogau, 22d June, 1761," is in Tempelhof (v. 88–90), who thinks the plan good.] Goltz thereupon tasked all his energies, perhaps overmuch; and it was thought might at last really have done something for the King, in this matter of the Russians still in separate Divisions,—a thing feasible if you have energy and velocity; always unfeasible otherwise. But, alas, poor Goltz, just when ready to march, was taken with sudden violent fever, the fruit probably of overwork; and, in that sad flame, blazed away his valiant existence in three or four days:—gone forever, June 30th, 1761; to the regret of Friedrich and of many.

Old Ziethen was at once pushed on, from Glogau over the frontier, to replace Goltz; but, I doubt, had not now the requisite velocity: Ziethen merely manoeuvred about, and came home "attending the Russians," as Henri, Dohna and others had done. The Russians entered Silesia, from the northeast or Polish side, without difficulty; and (July 15th–20th) were within reach of Breslau and of an open road to southward, and to junction with Loudon, who is astir for them there. About Breslau they linger and higgie, at their leisure, for three weeks longer: and if their junction with the Austrians "in Neisse neighborhood" is to be prevented or impeded, it is Friedrich, not Ziethen, that will have to do it.

Junction in Neisse neighborhood (Oppeln, where it should have been, which is some 35 miles from Neisse), Friedrich did, by velocity and dexterity, contrive to prevent; but junction somewhere he probably knows to be inevitable. These are among Friedrich's famed marches and manoeuvrings, these against the swift Loudon and his slow Russians; but we will not dwell on them. My readers know the King's manner in such cases; have already been on two Marches with him, and even in these same routes and countries. We will say only, that the Russians were and had been very dilatory; Loudon much the reverse; and their and Loudon's Adversary still more. That, for five days, the Russians, at length close to Breslau (August 6th–11th), kept vaguely cannonading and belching noise and apprehension upon the poor City, but without real damage to it, and as if merely to pass the time; and had gradually pushed out fore-posts, as far as Oppeln, towards Loudon, up their safe right bank of Oder. That Loudon, on the first glimpse of these, had made his best speed Neisse-ward; and did a march or two with good hope; but at Munsterberg (July 22d), on the morning of the third or fourth day's march, was astonished to see Friedrich ahead of him, nearer Neisse than he; and that in Neisse Country there was nothing to be done, no Russian junction possible there.

"Try it in Schweidnitz Country, then!" said Loudon. The Russians leave off cannonading Breslau; cross Oder, about Auras or Leubus (August 11th–12th); and Loudon, after some finessing, marches back Schweidnitz-way, cautiously, skilfully; followed by Friedrich, anxious to prevent a junction here too or at lowest to do some stroke before it occur. A great deal of cunning marching, shifting and manoeuvring there is, for days round Schweidnitz on all sides; encampings by Friedrich, now Liegnitz head-quarter, now Wahlstadt, now Schonbrunn, Striegau;—without the least essential harm to Loudon or likelihood increasing that the junction can be hindered. No offer of battle either; Loudon is not so easy to beat as some. The Russians come on at a snail's pace, so Loudon thinks it, who is extremely impatient; but makes no mistakes in consequence, keeps himself safe (Kunzendorf, on the edge of the Glatz Hills, his main post), and the roads open for his heavy-footed friends.

In Nicolstadt, a march from Wahlstadt, 16th August, there are 60,000 Russians in front of Friedrich, 72,000 Austrians in rear: what can he, with at the very utmost 57,000, do against them? Now was the time to have fallen upon the King, and have consumed him between two fires, as it is thought might have been possible, had they been simultaneous, and both of them done it with a will. But simultaneity was difficult, and the will itself was wanting, or existed only on Loudon's side. Nothing of the kind was attempted on the confederate part, still less on Friedrich's,—who stands on his guard, and, from the Heights about, has at last, to witness what he cannot hinder. Sees both Armies on march; Austrians from the southeast or Kunzendorf-Freyberg side, Russians from the

northeast or Kleinerwitz side, wending in many columns by the back of Jauer and the back of Liegnitz respectively; till (August 18th) they "join hands," as it is termed, or touch mutually by their light troops; and on the 19th (Friedrich now off on another scheme, and not witnessing), fall into one another's arms, ranked all in one line of posts. [Tempelhof, v. 58–150.] "Can the Reichshofrath say our junction is not complete?" And so ends what we call the Prefatory part; and the time of Close Grips seems to be come!—Friedrich has now nothing for it but to try if he cannot possibly get hold of Kunzendorf (readers may look in their Map), and cut off Loudon's staff of bread; Loudon's, and Butturlin's as well; for the whole 130,000 are now to be fed by Loudon, and no slight task he will find it. By rushing direct on Kunzendorf with such a velocity as Friedrich is capable of, it is thought he might have managed Kunzendorf; but he had to mask his design, and march by the rear or east side of Schweidnitz, not by the west side: "They will think I am making off in despair, intending for the strong post of Pilzen there, with Schweidnitz to shelter me in front!" hoped Friedrich (morning of the 19th), as he marched off on that errand. But on approaching in that manner, by the bow, he found that Loudon had been quite sceptical of such despair, and at any rate had, by the string, made sure of Kunzendorf and the food-sources. August 20th, at break of day, scouts report the Kunzendorf ground thoroughly beset again, and Loudon in his place there. No use marching thitherward farther:—whither now, therefore?

Friedrich knows Pilzen, what an admirable post it really is; except only that Schweidnitz will be between the enemy and him, and liable to be besieged by them; which will never do! Friedrich, on the moment of that news from Kunzendorf, gets on march, not by the east side (as intended till the scouts came in), but by the west or exposed side of Schweidnitz:—he stood waiting, ready for either route, and lost not a moment on his scouts coming in. All upon the road by 3 A.M. August 20th; and encamps, still at an early hour, midway between Schweidnitz and Striegau: right wing of him at Zedlitz (if the reader look on his Map), left wing at Jauernik; headquarters, Bunzelwitz, a poor Village, celebrated ever since in War-annals. And begins (that same evening, the earlier or RESTED part of him begins) digging and trenching at a most extraordinary rate, according to plan formed; no enemy taking heed of him, or giving the least molestation. This is the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz, upon which it is worth while to dwell for a little.

To common eyes the ground hereabouts has no peculiar military strength: a wavy champaign, with nothing of abrupt or high, much of it actual plain, excellent for cavalry and their work;—this latter, too, is an advantage, which Friedrich has well marked, and turns to use in his scheme. The area he takes in is perhaps some seven or eight miles long, by as many broad. On the west side runs the still-young Striegau Water, defensive more or less; and on the farther bank of it green little Hills, their steepest side stream-ward. Inexpugnable Schweidnitz, with its stores of every kind, especially with its store of cannon and of bread, is on the left or east part of the circuit; in the intervening space are peaceable farm-villages, spots of bog; knolls, some of them with wood. Not a village, bog, knoll, but Friedrich has caught up, and is busy profiting by. "Swift, BURSCHE, dig ourselves in here, and be ready for any quotity and quantity of them, if they dare attack!"

And 25,000 spades and picks are at work, under such a Field-Engineer as there is not in the world when he takes to that employment. At all hours, night and day, 25,000 of them: half the Army asleep, other half digging, wheeling, shovelling; plying their utmost, and constant as Time himself: these, in three days, will do a great deal of spade-work. Batteries, redoubts, big and little; spare not for digging. Here is ground for Cavalry, too; post them here, there, to bivouac in readiness, should our Batteries be unfortunate. Long Trenches there are, and also short; Batteries commanding every ingate, and under them are Mines: "We will blow you and our Batteries both into the air, in case of capture!" think the Prussians, the common men at least, if Friedrich do not. "Mines, and that of being blown into the air," says Tempelhof, "are always very terrible to the common man." In places there are "Trenches 16 feet broad, by 16 deep," says an admiring Archenholtz, who was in it: "and we have two of those FLATTERMINEN (scatter-mines, blowing-up apparatuses) "to each battery." [Archenholtz, ii. 262

"Bunzelwitz, Jauernik, Tschechen and Peterwitz, all fortified," continues Archenholtz; "Wurben, in the centre, is like a citadel, looking down upon Striegau Water. Heavy cannon, plenty of them, we have brought from Schweidnitz: we have 460 pieces of cannon in all and 182 mines. Wurben, our citadel and centre, is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Our intrenchments"—You already heard what gulfs some of them were! "Before the lines are palisades, storm-posts, the things we call Spanish Horse (CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE);—woods we have in abundance in our Circuit, and axes busy for carpentries of that kind. There are four intrenched knolls; 24 big batteries, capable of playing beautifully, all like pieces in a concert." Four knolls elaborately intrenched, clothed

with cannon; founded upon FLATTER—mines: try where you will to enter, such torrents of death—shot will converge on you, and a concert of 24 big batteries begin their music!—

On the third day, Loudon, looking into this thing, which he has not minded hitherto, finds it such a thing as he never dreamt of before. A thing strong as Gibraltar, in a manner;—which it will be terribly difficult to attack with success! For eight days more Friedrich did not rest from his spadework; made many changes and improvements, till he had artificially made a very Stolpen of it, a Plauen, or more. Cogniazzo, the AUSTRIAN VETERAN, says: "Plauen, and Daun's often ridiculed precautions there, were nothing to it. Not as if Bunzelwitz had been so inaccessible as our sheer rocks there; but because it is a masterpiece of Art, in which the principles of tactics are combined with those of field—fortification, as never before." Tielke grows quite eloquent on it: "A masterpiece of judgment in ground," says he; "and the treatment of it a model of sound, true and consummate field—engineering." [Tielke, iii. § BUNZELWITZ (which is praised as an attractive Piece); OESTERREICHISCHER VETERAN, iv. 79: cited in PREUSS, ii. 285.]

Ziethen, appointed to that function, watches on the Heights of Wurben, the citadel of the place: keeps a sharp eye to the southwest. All round, in huge half—moon on the edge of the Hills over there, six or more miles from Ziethen, lie the angry Enemies; Austrians south and nearest, about Kunzendorf and Freyberg. Russians are on the top of Striegau Hills, which are well known to some of us; Russian head—quarter is Hohenfriedberg,—who would have thought it, Herr General von Ziethen? Sixteen years ago, we have seen these Heights in other tenancy: Austrian field—music and displayed banners coming down; a thousand and a thousand Austrian watch—fires blazing out yonder, in the silent June night, eve of such a Day! Baireuth Dragoons and their No. 67;—you will find the Baireuth Dragoons still here in a sense, but also in a sense not. Their fencing Chasot is gone to Lubeck long since; will perhaps pay Friedrich a visit by and by: their fiery Gessler is gone much farther, and will never visit anybody more! Many were the reapers then, and they are mostly gone to rest. Here is a new harvest; the old SICKLES are still here; but the hands that wielded them—! "Steady!" answers the Herr General; profoundly aware of all that, but averse to words upon it.

Fancy Loudon's astonishment, on the third day: "While we have sat consulting how to attack him, there is he,—unattackable, shall we say?" Unattackable, Loudon will not consent to think him, though Butturlin has quite consented. "Difficult, murderous," thinks Loudon; "but possible, certain, could Butturlin but be persuaded!" And tries all his rhetoric on Butturlin: "Shame on us!" urges the ardent Loudon: "Imperial and Czarish Majesties; Kriegshofrath, Russian Senate; Vienna, Petersburg, Versailles and all the world,— what are they expecting of us? To ourselves it seemed certain, and here we sit helplessly gazing!" Loudon is very diligent upon Butturlin: "Do but believe that it is possible. A plan can be made; many plans: the problem is solved, if only your Excellency will believe." Which Butturlin never quite will.

Nobody knows better than Friedrich in what perilous crisis he now stands: beaten here, what army or resource has he left? Silesia is gone from him; by every likelihood, the game is gone. This of Bunzelwitz is his last card; this is now his one stronghold in the world:—we need not say if he is vigilant in regard to this. From about the fourth day, when his engineering was only complete in outline, he particularly expects to be attacked. On the fifth night he concludes it will be; knowing Loudon's way. Towards sunset, that evening (August 25th), all the tents are struck: tents, cookeries, every article of baggage, his own among the rest, are sent to Wurben Heights (to Schweidnitz, Archenholtz says; but has misremembered): the ground cleared for action. And horse and foot, every man marches out, and stands ready under arms.

Contrary to everybody's expectation, not a shot was heard, that night. Nor the next night, nor the next: but the practice of vigilance was continued. Punctual as mathematics: at a given hour of the afternoon, tents are all struck; tents and furnitures, field swept clear; and the 50,000 in their places wait under arms. Next morning, nothing having fallen out, the tents come back; the Army (half of it at once, or almost the whole of it, according to aspects) rests, goes to sleep if it can. By night there is vigilance, is work, and no sleep. It is felt to be a hard life, but a necessary.

Nor in these labors of detail is the King wanting; far from it; the King is there, as ear and eye of the whole. For the King alone there is, near the chief Battery, "on the Pfarrberg, namely, in the clump of trees there," a small Tent, and a bundle of straw where he can lie down, if satisfied to do so. If all is safe, he will do so; but perhaps even still he soon awakens again; and strolls about among his guard—parties, or warms himself by their fires. One evening, among the orders, is heard this item: "And remember, a lock of straw, will you,—that I may not have to

sleep on the ground, as last night!" [Seyfarth, ii. 16 n.] Many anecdotes are current to this day, about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watch-fires. "Good evening, children." "The same to thee, Fritz." "What is that you are cooking?"—and would try a spoonful of it, in such company; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking, "Don't you know he dislikes it?" "No, smoke away!" the King would insist.

Mythical mainly, these stories; but the dialect of them true; and very strange to us. Like that of an Arab Sheik among his tribesmen; like that of a man whose authority needs no keeping up, but is a Law of Nature to himself and everybody. He permits a little bantering even; a rough joke against himself, if it spring sincerely from the complexion of the fact. The poor men are terribly tired of this work: such bivouacking, packing, unpacking; and continual waiting for the tug of battle, which never comes. Biscuits, meal are abundant enough; but flesh—meat wearing low; above all, no right sleep to be had. Friedrich's own table, I should think, is very sparingly beset ("A cup of chocolate is my dinner on marching—days," wrote he once, this Season); certainly his Lodging,—damp ground, and the straw sometimes forgotten,—is none of the best. And thus it has to last, night after night and day after day. On September 8th, General Bulow went out for a little butcher's—meat; did bring home "200 head of neat cattle [I fear, not very fat] and 300 sheep." [Tempelhof, v. 172.]

Loudon, all this while, is laboring, as man seldom did, to bring Butturlin to the striking place; who continues flaccid, Loudon screwing and rescrewing, altogether in vain. Loudon does not deny the difficulty; but insists on the possibility, the necessity: Councils of War are bid, remonstrances, encouragements. "We will lend you a Corps," answers Butturlin; "but as to our Army cooperating,—except in that far—off way, it is too dangerous!" Meanwhile provisions are running low; the time presses. A formal Plan, presented by the ardent Loudon,—Loudon himself to take the deadlier part,—"Mark it, noble Russian gentlemen; and you to have the easier!"—surely that is loyal, and not in the old cat's—paw way? But in that, too, there is an offence. Butturlin and the Russians grumble to themselves: "And you to take all the credit, as you did at Kunersdorf? A mere adjunct, or auxiliary, we: and we are a Feldmarschall; and you, what is your rank and seniority?" In short, they will not do it; and in the end coldly answer: "A Corps, if you like; but the whole Army, positively no." Upon which Loudon goes home half mad; and has a colic for eight—and—forty hours. This was September 2d; the final sour refusal;—nearly heart—breaking to Loudon. Provisions are run so low withal: the Campaign season all but done; result, nothing: not even an attempt at a result.

No Prussian, from Friedrich downwards, had doubted but the attack would be: the grand upshot and fiery consummation of these dark continual hardships and nocturnal watchings. Thrice over, on different nights, the Prussians imagined Loudon to have drawn out, intending actual business; and thrice over to have drawn in again,—instead of once only, as was the fact, and then taken colic. [Tempelhof, v. 170.] Friedrich's own notion, that "over dinner, glass in hand," the two Generals had, in the enthusiasm of such a moment, agreed to do it, but on sober inspection found it too dubious, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 125.] appears to be ungrounded. Whether they could in reality have stormed him, had they all been willing, is still a question; and must continue one. Wednesday evening, 9th September, there was much movement noticeable in the Russian camp; also among the Austrian, there are regiments, foot and horse, coming down hitherward. "Meaning to try it then?" thought Friedrich, and got at once under arms. Suppositions were various; but about 10 at night, the whole Russian Camp went up in flame; and, next morning, the Russians were not there.

Russian main Army clean gone; already got to Jauer, as we hear; and Beck with a Division to see them safe across the Oder;—only Czernichef and 20,000 being left, as a Corps of Loudon's. Who, with all Austrians, are quiet in their Heights of Kunzendorf again. And thus, on the twentieth morning, September 10th, this strange Business terminated. Shot of those batteries is drawn again; powder of those mines lifted out again: no firing of your heavy Artillery at all, nor even of your light, after such elaborate charging and shoving of it hither and thither for the last three weeks. The Prussians cease their bivouacking, nightly striking of tents; and encamp henceforth in a merely human manner; their "Spanish Riders" (FRISIAN Horse, CHEVAUX—DE—FRISE, others of us call them), their Storm—pales and elaborate wooden Engineerings, they gradually burn as fuel in the cold nights; finding Loudon absolutely quiescent, and that the thing is over, for the present. One huge peril handsomely staved away, though so many others impend.

By way of accelerating Butturlin, Friedrich, next day, September 11th, despatched General Platen with some 8,000 (so I will guess them from Tempelhof's enumeration by battalions), to get round the flank of Butturlin, and

burn his Magazines. Platen, a valiant skilful person, did this business, as he was apt to do, in a shining style; shot dexterously forward by the skirts of Butturlin; heard of a big WAGENBURG or Travelling Magazine of his, at Gostyn over the Polish Frontier; in fact, his travelling bread-basket, arranged as "Wagon-fortress" in and round some Convent there, with trenches, brick walls, cannon and defence considered strong enough for so important a necessary of the road. September 15th, Platen, before cock-crow, burst out suddenly on this Wagon-fortress, with its cannons, trenches, brick walls and defensive Russians; stormed into it with extraordinary fury: "Fixed bayonets," ordered he at the main point of their defence, "not a shot till they are tumbled out!"—tumbled them out accordingly, into flight and ruin; took of prisoners 1,845, seven cannon, and burnt the 5,000 provender wagons, which was the soul of the adventure; and directly got upon the road again. [Tempelhof, v. 281–293; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 643–649.] Detachments of him then fell on Posen, on Posen and other small Russian repositories in those parts,—hay-magazines, biscuit-stores soldiers' uniforms; distributed or burnt the same;—completely destroying the travelling haversack or general road-bag of Butturlin; a Butturlin that will have to hasten forward or starve.

Which done, Platen (not waiting the King's new orders, but anticipating them, to the King's great contentment) marched instantly, with his best speed and skilfulest contrivance of routes and methods, not back to the King, but onward towards Colberg,— (which he knows, as readers shall anon, to be much in need of him at present);—and without injury, though begirt all the way by a hurricane of Cossacks and light people doing their utmost upon him, arrived there September 25th; victoriously cutting in across the Besieging Party: and will again be visible enough when we arrive there. Indignant Butturlin chased violently, eager to punish Platen; but could get no hold: found Platen was clear off, to Pommern,—on what errand Butturlin knew well, if not so well what to do in consequence. "Reinforce our poor Besiegers there, and again reinforce [to enormous amounts, 40,000 of them in the end];— get bread from them withal:—and, before long, flow bodily thitherward, for bread to ourselves and for their poor sake!" That, on the whole, was what Butturlin did.

Friedrich stayed at Bunzelwitz above a fortnight after Butturlin. "Why did not Friedrich stay altogether, and wait here?" said some, triumphantly soon after. That was not well possible. His Schweidnitz Magazine is worn low; not above a month's provision now left for so many of us. The rate of sickness, too, gets heavier and heavier in this Bunzelwitz Circuit. In fine, it is greatly desirable that Loudon, who has nothing but Bohemia for outlook, should be got to start thither as soon as possible, and be quickened homeward. September 25th–26th, Friedrich will be under way again.

And, in the mean while, may not we employ this fortnight of quiescence in noting certain other things of interest to him and us which have occurred, or are occurring, in other parts of the Field of War? Of Henri in Saxony we undertook to say nothing; and indeed hitherto,—big Daun with his Lacys and Reichsfolk, lying so quiescent, tethered by considerations (Daun continually detaching, watching, for support of his Loudon and Russians and their thrice- important operation, which has just had such a finish),—there could almost nothing be said. Nothing hitherto, or even henceforth, as it proves, except mutual vigilances, multifarious bickerings, manoeuvrings, affairs of posts: sharp bits of cutting (Seidlitz, Green Kleist and other sharp people there); which must not detain us in such speed. But there are two points, the Britannic-French Campaign, and the Third Siege of Colberg; which in no rate of speed could be quite omitted.

OF FERDINAND'S BATTLE OF VELLINGHAUSEN (15th–16th July); AND THE CAMPAIGN 1761.

Vellinghausen is a poor little moory Hamlet in Paderborn Country, near the south or left bank of the Lippe River; lies to the north of Soest,—some 15 miles to your left-hand there, as you go by rail from Aachen to Paderborn;—but nobody now has ever heard of it at Soest or elsewhere, famous as it once became a hundred years ago. Ferdinand had taken a singular position there, in the early days of July, 1761. Here is brief Notice of that Affair, and of some results, or adjuncts, still more important, which it had:—

"This Year, Ferdinand's Campaign is more difficult than ever; Choiseul having made a quite spasmodic effort towards Hanover, while negotiating for Peace. Two Armies, counting together 160,000 men, in great completeness of equipment, Choiseul has got on foot, against Ferdinand's of 95,000. Had a fine dashing plan, too;— devised by himself (something of a Soldier he too, and full of what the mess-rooms call 'dash');—not so bad a Plan of the dashing kind, say judges. But it was marred sadly in one point: That Broglio, on issuing from his Hessian Winter-quarters, is not to be sole General; that Soubise, from the Lower-Rhine Country, is to be Co-General;—such the inexorable will of Pompadour. This clause of the business Ferdinand, at an early stage,

appears to have guessed or discerned might, for him, be the saving clause.

"Now, as formerly, Ferdinand's first grand business is to guard Lippstadt,—guard it now from these two Generals:—and, singular to see, instead of opposing the junction of them, he has submitted cheerfully to let them join. And in the course of a week or two after taking the field, is found to be on the western or outmost flank of Soubise, crushing him up towards Broglie, not otherwise! And has, partly by accident, taken a position at Vellinghausen which infinitely puzzles Broglie and Soubise, when they rush into junction at Soest (July 6th) and study the thing, with their own eyes, for eight whole days, in concert.' What continual reconnoitring, galloping about of high-plumed gentlemen together or apart; what MEMOIR-ing, mutual consulting, beating of brains, to little purpose, during those eight days!—

"Ferdinand stands in moory difficult ground, length of him about eight miles, looking eastward; with his left at Vellinghausen and the Lippe; centre of him is astride of the Ahse (centre partly, and right wing wholly, are on the south side of Ahse), which is a branch of Lippe; and in front, he has various little Hamlets, Kirch-Denkern [KIRCH-Denkern, for there are three or four other Denkers thereabouts], Scheidingen, Wambeln and others; and his right wing is covered farther by a quaggy brook, which runs into the above-said Ahse, and is a SUB-branch of Lippe. At most of these Villages Ferdinand has thrown up something of earthworks: there are bogs, rough places, woods; all are turned to advantage. Ferdinand is in a strongish, but yet a dangerous position; and will give difficulties, and does give endless dubieties, to these high-plumed gentlemen galloping about with their spy-glasses for eight days. One possibility they pretty soon discern in him: His left flank rests on Lippe, yes; but his right flank is in the air, has nothing to rest on;—here surely is some possibility for us? A strong Position, that of his; but if driven out of it by any method, he has no retreat; is tumbled back into the ANGLE where Ahse and Lippe meet, and into the little Town of Hamm there, where his Magazine is. What a fate for him, if we succeed!—

"Ferdinand, by the incessant reconnoitring and other symptoms, judges what is coming; concludes he will be attacked in this posture of his; and on the whole, what critics now reckon very wise and very courageous of him, determines to stand his chance in it. The consultations of Broglie and Soubise are a thing unique to look upon; spread over volumes of Official Record, and about a volume and a half even of BOURCET, where it is still almost amusing to read; [*Memoires Historiques* (that is to say, for most part, Selection of Official Papers) *sur la Guerre que les Francais ont soutenue en Allemagne depuis 1757 jusqu'au 1762*: par M. de Bourcet, Lieutenant-General des Armees du Roi (3 tomes, Paris, 1792);—worthily done; but occupied, two-thirds of it, with this Vellinghausen and the paltry "Campaign of 1761"!] and ending in helpless downbreak on both parts. Of strategic faculty nobody supposes they had much, and nearly all of it is in Broglie; Soubise being strong in Court-favor only. Exquisitely polite they both strive to be; and under the exquisite politeness, what infirmities of temper, splenetic suspicions, and in fact mutual hatred lay hidden, could never be accurately known. 'Attack him, Sunday next; on the 13th!' so, at the long last, both of them had said. And then, on more reflection, Broglie afterwards: 'Or not till the 15th, M. le Prince; till I reconnoitre yet again, and drive in his outposts?' 'M. le Marechal's will is always mine: Tuesday, 15th, reconnoitre him, drive him in; be it so, then!' answers Soubise, with extreme politeness,—but thinking in his own mind (or thought to be thinking), 'Wants to do it himself, or to get the credit of doing it, as in former cases; and bring me into disgrace!' Not quite an insane notion either, on Soubise's part, say some who have looked into the Broglie-Soubise Controversy;— which far be it from any of us, at this or at any time, to do. Here are the facts that ensued.

"TUESDAY, JULY 15th, 1761, Broglie reconnoitred with intensity all day, drove in all Ferdinand's outposts; and about six in the evening, seeing hope of surprise, or spurred by some notion of doing the feat by himself, suddenly burst into onslaught on Ferdinand's Position: 'Vellinghausen yonder, and the woody strengths about,—could not we get hold of that; it would be so convenient to—morrow morning!' Granby and the English are in camp about Vellinghausen; and are taken quite on the sudden: but they drew out rapidly, in a state of bottled indignation, and fought, all of them,—Pembroke's Brigade of Horse, Cavendish's of Foot, BERG-SCHOTTEN, Maxwell's Brigade and the others, in a highly satisfactory way,—'MIT UNBESCHREIBLICHER TAPFERKEIT,' says Mauvillon on this occasion again. Broglie truly has burst out into enormous cannonade, musketade and cavalry-work, in this part; and struggles at it, almost four hours,—a furious, and especially a very noisy business, charging, recharging through the woods there;—but, met in this manner, finds he can make nothing of it; and about 10 at night, leaves off till a new morning.

"Next morning, about 4, Broglio, having diligently warned Soubise overnight, recommenced; again very fiercely, and with loud cannonading; but with result worse than before. Ferdinand overnight, while Broglio was warning Soubise, had considerably strengthened his left wing here,—by detachments from the right or Anti-Soubise wing; judging, with good foresight, how Soubise would act. And accordingly, while poor Broglio kept storming forward with his best ability, and got always hurled back again, Soubise took matters easy; 'had understood the hour of attack to be' so—and—so, 'had understood' this and that; and on the whole, except summoning or threatening, in the most languid way, one outlying redoubt ('redoubt of Scheidingen') on Ferdinand's right wing, did nothing, or next to nothing, for behoof of his Broglio. Who, hour after hour, finds himself ever worse bested;— those Granby people proving 'indescribable' once more [their Wutgenau also with his Hanoverians NOT being absent, as they rather were last night];—and about 10 in the morning gives up the bad job; and sets about retiring. If retiring be now permissible; which it is not altogether. Ferdinand, watching intently through his glass the now silent Broglio, discerns 'Some confusion in the Marechal yonder!'—and orders a general charge of the left wing upon Broglio; which considerably quickened his retreat; and broke it into flight, and distressful wreck and capture, in some parts,— Regiment ROUGE, for one item, falling wholly, men, cannon, flags and furniture, to that Maxwell and his Brigade.

"Ferdinand lost, by the indistinct accounts, 'from 1,500 to 2,000:' Broglio's loss was 'above 5,000; 2,000 of them prisoners.' Soubise, for his share, 'had of killed 24,'—O you laggard of a Soubise! [Mauvillon, ii. 171–189; Tempelhof, v. 207–221; Bourcet, ii. 75 et seq. In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 770–782–792) the French Account, and the English (or Allied), with LISTS, and the like. Slight LETTER from Sir Robert Murray Keith to his Excellency Papa, now at Petersburg, "Excellency first," as we used to define him, stands in the miserably edited *Memoirs and Correspondence* (London, 1849), i. 104–105; and may tempt you to a reading; but alters nothing, adds little or nothing. Sir R. fights here as a Colonel of Highlanders, but afterwards became "Excellency second" of his name.] And it is a Battle lost to Choiseul's grand Pair of Armies; a Campaign checked in mid volley; and nothing but recriminations, courts-martial, shrieky jargonings,—and plain incompatibility between the two Marechaux de France; so that they had to part company, and go each his own road henceforth. Choiseul remonstrates with them, urges, encourages; writes the 'admirablest Despatches;' to no purpose. 'How ridiculous and humiliating would it be for us, if, with Two Armies of such strength, we accomplished nothing, and the whole Campaign were lost!' writes he once to them.

"Which was in fact the result arrived at; the two Generals parting company for this Campaign (and indeed for all others); and each, in his own way, proving futile. Soubise, with some 30,000, went gasconading about, in the Westphalian, or extreme western parts; taking Embden (from two Companies of Chelsea Pensioners; to whom he broke his word, poor old souls;—to whom, and much more to the Populations there [LETTER FROM A FRENCH PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN AT GRONINGEN; followed by confirmatory LETTER FROM (copied into *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761), give special details of the altogether ULTRA-Soltikof atrocities perpetrated by Soubise's people (doubtless against his will) on the recalcitrant or disaffected Peasants, on the Embden, not taking Bremen; and in fact doing nothing, except keep the Gazetteers in vain noise: a Soubise not in force, by himself, to shake Ferdinand; and who, it is remarked, now and formerly, always prefers to be at a good distance from that Gentleman. Broglio, on the other hand, keeps violently pulsing out, round Ferdinand's flanks; taking Wolfenbittel (Broglio's for two days), besieging Brunswick (for one day);—and, in short, leaving, he too, the matter as he had found it. A man of difficult, litigious temper, I should judge; but clearly has something of generalship: 'does understand tactic, if strategy NOT,' said everybody; 'while Soubise, in both capacities, is plain zero!' [Excellency Stanley (see INFRA) to Pitt, "Paris, 30th July, 1761:" in THACKERAY, ii. 561–562.] The end, however, was: next Winter, Broglio got dismissed, in favor of Soubise;—rest from shrieky jargon having its value to some of us; and 'hold of Hanover' being now plainly a matter hopeless to France and us."

In this Battle a fine young Prince of Brunswick got killed; Erbprinz's second Brother;—leading on a Regiment of BERG-SCHOTTEN, say the accounts. [*The Life of Prince Albert Henry* [had lived only 19 years, poor youth, not much of a "Life"!—but the account of his Education is worth reading, from a respectable Eye-witness] of Brunswick-Luneburg, Brother to the Hereditary Prince; who so eminently at Fellinghausen (London, Printed for 1763). *Written originally in German by the Rev. Mr. Hierusalem*" (Father of the "Young Jerusalem" who killed himself afterwards, and became, in a sense, Goethe's WERTHER and SORROWS). Price, probably, Twopence.)] Berg-Schotten, and English generally, Pembroke's Horse, Cavendish's Brigade,—we have

mentioned their behavior; and how Maxwell's Brigade took one whole regiment prisoners, in that final charge on Broglie. "What a glorious set of fellows!" said the English people over their beer at home. Beer let us fancy it; at the sign of THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY, which is now everywhere prevalent and splendid;—the beer, we will hope, good. And as this is a thing still said, both over beer and higher liquors, and perhaps is liable to be too much insisted on, I will give, from a candid By-stander, who knows the matter well, what probably is a more solid and circumstantially correct opinion. Speaking of Ferdinand's skill of management, and of how very composite a kind his Army was, Major Mauvillon has these words:—

"The first in rank," of Ferdinand's Force, "were the English; about a fourth part of the whole Army. Braver troops, when on the field of battle and under arms against the enemy, you will nowhere find in the world: that is a truth;—and with that the sum of their military merits ends. In the first place, their Infantry consists of such an unselected hand-over-head miscellany of people, that it is highly difficult to preserve among them even a shadow of good discipline,"—of MANNSZUCHT, in regard to plunder, drinking and the like; does not mean KRIEGSZUCHT, or drill. "Their Cavalry indeed is not so constituted; but a foolish love for their horses makes them astonishingly plunderous of forage; and thus they exhaust a district far faster in that respect than do the Germans.

"Officers' Commissions among them are all had by purchase: from which it follows that their Officers do not trouble their heads about the service; and understand of it, very VERY few excepted, absolutely nothing whatever [what a charming set of "Officers"!]—and this goes from the Ensign up to the General. Their home-customs incline them to the indulgences of life; and, nearly without exception, they all expect to have ample and comfortable means of sleep. [Hear, hear!] This leads them often into military negligences, which would sound incredible, were they narrated to a soldier. To all this is added a quiet natural arrogance (UEBERMUTH),"—very quiet, mostly unconscious, and as if inborn and coming by discernment of mere facts,—"which tempts them to despise the enemy as well as the danger; and as they very seldom think of making any surprisal themselves, they generally take it for granted that the enemy will as little.

"This arrogance, however, had furthermore a very bad consequence for their relation to the rest of the Army. It is well known how much these people despise all Foreigners. This of itself renders their co-operating with Troops of other Nations very difficult. But in this case there was the circumstance that, as the Army was in English pay, they felt a strong tendency to regard their fellow-soldiers and copartners as a sort of subordinate war-valets, who must be ready to put up with anything;—which was far indeed from being the opinion of the others concerned! The others had not the smallest notion of consenting to any kind of inferior treatment or consideration in respect of them. To the Hanoverians especially, from known political feelings, they were at heart, for most part, specially indisposed; and this mode of thinking was capable of leading to very dangerous outbreaks. The Hanoverians, a dull steady people, brave as need be, but too slow for anything but foot service, considered silently this War to be their War, and that all the rest, English as well, were here on their [and Britannic Majesty's] account.

"Think what difficulties Ferdinand's were, and what his merit in quietly subduing them; while to the cursory observer they were invisible, and nobody noticed them but himself!" [Mauvillon, ii. 270–272.]

Yes, doubtless. He needed to know his kinds of men; to regard intensely the chemic affinities and natural properties, to keep his phosphorescents his nitres and charcoals well apart; to get out of these English what they were capable of giving him, namely, heavy strokes,—and never ask them for what they had not: them or the others; but treat each according to his kind. Just, candid, consummately polite: an excellent manager of men, as well as of war-movements, though Voltaire found him shockingly defective in ESPRIT. The English, I think, he generally quartered by themselves; employed them oftenest under the Hereditary Prince,—a man of swift execution and prone to strokes like themselves. "Oftenest under the Erbprinz," says Mauvillon: "till, after the Fight of Kloster Kampen, it began to be noticed that there was a change in that respect; and the mess-rooms whispered, 'By accident or not?'"— which shall remain mysterious to me. In Battle after Battle he got the most unexceptionable sabring and charging from Lord Granby and the difficult English element; and never was the least discord heard in his Camp;—nor could even Sackville at Minden tempt him into a loud word.

But enough of English soldiering, and battling with the French. For about two months prior to this of Vellinghausen, and for more than two months after, there is going on, by special Envoys between Pitt and Choiseul, a lively Peace-Negotiation, which is of more concernment to us than any Battle. "Congress at Augsburg" split upon formalities, preliminaries, and never even tried to meet: but France and England are actually

busy. Each Country has sent its Envoy: the Sieur de Bussy, a tricky gentleman, known here of old, is Choiseul's, whom Pitt is on his guard against; "Mr. Hans Stanley," a lively, clear-sighted person, of whom I could never hear elsewhere, is Pitt's at Paris: and it is in that City between Choiseul and Stanley, with Pitt warily and loftily presiding in the distance, that the main stress of the Negotiation lies. Pitt is lofty, haughty, but very fine and noble; no King or Kaiser could be more. Sincere, severe, though most soft-shining; high, earnest, steady, like the stars. Artful Choiseul, again, flashes out in a cheerily exuberant way; and Stanley's Despatches about Choiseul ("CE FOU PLEIN D'ESPRIT," as Friedrich once christens him), about Choiseul and the France then round him, and the effects of Vellinghausen in society and the like,—are the liveliest reading one almost anywhere meets with in that kind. [In THACKERAY, i. 505–579, and especially ii. 520–626, is the Stanley—and—Pitt Correspondence: Stanley went "23d May;" returned (got his passports for returning) "September 20th."] Choiseul frankly admits that he has come to the worst: ready for concessions, but the question is, What? Canada is gone, for instance; of Canada you will allow us nothing: but our poor Fisher-people, toiling in the Newfoundland waters, cannot they have a rock to dry their fish on; "Isle of Miquelon, or the like?" "Not the breadth of a blanket,"—that is Pitt's private expression, I believe; and for certain, that, in polite official language, is his inexorable determination. "You shall go home out of those Countries, Messieurs; America is to be English or YANkee, not FRANGcee: that has turned out to be the Decree of Heaven; and we will stand by that."

So that Choiseul soon satisfies himself it will be a hard bargain, this with Pitt; and turns the more assiduously to the Majesty of Spain (Baby Carlos, our old friend, who has sore grudges of his own against the English, standing grievance of Campeachy Logwood, of bitter Naples reminiscences, and enough else), turns to Baby Carlos, time after time, with his pathetic "See, your Most Catholic Majesty!" And by rapid degrees induces Most Catholic Majesty to go wholly into the adventure with Most Christian Ditto;—and to say, at length, or to let Choiseul say for him, by way of cautious first-step (15th July, a date worth remembering, if the reader please): "Might not Most Catholic Majesty be allowed perhaps to mediate a little in this Business?" "Most Catholic Majesty!" answers Pitt, with a flash as if from the empyrean: "Who sent for Most Catholic Majesty?"—and the matter catches fire, totally explodes, and Spain too declares War; in what way is generally known.

Details are not permitted us. The Catastrophe we shall give afterwards, and can here say only: FIRST, That old Earl Marischal, Friedrich's Spanish Envoy, is a good deal in England, coming and going, at this time,—on that interesting business of the Kintore Inheritance, doubtless,—and has been beautifully treated. Been pardoned, disattainted, permitted to inherit,—by the King on the instant, by the Parliament so soon as possible; [King's Patent is of "30th April, 1760 [DATED 29th May, 1759], Act of Parliament to follow shortly;" "August 16th, 1760, Act having passed, is Marischal's public Presentation to his Majesty (late Majesty);" Old GAZETTES in *Gentleman's Magazine* (for 1760), xxx. 201, 392.]—and is of a naturally grateful turn. SECONDLY, That in the profoundest secrecy, penetrable only to eyes near at hand and that see in the dark, a celebrated Bourbon Family Compact was signed (August 15th, 1761, ten days before the digging at Bunzelwitz began), of which the first news to the Olympian man (conveyed by Marischal, as is thought) was like—like news of dead Pythons pretending to revive upon him. And THIRDLY, That, postponing the Catastrophe, and recommending the above two dates, 15th JULY, 15th AUGUST, to careful readers, we must hasten to Colberg for the present.

THIRD SIEGE OF COLBERG.

Readers had, some while ago, a flying Note, which we promised to take up again; about Tottleben's procedures, and a Third Siege of Colberg coming. Siege, we have chanced to see, there accordingly is, and a Platen gone to help against it. Siege, after infinite delays and haggles, has at length come,—uncommonly vivid during the final days of Bunzelwitz;—and is, and has been, and continues to be, much in the King's thoughts. Probably a matter of more concernment to him, before, during and after Bunzelwitz (though the Pitt Catastrophe, going on simultaneously, is still more important, if he knew it), than anything else befalling in the distance. Let us now give a few farther indications on that matter.

Truce between Werner and Tottleben expired May 12th; but for five weeks more nothing practical followed; except diligent reinforcing, revictualling and extraordinary fortifying of Colberg and its environs, on the Prussian part,—Eugen of Wurtemberg, direct from Restock and his Anti-Swede business, Eugen 12,000 strong, with a Werner and other such among them, taking head charge outside the walls; old Heyde again as Commandant within: while on the Russian part, under General Romanzow, there is a most tortoise-like advance,—except that the tortoise carries all his resources with him, and Romanzow's, multifarious and enormous, are scattered over

seas and lands, and need endless waiting for, in the intervals of crawling.

This is the Romanzow who failed at Colberg once already (on the heel of Zorndorf in 1758, if readers recollect); and is the more bound to be successful now. From sea and from land, for five weeks, there is rumor of a Romanzow in overwhelming force, and with intentions very furious upon Colberg,—upon the outposts, under Werner, as first point. Five weeks went, before anything of Romanzow was visible even to Werner (22d June, at Coslin, forty miles to eastward); after which his advance (such waiting for the ships, for the artilleries, the this and the that) was slower than ever; and for about eight weeks more, he haggles along through Coslin, through Corlin, Belgard again, flowing slowly forward upon Werner's outposts, like a summer glacier with its rubbishes; or like a slow lava-tide,—a great deal of smoke on each side of him (owing to the Cossacks), as usual. Romanzow's progress is of the slowest; and it is not till August 19th that he practically gets possession of Corlin, Belgard and those outposts on the Persante River, and comes within sight of Colberg and his problem. By which time, he finds Eugen of Wurtemberg encamped and intrenched still ahead of him, still nearer Colberg, and likely to give him what they call "DE LA TABLATURE," or extremely difficult music to play.

"It was on AUGUST 19th [very eve of Friedrich's going into Bunzelwitz] that Romanzow,—Werner, for the sake of those poor Towns he holds, generally retiring without bombardment or utter conflagration,—had got hold of Corlin and of the River Persante [with "Quetzin and Degow," if anybody knew them, as his main posts there]: and was actually now within sight of Colberg,—only 7 or 8 miles west of him, and a river more or less in his way:—when, singular to see, Eugen of Wurtemberg has rooted himself into the ground farther inward, environing Colberg with a fortified Camp as with a second wall; and it will be a difficult problem indeed!

"But Sea Armaments, Swedish-Russian, with endless siege-material and red-hot balls, are finally at hand; and this pitiful Colberg must be done, were it only by falling flat, on it, and smothering it by weight of numbers and of red-hot iron. The day before yesterday, August 17th, after such rumoring and such manoeuvring as there has been, six Russian ships-of-war showed themselves in Colberg Roads, and three of them tried some shooting on Heyde's workpeople, busy at a redoubt on the beach; but hit nothing, and went away till Romanzow himself should come. Romanzow come, there is utmost despatch; and within the eight days following, the Russian ships, and then the Swedish as well, have all got to their moorings,—12 sail of the line, with 42 more of the frigate and gunboat kind, 54 ships in all;—and from August 24th, especially from August 28th, bombardment to the very uttermost is going on. [Tempelhof, v. 311.] Bombardment by every method, from sea and from land, continues diligent for the next fortnight,—with little or no result; so diligent are Eugen and veteran Heyde.

"SEPTEMBER 4th. The Swedish-Russian gunboats have been much shot down by Heyde's batteries on the beach; no success had, owing to Heyde and Eugen: paltry little Colberg as impossible as Bunzelwitz, it seems? 'Double our diligence, therefore!' That is Romanzow's and everybody's sentiment here. Romanzow comes closer in, September 4th; besieges in form, since not Colberg, Eugen's CAMP, or brazen wall of Colberg; and there rises in and round this poor little Colberg (a 2,000 balls daily, red-hot and other) such a volcano as attracts the eyes of all the world thither.

"SEPTEMBER 12th. News yesterday of reinforcement, men and provender, coming from Stettin; is to be at Treptow on the 13th. Werner, night of the 11th, stealthily sets out to meet it, IT in the first place; then, joined with it, to take by rearward a certain inconvenient battery, which Romanzow is building to westward of us, out that way; to demolish said battery, and be generally distressful to the rear of Romanzow. At Treptow, after his difficult night's march, Werner is resting, secure now of the adventure;—too contemptuous of his slow Russians, as appeared! Who, for once, surprise HIM; and, at and round Treptow, next morning, Werner finds himself suddenly in a most awkward predicament. Werner, one of the rapidest and stormiest of skilful men, plunged valiantly into the affair; would still have managed it, they say, had not, in some sudden swoop,—charge, or something of critical or vital nature,—rapid Werner's horse got shot, and fallen with him; whereby not only the charge failed, but Werner himself was taken prisoner. A loss of very great importance, and grievous to everybody: though, I believe, the reinforcement and supply, for this time, got mostly through, and the dangerous battery was got demolished by other means. [Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 238; Tempelhof, v. 314.] This is Romanzow's first item of success, this of getting such a Werner snatched out of the game [and sent to Petersburg instead as we shall hear]; and other items fell to Romanzow thenceforth by the aid of time and hunger.

"In the way of storming, battering or otherwise capturing Eugen's Camp, not to speak of Heyde's town, Romanzow finds, on trial after trial, that he can do as good as nothing; and his unwieldy sea-comrades

(equinoctial gales coming on them, too) are equally worthless. September 19th [a week after this of Werner, tenth day after Bunzelwitz had ended], Romanzow made his fiercest attempt that way; fiercest and last: furious extremely, from 2 in the morning onwards; had for some time hold of the important 'Green Redoubt;' but was still more furiously battered and bayoneted out again, with the loss of above 3,000 men; and tried that no farther. Impossible by that method. But he can stand between the Eugen–Heyde people and supplies; and by obstinacy hunger them out: this, added to the fruitless bombardment, is now his more or less fruitful industry.

"In the end of September, the effects of Bunzelwitz are felt: Platen, after burning the Butturlin Magazine at Gostyn, has hastened hither; in what style we know. Platen arrives 25th September; cuts his way through Romanzow into Eugen's Camp, raises Eugen to about 15,000; [Tempelhof, v. 350.] renders Eugen, not to speak of Heyde, more impossible than ever. Butturlin did truly send reinforcements, a 10,000, a 12,000, 'As many as you like, my Romanzow!' And, in the beginning of October, came rolling thitherward bodily; hoping, they say, to make a Maxen of it upon those Eugens and Platens: but after a fortnight's survey of them, found there was not the least feasibility;—and that he himself must go home, on the score of hunger. Which he did, November 2d; leaving Romanzow reinforced at discretion [40,000, but with him too provisions are fallen low], and the advice, 'Cut off their supplies: time and famine are our sole chances here!' Butturlin's new Russians, endless thousands of them, under Fermor and others, infesting the roads from Stettin, are a great comfort to Romanzow. Nor could any Eugen—with his Platens, Thaddens, and utmost expenditure of skill and of valor and endurance, which are still memorable in soldier–annals, [*Tagebuch der Unternehmungen des Platenschen Corps vom September bis November 1761* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 32–76). *Bericht von der Unternehmungen des Thaddenschen Corps vom Jenner bis zum December 1761* (ibid. 77–147).]—suffice to convey provisions through that disastrous Wilderness of distances and difficulties.

"From Stettin, which lies southwest, through Treptow Gollnow and other wild little Prussian Towns is about 100 miles; from Landsberg south, 150: Friedrich himself is well–nigh 300 miles away; in Stettin alone is succor, could we hold the intervening Country. But it is overrun with Russians, more and ever more. A Country of swamps and moors, winter darkness stealing over it,—illuminated by such a volcano as we see: a very gloomy waste scene; and traits of stubborn human valor and military virtue plentiful in it with utter hardship as a constant quantity; details not permissible here only the main features and epochs, if they could be indicated.

"The King is greatly interested for Colberg; sends orders to collect from every quarter supplies at Stettin, and strain every nerve for the relief of that important little Haven. Which is done by the diligent Bevern, the collecting part; could only the conveying be accomplished. But endless Russians are afield, Fermor with a 15,000 of them waylaying; the conveyance is the difficulty." [*Bericht von den Unternehmungen der Wurtembergischen Corps in Pommern, vom May 1761 bis December 1761* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 147–258). Tempelhof, v. 313–326. *Helden–Geschichte*, vi. 669–708.]

But now we must return to Bunzelwitz, and September 25th, in Head– quarters there.

Chapter VIII. LOUDON POUNCES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ ONE NIGHT (LAST OF SEPTEMBER, 1761).

It was September 25th, more properly 26th, [Tempelhof, v. 327.] when Friedrich quitted Bunzelwitz; we heard on what errand. Early that morning he marches with all his goods, first to Pilzen (that fine post on the east side of Schweidnitz); and from that, straightway,—southwestward, two marches farther,—to Neisse neighborhood (Gross-Nossen the name of the place); Loudon making little dispute or none. In Neisse are abundant Magazines: living upon these, Friedrich intends to alarm Loudon's rearward country, and draw him towards Bohemia. As must have gradually followed; and would at once,—had Loudon been given to alarms, which he was not. Loudon, very privately, has quite different game afield. Loudon merely detaches this and the other small Corps to look after Friedrich's operations, which probably he believes to be only a feint:—and, before a week passes, Friedrich will have news he little expects!

Friedrich, pausing at Gross-Nossen, and perhaps a little surprised to find no Loudon meddling with him, pushes out, first one party and then another,—Dalwig, Bulow, towards Landshut Hill-Country, to threaten Loudon's Bohemian roads;—who, singular to say, do not hear the least word of Loudon thereabouts. A Loudon strangely indifferent to this new Enterprise of ours. On the third day of Gross-Nossen (Friday, October 2d), Friedrich detaches General Lentulus to rearward, or the way we came, for news of Loudon. Rearward too, Lentulus sees nothing whatever of Loudon: but, from the rumor of the country, and from two Prussian garrison-soldiers, whom he found wandering about,—he hears, with horror and amazement, That Loudon, by a sudden panther-spring, the night before last, has got hold of Schweidnitz: now his wholly, since 5 A.M. of yesterday; and a strong Austrian garrison in it by this time! That was the news Lentulus brought home to his King; the sorest Job's-post of all this War.

Truly, a surprising enterprise this of Loudon's; and is allowed by everybody to have been admirably managed. Loudon has had it in his head for some time;—ever since that colic of forty-eight hours, I should guess; upon the wrecks of which it might well rise as a new daystar. He kept it strictly in his own head; nobody but Daun and the Kaiser had hint of it, both of whom assented, and agreed to keep silence.

"On Friedrich's removal towards Neisse and threatening of Bohemia," says my Note on this subject, "Loudon's time had come. Friedrich had disappeared to southwestward, Saturday, September 26th: 'Gone to Pilzen,' reported Loudon's scouts; 'rests there over Sunday. Gone to Sigeroth, 28th; gone to Gross-Nossen, Tuesday, September 29th.' [Tempelhof, v. 330.] That will do, thinks Loudon; who has sat immovable at Kunzendorf all this while;—and, WEDNESDAY, 30th, instantly proceeds to business.

"Draws out, about 10 A.M. of Wednesday, all round Schweidnitz at some miles distance, a ring, or complete girdle, of Croat-Cossack people; blocking up every path and road: 'Nobody to pass, this day, towards Schweidnitz, much less into it, on any pretext.' That is the duty of the Croat people. To another active Officer he intrusts the task of collecting from the neighboring Villages (outside the Croat girdle) as many ladders, planks and the like, as will be requisite; which also is punctually done. For the Attack itself, which is to be Fourfold, our picked Officers are chosen, with the 20 best Battalions in the Army: Czernichef is apprised; who warmly assents, and offers every help:—'800 of your Grenadiers,' answers Loudon; 'no more needed.' Loudon's arrangements for management of the ladders, for punctuality about the routes, the times, the simultaneity, are those of a perfect artist; no Friedrich could have done better.

"About 4 in the afternoon, all the Captains and Battalions, with their ladders and furnitures, everybody with Instruction very pointed and complete, are assembled at Kunzendorf: Loudon addresses the Troops in a few fiery words; assures himself of victory by them; promises them 10,060 pounds in lieu of plunder, which he strictly prohibits. Officers had better make themselves acquainted with the Four Routes they are to take in the dark: proper also to set all your watches by the chief General's, that there be no mistake as to time. [In TEMPELHOF (v. 332–349) and ARCHENHOLTZ (ii. 272–280) all these details.] At 9, all being now dark, and the Croat girdle having gathered itself closer round the place since nightfall, the Four Divisions march to their respective starting-places; will wait there, silent; and about 2 in the morning, each at its appointed minute, step forward on their business. With fixed bayonets all of them; no musketry permitted till the works are won. Loudon will wait at the

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Village of Schonbrunn [not WARKOTSCH'S Schonbrunn, of which by and by, and which also is not far [See ARCHENHOLTZ, ii. 287; and correct his mistake of the two places.]] —at Schonbrunn, within short distance; give Loudon notice when you are within 600 yards;—there shall, if desirable, be reinforcements, farther orders. Loudon knows Schweidnitz like his own bedroom. He was personally there, in Leuthen time, improving the Works. By nocturnal Croat parties, in the latter part of Bunzelwitz time; and since then, by deserters and otherwise,—he knows the condition of the Garrison, of the Commandant, and of every essential point. Has calculated that the Garrison is hardly third part of what it ought to be,—3,800 in whole, and many of them loose deserter fellows; special artillery—men, instead of about 400, only 191;—most important of all, that Commandant Zastrow is no wizard in his trade; and, on the whole, that the Enterprise is likely to succeed.

"Zastrow has been getting married lately; and has many things to think of, besides Schweidnitz. Some accounts say this was his wedding—night,—which is not true, but only that he had meant to give a Ball this last night of September; and perhaps did give it, dancing over BEFORE 2, let us hope! Something of a jolter—head seemingly, though solid and honest. I observe he is a kind of butt, or laughing—stock, of Friedrich's, and has yielded some gleams of momentary fun, he and this marriage of his, between Prince Henri and the King, in the tragic gloom all round. [Schoning, ii. SOEPIUS.] Nothing so surprises me in Friedrich as his habitual inattention to the state of his Garrisons. He has the best of Commandants and also the worst: Tauentzien in Breslau, Heyde in Colberg, unsurpassable in the world; in Glatz a D'O, in Schweidnitz a Zastrow, both of whom cost him dear. Opposition sneers secretly, 'It is as they happen to have come to hand.' Which has not much truth, though some. Tauentzien he chose; D'O was Fouquet's choice, not his; Zastrow he did choose; Heyde he had by accident; of Heyde he had never heard till the defence of Colberg began to be a world's wonder. And in regard to his Garrisons, it is indisputable they were often left palpably defective in quantity and quality; and, more than once, fatally gave way at the wrong moment. We can only say that Friedrich was bitterly in want of men for the field; that 'a Garrison—Regiment' was always reckoned an inferior article; and that Friedrich, in the press of his straits, had often had to say: 'Well, these [plainly Helots, not Spartans], these will have to do!' For which he severely suffered: and perhaps repented,— who knows?

"Zastrow, in spite of Loudon's precautionary Girdle of Croats, and the cares of a coming Ball, had got sufficient inkling of something being in the wind. And was much on the Walls all day, he and his Officers; scanning with their glasses and their guesses the surrounding phenomena, to little purpose. At night he sent out patrols; kept sputtering with musketry and an occasional cannon into the vacant darkness ('We are alert, you see, Herr Loudon!'). In a word, took what measures he could, poor man;—very stupid measures, thinks Tempelhof, and almost worse than none, especially this of sputtering with musketry;—and hoped always there would be no Attack, or none to speak of. Till, in fine, between 2 and 3 in the morning, his patrols gallop in, 'Austrians on march!' and Zastrow, throwing out a rocket or two, descries in momentary illumination that the Fact is verily here.

"His defence (four of the Five several Forts attacked at once) was of a confused character; but better than could have been expected. Loudon's Columns came on with extraordinary vigor and condensed impetuosity; stormed the Outworks everywhere, and almost at once got into the shelter of the Covered—way: but on the Main Wall, or in the scaling part of their business, were repulsed, in some places twice or thrice; and had a murderous struggle, of very chaotic nature, in the dark element. No picture of it in the least possible or needful here. In one place, a Powder—Magazine blew up with about 400 of them,—blown (said rumor, with no certainty) by an indignant Prussian artillery—man to whom they had refused quarter: in another place, the 800 Russian Grenadiers came unexpectedly upon a chasm or bridgeless interstice between two ramparts; and had to halt suddenly,—till (says rumor again, with still less certainty) their Officers insisting with the rearward part, 'Forward, forward!' enough of front men were tumbled in to make a roadway! This was the story current; [Archenholtz, ii. 275.] greatly exaggerated, I have no doubt. What we know is, That these Russians did scramble through, punctually perform their part of the work;—and furthermore, that, having got upon the Town—Wall, which was finis to everything, they punctually sat down there; and, reflectively leaning on their muskets, witnessed with the gravity and dignity of antique sages, superior to money or money's worth, the general plunder which went on in spite of Loudon's orders.

"For, in fine, between 5 and 6, that is in about three hours and a half, Loudon was everywhere victorious; Zastrow, Schweidnitz Fortress, and all that it held, were Loudon's at discretion; Loudon's one care now was to stop the pillage of the poor Townsfolk, as the most pressing thing. Which was not done without difficulty, nor

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completely till after hours of exertion by cavalry regiments sent in. The captors had fought valiantly; but it was whispered there had been a preliminary of brandy in them; certainly, except those poor Russians, nobody's behavior was unexceptionable."

The capture of Schweidnitz cost Loudon about 1,400 men; he found in Schweidnitz, besides the Garrison all prisoners or killed, some 240 pieces of artillery,—"211 heavy guns, 135 hand-mortars," say the Austrian Accounts, "with stores and munitions" in such quantities; "89,760 musket-cartridges, 1,300,000 flints," [In *Helden-Geschichte*, (vi. 651-665) the Austrian Account, with LISTS for two items:—and all this was a trifle compared to the shock it has brought on Friedrich's Silesian affairs. For, in present circumstances, it amounts to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia; and, for the first time, to a real prospect of finishing the remainder next Year. It is judged to have been the hardest stroke Friedrich had in the course of this War. "Our strenuous Campaign on a sudden rendered wind, and of no worth! The Enemy to winter in Silesia, after all; Silesia to go inevitably,—and life along with it!" What Friedrich's black meditations were, "In the following weeks [not close following, but poor Kuster does not date], the King fell ill of gout, saw almost nobody, never came out; and, it was whispered, the inflexible heart of him was at last breaking; that is to say, the very axis of this Prussian world giving way. And for certain, there never was in his camp and over his dominions such a gloom as in this October, 1761; till at length he appeared on horseback again, with a cheerful face; and everybody thought to himself, 'Ha, the world will still roll, then!'" [Kuster, *Lebens-Rettungen Friedrichs des Zweyten* (Berlin, 1797), p. 59 It is the same innocent reliable Kuster whom we cited, in SALDERN'S case, already.]

This is what Loudon had done, without any Russians, except Russians to give him eight-and-forty hours colic, and put him on his own shifts. And the way in which the Kriegshofrath, and her Imperial Majesty the Kaiserinn, received it, is perhaps still worth a word. The Kaiser, who had alone known of Loudon's scheme, and for good reason (absolute secrecy being the very soul of it) had whispered nothing of it farther to any mortal, was naturally overjoyed. But the Olympian brow of Maria Theresa, when the Kaiser went radiant to her with this news, did not radiate in response; but gloomed indignantly: "No order from Kriegshofrath, or me!" Indignant Kriegshofrath called it a CROATEN-STREICH (Croat's-trick); and Loudon, like Prince Eugen long since, was with difficulty excused this act of disobedience. Great is Authority;— and ought to be divinely rigorous, if (as by no means always happens) it is otherwise of divine quality!

Friedrich's treatment of Zastrow was in strong contrast of style. Here is his Letter to that unlucky Gentleman, who is himself clear that he deserves no blame: "My dear Major-General von Zastrow,— The misfortune that has befallen me is very grievous; but what consoles me in it is, to see by your Letter that you have behaved like a brave Officer, and that neither you nor the Garrison have brought disgrace or reproach on yourselves. I am your well-affectioned King,—FRIEDRICH." And in Autograph this Postscript: "You may, in this occurrence, say what Francis I., after the Battle of Pavia, wrote to his Mother: 'All is lost except honor.' As I do not yet completely understand the affair, I forbear to judge of it; for it is altogether extraordinary.—F." [*Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 305, 306 (Letter undated there; date probably, "Gross-Nossen, October 3d").]

And never meddled farther with Zastrow; only left him well alone for the future. "Grant me a Court-Martial, then!" said Zastrow, finding himself fallen so neglected, after the Peace. "No use," answered Friedrich: "I impute nothing of crime to you; but after such a mishap, it would be dangerous to trust you with any post or command;"—and in 1766, granted him, on demand, his demission instead. The poor man then retired to Cassel, where he lived twenty years longer, and was no more heard of. He was half-brother of the General Zastrow who got killed by a Pandour of long range (bullet through both temples, from brushwood, across the Elbe), in the first year of this War.

Chapter IX. TRAITOR WARKOTSCH.

Friedrich's Army was to have cantoned itself round Neisse, October 3d: but on the instant of this fatal Schweidnitz news proceeded (3d–6th October) towards Strehlen instead,—Friedrich personally on the 5th;—and took quarters there and in the villages round. General cantonment at Strehlen, in guard of Breslau and of Neisse both; Loudon, still immovable at Kunzendorf, attempting nothing on either of those places, and carefully declining the risk of a Battle, which would have been Friedrich's game: all this continued till the beginning of December, when both parties took Winter–quarters; [Tempelhof, v. 349.] cantoned themselves in the neighboring localities,—Czernichef, with his Russians, in Glatz Country; Friedrich in Breslau as headquarter;—and the Campaign had ended. Ended in this part, without farther event of the least notability;—except the following only, which a poor man of the name of Kappel has recorded for us. Of which, and the astounding Sequel to which, we must now say something.

Kappel is a Gentleman's Groom of those Strehlen parts; and shall, in his own words, bring us face to face with Friedrich in that neighborhood, directly after Schweidnitz was lost. It is October 5th, day, or rather night of the day, of Friedrich's arrival thereabouts; most of his Army ahead of him, and the remainder all under way. Friedrich and the rearward part of his Army are filing about, in that new Strehlen–ward movement of theirs, under cloud of night, in the intricate Hill–and–Dale Country; to post themselves to the best advantage for their double object, of covering Breslau and Neisse both; Kappel LOQUITUR; abridged by Kuster, whom we abridge:—

"MONDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 5th, 1761, The King, with two or three attendants, still ahead of his Army, appeared at Schonbrunn, a Schloss and Village, five or six miles south from Strehlen; [THIS is the Warkotsch Schonbrunn; not the other near Schweidnitz, as Archenholtz believes: see ARCHENHOLTZ, ii. 287, and the bit of myth he has gone into in consequence.] and did the owner, Baron von Warkotsch, an acquaintance of his, the honor of lodging there. Before bedtime,—if indeed the King intended bed at all, meaning to be off in four hours hence,—Friedrich inquired of Warkotsch for 'a trusty man, well acquainted with the roads in this Country.' Warkotsch mentioned Kappel, his own Groom; one who undoubtedly knew every road of the Country; and who had always behaved as a trusty fellow in the seven years he had been with him. 'Let me see him,' said the King. Kappel was sent up, about midnight, King still dressed; sitting on a sofa, by the fire; Kappel's look was satisfactory; Kappel knows several roads to Strehlen, in the darkest night. 'It is the footpath which goes so–and–so that I want' (for Friedrich knows this Country intimately: readers remember his world–famous Camp of Strehlen, with all the diplomacies of Europe gathered there, through summer, in the train of Mollwitz). 'JA, IHRO MAJESTAT, I know it!' 'Be ready, then, at 4.'

"Before the stroke of 4, Kappel was at the door, on Master's best horse; the King's Groom too, and led horse, a nimble little gray, were waiting. As 4 struck, Friedrich came down, Warkotsch with him. 'Unspeakable the honor you have done my poor house!' Besides the King's Groom, there were a Chamberlain, an Adjutant and two mounted Chasers (REITENDE JAGER), which latter had each a lighted lantern: in all seven persons, including Kappel and the King. (Go before us on foot with your lanterns,' said the King. Very dark it was. And overnight the Army had arrived all about; some of them just coming in, on different roads and paths. The King walked above two miles, and looked how the Regiments were, without speaking a word. At last, as the cannons came up, and were still in full motion, the King said: 'Sharp, sharp, BURSCHE; it will be MARCH directly.' 'March? The Devil it will: we are just coming into Camp!' said a cannonier, not knowing it was the King.

"The King said nothing. Walked on still a little while; then ordered, 'Blow out the lanterns; to horseback now!' and mounted, as we all did. Me he bade keep five steps ahead, five and not more, that he might see me; for it was very dark. Not far from the Lordship Casserey, where there is a Water–mill, the King asked me, 'Have n't you missed the Bridge here?' (a King that does not forget roads and topographies which may come to concern him!)—and bade us ride with the utmost silence, and make no jingle. As day broke, we were in sight of Strehlen, near by the Farm of Treppendorf. 'And do you know where the Kallenberg lies?' said the King: 'It must be to left of the Town, near the Hills; bring us thither!'

"When we got on the Kallenberg, it was not quite day; and we had to halt for more light. After some time the King said to his Groom, 'Give me my perspective!' looked slowly all round for a good while, and then said, 'I see

no Austrians!"—(ground all at our choice, then; we know where to choose!) The King then asked me if I knew the road to"—in fact, to several places, which, in a Parish History of those parts, would be abundantly interesting; but must be entirely omitted here. ... "The King called his Chamberlain; gave some sign, which meant 'Beer—money to Kappel!'—and I got four eight—groschen pieces [three shillings odd; a rich reward in those days]; and was bid tell my Master, 'That the King thanked him for the good quarters, and assured him of his favor.'

"Riding back across country, Kappel, some four or five miles homeward, came upon the 'whole Prussian Army,' struggling forward in their various Columns. Two Generals,—one of them Krusemark, King's Adjutant [Colonel Krusemark, not General, as Kappel thinks, who came to know him some weeks after],—had him brought up: to whom he gave account of himself, how he had been escorting the King, and where he had left his Majesty. 'Behind Strehlen, say you? Breslau road? Devil knows whither we shall all have to go yet!' observed Krusemark, and left Kappel free." [Kuster, *Lebens—Rettungen*, pp. 66–76.]

In those weeks, Colberg Siege, Pitt's Catastrophe and high things are impending, or completed, elsewhere: but this is the one thing noticeable hereabouts. In regard to Strehlen, and Friedrich's history there, what we have to say turns all upon this Kappel and Warkotsch: and,—after mentioning only that Friedrich's lodging is not in Strehlen proper, but in Woiselwitz, a village or suburb almost half a mile off, and very negligently guarded,—we have to record an Adventure which then made a great deal of noise in the world.

Warkotsch is a rich lord; Schonbrunn only one of five or six different Estates which he has in those parts; though, not many years ago, being younger brother, he was a Captain in the Austrian service (Regiment BOTTA, if you are particular); and lay in Olmutz,—with very dull outlooks; not improved, I should judge, by the fact that Silesia and the Warkotsch connections were become Prussian since this junior entered the Austrian Army. The junior had sown his wild oats, and was already getting gray in the beard, in that dull manner, when, about seven years ago, his Elder Brother, to whom Friedrich had always been kind, fell unwell; and, in the end of 1755, died: whereupon the junior saw himself Heir; and entered on a new phase of things. Quitted his Captaincy, quitted his allegiance; and was settled here peaceably under his new King in 1756, a little while before this War broke out. And, at Schonbrunn, October 5th, 1761, has had his Majesty himself for guest.

Warkotsch was not long in riding over to Strehlen to pay his court, as in duty bound, for the honor of such a Visit; and from that time, Kappel, every day or two, had to attend him thither. The King had always had a favor for Warkotsch's late Brother, as an excellent Silesian Landlord and Manager, whose fine Domains were in an exemplary condition; as, under the new Warkotsch too, they have continued to be. Always a gracious Majesty to this Warkotsch as well; who is an old soldier withal, and man of sense and ingenuity; acceptable to Friedrich, and growing more and more familiar among Friedrich's circle of Officers now at Strehlen.

To Strehlen is Warkotsch's favorite ride; in the solitary country, quite a charming adjunct to your usual dull errand out for air and exercise. Kappel, too, remarks about this time that he (Kappel) gets once and again, and ever more frequently, a Letter to carry over to Siebenhuben, a Village three or four miles off; the Letter always to one Schmidt, who is Catholic Curate there; Letter under envelope, well sealed,—and consisting of two pieces, if you finger it judiciously. And, what is curious, the Letter never has any address; Master merely orders, "Punctual; for Curatus Schmidt, you know!" What can this be? thinks Kappel. Some secret, doubtless; perhaps some intrigue, which Madam must not know of,—"ACH, HERR BARON; and at your age,—fifty, I am sure!" Kappel, a solid fellow, concerned for groom—business alone, punctually carries his Letters; takes charge of the Responses too, which never have any Address; and does not too much trouble himself with curiosities of an impertinent nature.

To these external phenomena I will at present only add this internal one: That an old Brother Officer of Warkotsch's, a Colonel Wallis, with Hussars, is now lying at Heinrichau,—say, 10 miles from Strehlen, and about 10 from Schonbrunn too, or a mile more if you take the Siebenhuben way; and that all these missives, through Curatus Schmidt, are for Wallis the Hussar Colonel, and must be a secret not from Madam alone! How a Baron, hitherto of honor, could all at once become TURPISSIMUS, the Superlative of Scoundrels? This is even the reason,—the prize is so superlative.

"MONDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 30th, 1761 [night bitter cold], Kappel finds himself sitting mounted, and holding Master's horse, in Strehlen, more exactly in Woiselwitz, a suburb of Strehlen, near the King's door,—Majesty's travelling—coach drawn out there, symbol that Strehlen is ending, general departure towards Breslau now nigh. Not to Kappel's sorrow perhaps, waiting in the cold there. Kappel waits, hour after hour; Master taking his ease with the King's people, regardless of the horses and me, in this shivery weather;—and one

must not walk about either, for disturbing the King's sleep! Not till midnight does Master emerge, and the freezing Kappel and quadrupeds get under way. Under way, Master breaks out into singular talk about the King's lodging: Was ever anything so careless; nothing but two sentries in the King's anteroom; thirteen all the soldiers that are in Woiselwitz; Strehlen not available in less than twenty minutes: nothing but woods, haggly glens and hills, all on to Heinrichau: How easy to snatch off his Majesty! "UM GOTTES WILLEN, my Lord, don't speak so: think if a patrolling Prussian were to hear it, in the dark!" Pooh, pooh, answers the Herr Baron.

"At Schonbrunn, in the short hours, Kappel finds Frau Kappel in state of unappeasable curiosity: 'What can it be? Curatus Schmidt was here all afternoon; much in haste to see Master; had to go at last,—for the Church—service, this St. Andrew's Eve. And only think, though he sat with My Lady hours and hours, he left this Letter with ME: "Give it to your Husband, for my Lord, the instant they come; and say I must have an Answer to—morrow morning at 7." Left it with me, not with My Lady;—My Lady not to know of it!' "Tush, woman!" But Frau Kappel has been, herself, unappeasably running about, ever since she got this Letter; has applied to two fellow—servants, one after the other, who can read writing, 'Break it up, will you!' But they would not. Practical Kappel takes the Letter up to Master's room; delivers it, with the Message. 'What, Curatus Schmidt!' interrupts My Lady, who was sitting there: 'Herr Good—man, what is that?' 'That is a Letter to me,' answers the Good—man: 'What have you to do with it?' Upon which My Lady flounces out in a huff, and the Herr Baron sets about writing his Answer, whatever it may be.

"Kappel and Frau are gone to bed, Frau still eloquent upon the mystery of Curatus Schmidt, when his Lordship taps at their door; enters in the dark: 'This is for the Curatus, at 7 o'clock to—morrow; I leave it on the table here: be in time, like a good Kappel!' Kappel promises his Unappeasable that he will actually open this Piece before delivery of it; upon which she appeases herself, and they both fall asleep. Kappel is on foot betimes next morning. Kappel quietly pockets his Letter; still more quietly, from a neighboring room, pockets his Master's big Seal (PETSCHAFT), with a view to resealing: he then steps out; giving his BURSCHE [Apprentice or Under—Groom] order to be ready in so many minutes, 'You and these two horses' (specific for speed); and, in the interim, walks over, with Letter and PETSCHAFT, to the Reverend Herr Gerlach's, for some preliminary business. Kappel is Catholic; Warkotsch, Protestant; Herr Gerlach is Protestant preacher in the Village of Schonbrunn,—much hated by Warkotsch, whose standing order is: 'Don't go near that insolent fellow;' but known by Kappel to be a just man, faithful in difficulties of the weak against the strong. Gerlach, not yet out of bed, listens to the awful story: reads the horrid missive; Warkotsch to Colonel Wallis: 'You can seize the King, living or dead, this night!'—hesitates about copying it (as Kappel wishes, for a good purpose); but is encouraged by his Wife, and soon writes a Copy. This Copy Kappel sticks into the old cover, seals as usual; and, with the Original safe in his own pocket, returns to the stables now. His Bursch and he mount; after a little, he orders his Bursch: 'Bursch, ride you to Siebenhuben and Curatus Schmidt, with this sealed Letter; YOU, and say nothing. I was to have gone myself, but cannot; be speedy, be discreet!' And the Bursch dashes off for Siebenhuben with the sealed Copy, for Schmidt, Warkotsch, Wallis and Company's behoof; Kappel riding, at a still better pace, to Strehlen with the Original, for behoof of the King's Majesty.

"At Strehlen, King's Majesty not yet visible, Kappel has great difficulties in the anteroom among the sentry people. But he persists, insists: 'Read my Letter, then!' which they dare not do; which only Colonel Krusemark, the Adjutant, perhaps dare. They take him to Krusemark. Krusemark reads, all aghast; locks up Kappel; runs to the King; returns, muffles Kappel in soldier's cloak and cap, and leads him in. The King, looking into Kappel's face, into Kappel's clear story and the Warkotsch handwriting, needed only a few questions; and the fit orders, as to Warkotsch and Company, were soon given: dangerous engineers now fallen harmless, blown up by their own petard. One of the King's first questions was: 'But how have I offended Warkotsch?' Kappel does not know; Master is of strict wilful turn;—Master would grumble and growl sometimes about the peasant people, and how a nobleman has now no power over them, in comparison. 'Are you a Protestant?' 'No, your Majesty, Catholic.' 'See, IHR HERREN,' said the King to those about him; 'Warkotsch is a Protestant; his Curatus Schmidt is a Catholic; and this man is a Catholic: there are villains and honest people in every creed!'

"At noon, that day, Warkotsch had sat down to dinner, comfortably in his dressing—gown, nobody but the good Baroness there; when Rittmeister Rabenau suddenly descended on the Schloss and dining—room with dragoons: 'In arrest, Herr Baron; I am sorry you must go with me to Brieg!' Warkotsch, a strategic fellow, kept countenance to Wife and Rittmeister, in this sudden fall of the thunder—bolt: 'Yes, Herr Rittmeister; it is that mass

of Corn I was to furnish [showing him an actual order of that kind], and I am behind my time with it! Nobody can help his luck. Take a bit of dinner with us, anyway!' Rittmeister refused; but the Baroness too pressed him; he at length sat down. Warkotsch went 'to dress;' first of all, to give orders about his best horse; but was shocked to find that the dragoons were a hundred, and that every outgate was beset. Returning half-dressed, with an air of baffled hospitality: 'Herr Rittmeister, our Schloss must not be disgraced; here are your brave fellows waiting, and nothing of refreshment ready for them. I have given order at the Tavern in the Village; send them down; there they shall drink better luck to me, and have a bit of bread and cheese.' Stupid Rabenau again consents:—and in few minutes more, Warkotsch is in the Woods, galloping like Epsom, towards Wallis; and Rabenau can only arrest Madam (who knows nothing), and return in a baffled state.

"Schmidt too got away. The party sent after Schmidt found him in the little Town of Nimptsch, half-way home again from his Wallis errand; comfortably dining with some innocent hospitable people there. Schmidt could not conceal his confusion; but pleading piteously a necessity of nature, was with difficulty admitted to the—to the ABTRITT so called; and there, by some long pole or rake-handle, vanished wholly through a never-imagined aperture, and was no more heard of in the upper world. The Prussian soldiery does not seem expert in thief-taking.

"Warkotsch came back about midnight that same Tuesday, 500 Wallis Hussars escorting him; and took away his ready moneys, near 5,000 pounds in gold, reports Frau Kappel, who witnessed the ghastly operation (Hussars in great terror, in haste, and unconscionably greedy as to sharing);—after which our next news of him, the last of any clear authenticity, is this Note to his poor Wife, which was read in the Law Procedures on him six months hence: 'My Child (MEIN KIND),—The accursed thought I took up against my King has overwhelmed me in boundless misery. From the top of the highest hill I cannot see the limits of it. Farewell; I am in the farthest border of Turkey.—WARKOTSCH.'" [Kuster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, p. 88: Kuster, pp. 65–188 (for the general Narrative); Tempelhof, v. 346,

Schmidt and he, after patient trial, were both of them beheaded and quartered,—in pasteboard effigy,—in the Salt Ring (Great Square) of Breslau, May, 1762:—in pasteboard, Friedrich liked it better than the other way. "MEINETWEGEN," wrote he, sanctioning the execution, "For aught I care; the Portraits will likely be as worthless as the Originals." Rittmeister Rabenau had got off with a few days' arrest, and the remark, "ER IST EIN DUMMER TEUFEL (You are a stupid devil)!" Warkotsch's Estates, all and sundry, deducting the Baroness's jointure, which was punctually paid her, were confiscated to the King,—and by him were made over to the Schools of Breslau and Glogau, which, I doubt not, enjoy them to this day. Reverend Gerlach in Schonbrunn, Kappel and Kappel's Bursch, were all attended to, and properly rewarded, though there are rumors to the contrary. Hussar-Colonel Wallis got no public promotion, though it is not doubted the Head People had been well cognizant of his ingenious intentions. Official Vienna, like mankind in general, shuddered to own him; the great Counts Wallis at Vienna published in the Newspapers, "Our House has no connection with that gentleman;"—and, in fact, he was of Irish breed, it seems, the name of him WALLISCH (or Walsh), if one cared. Warkotsch died at Raab (THIS side the farthest corner of Turkey), in 1769: his poor Baroness had vanished from Silesia five years before, probably to join him. He had some pension or alimnt from the Austrian Court; small or not so small is a disputed point.

And this is, more minutely than need have been, in authentic form only too diffuse, the once world-famous Warkotsch Tragedy or Wellnigh-Tragic Melodrama; which is still interesting and a matter of study, of pathos and minute controversy, to the patriot and antiquary in Prussian Countries, though here we might have been briefer about it. It would, indeed, have "finished the War at once;" and on terms delightful to Austria and its Generals near by. But so would any unit of the million balls and bullets which have whistled round that same Royal Head, and have, every unit of them, missed like Warkotsch! Particular Heads, royal and other, meant for use in the scheme of things, are not to be hit on any terms till the use is had.

Friedrich settled in Breslau for the Winter, December 9th. From Colberg bad news meet him in Breslau; bad and ever worse: Colberg, not Warkotsch, is the interesting matter there, for a fortnight coming,—till Colberg end, it also irremediable. The Russian hope on Colberg is, long since, limited to that of famine. We said the conveyance of Supplies, across such a Hundred Miles of wilderness, from Stettin thither, with Russians and the Winter gainsaying, was the difficulty. Our short Note continues:—

"In fact, it is the impossibility: trial after trial goes on, in a strenuous manner, but without success. October

13th, Green Kleist tries; October 22d, Knobloch and even Platen try. For the next two months there is trial on trial made (Hussar Kleist, Knobloch, Thadden, Platen), not without furious fencing, struggling; but with no success. There are, in wait at the proper places, 15,000 Russians waylaying. Winter comes early, and unusually severe: such marchings, such endeavorings and endurances,—without success! For darkness, cold, grim difficulty, fierce resistance to it, one reads few things like this of Colberg. 'The snow lies ell—deep,' says Archenholtz; 'snow—tempests, sleet, frost: a country wasted and hungered out; wants fuel—wood; has not even salt. The soldier's bread is a block of ice; impracticable to human teeth till you thaw it,—which is only possible by night.' The Russian ships disappear (17th October); November 2d, Butturlin, leaving reinforcements without stint, vanishes towards Poland. The day before Butturlin went, there had been solemn summons upon Eugen, 'Surrender honorably, we once more bid you; never will we leave this ground, till Colberg is ours!' 'Vain to propose it!' answers Eugen, as before. The Russians too are clearly in great misery of want; though with better roads open for them; and Romanzow's obstinacy is extreme.

"Night of November 14th—15th, Eugen, his horse—fodder being entirely done, and Heyde's magazines worn almost out, is obliged to glide mysteriously, circuitously from his Camp, and go to try the task himself. The most difficult of marches, gloriously executed; which avails to deliver Eugen, and lightens the pressure on Heyde's small store. Eugen, in a way Tempelhof cannot enough admire, gets clear away. Joins with Platen, collects Provision; tries to send Provision in, but without effect. By the King's order, is to try it himself in a collective form. Had Heyde food, he would care little.

"Romanzow, who is now in Eugen's old Camp, summons the Veteran; they say, it is 'for the twenty—fifth time,'—not yet quite the last. Heyde consults his people: 'KAMERADEN, what think you should I do?' 'THUN SIE'S DURCHAUS NICHT, HERR OBRIST, Do not a whit of it, Herr Colonel: we will defend ourselves as long as we have bread and powder.' [Seyfarth, iii. 28; Archenholtz, ii. 304.] It is grim frost; Heyde pours water on his walls. Romanzow tries storm; the walls are glass; the garrison has powder, though on half rations as to bread: storm is of no effect. By the King's order, Eugen tries again. December 6th, starts; has again a march of the most consummate kind; December 12th, gets to the Russian intrenchment; storms a Russian redoubt, and fights inexpressibly; hut it will not do. Withdraws; leaves Colberg to its fate. Next morning, Heyde gets his twenty—sixth summons; reflects on it two days; and then (December 16th), his biscuit done, decides to 'march out, with music playing, arms shouldered and the honors of war.'" [Tempelhof, v. 351—377; Archenholtz, ii. 294—307; especially the Seyfarth *Beylagen* above cited.] Adieu to the old Hero; who, we hope, will not stay long in Russian prison.

"What a Place of Arms for us!" thinks Romanzow;—"though, indeed, for Campaign 1762, at this late time of year, it will not so much avail us." No;—and for 1763, who knows if you will need it then!

Six weeks ago, Prince Henri and Daun had finished their Saxon Campaign in a much more harmless manner. NOVEMBER 5th, Daun, after infinite rallying, marshalling, rearranging, and counselling with Loudon, who has sat so long quiescent on the Heights at Kunzendorf, ready to aid and reinforce, did at length (nothing of "rashness" chargeable on Daun) make "a general attack on Prince Henri's outposts", in the Meissen or Mulda—Elbe Country, "from Rosswein all across to Siebeneichen;" simultaneous attack, 15 miles wide, or I know not how wide, but done with vigor; and, after a stiff struggle in the small way, drove them all in;—in, all of them, more or less;—and then did nothing farther whatever. Henri had to contract his quarters, and stand alertly on his guard: but nothing came. "Shall have to winter in straiter quarters, behind the Mulda, not astride of it as formerly; that is all." And so the Campaign in Saxony had ended, "without, in the whole course of it", say the Books, "either party gaining any essential advantage over the other." [Seyfarth, iii. 54; Tempelhof, v. 275 et seq. (ibid. pp. 263—280 for the Campaign at large, in all breadth of detail).]

Chapter X. FRIEDRICH IN BRESLAU; HAS NEWS FROM PETERSBURG.

Since December 9th, Friedrich is in Breslau, in some remainder of his ruined Palace there; and is represented to us, in Books, as sitting amid ruins; no prospect ahead of him but ruin. Withdrawn from Society; looking fixedly on the gloomiest future. Sees hardly anybody; speaks, except it be on business, nothing. "One day," I have read somewhere, "General Lentulus dined with him; and there was not a word uttered at all." The Anecdote—Books have Dialogues with Ziethen; Ziethen still trusting in Divine Providence; King trusting only in the iron Destinies, and the stern refuge of Death with honor: Dialogues evidently symbolical only. In fact, this is not, or is not altogether, the King's common humor. He has his two Nephews with him (the elder, old enough to learn soldiering, is to be of next Campaign under him); he is not without society when he likes,—never without employment whether he like or not; and, in the blackest murk of despondencies, has his Turk and other Illusions, which seem to be brighter this Year than ever. [LETTERS to Henri: in SCHONING, iii. (SOEPIUS).]

For certain, the King is making all preparation, as if victory might still crown him: though of practical hope he, doubtless often enough, has little or none. England seems about deserting him; a most sad and unexpected change has befallen there: great Pitt thrown out; perverse small Butes come in, whose notions and procedures differ far from Pitt's! At home here, the Russians are in Pommern and the Neumark; Austrians have Saxony, all but a poor strip beyond the Mulda; Silesia, all but a fraction on the Oder: Friedrich has with himself 30,000; with Prince Henri, 25,000; under Eugen of Wurtemberg, against the Swedes, 5,000; in all his Dominions, 60,000 fighting men. To make head against so many enemies, he calculates that 60,000 more must be raised this Winter. And where are these to come from; England and its help having also fallen into such dubiety? Next Year, it is calculated by everybody, Friedrich himself hardly excepted (in bad moments), must be the finis of this long agonistic tragedy. On the other hand, Austria herself is in sore difficulties as to cash; discharges 20,000 men, —trusting she may have enough besides to finish Friedrich. France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for Peace; English Bute nothing like so ill to treat with as Pitt: to Austria no more subsidies from France. The War is waxing feeble, not on Friedrich's side only, like a flame short of fuel. This Year it must go out; Austria will have to kill Friedrich this Year, if at all.

Whether Austria's and the world's prophecy would have been fulfilled? Nobody can say what miraculous sudden shifts, and outbursts of fiery enterprise, may still lie in this man. Friedrich is difficult to kill, grows terribly elastic when you compress him into a corner. Or Destiny, perhaps, may have tried him sufficiently; and be satisfied? Destiny does send him a wonderful star-of-day, bursting out on the sudden, as will be seen!—Meanwhile here is the English calamity; worse than any Schweidnitz, Colberg or other that has befallen in this blackest, of the night.

THE PITT CATASTROPHE: HOW THE PEACE—NEGOTIATION WENT OFF BY EXPLOSION; HOW PITT WITHDREW (3d October, 1761), AND THERE CAME A SPANISH WAR NEVERTHELESS.

In St. James's Street, "in the Duke of Cumberland's late lodgings," on the 2d of October, 1761, there was held one of the most remarkable Cabinet—Councils known in English History: it is the last of Pitt's Cabinet—Councils for a long time,—might as well have been his last of all;—and is of the highest importance to Friedrich through Pitt. We spoke of the Choiseul Peace—Negotiation; of an offer indirectly from King Carlos, "Could not I mediate a little?"—offer which exploded said Negotiation, and produced the Bourbon Family Compact and an additional War instead. Let us now look, slightly for a few moments, into that matter and its sequences.

It was JULY 15th, when Bussy, along with something in his own French sphere, presented this beautiful Spanish Appendix,— "apprehensive that War may break out again with Spain, when we Two have got settled." By the same opportunity came a Note from him, which was reckoned important too: "That the Empress Queen would and did, whatever might become of the Congress of Augsburg, approve of this Separate Peace between France and England,—England merely undertaking to leave the King of Prussia altogether to himself in future with her Imperial Majesty and her Allies." "Never, Sir!" answered Pitt, with emphasis, to this latter Proposition; and to the former about Spain's interfering, or whispering of interference, he answered—by at once returning the Paper, as a thing non-extant, or which it was charitable to consider so. "Totally inadmissible, Sir; mention it no more!"—and at once called upon the Spanish Ambassador to disavow such impertinence imputed to his Master.

Fancy the colloquies, the agitated consultations thereupon, between Bussy and this Don, in view suddenly of breakers ahead!

In about a week (July 23d), Bussy had an Interview with Pitt himself on this high Spanish matter; and got some utterances out of him which are memorable to Bussy and us. "It is my duty to declare to you, Sir, in the name of his Majesty," said Pitt, "that his Majesty will not suffer the disputes with Spain to be blended, in any manner whatever, in the Negotiation of Peace between the Two Crowns. To which I must add, that it will be considered as an affront to his Majesty's dignity, and as a thing incompatible with the sincerity of the Negotiation, to make farther mention of such a circumstance." [In THACKERAY, ii. 554;—Pitt next day putting it in writing, "word for word," at Bussy's request.] Bussy did not go at once, after this deliverance; but was unable, by his arguments and pleadings, by all his oil and fire joined together, to produce the least improvement on it: "Time enough to treat of all that, Sir, when the Tower of London is taken sword in hand!" [Beatson, ii. 434. Archenholtz (ii. 245) has heard of this expression, in a slightly incorrect way.] was Pitt's last word. An expression which went over the world; and went especially to King Carlos, as fast as it could fly, or as his Choiseul could speed it: and, in about three weeks: produced—it and what had gone before it, by the united industry of Choiseul and Carlos, finally produced—the famed BOURBON FAMILY COMPACT (August 15th, 1761), and a variety of other weighty results, which lay in embryo therein.

Pitt, in the interim, had been intensely prosecuting, in Spain and everywhere, his inquiry into the Bussy phenomenon of July 15th; which he, from the first glimpse of it, took to mean a mystery of treachery in the pretended Peace–Negotiation, on the part of Choiseul and Catholic Majesty;—though other long heads, and Pitt's Ambassador at Madrid investigating on the spot, considered it an inadvertence mainly, and of no practical meaning. On getting knowledge of the Bourbon Family Compact, Pitt perceived that his suspicion was a certainty;—and likewise that the one clear course was, To declare War on the Spanish Bourbon too, and go into him at once: "We are ready; fleets, soldiers, in the East, in the West; he not ready anywhere. Since he wants War, let him have it, without loss of a moment!" That is Pitt's clear view of the case; but it is by no means Bute and Company's,—who discern in it, rather, a means of finishing another operation they have long been secretly busy upon, by their Mauduits and otherwise; and are clear against getting into a new War with Spain or anybody: "Have not we enough of Wars? " say they.

Since September 18th, there had been three Cabinet–Councils held on this great Spanish question: "Mystery of treachery, meaning War from Spain? Or awkward Inadvertence only, practically meaning little or nothing?" Pitt, surer of his course every time, every time meets the same contradiction. Council of October 2d was the third of the series, and proved to be the last.

"Twelve Seventy–fours sent instantly to Cadiz", had been Pitt's proposal, on the first emergence of the Bussy phenomenon. Here are his words, October 2d, when it is about to get consummated: "This is now the time for humbling the whole House of Bourbon: and if this opportunity is let slip, we shall never find another! Their united power, if suffered to gather strength, will baffle our most vigorous efforts, and possibly plunge us in the gulf of ruin. We must not allow them a moment to breathe. Self–preservation bids us crush them before they can combine or recollect themselves."— "No evidence that Spain means war; too many wars on our hands; let us at least wait!" urge all the others,—all but one, or one and A HALF, of whom presently. Whereupon Pitt: "If these views are to be followed, this is the last time I can sit at this Board. I was called to the Administration of Affairs by the voice of the People: to them I have always considered myself as accountable for my conduct; and therefore cannot remain in a situation which makes me responsible for measures I am no longer allowed to guide." [Beatson, ii. 438.]

Carteret Granville, President of said Council for ten years past, [Came in "17th June, 1751",—died "2d January, 1763."] now an old red–nosed man of seventy–two, snappishly took him up,—it is the last public thing poor Carteret did in this world,—in the following terms: "I find the Gentleman is determined to leave us; nor can I say I am sorry for it, since otherwise he would have certainly compelled us to leave him [Has ruled us, may not I say, with a rod of iron!] But if he be resolved to assume the office of exclusively advising his Majesty and directing the operations of the War, to what purpose are we called to this Council? When he talks of being responsible to the People, he talks the language of the House of Commons; forgets that, at this Board, he is only responsible to the King. However, though he may possibly have convinced himself of his infallibility, still it remains that we should be equally convinced, before we can resign our understandings to his direction, or join

with him in the measure he proposes." [BIOG. BRITANNICA (Kippis's; London, 1784), iii. 278. See Thackeray, i. 589–592.]

Who, besides Temple (Pitt's Brother-in-law) confirmatory of Pitt, Bute negatory, and Newcastle SILENT, the other beautiful gentlemen were, I will not ask; but poor old Carteret,—the wine perhaps sour on his stomach (old age too, with German memories of his own, "A biggish Life once mine, all futile for want of this same Kingship like Pitt's!")—I am sorry old Carteret should have ended so! He made the above Answer; and Pitt resigned next day. [Thackeray, i. 592 n. "October 5th" (ACCEPTANCE of the resignation, I suppose?) is the date commonly given.] "The Nation was thunderstruck, alarmed and indignant," says Walpole: [*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*, i. 82 et seq.] yes, no wonder;—but, except a great deal of noisy jargoning in Parliament and out of it, the Nation gained nothing for itself by its indignant, thunderstricken and other feelings. Its Pitt is irrecoverable; and it may long look for another such. These beautiful recalcitrants of the Cabinet–Council had, themselves, within three months (think under what noises and hootings from a non–admiring Nation), to declare War on Spain, ["2d January, 1762," the English; "18th January," the Spaniard (ANNUAL REGISTER for 1762, p. 50; or better, Beatson, ii. 443).] NOT on better terms than when Pitt advised; and, except for the "readiness" in which Pitt had left all things, might have fared indifferently in it.

To Spain and France the results of the Family Compact (we may as well give them at once, though they extend over the whole next year and farther, and concern Friedrich very little) were: a War on England (chiefly on poor Portugal for England's sake); with a War BY England in return, which cost Spain its Havana and its Philippine Islands.

"From 1760 and before, the Spanish Carlos, his orthodox mind perhaps shocked at Pombal and the Anti–Jesuit procedures, had forbidden trade with Portugal; had been drawing out dangerous 'militia forces on the Frontier;' and afflicting and frightening the poor Country. But on the actual arrival of War with England, Choiseul and he, as the first feasibility discernible, make Demand (three times over, 16th March–18th April, 1762, each time more stringently) on poor Portuguese Majesty: 'Give up your objectionable Heretic Ally, and join with us against him; will you, or will you not?' To which the Portuguese Majesty, whose very title is Most Faithful, answered always: 'You surprise me! I cannot; how can I? He is my Ally, and has always kept faith with me! For certain, No!' [*London Gazette*, 5th May, 1762, (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxii. 205, 321, 411).] So that there is English reinforcement got ready, men, money; an English General, Lord Tyrawley, General and Ambassador; with a 5 or 6,000 horse and foot, and many volunteer officers besides, for the Portuguese behoof. [List of all this in Beatson, ii. 491, iii. 323;—"did not get to sea till 12th May, 1762" (*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 239).] In short, every encouragement to poor Portugal: 'Pull, and we will help you by tracing.'

"The poor Portuguese pulled very badly: were disgusting to Tyrawley, he to them; and cried passionately, 'Get us another General;'—upon which, by some wise person's counsel, that singular Artillery Gentleman, the Graf von der Lippe Buckeburg, who gave the dinner in his Tent with cannon firing at the pole of it, was appointed; and Tyrawley came home in a huff. [Varnhagen van Ense, GRAF WILHELM ZUR LIPPE (Berlin, 1845), in *Vermischte Schriften*, i. 1–118: pp. 33–54, his Portuguese operations.] Which was probably a favorable circumstance. Buckeburg understands War, whether Tyrawley do or not. Duke Ferdinand has agreed to dispense with his Ordnance–Master; nay I have heard the Ordnance–Master, a man of sharp speech on occasion, was as good as idle; and had gone home to Buckeburg, this Winter: indignant at the many imperfections he saw, and perhaps too frankly expressing that feeling now and then. What he thought of the Portuguese Army in comparison is not on record; but, may be judged of by this circumstance, That on dining with the chief Portuguese military man, he found his Portuguese captains and lieutenants waiting as valets behind the chairs. [VARNHAGEN (gives no date anywhere).]

"The improvements he made are said to have been many;—and Portuguese Majesty, in bidding farewell, gave him a park of Miniature Gold Cannon by way of gracious symbol. But, so far as the facts show, he seems to have got from his Portuguese Army next to no service whatever: and, but for the English and the ill weather, would have fared badly against his French and Spaniards,—42,000 of them, advancing in Three Divisions, by the Douro and the Tagus, against Oporto and Lisbon.

"His War has only these three dates of event. 1. May 9th, The northmost of the Three Divisions [ANNUAL REGISTER for 1762, p. 30.] crosses the Portuguese Frontier on the Douro; summons Miranda, a chief Town of theirs; takes it, before their first battery is built; takes Braganza, takes Monte Corvo; and within a week is master

of the Douro, in that part, 'Will be at Oporto directly!' shriek all the Wine people (no resistance anywhere, except by peasants organized by English Officers in some parts); upon which Seventy–fours were sent.

"2. Division Second of the 42,000 came by Beira Country, between Tagus and Douro, by Tras–os–Montes; and laid siege to a place called Almeida [northwest some 20 odd miles from CUIDAD RODRIGO, a name once known to veterans of us still living], which Buckeburg had tried to repair into strength, and furnish with a garrison. Garrison defended itself well; but could not be relieved;—had to surrender, August 25th: whereby it seems the Tagus is now theirs! All the more, as Division Three is likewise got across from Estremadura, invading Alemtejo: what is to keep these Two from falling on Lisbon together?

"3. Against this, Buckeburg does find a recipe. Despatches Brigadier Burgoyne with an English party upon a Town called Valencia d'Alcantara [not Alcantara Proper, but Valencia of ditto, not very far from Badajoz], where the vanguard of this Third Division is, and their principal Magazine. Burgoyne and his English did perfectly: broke into the place, stormed it sword in hand (August 27th); kept the Magazine and it, though 'the sixteen Portuguese Battalions' could not possibly get up in time. In manner following (say the Old Newspapers):—

"The garrison of Almeida, before which place the whole Spanish Army had been assembled, surrendered to the Spaniards on the 25th [August 25th, as we have just heard], having capitulated on condition of not serving against Spain for six months.

"As a counterbalance to this advantage, the Count de Lippe caused Valencia d'Alcantara to be attacked, sword in hand, by the British troops; who carried it, after an obstinate resistance. The loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in this affair, is luckily but inconsiderable: and consists in Lieutenant Burk of Colonel Frederick's, one sergeant and three privates killed; two sergeants, one drummer, 18 privates wounded; 10 horses killed and 2 wounded [loss not at all considerable, in a War of such dimensions!]. The British troops behaved upon this occasion with as much generosity as courage; and it deserves admiration, that, in an affair of this kind, the town and the inhabitants suffered very little; which is owing to the good order Brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the heat of the action. This success would probably have been attended with more, if circumstances, that could not well be expected, had not retarded the march of sixteen Portuguese battalions, and three regiments of cavalry.' [Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p, 443).]

"Upon which—upon which, in fact, the War had to end. Rainy weather came, deluges of rain; Burgoyne, with or without the sixteen battalions of Portuguese, kept the grip he had. Valencia d'Alcantara and its Magazine a settled business, roads round gone all to mire,—this Third Division, and with it the 42,000 in general, finding they had nothing to live upon, went their ways again." NOTE, The Burgoyne, who begins in this pretty way at Valencia d'Alcantara, is the same who ended so dismally at Saratoga, within twenty years:—perhaps, with other War–Offices, and training himself in something suitabler than Parliamentary Eloquence, he might have become a kind of General, and have ended far otherwise than there?—

"Such was the credit account on Carlos's side: By gratuitous assault on Portugal, which had done him no offence; result zero, and pay your expenses. On the English, or PER CONTRA side, again, there were these three items, two of them specifically on Carlos: FIRST, Martinique captured from the French this Spring (finished 4th February, 1762): [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 127.]—was to have been done in any case, Guadaloupe and it being both on Pitt's books for some time, and only Guadaloupe yet got. SECONDLY, King Carlos, for Family Compact and fruitless attempt at burglary on an unoffending neighbor, Debtor: 1. To Loss of the Havana (6th June–13th August, 1762), [Ib. pp. 408–459, which might easily have issued in loss of all his West Indies together, and total abolition of the Pope's meridian in that Western Hemisphere; and 2. To Loss of Manilla, with his Philippine Islands (23d September–6th October, 1762), [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxiii. 171–177.] which was abolition of it in the Eastern. After which, happily for Carlos, Peace came,—Peace, and no Pitt to be severe upon his Indies and him. Carlos's War of ten months had stood him uncommonly high."

All these things the English Public, considerably sullen about the Cabinet–Council event of October 3d, ascribed to the real owner of them. The Public said: "These are, all of them, Pitt's bolts, not yours,—launched, or lying ready for launching, from that Olympian battery which, in the East and in the West, had already smitten down all Lallys and Montcalms; and had force already massed there, rendering your Havanas and Manillas easy for you. For which, indeed, you do not seem to care much; rather seem to be embarrassed with them, in your eagerness for Peace and a lazy life!"—Manilla was a beautiful work; [A JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS QF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN THE EXPEDITION TO MANILLA (*London Gazette*, April 19th, 1763;

Gentleman's Magazine, xxxiii. 171 et seq.). Written by Colonel or Brigadier-General Draper (suggester, contriver and performer of the Enterprise; an excellent Indian Officer, of great merit with his pen as well,—Bully JUNIUS'S Correspondent afterwards.) but the Manilla Ransom; a million sterling, half of it in bills,—which the Spaniards, on no pretext at all but the disagreeableness, refused to pay! Havana, though victorious, cost a good many men: was thought to be but badly managed. "What to do with it?" said Bute, at the Peace: "Give us Florida in lieu of it",—which proved of little benefit to Bute. Enough, enough of Bute and his performances.

Pitt being gone, Friedrich's English Subsidy lags: this time Friedrich concludes it is cut off;—silent on the subject; no words will express one's thoughts on it. Not till April 9th has poor Mitchell the sad errand of announcing formally That such are our pressures, Portuguese War and other, we cannot afford it farther. Answered by I know not what kind of glance from Friedrich; answered, I find, by words few or none from the forsaken King: "Good; that too was wanting," thought the proud soul: "Keep your coin, since you so need it; I have still copper, and my sword!" The alloy this Year became as 3 to 1:—what other remedy?

From the same cause, I doubt not, this Year, for the first time in human memory, came that complete abeyance of the Gift—moneys (DOUCEUR—GELDER), which are become a standing expectation, quasi—right, and necessary item of support to every Prussian Officer, from a Lieutenant upwards: not a word, in the least official, said of them this Year; still less a penny of them actually forthcoming to a wornout expectant Army. One of the greatest sins charged upon Friedrich by Prussian or Prussian—Military public opinion: not to be excused at all;—Prussian—Military and even Prussian—Civil opinion having a strange persuasion that this King has boundless supply of money, and only out of perversity refuses it for objects of moment. In the Army as elsewhere much has gone awry; [See Mollendorf's two or three LETTERS (Preuss, iv. 407–411).] many rivets loose after such a climbing of the Alps as there has been, through dense and rare.

It will surprise everybody that Friedrich, with his copper and other resources, actually raised his additional 60,000; and has for himself 70,000 to recover Schweidnitz, and bring Silesia to its old state; 40,000 for Prince Henri and Saxony, with a 10,000 of margin for Sweden and accidental sundries. This is strange, but it is true. [Stenzel, v. 297, 286; Tempelhof, vi. 2, 10, 63.] And has not been done without strivings and contrivings, hard requisitions on the places liable; and has involved not a little of severity and difficulty,—especially a great deal of haggling with the collecting parties, or at least with Prince Henri, who presides in Saxony, and is apt to complain and mourn over the undoable, rather than proceed to do it. The King's Correspondence with Henri, this Winter, is curious enough; like a Dialogue between Hope on its feet, and Despair taking to its bed. "You know there are Two Doctors in MOLIERE," says Friedrich to him once; "a Doctor TANT—MIEUX (So much the Better) and a Doctor TANT—PIS (So much the Worse): these two cannot be expected to agree!"—Instead of infinite arithmetical details, here is part of a Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens; and a Passage, one of many, with Prince Henri;—which command a view into the interior that concerns us.

THE KING TO D'ARGENS (at Berlin).

"BRESLAU, 18th January, 1762.

... "You have lifted the political veil which covered horrors and perfidies meditated and ready to burst out [Bute's dismal procedures, I believe; who is ravenous for Peace, and would fain force Friedrich along with him on terms altogether disgraceful and inadmissible [See D'Argens's Letter (to which this is Answer), *OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 281, 282.]: you judge correctly of the whole situation I am in, of the abysses which surround me; and, as I see by what you say, of the kind of hope that still remains to me. It will not be till the month of February [Turks, probably, and Tartar Khan; great things coming then!] that we can speak of that; and that is the term I contemplate for deciding whether I shall hold to CATO [Cato,—and the little Glass Tube I have!] or to CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES," and the best fight one can make.

"The School of patience I am at is hard, long—continued, cruel, nay barbarous. I have not been able to escape my lot: all that human foresight could suggest has been employed, and nothing has succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, doubtless I shall sink; it is only she that can extricate me from the situation I am in. I escape out of it by looking at the Universe on the great scale, like an observer from some distant Planet; all then seems to me so infinitely small, and I could almost pity my enemies for giving themselves such trouble about so very little. What would become of us without philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things frivolous, transient and fugitive, about which the greedy and ambitious make such a pother, fancying them to be solid! This is to become wise by stripes, you will tell me; well, if one do become wise, what matters it how?—I read a great

deal; I devour my Books, and that brings me useful alleviation. But for my Books, I think hypochondria would have had me in bedlam before now. In fine, dear Marquis, we live in troublous times and in desperate situations:—I have all the properties of a Stage-Hero; always in danger, always on the point of perishing. One must hope the conclusion will come; and if the end of the piece be lucky, we will forget the rest. Patience then, MON CHER, till February 20th [By which time, what far other veritable star-of-day will have risen on me!]. ADIEU, MON CHER.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 282, 283.]

TIFF OF QUARREL BETWEEN KING AND HENRI (March–April, 1762).

In the Spring months Prince Henri is at Hof in Voigtland, on the extreme right of his long line of "Quarters behind the Mulda;" busy enough, watching the Austrians and Reich; levying the severe contributions; speeding all he can the manifold preparatives;— conscious to himself of the greatest vigilance and diligence, but wrapt in despondency and black acidulent humors; a "Doctor SO MUCH THE WORSE," who is not a comforting Correspondent. From Hof, towards the middle of March, he becomes specially gloomy and acidulous; sends a series of Complaints; also of News, not important, but all rather in YOUR favor, my dearest Brother, than in mine, if you will please to observe! As thus:—

HENRI (at Hof, 10th–13th March). ... "Sadly off here, my dearest Brother.! Of our '1,284 head of commissariat horses,' only 180 are come in; of our '287 drivers,' not one. Will be impossible to open Campaign at that rate."—"Grenadier Battalions ROTHENBURG and GRANT demand to have picked men to complete them [of CANTONIST, or sure Prussian sort]. ... I find [NOTA BENE, Reader!] there are eight Austrian regiments going to Silesia [off my hands, and upon YOURS, in a sense], eight instead of four that I spoke of: intending, probably, for Glatz, to replace Czernichef [a Czernichef off for home lately, in a most miraculous way; as readers shall hear!]
—to replace Czernichef, and the blank he has left there? Eight of them: Your Majesty can have no difficulty; but I will detach Platen or somebody, if you order it; though I am myself perilously ill off here, so scattered into parts, not capable of speedy junction like your Majesty."

FRIEDRICH (14th–16th March). "Commissariat horses, drivers? I arranged and provided where everything was to be got. But if my orders are not executed, nor the requisitions brought in, of course there is failure. I am despatching Adjutant von Anhalt to Saxony a second time, to enforce matters. If I could be for three weeks in Saxony, myself, I believe I could put all on its right footing; but, as I must not stir two steps from here, I will send you Anhalt, with orders to the Generals, to compel them to their duty." [Schoning, iii. 301, 302.] "As to Grenadier Battalions GRANT and ROTHENBURG, it is absurd." (Henri falls silent for about a week, brooding his gloom;—not aware that still worse is coming.) King continues:—

KING (22d March). "Eight regiments, you said? Here, by enclosed List, are seventeen of them, names and particulars all given", which is rather a different view of the account against Silesia! Seventeen of them, going, not for Glatz, I should say, but to strengthen our Enemies hereabouts.

HENRI. "Hm, hah [answers only in German; dry military reports, official merely;—thinks of writing to Chief-Clerk Eichel, who is factotum in these spheres]. ... Artillery recruits are scarce in the extreme; demand bounty: five thalers, shall we say?"

KING. "Seventeen regiments of them, beyond question, instead of eight, coming on us: strange that you did n't warn me better. I have therefore ordered your Major-General Schmettau hitherward at once. As he has not done raising the contributions in the Lausitz, you must send another to do it, and have them ready when General Platen passes that way hither."—"Five thalers bounty for artillery men" say you? It is not to be thought of. Artillery men can be had by conscription where you are." Henri (in silence, still more indignant) sends military reports exclusively. March 26th, Henri's gloom reaches the igniting point; he writes to Chief-Clerk Eichel:—

"Monsieur, you are aware that Adjutant von Anhalt is on the way hither. To judge by his orders, if they correspond to the Letters I have had from the King, Adjutant von Anhalt's appearance here will produce an embarrassment, from which I am resolved to extricate myself by a voluntary retirement from office. My totally ruined (ABIMEE) health, the vexations I have had, the fatigues and troubles of war, leave in me little regret to quit the employment. I solicit only, from your attentions and skill of management, that my retreat be permitted to take place with the decency observed towards those who have served the State. I have not a high opinion of my services; but perhaps I am not mistaken in supposing that it would be more a shame to the King than to me if he should make me endure all manner of chagrins during my retirement." [Schoning, iii. 307.]

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Eichel sinks into profound reflection; says nothing. How is this fire to be got under? Where is the place to trample on it, before opening door or window, or saying a word to the King or anybody?

HENRI (same day, 26th March). "My dearest Brother,—In the List you send me of those seventeen Austrian regiments, several, I am informed, are still in Saxony; and by all the news that I get, there are only eight gone towards Silesia."—"From Leipzig my accounts are, the Reichs Army is to make a movement in advance, and Prince Xavier with the Saxons was expected at Naumburg the 20th ult. I know not if you have arranged with Duke Ferdinand for a proportionate succor, in case his French also should try to penetrate into Saxony upon me? I am, with the profoundest attachment, your faithful and devoted servant and Brother."

KING (30th March). "Seventeen of them, you may depend; I am too well informed to be allowed to doubt in any way. What you report of the Reichsfolk and Saxons moving hither, thither; that seems to me a bit of game on their part. They will try to cut one post from you, then another, unless you assemble a corps and go in upon them. Till you decide for this resolution, you have nothing but chicanes and provocations to expect there. As to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, I don't imagine that his Orders [from England] would permit him what you propose [for relief of yourself]: at any rate, you will have to write at least thrice to him,—that is to say, waste three weeks, before he will answer No or Yes. You yourself are in force enough for those fellows: but so long as you keep on the defensive alone, the enemy gains time, and things will always go a bad road." Henri's patience is already out; this same day he is writing to the King.

HENRI (30th March). ... "You have hitherto received proofs enough of my ways of thinking and acting to know that if in reality I was mistaken about those eight regiments, it can only have been a piece of ignorance on the part of my spy: meanwhile you are pleased to make me responsible for what misfortune may come of it. I think I have my hands full with the task laid on me of guarding 4,000 square miles of country with fewer troops than you have, and of being opposite an enemy whose posts touch upon ours, and who is superior in force. Your preceding Letters [from March 16th hitherto], on which I have wished to be silent, and this last proof of want of affection, show me too clearly to what fortune I have sacrificed these Six Years of Campaigning."

KING (3d April: Official Orders given in Teutsch; at the tail of which). "Spare your wrath and indignation at your servant, Monseigneur! You, who preach indulgence, have a little of it for persons who have no intention of offending you, or of failing in respect for you; and deign to receive with more benignity the humble representations which the conjunctures sometimes force from me. F."—Which relieves Eichel of his difficulties, and quenches this sputter. [Plucked up from the waste imbroglios of SCHONING (iii. 296–311), by arranging and omitting.]

Prince Henri, for all his complaining, did beautifully this Season again (though to us it must be silent, being small-war merely);— and in particular, MAY 12th) early in the morning, simultaneously in many different parts, burst across the Mulda, ten or twenty miles long (or BROAD rather, from his right hand to his left), sudden as lightning, upon the supine Serbelloni and his Austrians and Reichsfolk. And hurled them back, one and all, almost to the Plauen Chasm and their old haunts; widening his quarters notably. [*Bericht von dem Uebergang uber die Mulde, den der Prinz Heinrich den 12ten May 1762 glucklich ausgefuhrt* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii, 280–291).] A really brilliant thing, testifies everybody, though not to be dwelt on here. Seidlitz was of it (much fine cutting and careering, from the Seidlitz and others, we have to omit in these two Saxon Campaigns!) —Seidlitz was of it; he and another still more special acquaintance of ours, the learned Quintus Icilius; who also did his best in it, but lost his "AMUSETTE" (small bit of cannon, "Plaything," so called by Marechal de Saxe, inventor of the article), and did not shine like Seidlitz.

Henri's quarters being notably widened in this way, and nothing but torpid Serbellonis and Prince Stollbergs on the opposite part, Henri "drew himself out thirty-five miles long;" and stood there, almost looking into Plauen region as formerly. And with his fiery Seidlitzes, Kleists, made a handsome Summer of it. And beat the Austrians and Reichsfolk at Freyberg (OCTOBER 29th) a fine Battle, and his sole one),—on the Horse which afterwards carried Gellert, as is pleasantly known.

But we are omitting the news from Petersburg,—which came the very day after that gloomy LETTER TO D'ARGENS; months before the TIFF OF QUARREL with Henri, and the brilliant better destinies of that Gentleman in his Campaign.

BRIGHT NEWS FROM PETERSBURG (certain, Jan. 19th); WHICH GROW EVER BRIGHTER; AND BECOME A STAR-OF-DAY FOR FRIEDRICH.

To Friedrich, long before all this of Henri, indeed almost on the very day while he was writing so despondently to D'Argens, a new phasis had arisen. Hardly had he been five weeks at Breslau, in those gloomy circumstances, when,—about the middle of January, 1762 (day not given, though it is forever notable),—there arrive rumors, arrive news,—news from Petersburg; such as this King never had before! "Among the thousand ill strokes of Fortune, does there at length come one pre-eminently good? The unspeakable Sovereign Woman, is she verily dead, then, and become peaceable to me forevermore?" We promised Friedrich a wonderful star-of-day; and this is it,—though it is long before he dare quite regard it as such. Peter, the Successor, he knows to be secretly his friend and admirer; if only, in the new Czarish capacity and its chaotic environments and conditions, Peter dare and can assert these feelings? What a hope to Friedrich, from this time onward! Russia may be counted as the bigger half of all he had to strive with; the bigger, or at least the far uglier, more ruinous and incendiary;—and if this were at once taken away, think what a daybreak when the night was at the blackest!

Pious people say, The darkest hour is often nearest the dawn. And a dawn this proved to be for Friedrich. And the fact grew always the longer the brighter;—and before Campaign time, had ripened into real daylight and sunrise. The dates should have been precise; but are not to be had so: here is the nearest we could come. January 14th, writing to Henri, the King has a mysterious word about "possibilities of an uncommon sort,"—rumors from Petersburg, I could conjecture; though perhaps they are only Turk or Tartar—Khan affairs, which are higher this year than ever, and as futile as ever. But, on JANUARY 19th, he has heard plainly,—with what hopes (if one durst indulge them)!—that the implacable Imperial Woman, INFAME CATIN DU NORD, is verily dead. Dead; and does not hate me any more. Deliverance, Peace and Victory lie in the word!—Catin had long been failing, but they kept it religiously secret within the Court walls: even at Petersburg nobody knew till the Prayers of the Church were required: Prayers as zealous as you can,—the Doctors having plainly intimated that she is desperate, and that the thing is over. On CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1761, by Russian Style, 5th JANUARY, 1762, by European, the poor Imperial Catin lay dead;—a death still more important than that of George II. to this King.

Peter III., who succeeded has long been privately a sworn friend and admirer of the King; and hastens, not too SLOWLY as the King had feared, but far the reverse, to make that known to all mankind. That, and much else,—in a far too headlong manner, poor soul! Like an ardent, violent, totally inexperienced person (enfranchised SCHOOL-BOY, come to the age of thirty-four), who has sat hitherto in darkness, in intolerable compression; as if buried alive! He is now Czar Peter, Autocrat, not of Himself only, but of All the Russias;—and has, besides the complete regeneration of Russia, two great thoughts: FIRST, That of avenging native Holstein, and his poor martyr of a Father now with God, against the Danes;—and,

SECOND, what is scarcely second in importance to the first, and indeed is practically a kind of preliminary to it, That of delivering the Prussian Pattern of Heroes from such a pattern of foul combinations, and bringing Peace to Europe, while he settles the Holstein-Danish business. Peter is Russian by the Mother's side; his Mother was Sister of the late Catin, a Daughter, like her, of Czar Peter called the Great, and of the little brown Catharine whom we saw transiently long ago. His Holstein Business shall concern us little; but that with Friedrich, during the brief Six Months allowed him for it,—for it, and for all his remaining businesses in this world,—is of the highest importance to Friedrich and us.

Peter is one of the wildest men; his fate, which was tragical, is now to most readers rather of a ghastly grotesque than of a lamentable and pitiable character. Few know, or have ever considered, in how wild an element poor Peter was born and nursed; what a time he has had, since his fifteenth year especially, when Cousin of Zerbst and he were married. Perhaps the wildest and maddest any human soul had, during that Century. I find in him, starting out from the Lethean quagmires where he had to grow, a certain rash greatness of idea; traces of veritable conviction, just resolution; veritable and just, though rash. That of admiration for King Friedrich was not intrinsically foolish, in the solitary thoughts of the poor young fellow; nay it was the reverse; though it was highly inopportune in the place where he stood. Nor was the Holstein notion bad; it was generous rather, noble and natural, though, again, somewhat impracticable in the circumstances.

The summary of the Friedrich-Peter business is perhaps already known to most readers, and can be very briefly given; nor is Peter's tragical Six Months of Czarship (5th JANUARY-9th JULY, 1762) a thing for us to dwell on beyond need. But it is wildly tragical; strokes of deep pathos in it, blended with the ghastly and grotesque: it is part of Friedrich's strange element and environment: and though the outer incidents are public enough, it is essentially little known. Had there been an AEschylus, had there been a Shakspeare!—But poor

Peter's shocking Six Months of History has been treated by a far different set of hands, themselves almost shocking to see: and, to the seriously inquiring mind, it lies, and will long lie, in a very waste, chaotic, enigmatic condition. Here, out of considerable bundles now burnt, are some rough jottings, Excerpts of Notes and Studies,—which, I still doubt rather, ought to have gone in AUTO DA FE along with the others. AUTO DA FE I called it; Act of FAITH, not Spanish–Inquisitional, but essentially Celestial many times, if you reflect well on the poisonous consequences, on the sinfulness and deadly criminality, of Human Babble,—as nobody does nowadays! I label the different Pieces, and try to make legible;—hasty readers have the privilege of skipping, if they like. The first Two are of preliminary or prefatory nature,—perhaps still more skippable than those that will by and by follow.

1. GENEALOGY OF PETER. "His grandfather was Friedrich IV., Duke of Holstein–Gottorp and Schleswig, Karl XII.'s brother–in–law; on whose score it was (Denmark finding the time opportune for a stroke of robbery there) that Karl XII., a young lad hardly eighteen, first took arms; and began the career of fighting that astonished Denmark and certain other Neighbors who had been too covetous on a young King. This his young Brother–in–law, Friedrich of Holstein–Gottorp (young he too, though Karl's senior by ten years), had been reinstated in his Territory, and the Danes sternly forbidden farther burglary there, by the victorious Karl; but went with Karl in his farther expeditions. Always Karl's intimate, and at his right hand for the next two years: fell in the Battle of Clissow, 19th July, 1702; age not yet thirty–one.

"He left as Heir a poor young Boy, at this time only two years old. His young Widow Hedwig survived him six years. [Michaelis, ii. 618–629.] Her poor child grew to manhood; and had tragic fortunes in this world; Danes again burglarious in that part, again robbing this poor Boy at discretion, so soon as Karl XII. became unfortunate; and refusing to restore (have not restored Schleswig at all [A.D. 1864, HAVE at last had to do it, under unexpected circumstances!]):—a grimly sad story to the now Peter, his only Child! This poor Duke at last died, 18th June, 1739, age thirty– nine; the now Peter then about 11,—who well remembers tragic Papa; tragic Mamma not, who died above ten years before. [Michaelis, ii. 617; Hubner, tt. 227, 229.]

"Czar Peter called the Great had evidently a pity for this unfortunate Duke, a hope in his just hopes; and pleaded, as did various others, and endeavored with the unjust Danes, mostly without effect. Did, however, give him one of his Daughters to wife;—the result of whom is this new Czar Peter, called the Third: a Czar who is Sovereign of Holstein, and has claims of Sovereignty in Sweden, right of heirship in Schleswig, and of damages against Denmark, which are in litigation to this day. The Czarina CATIN, tenderly remembering her Sister, would hear of no Heir to Russia but this Peter. Peter, in virtue of his paternal affinities, was elected King of Sweden about the same time; but preferred Russia,— with an eye to his Danes, some think. For certain, did adopt the Russian Expectancy, the Greek religion so called; and was," in the way we saw long years ago, "married (or to all appearance married) to Catharina Alexiewna of Anhalt–Zerbst, born in Stettin; [Herr Preuss knows the house: "Now Dr. Lehmann's [at that time the Governor of Stettin's], in which also Czar Paul's second Spouse [Eugen of Wurtemberg a NEW Governor's Daughter], who is Mother of the Czars that follow, was born:" Preuss, ii. 310, 311. Catharine, during her reign, was pious in a small way to the place of her cradle; sent her successive MEDALS to Stettin, which still has them to show.] a Lady who became world–famous as Czarina of the Russias.

"Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with his Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether mad except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, but helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash of wild magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element, amid such darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opulence, such impediments, imaginary and real,—dreadfully real to poor Peter,— as made him the unique of mankind in his time. He 'used to drill cats,' it is said, and to do the maddest–looking things (in his late buried–alive condition);—and fell partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into drinking, as the solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, and now more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbors, withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case!—

"For seven or eight years, there came no progeny, nor could come; about the eighth or ninth, there could, and did: the marvellous Czar Paul that was to be. Concerning whose exact paternity there are still calumnious assertions widely current; to this individual Editor much a matter of indifference, though on examining, his verdict is: 'Calumnies, to all appearance; mysteries which decent or decorous society refuses to speak of, and which indecent is pretty sure to make calumnies out of.' Czar Paul may be considered genealogically genuine, if that is much an object to him. Poor Paul, does not he father himself, were there nothing more? Only that Peter and

this Catharine could have begotten such a Paul. Genealogically genuine enough, my poor Czar,—that needed to be garroted so very soon!

2. OF CATHARINE AND THE BOOKS UPON PETER AND HER. "Catharine too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which was consoled to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of lovers, the best the ground yielded. In which department it is well known what a Thrice—Greatest she became: superior to any Charles II.; equal almost to an August the Strong! Of her loves now and henceforth, which are heartily uninteresting to me, I propose to say nothing farther; merely this, That in extent they probably rivalled the highest male sovereign figures (and are to be put in the same category with these, and damned as deep, or a little deeper);—and cost her, in gifts, in magnificent pensions to the EMERITI (for she did things always in a grandiose manner, quietly and yet inexorably dismissing the EMERITUS with stores of gold), the considerable sum of 20 millions sterling, in the course of her long reign. One, or at most two, were off on pension, when Hanbury Williams brought Poniatowski for her, as we transiently saw. Poniatowski will be King of Poland in the course of events. ...

"Russia is not a publishing country; the Books about Catharine are few, and of little worth. TOOKE, an English Chaplain; CASTERA, an unknown French Hanger—on, who copies from Tooke, or Tooke from him: these are to be read, as the bad—best, and will yield little satisfactory insight; Castera, in particular, a great deal of dubious backstairs gossip and street rumor, which are not delightful to a reader of sense. In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a FRAGMENT of early AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Catharine herself,—a credible and highly remarkable little Piece: worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catharine you are seeking. [*Memoires de l'Imperatrice Catharine II., ecrites par elle—meme* (A. Herzen editing; London, 1859);—which we already cited, on occasion of Catharine's marriage.

Anonymous (Castera), *Vie de Catharine II., Imperatrice de Russie* (a Paris, 1797; or reprinted, most of it, enough of it, A VARSOVIE, 1798) 2 tomes, 8vo. Tooke, *Life of Catharine II.* (4th edition, London, 1800), 3 vols. 8vo; *View of the Russian Empire during* (London, 1799), 3 vols. 8vo.—Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1853 ET ANTEA), v. 241–308 et seq.; is by much the most solid Book, though a dull and heavy. Stenzel cites, as does Hermann, a *Biographie Peters des IIIten*; which no doubt exists, in perhaps 3 volumes; but where, when, by whom, or of what quality, they do not tell me.] A most placid, solid, substantial young Lady comes to light there; dropped into such an element as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made her wiser and wiser in her generation. Element black, hideous, dirty, as Lapland Sorcery;—in which the first clear duty is, to hold one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars,—not very heavenly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine,—a star or two, shine through the abominable murk: Steady, patient; steer silently, in all weathers, towards these!

"Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted environment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the Devil; terrific—absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, and some of them less ugly. Will be Czar of Russia, however;—and is one's so—called Husband. These are prospects for an observant, immovably steady—going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old CATIN herself, is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres her very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book of Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, of obstinacy, of intricate abrupt rigor, which—who knows but it may savor of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old blockhead? The Book says little of her, and in the way of criticism, of praise or of blame, nothing whatever; but one gains the notion of some dark human female object, bigger than one had fancied it before.

"Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouchsafed her, of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); and, at length, through perilous intricacies, the big star, Autocracy of All the Russias,—through what horrors of intricacy, that last! She had hoped always it would be by Husband Peter that she, with the deeper steady head, would be Autocrat: but the intricacies kept increasing, grew at last to the strangling pitch; and it came to be, between Peter and her, 'Either you to Siberia (perhaps FARTHER), or else I!' And it was Peter that had to go;—in what hideous way is well enough known; no Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter:—and Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the Autocracy herself. And then, the big star of stars being once hers, she had, not in the lover kind alone, but in all uncelestial kinds, whole nebulae and milky—ways of small stars. A very Semiramis, the Louis—Quatorze of those Northern Parts. 'Second Creatress of Russia,' second Peter the Great in a sense. To me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier: object

grandiose, if not great."— We return to Friedrich and the Death of Catin.

Colonel Hordt, I believe, was the first who credibly apprised Friedrich of the great Russian Event. Colonel Hordt, late of the Free-Corps HORDT, but captive since soon after the Kunersdorf time; and whose doleful quasi-infernal "twenty-five months and three days" in the Citadel of Petersburg have changed in one hour into celestial glories in the Court of that City;—as readers shall themselves see anon. By Hordt or by whomsoever, the instant Friedrich heard, by an authentic source, of the new Czar's Accession, Friedrich hastened to turn round upon him with the friendliest attitude, with arms as if ready to open; dismissing all his Russian Prisoners; and testifying, in every polite and royal way, how gladly he would advance if permitted. To which the Czar, by Hordt and by other channels, imperially responded; rushing forward, he, as if with arms flung wide.

January 31st is Order from the King, [In SCHONING, iii. 275 ("Breslau, 31st January, 1762").] That our Russian Prisoners, one and all, shod, clad and dieted, be forthwith set under way from Stettin: in return for which generosity the Prussians, from Siberia or wherever they were buried, are, soon after, hastening home in like manner. Gudowitsh, Peter's favorite Adjutant, who had been sent to congratulate at Zerbst, comes round by Breslau (February 20th), and has joyfully benign audience next day; directly on the heel of whom, Adjutant Colonel von Goltz, who KAMMERHERR as well as Colonel, and understands things of business, goes to Petersburg. February 23d, Czarish Majesty, to the horror of Vienna and glad astonishment of mankind, emits Declaration (Note to all the Foreign Excellencies in Petersburg), "That there ought to be Peace with this King of Prussia; that Czarish Majesty, for his own part, is resolved on the thing; gives up East Prussen and the so-called conquests made; Russian participation in such a War has ceased." And practically orders Czernichef, who is wintering with his 20,000 in Glatz, to quit Glatz and these Austrian Combinations, and march homeward with his 20,000. Which Czernichef, so soon as arrangements of proviant and the like are made, hastens to do;—and does, as far as Thorn; but no farther, for a reason that will be seen. On the last day of March, Czernichef—off about a week ago from Glatz, and now got into the Breslau latitude—came across, with a select Suite of Four, to pay his court there; and had the honor to dine with his Majesty, and to be, personally too, a Czernichef agreeable to his Majesty.

The vehemency of Austrian Diplomacies at Petersburg; and the horror of Kaiserinn and Kriegshofrath in Vienna,—who have just discharged 20,000 of their own people, counting on this Czernichef, and being dreadfully tight for money,—may be fancied. But all avails nothing. The ardent Czar advances towards Friedrich with arms flung wide. Goltz and Gudowitsh are engaged on Treaty of Peace; Czar frankly gives up East Prussen, "Yours again; what use has Russia for it, Royal Friend?" Treaty of Peace goes forward like the drawing of a Marriage-settlement (concluded MAY 5th); and, in a month more, has changed into Treaty of Alliance;—Czernichef ordered to stop short at Thorn; to turn back, and join himself to this heroic King, instead of fighting against him. Which again Czernichef, himself an admirer of this King, joyfully does;— though, unhappily, not with all the advantage he expected to the King.

Swedish Peace, Queen Ulrique and the Anti-French Party now getting the upper hand, had been hastening forward in the interim (finished, at Hamburg, MAY 2d): a most small matter in comparison to the Russian; but welcome enough to Friedrich;—though he said slightly of it, when first mentioned: "Peace? I know not hardly of any War there has been with Sweden;—ask Colonel Belling about it!" Colonel Belling, a most shining swift Hussar Colonel, who, with a 2,000 sharp fellows, hanging always on the Swedish flanks, sharp as lightning, "nowhere and yet everywhere," as was said of him, has mainly, for the last year or two, had the management of this extraordinary "War." Peace over all the North, Peace and more, is now Friedrich's. Strangling imbroglio, wide as the world, has ebbed to man's height; dawn of day has ripened into sunrise for Friedrich; the way out is now a thing credible and visible to him. Peter's friendliness is boundless; almost too boundless! Peter begs a Prussian Regiment,—dresses himself in its uniform, Colonel of ITZENPLITZ; Friedrich begs a Russian Regiment, Colonel of SCHUWALOF: and all is joyful, hopeful; marriage-bells instead of dirge ditto and gallows ditto,—unhappily not for very long.

In regard to Friedrich's feelings while all this went on, take the following small utterances of his, before going farther. JANUARY 27th, 1762 (To Madam Camas,—eight days after the Russian Event): "I rejoice, my good Mamma, to find you have such courage; I exhort you to redouble it! All ends in this world; so we may hope this accursed War will not be the only thing eternal there. Since death has trussed up a certain CATIN of the Hyperborean Countries, our situation has advantageously changed, and becomes more supportable than it was.

We must hope that some other events [favor of the new Czar mainly] will happen; by which we may profit to arrive at a good Peace."

JANUARY 31st (To Minister Finkenstein) "Behold the first gleam of light that rises;—Heaven be praised for it! We must hope good weather will succeed these storms. God grant it!" [Preuss, ii. 312.]

END OF MARCH (To D'Argens): ... "All that [at Paris; about the Pompadourisms, the EXILE of Broglio and Brother, and your other news] is very miserable; as well as that discrepancy between King's Council and Parlement for and against the Jesuits! But, MON CHER MARQUIS, my head is so ill, I can tell you nothing more,— except that the Czar of Russia is a divine man; to whom I ought to erect altars." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 301.]

MAY 25th (To the same,—Russian PEACE three weeks ago): "It is very pleasant to me, dear Marquis, that Sans-Souci could afford you an agreeable retreat during the beautiful Spring days. If it depended only on me, how soon should I be there beside you! But to the Six Campaigns there is a Seventh to be added, and will soon open; either because the Number 7 had once mystic qualities, or because in the Book of Fate from all eternity the"— ... "Jesuits banished from France? Ah, yes:—hearing of that, I made my bit of plan for them [mean to have my pick of them as schoolmasters in Silesia here]; and am waiting only till I get Silesia cleared of Austrians as the first thing. You see we must not mow the corn till it is ripe." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. p. 321.]

MAY 28th (To the same): ... Tartar Khan actually astir, 10,000 men of his in Hungary (I am told); Turk potentially ditto, with 200,000 (futile both, as ever): "All things show me the sure prospect of Peace by the end of this Year; and, in the background of it, Sans-Souci and my dear Marquis! A sweet calm springs up again in my soul; and a feeling of hope, to which for six years I had got unused, consoles me for all I have come through. Think only what a coil I shall be in, before a month hence [Campaign opened by that time, horrid Game begun again]; and what a pass we had come to, in December last: Country at its last gasp (AGONISAIT), as if waiting for extreme unction: and now—!" [Ib. xix. 323.] ...

JUNE 8th (To Madame Camas,—Russian ALLIANCE now come): "I know well, my good Mamma, the sincere part you take in the lucky events that befall us. The mischief is, we are got so low, that we want at present all manner of fortunate events to raise us again; and Two grand conclusions of Peace [the Russian, the Swedish], which might re-establish Peace throughout, are at this moment only a step towards finishing the War less unfortunately." [Ib. xviii. 146, 147.]*

Same day, JUNE 8th (To D'Argens): "Czernichef is on march to join us. Our Campaign will not open till towards the end of this month [did open July 1st]; but think then what a pretty noise in this poor Silesia again! In fine, my dear Marquis, the job ahead of me is hard and difficult; and nobody can say positively how it will all go. Pray for us; and don't forget a poor devil who kicks about strangely in his harness, who leads the life of one damned; and who nevertheless loves you sincerely.—Adieu." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 327.] D'Argens (May 24th) has heard, by Letters from very well-informed persons in Vienna, that "Imperial Majesty, for some time past, spends half of her time in praying to the Virgin, and the other half in weeping." "I wish her," adds the ungallant D'Argens, "as punishment for the mischiefs her ambition has cost mankind these seven years past, the fate of Phaethon's Sisters, and that she melt altogether into water!" [Ib. xix. 320 ("24th May, 1762").]—Take one other little utterance; and then to Colonel Hordt and the Petersburg side of things.

JUNE 19th (still to D'Argens); "What is now going on in Russia no Count Kaunitz could foresee: what has come to pass in England,—of which the hatefulest part [Bute's altogether extraordinary attempts, in the Kaunitz, in the Czar Peter direction, to FORCE a Peace upon me] is not yet known to you,—I had no notion of, in forming my plans! The Governor of a State, in troublous times, never can be sure. This is what disgusts me with the business, in comparison. A Man of Letters operates on something certain; a Politician can have almost no data of that kind." [Ib. xix. p. 329.] (How easy everybody's trade but one's own!)

Readers know what a tragedy poor Peter's was. His Czernichef did join the King; but with far less advantage than Czernichef or anybody had anticipated!—It is none of our intention to go into the chaotic Russian element, or that wildly blazing sanguinary Catharine—and-Peter business; of which, at any rate, there are plentiful accounts in common circulation, more or less accurate,— especially M. Rulhiere's, [*Histoire ou Anecdotes sur la Revolution de Russie en l'annee 1762* (written 1768; first printed Paris, 1797: English Translation, London, 1797).] the most succinct, lucid and least unsatisfactory, in the accessible languages. Only so far as Friedrich was concerned are we. But readers saw this Couple married, under Friedrich's auspices,—a Marriage which he

thought important twenty years ago; and sure enough the Dissolution of it did prove important to him, and is a necessary item here!

Readers, even those that know RULHIÈRE, will doubtless consent to a little supplementing from Two other Eye-witnesses of credit. The first and principal is a respectable Ex-Swedish Gentleman, whom readers used to hear of; the Colonel Hordt above mentioned, once of the Free-Corps HORDT, but fallen Prisoner latterly;—whose experiences and reports are all the more interesting to us, as Friedrich himself had specially to depend on them at present; and doubtless, in times long afterwards, now and then heard speech of them from Hordt. Our second Eye-witness is the Reverend Herr Doctor Busching (of the ERDBESCHREIBUNG, of the BEITRAGE, and many other Works, an invaluable friend to us all along); who, in his wandering time, had come to be "Pastor of the GERMAN CHURCH AT PETERSBURG," some years back.

WHAT COLONEL HORDT AND THE OTHERS SAW AT PETERSBURG (January–July, 1762).

Autumn, 1759, in the sequel to KUNERSDORF,—when the Russians and Daun lay so long torpid, uncertain what to do except keep Friedrich and Prince Henri well separate, and Friedrich had such watchings, campings and marchings about on the hither skirt of them (skirt always veiled in Cossacks, and producing skirmishes as you marched past),—we did mention Hordt's capture; [Supra, vol. x. p. 315.] not much hoping that readers could remember it in such a press of things more memorable. It was in, or as prelude to, one of those skirmishes (one of the earliest, and a rather sharp one, "at Trebatsch," in Frankfurt–Lieberose Country, "4th September, 1759"), that Hordt had his misfortune: he had been out reconnoitring, with an Orderly or two, before the skirmish began, was suddenly "surrounded by 200 Cossacks," and after desperate plunging into bogs, desperate firing of pistols and the like, was taken prisoner. Was carted miserably to Petersburg,—such a journey for dead ennui as Hordt never knew; and was then tumbled out into solitary confinement in the Citadel, a place like the Spanish Inquisition; not the least notice taken of his request for a few Books, for leave to answer his poor Wife's Letter, merely by the words, "Dear one, I am alive;"—and was left there, to the company of his own reflections, and a life as if in vacant Hades, for twenty–five months and three days. After the lapse of that period, he has something to say to us again, and we transiently look in upon him there.

The Book we excerpt from is *Memoires du Comte de Hordt* (second edition, 2 volumes 12mo, Berlin, 1789). This is Bookseller Pitra's redaction of the Hordt Autobiography (Berlin, 1788, was Pitra's first edition): several years after, how many is not said, nor whether Hordt (who had become a dignitary in Berlin society before Pitra's feat) was still living or not, a "M. Borelly, Professor in the Military School," undertook a second considerably enlarged and improved redaction;—of which latter there is an English Translation; easy enough to read; but nearly without meaning, I should fear, to readers unacquainted with the scene and subject. [*Memoirs of the Count de Hordt*: London, 1806: 2 vols. 12mo,—only the FIRST volume of which (unavailable here) is in my possession.] Hordt was reckoned a perfectly veracious, intelligent kind of man: but he seldom gives the least date, specification or precise detail; and his Book reads, not like the Testimony of an Eye-witness, which it is, and valuable when you understand it; but more like some vague Forgery, compiled by a destitute inventive individual, regardless of the Ten Commandments (sparingly consulting even his file of Old Newspapers), and writing a Book which would deserve the tread-mill, were there any Police in his trade!—

WEDNESDAY, 6th JANUARY, 1762, Hordt's vacant Hades of an existence in the Citadel of Petersburg was broken by a loud sound: three minute-guns went off from different sides, close by; and then whole salvos, peal after peal: "Czarina gone overnight, Peter III. Czar in her stead!" said the Officer, rushing in to tell Hordt; to whom it was as news of resurrection from the dead. "Evening of same day, an Aide-de-Camp of the new Czar came to announce my liberty; equipage waiting to take me at once to his Russian Majesty. Asked him to defer it till the following day—so agitated was I." And indeed the Czar, busy taking acclamations, oaths of fealty, riding about among his Troops by torchlight, could have made little of me that evening. [Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, v. 241.] "Ultimately, my presentation was deferred till Sunday" January 10th, "that it might be done with proper splendor, all the Nobility being then usually assembled about his Majesty."

"JANUARY 10th, Waited, amid crowds of Nobility, in the Gallery, accordingly. Was presented in the Gallery, through which the Czar, followed by Czarina and all the Court, were passing on their way to Chapel. Czar made a short kind speech ('Delighted to do you an act of justice, Monsieur, and return a valuable servant to the King I esteem'); gave me his hand to kiss: Czarina did the same. General Korf," an excellent friend, so kind to me at Königsberg, while I was getting carted hither, and a General now in high office here, "who had been my

introducer, led me into Chapel, to the Court's place (TRIBUNE DE LA COUR). Czar came across repeatedly [while public worship was going on; a Czar perhaps too regardless that way!] to talk to me; dwelt much on his attachment to the King. On coming out, the Head Chamberlain whispered me, 'You dine with the Court.'" Which, of course, I did.

"Table was of sixty covers; splendid as the Arabian Tales. Czar and Czarina sat side by side; Korf and I had the honor to be placed opposite them. Hardly were we seated when the Czar addressed me: 'You have had no Prussian news this long while. I am glad to tell you that the King is well, though he has had such fighting to right and left;—but I hope there will soon be an end to all that.' Words which everybody listened to like prophecy! [Peter is nothing of a Politician.] 'How long have you been in prison?' continued the Czar. 'Twenty—five months and three days, your Majesty.' 'Were you well treated?' Hordt hesitated, knew not what to say; but, the Czar urging him, confessed, 'He had been always rather badly used; not even allowed to buy a few books to read.' At which the Czarina was evidently shocked: 'CELA EST BIEN BARBARE!' she exclaimed aloud.—I wished much to return home at once; and petitioned the Czar on that subject, during coffee, in the withdrawing rooms; but he answered, 'No, you must not,—not till an express Prussian Envoy arrive!' I had to stay, therefore; and was thenceforth almost daily at Court",—but unluckily a little vague, and altogether DATELESS as to what I saw there!

BIEREN AND MUNNICH, BOTH OF THEM JUST HOME FROM SIBERIA, ARE TO DRINK TOGETHER (No date: Palace of Petersburg, Spring, 1762).— Peter had begun in a great way: all for liberalism, enlightenment, abolition of abuses, general magnanimity on his own and everybody's part. Rulhiere did not see the following scene; but it seems to be well enough vouched for, and Rulhiere heard it talked of in society. "As many as 20,000 persons, it is counted, have come home from Siberian Exile:" the L'Estocs, the Munnichs, Bierens, all manner of internecine figures, as if risen from the dead. "Since the night when Munnich arrested Bieren [readers possibly remember it, and Mannstein's account of it [Supra, vol. vii. p. 363.]], the first time these two met was in the gay and tumultuous crowd which surrounded the new Czar. 'Come, by-gones be by-gones,' said Peter, noticing them; 'let us three all drink together, like friends!'—and ordered three glasses of wine. Peter was beginning his glass to show the others an example, when somebody came with a message to him, which was delivered in a low tone; Peter listening drank out his wine, set down the glass, and hastened off; so that Bieren and Munnich, the two old enemies, were left standing, glass in hand, each with his eyes on the Czar's glass;—at length, as the Czar did not return, they flashed each his eyes into the other's face; and after a moment's survey, set down their glasses untasted, and walked off in opposite directions." [Rulhiere, p. 33.] Won't coalesce, it seems, in spite of the Czar's high wishes. An emblem of much that befell the poor Czar in his present high course of good intentions and headlong magnanimities!—We return to Hordt:—

THE CZAR WEARS A PORTRAIT OF FRIEDRICH ON HIS FINGER. "Czar Peter never disguised his Prussian predilections. One evening he said, 'Propose to your friend Keith [English Excellency here, whom we know] to give me a supper at his house to—morrow night. The other Foreign Ministers will perhaps be jealous; but I don't care!' Supper at the English Embassy took place. Only ten or twelve persons, of the Czar's choosing, were present. Czar very gay and in fine spirits. Talked much of the King of Prussia. Showed me a signet—ring on his finger, with Friedrich's Portrait in it; ring was handed round the table." [Hordt, ii. 118, 124, 129.] This is a signet—ring famous at Court in these months. One day Peter had lost it (mis-laid somewhere), and got into furious explosion till it was found for him again. [Hermann, v. 258.] Let us now hear Busching, our Geographical Friend, for a moment:—

HERR PASTOR BUSCHING DOES THE HOMAGING FOR SELF AND PEOPLE. ... "In most Countries, it is Official or Military People that administer the Oath of Homage, on a change of Sovereigns. But in Petersburg, among the German population, it is the Pastors of their respective Churches. At the accession of Peter III., I, for the first time [being still a young hand rather than an old], took the Oath from several thousands in my Church,"—and handed it over, with my own, in the proper quarter.

"As to the Congratulatory Addresses, the new Czar received the Congratulations of all classes, and also of the Pastors of the Foreign Churches, in the following manner. He came walking slowly through a suite of rooms, in each of which a body of Congratulators were assembled. Court—officials preceded, State—officials followed him. Then came the Czarina, attended in a similar way. And always on entering a new room they received a new Congratulation from the spokesman of the party there. The spokesman of us Protestant Pastors was my colleague,

Senior Trefurt; but the General-in-Chief and Head-of-Police, Baron von Korf [Hordt's friend, known to us above, German, we perceive, by creed and name], thinking it was I that had to make the speech, and intending to present me at the same time to the Czar, motioned to me from his place behind the Czar to advance. But I did not push forward; thinking it inopportune and of no importance to me."—"Neither did I share the great expectations which Baron von Korf and everybody entertained of this new reign. All people now promised themselves better times, without reflecting [as they should have done!] that the better men necessary to produce these were nowhere forthcoming!" [Busching's *Beitrag*, vi. ("Author's own Biography") 462 et seq.]

For the first two or three months, Peter was the idol of all the world: such generousities and magnanimities; Such zeal and diligence, one magnanimous improvement following another! He had at once abolished Torture in his Law-Courts: resolved to have a regular Code of Laws,—and Judges to be depended on for doing justice. He "destroyed monopolies;" "lowered the price of salt." To the joy of everybody, he had hastened (January 18th, second week of reign) to abolish the SECRET CHANCERY,—a horrid Spanish- Inquisition engine of domestic politics. His Nobility he had determined should be noble: January 28th (third week of reign just beginning), he absolved the Nobility from all servile duties to him: "You can travel when and where you please; you are not obliged to serve in my Armies; you may serve in anybody's not at war with me!" under plaudits loud and universal from that Order of men. And was petitioned by a grateful Petersburg world: "Permit us, magnanimous Czar, to raise a statue of your Majesty in solid Gold!" "Don't at all!" answered Peter: "Ah, if by good governing I could raise a memorial in my People's hearts; that would be the Statue for me!" [Hermann, v. 248.] Poor headlong Peter!—It was a less lucky step that of informing the Clergy (date not given), That in the Czarship lay Spiritual Sovereignty as well as Temporal, and that HE would henceforth administer their rich Abbey Lands and the like:—this gave a sad shock to the upper strata of Priesthood, extending gradually to the lower, and ultimately raising an ominous general thought (perhaps worse than a general cry) of "Church in Danger! Alas, is our Czar regardless of Holy Religion, then? Perhaps, at heart still Lutheran, and has no Religion?" This, and his too headlong Prussian tendencies, are counted to have done him infinite mischief.

HERR BUSCHING SEES THE CZAR ON HORSEBACK. "When the Czar's own Regiment of Cuirassiers came to Petersburg, the Czar, dressed in the uniform of the regiment, rode out to meet it; and returning at its head, rode repeatedly through certain quarters of the Town. His helmet was buckled tight with leather straps under the chin; he sat his horse as upright and stiff as a wooden image; held his sabre in equally stiff manner; turned fixedly his eyes to the right; and never by a hair's-breadth changed that posture. In such attitude he twice passed my house with his regiment, without changing a feature at sight of the many persons who crowded the windows. To me [in my privately austere judgment] he seemed so KLEINGEISTISCH, so small-minded a person, that I"—in fact, knew not what to think of it. [Busching, *Beitrag*, vi. 464.]

HORDT SEES THE DECEASED CZARINA LYING IN STATE. "One day, after dining at Court, General Korf proposed that we should go and see the LIT DE PARADE" (Parade-bed) of the late Czarina, which is in another Palace, not far off. "Count Schuwalof [NOT her old lover, who has DIED since her, poor old creature; but his Son, a cultivated man, afterwards Voltaire's friend] accompanied us; and, his rooms being contiguous to those of the dead Lady, he asked us to take coffee with him afterwards. The Imperial Bier stood in the Grand Saloon, which was hung all round with black, festooned and garlanded with cloth-of-silver; the glare of wax-lights quite blinding. Bier, covered with cloth-of-gold trimmed with silver lace, was raised upon steps. A rich Crown was on the head of the dead Czarina. Beside the bier stood Four Ladies, two on each hand, in grand mourning; immense crape training on the ground behind them. Two Officers of the Life-Guard occupied the lowest steps: on the topmost, at the foot of the bier, was an Archimandrite (superior kind of ABBOT), who had a Bible before him, from which he read aloud,—continuously till relieved by another. This went on day and night without interruption. All round the bier, on stools (TABOURETS), were placed different Crowns, and the insignia of various Orders,—those of Prussia, among others. It being established usage, I had, to my great repugnance, to kiss the hand of the corpse! We then talked a little to the Ladies in attendance (with their crape trains), joking about the article of hand-kissing; finally we adjourned for coffee to Count Schuwalof's apartments, which were of an incredible magnificence." That same evening, farther on,—

"I supped with the Czar in his PETIT APPARTEMENT, Private Rooms [a fine free-and-easy nook of space!]. The company there consisted of the Countess Woronzow, a creature without any graces, bodily or mental, whom the Czar had chosen for his Mistress [snub-nosed, pock-marked, fat, and with a pert tongue at

times], whom I liked the less, as there were one or two other very handsome women there. Some Courtiers too; and no Foreigners but the English Envoy and myself. The supper was very gay, and was prolonged late into the night. These late orgies, however, did not prevent his Majesty from attending to business in good time next morning. He would appear unexpectedly, at an early hour, at the Senate, at the Synod [Head CONSISTORY], making them stand to their duties,"—or pretend to do it. His Majesty is not understood to have got much real work out of either of these Governing Bodies; the former, the Senate, or SECULAR one, which had fallen very torpid latterly, was, not long after this, suffered to die out altogether. Peter himself was a violently pushing man, and never shrank from labor; always in a plunge of hurries, and of irregular hours. In his final time, people whispered, "The Czar is killing himself; sits smoking, tipping, talking till 2 in the morning; and is overhead in business again by 7!"

CZARINA ELIZABETH'S FUNERAL, AS SEEN BY HORDT (much abridged). "At 10 in the morning all the bells in Petersburg broke out; and tolled incessantly [day or month not hinted at,—nor worth seeking; grim darkness of universal frost perceptible enough; clangor of bells; and procession seemingly of miles long,—on this extremely high errand!]
Minute-guns were fired from the moment the procession set out from the Castle till it arrived at the Citadel, a distance of two English miles and a half. Planks were laid all the way; forming a sort of bridge through the streets, and over the ice of the Neva. All the soldiers of the Garrison were ranked in espalier on each side. Three hundred grenadiers opened the march; after them, three hundred priests, in sacerdotal costume; walking two-and-two, singing hymns. All the Crowns and Orders, above mentioned by me, were carried by high Dignitaries of the Court, walking in single file, each a chamberlain behind him. Hearse was followed by the Czar, skirt of his black cloak held up by Twelve Chamberlains, each a lighted taper in the OTHER hand. Prince George of Holstein [Czar's Uncle] came next, then Holstein-Beck [Czar's Cousin]. Czarina Catharine followed, also on foot, with a lighted taper; her cloak borne by all her Ladies. Three hundred grenadiers closed the procession. Bells tolling, minute-guns firing, seas of people crowding."—Thus the Russians buried their Czarina. Day and its dusky frost—curtains sank; and Bootes, looking down from the starry deeps, found one Telluric Anomaly forever hidden from him. She had left of unworn Dresses, the richest procurable in Nature (five a day her usual allowance, and never or seldom worn twice), "15,000 and some hundreds." [Hermann, v. 176.]

HORDT IS OF THE NEW CZARINA CATHARINE'S EVENING PARTIES. "The Czarina received company every morning. She received everybody with great affability and grace. But notwithstanding her efforts to appear gay, one could perceive a deep background of sadness in her. She knew better than anybody the violent (ARDENTE) character of her husband; and perhaps she then already foresaw what would come. She also had her circle every evening, and always asked the company to stay supper. One evening, when I was of her party, a confidential Equerry of the Czar came in, and whispered me That I had been searched for all over Town, to come to supper at the COUNTESS'S (that was the usual designation of the Sultana,"—DAS FRAULEIN, spelt in Russian ways, is the more usual). "I begged to be excused for this time, being engaged to sup with the Czarina, to whom I could not well state the reason for which I was to leave. The Equerry had not gone long, when suddenly a great noise was heard, the two wings of the door were flung open, and the Czar entered. He saluted politely the Czarina and her circle; called me with that smiling and gracious air which he always had; took me by the arm, and said to the Czarina: 'Excuse me, Madam, if to-night I carry off one of your guests; it is this Prussian I had searched for all over the Town.' The Czarina laughed; I made her a deep bow, and went away with my conductor. Next morning I went to the Czarina; who, without mentioning what had passed last night, said smiling, 'Come and sup with me always when there is nothing to prevent it.'"

FEBRUARY 21st, HORDT AT ZARSKOE-ZELOE. "On occasion of the Czar's birthday [which gives us a date, for once], [Michaelis, ii. 627: "Peter born, 21st February, 1728."] there were great festivities, lasting a week. It began with a grand TE DEUM, at which the Czar was present, but not the Czarina. She had, that morning, in obedience to her husband's will, decorated 'the Countess' with the cordon of the Order of St. Catharine. She was now detained in her Apartment 'by indisposition;' and did not leave it during the eight days the festivities lasted." This happened at the Country Palace, Zarskoe-Zeloe; and is a turning-point in poor Peter's History. [Hermann, p. 253.] From that day, his Czarina saw that, by the medium of her Peter, it was not she that would ever come to be Autocrat; not she, but a pock-marked, unbeautiful Person, with Cordon of the Order of St. Catharine,—blessings on it! From that day the Czarina sat brooding her wrongs and her perils,—wrongs DOUE, very many, and now wrongs to be SUFFERED, who can say how many! She perceives clearly that the Czar is gone from her, fixedly

sullen at her (not without cause);—and that Siberia, or worse, is possible by and by. The Czarina was helplessly wretched for some time; and by degrees entered on a Plot;—assisted by Princess Dashkof (Sister of the Snub-nosed), by Panin (our Son's Tutor, "a genuine Son, I will swear, whatever the Papa may think in his wild moments!"), by Gregory Orlof (one's present Lover), and others of less mark;—and it ripened exquisitely within the next four months!—

HORDT HEARS THE PRAISES OF HIS KING. "Next day [nobody can guess what DAY] I dined at Court. I sat opposite the Czar, who talked of nothing but of his 'good friend the King of Prussia.' He knew all the smallest details of his Campaigns; all his military arrangements; the dress and strength of all his Regiments; and he declared aloud that he would shortly put all his troops upon the same footing [which he did shortly, to the great disgust of his troops].—Rising from table, the Czar himself did me the honor to say, 'Come to-morrow; dine with me EN PETIT APPARTEMENT [on the SNUG, where we often play high-jinks, and go to great lengths in liquor and tobacco]; I will show you something curious, which you will like.' I went at the accustomed hour; I found—Lieutenant-General Werner [hidden since his accident at Colberg last winter, whom a beneficent Czar has summoned again into the light of noon]! I made a great friendship with this distinguished General, who was a charming man; and went constantly about with him, till he left me here,"—Czarish kindness letting Werner home, and detaining me, to my regret. [HORDT, i. 133–145, 151.]

The Prussian Treaties, first of Peace (May 5th), with all our Conquests flung back, and then of Alliance, with yourself and ourselves, as it were, flung into the bargain,—were by no means so popular in Petersburg as in Berlin! From May 5th onwards, we can suppose Peter to be, perhaps rather rapidly, on the declining hand. Add the fatal element, "Church in Danger" (a Czar privately Apostate); his very Guardsmen indignant at their tight-fitting Prussian uniforms, and at their no less tight Prussian DRILL (which the Czar is uncommonly urgent with); and a Czarina Plot silently spreading on all sides, like subterranean mines filled with gunpowder!—

HERR BUSCHING SEES THE CATASTROPHE (Friday, 9th July, 1762). "This being the day before Peter-and-Paul, which is a great Holiday in Petersburg, I drove out, between 9 and 10 in the morning, to visit the sick. On my way from the first house where I had called, I heard a distant noise like that of a rising thunder-storm, and asked my people what it was. They did not know; but it appeared to them like the Shouting of a Mob (VOLKSGESCHREI), and there were all sorts of rumors afloat. Some said, 'The Czar had suddenly resolved to get himself crowned at Petersburg, before setting out for the War on Denmark.' Others said, 'He had named the Czarina to be Regent during his absence, and that she was to be crowned for this purpose.' These rumors were too silly: meanwhile the noise perceptibly drew nearer; and I ordered my coachman to proceed no farther, but to turn home.

"On getting home, I called my Wife; and told her, That something extraordinary was then going on, but that I could not learn what; that it appeared to me like some popular Tumult, which was coming nearer to us every moment. We hurried to the corner room of our house; threw open the window, which looks to the Church of St. Mary of Casan [where an Act of Thanksgiving has just been consummated, of a very peculiar kind!]—and we then saw, near this Church, an innumerable crowd of people; dressed and half-dressed soldiers of the foot-regiments of the Guards mixed with the populace. We perceived that the crowd pressed round a common two-seated Hackney Coach drawn by two horses; in which, after a few minutes, a Lady dressed in black, and wearing the Order of St. Catharine, coming out of the church, took a seat. Whereupon the church-bells began ringing, and the priests, with their assistants carrying crosses, got into procession, and walked before the Coach. We now recognized that it was the Czarina Catharine saluting the multitude to right and left, as she fared along." [*Beitrag*, vi. 465: compare RULHIÈRE, p. 95; HERMANN, v. 287.]

Yes, Doctor, that Lady in black is the Czarina; and has come a drive of twenty miles this morning; and done a great deal of business in Town,—one day before the set time. In her remote Apartment at Peterhof, this morning, between 2 and 3, she awoke to see Alexei Orlof, called oftener SCARRED Orlof (Lover GREGORY'S Brother), kneeling at her bedside, with the words, "Madam, you must come: there is not a moment to lose!"—who, seeing her awake, vanished to get the vehicles ready. About 7, she, with the Scarred and her maid and a valet or two, arrived at the Guards' Barracks here,—Gregory Orlof, and others concerned, waiting to receive her, in the fit temper for playing at sharps. She has spoken a little, wept a little, to the Guards (still only half-dressed, many of them): "Holy religion, Russian Empire thrown at the feet of Prussia; my poor Son to be disinherited: Alack, ohoo!" Whereupon the Guards (their Officers already gained by Orlof) have indignantly blazed up into the fit

Hurra–hurra–ing:—and here, since about 9 A.M., we have just been in the "Church of St. Mary of Casan" ("Oh, my friends, Orthodox Religion, first of all!") doing TE–DEUMS and the other Divine Offices, for the thrice–happy Revolution and Deliverance now vouchsafed us and you! And the Herr Doctor, under outburst of the chimes of St. Mary, and of the jubilant Soldieries and Populations, sees the Czarina saluting to right and left; and Priests, with their assistants and crucifixes ("Behold them, ye Orthodox; is there anything equal to true Religion?"), walking before her Hackney Coach.

"On the one step of her Coach," continues the Herr Doctor, "stood Grigorei Grigorjewitsh Orlow," so he spells him, "and in front of it, with drawn sword, rode the Field–marshal and Hetman Count Kirila Grigorjewitsh Rasomowski, Colonel of the Ismailow Guard. Lieutenant–General (soon to be General–Ordinance–Master) Villebois came galloping up; leapt from his horse under our windows, and placed himself on the other step of the Coach. The procession passed before our house; going first to the New stone Palace, then to the Old wooden Winter Palace. Common Russians shouted mockingly up to us, 'Your god [meaning the Czar] is dead!' And others, 'He is gone; we will have no more of him!'"—

About this hour of the day, at Oranienbaum (ORANGE–TREE, some twenty miles from here, and from Peterhof guess ten or twelve), Czar Peter is drilling zealously his brave Holsteiners (2,000 or more, "the flower of all my troops"); and has not, for hours after, the least inkling of all this. Catharine had been across to visit him on Wednesday, no farther back; and had kindled Oranienbaum into opera, into illumination and what not. Thursday (yesterday), Czar and Czarina met at some Grandee's festivity, who lives between their two Residences. This day the Czar is appointed for Peterhof; to–morrow, July 10th (Peter–and–Paul's grand Holiday), Czar, Czarina and united Court were to have done the Festivities together there,—with Czarina's powder–mine of Plot laid under them; which latter has exploded one day sooner, in the present happy manner! The poor Czar, this day, on getting to Peterhof, and finding Czarina vanished, understood too well; he saw "big smoke– clouds rise suddenly over Petersburg region," withal,— "Ha, she has cannon going for her yonder; salvoing and homaging!"—and rushed back to Oranienbaum half mad. Old Munnich undertook to save him, by one, by two or even three different methods, "Only order me, and stand up to it with sword bare!"—but Peter's wits were all flying miscellaneously about, and he could resolve on nothing.

Peter and his Czarina never met more. Saturday (to–morrow), he abdicates; drives over to Peterhof, expecting, as per bargain, interview with his Wife; freedom to retire to Holstein, and "every sort of kindness compatible with his situation:" but is met there instead, on the staircase, by brutal people, who tear the orders off his coat, at length the very clothes off his back,—and pack him away to Ropscha, a quiet Villa some miles off, to sit silent there till Orlof and Company have considered. Consideration is: "To Holstein? He has an Anti–Danish Russian Army just now in that neighborhood; he will not be safe in Holstein;—where will he be safe?" Saturday, 17th, Peter's seventh day in Ropscha, the Orlofs (Scarred Orlof and Four other miscreants, one of them a Prince, one a Play–actor) came over, and murdered poor Peter, in a treacherous, and even bungling and disgusting, and altogether hideous manner. "A glass of burgundy [poisoned burgundy], your Highness?" said they, at dinner with his poor Highness. On the back of which, the burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a Five of his Elect?— But we detain Herr Busching: it is still only Friday morning, 9th of the month; and the Czarina's Hackney Coach, in the manner of a comet and tail, has just gone into other streets:—

"After this terrible uproar had left our quarter, I hastened to the Danish Ambassador, Count Haxthausen, who lived near me, to bring him the important news that the Czar was said to be dead. The Count was just about to burn a mass of Papers, fearing the mob would plunder his house; but he did not proceed with it now, and thanked Heaven for saving his Country. His Secretary of Legation, my friend Schumacher, gave me all the money he had in his pockets, to distribute amongst the poor; and I returned home. Directly after, there passed our house, at a rate as if the horses were running away, a common two–horse coach, in which sat Head–Tutor (OBER–HOFMEISTER) von Panin with the Grand Duke [famous Czar Paul that is to be], who was still in his nightgown," poor frightened little boy!—

"Not long after, I saw some of the Foot–guards, in the public street near the Winter Palace, selling, at rates dog–cheap, their new uniforms after the Prussian cut, which they had stript off; whilst others, singing merrily, carried about, stuck on the top of their muskets, or on their bayonets, their new grenadier caps of Prussian fashion. [See in HERMANN (v. 291) the Saxon Ambassador's Report.] I saw several soldiers,, out on errand or otherwise,

seizing the coaches they met in the streets, and driving on in them. Others appropriated the eatables which hucksters carried about in baskets. But in all this wild tumult, nobody was killed; and only at Oranienbaum a few Holstein soldiers got wounded by some low Russians, in their wantonness.

"July 11th, the disorder amongst the soldiers was at its height; yet still much less than might have been expected. Many of them entered the houses of Foreigners, and demanded money. Seeing a number of them come into my house, I hastily put a quantity of roubles and half-roubles in my pocket, and went out with a servant, especially with a cheerful face, to meet them,"—and no harm was done.

"SATURDAY, JULY 17th, was the day of the Czar's death; on the same 17th, the Empress was informed of it; and next day, his body was brought from Ropscha to the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, near Petersburg. Here it lay in state three days; nay, an Imperial Manifesto even ordered that the last honors and duty be paid to it. July 20th, I drove thither with my Wife; and to be able to view the body more minutely, we passed twice through the room where it lay. [An uncommonly broad neckcloth on it, did you observe?] Owing to the rapid dissolution, it had to be interred on the following day: —and it was a touching circumstance, that this happened to be the very day on which the Czar had fixed to start from Petersburg on his Campaign against Denmark." [Busching, vi. 464–467.]

Catharine, one must own with a shudder, has not attained the Autocracy of All the Russias gratis. Let us hope she would once— till driven upon a dire alternative—have herself shuddered to purchase at such a price. A kind of horror haunts one's notion of her red-handed brazen-faced Orlofs and her, which all the cosmetics of the world will never quite cover. And yet, on the spot, in Petersburg at the moment—! Read this Clipping from Smelfungus, on a collateral topic:—

"In BUSCHING'S MAGAZINE are some Love-letters from the old Marshal Munnich to Catharine just after this event, which are psychologically curious. Love-letters, for they partake of that character; though the man is 82, and has had such breakages and vicissitudes in this Earth. Alive yet, it would seem; and full of ambitions. Unspeakably beautiful is this young Woman to him; radiant as ox-eyed Juno, as Diana of the silver bow,—such a power in her to gratify the avarices, ambitions, cupidities of an insatiable old fellow: O divine young Empress, Aurora of bright Summer epochs, rosy-fingered daughter of the Sun,—grant me the governing of This, the administering of That: and see what a thing I will make of it (I, an inventive old gentleman), for your Majesty's honor and glory, and my own advantage! [Busching, *Magazin fur die neue Historie und Geographie* (Halle, Year 1782), xvi. 413–477 (22 LETTERS, and only thrice or so a word of RESPONSE from "MA DIVINITE:" dates, "Narva, 4th August, 1762" ... "Petersburg, 3d October, 1762").]—Innumerable persons of less note than Munnich have their Biographies, and are known to the reading public and in all barbers'-shops, if that were an advantage to them. Very considerable, this Munnich, as a soldier, for one thing. And surely had very strange adventures; an original German character withal:—about the stature of Belleisle, for example; and not quite unlike Belleisle in some of his ways? Came originally from the swamps of Oldenburg, or Lower Weser Country,—son of a DEICHGRAFE (Ditch-Superintendent) there. REQUIESCANT in oblivious silence, Belleisle and he; it is better than being lied of, and maundered of, and blotched and blundered of.

"Biographies were once rhythmic, earnest as death or as life, earnest as transcendent human Insight risen to the Singing pitch; some Homer, nay some Psalmist or Evangelist, spokesman of reverent Populations, was the Biographer. Rhythmic, WITH exactitude, investigation to the very marrow; this, or else oblivion, Biography should now, and at all times, be; but is not,—by any manner of means. With what results is visible enough, if you will look! Human Stupor, fallen into the dishonest, lazy and UNflogged condition, is truly an awful thing."

Catharine did not persist in her Anti-Prussian determination. July 9th, the Manifesto had been indignantly emphatic on Prussia; July 22d, in a Note to Goltz from the Czarina, it was all withdrawn again. [Rodenbeck, ii. 171.] Looking into the deceased Czar's Papers, she found that Friedrich's Letters to him had contained nothing of wrong or offensive; always excellent advices, on the contrary,—advice, among others, To be conciliatory to his clever-witted Wife, and to make her his ally, not his opponent, in living and reigning. In Konigsberg (July 16th, seven days after July 9th), the Russian Governor, just on the point of quitting, emitted Proclamation, to everybody's horror: "No; altered, all that; under pain of death, your Oath to Russia still valid!" Which for the next ten days, or till his new proclamation, made such a Konigsberg of it as may be imagined. The sight of those Letters is understood to have turned the scale; which had hung wavering till July 22d in the Czarina's mind. "Can it be good," she might privately think withal, "to begin our reign by kindling a foolish War again?" How Friedrich

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received the news of July 9th, and into what a crisis it threw him, we shall soon see. His Campaign had begun July 1st;— and has been summoning us home, into ITS horizon, for some time.

Chapter XI. SEVENTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

Friedrich's plan of Campaign is settled long since: Recapture Schweidnitz; clear Silesia of the enemy; Silesia and all our own Dominions clear, we can then stand fenceable against the Austrian perseverances. Peace, one day, they must grant us. The general tide of European things is changed by these occurrences in Petersburg and London. Peace is evidently near. France and England are again beginning to negotiate; no Pitt now to be rigorous. The tide of War has been wavering at its summit for two years past; and now, with this of Russia, and this of Bute instead of Pitt, there is ebb everywhere, and all Europe determining for peace. Steady at the helm, as heretofore, a Friedrich, with the world-current in his favor, may hope to get home after all.

Austrian Head-quarters had been at Waldenburg, under Loudon or his Lieutenants, all Winter. Loudon returned thither from Vienna April 7th; but is not to command in chief, this Year,—Schweidnitz still sticking in some people's throats: "Dangerous; a man with such rash practices, rapidities and Pandour tendencies!" Daun is to command in Silesia; Loudon, under him, obscure to us henceforth, and inoffensive to Official people. Reichs Army shall take charge of Saxony; nominally a Reichs Army, though there are 35,000 Austrians in it, as the soul of it, under some Serbelloni, some Stollberg as Chief—(the fact, I believe, is: Serbelloni got angrily displaced on that "crossing of the Mulda by Prince Henri, May 13th;" Prince of Zweibruck had angrily abdicated a year before; and a Prince von Stollberg is now Generalissimo of Reich and Allies: but it is no kind of matter),—some Stollberg, with Serbelloni, Haddick, Maguire and such like in subaltern places. Cunctator Daun, in spite of his late sleepy ways, is to be Head-man again: this surely is a cheering circumstance to Friedrich; Loudon, not Daun, being the only man he ever got much ill of hitherto.

Daun arrives in Waldenburg, May 9th; and to show that he is not cunctatory, steps out within a week after. May 15th, he has descended from his Mountains; has swept round by the back and by the front of Schweidnitz, far and wide, into the Plain Country, and encamped himself crescent-wise, many miles in length, Head-quarter near the Zobtenberg. Bent fondly round Schweidnitz; meaning, as is evident, to defend Schweidnitz against all comers,—his very position symbolically intimating: "I will fight for it, Prussian Majesty, if you like!"

Prussian Majesty, however, seemed to take no notice of him; and, what was very surprising, kept his old quarters: "a Cantonment, or Chain of Posts, ten miles long; Schweidnitz Water on his right flank, Oder on his left;" perfectly safe, as he perceives, being able to assemble in four hours, if Daun try anything. [Tempelhof, vi. 66.] And, in fact, sat there, and did not come into the Field at all for five weeks or more;—waiting till Czernichef's 20,000 arrive, who are on march from Thorn since June 2d. Mere small-war goes on in the interim; world getting all greener and flowerier; the Glatz Highlands, to one's left yonder (Owl-Mountains, EULENGBIRGE so called), lying magically blue and mysterious:—on the Plain in front of them, ten miles from the final peaks of them, is Schweidnitz Fortress, lying full in view, with a picked Garrison of 12,000 under a picked Captain, and all else of defence or impregnability; and Friedrich privately determined to take it, though by methods of his own choosing, and which cannot commence till Czernichef come. Daun, with his right wing, has hold of those Highland Regions, and cautiously guards them; can, when he pleases, wend back to Waldenburg Country; and at once, with his superior numbers, block all passages, and sit there impregnable. The methods of dislodging him are obscure to Friedrich himself; but methods there must be, dislodged he must be, and sent packing. Without that, all siege of Schweidnitz is flatly impossible.

June 27th, Friedrich's Head-quarter is Tintz, Czernichef now nigh: [Tempelhof, vi. 76.] two days ago (June 25th), Czernichef's Cossacks "crossed the Oder at Auras,"—with how different objects from those they used to have! JULY 1st, Czernichef himself is here, in full tale and equipment. Had encamped, a day ago, on the Field of Lissa; where Majesty reviewed him, inspected and manoeuvred him, with great mutual satisfaction. "Field of Lissa;" it is where our poor Prussian people encamped on the night of Leuthen, with their "NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT," five years ago, in memorable circumstances: to what various uses are Earth's Fields liable!

Friedrich, by degrees, has considerably changed his opinion, and bent towards the late Keith's, about Russian Soldiery: a Soldiery of most various kinds; from predatory Cossacks and Calmucks to those noble Grenadiers, whom we saw sit down on the Walls of Schweidnitz when their work was done. A perfectly steady obedience is in these men; at any and all times obedient, to the death if needful, and with a silence, with a steadfastness as of

rocks and gravitation. Which is a superlative quality in soldiers. Good in Nations too, within limits; and much a distinction in the Russian Nation: rare, or almost unique, in these unruly Times. The Russians have privately had their admirations of Friedrich, all this while; and called him by I forget what unpronounceable vernacular epithet, signifying "Son of Lightning," or some such thing. [Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (1775), vol ii. (page irrecoverable).] No doubt they are proud to have a stroke of service under such a one, since Father Peter Feodorowitsh graciously orders it: the very Cossacks show an alertness, a vivacity; and see cheery possibilities ahead, in Countries not yet plundered out. They stayed with Friedrich only Three Weeks,—Russia being an uncertain Country. As we have seen above; though Friedrich, who is vitally concerned, has not yet seen! But their junction with him, and review by him in the Field of Lissa, had its uses by and by; and may be counted an epoch in Russian History, if nothing more. The poor Russian Nation, most pitiable of loyal Nations,—struggling patiently ahead, on those bad terms, under such CATINS and foul Nightmares,—has it, shall we say, quite gone without conquest in this mad War? Perhaps, not quite. It has at least shown Europe that it possesses fighting qualities: a changed Nation, since Karl XII. beat them easily, at Narva, 8,000 to 80,000, in the snowy morning, long since!—

Czernichef once come, and in his place in the Camp of Tintz, business instantly begins,—business, and a press of it, in right earnest;—upon the hitherto idle Daun. July 1st, there is general complex Advance everywhere on Friedrich's part; general attempt towards the Mountains. Upon which Daun, well awake, at once rolls universally thitherward again; takes post in front of the Mountains,—on the Heights of Kunzendorf, to wit (Loudon's old post in Bunzelwitz time);—and elaborately spreads himself out in defence there. "Take him multifariously by the left flank, get between him and his Magazine at Braunau!" thinks Friedrich. Discovering which, Daun straightway hitches back into the Mountains altogether, leaving Kunzendorf to Friedrich's use as main camp. His outmost Austrians, on the edge of the Mountain Country, and back as far as suitable, Daun elaborately posts; and intrenches himself behind them in all the commanding points,—Schweidnitz still well in sight; and Braunau and the roads to it well capable of being guarded. Daun's Head-quarter is Tannhausen; Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, if readers can remember them, are frontward posts:—in his old imperturbable way Daun sits there waiting events.

And for near three weeks there ensues a very multiplex series of rapid movements, and alarming demonstrations, on Daun's front, on Daun's right flank; with serious extensive effort (masked in that way) to turn Daun's left flank, and push round by Landshut Country upon Bohemia and Braunau. Effort very serious indeed on that Landshut side: conducted at first by Friedrich in person, with General Wied (called also NEUwied, a man of mark since Liegnitz time) as second under him; latterly by Wied himself, as Friedrich found it growing dubious or hopeless. That was Friedrich's first notion of the Daun problem. There are rapid marches here, there, round that western or left flank of Daun; sudden spurts of fierce fighting, oftenest with a stiff climb as preliminary: but not the least real success on Daun. Daun perfectly comprehends what is on foot; refuses to take shine for substance; stands massed, or grouped, at his own skilful judgment, in the proper points for Braunau, still more for Schweidnitz; and is very vigilant and imperturbable.

Kunzendorf Heights, which are not of the Hills, but in front of them, with a strip of flat still intervening;—these, we said, Daun had at once quitted: and these are now Friedrich's;—but yield him a very complex prospect at present. A line of opposing Heights, Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, Leuthmannsdorf, bristling with abundant cannon; behind is the multiplex sea of Hills, rising higher and higher, to the ridge of the Eulenberg in Glatz Country 10 or 12 miles southward: Daun, with forces much superior, calmly lord of all that; infinitely needing to be ousted, could one but say how! Friedrich begins to perceive that Braunau will not do; that he must contrive some other plan. General Wied he still leaves to prosecute the Braunau scheme: perhaps there is still some chance in it; at lowest it will keep Daun's attention thitherward. And Wied perseveres upon Braunau; and Braunau proving impossible, pushes past it deeper into Bohemia, Daun loftily regardless of him. Wied's marches and attempts were of approved quality; though unsuccessful in the way of stirring Daun. Wied's Light troops went scouring almost as far as Prag,—especially a 500 Cossacks that were with him, following their old fashion, in a new Country. To the horror of Austria; who shrieked loudly, feeling them in her own bowels; though so quiet while they were in other people's on her score. This of the 500 Cossacks under Wied, if this were anything, was all of actual work that Friedrich had from his Czernichef Allies;—nothing more of real or actual while they stayed, though something of imaginary or ostensible which had its importance, as we shall see.

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Friedrich, in the third week, recalls Wied: "Braunau clearly impossible; only let us still keep up appearances!" July 18th, Wied is in Kunzendorf Country again; on an important new enterprise, or method with the Daun Problem, in which Wied is to bear a principal hand. That is to say, The discomfiture and overturn of Daun's right wing, if we can,—since his left has proved impossible. This was the **STORMING OF BURKERSDORF HEIGHTS**; Friedrich's new plan. Which did prove successful, and is still famous in the Annals of War: reckoned by all judges a beautiful plan, beautifully executed, and once more a wonderful achieving of what seemed the impossible, when it had become the indispensable. One of Friedrich's prettiest feats; and the last of his notable performances in this War. Readers ought not to be left without some shadowy authentic notion of it; though the real portraiture or image (which is achievable too, after long study) is for the professional soldier only,—for whom **TEMPELHOF**, good maps and plenty of patience are the recipe.

"The scene is the Wall of Heights, running east and west, parallel to Friedrich's Position at Kunzendorf; which form the Face, or decisive beginning, of that Mountain Glacis spreading up ten miles farther, towards Glatz Country. They, these Heights called of Burkersdorf, are in effect Daun's right wing; vitally precious to Daun, who has taken every pains about them. Burkersdorf Height (or Heights, for there are two, divided by the Brook Weistritz; but we shall neglect the eastern or lower, which is ruled by the other, and stands or falls along with it), Burkersdorf Height is the principal: a Hill of some magnitude (short way south of the Village of Burkersdorf, which also is Daun's); Hill falling rather steep down, on two of its sides, namely on the north side, which is towards Friedrich and Kunzendorf, and on the east side, where Weistritz Water, as yet only a Brook, gushes out from the Mountains,—hastening towards Schweidnitz or Schweidnitz Water; towards Lissa and Leuthen Country, where we have seen it on an important night. Weistritz, at this part, has scarped the eastern flank of Burkersdorf Height; and made for itself a pleasant little Valley there: this is the one Pass into the Mountains. A Valley of level bottom; where Daun has a terrific trench and sunk battery level with the ground, capable of sweeping to destruction whoever enters there without leave.

"East from Burkersdorf Lesser Height (which we neglect for the present), and a little farther inwards or south, are Two other Heights: Ludwigsdorf and Leuthmannsdorf; which also need capture, as adjuncts of Burkersdorf, or second line to Burkersdorf; and are abundantly difficult, though not so steep as Burkersdorf.

"The Enterprise, therefore, divides itself into two. Wied is to do the Ludwigsdorf—Leuthmannsdorf part; Mollendorf, the Burkersdorf. The strength of guns in these places, especially on Burkersdorf,— we know Daun's habit in that particular; and need say nothing. Man—devouring batteries, abatis; battalions palisaded to the teeth, 'the pales strong as masts, and room only for a musket—barrel between;' nay, they are 'furnished with a lath or cross—strap all along, for resting your gun—barrel on and taking aim:—so careful is Daun. The ground itself is intricate, in parts impracticably steep; everywhere full of bushes, gnarls and impediments. Seldom was there such a problem altogether! Friedrich's position, as we say, is Kunzendorf Heights, with Schweidnitz and his old ground of Bunzelwitz to rear, Czernichef and others lying there, and Wurben and the old Villages and Heights again occupied as posts:—what a tale of Egyptian bricks has one to bake, your Majesty, on certain fields of this world; and with such insufficiency of raw—material sometimes!"

By the 16th of July, Friedrich's plans are complete. Contrived, I must say, with a veracity and opulent potency of intellect, flashing clear into the matter, and yet careful of the smallest practical detail. **FRIDAY**, 17th, Mollendorf, with men and furnitures complete, circles off northwestward by Wurben (for the benefit of certain on—lookers), but will have circled round to Burkersdorf neighborhood two days hence; by which time also Wied will be quietly in his place thereabouts, with a view to business on the 20th and 21st. Mollendorf, Wied and everything, are prosperously under way in this manner,—when, on the afternoon of that same Friday, 17th, [Compare Tempelhof, vi. 99, and Rodenbeck, ii. 164.] Czernichef steps over, most privately, to head—quarters: with what a bit of news! "A Revolution in Petersburg [**JULY** 9th, as we saw above, or as Herr Busching saw]; Czar Peter,—your Majesty's adorer, is dethroned, perhaps murdered; your Majesty's enemies, in the name of Czarina Catharine, order me instantly homeward with my 20,000!" This is true news, this of Czernichef. A most unexpected, overwhelming Revolution in those Northern Parts;—not needing to be farther touched upon in this place.

What here concerns us is, Friedrich's feelings on hearing of it; which no reader can now imagine. Horror, amazement, pity, very poignant; grief for one's hapless friend Peter, for one's still more hapless self! "The Sisyphus stone, which we had got dragged to the top, the chains all beautifully slack these three months past,

--has it leapt away again? And on the eve of Burkersdorf, and our grand Daun problem!" Truly, the Destinies have been quite dramatic with this King, and have contrived the moment of hitting him to the heart. He passionately entreats Czernichef to be helpful to him,-- which Czernichef would fain be, only how can he? To be helpful; at least to keep the matter absolutely secret yet for some hours: this the obliging Czernichef will do. And Friedrich remains, Czernichef having promised this, in the throes of desperate consideration and uncertainty, hour after hour,--how many hours I do not know. It is confidently said, [Retzow, ii. 415.] Friedrich had the thought of forcibly disarming Czernichef and his 20,000:-- in which case he must have given up the Daun Enterprise; for without Czernichef as a positive quantity, much more with Czernichef as a negative, it is impossible. But, at any rate, most luckily for himself, he came upon a milder thought: "Stay with us yet three days, merely in the semblance of Allies, no service required of you, but keeping the matter a dead secret;--on the fourth day go, with my eternal thanks!" This is his milder proposal; urged with his best efforts upon the obliging Czernichef: who is in huge difficulty, and sees it to be at peril of his head, but generously consents. It is the same Czernichef who got lodged in Custrin cellars, on one occasion: know, O King,--the King, before this, does begin to know,--that Russians too can have something of heroic, and can recognize a hero when they see him! In this fine way does Friedrich get the frightful chasm, or sudden gap of the ground under him, bridged over for the moment; and proceeds upon Burkersdorf all the same.

Of the Attack itself we propose to say almost nothing. It consists of Two Parts, Wied and Mollendorf, which are intensely Real; and of a great many more which are Scenic chiefly,--some of them Scenic to the degree of Drury-Lane itself, as we perceive;--all cunningly devised, and beautifully playing into one another, both the real and the scenic. EVENING OF THE 20th, Friedrich is on his ground, according to Program. Friedrich--who has now his Mollendorf and Wied beside him again, near this Village of Burkersdorf; and has his completely scenic Czernichef, and partly scenic Ziethen and others, all in their places behind him--quietly crushes Daun's people out of Burkersdorf Village; and furthermore, so soon as Night has fallen, bursts up, for his own uses, Burkersdorf old Castle, and its obstinate handful of defenders, which was a noisier process. Which done, he diligently sets to trenching, building batteries in that part; will have forty formidable guns, howitzers a good few of them, ready before sunrise. And so,

WEDNESDAY, 21st JULY, 1762, All Prussians are in motion, far and wide; especially Mollendorf and Wied (VERSUS O'Kelly and Prince de Ligne),--which Pair of Prussians may be defined rather as near and close; these Two being, in fact, the soul of the matter, and all else garniture and semblance. About 4 in the morning, Friedrich's Battery of 40 has begun raging; the howitzers diligent upon O'Kelly and his Burkersdorf Height,--not much hurting O'Kelly or his Height, so high was it, but making a prodigious noise upon O'Kelly; --others of the cannon shearing home on those palisades and elaborations, in the Weistriz Valley in particular, and quite tearing up a Cavalry Regiment which was drawn out there; so that O'Kelly had instantly to call it home, in a very wrecked condition. Why O'Kelly ever put it there--except that he saw no place for it in his rugged localities, or no use for it anywhere--is still a mystery to the intelligent mind. [Tempelhof, vi. 107.] The howitzers, their shells bursting mostly in the air, did O'Kelly little hurt, nor for hours yet was there any real attack on Burkersdorf or him; but the noise, the horrid death-blaze was prodigious, and kept O'Kelly, like some others, in an agitated, occupied condition till their own turn came.

For it had been ordered that Wied and Mollendorf were not to attack together: not together, but successively,--for the following reasons. TOGETHER; suppose Mollendorf to prosper on O'Kelly (whom he is to storm, not by the steep front part as O'Kelly fancies, but to go round by the western flank and take him in rear); suppose Mollendorf to be near prospering on Burkersdorf Height,--unless Wied too have prospered, Ludwigsdorf batteries and forces will have Mollendorf by the right flank, and between two fires he will be ruined; he and everything! On the other hand, let Wied try first: if Wied can manage Ludwigsdorf, well: if Wied cannot, he comes home again with small damage; and the whole Enterprise is off for the present. That was Friedrich's wise arrangement, and the reason why he so bombards O'Kelly with thunder, blank mostly.

And indeed, from 4 this morning and till 4 in the afternoon, there is such an outburst and blazing series of Scenic Effect, and thunder mostly blank, going on far and near all over that District of Country: General This ostentatiously speeding off, as if for attack on some important place; General That, for attack on some other; all hands busy,--the 20,000 Russians not yet speeding, but seemingly just about to do it,--and blank thunder so mixed with not blank, and scenic effect with bitter reality, [Tempelhof, vi. 105-111.]--as was seldom seen

before. And no wisest Daun, not to speak of his O'Kellys and lieutenants, can, for the life of him, say where the real attack is to be, or on what hand to turn himself. Daun in person, I believe, is still at Tannhausen, near the centre of this astonishing scene; five or six miles from any practical part of it. And does order forward, hither, thither, masses of force to support the De Ligne, the O'Kelly, among others,—but who can tell what to support? Daun's lieutenants were alert some of them, others less: General Guasco, for instance, who is in Schweidnitz, an alert Commandant, with 12,000 picked men, was drawing out, of his own will, with certain regiments to try Friedrich's rear: but a check was put on him (some dangerous shake of the fist from afar), when he had to draw in again. In general the O'Kelly supports sat gazing dubiously, and did nothing for O'Kelly but roll back along with him, when the time came. But let us first attend to Wied, and the Ludwigsdorf–Leuthmannsdorf part.

Wied, divided into Three, is diligently pushing up on Ludwigsdorf by the slacker eastern ascents; meets firm enough battalions, potent, dangerous and resolute in their strong posts; but endeavors firmly to be more dangerous than they. Dislodges everything, on his right, on his left; comes in sight of the batteries and ranked masses atop, which seem to him difficult indeed; flatly impossible, if tried on front; but always some Colonel Lottum, or quick-eyed man, finds some little valley, little hollow; gets at the Enemy side-wise and rear-wise; rushes on with fixed bayonets, double-quick, to co-operate with the front: and, on the whole, there are the best news from Wied, and we perceive he sees his way through the affair.

Upon which, Mollendorf gets in motion, upon his specific errand. Mollendorf has been surveying his ground a little, during the leisure hour; especially examining what mode of passage there may be, and looking for some road up those slacker western parts: has found no road, but a kind of sheep track, which he thinks will do. Mollendorf, with all energy, surmounting many difficulties, pushes up accordingly; gets into his sheep-track; finds, in the steeper part of this track, that horses cannot draw his cannon; sets his men to do it; pulls and pushes, he and they, with a right will;—sees over his left shoulder, at a certain point, the ranked Austrians waiting for him behind their cannon (which must have been an interesting glimpse of scenery for some moments); tugs along, till he is at a point for planting his cannon; and then, under help of these, rushes forward,—in two parts, perhaps in three, but with one impetus in all,—to seize the Austrian fruit set before him. Surely, if a precious, a very prickly Pomegranate, to clutch hold of on different sides, after such a climb! The Austrians make stiff fight; have abatis, multiplex defences; and Mollendorf has a furious wrestle with this last remnant, holding out wonderfully,—till at length the abatis itself catches fire, in the musketry, and they have to surrender. This must be about noon, as I collect: and Feldmarschall Daun himself now orders everybody to fall back. And the tug of fight is over;—though Friedrich's scenic effects did not cease; and in particular his big battery raged till 5 in the afternoon, the more to confirm Daun's rearward resolutions and quicken his motions. On fall of night, Daun, everybody having had his orders, and been making his preparations for six hours past, ebbed totally away; in perfect order, bag and baggage. Well away to southward; and left Friedrich quit of him. [Tempelhof. vi. 100–115: compare *Bericht von der bey Leutmannsdorf den 21sten Julius 1762 vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 302–308); *Anderweiter Bericht von der* (ib. 308–314); Archenholtz,

Quit of Daun forevermore, as it turned out. Plainly free, at any rate, to begin upon Schweidnitz, whenever he sees good. Of the behavior of Wied, Mollendorf, and their people, indeed of the Prussians one and all, what can be said, but that it was worthy of their Captain and of the Plannings he had made? Which is saying a great deal. "We got above 14 big guns," report they; "above 1,000 prisoners, and perhaps twice as many that deserted to us in the days following." Czernichef was full of admiration at the day's work: he marched early next morning,—I trust with lasting gratitude on the part of an obliged Friedrich.

Some three weeks before this of Burkersdorf, Duke Ferdinand, near a place called Wilhelmsthal, in the neighborhood of Cassel, in woody broken country of Hill and Dale, favorable for strategic contrivances, had organized a beautiful movement from many sides, hoping to overwhelm the too careless or too ignorant French, and gain a signal victory over them: BATTLE, so called, OF WILHELMSTHAL, JUNE 24th, 1762, being the result. Mauvillon never can forgive a certain stupid Hanoverian, who mistook his orders; and on getting to his Hill-top, which was the centre of all the rest,—formed himself with his BACK to the point of attack; and began shooting cannon at next to nothing, as if to warn the French, that they had better instantly make off! Which they instantly set about, with a will; and mainly succeeded in; nothing all day but mazes of intricate marching on both sides, with spurts of fight here and there,—ending in a truly stiff bout between Granby and a Comte de Stainville, who covered the retreat, and who could not be beaten without a great deal of trouble. The result a kind of victory

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to Ferdinand; but nothing like what he expected. [Mauvillon, ii. 227–236; Tempelhof, vi.]

Soubise leads the French this final Year; but he has a D'Estrees with him (our old D'Estrees of HASTENBECK), who much helps the account current; and though generally on the declining hand (obliged to give up Gottingen, to edge away farther and farther out of Hessen itself, to give up the Weser, and see no shift but the farther side of Fulda, with Frankfurt to rear),—is not often caught napping as here at Wilhelmsthal. There ensued about the banks of the Fulda, and the question, Shall we be driven across it sooner or not so soon? a great deal of fighting and pushing (Battle called of LUTTERNBERG, Battle of JOHANNISBERG, and others): but all readers will look forward rather to the CANNONADE OF AMONEBURG, more precisely Cannonade of the BRUCKEN–MUHLE (September 21st), which finishes these wearisome death–wrestlings. Peace is coming; all the world can now count on that!

Bute is ravenous for Peace; has been privately taking the most unheard–of steps:—wrote to Kaunitz, "Peace at once and we will vote for your HAVING Silesia;" to which Kaunitz, suspecting trickery in artless Bute, answered, haughtily sneering, "No help needed from your Lordship in that matter!" After which repulse, or before it, Bute had applied to the Czar's Minister in London: "Czarish Majesty to have East Prussen guaranteed to him, if he will insist that the King of Prussia DISPENSE with Silesia;" which the indignant Czar rejected with scorn, and at once made his Royal Friend aware of; with what emotion on the Royal Friend's part we have transiently seen. "Horrors and perfidies!" ejaculated he, in our hearing lately; and regarded Bute, from that time, as a knave and an imbecile both in one; nor ever quite forgave Bute's Nation either, which was far from being Bute's accomplice in this unheard–of procedure. "No more Alliances with England!" counted he: "What Alliance can there be with that ever–fluctuating People? To–day they have a thrice–noble Pitt; to–morrow a thrice–paltry Bute, and all goes heels–over–head on the sudden!" [Preuss, ii. 308; Mitchell, ii. 286.]

Bute, at this rate of going, will manage to get hold of Peace before long. To Friedrich himself, a Siege of Schweidnitz is now free; Schweidnitz his, the Austrians will have to quit Silesia. "Their cash is out: except prayer to the Virgin, what but Peace can they attempt farther? In Saxony things will have gone ill, if there be not enough left us to offer them in return for Glatz. And Peace and AS–YOU–WERE must ensue!"

Let us go upon Schweidnitz, therefore; pausing on none of these subsidiary things; and be brief upon Schweidnitz too.

Chapter XII. SIEGE OF SCHWEIDNITZ: SEVENTH CAMPAIGN ENDS.

Daun being now cleared away, Friedrich instantly proceeds upon Schweidnitz. Orders the necessary Siege Materials to get under way from Neisse; posts his Army in the proper places, between Daun and the Fortress,—King's head-quarter Dittmannsdorf, Army spread in fine large crescent—shape, to southwest of Schweidnitz some ten miles, and as far between Daun and it;—orders home to him his Upper—Silesia Detachments, "Home, all of you, by Neisse Country, to make up for Czernichef's departure; from Neisse onwards you can guard the Siege—Ammunition wagons!" Naturally he has blockaded Schweidnitz, from the first; he names Tautenzien Siege—Captain, with a 10 or 12,000 to do the Siege: "Ahead, all of you!"—and in short, AUGUST 7th, with the due adroitness and precautions, opens his first parallel; suffering little or nothing hitherto by a resistance which is rather vehement. [Tempelhof, vi. 126.] He expects to have the place in a couple of weeks—"one week (HUIT JOUR)" he sometimes counts it, but was far out in his reckoning as to time.

The Siege of Schweidnitz occupied two most laborious, tedious months;—and would be wearisome to every reader now, as it was to Friedrich then, did we venture on more than the briefest outline. The resistance is vehement, very skilful:—Commandant is Guasco (the same who was so truculent to Schmettau in the Dresden time); his Garrison is near 12,000, picked from all regiments of the Austrian Army; his provisions, ammunitions, are of the amplest; and he has under him as chief Engineer a M. Gribeauval, who understands "counter—mining" like no other. After about a fortnight of trial, and one Event in the neighborhood which shall be mentioned, this of Mining and Counter—mining—though the External Sap went restlessly forward too, and the cannonading was incessant on both sides—came to be regarded more and more as the real method, and for six or seven weeks longer was persisted in, with wonderful tenacity of attempt and resistance. Friedrich's chief Mining Engineer is also a Frenchman, one Lefebvre; who is personally the rival of Gribeauval (his old class—fellow at College, I almost think); but is not his equal in subterranean work,—or perhaps rather has the harder task of it, that of Mining, instead of COUNTER—mining, or SPOILING Mines. Tempelhof's account of these two people, and their underground wrestle here, is really curious reading;—clear as daylight to those that will study, but of endless expansion (as usual in Tempelhof), and fit only to be indicated here. [Tempelhof, vi. 122–219; *Bericht und Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9 October, 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376–479); Archenholtz, Retzow,

The external Event I promised to mention is an attempt on Daun's part (August 16th) to break in upon Friedrich's position, and interrupt the Siege, or render it still impossible. Event called the BATTLE OF REICHENBACH, though there was not much of battle in it;—in which our old friend the Duke of Brunswick—Bevern (whom we have seen in abeyance, and merely a Garrison Commandant, for years back, till the Russians left Stettin to itself) again played a shining part.

Daun—at Tannhausen, 10 miles to southwest of Friedrich, and spread out among the Hills, with Loudons, Lacys, Becks, as lieutenants, and in plenty of force, could he resolve on using it—has at last, after a month's meditation, hit upon a plan. Plan of flowing round by the southern skirt of Friedrich, and seizing certain Heights to the southeastern or open side of Schweidnitz,—Koltschen Height the key one; from which he may spread up at will, Height after Height, to the very Zobtenberg on that eastern side, and render Schweidnitz an impossibility. The plan, people say, was good; but required rapidity of execution,—a thing Daun is not strong in.

Bevern's behavior, too, upon whom the edge of the matter fell, was very good. Bevern, coming on from Neisse and Upper Silesia, had been much manoeuvred upon for various days by Beck; Beck, a dangerous, alert man, doing his utmost to seize post after post, and bar Bevern's way,—meaning especially, as ultimate thing, to get hold of a Height called Fischerberg, which lies near Reichenbach (in the southern Schweidnitz vicinities), and is preface to Koltschen Height and to the whole Enterprise of Daun. In most of which attempts, especially in this last, Bevern, with great merit, not of dexterity alone (for the King's Orders had often to be DISobeyed in the letter, and only the spirit of them held in view), contrived to outmanoeuvre Beck; and be found (August 13th) already firm on the Fischerberg, when Beck, in full confidence, came marching towards it. "The Fischerberg lost to us!" Beck had to report, in disappointment. "Must be recovered, and my grand Enterprise no longer put off!" thinks Daun to himself, in still more disappointment ("Laggard that I am!").—And on the third day following, the

BATTLE OF REICHENBACH ensued. Lacy, as chief, with abundant force, and Beck and Brentano under him: these are to march, "Recover me that Fischerberg; it is the preface to Koltschen and all else!" [Tempelhof, vi. 144.]

MONDAY, AUGUST 16th, pretty early in the day, Lacy, with his Becks and Brentanos, appeared in great force on the western side of Fischerberg; planted themselves there, about the three Villages of Peilau (Upper, Nether and Middle Peilau, a little way to south of Reichenbach), within cannon-shot of Bevern; their purpose abundantly clear. Behind them, in the gorges of the Mountains, what is not so clear, lay Daun and most of his Army; intending to push through at once upon Koltschen and seize the key, were this of Fischerberg had. Lacy, after reconnoitring a little, spreads his tents (which it is observable Beck does not); and all Austrians proceed to cooking their dinner. "Nothing coming of them till to-morrow!" said Friedrich, who was here; and went his way home, on this symptom of the Austrian procedures;—hardly consenting to regard them farther, even when he heard their cannonade begin.

Lacy, the general composure being thus established, and dinner well done, suddenly drew out about five in the evening, in long strong line, before these Hamlets of Peilau, on the western side of the Fischerberg; Beck privately pushing round by woods to take it on the eastern side: and there ensued abundant cannonading on the part of Lacy and Brentano, and some idle flourishing about of horse, responded to by Bevern; and, on the part of Lacy and Brentano, nothing else whatever. More like a theatre fight than a real one, says Tempelhof. Beck, however, is in earnest; has a most difficult march through the tangled pathless woods; does arrive at length, and begin real fighting, very sharp for some time; which might have been productive, had Lacy given the least help to it, as he did NOT. [Tempelhof, vi. 146–151.] Beck did his fieriest; but got repulsed everywhere. Beck tries in various places; finds swamps, impediments, fierce resistance from the Bevern people;—finds, at length, that the King is awake, and that reinforcements, horse, foot, riding-artillery, are coming in at the gallop; and that he, Beck, cannot too soon get away.

None of the King's Foot people could get in for a stroke, though they came mostly running (distance five miles); but the Horse-charges were beautifully impressive on Lacy's theatrical performers, as was the Horse-Artillery to a still more surprising degree; and produced an immediate EXEUNT OMNES on the Lacy part. All off; about 7 P.M.,—Sun just going down in the autumn sky;—and the Battle of Reichenbach a thing finished. Seeing which, Daun also immediately withdrew, through the gorges of the Mountains again. And for seven weeks thenceforth sat contemplative, without the least farther attempt at relief of Schweidnitz. It was during those seven weeks, some time after this, that poor Madam Daun, going to a Levee at Schonbrunn one day, had her carriage half filled with symbolical nightcaps, successively flung in upon her by the Vienna people;—symbolical; in lieu of Slashing Articles, and Newspapers the best Instructors, which they as yet have not.

Next day the Joy-fire of the Prussians taught Guasco what disaster had happened; and on the fifth day afterwards (August 22d), hearing nothing farther of Daun, Guasco offered to surrender, on the principle of Free Withdrawal. "No, never," answered Tauentzien, by the King's order: "As Prisoners of War it must be!" Upon which Guasco stood to his defences again; and maintained himself,—Gribeauval and he did,—with an admirable obstinacy: the details of which would be very wearisome to readers. Gribeauval and he, I said; for from this time, Engineer Lefebvre, though he tried (with bad skill, thinks Tempelhof) some bits of assault above ground, took mainly to mining, and a grand underground invention called GLOBES DE COMPRESSION; which he reckoned to be the real sovereign method,—unlucky that he was! I may at least explain what GLOBE DE COMPRESSION is; for it becomes famous on this occasion, and no name could be less descriptive of the thing. Not a GLOBE at all, for that matter, nor intended to "compress," but to EXpress, and shatter to pieces in a transcendent degree: it is, in fact, a huge cubical mine-chamber, filled by a wooden box (till Friedrich, in his hurry, taught Lefebvre that a sack would do as well), loaded with, say, five thousand-weight of powder. Sufficient to blow any horn-work, bastion, bulwark, into the air,—provided you plant it in the right place; which poor Lefebvre never can. He tried, with immense labor, successively some four or almost five of these "PRESS BALLS" so called (or Volcanoes in Little); mining on, many yards, 15 or 20 feet underground (tormented by Gribeauval all the way); then at last, exploding his five thousand-weight,—would produce a "Funnel," or crater, of perhaps "30 yards in diameter," but, alas, "150 yards OFF any bastion." Funnel of no use to him;—mere sign to him that he must go down into it, and begin there again; with better aim, if possible. And then Gribeauval's tormentings; never were the like! Gribeauval has, all round under the Glacis, mine-galleries, or main-roads for Counter-mining, ready to his hand

(mine-galleries built by Friedrich while lately proprietor); there Gribeauval is hearkening the beat of Lefebvre's picks: "Ten yards from us, think you? Six yards? Get a 30 hundredweight of chamber ready for him!" And will, at the right moment, blow Lefebvre's gallery about his ears;—sometimes bursts in upon him bodily with pistol and cutlass, or still worse, with explosive sulphur-balls, choke-pots and infinitudes of mal-odor instantaneously developed on Lefebvre,—which mean withal, "You will have to begin again, Monsieur!" Enough to drive a Lefebvre out of his wits. Twice, or oftener, Lefebvre, a zealous creature but a thin-skinned, flew out into open paroxysm; wept, invoked the gods, threatened suicide: so that Friedrich had to console him, "Courage, you will manage it; make chicanes on Gribeauval, as he does on you,"—and suggested that powder-SACK instead of deal-box, which we just mentioned.

Friedrich's patience seems to have been great; but in the end he began to think the time long. He was in three successive head-quarters, Dittmannsdorf, Peterswaldau, Bogendorf, nearer and nearer; at length quite near (Bogendorf within a couple of miles); and wondering Gazetteers reported him on horseback, examining minutely the parallels and siege-works,—with a singular indifference to the cannon-balls flying about ("Not easy to hit a small object with cannon!"), and intent only on giving Tautenzien suggestions, admonitions and new orders. Here, prior to Bogendorf, are three snatches of writing, which successively have indications for us. KING TO PRINCE HENRI:—

PETERSWALDAU, AUGUST 13th, 1762 (King has just shifted hither, August 10th, on the Bevern-REICHENBACH score; continues here till September 23d). ... "You are right to say, 'We ourselves are our best Allies.' I am of the same opinion; nevertheless, it is a clear duty and call of prudence to try and alleviate the burden as much as possible: and I own to you, that if, after all I have written, the thing fails this time [as it does], I shall be obliged to grant that there is nothing to be made of those Turks."—"We are now in the press of our crisis as to Schweidnitz. The Siege advances beautifully: but Beck is come hereabouts, Lacy masked behind him; and I cannot yet tell you [not till REICHENBACH and the 16th] whether the Enemy intends some big adventure for disengaging Schweidnitz, or will content himself with disturbing and annoying us."

PETERSWALDAU, 9th SEPTEMBER. Springs, water-threads coming into our mines delay us a little: "by the 12th [in 3 days' time, little thinking it would be 30 days!] I still hope to despatch you a courier with the news, All is over! Your Nephew [Prince of Prussia] is out to-day assisting in a forage; he begins to kindle into fine action. We are nothing but pygmies in comparison to him [in point of physical stature]; imagine to yourself Prince Franz [of Brunswick; killed, poor fellow, at Hochkirch], only taller still: this is the figure of him at present."

PETERSWALDAU, SEPTEMBER 19th. ... "Our Siege wearies all the world; people persecute me to know the end of it; I never get a Berlin Letter without something on that head;—and I have no resource myself but patience. We do all we can: but I cannot hinder the enemy from defending himself, and Gribeauval from being a clever fellow:—soon, however, surely soon, soon, we shall see the end. Our weather here is like December; the Seasons are as mad as the Politics of Europe. Finally, my dear Brother, one must shove Time on; day follows day, and at last we shall catch the one that ends our labors. Adieu; JE VOUS EMBRASSE." [Schoning, iii. 403, 430, 446.]—Here farther, from the Siege-ground itself, are some traceries, scratchings by a sure hand, which yield us something of image. Date is still only "BEFORE Schweidnitz," far on in the eighth week:—

SEPTEMBER 23d. "This morning, before 9, the King [direct from Peterswaldau, where he has been lodging hitherto,—must have breakfasted rather early] came into the Lines here:—his quarter is now to be at Bogendorf near hand, in a Farm house there. The Prince of Prussia was riding with him, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt [the Adjutant whom we have heard of]: he looked at the Battery" lately ordered by him; "looked at many things; rode along, a good 100 yards inside of the vedettes; so that the Enemy noticed him, and fired violently,"—King decidedly ignoring. "To Captain Beauvrye [Captain of the Miners] he paid a gracious compliment; Major Lefebvre he rallied a little for losing heart, for bungling his business; but was not angry with him, consoled him rather; bantered him on the shabbiness of his equipments, and made him a gift of 400 thalers (60 pounds), to improve them. Lefebvre, Tautenzien and" another General "dined with him at Bogendorf to-day." ["Captain Gotz's NOTE-book" (a conspicuous Captain here, Note-book still in manuscript, I think): cited in SCHONING, iii. 453 et seq.]

SEPTEMBER 24th, EARLY. "The King on horseback viewed the trenches, rode close behind the first parallel, along the mid-most communication-line: the Enemy cannonaded at us horribly (ERSCHRECKLICH); a ball struck down the Page von Pirch's horse [Pirch lay writhing, making moan,—plainly overmuch, thought the

King]: on Pirch's accident, too, the Prince of Prussia's horse made a wild plunge, and pitched its rider aloft out of the saddle; people thought the Prince was shot, and everybody was in horror: great was the commotion; only the King was heard calling with a clear voice, 'PIRCH, VERGISS ER SEINEN SATTEL NICHT,—Pirch, bring your saddle with you!'"

This of Pirch and the saddle is an Anecdote in wide circulation; taken sometimes as a proof of Royal thrift; but is mainly the Royal mode of rebuking Pirch for his weak behavior in the accident that had befallen. Pirch, an ingenious handy kind of fellow, famed for his pranks and trickeries in those Page—days, had many adventures in the world;—was, for one while, something of a notability among the French; will "teach you the Prussian mode of drill," and actually got leave to try it "on the German Regiments in our service:" [Voltaire's wondering Report of him ("Ferney, 7th December, 1774"), and Friedrich's quiet Answer ("Berlin, 28th Dec. 1774"): in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 297, 301. Rodenbeck (ii. 198–200) has a slight "BIOGRAPHY" of Pirch.]— died, finally, as Colonel of one of these, at the Siege of Gibraltar, in 1783.

SEPTEMBER 25th. "Morning and noon, each time two hours, the King was in his new batteries; and, with great satisfaction, watched the working of them. This day there dined with him the Prince of Bernburg [General of Brigade here], Tauentzien, Lefebvre and Dieskau" (head of the Artillery).

The King is always riding about; has now, virtually, taken charge of the Siege himself. "In Bogendorf, the first night, he dismissed the Guard sent for him; would have nothing there but six chasers (JAGER):" an alarming case! "After a night or two, there came always, without his knowledge, a dragoon party of 30 horse; took post behind Bogendorf Church, patrolled towards Kunzendorf, Giesdorf, and had three pickets."

SEPTEMBER 28th. "Gribeauval has sprung a mine last night;" totally blown up Lefebvre again! "Engineer—Lieutenants Gerhard and Von Kleist were wounded by our own people; Captain Guyon was shot:" things all going wrong,—weather, I suspect also, bad. "The King was in dreadful humor (SEHR UNGNADIG); rated and rebuked to right and left: 'If it should last till January, the Attack must go on. Nobody seems to be able for his business; Lefebvre a blockhead (DUMMER TEUFEL), who knows nothing of mining: the Generals, too, where are they? Every General henceforth is to take his place in the third parallel, at the head of his Covering—Party [most exposed place of all], and stay his whole twenty—four hours there [Prince of Anhalt—Bernburg is Covering—Party today; I hope, in his post during this thunder!]: Taken the Place can and must be! We have the misfortune, That a stupid Engineer who knows nothing of his art has the direction; and a General without sense in Sieging has the command. Everybody is at a NON PLUS, it appears! Not all our Artillery can silence that Front—fire; not in a single place can Thirty stupid Miners get into the Fort.' To—day and yesterday the King spoke neither to General Tauentzien nor to Major Lefebvre; Lieutenant—Colonel von Anhalt had to give all the Orders." An electric kind of day!

The weather is becoming wet. In fact, there ensue whole weeks of rain,—the trenches swimming, service very hard. Guasco's guns are many of them dismantled; no Daun to be heard of. Guasco again and again proposes modified capitulations; answer always, "Prisoners of War on the common terms." Guasco is wearing low: OCTOBER 7th (Lefebvre sweating and puffing at his last Globe of Expression, hoping to hit the mark this last time), an accidental grenade from Tauentzien, above ground, rolled into one of Guasco's powder— vaults; blew it, and a good space of Wall along with it, into wreck; two days after which, Guasco had finished his Capitulating; —and we get done with this wearisome affair. [Tempelhof, vi. 122–220; *Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9ten October, 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376–497); Tielke, Guasco was invited to dine with the King; praised for his excellent defence. Prisoners of War his Garrison and he; about 9,000 of them still on their feet; their entire loss had been 3,552 killed and wounded; that of the Prussians 3,033. Poor Guasco died, in Königsberg, still prisoner, before the Peace came.

Of Austrian fighting in Silesia, this proved to be the last, in the present Controversy which has endured so long. No thought of fighting is in Daun; far the reverse. Daun is getting ill off for horse—forage in his Mountains; the weather is bad upon him; we hear "he has had, for some time past, 12,000 laborers" palisading and fortifying at the Passes of Bohemia: "Truce for the Winter" is what he proposes. To which the King answers, "No; unless you retire wholly within Bohemia and Glatz Country:" this at present Daun grudged to do; but was forced to it, some weeks afterwards, by the sleets and the snows, had there been no other pressure. In about three weeks hence, Friedrich, leaving Bevern in command here, and a Silesia more or less adjusted, made for Saxony; whither important reinforcements had preceded him,—reinforcements under General Wied, the instant it was possible.

Saxony he had long regarded as the grand point, were Schweidnitz over: "Recapture Dresden, and they will have to give us Peace this very Winter!" Daun, also with reinforcements, followed him to Saxony, as usual; but never quite arrived, or else found matters settled on arriving;—and will not require farther mention in this History. He died some three years hence, age 60; ["5th February, 1766;" "born 24th September, 1705" (Hormayr *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, ii. 80–111).] an honorable, imperturbable, eupeptic kind of man, sufficiently known to readers by this time.

Friedrich did not recapture Dresden; far enough from that,—though Peace came all the same. Hardly a week after our recovery of Schweidnitz, Stollberg and his Reichsfolk, especially his Austrians, became unexpectedly pert upon Henri; pressed forward (October 15th), in overpowering force, into his Posts about Freyberg, Pretschendorf and that southwestern Reich-ward part: "No more invadings of Bohemia from you, Monseigneur; no more tormentings of the Reich; here is other work for you, my Prince!"— and in spite of all Prince Henri could do, drove him back, clear out of Freyberg; northwestward, towards Hulsen and his reserves. [*Bericht von dem Angriff so am 15ten October, 1762, van der Reichs-Armee auf die Kongilich-Preussischen unter dem Prinzen Heinrich geschehen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 362–364). *Ausfuhrlicher Bericht von der den 15ten October, 1762, bey Brand vorgefallenen Action* (Ib. iii. 350–362). Tempelhof, vi. 238.] Giving him, in this manner, what soldiers call a slap; slap which might have been more considerable, had those Stollberg people followed it up with emphasis. But they did not; so alert was Henri. Henri at once rallied beautifully from his slap (King's reinforcements coming too, as we have said); and, in ten days' time, without any reinforcement, paid Stollberg and Company by a stunning blow: BATTLE OF FREYBERG (October 29th),—which must not go without mention, were it only as Prince Henri's sole Battle, and the last of this War. Preparatory to which and its sequel, let us glance again at Duke Ferdinand and the English-French posture,—also for the last time.

CANONADE AT AMONEBURG (21st September, 1762). "The controversies about right or left bank of the Fulda have been settled long since in Ferdinand's favor; who proceeded next to blockade the various French strongholds in Hessen; Marburg, Ziegenhayn, especially Cassel; with an eye to besieging the same, and rooting the French permanently out. To prevent or delay which, what can Soubise and D'Estrees do but send for their secondary smaller Army, which is in the Lower-Rhine Country under a Prince de Conde, mostly idle at present, to come and join them in the critical regions here. Whereupon new Controversy shifting westward to the Mayn and Nidda-Lahn Country, to achieve said Junction and to hinder it. Junction was not to be hindered. The D'Estrees-Soubise people and young Conde made good manoeuvring, handsome fight on occasion; so that in spite of all the Erbprinz could do, they got hands joined; far too strong for the Erbprinz thenceforth; and on the last night of August were all fairly together, head-quarter Friedberg in Frankfurt Country (a thirty miles north of Frankfurt); and were earnestly considering the now not hopeless question, 'How, or by what routes and methods, push to northwestward, get through to those blockaded Hessian Strong-places, Cassel especially; and hinder Ferdinand's besieging them, and quite outrooting us there?'

"This is a difficult question, but a vital. 'Sweep rapidly past Ferdinand,—cannot we? Well frontward or eastward of him, dexterously across the Lahn and its Branches (our light people are to rear of him, on this side of the Fulda, between the Fulda and him): once joined with those light people by such methods, we have Cassel ahead, Ferdinand to rear, and will make short work with the blockades,—the blockades will have to rise in a hurry!' This was the plan devised by D'Estrees; and rapidly set about; but it was seen into, at the first step, by Ferdinand, who proved still more rapid upon it. Campings, counter-campings, crossings of the Lahn by D'Estrees people, then recrossings of it, ensued for above a fortnight; which are not for mention here: in fine, about the middle of September, the D'Estrees Enterprise had plainly become impossible, unless it could get across the Ohm,—an eastern, or wide-circling northeastern Branch of the Lahn,—where, on the right or eastern bank of which, as better for him than the Lahn itself in this part, Ferdinand now is. 'Across the Ohm: and that, how can that be done, the provident Ferdinand having laid hold of Ohm, and secured every pass of it, several days ago! Perhaps by a Surprisal; by extreme despatch?'

"Amoneburg is a pleasant little Town, about thirty miles east of Marburg,—in which latter we have been, in very old times; looking after St. Elizabeth, Teutsch Ritters, Philip the Magnanimous and other objects. Amoneburg stands on the left or western bank of the Ohm, with an old Schloss in it, and a Bridge near by; both of which, Ferdinand, the left or southmost wing of whose Position on the other bank of Ohm is hereabouts, has made due seizure of. Seizure of the Bridge, first of all,—Bridge with a Mill at it (which, in consequence, is called

BRUCKEN–MUHLE, Bridge–Mill),—at the eastern end of this there is a strong Redoubt, with the Bridge– way blocked and rammed ahead of it; there Ferdinand has put 200 men; 500 more are across in Amoneburg and its old Castle. Unless by surprisal and extreme despateh, there is clearly no hope! Ferdinand's head–quarter is seven or eight miles to northwest of this his Brucken–Muhle and extreme left; next to Brucken–Muhle is Zastrow's Division; next, again, is Granby's; several Divisions between Ferdinand and it; 'Do it by surprisal, by utmost force of vehemency!' say the French. And accordingly,

"SEPTEMBER 21st [day of the Equinox, 1762]. An hour before sunrise, there began, quite on the sudden, a vivid attack on the Brucken– Muhle and on Amoneburg, by cannon, by musketry, by all methods; and, in spite of the alert and completely obstinate resistance, would not cease; but, on the contrary, seemed to be on the increasing hand, new cannon, new musketries; and went on, hour after hour, ever the more vivid. So that, about 8 in the morning, after three hours of this, Zastrow, with his Division, had to intervene: to range himself on the Hill–top behind this Brucken– Muhle; replace the afflicted 200 (many of them hurt, not a few killed) by a fresh 200 of his own; who again needed to be relieved before long. For the French, whom Zastrow had to imitate in that respect, kept bringing up more cannon, ever more, as if they would bring up all the cannon of their Army: and there rose between Zastrow and them such a cannonade, for length and loudness together, as had not been heard in this War. Most furious cannonading, musketading; and seemingly no end to it. Ferdinand himself came over to ascertain; found it a hot thing indeed. Zastrow had to relieve his 200 every hour: 'Don't go down in rank, you new ones,' ordered he—'slide, leap, descend the hill– face in scattered form: rank at the bottom!'—and generally about half of the old 200 were left dead or lamed by their hour's work. 'They intend to have this Bridge from us at any cost,' thinks Ferdinand; 'and at any cost they shall not!' And, in the end, orders Granby forward in room of Zastrow, who has had some eight hours of it now; and rides home to look after his main quarters.

"It was about 4 in the afternoon when Granby and his English came into the fire; and I rather think the French onslaught was, if anything, more furious than ever:—Despair striding visibly forward on it, or something too like Despair. Amoneburg they had battered to pieces, Wall and Schloss, so that the 500 had to ground arms: but not an inch of way had they made upon the Bridge, nor were like to make. Granby continued on the old plan, plying all his diligences and artilleries; needing them all. Fierce work to a degree: '200 of you go down on wings' (in an hour about 100 will come back)! In English Families you will still hear some vague memory of Amoneburg, How we had built walls of the dead, and fired from behind them,—French more and more furious, we more and more obstinate. Granby had still four hours of it; sunset, twilight, dusk; about 8, the French, in what spirits I can guess, ceased, and went their ways. Bridge impossible; game up. They had lost, by their own account, 1,100 killed and wounded; Ferdinand probably not fewer." [Mauvillon, ii. 251; *Helden–Geschichte*, vii. 432–439.]

And in this loud peal, what none could yet know, the French–English part of the Seven–Years War had ended. The French attempted nothing farther; hutted themselves where they were, and waited in the pouring rains: Ferdinand also hutted himself, in guard of the Ohm; while his people plied their Siege–batteries on Cassel, on Ziegenhayn, cannonading their best in the bad weather;—took Cassel, did not quite take Ziegenhayn, had it been of moment;—and for above six weeks coming (till November 7th–14th [Preliminaries of Peace SIGNED, "Paris, November 3d;" known to French Generals "November 7th;" not, OFFICIALLY, to Ferdinand till "November 14th" (Mauvillon, ii. 257).]), nothing more but skirmishings and small scuffles, not worth a word from us, fell out between the Two Parties there. That Cannonade of the Brucken–Muhle had been finis.

For supreme Bute, careless of the good news coming in on him from West and from East, or even rather embarrassed by them, had some time ago started decisively upon the Peace Negotiation. "September 5th," three weeks before that of Amoneburg, "the Duke of Bedford, Bute's Plenipotentiary, set out towards Paris,—considerably hissed on the street here by a sulky population," it would seem;—"but sure of success in Paris. Bute shared in none of the national triumphs of this Year. The transports of rejoicing which burst out on the news of Havana" were a sorrow and distress to him. [Walpole's *George the Third*, ii. 191.] "Havana, what shall we do with it?" thought he; and for his own share answered stiffly, "Nothing with it; fling it back to them!"—till some consort of his persuaded him Florida would look better. [Thackeray, ii. 11.] Of Manilla and the Philippines he did not even hear till Peace was concluded; had made the Most Catholic Carlos a present of that Colony,—who would not even pay our soldiers their Manilla Ransom, as too disagreeable. Such is the Bute, such and no other, whom the satirical Fates have appointed to crown and finish off the heroic Day's–work of such a Pitt. Let us, if we can help it, speak no more of him! Friedrich writes before leaving for Saxony: "The Peace between the

English and the French is much farther off than was thought;—so many oppositions do the Spaniards raise, or rather do the French,—busy duping this buzzard of an English Minister, who has not common sense." [Schoning, iii. 480 (To Henri: "Peterswaldau, 17th October, 1762").] Never fear, your Majesty: a man with Havanas and Manillas of that kind to fling about at random, is certain to bring Peace, if resolved on it!—

We said, Prince Henri rallied beautifully from his little slap and loss of Freyberg (October 15th), and that the King was sending Wied with reinforcements to him. In fact, Prince Henri of himself was all alertness, and instantly appeared on the Heights again; seemingly quite in sanguinary humor, and courting Battle, much more than was yet really the case. Which cowed Stollberg from meddling with him farther, as he might have done. Not for some ten days had Henri finished his arrangements; and then, under cloud of night (28th–29th OCTOBER, 1762), he did break forward on those Spittelwalds and Michael's Mounts, and multiplex impregnabilities about Freyberg, in what was thought a very shining manner. The BATTLE OF FREYBERG, I think, is five or six miles long, all on the west, and finally on the southwest side of Freyberg (north and northwest sides, with so many batteries and fortified villages, are judged unattackable); and the main stress, very heavy for some time, lay in the abatis of the Spittelwald (where Seidlitz was sublime), and about the roots of St. Michael's Mount (the TOP of it Stollberg, or some foolish General of Stollberg's, had left empty; nobody there when we reached the top),—down from which, Freyberg now lying free ahead of us, and the Spittelwald on our left now also ours, we take Stollberg in rear, and turn him inside out. The Battle lasted only three hours, till Stollberg and his Maguires, Campitellis and Austrians (especially his Reichsfolk, who did no work at all, except at last running), were all under way; and the hopes of some Saxon Victory to balance one's disgraces in Silesia had altogether vanished. [*Beschreibung der am 29sten October, 1762, bey Freyberg vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 365–376). Tempelhof, vi. 235–258; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 177–181.]

Of Austrians and Reichsfolk together I dimly count about 40,000 in this Action; Prince Henri seems to have been well under 30,000. ["29 battalions, 60 squadrons," VERSUS "49 battalions, 68 squadrons" (Schoning, iii. 499).] I will give Prince Henri's DESPATCH to his Brother (a most modest Piece); and cannot afford to say more of the matter,—except that "Wegfurth," where Henri gets on march the night before, lies 8 or more miles west—by—north of Freyberg and the Spittelwald, and is about as far straight south from Hainichen, Gellert's birthplace, who afterwards got the War—horse now coming into action,—I sometimes think, with what surprise to that quadruped!

PRINCE HENRI TO THE KING (Battle just done; King on the road from Silesia hither, Letter meets him at Lowenberg).

"FREYBERG, 29th October, 1762.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—It is a happiness for me to send you the agreeable news, That your Army has this day gained a considerable advantage over the combined Austrian and Reichs Army. I marched yesternight; I had got on through Wegfurth, leaving Spittelwald [Tempelhof, p. 237.] to my left, with intent to seize [storm, if necessary] the Height of St. Michael,—when I came upon the Enemy's Army. I made two true attacks, and two false: the Enemy resisted obstinately; but the sustained valor of your troops prevailed: and, after three hours in fire, the Enemy was obliged to yield everywhere. I don't yet know the number of Prisoners; but there must be above 4,000:—the Reichs Army has lost next to nothing; the stress of effort fell to the Austrian share. We have got quantities of Cannon and Flags; Lieutenant-General Roth of the Reichs Army is among our Prisoners. I reckon we have lost from 2 to 3,000 men; among them no Officer of mark. Lieutenant-General von Seidlitz rendered me the highest services; in a place where the Cavalry could not act [border of the Spittelwald, and its impassable entanglements and obstinacies], he put himself at the head of the Infantry, and did signal services [his Battle mainly, scheming and all, say some ill-natured private accounts]; Generals Belling and Kleist [renowned Colonels known to us, now become Major-Generals] did their very best. All the Infantry was admirable; not one battalion yielded ground. My Aide-de-Camp [Kalkreuth, a famous man in the Napoleon times long after], who brings you this, had charge of assisting to conduct the attack through the Spittelwald [and did it well, we can suppose]: if, on that ground, you pleased to have the goodness to advance him, I should have my humble thanks to give you. There are a good many Officers who have distinguished themselves and behaved with courage, for whom I shall present similar requests. You will permit me to pay those who have taken cannons and flags (100 ducats per cannon, 50 per flag, or whatever the tariff was:—"By all manner of means!" his Majesty would answer].

"The Enemy is retiring towards Dresden and Dippoldiswalde. I am sending at his heels this night, and shall hear the result. My Aide-de-Camp is acquainted with all, and will be able to render you account of everything you may wish to know in regard to our present circumstances. General Wied, I believe, will cross Elbe to-morrow [General Wied, with 10,000 to help us,—for whom it was too dangerous to wait, or perhaps there was a spur on one's own mind?]; his arrival would be [not "would have been:" CELA VIENDRAIT, not even VIENDRA] very opportune for me. I am, with all attachment, my dearest Brother,—your most devoted Servant and Brother,—HENRI." [Schoning, iii. 491, 492.]

To-morrow, in cipher, goes the following Despatch:—

"FREYBERG, 30th October, 1762.

"General Wied [not yet come to hand, or even got across Elbe] informs me, That Prince Albert of Saxony [pushing hither with reinforcement, sent by Daun] must have crossed Elbe yesterday at Pirna [did not show face here, with his large reinforcements to them, or what would have become of us!];—and that for this reason he, Wied, must himself cross; which he will to-morrow. The same day I am to be joined by some battalions from General Hulsen; and the day after to-morrow, when General Wied [coming by Meissen Bridge, it appears] shall have reached the Katzenhauser, the whole of General Hulsen's troops will join me. Directly thereupon I shall—" [Schoning, p. 493.] Or no more of that second Despatch; Friedrich's LETTER IN RESPONSE is better worth giving:—

"LOWENBERG, 2d November, 1762.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The arrival of Kalkreuter [so he persists in calling him], and of your Letter, my dear Brother, has made me twenty [not to say forty] years younger: yesterday I was sixty, to-day hardly eighteen. I bless Heaven for preserving you in health (BONNE SANTE," so we term escape of lesion in fight); "and that things have passed so happily! You took the good step of attacking those who meant to attack you; and, by your good and solid measures (DISPOSITIONS), you have overcome all the difficulties of a strong Post and a vigorous resistance. It is a service so important rendered by you to the State, that I cannot enough express my gratitude, and will wait to do it in person.

"Kalkreuter will explain what motions I— ... If Fortune favor our views on Dresden [which it cannot in the least, at this late season], we shall indubitably have Peace this Winter or next Spring,—and get honorably out of a difficult and perilous conjuncture, where we have often seen ourselves within two steps of total destruction. And, by this which you have now done, to you alone will belong the honor of having given the final stroke to Austrian Obstinacy, and laid the foundations of the Public Happiness, which will be the consequence of Peace.—F." [Ib. iii. 495, 496.]

Two days after this, November 4th, Friedrich is in Meissen; November 9th, he comes across to Freyberg; has pleasant day,— pleasant survey of the Battle-field, Henri and Seidlitz escorting as guides. Henri, in furtherance of the Dresden project, has Kleist out on the Bohemian Magazines,—"That is the one way to clear Dresden neighborhood of Enemies!" thinks Henri always. Kleist burns the considerable magazine of Saatz; finds the grand one of Leitmeritz too well guarded for him:—upon which, in such snowdrifts and sleety deluges, is not Dresden plainly impossible, your Majesty? Impossible, Friedrich admits,—the rather as he now sees Peace to be coming without that. Freyberg has at last broken the back of Austrian Obstinacy. "Go in upon the Reich," Friedrich now orders Kleist, the instant Kleist is home from his Bohemian inroad: "In upon the Reich, with 6,000, in your old style! That will dispose the Reichs Principalities to Peace."

Kleist marched November 3d; kept the Reich in paroxysm till December 13th;—Plotho, meanwhile, proclaiming in the Reichs Diet: "Such Reichs Princes as wish for Peace with my King can have it; those that prefer War, they too can have it!" Kleist, dividing himself in the due artistic way, flew over the Voigtland, on to Bamberg, on to Nurnberg itself (which he took, by sounding rams'- horns, as it were, having no gun heavier than a carbine, and held for a week); [*Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 186–194.]—fluttering the Reichs Diet not a little, and disposing everybody for Peace. The Austrians saw it with pleasure, "We solemnly engaged to save these poor people harmless, on their joining us;—and, behold, it has become thrice and four times impossible. Let them fall off into Peace, like ripe pears, of themselves; we can then turn round and say, 'Save you harmless? Yes; if you had n't fallen off!'"

NOVEMBER 24th, all Austrians make truce with Friedrich, Truce till March 1st;—all Austrians, and what is singular, with no mention of the Reich whatever. The Reich is defenceless, at the feet of Kleist and his 6,000.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Stollberg is still in Prussian neighborhood; and may be picked up any day! Stollberg hastens off to defend the Reich; finds the Reich quite empty of enemies before his arrival;—and at least saves his own skin. A month or two more, and Stollberg will lay down his Command, and the last Reichs-Execution Army, playing Farce-Tragedy so long, make its exit from the Theatre of this World.

Chapter XIII. PEACE OF HUBERTSBURG.

The Prussian troops took Winter-quarters in the Meissen-Freyberg region, the old Saxon ground, familiar to them for the last three years: room enough this Winter, "from Plauen and Zwickau, round by Langensalza again;" Truce with everybody, and nothing of disturbance till March 1st at soonest. The usual recruiting went on, or was preparing to go on,—a part of which took immediate effect, as we shall see. Recruiting, refitting, "Be ready for a new Campaign, in any case: the readier we are, the less our chance of having one!" Friedrich's head-quarter is Leipzig; but till December 5th he does not get thither. "More business on me than ever!" complains he. At Leipzig he had his Nephews, his D'Argens; for a week or two his Brother Henri; finally, his Berlin Ministers, especially Herzberg, when actual Peace came to be the matter in hand. Henri, before that, had gone home: "Peace being now the likelihood;—Home; and recruit one's poor health, at Berlin, among friends!"

Before getting to Leipzig, the King paid a flying Visit at Gotha;— probably now the one fraction of these manifold Winter movements and employments, in which readers could take interest. Of this, as there happens to be some record left of it, here is what will suffice. From Meissen, Friedrich writes to his bright Grand-Duchess, always a bright, high and noble creature in his eyes: "Authorized by your approval [has politely inquired beforehand], I shall have the infinite satisfaction of paying my duties on December 3d [four days hence], and of reiterating to you, Madam, my liveliest and sincerest assurances of esteem and friendship. ... Some of my Commissariat people have been misbehaving? Strict inquiry shall be had," [To the Grand-Duchess, "Meissen, 29th November" (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 199).]—and we soon find WAS. But the Visit is our first thing.

The Visit took place accordingly; Seidlitz, a man known in Gotha ever since his fine scenic-military procedures there in 1757, accompanied the King. Of the lucent individualities invited to meet him, all are now lost to me, except one Putter, a really learned Gottingen Professor (deep in REICHS-HISTORY and the like), whom the Duchess has summoned over. By the dim lucency of Putter, faint to most of us as a rushlight in the act of going out, the available part of our imagination must try to figure, in a kind of Obliterated-Rembrandt way, this glorious Evening; for there was but one,—December 3d-4th,—Friedrich having to leave early on the 4th. Here is Putter's record, given in the third person:—

"During dinner, Putter, honorably present among the spectators of this high business, was beckoned by the Duchess to step near the King [right hand or left, Putter does not say]; but the King graciously turned round, and conversed with Putter." The King said:—

KING. "In German History much is still buried; many important Documents lie hidden in Monasteries." Putter answered "schicklich— fitly;" that is all we know of Putter's answer.

KING (thereupon). "Of Books on Reichs-History I know only the PERE BARRI." [*Barri de Beaumarchais*, 10 vols. 4to, Paris, 1748: I believe, an extremely feeble Pillar of Will-o'-Wisps by Night;—as I can expressly testify Pffeffel to be (Pffeffel, *Abrege Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne*, 2 vols. 4to, Paris, 1776), who has succeeded Barri as Patent Guide through that vast SYLVA SYLVARUM and its pathless intricacies, for the inquiring French and English.]

PUTTER. ... "Foreigners have for most part known only, in regard to our History, a Latin work written by Struve at Jena." [Burkhard Gotthelf Struve, *Syntagma Historiae Germanicus* (1730, 2 vols. folio).]

KING. "Struv, Struvius; him I don't know."

PUTTER. "It is a pity Barri had not known German."

KING. "Barri was a Lorrainer; Barri must have known German!"—Then turning to the Duchess, on this hint about the German Language, he told her, "in a ringing merry tone, How, at Leipzig once, he had talked with Gottsched [talk known to us] on that subject, and had said to him, That the French had many advantages; among others, that a word could often be used in a complex signification, for which you had in German to scrape together several different expressions. Upon which Gottsched had said, 'We will have that mended (DAS WOLLEN WIR NOCH MACHEN)!' These words the King repeated twice or thrice, with such a tone that you could well see how the man's conceit had struck him;"—and in short, as we know already, what a gigantic entity, consisting of wind mainly, he took this elevated Gottsched to be.

Upon which, Putter retires into the honorary ranks again; silent, at least to us, and invisible; as the rest of this

Royal Evening at Gotha is. ["Putter's *Selbstbiographie* (Autobiography), p. 406:" cited in Preuss, ii. 277 n.] Here, however, is the Letter following on it two days after:—

FRIEDRICH TO THE DUCHESS OF SACHSEN-GOTHA.

"LEIPZIG, 6th December, 1762.

"MADAM,—I should never have done, my adorable Duchess, if I rendered you account of all the impressions which the friendship you lavished on me has made on my heart. I could wish to answer it by entering into everything that can be agreeable to you [conduct of my Recruiters or Commissariat people first of all]. I take the liberty of forwarding the ANSWERS which have come in to the Two MEMOIRES you sent me. I am mortified, Madam, if I have not been able to fulfil completely your desires: but if you knew the situation I am in, I flatter myself you would have some consideration for it.

"I have found myself here [in Leipzig, as elsewhere] overwhelmed with business, and even to a degree I had not expected. Meanwhile, if I ever can manage again to run over and pay you in person the homage of a heart which is more attached to you than that of your near relations, assuredly I will not neglect the first opportunity that shall present itself.

"Messieurs the English [Bute, Bedford and Company, with their Preliminaries signed, and all my Westphalian Provinces left in a condition we shall hear of] continue to betray. Poor M. Mitchell has had a stroke of apoplexy on hearing it. It is a hideous thing (CHOSE AFFREUSE); but I will speak of it no more. May you, Madam, enjoy all the prosperities that I wish for you, and not forget a Friend, who will be till his death, with sentiments of the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration,—Madam, your Highness's most faithful Cousin and Servant, FRIEDRICH." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xzvii. 201.]

For a fortnight past, Friedrich has had no doubt that general Peace is now actually at hand. November 25th, ten days before this visit, a Saxon Privy-Councillor, Baron von Fritsch, who, by Order from his Court, had privately been at Vienna on the errand, came privately next, with all speed, to Friedrich (Meissen, November 25th): [Rodenbeck, ii. 193.] "Austria willing for Treaty; is your Majesty willing?" "Thrice-willing, I; my terms well known!" Friedrich would answer,—gladdest of mankind to see general Pacification coming to this vexed Earth again. The Dance of the Furies, waltzing itself off, HOME out of this upper sunlight: the mad Bellona steeds plunging down, down, towards their Abysses again, for a season!—

This was a result which Friedrich had foreseen as nearly certain ever since the French and English signed their Preliminaries. And there was only one thing which gave him anxiety; that of his Rhine Provinces and Strong Places, especially Wesel, which have been in French hands for six years past, ever since Spring, 1757. Bute stipulates That those places and countries shall be evacuated by his Choiseul, as soon as weather and possibility permit; but Bute, astonishing to say, has not made the least stipulation as to whom they are to be delivered to,—allies or enemies, it is all one to Bute. Truly rather a shameful omission, Pitt might indignantly think,—and call the whole business steadily, as he persisted to do, "a shameful Peace," had there been no other article in it but this;—as Friedrich, with at least equal emphasis thought and felt. And, in fact, it had thrown him into very great embarrassment, on the first emergence of it.

For her Imperial Majesty began straightway to draw troops into those neighborhoods: "WE will take delivery, our Allies playing into our hand!" And Friedrich, who had no disposable troops, had to devise some rapid expedient; and did. Set his Free-Corps agents and recruiters in motion: "Enlist me those Light people of Duke Ferdinand's, who are all getting discharged; especially that BRITANNIC LEGION so called. All to be discharged; re-enlist them, you; Ferdinand will keep them till you do it. Be swift!" And it is done;—a small bit of actual enlistment among the many prospective that were going on, as we noticed above. Precise date of it not given; must have been soon after November 3d. There were from 5 to 6,000 of them; and it was promptly done. Divided into various regiments; chief command of them given to a Colonel Bauer, under whom a Colonel Beckwith whose name we have heard: these, to the surprise of Imperial Majesty, and alarm of a pacific Versailles, suddenly appeared in the Cleve Countries, handy for Wesel, for Geldern; in such posts, and in such force and condition as intimated, "It shall be we, under favor, that take delivery!" Snatch Wesel from them, some night, sword in hand: that had been Bauer's notion; but nothing of that kind was found necessary; mere demonstration proved sufficient. To the French Garrisons the one thing needful was to get away in peace; Bauer with his brows gloomy is a dangerous neighbor. Perhaps the French Officers themselves rather favored Friedrich than his enemies. Enough, a private agreement, or mutual understanding on word of honor, was come to: and, very publicly, at length, on the

11th and 12th days of March, 1763 (Peace now settled everywhere), Wesel, in great gala, full of field-music, military salutations and mutual dining, saw the French all filing out, and Bauer and people filing in, to the joy of that poor Town. [Preuss, ii. 342.]

Soon after which, painful to relate, such the inexorable pressure of finance, Bauer and people were all paid off, flung loose again: ruthlessly paid off by a necessitous King! There were about 6,000 of those poor fellows,—specimens of the bastard heroic, under difficulties, from every country in the world; Beckwith and I know not what other English specimens of the lawless heroic; who were all cashiered, officer and man, on getting to Berlin. As were the earlier Free-Corps, and indeed the subsequent, all and sundry, "except seven," whose names will not be interesting to you. Paid off, with or without remorse, such the exhaustion of finance; Kleist, Icilius, Count Hordt and others vainly repugning and remonstrating; the King himself inexorable as Arithmetic. "Can maintain 138,000 of regular, 12,000 of other sorts; not a man more!" Zealous Icilius applied for some consideration to his Officers: "partial repayment of the money they have spent from their own pocket in enlistment of their people now discharged!" Not a doit. The King's answer is in autograph, still extant; not in good spelling, but with sense clear as light: "SEINE OFFICIERS HABEN WIE DIE RABEN GESTOLLEN SIE KRIGEN NICHTS, Your Officers stole like ravens;—they get Nothing." [Preuss, ii. 320.] Lessing's fine play of MINNA VON BARNHELM testifies to considerable public sympathy for these impoverished Ex-Military people. Pathetic truly, in a degree; but such things will happen. Irregular gentlemen, to whom the world 's their oyster,—said oyster does suddenly snap to on them, by a chance. And they have to try it on the other side, and say little!—But we are forgetting the Peace-Treaty itself, which still demands a few words.

Kleist's raid into the Reich had a fine effect on the Potentates there; and Plotho's Offer was greedily complied with; the Kaiser, such his generosity, giving "free permission." We spoke of Privy-Councillor von Fritsch, and his private little word with Friedrich at Meissen, on November 25th. The Electoral-Prince of Saxony, it seems, was author of that fine stroke; the history of it this. Since November 3d, the French and English have had their preliminaries signed; and all Nations are longing for the like. "Let us have a German Treaty for general Peace," said the Kurprinz of Saxony, that amiable Heir-Apparent whom we have seen sometimes, who is rather crooked of back, but has a sprightly Wife. "By all means," answered Polish Majesty: "and as I am in the distance, do you in every way further it, my Son!" Whereupon despatch of Fritsch to Vienna, and thence to Meissen; with "Yes" to him from both parties. Plenipotentiaries are named: "Fritsch shall be ours: they shall have my Schloss of Hubertsburg for Place of Congress," said the Prince. And on Thursday, December 30th, 1762, the Three Dignitaries met at Hubertsburg, and began business.

This is the Schloss in Torgau Country which Quintus Icilius's people, Saldern having refused the job, willingly undertook spoiling; and, as is well known, did it, January 22d, 1761; a thing Quintus never heard the end of. What the amount of profit, or the degree of spoil and mischief, Quintus's people made of it, I could not learn; but infer from this new event that the wreck had not been so considerable as the noise was; at any rate, that the Schloss had soon been restored to its pristine state of brilliancy. The Plenipotentiaries,—for Saxony, Fritsch; for Austria, a Von Collenbach, unknown to us; for Prussia, one Hertzberg, a man experienced beyond his years, who is of great name in Prussian History subsequently,—sat here till February 15th, 1763, that is for six weeks and five days. Leaving their Protocols to better judges, who report them good, we will much prefer a word or two from Friedrich himself, while waiting the result they come to.

FRIEDRICH TO PRINCE HENRI (home at Berlin).

"LEIPZIG, 14th JANUARY, 1763. ... Am not surprised you find Berlin changed for the worse: such a train of calamities must, in the end, make itself felt in a poor and naturally barren Country, where continual industry is needed to second its fecundity and keep up production. However, I will do what I can to remedy this dearth (LA DISETTE), at least as far as my small means permit. ...

"No fear of Geldern and Wesel; all that has been cared for by Bauer and the new Free-Corps. By the end of February Peace will be signed; at the beginning of April everybody will find himself at home, as in 1756.

"The Circles are going to separate: indifferent to me, or nearly so; but it is good to be plucking out tiresome burning sticks, stick after stick. I hope you amuse yourself at Berlin: at Leipzig nothing but balls and redouts; my Nephews diverting themselves amazingly. Madam Friedrich, lately Garden-maid at Seidlitz [Village in the Neumark, with this Beauty plucking weeds in it,—little prescient of such a fortune], now Wife to an Officer of the Free Hussars, is the principal heroine of these Festivities." [Schoning, iii. 528.]

LEIPZIG, 25th JANUARY, 1763. "Thanks for your care about my existence. I am becoming very old, dear Brother; in a little while I shall be useless to the world and a burden to myself: it is the lot of all creatures to wear down with age,— but one is not, for all that, to abuse one's privilege of falling into dotage.

"You still speak without full confidence of our Negotiation business [going on at Hubertsburg yonder]. Most certainly the chapter of accidents is inexhaustible; and it is still certain there may happen quantities of things which the limited mind of man cannot foresee: but, judging by the ordinary course, and such degrees of probability as human creatures found their hopes on, I believe, before the month of February entirely end, our Peace will be completed. In a permanent Arrangement, many things need settling, which are easier to settle now than they ever will be again. Patience; haste without speed is a thriftless method." [Ib. iii. 529.]

February 5th, the trio at Hubertsburg got their Preliminaries signed. On the tenth day thereafter, the Treaty itself was signed and sealed. All other Treaties on the same subject had been guided towards a contemporary finis: England and France, ready since the 3d of November last, signed and ended February 10th. February 11th, the Reich signed and ended; February 15th, Prussia, Austria, Saxony; and the THIRD SILESIAN or SEVEN-YEARS WAR was completely finished. [Copy of the treaty in *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 624 et seq.; in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 479–495; in ROUSSET, in WENCK, in

It had cost, in loss of human lives first of all, nobody can say what: according to Friedrich's computation, there had perished of actual fighters, on the various fields, of all the nations, 853,000; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, is his own share: and, by misery and ravage, the general Population of Prussia finds itself 500,000 fewer; nearly the ninth man missing. This is the expenditure of Life. Other items are not worth enumerating, in comparison; if statistically given, you can find the most approved guesses at them by the same Head, who ought to be an authority. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 230–234; Preuss, iii. 349–351.] It was a War distinguished by—Archenholtz will tell you, with melodious emphasis, what a distinguished, great and thrice-greatest War it was. There have since been other far bigger Wars,—if size were a measure of greatness; which it by no means is! I believe there was excellent Heroism shown in this War, by persons I could name; by one person, Heroism really to be called superior, or, in its kind, almost of the rank of supreme;—and that in regard to the Military Arts and Virtues, it has as yet, for faculty and for performance, had no rival; nor is likely soon to have. The Prussians, as we once mentioned, still use it as their school-model in those respects. And we— O readers, do not at least you and I thank God to have now done with it!—

Of the Peace-Treaties at Hubertsburg, Paris and other places, it is not necessary that we say almost anything. They are to be found in innumerable Books, dreary to the mind; and of the 158 Articles to be counted there, not one could be interesting at present. The substance of the whole lies now in Three Points, not mentioned or contemplated at all in those Documents, though repeatedly alluded to and intimated by us here.

The issue, as between Austria and Prussia, strives to be, in all points, simply AS-YOU-WERE; and, in all outward or tangible points, strictly is so. After such a tornado of strife as the civilized world had not witnessed since the Thirty-Years War. Tornado springing doubtless from the regions called Infernal; and darkening the upper world from south to north, and from east to west for Seven Years long;—issuing in general AS-YOU-WERE! Yes truly, the tornado was Infernal; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. Nor is the mere expenditure of men's diabolic rages, in mutual clash as of opposite electricities, with reduction to equipoise, and restoration of zero and repose again after seven years, the one or the principal result arrived at. Inarticulately, little dreamt of at the time by any by-stander, the results, on survey from this distance, are visible as Threefold. Let us name them one other time:—

1. There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives up the Problem: "We have lost Silesia!" Yes; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation not grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in:—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth. To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied by the devils about you; what

an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star— As it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling! For the sake of Germany, one hopes always Prussia will; and that it may get through its various Child-Diseases, without death: though it has had sad plunges and crises,—and is perhaps just now in one of its worst Influenzas, the Parliamentary—Eloquence or Ballot—Box Influenza! One of the most dangerous Diseases of National Adolescence; extremely prevalent over the world at this time,—indeed unavoidable, for reasons obvious enough. "SIC ITUR AD ASTRA;" all Nations certain that the way to Heaven is By voting, by eloquently wagging the tongue "within those walls"! Diseases, real or imaginary, await Nations like individuals; and are not to be resisted, but must be submitted to, and got through the best you can. Measles and mumps; you cannot prevent them in Nations either. Nay fashions even; fashion of Crinoline, for instance (how infinitely more, that of Ballot—Box and Fourth—Estate!),—are you able to prevent even that? You have to be patient under it, and keep hoping!

2. In regard to England. Her JENKINS'S—EAR CONTROVERSY is at last settled. Not only liberty of the Seas, but, if she were not wiser, dominion of them; guardianship of liberty for all others whatsoever: Dominion of the Seas for that wise object. America is to be English, not French; what a result is that, were there no other! Really a considerable Fact in the History of the World. Fact principally due to Pitt, as I believe, according to my best conjecture, and comparison of probabilities and circumstances. For which, after all, is not everybody thankful, less or more? O my English brothers, O my Yankee half—brothers, how oblivious are we of those that have done us benefit!—

These are the results for England. And in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonizings, foreign—settlings, gold—nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor);—and, in fact, to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, "Unexampled Prosperities," which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type: which, in the mean while, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud—blotches, soot—blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of

SHODDY; filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangor, mad noises, mad hurries mostly no—whither;—and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more ominous set of Questions than have ever risen in England's History before. As in the foregoing case, we have to be patient and keep hoping.

3. In regard to France. It appears, noble old Teutschland, with such pieties and unconquerable silent valors, such opulences human and divine, amid its wreck of new and old confusions, is not to be cut in Four, and made to dance to the piping of Versailles or another. Far the contrary! To Versailles itself there has gone forth, Versailles may read it or not, the writing on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting" (at last even "FOUND wanting")! France, beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentant, governed by mere sinners and, at best, clever fools (FOUS PLEINS D'ESPRIT),—collapses, like a creature whose limbs fail it; sinks into bankrupt quiescence, into nameless fermentation, generally into DRY—ROT. Rotting, none guesses whitherward;—rotting towards that thrice—extraordinary Spontaneous—Combustion, which blazed out in 1789. And has kindled, over the whole world, gradually or by explosion, this unexpected Outburst of all the chained Devilries (among other chained things), this roaring Conflagration of the Anarchies; under which it is the lot of these poor generations to live,—for I know not what length of Centuries yet. "Go into Combustion, my pretty child!" the Destinies had said to this BELLE FRANCE, who is always so fond of shining and outshining: "Self—Combustion;—in that way, won't you shine, as none of them yet could?" Shine; yes, truly,—till you are got to CAPUT MORTUUM, my pretty child (unless you gain new wisdom!) —But not to wander farther:—

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th, Friedrich, all Saxon things being now settled,—among the rest, "eight Saxon Schoolmasters" to be a model in Prussia,—quitted Leipzig, with the Seven—Years War safe in his pocket, as it were. Drove to Moritzburg, to dinner with the amiable Kurprinz and still more amiable Wife: "It was to your Highness that we owe this Treaty!" A dinner which readers may hear of again. At Moritzburg; where, with the Lacys, there was once such rattling and battling. After which, rapidly on to Silesia, and an eight days of adjusting and inspecting there.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30th, Friedrich arrives in Frankfurt—on—Oder, on the way homeward from Silesia: "takes view of the Field of Kunersdorf" (reflections to be fancied); early in the afternoon speeds forward again; at

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one of the stages (place called Tassdorf) has a Dialogue, which we shall hear of; and between 8 and 9 in the evening, not through the solemn receptions and crowded streets, drives to the Schloss of Berlin. "Goes straight to the Queen's Apartment," Queen, Princesses and Court all home triumphantly some time ago; sups there with the Queen's Majesty and these bright creatures,—beautiful supper, had it consisted only of cresses and salt; and, behind it, sound sleep to us under our own roof—tree once more. [Rodenbeck, ii. 211, 212; Preuss, ii. 345, 346; Next day, "the King made gifts to," as it were, to everybody; "to the Queen about 5,000 pounds, to the Princess Amelia 1,000 pounds," and so on; and saw true hearts all merry round him,— merrier, perhaps, than his own was.

BOOK XXI. AFTERNOON AND EVENING OF FRIEDRICH'S LIFE. 1763–1786.

Chapter I. PREFATORY.

The Twelve Hercules-labors of this King have ended here; what was required of him in World-History is accomplished. There remain to Friedrich Twenty-three Years more of Life, which to Prussian History are as full of importance as ever; but do not essentially concern European History, Europe having gone the road we now see it in. On the grand World-Theatre the curtain has fallen for a New Act; Friedrich's part, like everybody's for the present, is played out. In fact, there is, during the rest of his Reign, nothing of World-History to be dwelt on anywhere. America, it has been decided, shall be English; Prussia be a Nation. The French, as finis of their attempt to cut Germany in Four, find themselves sunk into torpor, abeyance and dry-rot; fermenting towards they know not what. Towards Spontaneous Combustion in the year 1789, and for long years onwards!

There, readers, there is the next milestone for you, in the History of Mankind! That universal Burning-up, as in hell-fire, of Human Shams. The oath of Twenty-five Million men, which has since become that of all men whatsoever, "Rather than live longer under lies, we will die!"—that is the New Act in World-History. New Act,—or, we may call it New PART; Drama of World-History, Part Third. If Part SECOND was 1,800 years ago, this I reckon will be Part THIRD. This is the truly celestial-infernal Event: the strangest we have seen for a thousand years. Celestial in one part; in the other, infernal. For it is withal the breaking out of universal mankind into Anarchy, into the faith and practice of NO-Government,—that is to say (if you will be candid), into unappeasable Revolt against Sham-Governors and Sham-Teachers,—which I do charitably define to be a Search, most unconscious, yet in deadly earnest, for true Governors and Teachers. That is the one fact of World-History worth dwelling on at this day; and Friedrich cannot be said to have had much hand farther in that.

Nor is the progress of a French or European world, all silently ripening and rotting towards such issue, a thing one wishes to dwell on. Only when the Spontaneous Combustion breaks out; and, many-colored, with loud noises, envelops the whole world in anarchic flame for long hundreds of years: then has the Event come; there is the thing for all men to mark, and to study and scrutinize as the strangest thing they ever saw. Centuries of it yet lying ahead of us; several sad Centuries, sordidly tumultuous, and good for little! Say Two Centuries yet,—say even Ten of such a process: before the Old is completely burnt out, and the New in any state of sightliness? Millennium of Anarchies;—abridge it, spend your heart's-blood upon abridging it, ye Heroic Wise that are to come! For it is the consummation of All the Anarchies that are and were; —which I do trust always means the death (temporary death) of them! Death of the Anarchies: or a world once more built wholly on Fact better or worse; and the lying jargonizing professor of Sham-Fact, whose name is Legion, who as yet (oftenest little conscious of himself) goes tumulting and swarming from shore to shore, become a species extinct, and well known to be gone down to Tophet!—

There were bits of Anarchies before, little and greater: but till that of France in 1789, there was none long memorable; all were pygmies in comparison, and not worth mentioning separately. In 1772 the Anarchy of Poland, which had been a considerable Anarchy for about three hundred years, got itself extinguished,— what we may call extinguished;—decisive surgery being then first exercised upon it: an Anarchy put in the sure way of extinction. In 1775, again, there began, over seas, another Anarchy much more considerable,—little dreaming that IT could be called an Anarchy; on the contrary, calling itself Liberty, Rights of Man; and singing boundless Io-Paeans to itself, as is common in such cases; an Anarchy which has been challenging the Universe to show the like ever since. And which has, at last, flamed up as an independent Phenomenon, unexampled in the hideously SUICIDAL way;—and does need much to get burnt out, that matters may begin anew on truer conditions. But neither the PARTITION OF POLAND nor the AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE have much general importance, or, except as precursors of 1789, are worth dwelling on in History. From us here, so far as Friedrich is concerned with them, they may deserve some transient mention, more or less: but World-History, eager to be at the general Funeral-pile and ultimate Burning-up of Shams in this poor World, will have less and less to say of small tragedies and premonitory symptoms.

Curious how the busy and continually watchful and speculating Friedrich, busied about his dangers from Austrian encroachments, from Russian-Turk Wars, Bavarian Successions, and other troubles and anarchies close by, saw nothing to dread in France; nothing to remark there, except carelessly, from time to time, its beggarly

decaying condition, so strangely sunk in arts, in arms, in finance; oftenest an object of pity to him, for he still has a love for France;—and reads not the least sign of that immeasurable, all—engulfing FRENCH REVOLUTION which was in the wind! Neither Voltaire nor he have the least anticipation of such a thing. Voltaire and he see, to their contentment, Superstition visibly declining: Friedrich rather disapproves the heat of Voltaire's procedures on the INFAME. "Why be in such heat? Other nonsense, quite equal to it, will be almost sure to follow. Take care of your own skin!" Voltaire and he are deeply alive, especially Voltaire is, to the horrors and miseries which have issued on mankind from a Fanatic Popish Superstition, or Creed of Incredibilities,—which (except from the throat outwards, from the bewildered tongue outwards) the orthodox themselves cannot believe, but only pretend and struggle to believe. This Voltaire calls "THE INFAMOUS;" and this—what name can any of us give it? The man who believes in falsities is very miserable. The man who cannot believe them, but only struggles and pretends to believe; and yet, being armed with the power of the sword, industriously keeps menacing and slashing all round, to compel every neighbor to do like him: what is to be done with such a man? Human Nature calls him a Social Nuisance; needing to be handcuffed, gagged and abated. Human Nature, if it be in a terrified and imperilled state, with the sword of this fellow swashing round it, calls him "Infamous," and a Monster of Chaos. He is indeed the select Monster of that region; the Patriarch of all the Monsters, little as he dreams of being such. An Angel of Heaven the poor caitiff dreams himself rather, and in cheery moments is conscious of being:—Bedlam holds in it no madder article. And I often think he will again need to be tied up (feeble as he now is in comparison, disinclined though men are to manacling and tying); so many helpless infirm souls are wandering about, not knowing their right hand from their left, who fall a prey to him. "L'INFAME" I also name him,—knowing well enough how little he, in his poor muddled, drugged and stupefied mind, is conscious of deserving that name. More signal enemy to God, and friend of the Other Party, walks not the Earth in our day.

Anarchy in the shape of religious slavery was what Voltaire and Friedrich saw all round them. Anarchy in the shape of Revolt against Authorities was what Friedrich and Voltaire had never dreamed of as possible, and had not in their minds the least idea of. In one, or perhaps two places you may find in Voltaire a grim and rather glad forethought, not given out as prophecy, but felt as interior assurance in a moment of hope, How these Priestly Sham Hierarchies will be pulled to pieces, probably on the sudden, once people are awake to them. Yes, my much—suffering M. de Voltaire, be pulled to pieces; or go aloft, like the awakening of Vesuvius, one day,—Vesuvius awakening after ten centuries of slumber, when his crater is all grown grassy, bushy, copiously "tenanted by wolves" I am told; which, after premonitory grumblings, heeded by no wolf or bush, he will hurl bodily aloft, ten acres at a time, in a very tremendous manner! [First modern Eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 1631, after long interval of rest.] A thought like this, about the Priestly Sham—Hierarchies, I have found somewhere in Voltaire: but of the Social and Civic Sham—Hierarchies (which are likewise accursed, if they knew it, and indeed are junior co—partners of the Priestly; and, in a sense, sons and products of them, and cannot escape being partakers of their plagues), there is no hint, in Voltaire, though Voltaire stood at last only fifteen years from the Fact (1778—1793); nor in Friedrich, though he lived almost to see the Fact beginning.

Friedrich's History being henceforth that of a Prussian King, is interesting to Prussia chiefly, and to us little otherwise than as the Biography of a distinguished fellow—man, Friedrich's Biography, his Physiognomy as he grows old, quietly on his own harvest—field, among his own People: this has still an interest, and for any feature of this we shall be eager enough; but this withal is the most of what we now want. And not very much even of this; Friedrich the unique King not having as a man any such depth and singularity, tragic, humorous, devotionally pious, or other, as to authorize much painting in that aspect. Extreme brevity beseems us in these circumstances: and indeed there are,—as has already happened in different parts of this Enterprise (Nature herself, in her silent way, being always something of an Artist in such things),—other circumstances, which leave us no choice as to that of detail. Available details, if we wished to give them, of Friedrich's later Life, are not forthcoming: masses of incondite marine—stores, tumbled out on you, dry rubbish shot with uncommon diligence for a hundred years, till, for Rubbish—Pelion piled on Rubbish—Ossa, you lose sight of the stars and azimuths; whole mountain continents, seemingly all of cinders and sweepings (though fragments and remnants do lie hidden, could you find them again):—these are not details that will be available! Anecdotes there are in quantity; but of uncertain quality; of doubtful authenticity, above all. One recollects hardly any Anecdote whatever that seems completely credible, or renders to us the Physiognomy of Friedrich in a convincing manner. So remiss a creature has the Prussian Clio been,—employed on all kinds of loose errands over the Earth and the

Air; and as good as altogether negligent of this most pressing errand in her own House. Peace be with her, poor slut; why should we say one other hard word on taking leave of her to all eternity!—

The Practical fact is, what we have henceforth to produce is more of the nature of a loose Appendix of Papers, than of a finished Narrative. Loose Papers,—which, we will hope, the reader can, by industry, be made to understand and tolerate: more we cannot do for him. No continuous Narrative is henceforth possible to us. For the sake of Friedrich's closing Epoch, we will visit, for the last time, that dreary imbroglio under which the memory of Friedrich, which ought to have been, in all the epochs of it, bright and legible, lies buried; and will try to gather, as heretofore, and put under labels. What dwells with oneself as human may have some chance to be humanly interesting. In the wildest chaos of marine—stores and editorial shortcomings (provided only the editors speak truth, as these poor fellows do) THIS can be done. Part the living from the dead; pick out what has some meaning, leave carefully what has none; you will in some small measure pluck up the memory of a hero, like drowned honor by the locks, and rescue it, into visibility.

That Friedrich, on reaching home, made haste to get out, of the bustle of joyances and exclamations on the streets; proceeded straight to his music—chapel in Charlottenburg, summoning the Artists, or having them already summoned; and had there, all alone, sitting invisible wrapt in his cloak, Graun's or somebody's grand TE—DEUM pealed out to him, in seas of melody,—soothing and salutary to the altered soul, revolving many things,—is a popular myth, of pretty and appropriate character; but a myth only, with no real foundation, though it has some loose and apparent. [In PREUSS, ii. 46, all the details of it.] No doubt, Friedrich had his own thoughts on entering Berlin again, after such a voyage through the deeps; himself, his Country still here, though solitary and in a world of wild shipwrecks. He was not without piety; but it did not take the devotional form, and his habits had nothing of the clerical.

What is perfectly known, and much better worth knowing, is the instantaneous practical alacrity with which he set about repairing that immense miscellany of ruin; and the surprising success he had in dealing with it. His methods, his rapid inventions and procedures, in this matter, are still memorable to Prussia; and perhaps might with advantage be better known than they are in some other Countries. To us, what is all we can do with them here, they will indicate that this is still the old Friedrich, with his old activities and promptitudes; which indeed continue unabated, lively in Peace as in War, to the end of his life and reign.

The speed with which Prussia recovered was extraordinary. Within little more than a year (June 1st, 1764), the Coin was all in order again; in 1765, the King had rebuilt, not to mention other things, "in Silesia 8,000 Houses, in Pommern 6,500." [Rodenbeck, ii. 234, 261.] Prussia has been a meritorious Nation; and, however cut and ruined, is and was in a healthy state, capable of recovering soon. Prussia has defended itself against overwhelming odds,—brave Prussia; but the real soul of its merit was that of having merited such a King to command it. Without this King, all its valors, disciplines, resources of war, would have availed Prussia little. No wonder Prussia has still a loyalty to its great Friedrich, to its Hohenzollern Sovereigns generally. Without these Hohenzollerns, Prussia had been, what we long ago saw it, the unluckiest of German Provinces; and could never have had the pretension to exist as a Nation at all. Without this particular Hohenzollern, it had been trampled out again, after apparently succeeding. To have achieved a Friedrich the Second for King over it, was Prussia's grand merit.

An accidental merit, thinks the reader? No, reader, you may believe me, it is by no means altogether such. Nay, I rather think, could we look into the Account—Books of the Recording Angel for a course of centuries, no part of it is such! There are Nations in which a Friedrich is, or can be, possible; and again there are Nations in which he is not and cannot. To be practically reverent of Human Worth to the due extent, and abhorrent of Human Want of Worth in the like proportion, do you understand that art at all? I fear, not,—or that you are much forgetting it again! Human Merit, do you really love it enough, think you;—human Scoundrelism (brought to the dock for you, and branded as scoundrel), do you even abhor it enough? Without that reverence and its corresponding opposite—pole of abhorrence, there is simply no possibility left. That, my friend, is the outcome and summary of all virtues in this world, for a man or for a Nation of men. It is the supreme strength and glory of a Nation;—without which, indeed, all other strengths, and enormities of bullion and arsenals and warehouses, are no strength. None, I should say;—and are oftenest even the REVERSE.

Nations who have lost this quality, or who never had it, what Friedrich can they hope to be possible among them? Age after age they grind down their Friedrichs contentedly under the hoofs of cattle on their highways; and

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even find it an excellent practice, and pride themselves on Liberty and Equality. Most certain it is, there will no Friedrich come to rule there; by and by, there will none be born there. Such Nations cannot have a King to command them; can only have this or the other scandalous swindling Copper Captain, constitutional Gilt Mountebank, or other the like unsalutary entity by way of King; and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children in a frightful and tragical manner, little noticed in the Penny Newspapers and Periodical Literatures of this generation. Oh, my friends—! But there is plain Business waiting us at hand.

Chapter II. REPAIRING OF A RUINED PRUSSIA.

That of Friedrich's sitting wrapt in a cloud of reflections Olympian–Abysmal, in the music–chapel at Charlottenburg, while he had the Ambrosian Song executed for him there, as the preliminary step, was a loose myth; but the fact lying under it is abundantly certain. Few Sons of Adam had more reason for a piously thankful feeling towards the Past, a piously valiant towards the Future. What king or man had seen himself delivered from such strangling imbroglios of destruction, such devouring rages of a hostile world? And the ruin worked by them lay monstrous and appalling all round. Friedrich is now Fifty–one gone; unusually old for his age; feels himself an old man, broken with years and toils; and here lies his Kingdom in haggard slashed condition, worn to skin and bone: How is the King, resourceless, to remedy it? That is now the seemingly impossible problem. "Begin it,--thereby alone will it ever cease to be impossible!" Friedrich begins, we may say, on the first morrow morning. Labors at his problem, as he did in the march to Leuthen; finds it to become more possible, day after day, month after month, the farther he strives with it.

"Why not leave it to Nature?" think many, with the Dismal Science at their elbow. Well; that was the easiest plan, but it was not Friedrich's. His remaining moneys, 25 million thalers ready for a Campaign which has not come, he distributes to the most necessitous: "all his artillery–horses" are parted into plough– teams, and given to those who can otherwise get none: think what a fine figure of rye and barley, instead of mere windlestraws, beggary and desolation, was realized by that act alone. Nature is ready to do much; will of herself cover, with some veil of grass and lichen, the nakedness of ruin: but her victorious act, when she can accomplish it, is that of getting YOU to go with her handsomely, and change disaster itself into new wealth. Into new wisdom and valor, which are wealth in all kinds; California mere zero to them, zero, or even a frightful MINUS quantity! Friedrich's procedures in this matter I believe to be little less didactic than those other, which are so celebrated in War: but no Dryasdust, not even a Dryasdust of the Dismal Science, has gone into them, rendered men familiar with them in their details and results. His Silesian Land–Bank (joint–stock Moneys, lent on security of Land) was of itself, had I room to explain it, an immense furtherance. [Preuss, iii. 75; *OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 84.] Friedrich, many tell us, was as great in Peace as in War: and truly, in the economic and material provinces, my own impression, gathered painfully in darkness, and contradiction of the Dismal–Science Doctors, is much to that effect. A first–rate Husbandman (as his Father had been); who not only defended his Nation, but made it rich beyond what seemed possible; and diligently sowed annuals into it, and perennials which flourish aloft at this day.

Mirabeau's *Monarchie Prussienne*, in 8 thick Volumes 8vo,--composed, or hastily cobbled together, some Twenty years after this period,--contains the best tabular view one anywhere gets of Friedrich's economics, military and other practical methods and resources:--solid exact Tables these are, and intelligent intelligible descriptions, done by Mauvillon FILS, the same punctual Major Mauvillon who used to attend us in Duke Ferdinand's War;--and so far as Mirabeau is concerned, the Work consists farther of a certain small Essay done in big type, shoved into the belly of each Volume, and eloquently recommending, with respectful censures and regrets over Friedrich, the Gospel of Free Trade, dear to Papa Mirabeau. The Son is himself a convert; far above lying, even to please Papa: but one can see, the thought of Papa gives him new fire of expression. They are eloquent, ruggedly strong Essays, those of Mirabeau Junior upon Free Trade: --they contain, in condensed shape, everything we were privileged to hear, seventy years later, from all organs, coach–horns, jews– harps and scrannel–pipes, PRO and CONTRA, on the same sublime subject: "God is great, and Plugson of Undershot is his Prophet. Thus saith the Lord, Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest!" To which the afflicted human mind listens what it can;-- and after seventy years, mournfully asks itself and Mirabeau, "M. le Comte, would there have been in Prussia, for example, any Trade at all, any Nation at all, had it always been left 'Free'? There would have been mere sand and quagmire, and a community of wolves and bisons, M. le Comte. Have the goodness to terminate that Litany, and take up another!"

We said, Friedrich began his problem on the first morrow morning; and that is literally true, that or even MORE. Here is how Friedrich takes his stand amid the wreck, speedy enough to begin: this view of our old friend Nussler and him is one of the Pieces we can give,--thanks to Herr Busching and his *Beitrag*e for the last time! Nussler is now something of a Country Gentleman, so to speak; has a pleasant place out to east of Berlin; is

LANDRATH (County Chairman) there, "Landrath of Nether-Barnim Circle;" where we heard of the Cossacks spoiling him: he, as who not, has suffered dreadfully in these tumults. Here is Busching's welcome Account.

LANDRATH NUSSLER AND THE KING (30th March-3d April, 1763).

"MARCH 30th, 1763, Friedrich, on his return to Berlin, came by the route of Tassdorf,"--Tassdorf, in Nether-Barnim Circle (40 odd miles from Frankfurt, and above 15 from Berlin);--"and changed horses there. During this little pause, among a crowd assembled to see him, he was addressed by Nussler, Landrath of the Circle, who had a very piteous story to tell. Nussler wished the King joy of his noble victories, and of the glorious Peace at last achieved: 'May your Majesty reign in health and happiness over us many years, to the blessing of us all!'--and recommended to his gracious care the extremely ruined, and, especially by the Russians, uncommonly devastated Circle, for which," continues Busching "this industrious Landrath had not hitherto been able to extract any effective help." Generally for the Provinces wasted by the Russians there had already some poor 300,000 thalers (45,000 pounds) been allowed by a helpful Majesty, not over-rich himself at the moment; and of this, Nether-Barnim no doubt gets its share: but what is this to such ruin as there is? A mere preliminary drop, instead of the bucket and buckets we need!--Busching, a dull, though solid accurate kind of man, heavy-footed, and yet always in a hurry, always slipshod, has nothing of dramatic here; far from it; but the facts themselves fall naturally into that form,--in Three Scenes:--

I. TASSDORF (still two hours from Berlin), KING, NUSSLER AND A CROWD OF PEOPLE, Nussler ALONE DARING TO SPEAK.

KING (from his Carriage, ostlers making despatch). "What is your Circle most short of?"

LANDRATH NUSSLER. "Of horses for ploughing the seedfields of rye to sow them, and of bread till the crops come."

KING. "Rye for bread, and to sow with, I will give; with horses I cannot assist."

NUSSLER. "On representation of Privy-Councillor van Brenkenhof [the Minister concerned with such things], your Majesty has been pleased to give the Neumark and Pommern an allowance of Artillery and Commissariat Horses: but poor Nether-Barnim, nobody will speak for it; and unless your Majesty's gracious self please to take pity on it, Nether-Barnim is lost!" (A great many things more he said, in presence of a large crowd of men who had gathered round the King's Carriage as the horses were being changed; and spoke with such force and frankness that the King was surprised, and asked:)--

KING. "Who are you?" (has forgotten the long-serviceable man!)

NUSSLER. "I am the Nussler who was lucky enough to manage the Fixing of the Silesian Boundaries for your Majesty!"

KING. "JA, JA, now I know you again! Bring me all the Landraths of the Kurmark [Mark of Brandenburg Proper, ELECTORAL Mark] in a body; I will speak with them."

NUSSLER. "All of them but two are in Berlin already."

KING. "Send off estafettes for those two to come at once to Berlin; and on Thursday," day after to-morrow, "come yourself, with all the others, to the Schloss to me: I will then have some closer conversation, and say what I can and will do for helping of the country," (King's Carriage rolls away, with low bows and blessings from Nussler and everybody).

II. THURSDAY, APRIL 1st, NUSSLER AND ASSEMBLED LANDRATHS AT THE SCHLOSS OF BERLIN. To them, enter KING. ...

NUSSLER (whom they have appointed spokesman). ... "Your Majesty has given us Peace; you will also give us Well-being in the Land again: we leave it to Highest-the-Same's gracious judgment [no limit to Highest-the-Same's POWER, it would seem] what you will vouchsafe to us as indemnification for the Russian plunderings."

KING. "Be you quiet; let me speak. Have you got a pencil (HAT ER CRAYON)? Yes! Well then, write, and these Gentlemen shall dictate to you:--

"How much rye for bread; How much for seed; How many Horses, Oxen, Cows, their Circles do in an entirely pressing way require?"

"Consider all that to the bottom; and come to me again the day after to-morrow. But see that you fix everything with the utmost exactitude, for I cannot give much." (EXIT King.)

NUSSLER (to the Landraths). "MEINE HERREN, have the goodness to accompany me to our Landschaft House [we have a kind of County Hall, it seems]; there we will consider everything."

And Nussler, guiding the deliberations, which are glad to follow him on every point, and writing as PRO-TEMPORE Secretary, has all things brought to luminous Protocol in the course of this day and next.

III. SATURDAY, APRIL 3d, IN THE SCHLOSS AGAIN: NUSSLER AND LANDRATHS. To them, the KING.

Nussler. "We deliver to your Majesty the written Specification you were graciously pleased to command of us. It contains only the indispensablest things that the Circles are in need of. Moreover, it regards only the STANDE [richer Nobility], who pay contribution; the Gentry [ADEL], and other poor people, who have been utterly plundered out by the Russians, are not included in it:--the Gentry too have suffered very much by the War and the Plundering."

KING. "What EDELLEUTE that are members of STANDE have you [ER] got in your Circle?"

NUSSLER (names them; and, as finis of the list, adds): ... "I myself, too, your Majesty, I have suffered more than anybody: I absolutely could not furnish those 4,000 bushels of meal ordered of me by the Russians; upon which they--"

KING. "I cannot give to all: but if you have poor Nobles in your Circle, who can in no way help themselves, I will give them something."

NUSSLER (has not any in Nether-Barnim who are altogether in that extreme predicament; but knows several in Lebus Circle, names them to the King;--and turning to the Landrath of Lebus, and to another who is mute): "Herr, you can name some more in Lebus; and you, in Teltow Circle, Herr Landrath, since his Majesty permits." ... In a word, the King having informed himself and declared his intention, Nussler leads the Landraths to their old County Hall, and brings to Protocol what had taken place.

Next day, the Kammer President (Exchequer President), Van der Groben, had Nussler, with other Landraths, to dinner. During dinner, there came from Head Secretary Eichel (Majesty's unwearied Clerk of the PELLEs, Sheepskins, or PAPERS) an earnest request to Von der Groben for help,--Eichel not being able to remember, with the requisite precision, everything his Majesty had bid him put down on this matter. "You will go, Herr von Nussler; be so kind, won't you?" And Nussler went, and fully illuminated Eichel. ...

To the poorest of the Nobility, Busching tells us, what is otherwise well known, the King gave considerable sums: to one Circle 12,000 pounds, to another 9,000 pounds, 6,000 pounds, and so on. By help of which bounties, and of Nussler laboring incessantly with all his strength, Nieder-Barnim Circle got on its feet again, no subject having been entirely ruined, but all proving able to recover. [Busching, *Beitrage* (° Nussler), i. 401-405.]

This Busching Fragment is not in the style of the Elder Dramatists, or for the Bankside Theatre; but this represents a Fact which befell in God's Creation, and may have an interest of its own to the Practical Soul, especially in anarchic Countries, far advanced in the "Gold-nugget and Nothing to Buy with it" Career of unexampled Prosperities.

On these same errands the King is soon going on an Inspection Journey, where we mean to accompany. But first, one word, and one will suffice, on the debased Coin. The Peace was no sooner signed, than Friedrich proceeded on the Coin. The third week after his arrival home, there came out a salutary Edict on it, April 21st; King eager to do it without loss of time, yet with the deliberation requisite. Not at one big leap, which might shake, to danger of oversetting, much commercial arrangement; but at two leaps, with a halfway station intervening. Halfway station, with a new coinage ready, much purer of alloy (and marked HOW much, for the benefit of parties with accounts to settle), is to commence on TRINITATIS (Whitsunday) instant; from and after Whitsunday the improved new coin to be sole legal tender, till farther notice. Farther notice comes accordingly, within a year, March 29th, 1764: "Pure money of the standard of 1750 [honest silver coinage: readers may remember Linsenbarth, the CANDIDATUS THEOLOGIAE, and his sack of Batzen, confiscated at the Paekhof] shall be ready on the 1st of June instant;" [Rodenbeck, ii. 214, 234.]--from and after which day we hear no more of that sad matter. Finished off in about fourteen months. Here, meanwhile, is the Inspection Journey.

KRIEGSRATH RODEN AND THE KING (6th-13th June, 1763).

JUNE 2d, 1763, Friedrich left Potsdam for Westphalia; got as far as Magdeburg that day. Intends seeing into matters with his own eyes in that region, as in others, after so long and sad an absence. There are with him Friedrich Wilhelm Prince of Prussia, a tall young fellow of nineteen; General-Adjutant von Anhalt; and one or

two Prussian military people. From Magdeburg and onwards the great Duke Ferdinand accompanies,—who is now again Governor of Magdeburg, and a quiet Prussian Officer as heretofore, though with excellent Pensions from England, and glory from all the world.

The Royal Party goes by Halberstadt, which suffered greatly in the War; thence by MINDEN (June 4th); and the first thing next day, Friedrich takes view of the BATTLE-FIELD there,—under Ferdinand's own guidance, doubtless; and an interesting thing to both Friedrich and him, though left silent to us. This done, they start for Lippstadt, are received there under joyous clangorous outburst of all the bells and all the honors, that same afternoon; and towards sunset, Hamm being the Night-quarter ahead, are crossing VELLINGHAUSEN BATTLE-GROUND,—where doubtless Ferdinand again, like a dutiful apprentice, will explain matters to his old master, so far as needful or permissible. The conversation, I suppose, may have been lively and miscellaneous: Ferdinand mentions a clever business-person of the name of Roden, whom he has known in these parts; "Roden?" the King carefully makes note;—and, in fact, we shall see Roden presently; and his bit of DIALOGUE with the King (recorded by his own hand) is our chief errand on this Journey. From Hamm, next morning (June 6th), they get to Wesel by 11 A.M. (only sixty miles); Wesel all in gala, as Lippstadt was, or still more than Lippstadt; and for four days farther, they continue there very busy. As Roden is our chief errand, let us attend to Roden.

WESEL, MONDAY, JUNE 6th, "Dinner being done," says an authentic Third-Party, [Rodenbeck, ii. 217.] "the King had Kammer-Director Meyen summoned to him with his Register-Books, Schedules and Reports [what they call ETATS]; and was but indifferently contented with Meyen and them." And in short, "ordering Meyen to remodel these into a more distinct condition,"—we may now introduce the Herr Kriegsraht Roden, a subaltern, in rank, but who has perhaps a better head than Meyen, to judge of these ETATS. Roden himself shall now report. This is the Royal Dialogue with Roden; accurately preserved for us by him;—I wish it had been better worth the reader's trouble; but its perfect credibility in every point will be some recommendation to it.

"MONDAY, 6th JUNE, 1763, about 11 A.M., his Majesty arrived in Wesel," says Roden (confirming to us the authentic Third-Party); "I waited on Adjutant-General Colonel von Anhalt to announce myself; who referred me to Kriegsraht Coper ["MEIN SEGRETER KOPER" is a name we have heard before], who told me to be ready so soon as Dinner should be over. Dinner was no sooner over [2 P.M. or so], than the Herr Kammer-Director Meyen with his ETATS was called in. His Majesty was not content with these, Herr Meyen was told; and they were to be remodelled into a more distinct condition. The instant Herr Meyen stepped out, I was called in. His Majesty was standing with his back to the fire; and said:—

KING. "Come nearer [Roden comes nearer]. Prince Ferdinand [of Brunswick, whom we generally call DUKE and great, to distinguish him from a little Prussian Prince Ferdinand] has told me much good of you: where do you come from?"

RODEN. "From Soest' [venerable "stone-old" little Town, in Vellinghausen region].

KING. "Did you get my Letter?"

RODEN. "Yea, IHRO MAJESTAT."

KING. "I will give you some employment. Have you got a pencil?"

RODEN. "Yea' [and took out his Note-book and tools, which he had "bought in a shop a quarter of an hour before"].

KING. "Listen. By the War many Houses have got ruined: I mean that they shall be put in order again; for which end,—to those that cannot themselves help, particularly to Soest, Hamm, Lunen and in part Wesel, as places that have suffered most,—I intend to give the moneys. Now you must make me an exact List of what is to be done in those places. Thus [King, lifting his finger, let us fancy, dictates; Roden, with brand-new pencil and tablets, writes:]

"1. In each of those Towns, how many ruined Houses there are which the proprietors themselves can manage to rebuild. 2. How many which the proprietors cannot. 3. The vacant grounds or steadings of such proprietors as are perhaps dead, or gone else-whither, must be given to others that are willing to build: but in regard to this, Law also must do its part, and the absent and the heirs must be cited to say, Whether they will themselves build? and in case they won't, the steadings can then be given to others." Roden having written,—

KING. "In the course of six days you must be ready [what an expeditious King! Is to be at Cleve the sixth day hence: Meet me there, then],—longer I cannot give you."

RODEN (considering a moment). "If your Majesty will permit me to use ESTAFETTES [express

messengers] for the Towns farthest off,—as I cannot myself, within the time, travel over all the Towns,—I hope to be ready.'

KING. "'That I permit; and will repay you the ESTAFETTE moneys.— Tell me, How comes the decrease of population in these parts? Recruits I got none.'

RODEN. "'Under favor of your Majesty, Regiment Schenkendorf got, every year, for recompletion, what recruits were wanted, from its Canton in the Grafschaft Mark here.'

KING. "'There you may be right: but from Cleve Country we had no recruits; not we, though the Austrians had, [with a slight sarcasm of tone].

RODEN. "'Out of Cleve, so far as I know, there were no recruits delivered to the Austrians.'

KING. "'You could not know; you were with the Allied Army' [Duke Ferdinand's, commissariating and the like, where Duke Ferdinand recognized you to have a head].

RODEN. "'There have been many epidemic diseases too; especially in Soest;—after the Battle of Vellinghausen all the wounded were brought thither, and the hospitals were established there.'

KING. "'Epidemic diseases they might have got without a Battle [dislikes hearing ill of the soldier trade]. I will have Order sent to the Cleve Kammer, Not to lay hindrance in your way, but the contrary. Now God keep you (GOTT BEWAHRE IHN).'"—EXIT Roden;— "DARAUF RETIRIRTE MICH," says he;— but will reappear shortly.

Sunday, 12th June, is the sixth day hence; later than the end of Sunday is not permissible to swift Roden; nor does he need it.

Friday, 10th, Friedrich left Wesel; crossed the Rhine, intending for Cleve; went by CREFELD,—at Crefeld had view of another BATTLE- FIELD, under good ciceroneship; remarks or circumstances otherwise not given:—and, next day, Saturday, 11th, picked up D'Alembert, who, by appointment, is proceeding towards Potsdam, at a more leisurely rate. That same Saturday, after much business done, the King was at Kempen, thence at Geldern; speeding for Cleve itself, due there that night. At Geldern, we say, he picked up D'Alembert;—concerning whom, more by and by. And finally, "on Saturday night, about half-past 8, the King entered Cleve," amid joyances extraordinary, hut did not alight; drove direct through by the Nassau Gate, and took quarter "in the neighboring Country-house of Bellevue, with the Dutch General von Spaen there,"—an obliging acquaintance once, while LIEUTENANT Spaen, in our old Crown-Prince times of trouble! Had his year in Spandau for us there, while poor Katte lost his head! To whom, I have heard, the King talked charmingly on this occasion, but was silent as to old Potsdam matters. [Supra, vii. 165.]—

By his set day, Roden is also in Cleve, punctual man, finished or just finishing; and ready for summons by his Majesty. And accordingly:—

"CLEVE, MONDAY, JUNE 13th, At 9 in the morning," records he, "I had audience of the King's Majesty. [In Spaen's Villa of Bellevue, shall we still suppose? Duke Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia and the rest, have bestowed themselves in other fit houses; D'Alembert too,—who is to make direct for Potsdam henceforth, by his own route; and will meet us on arriving.]—I handed him my Report, with the Tabular Schedule. His Majesty read it carefully through, in my presence; and examined all of it with strictness. Was pleased to signify his satisfaction with my work. Resolved to allow 250,000 thalers (37,500 pounds) for this business of Rebuilding; gave out the due Orders to his Kammer, in consequence, and commanded me to arrange with the Kammer what was necessary. This done, his Majesty said:—

KING. "'What you were described to me, I find you to be. You are a diligent laborious man; I must have you nearer to me;—in the Berlin Hammer you ought to be. You shall have a good, a right good Salary; your Patent I will give you gratis; also a VORSPANN-PASS [Standing Order available at all Prussian Post-Stations] for two carriages [rapid Program of the thing, though yet distant, rising in the Royal fancy!]. Now serve on as faithfully as you have hitherto done.'

RODEN. "'That is the object of all my endeavors.'" (EXIT:—I did not hear specially whitherward just now; but he comes to be supreme Kammer-President in those parts by and by.)

"The Herr Kriegsraht Coper was present, and noted all the Orders to be expedited." [Preuss, ii. 442; Rodenbeck, ii. 217, 218: in regard to D'Alembert, see *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 190.]

These snatches of notice at first-hand, and what the reader's fancy may make of these, are all we can bestow on this Section of Friedrich's Labors; which is naturally more interesting to Prussian readers than to English. He

has himself given lucid and eloquent account of it,—Two ample Chapters, "DES FINANCES;" "DU MILITAIRE," [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vii. 73–90, 91–109.]—altogether pleasant reading, should there still be curiosity upon it. There is something of flowingly eloquent in Friedrich's account of this Battle waged against the inanimate Chaos; something of exultant and triumphant, not noticeable of him in regard to his other Victories. On the Leuthens, Rossbachs, he is always cold as water, and nobody could gather that he had the least pleasure in recording them. Not so here. And indeed here he is as beautiful as anywhere; and the reader, as a general son of Adam,— proud to see human intellect and heroism slaying that kind of lions, and doing what in certain sad epochs is unanimously voted to be impossible and unattemptable,—exults along with him; and perhaps whispers to his own poor heart, nearly choked by the immeasurable imbroglio of Blue-books and Parliamentary Eloquences which for the present encumber Heaven and Earth, "MELIORA SPERO." To Mirabeau, the following details, from first-hand, but already of twenty-three years distance, were not known, [Appeared first in Tome v. of "*OEuvres Posthumes de Frederic II.*" (are in Tome vi. of Preuss's Edition of OEUVRES), "Berlin, 1788;"—above a year after Mirabeau had left.] while he sat penning those robust Essays on the Duty of LEAVE-ALONE.

"To form an idea of the general subversion," says the King, in regard to 1763, "and how great were the desolation and discouragement, you must represent to yourself Countries entirely ravaged, the very traces of the old habitations hardly discoverable; Towns, some ruined from top to bottom, others half destroyed by fire;—13,000 Houses, of which the very vestiges were gone. No field in seed; no grain for the food of the inhabitants; 60,000 horses needed, if there was to be ploughing carried on: in the Provinces generally Half a Million Population (500,000) less than in 1756,—that is to say, upon only Four Millions and a Half, the ninth man was wanting. Noble and Peasant had been pillaged, ransomed, foraged, eaten out by so many different Armies; nothing now left them but life and miserable rags.

"There was no credit, by trading people, even for the daily necessaries of life." And furthermore, what we were not prepared for, "No police in the Towns: to habits of equity and order had succeeded a vile greed of gain and an anarchic disorder. The Colleges of Justice and of Finance had, by these frequent invasions of so many enemies, been reduced to inaction:" no Judge, in many places not even a Tax-gatherer: the silence of the Laws had produced in the people a taste for license; boundless appetite for gain was their main rule of action: the noble, the merchant, the farmer, the laborer, raising emulously each the price of his commodity, seemed to endeavor only for their mutual ruin. Such, when the War ended, was the fatal spectacle over these Provinces, which had once been so flourishing: however pathetic the description may be, it will never approach the touching and sorrowful impression which the sight of it produced."

Friedrich found that it would never do to trust to the mere aid of Time in such circumstances: at the end of the Thirty-Years War, "Time" had, owing to absolute want of money, been the one recipe of the Great Elector in a similar case; and Time was then found to mean "about a hundred Years." Friedrich found that he must at once step in with active remedies, and on all hands strive to make the impossible possible. Luckily he had in readiness, as usual, the funds for an Eighth Campaign, had such been needed. Out of these moneys he proceeded to rebuild the Towns and Villages; "from the Corn-Stores (GRANARIES D'ABONDANCE," Government establishments gathered from plentiful harvests against scarce, according to old rule) "were taken the supplies for food of the people and sowing of the ground: the horses intended for the artillery, baggage and commissariat," 60,000 horses we have heard, "were distributed among those who had none, to be employed in tillage of the land. Silesia was discharged from all taxes for six months; Pommern and the Neumark for two years. A sum of about Three Million sterling [in THALERS 20,389,000] was given for relief of the Provinces, and as acquittance of the impositions the Enemy had wrung from them.

"Great as was this expense, it was necessary and indispensable. The condition of these Provinces after the Peace of Hubertsburg recalled what we know of them when the Peace of Munster closed the famous Thirty-Years War. On that occasion the State failed of help from want of means; which put it, out, of the Great Elector's power to assist his people: and what happened? That a whole century elapsed before his Successors could restore the Towns and Champaigns to what they were. This impressive example was admonitory to the King: that to repair the Public Calamities, assistance must be prompt and effective. Repeated gifts (LARGESSES) restored courage to the poor Husbandmen, who began to despair of their lot; by the helps given, hope in all classes sprang up anew: encouragement of labor produced activity; love of Country rose again with fresh life: in a word [within the second

year in a markedly hopeful manner, and within seven years altogether], the fields were cultivated again, manufacturers had resumed their work; and the Police, once more in vigor, corrected by degrees the vices that had taken root during the time of anarchy." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 74, 75.]

To Friedrich's difficulties, which were not inconsiderable, mark only this last additament: "During this War, the elder of the Councillors, and all the Ministers of the Grand Directorium [centre of Prussian Administration], had successively died: and in such time of trouble it had been impossible to replace them. The embarrassment was, To find persons capable of filling these different employments [some would have very soon done it, your Majesty; but their haste would not have tended to speed!]"—We searched the Provinces (ON FOUILLA, sifted), where good heads were found as rare as in the Capital: at length five Chief Ministers were pitched upon,"—who prove to be tolerable, and even good. Three of them were, the VONS Blumenthal, Massow, Hagen, unknown to readers here: fourth and fifth were, the Von Wedell as War– Minister, once Dictator at Zullichan; and a Von der Horst, who had what we might partially call the Home Department, and who may by accident once or so be namable again.

Nor was War all, says the King: "accidental Fires in different places," while we struggled to repair the ravagings of War, "were of unexampled frequency, and did immense farther damage. From 1765 to 1769, here is the list of places burnt: In East Preussen, the City of Konigsberg twice over; in Silesia, the Towns of Freystadt, Ober–Glogau [do readers recollect Manteuffel of Foot and "WIR WOLLEN IHM WAS"!], Parchwitz, Naumburg–on–Queiss, and Goldberg; in the Mark, Nauen; in the Neumark, Calies and a part of Lansberg; in Pommern, Belgard and Tempelburg. These accidents required incessantly new expenditures to repair them."

Friedrich was not the least of a Free Trader, except where it suited him: and his continual subventions and donations, guidances, encouragements, commandings and prohibitions, wise supervision and impulsion,—are a thing I should like to hear an intelligent Mirabeau (Junior or Senior) discourse upon, after he had well studied them! For example: "ON RENDIT LES PRETRES UTILES, The Priests, Catholic Priests, were turned to use by obliging all the rich Abbeys to establish manufactures: here it was weavers making damasks and table–cloths; there oil–mills [oil from linseed]; or workers in copper, wire–drawers; as suited the localities and the natural products,—the flaxes and the metals, with water–power, markets, and so on." What a charming resuscitation of the rich Abbeys from their dormant condition!

I should like still better to explain how, in Lower Silesia, "we (ON) managed to increase the number of Husbandmen by 4,000 families. You will be surprised how it was possible to multiply to this extent the people living by Agriculture in a Country where already not a field was waste. The reason was this. Many Lords of Land, to increase their Domain, had imperceptibly appropriated to themselves the holdings (TERRES) of their vassals. Had this abuse been suffered to go on, in time a great"— But the commentary needed would be too lengthy; we will give only the result: "In the long–run, every Village would have had its Lord, but there would have been no tax–paying Farmers left." The Landlord, ruler of these Landless, might himself (as Majesty well knows) have been made to PAY, had that been all; but it was not. "To possess something; that is what makes the citizen attached to his Country; those who have no property, and have nothing to lose, what tie have they?" A weak one, in comparison! "All these things being represented to the Landlord Class, their own advantage made them consent to replace their Peasants on the old footing." ...

"To make head against so many extraordinary demands," adds the King (looking over to a new Chapter, that of the MILITARY, which Department, to his eyes, was not less shockingly dilapidated than the CIVIL, and equally or more needed instant repair), "new resources had to be devised. For, besides what was needed for re–establishment of the Provinces, new Fortifications were necessary; and all our Cannon, E'VASES (worn too wide in the bore), needed to be refounded; which occasioned considerable new expense. This led us to improvement of the Excises,"—concerning which there will have to be a Section by itself.

OF FRIEDRICH'S NEW EXCISE SYSTEM.

In his late Inspection–Journey to Cleve Country, D'Alembert, from Paris, by appointment waited for the King; [In (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 377–380 (D'Alembert's fine bits of Letters in prospect of Potsdam, "Paris, 7th March–29th April, 1763;" and two small Notes while there, "Sans–Souci, 6th July–15th August, 1763").]—picked up at Geldern (June 11th), as we saw above. D'Alembert got to Potsdam June 22d; stayed till middle of August. He had met the King once before, in 1755; who found him "a BON GARCON," as we then saw. D'Alembert was always, since that time, an agreeable, estimable little man to Friedrich. Age now about

forty–six; has lately refused the fine Russian post of "Tutor to the Czarowitsh" (Czarowitsh Paul, poor little Boy of eight or nine, whom we, or Herr Busching for us, saw galloping about, not long since, "in his dressing–gown," under Panin's Tutorage); refuses now, in a delicate gradual manner, the fine Prussian post of Perpetual President, or Successor to Maupertuis;—definitely preferring his frugal pensions at Paris, and garret all his own there. Continues, especially after this two months' visit of 1763, one of the King's chief correspondents for the next twenty years. ["29th October, 1783," D'Alembert died: "born 16th November, 1717;" —a Foundling, as is well known; "Mother a Sister of Cardinal Tencin's; Father," accidental, "an Officer in the Artillery."] A man of much clear intellect; a thought SHRIEKY in his ways sometimes; but always prudent, rational, polite, and loyally recognizing Friedrich as a precious article in this world. Here is a word of D'Alembert's to Madame du Deffand, at Paris, some ten or twelve days after the Cleve meeting, and the third day after his arrival here:—

"POTSDAM, 25th JUNE, 1763. MADAME,— ... I will not go into the praises of this Prince," King Friedrich, my now Host; "in my mouth it might be suspicious: I will merely send you two traits of him, which will indicate his way of thinking and feeling. When I spoke to him [at Geldern, probably, on our first meeting] of the glory he had acquired, he answered, with the greatest simplicity, That there was a furious discount to be deducted from said glory; that chance came in for almost the whole of it; and that he would far rather have done Ratine's ATHALIE than all this War:—ATHALIE is the work he likes, and rereads oftenest; I believe you won't disapprove his taste there. The other trait I have to give you is, That on the day [15th February last] of concluding this Peace, which is so glorious to him, some one saying, 'It is the finest day of your Majesty's life:' 'The finest day of life,' answered he, 'is the day on which one quits it.' ...—Adieu, Madame." [*OEuvres Posthumes de D'Alembert* (Paris, 1799). i. 197:" cited in PREUSS, ii. 348.]

The meeting in Cleve Country was, no doubt, a very pretty passage, with Two pretty Months following;—and if it be true that HELVETIUS was a consequence, the 11th of June, 1763, may almost claim to be a kind of epoch in Friedrich's later history. The opulent and ingenious M. Helvetius, who wrote DE L'ESPRIT, and has got banished for that feat (lost in the gloom of London in those months), had been a mighty Tax–gatherer as well; D'Alembert, as brother Philosophe, was familiar with Helvetius. It is certain, also, King Friedrich, at this time, found he would require annually two million thalers more;—where to get them, seemed the impossibility. A General Krockow, who had long been in French Service, and is much about the King, was often recommending the French Excise system;— he is the Krockow of DOMSTADTL, and that SIEGE OF OLMUTZ, memorable to some of us:—"A wonderful Excise system," Krockow is often saying, in this time of straits. "Who completely understands it?" the King might ask. "Helvetius, against the world!" D'Alembert could justly answer. "Invite Helvetius to leave his London exile, and accept an asylum here, where he may be of vital use to me!" concludes Friedrich.

Helvetius came in March, 1765; stayed till June, 1766: [Rodenbeck, ii. 254; Preuss, iii. 11.]—within which time a French Excise system, which he had been devising and putting together, had just got in gear, and been in action for a month, to Helvetius's satisfaction. Who thereupon went his way, and never returned;— taking with him, as man and tax–gatherer, the King's lasting gratitude; but by no means that of the Prussian Nation, in his tax– gathering capacity! All Prussia, or all of it that fell under this Helvetius Excise system, united to condemn it, in all manner of dialects, louder and louder: here, for instance, is the utterance of Herr Hamann, himself a kind of Custom–house Clerk (at Konigsberg, in East Prussen), and on modest terms a Literary man of real merit and originality, who may be supposed to understand this subject: "And so," says Hamann, "the State has declared its own subjects incapable of managing its Finance system; and in this way has intrusted its heart, that is the purse of its subjects, to a company of Foreign Scoundrels, ignorant of everything relating to it!" ["Hamann to Jacobi" (see Preuss, iii. 1–35), "Konigsberg, 18th January, 1786."]

This lasted all Friedrich's lifetime; and gave rise to not a little buzzing, especially in its primary or incipient stages. It seems to have been one of the unsuccessfulest Finance adventures Friedrich ever engaged in. It cost his subjects infinite small trouble; awakened very great complaining; and, for the first time, real discontent,—skin–deep but sincere and universal,—against the misguided Vater Fritz. Much noisy absurdity there was upon it, at home, and especially abroad: "Griping miser," "greedy tyrant," and so forth! Deducting all which, everybody now admits that Friedrich's aim was excellent and proper; but nobody denies withal that the means were inconsiderate, of no profit in proportion to the trouble they gave, and improper to adopt unless the necessity compelled.

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

Friedrich is forbidden, or forbids himself, as we have often mentioned, to impose new taxes: and nevertheless now, on calculations deep, minute and no doubt exact, he judges That for meeting new attacks of War (or being ready to meet, which will oftenest mean averting them),—a thing which, as he has just seen, may concern the very existence of the State,—it is necessary that there should be on foot such and such quantities and kinds of Soldierly and War-furniture, visible to all neighbors; and privately in the Treasury never less than such and such a sum. To which end Arithmetic declares that there is required about Two Million thalers more of yearly revenue than we now have. And where, in these circumstances, are the means of raising such a sum?

Friedrich imposes no new taxes; but there may be stricter methods of levying the old;—there may, and in fact there must, be means found! Friedrich has consulted his Finance Ministers; put the question *SERIATIM* to these wise heads: they answer with one voice, "There are no means." [Rodenbeck, ii. 256.] Friedrich, therefore, has recourse to Helvetius; who, on due consideration, and after survey of much documentary and tabulary raw-material, is of opinion, That the Prussian Excises would, if levied with the punctuality, precision and vigilant exactitude of French methods, actually yield the required overplus. "Organize me the methods, then; get them put in action here; under French hands, if that be indispensable." Helvetius bethought him of what fittest French hands there were to his knowledge,—in France there are a great many hands flung idle in the present downbreak of finance there:— Helvetius appears to have selected, arranged and contrived in this matter with his best diligence. De Launay, the Head-engineer of the thing, was admitted by all Prussia, after Twenty-two years unfriendly experience of him, to have been a suitable and estimable person; a man of judicious ways, of no small intelligence, prudence, and of very great skill in administering business.

Head-engineer De Launay, one may guess, would be consulted by Helvetius in choice of the subaltern Officials, the stokers and steerers in this new Steam-Machinery, which had all to be manned from France. There were Four heads of departments immediately under De Launay, or scarcely under him, junior brothers rather:—who chose these I did not hear; but these latter, it is evident, were not a superior quality of people. Of these Four,—all at very high salaries, from De Launay downwards; "higher than a Prussian Minister of State!" murmured the public,—two, within the first year, got into quarrel; fought a duel, fatal to one of them; so that there were now only Three left. "Three, with De Launay, will do," opined Friedrich; and divided the vacant salary among the survivors: in which form they had at least no more duelling.

As to the subaltern working-parties, the *VISITATEURS*, *CONTROLLEURS*, *JAUGEURS* (Gaugers), *PLOMBEURS* (Lead-stampers), or the strangest kind of all, called "Cellar-Rats (*COMMIS RATS-DE-CAVE*)," they were so detested and exclaimed against, by a Public impatient of the work itself, there is no knowing what their degree of scoundrelism was, nor even, within amazingly wide limits, what the arithmetical number of them was. About 500 in the whole of Prussia, says a quiet Prussian, who has made some inquiry; ["*Beguelin, ACCISE-UND ZOLL-VERFASSUNG*, s. 138" (Preuss, iii, 18).] 1,500 says Mirabeau; 3,000 say other exaggerative persons, or even 5,000; De Launay's account is, Not at any time above 200. But we can all imagine how vexatious they and their business were. Nobody now is privileged with exemption: from one and all of you, Nobles, Clergy, People, strict account is required, about your beers and liquors; your coffee, salt; your consumptions and your purchases of all excisable articles:—nay, I think in coffee and salt, in salt for certain, what you will require, according to your station and domestic numbers, is computed for you, to save trouble; such and such quantities you will please to buy in our presence, or to pay duty for, whether you buy them or not. Into all houses, at any hour of the day or of the night, these cellar-rats had liberty,—(on warrant from some higher rat of their own type, I know not how much higher; and no sure appeal for you, except to the King; tolerably sure there, if you be *INNOCENT*, but evidently perilous if you be only *NOT-CONVICTED!*)—had liberty, I say, to search for contraband; all your presses, drawers, repositories, you must open to these beautiful creatures; watch in nightcap, and candle in hand, while your things get all tumbled hither and thither, in the search for what perhaps is not there; nay, it was said and suspected, but I never knew it for certain, that these poisonous French are capable of slipping in something contraband, on purpose to have you fined whether or not.

Readers can conceive, though apparently Friedrich did not, what a world of vexation all this occasioned; and how, in the continual annoyance to all mankind, the irritation, provocation and querulous eloquence spread among high and low. Of which the King knew something; but far from the whole. His object was one of vital importance; and his plan once fixed, he went on with it, according to his custom, regardless of little rubs. The Anecdote Books are full of details, comic mostly, on this subject: How the French rats pounced down upon good harmless people,

innocent frugal parsonages, farm-houses; and were comically flung prostrate by native ready wit, or by direct appeal to the King. Details, never so authentic, could not be advisable in this place. Perhaps there are not more than Two authentic Passages, known to me, which can now have the least interest, even of a momentary sort, to English readers. The first is, Of King Friedrich caricatured as a Miser grinding Coffee. I give it, without essential alteration of any kind, in Herr Preuss's words, copied from those of one who saw it:—the second, which relates to a Princess or Ex-Princess of the Royal House, I must reserve for a little while. Herr Preuss says:—

"Once during the time of the 'Regie' [which lasted from 1766 to 1786 and the King's death: no other date assignable, though 1768, or so, may be imaginable for our purpose], as the King came riding along the Jager Strasse, there was visible near what is called the Furstenhaus," kind of Berlin Somerset House, [Nicolai, i. 155.] "a great crowd of people. 'See what it is!' the King sent his one attendant, a heiduc or groom, into it, to learn what it was. 'They have something posted up about your Majesty,' reported the groom; and Friedrich, who by this time had ridden forward, took a look at the thing; which was a Caricature figure of himself: King in very melancholy guise, seated on a Stool, a Coffee-mill between his knees; diligently grinding with the one hand, and with the other picking up any bean that might have fallen. 'Hang it lower,' said the King, beckoning his groom with a wave of the finger: 'Lower, that they may not have to hurt their necks about it!' No sooner were the words spoken, which spread instantly, than there rose from the whole crowd one universal huzza of joy. They tore the Caricature into a thousand pieces, and rolled after the King with loud (LEBE HOCH, Our Friedrich forever!' as he rode slowly away." [Preuss, iii. 275 ("from BERLIN CONVERSATIONSBLATT of 1827, No. 253").] That is their Friedrich's method with the Caricature Department. Heffner, Kapellmeister in Upsala, reports this bit of memorability; he was then of the King's Music-Chapel in Berlin, and saw this with his eyes.

The King's tendency at all times, and his practice generally, when we hear of it, was to take the people's side; so that gradually these French procedures were a great deal mitigated; and DIE REGIE —so they called this hateful new-fangled system of Excise machinery—became much more supportable, "the sorrows of it nothing but a tradition to the younger sort," reports Dohm, who is extremely ample on this subject. [Christian Wilhelm von Dohm, *Denkwurdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hanover, 1819), iv. 500 et seq.] De Launay was honorably dismissed, and the whole Regie abolished, a month or two after Friedrich's death.

With a splenetic satisfaction authentic Dohm, who sufficiently condemns the REGIE, adds that it was not even successful; and shows by evidence, and computation to the uttermost farthing, that instead of two million thalers annually, it yielded on the average rather less than one. The desired overplus of two millions, and a good deal more did indeed come in, says he: but it was owing to the great prosperity of Prussia at large, after the Seven-Years War; to the manifold industries awakening, which have gone on progressive ever since. Dohm declares farther, that the very object was in a sort fanciful, nugatory; arguing that nobody did attack Friedrich;—but omitting to prove that nobody would have done so, had Friedrich NOT stood ready to receive him. We will remark only, what is very indisputable, that Friedrich, owing to the Regie, or to other causes, did get the humble overplus necessary for him; and did stand ready for any war which might have come (and which did in a sort come); that he more and more relaxed the Regie, as it became less indispensable to him; and was willing, if he found the Caricatures and Opposition Placards too high posted, to save the poor reading people any trouble that was possible.

A French eye-witness testifies: "They had no talent, these Regie fellows, but that of writing and ciphering; extremely conceited too, and were capable of the most ridiculous follies. Once, for instance, they condemned a common soldier, who had hidden some pounds of tobacco, to a fine of 200 thalers. The King, on reviewing it for confirmation, wrote on the margin: 'Before confirming this sentence, I should wish to know where the Soldier, who gets 8 groschen [ninepence halfpenny] in the 5 days, will find the 200 crowns for paying this Fine!'" [Laveaux (2d edition), iii. 228.] Innumerable instances of a constant disposition that way, on the King's part, stand on record. "A crown a head on the import of fat cattle, Tax on butcher's-meat?" writes he once to De Launay: "No, that would fall on the poorer classes: to that I must say No. I am, by office, Procurator of the Poor (L'AVOCAT DU PAUVRE)." Elsewhere it is "AVOCAT DEC PAUVRE ET DU SOLDAT (of the working-man and of the soldier); and have to plead their cause." [Preuss, iii. 20.]

We will now give our Second Anecdote; which has less of memorability to us strangers at present, though doubtless it was then, in Berlin society, the more celebrated of the two; relating, as it did, to a high Court-Lady, almost the highest, and who was herself only too celebrated in those years. The heroine is Princess Elizabeth of

Brunswick, King's own Niece and a pretty woman; who for four years (14th July, 1765–18th April, 1769) of her long life was Princess Royal of Prussia,—Wife of that tall young Gentleman whom we used to see dancing about, whom we last saw at Schweidnitz getting flung from his horse, on the day of Pirch's saddle there:—his Wife for four years, but in the fourth year ceased to be so [Rodenbeck, ii. 241, 257.] (for excellent reasons, on both sides), and lived thenceforth in a divorced eclipsed state at Stettin, where is laid the scene of our Anecdote. I understand it to be perfectly true; but cannot ascertain from any of the witnesses in what year the thing happened; or whether it was at Stettin or Berlin,—though my author has guessed, "Stettin, in the Lady's divorced state," as appears.

"This Princess had commissioned, direct from Lyon, a very beautiful dress; which arrived duly, addressed to her at Stettin. As this kind of stuffs is charged with very heavy dues, the DOUANIER, head Custom-house Personage of the Town, had the impertinence to detain the dress till payment were made. The Princess, in a lofty indignation, sent word to this person, To bring the dress instantly, and she would pay the dues on it. He obeyed: but,"—mark the result,—"scarcely had the Princess got eye on him, when she seized her Lyon Dress; and, giving the Douanier a couple of good slaps on the face, ordered him out of her apartment and house.

"The Douanier, thinking himself one and somewhat, withdrew in high choler; had a long PROCES-VERBAL of the thing drawn out; and sent it to the King with eloquent complaint, 'That he had been dishonored in doing the function appointed him.' Friedrich replied as follows: TO THE DOUANIER AT STETTIN: 'The loss of the Excise- dues shall fall to my score; the Dress shall remain with the Princess; the slaps to him who has received them. As to the pretended Dishonor, I entirely relieve the complainant from that: never can the appliance of a beautiful hand dishonor the face of an Officer of Customs.—F.'" [Laveaux (abridged), iii. 229.]

Northern Tourists, Wraxall and others, passing that way, speak of this Princess, down to recent times, as a phenomenon of the place. Apparently a high and peremptory kind of Lady, disdaining to be bowed too low by her disgraces. She survived all her generation, and the next and the next, and indeed into our own. Died 18th February, 1840: at the age of ninety-six. Threescore and eleven years of that eclipsed Stettin Existence; this of the Lyon gown, and caitiff of a Custom-houser slapped on the face, her one adventure put on record for us!—

She was signally blamable in that of the Divorce; but not she alone, nor first of the Two. Her Crown-Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm, called afterwards, as King, "DER DICKE (the Fat, or the Big)," and held in little esteem by Posterity,—a headlong, rather dark and physical kind of creature, though not ill-meaning or dishonest,— was himself a dreadful sinner in that department of things; and had BEGUN the bad game against his poor Cousin and Spouse! Readers of discursive turn are perhaps acquainted with a certain "Gräfin von Lichtenau," and her MEMOIRS so called:—not willingly, but driven, I fish up one specimen, and one only, from that record of human puddles and perversities:—

"From the first year of our attachment," says this precious Gräfin, "I was already the confidant of his," the Prince of Prussia's, "most secret thoughts. One day [in 1767, second year of his married life, I then fifteen, slim Daughter of a Player on the French Horn, in his Majesty's pay], the Prince happened to be very serious; and was owning to me with frankness that he had some wrongs towards my sex to reproach himself with,"—alas, yes, some few:—"and he swore that he would never forsake ME; and that if Heaven disposed of my life before his, none but he should close my eyes. He was fingering with a penknife at the time; he struck the point of it into the palm of his left hand, and wrote with his blood [the unclean creature], on a little bit of paper, the Oath which his lips had just pronounced in so solemn a tone. Vainly should I undertake to paint my emotion on this action of his! The Prince saw what I felt; and took advantage of it to beg that I would follow his example. I hastened to satisfy him; and traced, as he had done, with my blood, the promise to remain his friend to the tomb, and never to forsake him. This Promise must have been found among his Papers after his death [still in the Archives? we will hope not!]
— Both of us stood faithful to this Oath. The tie of love, it is true, we broke: but that was by mutual consent, and the better to fix ourselves in the bonds of an inviolable friendship. Other mistresses reigned over his senses; but I"—ACH GOTT, no more of that. [*Memoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau* (a Londres, chez Colburn Libraire, Conduit-street, Bond-street, 2 tomes, small 8vo, 1809), i. 129.]

The King's own account of the affair is sufficiently explicit. His words are: "Not long ago [about two years before this of the penknife] we mentioned the Prince of Prussia's marriage with Elizabeth of Brunswick [his Cousin twice over, her Mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, being his Father's Sister and mine, and her Father HIS Mother's Brother,—if you like to count it]. This engagement, from which everybody had expected happy consequences, did not correspond to the wishes of the Royal House." Only one Princess could be realized

(subsequently Wife to the late Duke of York),—she came this same year of the penknife,—and bad outlooks for more. "The Husband, young and dissolute (SANS MOEURS), given up to a crapulous life, from which his relatives could not correct him, was continually committing infidelities to his Wife. The Princess, who was in the flower of her beauty, felt outraged by such neglect of her charms; her vivacity, and the good opinion she had of herself, brought her upon the thought of avenging her wrongs by retaliation. Speedily she gave in to excesses, scarcely inferior to those of her Husband. Family quarrels broke out, and were soon publicly known. The antipathy that ensued took away all hope of succession [had it been desirable in these sad circumstances!]. Prince Henri [JUNIOR, this hopeful Prince of Prussia's Brother], who was gifted with all the qualities to be wished in a young man [witness my tears for him], had been carried off by small-pox. ["26th May, 1767," age 19 gone; ELOGE of him by Friedrich ("MS. still stained with tears"), in *OEuvres de Frederic*, vii. 37 et seq.] The King's Brothers, Princes Henri and Ferdinand, avowed frankly that they would never consent to have, by some accidental bastard, their rights of succession to the crown carried off. In the end, there was nothing for it but proceeding to a divorce." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 23.]

Divorce was done in a beautiful private manner; case tried with strictly shut doors; all the five judges under oath to carry into the grave whatever they came to know of it: [Preuss, iv. 180–186.] divorce completed 18th April, 1769; and, within three months, a new marriage was accomplished, Princess Frederika Luisa of Hessen–Darmstadt the happy woman. By means of whom there was duly realized a Friedrich Wilhelm, who became "King Friedrich Wilhelm III." (a much–enduring, excellent, though inarticulate man), as well as various other Princes and Princesses, in spite of interruptions from the Lichtenau Sisterhood. High–souled Elizabeth was relegated to Stettin; her amount of Pension is not mentioned; her Family, after the unhappy proofs communicated to them, had given their consent and sanction;—and she stayed there, idle, or her own mistress of work, for the next seventy–one years.—Enough of HER Lyon Dress, surely, and of the Excise system altogether!—

THE NEUE PALAIS, IN SANS–SOUCI NEIGHBORHOOD, IS FOUNDED AND FINISHED (1763–1770).

If D'Alembert's Visit was the germ of the Excise system, it will be curious to note,—and indeed whether or not, it will be chronologically serviceable to us here, and worth noting,—that there went on a small synchronous affair, still visible to everybody: namely, That in the very hours while Friedrich and D'Alembert were saluting mutually at Geldern (11th June, 1763), there was laid the foundation of what they call the NEUE PALAIS; New Palace of Sans–Souci: [Rodenbeck, ii. 219.] a sumptuous Edifice, in the curious LOUIS–QUINZE or what is called "Rococo" style of the time; Palace never much inhabited by Friedrich or his successors, which still stands in those ornamental Potsdam regions. Why built, especially in the then down–pressed financial circumstances, some have had their difficulties to imagine. It appears, this New Palace had been determined on before the War broke out; and Friedrich said to himself: "We will build it now, to help the mechanical classes in Berlin,—perhaps also, in part [think some, and why should not they, a little?] to show mankind that we have still ready money; and are nothing like so ruined as they fancy."

"This NEUE PALAIS," says one recent Tourist, "is a pleasant quaint object, nowadays, to the stranger. It has the air DEGAGE POCOCURANTE; pleasantly fine in aspect and in posture;—spacious expanses round it, not in a waste, but still less in a strict condition; and (in its deserted state) has a silence, especially a total absence of needless flunkies and of gaping fellow–loungers, which is charming. Stands mute there, in its solitude, in its stately silence and negligence, like some Tadmor of the Wilderness in small. The big square of Stables, Coach–houses, near by, was locked up,—probably one sleeping groom in it. The very CUSTOS of the grand Edifice (such the rarity of fees to him) I could not awaken without difficulty. In the gray autumn zephyrs, no sound whatever about this New Palace of King Friedrich's, except the rustle of the crisp brown leaves, and of any faded or fading memories you may have.

"I should say," continues he, "it somehow reminds you of the City of Bath. It has the cut of a battered Beau of old date; Beau still extant, though in strangely other circumstances; something in him of pathetic dignity in that kind. It shows excellent sound masonries; which have an over–tendency to jerk themselves into pinnacles, curvatures and graciosities; many statues atop,—three there are, in a kind of grouped or partnership attitude; 'These,' said diligent scandal, 'note them; these mean Maria Theresa, Pompadour and CATIN DU NORD' (mere Muses, I believe, or of the Nymph or Hamadryad kind, nothing of harm in them). In short, you may call it the stone Apotheosis of an old French Beau. Considerably weather–beaten (the brown of lichens spreading visibly here and there, the firm–set ashlar telling you, 'I have stood a hundred years');—Beau old and weather–beaten,

with his cocked-hat not in the fresh condition, all his gold-laces tarnished; and generally looking strange, and in a sort tragical, to find himself, fleeting creature, become a denizen of the Architectural Fixities and earnest Eternities!"--

From Potsdam Palace to the New Palace of Sans-Souci may be a mile distance; flat ground, parallel to the foot of Hills; all through arbors, parterres, water-works, and ornamental gardenings and cottagings or villa-ings,—Cottage-Villa for Lord Marischal is one of them. This mile of distance, taking the COTTAGE Royal of Sans-Souci on its hill-top as vertex, will be the base of an isosceles or nearly isosceles triangle, flatter than equilateral. To the Cottage Royal of Sans-Souci may be about three-quarters of a mile northeast from this New Palace, and from Potsdam Palace to it rather less. And the whole square-mile or so of space is continuously a Garden, not in the English sense, though it has its own beauties of the more artificial kind; and, at any rate, has memories for you, and footsteps of persons still unforgotten by mankind.—Here is a Notice of Lord Marischal; which readers will not grudge; the chronology of the worthy man, in these his later epochs, being in so hazy a state:--

Lord Marischal, we know well and Pitt knows, was in England in 1761,—ostensibly on the Kintore Heritage; and in part, perhaps, really on that errand. But he went and came, at dates now uncertain; was back in Spain after that, had difficult voyagings about; [King's Letters to him, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. 282–285.]—and did not get to rest again, in his Government of Neufchatel, till April, 1762. There is a Letter of the King's, which at least fixes that point:--

"BRESLAU, 10th APRIL, 1762. My nose is the most impertinent nose in the universe, MON CHER MYLORD [Queen-Dowager snuff, SPANIOL from the fountain-head, of Marischal's providing; quality exquisite, but difficult to get transmitted in the Storms of War]; I am ashamed of the trouble it costs you! I beg many pardons;—and should be quite abashed, did I not know how you compassionate the weak points of your friends, and that, for a long time past, you have a singular indulgence for my nose. I am very glad to know you happily returned to your Government, safe at Colombier (DOVE-COTE) in Neufchatel again." This is 10th April, 1762. There, as I gather, quiet in his Dove-cote, Marischal continued, though rather weary of the business, for about a year more; or till the King got home,—who delights in companionship, and is willing to let an old man demit for good.

It was in Summer, 1762 (about three months after the above Letter from the King), that Rousseau made his celebrated exodus into Neufchatel Country, and found the old Governor so good to him,—glad to be allowed to shelter the poor skinless creature. And, mark as curious, it must have been on two of those mornings, towards the end of the Siege of Schweidnitz, when things were getting so intolerable, and at times breaking out into electricity, into "rebuke all round," that Friedrich received that singular pair of Laconic Notes from Rousseau in Neufchatel: forwarded, successively, by Lord Marischal; NOTE FIRST, of date, "Motier-Travers, Neufchatel, September," nobody can guess what day, "1762:" "I have said much ill of you, and don't repent it. Now everybody has banished me; and it is on your threshold that I sit down. Kill me, if you have a mind!" And then (after, not death, but the gift of 100 crowns), NOTE SECOND, "October, 1762:" ... "Take out of my sight that sword, which dazzles and pains me; IT has only too well done its duty, while the sceptre is abandoned:" Make Peace, can't you! [*OEuvres completes de Rousseau* (a Geneve, 1782–1789), xxxiii. 64, 65.]—What curious reading for a King in such posture, among the miscellaneous arrivals overnight! Above six weeks before either of these NOTES, Friedrich, hearing of him from Lord Marischal, had answered: "An asylum? Yes, by all means: the unlucky cynic!" It is on September 1st, that he sends, by the same channel, 100 crowns for his use, with advice to "give them in NATURA, lest he refuse otherwise;" as Friedrich knows to be possible. In words, the Rousseau Notes got nothing of Answer. "A GARCON SINGULIER," says Friedrich: odd fellow, yes indeed, your Majesty;—and has such a pungency of flattery in him too, presented in the way of snarl! His Majesty might take him, I suppose, with a kind of relish, like Queen-Dowager snuff.

There was still another shift of place, shift which proved temporary, in old Marischal's life: Home to native Aberdeenshire. The two childless Brothers, Earls of Kintore, had died successively, the last of them November 22d, 1761: title and heritage, not considerable the latter, fell duly, by what preparatives we know, to old Marischal; but his Keith kinsfolk, furthermore, would have him personally among them,—nay, after that, would have him to wed and produce new Keiths. At the age of 78; decidedly an inconvenient thing! Old Marischal left Potsdam "August, 1763," [Letter of his to the King ("LONDRES, 14 AOUT, 1763"), in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xx.

293.—In *Letters of Eminent Persons to David Hume* (Edinburgh, 1849), pp. 57–71, are some Nine from the Old Marischal; in curiously mixed dialect, cheerful, but indistinct; the two chief dates of which are: "Touch" (guttural TuCH, in Aberdeenshire), "28 October, 1763," and "Potsdam, 20 February, 1765."—NEW–PALACE scaffoldings and big stone blocks conspicuous in those localities; pleasant D'Alembert now just about leaving, in the other direction;—much to Friedrich's regret, the old Marischal especially, as is still finely evident.

FRIEDRICH TO LORD MARISCHAL (in Scotland for the last six months).

"SANS–SOUCI, 16th February, 1764.

"I am not surprised that the Scotch fight to have you among them; and wish to have progeny of yours, and to preserve your bones. You have in your lifetime the lot of Homer after death: Cities arguing which is your birthplace;—I myself would dispute it with Edinburgh to possess you. If I had ships, I would make a descent on Scotland, to steal off my CHER MYLORD, and bring him hither. Alas, our Elbe Boats can't do it. But you give me hopes;—which I seize with avidity! I was your late Brother's friend, and had obligations to him; I am yours with heart and soul. These are my titles, these are my rights:—you sha'n't be forced in the matter of progeny here (FAIRE L'ETALON ICI), neither priests nor attorneys shall meddle with you; you shall live here in the bosom of friendship, liberty and philosophy." Come to me! ...—F. [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xx. 295.]

Old Marischal did come; and before long. I know not the precise month: but "his Villa–Cottage was built for him," the Books say, "in 1764." He had left D'Alembert just going; next year he will find Helvetius coming. He lived here, a great treasure to Friedrich, till his death, 25th May, 1778, age 92.

The New Palace was not finished till 1770;—in which year, also, Friedrich reckons that the general Problem of Repairing Prussia was victoriously over. New Palace, growing or complete, looks down on all these operations and occurrences. In its cradle, it sees D'Alembert go, Lord Marischal go; Helvetius come, Lord Marischal come; in its boyhood or maturity, the Excise, and French RATS–DE–CAVE, spring up; Crown–Prince Friedrich Wilhelm prick his hand for a fit kind of ink; Friedrich Wilhelm's Divorced Wife give her Douanier two slaps in the face, by way of payment. Nay, the same Friedrich Wilhelm, become "Friedrich Wilhelm II., or DER DICKE," died in it,—his Lichtenau AND his second Wife, jewel of women, nursing him in his last sickness there. ["Died 16th November, 1797."]

The violent stress of effort for repairing Prussia, Friedrich intimates, was mostly over in 1766: till which date specifically, and in a looser sense till 1770, that may be considered as his main business. But it was not at any time his sole business; nor latterly at all equal in interest to some others that had risen on him, as the next Chapter will now show. Here, first, is a little Fraction of NECROLOGY, which may be worth taking with us. Readers can spread these fateful specialties over the Period in question; and know that each of them came with a kind of knell upon Friedrich's heart, whatever he might be employed about. Hour striking after hour on the Horologe of Time; intimating how the Afternoon wore, and that Night was coming. Various meanings there would be to Friedrich in these footfalls of departing guests, the dear, the less dear, and the indifferent or hostile; but each of them would mean: "Gone, then, gone; thus we all go!"

"OBITUARY IN FRIEDRICH'S CIRCLE TILL 1771."

Of Polish Majesty's death (5th October, 1763), and then (2d December following) of his Kurprinz or Successor's, with whom we dined at Moritzburg so recently, there will be mention by and by. November 28th, 1763, in the interval between these two, the wretched Bruhl had died. April 14th, 1764, died the wretched Pompadour;—"To us not known, JE NE LA CONNAIS PAS:"—hapless Butterfly, she had been twenty years in the winged condition; age now forty–four: dull Louis, they say, looked out of window as her hearse departed, "FROIDEMENT," without emotion of any visible kind. These little concern Friedrich or us; we will restrict ourselves to Friends.

"DIED IN 1764. At Pisa, Algarotti (23d May, 1764, age fifty–two); with whom Friedrich has always had some correspondence hitherto (to himself interesting, though not to us), and will never henceforth have more. Friedrich raised a Monument to him; Monument still to be seen in the Campo–Santo of Pisa: 'HIC JACET OVIDII AEMULUS ET NEUTONI DISCIPULUS;' friends have added 'FREDERICUS MAGNUS PONI FECIT;' and on another part of the Monument, 'ALGAROTTUS NON OMNIS.' [Preuss, iv. 188.]

"—IN 1765. At the age of eighty, November 18th, Grafín Camas, 'MA BONNE MAMAN' (widow since 1741); excellent old Lady,—once brilliantly young, German by birth, her name Brandt;—to whom the King's LETTERS used to be so pretty." This same year, too, Kaiser Franz died; but him we will reserve, as not belonging

to this Select List.

"--IN 1766. At Nanci, 23d February, age eighty--six, King Stanislaus Leczinsky: 'his clothes caught fire' (accidental spark or sputter on some damask dressing--gown or the like); and the much--enduring innocent old soul ended painfully his Titular career.

"DIED IN 1767. October 22d, the Grand--Duchess of Sachsen--Gotha, age fifty--seven; a sad stroke this also, among one's narrowing List of Friends.--I doubt if Friedrich ever saw this high Lady after the Visit we lately witnessed. His LETTERS to her are still in the Archives of Gotha: not hers to him; all lost, these latter, but an accidental Two, which are still beautiful in their kind. [Given in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 165, 256.]

"--IN 1770. Bielfeld, the fantastic individual of old days. Had long been out of Friedrich's circle,--in Altenburg Country, I think;--without importance to Friedrich or us: the year of him will do, without search for day or month.

"---IN 1771. Two heavy deaths come this year. January 28th, 1771, at Berlin, dies our valuable old friend Excellency Mitchell,--still here on the part of England, in cordial esteem as a man and companion; though as Minister, I suppose, with function more and more imaginary. This painfully ushers in the year. To usher it out, there is still worse: faithful D'Argens dies, 26th December, 1771, on a visit in his native Provence,--leaving, as is still visible, [Friedrich's two Letters to the Widow (Ib. xix. 427--429).] a big and sad blank behind him at Potsdam." But we need not continue; at least not at present.

Long before all these, Friedrich had lost friends; with a sad but quiet emotion he often alludes to this tragic fact, that all the souls he loved most are gone. His Winterfelds, his Keiths, many loved faces, the War has snatched: at Monbijou, at Baireuth, it was not War; but they too are gone. Is the world becoming all a Mausoleum, then; nothing of divine in it but the Tombs of vanished loved ones? Friedrich makes no noise on such subjects: loved and unloved alike must go.

We have still to mark Kaiser Franz's sudden death; a thing politically interesting, if not otherwise. August, 1765, at Innsbruck, during the Marriage--festivities of his Second Son, Leopold (Duke of Florence, who afterwards, on Joseph's death, was Kaiser),--Kaiser Franz, sauntering about in the evening gala, "18th August, about 9 P.M.," suddenly tottered, staggered as falling; fell into Son Joseph's arms; and was dead. Above a year before, this same Joseph, his Eldest Son, had been made King of the Romans: "elected 26th March; crowned 3d April, 1764;"--Friedrich furthering it, wishful to be friendly with his late enemies. [Rodenbeck, ii. 234.]

On this Innsbruck Tragedy, Joseph naturally became Kaiser,--Part-- Kaiser; his Dowager--Mother, on whom alone it depends, having decided that way. The poor Lady was at first quite overwhelmed with her grief. She had the death--room of her Husband made into a Chapel; she founded furthermore a Monastery in Innsbruck, "Twelve Canonesses to pray there for the repose of Franz;" was herself about to become Abbess there, and quit the secular world; but in the end was got persuaded to continue, and take Son Joseph as Coadjutor. [Hormayr, *OESTERREICHISCHER PLUTARCH* (° Maria Theresa), iv. (2tes Bandchen) 6--124; *MARIA THERESIENS LEBEN*, p. 30.] In which capacity we shall meet the young man again.

Chapter III. TROUBLES IN POLAND.

April 11th, 1764, one year after his Seven-Years labor of Hercules, Friedrich made Treaty of Alliance with the new Czarina Catharine. England had deserted him; France was his enemy, especially Pompadour and Choiseul, and refused reconciliation, though privately solicited: he was without an Ally anywhere. The Russians had done him frightful damage in the last War, and were most of all to be dreaded in the case of any new one. The Treaty was a matter of necessity as well as choice. Agreement for mutual good neighborhood and friendly offices; guarantee of each other against intrusive third parties: should either get engaged in war with any neighbor, practical aid to the length of 12,000 men, or else money in lieu. Treaty was for eight years from day of date.

As Friedrich did not get into war, and Catharine did, with the Turks and certain loose Polacks, the burden of fulfilment happened to fall wholly on Friedrich; and he was extremely punctual in performance,—eager now, and all his life after, to keep well with such a Country under such a Czarina. Which proved to be the whole rule of his policy on that Russian side. "Good that Country cannot bring me by any quarrel with it; evil it can, to a frightful extent, in case of my quarrelling with others! Be wary, be punctual, magnanimously polite, with that grandiose Czarina and her huge territories and notions:" this was Friedrich's constant rule in public and in private. Nor is it thought his CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE EMPRESS CATHARINE, when future generations see it in print, will disclose the least ground of offence to that high-flying Female Potentate of the North. Nor will it ever be known what the silently observant Friedrich thought of her, except indeed what we already know, or as good as know, That he, if anybody did, saw her clearly enough for what she was; and found good to repress into absolute zero whatever had no bearing upon business, and might by possibility give offence in that quarter. For we are an old King, and have learned by bitter experiences! No more nicknames, biting verses, or words which a bird of the air could carry; though this poor Lady too has her liabilities, were not we old and prudent;— and is entirely as weak on certain points (deducting the devotions and the brandy—and-water) as some others were! The Treaty was renewed when necessary; and continued valid and vital in every particular, so long as Friedrich ruled.

By the end of the first eight years, by strictly following this passive rule, Friedrich, in counterbalance of his losses, unexpectedly found himself invested with a very singular bit of gain,—"unjust gain!" cried all men, making it of the nature of gain and loss to him,—which is still practically his, and which has made, and makes to this day, an immense noise in the world. Everybody knows we mean West-Preussen; Partition of Poland; bloodiest picture in the Book of Time, Sarmatia's fall unwept without a crime;—and that we have come upon a very intricate part of our poor History.

No prudent man—especially if to himself, as is my own poor case in regard to it, the subject have long been altogether dead and indifferent—would wish to write of the Polish Question. For almost a hundred years the Polish Question has been very loud in the world; and ever and anon rises again into vocality among Able Editors, as a thing pretending not to be dead and buried, but capable of rising again, and setting itself right, by good effort at home and abroad. Not advisable, beyond the strict limits of compulsion, to write of it at present! The rather as the History of it, any History we have, is not an intelligible series of events, but a series of vociferous execrations, filling all Nature, with nothing left to the reader but darkness, and such remedies against despair as he himself can summon or contrive.

"Rulhiere's on that subject," says a Note which I may cite, "is the only articulate-speaking Book to which mankind as yet can apply; [Cl. Rulhiere, *Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne* (Paris, 1807), 4 vols. 12mo.] and they will by no means find that a sufficient one. Rulhiere's Book has its considerable merits; but it absolutely wants those of a History; and can be recognized by no mind as an intelligible cosmic Portraiture of that chaotic Mass of Occurrences: chronology, topography, precision of detail by time and place; scene, and actors on scene, remain unintelligible. Rulhiere himself knew Poland, at least had looked on it from Warsaw outwards, year after year, and knew of it what an inquiring Secretary of Legation could pick up on those terms, which perhaps, after all, is not very much. His Narrative is drowned in beautiful seas of description and reflection; has neither dates nor references; and advances at an intolerable rate of slowness; in fact, rather turns on its axis than advances; produces on you the effect of a melodious Sonata, not of a lucid and comfortably instructive History.

"I forget for how long Rulhiere had been in Poland, as Ambassador's Assistant: but the Country, the King and

leading Personages were personally known to him, more or less; Events with all details of them were known: 'Why not write a History of the Anarchy and Wreck they fell into?' said the Official people to him, on his return home: 'For behoof of the Dauphin [who is to be Louis XVI. shortly]; may not he perhaps draw profit from it? At the top of the Universe, experience is sometimes wanted. Here are the Archives, here is Salary, here are what appliances you like to name: Write!' It is well known he was appointed, on a Pension of 250 pounds a year, with access to all archives, documents and appliances in possession of the French Government, and express charge to delineate this subject for benefit of the Dauphin's young mind. Nor can I wonder, considering everything, that the process on Rulhiere's part, being so full of difficulties, was extremely deliberate; that this Book did not grow so steadily or fast as the Dauphin did; and that in fact the poor Dauphin never got the least benefit from it,—being guillotined, he, in 1793, and the Book intended for him never coming to light for fourteen years afterwards, it too in a posthumous and still unfinished condition.

"Rulhiere has heard the voices of rumor, knows an infinitude of events that were talked of; but has not discriminated which were the vital, which were the insignificant; treats the vital and the insignificant alike; seldom with satisfactory precision; mournfully seldom giving any date, and by no chance any voucher or authority;—and instead of practical terrestrial scene of action, with distances, milestones, definite sequence of occurrences, and of causes and effects, paints us a rosy cloudland, which if true at all, as he well intends it to be, is little more than symbolically or allegorically so; and can satisfy no clear-headed Dauphin or man. Rulhiere strives to be authentic, too; gives you no suspicion of his fairness. There is really fine high-colored painting in Rulhiere! and you hope always he will let you into the secret of the matter: but the sad fact is, he never does. He merely loses himself in picturesque details, philosophic eloquences, elegancies; takes you to a Castle of Choczim, a Monastery of Czenstochow, a Bay of Tschesme, and lets off extensive fire-works that contain little or no shot; leads you on trackless marches, inroads or outroads, through the Lithuanian Peat-bogs, on daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes of mere Pulawski, Potocki and the like;—had not got to understand the matter himself, you perceive: how hopeless to make you understand it!"

English readers, however, have no other shift; the rest of the Books I have seen,— *Histoire des Revolutions de Pologne*; [1778 (A WARSOVIE, ET SE TROUVE A PARIS), 2 vols. 8vo.] *Histoire des Trois Demembrements de la Pologne*; [Anonymous (by one FERRAND, otherwise unknown to me), Paris, 1820, 3 vols. 8vo.] *Letters on Poland*; [Anonymous (by a "Reverend Mr. Lindsey," it would seem), LETTERS CONCERNING THE PRESENT STATE OF POLAND, TOGETHER WITH (London, 1773; 1 vol. 8vo): of these LETTERS, or at least of Reverend Lindsey, Author of them, "Tutor to King Stanislaus's Nephew," and a man of painfully loud loose tongue, there may perhaps be mention afterwards.] and many more,—are not worth mentioning at all. Comfortable in the mad dance of these is Hermann's recent dull volume; [Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, vol. v. (already cited in regard to the Peter-Catharine tragedy); seems to be compiled mainly from the Saxon Archives, from DESPATCHES written on the spot and at the time.]—commonplace, dull, but steady and faithful; yielding us at least dates, and an immunity from noise. By help of Hermann and the others, distilled to CAPUT MORTUUM, a few dated facts (cardinal we dare not call them) may be extracted;—dimly out of these, to the meditating mind, some outline of the phenomenon may begin to become conceivable. King of Poland dies; and there ensue huge Anarchies in that Country.

KING OF POLAND DIES; AND THERE ENSUE HUGE ANARCHIES IN THAT COUNTRY.

The poor old King of Poland—whom we saw, on that fall of the curtain at Pirna seven years ago, rush off for Warsaw with his Bruhl, with expressive speed and expressive silence, and who has been waiting there ever since, sublimely confident that his powerful terrestrial friends, Austria, Russia, France, not to speak of Heaven's justice at all, would exact due penalty, of signal and tremendous nature, on the Prussian Aggressor—has again been disappointed. The poor old Gentleman got no compensation for his manifold losses and woes at Pirna or elsewhere; not the least mention of such a thing, on the final winding-up of that War of Seven Years, in which his share had been so tragical; no alleviation was provided for him in this world. His sorrows in Poland have been manifold; nothing but anarchies, confusions and contradictions had been his Royal portion there: in about Forty different Diets he had tried to get some business done,—no use asking what; for the Diets, one and all, exploded in NIE POZWALAM; and could do no business, good, bad or indifferent, for him or anybody. An unwise, most idle Country; following as chief employment perpetual discrepancy with its idle unwise King and self; Russia the virtual head of it this long while, so far as it has any head.

FEBRUARY–AUGUST, 1763, just while the Treaty of Hubertsburg was blessing everybody with the return of Peace, and for long months after Peace had returned to everybody, Polish Majesty was in sore trouble. Trouble in regard to Courland, to his poor Son Karl, who fancied himself elected, under favor and permission of the late Czarina our gracious Protectress and Ally, to the difficult post of Duke in Courland; and had proceeded, three or four years ago, to take possession,—but was now interrupted by Russian encroachments and violences. Not at all well disposed to him, these new Peters, new Catharines. They have recalled their Bieren from Siberia; declare that old Bieren is again Duke, or at least that young Bieren is, and not Saxon Karl at all; and have proceeded, Czarina Catharine has, to install him forcibly with Russian soldiers. Karl declares, "You shall kill ME before you or he get into this Palace of Miietau!"—and by Domestic merely, and armed private Gentlemen, he does maintain himself in said Palatial Mansion; valiantly indignant, for about six months; the Russian Battalions girdling him on all sides, minatory more and more, but loath to begin actual bloodshed. [Rulhiere, ii. (livre v.) 81 et antea; Hermann, v. 348 et seq.] A transaction very famed in those parts, and still giving loud voice in the Polish Books, which indeed get ever noisier from this point onward, till they end in inarticulate shrieks, as we shall too well hear.

Empress Catharine, after the lapse of six months, sends an Ambassador to Warsaw (Kayserling by name), who declares, in tone altogether imperative, that Czarish Majesty feels herself weary of such contumacy, weary generally of Polish Majesty's and Polish Republic's multifarious contumacies; and, in fine, cruelest of all, that she has troops on the frontier; that Courland is not the only place where she has troops. What a stab to the poor old man! "Contumacies?" Has not he been Russia's patient stepping–stone, all along; his anarchic Poland and he accordant in that, if in nothing else? "Let us to Saxony," decides he passionately, "and leave all this." In Saxony his poor old Queen is dead long since; much is dead: Saxony and Life generally, what a Golgotha! He immediately sends word to Karl, "Give up Courland; I am going home!"—and did hastily make his packages, and bid adieu to Warsaw, and, in a few weeks after to this anarchic world altogether. Died at Dresden, 5th October, 1763.

Polish Majesty had been elected 5th October, 1733; died, you observe, 5th October, 1763;—was King of Poland ("King," save the mark!) for 30 years to a day. Was elected—do readers still remember how? Leaves a ruined Saxony lying round him; a ruined life mutely asking him, "Couldst thou have done no better, then?" Wretched Bruhl followed him in four or five weeks. Nay, in about two months, his Son and Successor, "Friedrich Christian" (with whom we dined at Moritzburg), had followed him; [Prince died 17th December (Bruhl, 18th November), 1763.] leaving a small Boy, age 13, as new Kurfurst, "Friedrich August" the name of him, with guardians to manage the Minority; especially with his Mother as chief guardian,—of whom, for two reasons, we are now to say something. Reason FIRST is, That she is really a rather brilliant, distinguished creature, distinguished more especially in Friedrich's world; whose LETTERS to her are numerous, and, in their kind, among the notablest he wrote;—of which we would gladly give some specimen, better or worse; and reason SECOND, That in so doing, we may contrive to look, for a moment or two, into the preliminary Polish Anarchies at first–hand; and, transiently and far off, see something of them as if with our own eyes.

Marie–Antoine, or Marie–Antoinette, Electress of Saxony, is still a bright Lady, and among the busiest living; now in her 40th year: "born 17th July, 1724; second child of Kaiser Karl VII.;"—a living memento to us of those old times of trouble. Papa, when she came to him, was in his 27th year; this was his second daughter; three years afterwards he had a son (born 1727; died 1777), who made the "Peace of Fussen," to Friedrich's disgust, in 1745, if readers recollect;—and who, dying childless, will give rise to another War (the "Potato War" so called), for Friedrich's behoof and ours. This little creature would be in her teens during that fatal Kaisership (1742–1745, her age then 18–21),—during those triumphs, flights and furnished–lodging intricacies. Her Mamma, whom we have seen, a little fat bullet given to devotion, was four years younger than Papa. Mamma died "11th December, 1756," Germany all blazing out in War again; she had been a Widow eleven years.

Marie–Antoine was wedded to Friedrich Christian, Saxon Kurprinz, "20th June, 1747;" her age 23, his 25:—Chronology itself is something, if one will attend to it, in the absence of all else! The young pair were Cousins, their Mothers being Sisters; Polish Majesty one's Uncle, age now 51,—who was very fond of us, poor indolent soul, and glad of our company on an afternoon, "being always in his dressing–gown by 2 o'clock." Concerning which the tongue of Court scandal was not entirely idle,—Hanbury chronicling, as we once noticed. All which I believe to be mere lying wind. The young Princess was beautiful; extremely clever, graceful and lively, we can still see for ourselves: no wonder poor Polish Majesty, always in his dressing–gown by 2, was

charmed to have her company,—the rather as I hope she permitted him a little smoking withal.

Her husband was crook-backed; and, except those slight, always perfectly polite little passages, in Schmettau's Siege (1759), in the Hubertsburg Treaty affair, in the dinner at Moritzburg, I never heard much history of him. He became Elector 5th October, 1763; but enjoyed the dignity little more than two months. Our Princess had borne him seven children,—three boys, four girls,—the eldest about 13, a Boy, who succeeded; the youngest a girl, hardly 3. The Boy is he who sent Gellert the caparisoned Horse, and had estafettes on the road while Gellert lay dying. This Boy lived to be 77, and saw strange things in the world; had seen Napoleon and the French Revolution; was the first "King of Saxony" so called; saw Jena, retreat of Moscow; saw the "Battle of the Nations" (Leipzig, 15th–18th October, 1813), and his great Napoleon terminate in bankruptcy. He left no Son. A Brother, age 72, succeeded him as King for a few years; whom again a Brother would have succeeded, had not he (this third Brother, age now 66) renounced, in favor of HIS Son, the present King of Saxony. Enough, enough!—

August 28th, 1763, while afflicted Polish Majesty is making his packages at Warsaw, far away,—Marie-Antoinette, in Dresden, had sent Friedrich an Opera of her composing, just brought out by her on her Court-theatre there. Here is Friedrich's Answer,—to what kind of OPERA I know not, but to a Letter accompanying it which is extremely pretty.

FRIEDRICH TO THE ELECTORAL PRINCESS (at Dresden).

"POTSDAM, 5th September, 1763.

"MADAM MY SISTER,—The remembrance your Royal Highness sends is the more flattering to me, as I regret infinitely not to have been spectator and hearer of the fine things [Opera THALESTRIS, words and music entirely lost to us] which I have admired for myself in the silent state.

"I wish I could send you things as pleasant out of these parts: but, Madam, I am obliged to give you a hint, which may be useful if you can have it followed. In Saxony, however, my Letters get opened;—which obliges me to send this by a special Messenger; and him, that he may cause no suspicion, I have charged with fruits from my garden. You will have the goodness to say [if anybody is eavesdropping] that you asked them of me at Moritzburg, when I was happy enough to see you there [six months ago, coming home from the Seven-Years War]. The hint I had to give was this:—

"In Petersburg people's minds are getting angry at the stubbornness your friends show in refusing to recognize Duke Bieren [home from Siberia, again Duke of Courland, by Russian appointment, as if Russia had that right; Polish Majesty and his Prince Karl resisting to the uttermost]. I counsel you to induce the powerful in your circle to have this condescension [they have had it, been obliged to have it, though Friedrich does not yet know]; for it will turn out ill to them, if they persist in being obstinately stiff. It begins already to be said That there are more than a million Russian subjects at this time refugees in Poland; whom, by I forget what cartel, the Republic was bound to deliver up. Orders have been given to Detachments of Military to enter certain places, and bring away these Russians by force. In a word, you will ruin your affairs forever, unless you find means to produce a change of conduct on the part of him they complain of. Take, Madam, what I now say as a mark of the esteem and profound regard with which—"—F. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 46.]

This hint, if the King knew, had been given, in a less kind shape, by Necessity itself; and had sent Polish Majesty, and his Bruhls and "powerful people," bodily home, and out of that Polish Russian welter, in a headlong and tragically passionate condition. Electoral Princess, next time she writes, is become Electress all at once.

ELECTRESS MARIE-ANTOINE TO FRIEDRICH.

"DRESDEN, 5th October, 1763.

"SIRE,—Your Majesty has given me such assurance of your goodness and your friendship, that I will now appeal to that promise. You have assured us, too, that you would with pleasure contribute to secure Poland for us. The moment is come for accomplishing that promise. The King is dead [died this very day; see if _I_ lose time in sentimental lamentations!]—with him these grievances of Russia [our stiffness on Courland and the like] must be extinct; the rather as we [the now reigning] will lend ourselves willingly to everything that can be required of us for perfect reconciliation with that Power.

"You can do all, if you will it; you can contribute to this reconciliation. You can render it favorable to us. You will, give me that proof of the flattering sentiments I have been so proud of hitherto,"—won't you, now? "Russia cannot disapprove the mediation you might deign to offer on that behalf;—our intentions being so honestly amicable, and all ground of controversy having died with the late King. Russia reconciled, our views on the Polish

Crown might at once be declared (ECLATER)." Oh, do it, your Majesty;—"my gratitude shall only end with life!—M. A." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 47.]

Friedrich, who is busy negotiating his Treaty with Russia (perfected 11th April next), and understands that they will mean not to have a Saxon, but to have a Piast, and perhaps dimly even what Piast (Stanislaus Poniatowski, the EMERITUS Lover), who will be their own, and not Saxony's at all,—must have been a little embarrassed by such an appeal from his fair friend at this moment. "Wait a little; don't answer yet," would have occurred to the common mind. But that was not Friedrich's resource: he answers by return of post, as always in such cases;—and in the following adroit manner brushes off, without hurt to it, with kisses to it rather, the beautiful hand that has him by the button:—

TO THE ELECTRESS MARIE-ANTOINE (at Dresden).

"BERLIN, 8th October, 1763.

"MADAM MY SISTER,—I begin by making my condolences and my congratulations to your Electoral Highness on the death of the King your Father-in-law, and on your Accession to the Electorate.

"Your Electoral Highness will remember what I wrote, not long since, on the affairs of Poland. I am afraid, Madam, that Russia will be more contrary to you than you think. M. de Woronzow [famous Grand-Chancellor of Russia; saved himself dexterously in the late Peter-Catharine overturn; has since fallen into disfavor for his notions about our Gregory Orlof, and is now on his way to Italy, "for health's sake," in consequence], who is just arrived here, ["Had his audience 7th October" (yesterday): Rodenbeck, ii. 224.] told me, too, of some things which raise an ill augury of this affair. If you do not disapprove of my speaking frankly to you, it seems to me that it would be suitable in you to send some discreet Diplomatist to that Court to notify the King's death; and you would learn by him what you have to expect from her Czarish Majesty [the Empress, he always calls her, knowing she prefers that title]. It seems to me, Madam, that it would be precipitate procedure should I wish to engage you in an Enterprise, which appears to myself absolutely dubious (HASARDEE), unless approved by that Princess. As to me, Madam, I have not the ascendant there which you suppose: I act under rule of all the delicacies and discretions with a Court which separated itself from my Enemies when all Europe wished to crush me: but I am far from being able to regulate the Empress's way of thinking.

"It is the same with the quarrels about the Duke of Courland; one cannot attempt mediation except by consent of both parties. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that the Court of Russia does not mean to terminate that business by foreign mediation. What I have heard about it (what, however, is founded only on vague news) is, That the Empress might prevail upon herself (POURRAIT SE RESOUDRE) to purchase from Bruhl the Principality of Zips [Zips, on the edge of Hungary; let readers take note of that Principality, at present in the hand of Bruhl,—who has much disgusted Poland by his voracity for Lands; and is disgorging them all again, poor soul!], to give it to Prince Karl in compensation: but that would lead to a negotiation with the Court of Vienna, which might involve the affair in other contentions.

"I conjure you, Madam, I repeat it, Be not precipitate in anything; lest, as my fear is, you replunge Europe into the troubles it has only just escaped from! As to me, I have found, since the Peace, so much to do within my own borders, that I have not, I assure you, had time, Madam, to think of going abroad. I confine myself to forming a thousand wishes for the prosperity of your Electoral Highness, assuring you of the high esteem with which I am,—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 48.]

After some farther Letters, of eloquently pressing solicitation on the part of the Lady, and earnest advising, as well as polite fencing, on the part of Friedrich, the latter writes:—

FRIEDRICH TO ELECTRESS.

"MADAM MY SISTER,—At this moment I receive a Letter from the

Empress of Russia, the contents of which do not appear to me favorable, Madam, to your hopes. She requires (EXIGE) that I should instruct my Minister in Poland to act entirely in concert with the Count Kayserling; and she adds these very words: 'I expect, from the friendship of your Majesty, that you will not allow a passage through your territory, nor the entry into Poland, to Saxon troops, who are to be regarded there absolutely as strangers.'

"Unless your Letters, Madam [Madam had said that she had written to the Empress, assuring her change the sentiments of the Empress, I do not see in what way the Elector could arrive at the throne of Poland; and consequently, whether I deferred to the wishes of the Empress in this point, or refused to do so, you would not the more become Queen; and I might commit myself against a Power which I ought to keep well with (MENAGER).

I am persuaded, Madam, that your Electoral Highness enters into my embarrassment; and that, unless you find yourself successful in changing the Empress's own ideas on this matter, you will not require of me that I should embroil myself fruitlessly with a neighbor who deserves the greatest consideration from me.

"All this is one consequence of the course which Count Bruhl induced his late Polish Majesty to take with regard to the interests of Prince Karl in Courland; and your Electoral Highness will remember, that I often represented to you the injury which would arise to him from it.

"I will wish, Madam, that other opportunities may occur, where it may be in my power to prove to your Electoral Highness the profound esteem and consideration with which I am—"—F. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 52.]

ELECTRESS TO FRIEDRICH.

"DRESDEN, 11th November, 1763.

"SIRE,—I am not yet disheartened. I love to flatter myself with your friendship, Sire, and I will not easily renounce the hope that you will give me a real mark of it in an affair which interests me so strongly. Nobody has greater ascendancy over the mind of the Empress of Russia than your Majesty; use it, Sire, to incline it to our favor. Our obligation will be infinite. ... Why should she be absolutely against us? What has she to fear from us? The Courland business, if that sticks with her, could be terminated in a suitable manner."—Troops into Poland, Sire? "My Husband so little thinks of sending troops thither, that he has given orders for the return of those already there. He does not wish the Crown except from the free suffrages of the Nation: if the Empress absolutely refuse to help him with her good offices, let her, at least, not be against him. Do try, Sire." [Ib. xxiv. 53.]—Friedrich answers, after four days, or by return of post—But we will give the rest in the form of Dialogue.

FRIEDRICH (after four days). ... "If, Madam, I had Crowns to give away, I would place the first on your head, as most worthy to bear it. But I am far from such a position. I have just got out of a horrible War, which my enemies made upon me with a rage almost beyond example; I endeavor to cultivate friendship with all my neighbors, and to get embroiled with nobody. With regard to the affairs of Poland, an Empress whom I ought to be well with, and to whom I owe great obligations, requires me to enter into her measures; you, Madam, whom I would fain please if I could, you want me to change the sentiments of this Empress. Do but enter into my embarrassment! ... According to all I hear from Russia, it appears to me that every resolution is taken there; and that the Empress is resolved even to sustain the party of her partisans in Poland with the forces she has all in readiness at the borders. As for me, Madam, I wish, if possible, not to meddle at all with this business, which hitherto is not complicated, but which may, any day, become so by the neighbors of Poland taking a too lively part in it. Ready, otherwise, on all occasions, to give to your Electoral Highness proofs of my—" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv, 54: "Potsdam, 16th November, 1763."]

Electress (after ten days). ... "Why should the Empress be so much against us? We have not deserved her hatred. On the contrary, we seek her friendship. She declares, however, that she will uphold the freedom of the Poles in the election of their King. You, Sire" —[Ib. xxiv. 55: "Dresden, 26th November, 1763."] But we must cut short, though it lasts long months after this. Great is the Electress's persistence,— "My poor Husband being dead, cannot our poor Boy, cannot his uncle Prince Xavier try? O Sire!" Our last word shall be this of Friedrich's; actual Election—time now drawing nigh:—

FRIEDRICH. "I am doing like the dogs who have fought bitterly till they are worn down: I sit licking my wounds. I notice most European Powers doing the same; too happy if, whilst Kings are being manufactured to right and left, public tranquillity is not disturbed thereby, and if every one may continue to dwell in peace beside his hearth and his household gods." ["Sans-Souci, 26th June, 1764" (Ib. p. 69).] Adieu, bright Madam.

No reader who has made acquaintance with Polish History can well doubt but Poland was now dead or moribund, and had well deserved to die. Anarchies are not permitted in this world. Under fine names, they are grateful to the Populaces, and to the Editors of Newspapers; but to the Maker of this Universe they are eternally abhorrent; and from the beginning have been forbidden to be. They go their course, applauded or not applauded by self and neighbors,—for what lengths of time none of us can know; for a long term sometimes, but always for a fixed term; and at last their day comes. Poland had got to great lengths, two centuries ago, when poor John Casimir abdicated his Crown of Poland, after a trial of twenty years, and took leave of the Republic in that remarkable SPEECH to the Diet of 1667.

This John is "Casimir V.," last Scion of the Swedish House of Vasa,—with whom, in the Great Elector's time,

we had some slight acquaintance; and saw at least the three days' beating he got (Warsaw, 28th–30th July, 1656) from Karl Gustav of Sweden and the Great Elector, [Supra, v. 284–286.] ancestors respectively of Karl XII. and of our present Friedrich. He is not "Casimir the Great" of Polish Kings; but he is, in our day, Casimir the alone Remarkable. It seems to me I once had IN EXTENSO this Valedictory Speech of his; but it has lapsed again into the general Mother of Dead Dogs, and I will not spend a week in fishing for it. The gist of the Speech, innumerable Books and Dead Dogs tell you, [HISTOIRE DES TROIS DEMEMBREMENS does, and many others do;—copied in *Biographie Universelle*, vii. 278 (? Casimir).] is "lamentation over the Polish Anarchies" and "a Prophecy," which is very easily remembered. The poor old Gentleman had no doubt eaten his peck of dirt among those Polacks, and swallowed chagrins till he felt his stomach could no more, and determined to have done with it. To one's fancy, in abridged form, the Valediction must have run essentially as follows:—

"Magnanimous Polack Gentlemen, you are a glorious Republic, and have NIE POZWALAM, and strange methods of business, and of behavior to your Kings and others. We have often fought together, been beaten together, by our enemies and by ourselves; and at last I, for my share, have enough of it. I intend for Paris; religious— literary pursuits, and the society of Ninon de l'Enclos. I wished to say before going, That according to all record, ancient and modern, of the ways of God Almighty in this world, there was not heretofore, nor do I expect there can henceforth be, a Human Society that would stick together on those terms. Believe me, ye Polish Chivalries, without superior except in Heaven, if your glorious Republic continue to be managed in such manner, not good will come of it, but evil. The day will arrive [this is the Prophecy, almost IN IPSISSIMIS VERBIS], the day perhaps is not so far off, when this glorious Republic will get torn into shreds, hither, thither; be stuffed into the pockets of covetous neighbors, Brandenburg; Muscovy, Austria; and find itself reduced to zero, and abolished from the face of the world.

"I speak these words in sorrow of soul; words which probably you will not believe. Which only Fate can compel you to believe, one day, if they are true words:—you think, probably, they are not? Me at least, or interest of mine, they do not regard. I speak them from the fulness of my heart, and on behest of friendship and conviction alone; having the honor at this moment to bid you and your Republic a very long farewell. Good—morning, for the last time!" and so EXIT: to Rome (had been Cardinal once); to Paris and the society of Ninon's Circle for the few years left him of life. ["Died 16th December, 1672, age 63."]

This poor John had had his bitter experiences: think only of one instance. In 1662, the incredible Law of LIBERUM VETO had been introduced, in spite of John and his endeavors. LIBERUM VETO; the power of one man to stop the proceedings of Polish Parliament by pronouncing audibly "NIE POZWALAM, I don't permit!"—never before or since among mortals was so incredible a Law. Law standing indisputable, nevertheless, on the Polish Statute—Book for above two hundred years: like an ever—flowing fountain of Anarchy, joyful to the Polish Nation. How they got any business done at all, under such a Law? Truly they did but little; and for the last thirty years as good as none. But if Polish Parliament was universally in earnest to do some business, and Veto came upon it, Honorable Members, I observe, gathered passionately round the vetoing Brother; conjured, obtested, menaced, wept, prayed; and, if the case was too urgent and insoluble otherwise, the NIE POZWALAM Gentleman still obstinate, they plunged their swords through him, and in that way brought consent. The commoner course was to dissolve and go home again, in a tempest of shrieks and curses.

The Right of Confederation, too, is very curious: do readers know it? A free Polack gentleman, aggrieved by anything that has occurred or been enacted in his Nation, has the right of swearing, whether absolutely by himself I know not, but certainly with two or three others of like mind, that he will not accept said occurrence or enactment, and is hereby got into arms against its abettors and it. The brightest jewel in the cestus of Polish Liberty is this right of confederating; and it has been, till of late, and will be now again practised to all lengths: right of every Polish, gentleman to confederate with every other against, or for, whatsoever to them two may seem good; and to assert their particular view of the case by fighting for it against all comers, King and Diet included. It must be owned, there never was in Nature such a Form of Government before; such a mode of social existence, rendering "government" impossible for some generations past.

On the strength of Saxony and its resources and connections, the two Augusts had contrived to exist with the name of Kings; with the name, but with little or nothing more. Under this last August, as we heard, there have been about forty Diets, and in not one of them the least thing of business done; all the forty, after trying their best, have stumbled on NIE POZWALAM, and been obliged to vanish in shrieks and curses. [Buchholz (

Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte, ii. 133, 134, gives various samples, and this enumeration.] As to August the Physically Strong, such treatment had he met with,—poor August, if readers remember, had made up his mind to partition Poland; to give away large sections of it in purchase of the consent of neighbors, and plant himself hereditarily in the central part;—and would have done so, had not Grumkow and he drunk so deep, and death by inflammation of the foot suddenly come upon the poor man. Some Partition of Poland has been more than once thought of by practical people concerned. Poland, as "a house chronically smoking through the slates," which usually brings a new European War every time it changes King, does require to be taken charge of by its neighbors.

Latterly, as we observed, there has been little of confederating; indeed, for the last thirty years, as Rulhiere copiously informs us, there has been no Government, consequently no mutiny needed; little or no National business of any kind,—the Forty Diets having all gone the road we saw. Electing of the Judges,—that, says Rulhiere, and wearisomely teaches by example again and ever again, has always been an interesting act, in the various Provinces of Poland; not with the hope of getting fair or upright Judges, but Judges that will lean in the desirable direction. In a country overrun with endless lawsuits, debts, credits, feudal intricacies, claims, liabilities, how important to get Judges with the proper bias! And these once got, or lost till next term,—what is there to hope or to fear? Russia does our Politics, fights her Seven-Years War across us; and we, happy we, have no fighting;—never till this of Courland was there the least ill-nature from Russia! We are become latterly the peaceable stepping-stone of Russia into Europe and out of it;—what may be called the door-mat of Russia, useful to her feet, when she is about paying visits or receiving them! That is not a glorious fact, if it be a safe and "lucky" one; nor do the Polish Notabilities at all phrase it in that manner. But a fact it is; which has shown itself complete in the late Czarina's and late August's time, and which had been on the growing hand ever since Peter the Great gained his Battle of Pultawa, and rose to the ascendancy, instead of Karl and Sweden.

The Poles put fine colors on all this; and are much contented with themselves. The Russians they regard as intrinsically an inferior barbarous people; and to this day you will hear indignant Polack Gentlemen bursting out in the same strain: "Still barbarian, sir; no culture, no literature,"—inferior because they do not make verses equal to ours! How it may be with the verses, I will not decide: but the Russians are inconceivably superior in respect that they have, to a singular degree among Nations, the gift of obeying, of being commanded. Polack Chivalry sniffs at the mention of such a gift. Polack Chivalry got sore stripes for wanting this gift. And in the end, got striped to death, and flung out of the world, for continuing blind to the want of it, and never acquiring it.

Beyond all the verses in Nature, it is essential to every Chivalry and Nation and Man. "Polite Polish Society for the last thirty years has felt itself to be in a most halcyon condition," says Rulhiere: [Rulhiere, i. 216 (a noteworthy passage).] "given up to the agreeable, and to that only;" charming evening-parties, and a great deal of flirting; full of the benevolences, the philanthropies, the new ideas,—given up especially to the pleasing idea of "LAISSEZ-FAIRE, and everything will come right of itself." "What a discovery!" said every liberal Polish mind: "for thousands of years, how people did torment themselves trying to steer the ship; never knowing that the plan was, To let go the helm, and honestly sit down to your mutual amusements and powers of pleasing!"

To this condition of beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap has Poland ripened, in the helpless reigns of those poor Augusts;—the fulness of time not now far off, one would say? It would complete the picture, could I go into the state of what is called "Religion" in Poland. Dissenterism, of various poor types, is extensive; and, over against it, is such a type of Jesuit Fanaticism as has no fellow in that day. Of which there have been truly savage and sanguinary outbreaks, from time to time; especially one at Thorn, forty years ago, which shocked Friedrich Wilhelm and the whole Protestant world. [See *supra*, vi. 64 (and many old Pamphlets on it).] Polish Orthodoxy, in that time, and perhaps still in ours, is a thing worth noting. A late Tourist informs me, he saw on the streets of Stettin, not long since, a drunk human creature staggering about, who seemed to be a Baltic Sailor, just arrived; the dirtiest, or among the dirtiest, of mankind; who, as he reeled along, kept slapping his hands upon his breast, and shouting, in exultant soliloquy, "Polack, Catholik!" I am a Pole and Orthodox, ye inferior two-legged entities!—In regard to the Jesuit Fanaticisms, at Thorn and elsewhere, no blame can attach to the poor Augusts, who always leant the other way, what they durst or could. Nor is specialty of blame due to them on any score; it was "like People, like King," all along;—and they, such their luck, have lived to bring in the fulness of time.

The Saxon Electors are again aspirants for this enviable Throne. We have seen the beautiful Electress zealously soliciting Friedrich for help in that project; Friedrich, in a dexterously graceful manner, altogether

declining. Hereditary Saxons are not to be the expedient this time, it would seem; a grandiose Czarina has decided otherwise. Why should not she? She and all the world are well aware, Russia has been virtual lord of Poland this long time. Credible enough that Russia intends to continue so; and also that it will be able, without very much expenditure of new contrivance for that object.

So far as can be guessed and assiduously deduced from RULHIÈRE, with your best attention, Russian Catharine's interference seems first of all to have been grounded on the grandiose philanthropic principle. Astonishing to the liberal mind; yet to appearance true. Rulhiere nowhere says so; but that is gradually one's own perception of the matter; no other refuge for you out of flat inconceivability. Philanthropic principle, we say, which the Voltaires and Sages of that Epoch are prescribing as one's duty and one's glory: "O ye Kings, why won't you do good to mankind, then?" Catharine, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze, was equal to such a thing. To put one's cast Lover into a throne,—poor soul, console him in that manner;—and reduce the long-dissentient Country to blessed composure under him: what a thing! Foolish Poniatowski, an empty, windy creature, redolent of macassar and the finer sensibilities of the heart: him she did make King of Poland; but to reduce the long-dissentient Country to composure,—that was what she could not do. Countries in that predicament are sometimes very difficult to compose. The Czarina took, for above five years, a great deal of trouble, without losing patience. The Czarina, after every new effort, perceived with astonishment that she was farther from success than ever. With astonishment; and gradually with irritation, thickening and mounting towards indignation.

There is no reason to believe that the grandiose Woman handled, or designed to handle, a doomed Poland in the merciless feline-diabolic way set forth with wearisome loud reiteration in those distracted Books; playing with the poor Country as cat does with mouse; now lifting her fell paw, letting the poor mouse go loose in floods of celestial joy and hope without limit; and always clutching the hapless creature back into the blackness of death, before eating and ending it. Reason first is, that the Czarina, as we see her elsewhere, never was in the least a Cat or a Devil, but a mere Woman; already virtual proprietress of Poland, and needing little contrivance to keep it virtually hers. Reason second is, that she had not the gift of prophecy, and could not foreknow the Polish events of the next ten years, much less shape them out beforehand, and preside over them, like a Devil or otherwise, in the way supposed.

My own private conjecture, I confess, has rather grown to be, on much reading of those RULHIÈRES and distracted Books, that the Czarina,—who was a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired; with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze (if the reader will reflect on that Royal Gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males),—that the Czarina, very clearly resolute to keep Poland hers, had determined with herself to do something very handsome in regard to Poland; and to gain glory, both with the enlightened Philosophe classes and with her own proud heart, by her treatment of that intricate matter. "On the one hand," thinks she, or let us fancy she thinks, "here is Poland; a Country fallen bedrid amid Anarchies, curable or incurable; much tormented with religious intolerance at this time, hateful to the philosophic mind; a hateful fanaticism growing upon it for forty years past [though it is quite against Polish Law]; and the cries of oppressed Dissidents [Dissenters, chiefly of the Protestant and of the Greek persuasion] becoming more and more distressing to hear. And, on the other hand, here is Poniatowski who, who—!"

Readers have not forgotten the handsome, otherwise extremely paltry, young Polack, Stanislaus Poniatowski, whom Excellency Williams took with him 8 or 9 years ago, ostensibly as "Secretary of Legation," unostensibly as something very different? Handsome Stanislaus did duly become Lover of the Grand-Duchess; and has duly, in the course of Nature, some time ago (date uncertain to me), become discarded Lover; the question rising, What is to be done with that elegant inane creature, and his vaporous sentimentalisms and sublime sorrows and disappointments? "Let us make him King of Poland!" said the Czarina, who was always much the gentleman with her discarded Lovers (more so, I should say, than Louis Quatorze with his;—and indeed it is computed they cost her in direct moneys about twenty millions sterling,—being numerous and greedy; but never the least tiff of scolding or ill language): [Castera (*Vie de Catharine II.*) has an elaborate Appendix on this part of his subject.]—"King of Poland, with furnishings, and set him handsomely up in the world! We will close the Dissident Business for him, cure many a curable Anarchy of Poland, to the satisfaction of Voltaire and all leading spirits of mankind. He shall have outfit of Russian troops, poor creature; and be able to put down Anarchies, and show himself a useful and grateful Viceroy for us there. Outfit of 10,000 troops, a wise Russian Manager: and the

Question of the Dissidents to be settled as the first glory of his reign!"

Ingenuous readers are invited to try, in their diffuse vague RULHIERES, and unintelligible shrieky Polish Histories, whether this notion does not rise on them as a possible human explanation, more credible than the feline–diabolic one, which needs withal such a foreknowledge, UNattainable by cat or devil? Poland must not rise to be too strong a Country, and turn its back on Russia. No, truly; nor, except by miraculous suspension of the Laws of Nature, is there danger of that. But neither need Poland lie utterly lame and prostrate, useless to Russia; and be tortured on its sick–bed with Dissident Questions and Anarchies, curable by a strong Sovereign, of whom much is expected by Voltaire and the leading spirits of mankind.

What we shall have to say with perfect certainty, and what alone concerns us in our own affair, is, FIRST, that Catharine did proceed by this method, of crowning, fitting out and otherwise setting up Stanislaus; did attempt settlement (and at one time thought she had settled) the Dissident Question and some curable Anarchies,—but stirred up such legions of incurable, waxing on her hands, day after day, year after year, as were abundantly provoking and astonishing:—and that within the next eight years she had arrived, with Poland and her cargo of anarchies, at results which struck the whole world dumb. Dumb with astonishment, for some time; and then into tempests of vociferation more or less delirious, which have never yet quite ended, though sinking gradually to lower and lower stages of human vocality. Fact FIRST is abundantly manifest. Nor is fact SECOND any longer doubtful, That King Friedrich, in regard to all this, till a real crisis elsewhere had risen, took little or no visible interest whatever; had one unvarying course of conduct, that of punctually following Czarish Majesty in every respect; instructing his Minister at Warsaw always to second and reinforce the Russian one, as his one rule of policy in that Country,—whose distracted procedures, imbecilities and anarchies, are, beyond this point of keeping well with a grandiose Czarina concerned in it, of no apparent practical interest to Prussia or its King.

Friedrich, for a long time, passed with the Public for contriver of the Catastrophe of Poland,—"felonious mortal," "monster of maleficence," and what not, in consequence. Rulhiere, whose notion of him is none of the friendliest nor correctest, acquits him of this atrocity; declares him, till the very end, mainly or altogether passive in it. Which I think is a little more than the truth,—and only a little, as perhaps may appear by and by. Beyond dispute, these Polish events did at last grow interesting enough to Prussia and its King;—and it will be our task, sufficient in this place, to extricate and riddle out what few of these had any cardinal or notable quality, and put them down (dated, if possible, and in intelligible form), as pertinent to throwing light on this distressing matter, with careful exclusion of the immense mass which can throw only darkness.

EX–LOVER PONIATOWSKI BECOMES KING OF POLAND (7th Sept. 1764), AND IS CROWNED WITHOUT LOSS OF HIS HAIR.

WARSAW, 7th SEPTEMBER 1764, Stanislaus Poniatowski, by what management of an Imperial Catharine upon an anarchic Nation readers shall imagine AD LIBITUM, was elected, what they call elected, King of Poland. Of course there had been preliminary Diets of Convocation, much dieting, demonstrating and electing of imaginary members of Diet,—only "ten persons massacred" in the business. There was a Saxon Party; but no counter–candidate of that or any other nation. King Friedrich, solicited by a charming Electress– Dowager, decides to remain accurately passive. Polish emissaries came entreating him. A certain Mockranowski, who had been a soldier under him (never of much mark in that capacity, though now a flamingly conspicuous "General" and Politician, in the new scene he has got into), came passionately entreating (Potsdam, Summer of 1764, is all the date), "DONNEZ NOUS LE PRINCE HENRI, Give us Prince Henri for a King!" the sound of which almost made Friedrich turn pale: "Have you spoken or hinted of this to the Prince?" "No, your Majesty." "Home, then, instantly; and not a whisper of it again to any mortal!" [Rulhiere, ii. 268; Hermann, vi. 355–364.] which, they say, greatly irritated Prince Henri, and left a permanent sore–place in his mind, when he came to hear of it long after.

"A question rises here," says one of my Notes, which perhaps I had better have burnt: "At or about what dates did this glorious Poniatowski become Lover of the Grand–Duchess, and then become Ex–Lover? Nobody will say; or perhaps can? [Preuss (iv. 12) seems to try, but does not succeed.] Would have been a small satisfaction to us, and it is denied! 'Ritter Williams' (that is, Hanbury) must have produced him at Petersburg some time in 1756; '11th January, 1757,' finding it would suit, Poniatowski appeared there on his own footing as 'Ambassador from Warsaw,'"—(easy to get that kind of credential from a devoted Warsaw, if you are succeeding at the Court of Petersburg; "Warsaw watchfully makes that the rule of distributing its honors; and, from freezing–point upwards, is the most delicate thermometer," says Hermann somewhere). And this, is our one date, "Poniatowski in

business, SPRING, 1757;" of "Poniatowski fallen bankrupt," date is totally wanting.

"Poniatowski's age is 32 gone;—how long out of Russia, readers have to guess. Made his first public appearance on the streets of Warsaw, in the late Election time, as a Captain of Patriot Volunteers,—'Independence of Poland! Shall Poland be dictated to!' cried Stanislaus and an indignant Public at one stage of the affair. His Uncles Czartoryski were piloting him in; and in that mad element, the cries, and shiftings of tack, had to be many. [In HERMANN, v. 362–380 (still more in RULHIÈRE, ii. 119–289), wearisome account of every particular.] He is Nephew, by his mother, of these Czartoryskis; but is not by the father of very high family. 'Ought he to be King of Poland?' argued some Polish Emissary at Petersburg: 'His Grandfather was Land–steward to the Sapiehas.' 'And if he himself had been it!' said the Empress, inflexible, though with a blush.—It seems the family was really good, though fallen poor; and, since that Land–steward phasis, had bloomed well out again. His Father was conspicuous as a busy, shifting kind of man, in the Charles–Twelfth and other troubles; had died two years ago, as 'Castellan of Cracow;' always a dear friend of Stanislaus Leczinski, who gets his death two years hence [in 1766, as we have seen].

"King Stanislaus Poniatowski had five Brothers: two of them dead long before this time; a third, still alive, was Bishop of Something, Abbot of Something; ate his revenues in peace, and demands silence from us. The other two, Casimir and Andreas, are better worth naming,—especially the Son of one of them is. Casimir, the eldest, is 'Grand Crown–Chamberlain' in the days now coming, is also 'Starost of Zips [a Country you may note the name of!]'—and has a Son,' who is NOT the remarkable one. Andreas, the second Brother (died 1773), was in the Austrian Service, 'Ordnance–Master,' and a man of parts and weight;—who has been here at Warsaw, ardently helping, in the late Election time. He too had a Son (at this time a child in arms),—who is really the remarkable 'Nephew of King Stanislaus,' and still deserves a word from us.

"This Nephew, bred as an Austrian soldier, like his Father, is the JOSEPH PONIATOWSKI, who was very famous in the Newspapers fifty years ago. By all appearance, a man of some real patriotism, energy and worth. He had tried to believe (though, I think, never rightly able) what his omnipotent Napoleon had promised him, that extinct Poland should be resuscitated; and he fought and strove very fiercely, his Poles and he, in that faith or half–faith. And perished, fiercely fighting for Napoleon, fiercely covering Napoleon's retreat when his game was lost: horse and man plunged into the Elster River (Leipzig Country, October 19th, 1813, evening of the 'Battle of the Nations' there), and sank forever;—and the last gleam of Poland along with him. [*Biographie Universelle* (° Poniatowski, Joseph), xxxv. 349–359.] Not even a momentary gleam of hope for her, in the sane or half–sane kind, since that,—though she now and then still tries it in the insane: the more to my regret, for her and others!

"Besides these three Brothers, King Stanislaus had two Sisters still living: one of them Wife of a very high Zamoiski; the other of a ditto Branicki (pronounce BraniTZki)—him whom our German Books call KRON–GROSSFELDHERR; (Grand Crown–General,' if the Crown have any soldiers at all; the sublime, debauched old Branicki, of whom Rulhiere is continually talking, and never reports anything but futilities in a futile manner. So much is futile, and not worth reporting, in this Polish element!—King Stanislaus himself was born 17th January, 1732; played King of shreds and patches till 1790,—or even farther (not till 1795 did Catharine pluck the paper tabard quite off him); he died in Petersburg, February 11th or 12th) 1798." After such a life!—

Stanislaus was crowned 25th November, 1764. He needs, as preliminary, to be anointed, on the bare scalp of him, with holy oil before crowning; ought to have his head close–shaved with that view. Stanislaus, having an uncommonly fine head of hair, shuddered at the barbarous idea; absolutely would not: whereupon delay, consultation; and at length some artificial scalp, or second skull, of pasteboard or dyed leather, was contrived for the poor man, which comfortably took the oiling in a vicarious way, with the ambrosial locks well packed out of sight under it, and capable of flowing out again next day, as if nothing had happened. [Rulhiere.] Not a sublime specimen of Ornamental Human Nature, this poor Stanislaus! Ornamental wholly: the body of him, and the mind of him, got up for representation; and terribly plucked to pieces on the stage of the world. You may try to drop a tear over him, but will find mostly that you cannot.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS THE DISSIDENT QUESTION CANNOT BE GOT SETTLED; CONFEDERATION OF RADOM (23d June, 1767–5th March, 1768) PUSHES IT INTO SETTLEMENT.

For several years after this feat of the false scalp, through long volumes, wearisome even in RULHIÈRE, there turns up nothing which can now be called memorable. The settling of the Dissident Question proves

extremely tedious to an impatient Czarina; as to curing of the other curable Anarchies, there is absolutely nothing but a knitting up by A, with a ravelling-out again by B, and no progress discernible whatever. Impatient Czarina ardently pushes on some Dissident settlement,—seconded by King Friedrich and the chief Protestant Courts, London included, and by the European leading spirits everywhere,—through endless difficulties: finds native Orthodoxy an unexpectedly stiff matter; Bishops generally having a fanaticism which is wonderful to think of, and which keeps mounting higher and higher. Till at length there will Images of the Virgin take to weeping,—as they generally do in such cases, when in the vicinity of brew-houses and conveniences; [Nicolai, in his TRAVELS OVER GERMANY, doggedly undertook to overhaul one of those weeping Virgins (somewhere in Austria, I think); and found her, he says, to depend on subterranean percolation of steam from a Brewery not far off.]—a Carmelite Monk go about the country working miracles; and, in short, an extremely ugly phasis of religious human nature disclose itself to the afflicted reader. King Friedrich thinks, had it not been for this Dissident Question, things would have taken their old Saxon complexion, and Poland might have rotted on as heretofore, perhaps a good while longer.

As to the knitting-up and ravelling-out again, which is called curing of the other anarchies, no reader can or need say anything: it seems to be a most painful knitting-up, by the Czartoryskis chiefly, then an instant ravelling out by malign Opposition parties of various indistinct complexion; the knitting, the ravelling, and the malign Opposition parties, alike indistinct and without interest to mankind. A certain drunken, rather brutal Phantasm of a Prince Radzivil, who hates the Czartoryskis, and is dreadfully given to drink, to wasteful ambitions and debaucheries, figures much in these businesses; is got banished and confiscated, by some Confederation formed; then, by new Confederations, is recalled and reinstated,—worse if possible than ever. The thing is reality; but it reads like a Phantasmagory produced by Lapland Witches, under presidency of Diabolus (very certainly the Devil presiding, as you see at all turns),—and is not worth understanding, were it even easy.

Much semi-intelligible, wholly forgettable stuff about King Stanislaus and his difficulties, and his duplicities and treacherous imbecilities, [Hermann, v. 400, Rulhiere PASSIM.] now of interest to no mortal. Stanislaus is at one time out with the uncles Czartoryski, at another in with these worthy gentlemen: a man not likely to cure Anarchies, unless wishing would do it. On the Dissident Question itself he needs spurring: a King of liberal ideas, yes; but with such flames of fanaticism under the nose of him. In regard to the Dissident and all other curative processes he is languid, evasive, for moments recalcitrant to Russian suggestions; a lost imbecile,—forget him, with or without a tear. He has still a good deal of so-called gallantry on his hands; flies to his harem when outside things go contradictory. [Hermann, v. 402, Think of malign Journalists printing this bit of Letter at one time, to do him ill in a certain quarter: "Oh, come to me, my Princess! Dearer than all Empresses:—imperial charms, what were they to thine for a heart that has—" with more of the like stuff, for a Czarina's behoof.

WINTER OF 1766, Imperial Majesty, whether after or before that miraculous Carmelite Monk, I do not remember, became impatient of these tedious languors and tortuosities about the Dissident Question, and gave express order, "Settle it straightway!" To which end, Confederations and the other machinery were set agoing: Confederations among the Protestants and Dissidents themselves, about Thorn and such places (got up by Russian engineering), and much more extensively in the Lithuanian parts; Confederations of great extent, imperative, minatory; ostensibly for reinstating these poor people in their rights (which, by old Polish Law, they quite expressly were, if that were any matter), but in reality for bringing back drunken Radzivil, who has covenanted to carry that measure. And so,

JUNE 23d, 1767, These multiplex Polish-Lithuanian Confederations, twenty-four of them in all, with their sublime marshals and officials, and above 80,000 noblemen in them, meet by deputies at Radom, a convenient little Town within wind of Warsaw (lies 60 miles to south of Warsaw); and there coalesce into one general "Confederation of Radom," [Hermann, v. 420.] with drunken Radzivil atop, who, glad to be reinstated in his ample Domains and Wine-cellars, and willing at any rate to spite the Czartoryskis and others, has pledged himself to carry that great measure in Diet, and quash any NIE POZWALAMS and difficulties there may be. This is the once world-famous, now dimly discoverable, CONFEDERATION OF RADOM, which—by preparatory declaring, under its hand and seal, That the Law of the Land must again become valid, and "Free Polacks of Dissident opinions concerning Religion (NOS DISSIDENTES DE RELIGIONE)," as the old Law phrases it, "shall have equal rights of citizenship"—was beautifully instrumental in achieving that bit of Human Progress, and pushing it through the Diet, and its difficulties shortly ensuing.

Not that the Diet did not need other vigorous treatment as well, the flame of fanaticism being frightfully ardent; many of the poor Bishops having run nearly frantic at this open spoliation of Mother Church, and snatching of the sword from Peter. So that Imperial Majesty had to decide on picking out a dozen, or baker's dozen, of the hottest Bishops; and carrying them quietly into Russia under lock and key, till the thing were done. Done it was, surely to the infinite relief of mankind;—I cannot say precisely on what day: October 13th–14th (locking up of the dozen Bishops), was one vital epoch of it; November 19th, 1767 (report of Committee on it, under Radzivil's and Russia's coercion), was another: first and last it took about five months baking in Diet. Diet met Oct. 4th, 1767, Radzivil controlling as Grand–Marshal, and Russia as minatory Phantom controlling Radzivil; Diet, after adjournments, after one long adjournment, disappeared 5th March, 1768; and of work mentionable it had done this of the Dissidents only. That of contributing to "the sovereign contempt with which King Stanislaus is regarded by all ranks of men," is hardly to be called peculiar work or peculiarly mentionable.

At this point, to relieve the reader's mind, and, at any rate, as the date is fully come, we will introduce a small NEWSPAPER ARTICLE from a very high hand, little guessed till long afterwards as the writer,—namely, from King Friedrich's own. It does not touch on the Dissident Question, or the Polish troubles; but does, in a back–handed way, on Prussian Rumors rising about them; and may obliquely show more of the King's feeling on that subject than we quite suppose. It seems the King had heard that the Berlin people were talking and rumoring of "a War being just at hand;" whereupon—"MARCH 5th, 1767, IN THE VOSSISCHE ZEITUNG (Voss's Chronicle), No. 28," an inquisitive Berlin public read as follows:—

"We are advised from Potsdam, that, on the 27th of February, towards evening, the sky began to get overcast; black clouds, presaging a tempest of unexampled fury, covered all the horizon: the thunder, with its lightnings, forked bolts of amazing brilliancy, burst out; and, under its redoubled peals, there descended such a torrent of hail as within man's memory had not been seen. Of two bullocks yoked in their plough, with which a peasant was hastening home, one was struck on the head by a piece of it, and killed outright. Many of the common people were wounded in the streets; a brewer had his arm broken. Roofs are destroyed by the weight of this hail; all the windows that looked windward while it fell were broken. In the streets, hailstones were found of the size of pumpkins (CITROUILLES), which had not quite melted two hours after the storm ceased. This singular phenomenon has made a very great impression. Scientific people say, the air had not buoyancy enough to support these solid masses when congealed to ice; that the small hailstones in these clouds getting so lashed about in the impetuosity of the winds, had united the more the farther they fell, and had not acquired that enormous magnitude till comparatively near the earth. Whatever way it may have happened, it is certain that occurrences of that kind are rare, and almost without example." [VOSSISCHE ZEITUNG, ubi supra: *OEuvres de Frederic*, xv. 204.]

Another singularity is, "Professor Johann Daniel Titius of Wittenberg," who teaches NATURAL PHILOSOPHY in that famous University, one may judge with what effect, wrote a Monograph on this unusual Phenomenon! [Rodenbeck (ii. 285) gives the Title of it, "CONSIDERATIONS ON THE POTSDAM HAIL OF LAST YEAR (Wittenberg, 1768)."]

CONFEDERATION OF BAR ENSUES, ON THE PER–CONTRA SIDE (March 28th, 1768); AND, AS FIRST RESULT OF ITS ACHIEVEMENTS (October 6th, 1768), A TURK–RUSSIAN WAR.

The Confederation of Radom, and its victorious Diet, had hardly begun their Song of Triumph, when there ensued on the per–contra side a flaming CONFEDERATION OF BAR;—which, by successive stages, does at last burn out the Anarchies of Poland, and reduce them to ashes. Confederation of Bar; and then, as progeny of that, for and against, such a brood of Confederations, orthodox, heterodox, big, little, short–lived, long–lived, of all complexions and degrees of noisy fury, potent, at any rate, each of them for murder and arson, within a certain radius, as the Earth never saw before. Now was the time of those inextricable marchings (as inroads and outroads) through the Lithuanian Bogs, of those death–defiant, unparalleled exploits, skirmishings, scaladings, riding by the edge of precipices, of Pulawski, Potocki and others,—in which Rulhiere loses himself and turns on his axis, amid impatient readers.

For the Russian troops (summoned by a trembling Stanislaus and his Senate, in terms of Treaty 1764), and in more languid manner, the Stanislaus soldiery, as per law of the case, proceeded to strike in,—generally, my impression was, with an eye to maintain the King's Peace and keep down murder and arson:—and sure enough, the small bodies of drilled Russians blew an infuriated orthodox Polack chivalry to right and left at a short notice; but as to the Constable's Peace or King's, made no improvement upon that, far the reverse. It is certain the

Confederate chivalry were driven about, at a terrible rate,—over the Turk frontier for shelter; began to appeal to the Grand Turk, in desperate terms: "Brother of the Sun and Moon, saw you ever such a chance for finishing Russia? Polack chivalry is Orthodox Catholic, but also it is Anti-Russian!" The Turk beginning to give ear to it, made the matter pressing and serious. Here, more specifically, are some features and successive phases,—unless the reader prefer to skip.

"BAR, MARCH, 1768. The Confederation of Radom, as efficient preliminary, and chief agent in that Diet of emancipation to the Dissident human mind, might long have been famous over Poland and the world; but there instantly followed as corollary to it a CONFEDERATION OF BAR, which quite dimmed the fame of Radom, and indeed of all Confederations prior or posterior! As the Confederation of Bar and its Doings, or rather sufferings and tragical misdoings and undoings, still hang like fitful spectralities, or historical shadows, of a vague ghastly complexion, in the human memory, one asks at least: Since they were on this Planet, tell us where? Bar is in the Waiwodship Podol (what we call Podolia), some 400 miles southeast of Warsaw; not far from the Dniester River:—not far very from that mystery of the Dniester, the Zaporavian Cossacks,—from those rapids or cataracts (quasi-cataracts of the Dniester, with Islands in them, where those Cossack robbers live unassailable):—across the Dniester lies Turkey, and its famed Fortress of Choczim. This is a commodious station for Polish Gentlemen intending mutiny by law.

"MARCH 8th, 1768, Three short days after the Diet of Radom had done its fine feat, and retired to privacy, news came to Warsaw, That Podolia and the Southern parts are all up, confederating with the highest animation; in hot rage against such decision of a Diet, contrary to Holy Religion and to much else; and that the said decision will have to fight for itself, now that it has done voting. This interesting news is true; and goes on intensifying and enlarging itself, one dreadful Confederation springing up, and then another and ever another, day after day; till at last we hear that on the 27th of the month, MARCH 27th, 1768, at Bar, a little Town on the Southern or Turkish Frontier, all these more or less dreadful Confederations have met by delegates, and coalesced into one 'Confederatiou of Bar,'—which did surely prove dreadful enough, to itself especially, in the months now ensuing!"

No history of Bar Confederation shall we dream of; far be such an attempt from us. It consists of many Confederations, and out of each, PRO and CONTRA, spring many. Like the Lernean Hydra, or even Hydras in a plural condition. A many-headed dog: and how many whelps it had,—I cannot give even the cipher of them, or I would! One whelp Confederation, that of Cracow, is distinguished by having frequently or generally been "drunk;" and of course its procedures had often a vinous character. [In HERMANN (v. 431–448); and especially in RULHIÈRE (ii. livre 8 et seq.), details in superabundance.] I fancy to have read somewhere that the number of them was one hundred and twenty-five. The rumor and the furious barking of Bar and its whelps goes into all lands: such rabid loud baying at mankind and the moon; and then, under Russia's treatment, such shrill yelping and shrieking, was not heard in the world before, though perhaps it has since.

Poor BAR'S exploits in the fighting way were highly inconsiderable; all on the same scale; and spread over such a surface of country, mostly unknown, as renders it impossible to give them head-room, were you never so unfurnished. They can be read in eloquent Rulhière; but by no mortal held in memory. Anarchy is not a thing to be written of; a Lernean Hydra, several Lernean Hydras, in chaotic genesis, getting their heads lopped off, and at the same time sprouting new ones in such ratio, where is the Zoologist that will give account of it? There was not anything considerable of fighting; but of bullying, plundering, murdering and being murdered, a frightful amount. There are seizures of castles, convents, defensible houses; marches at a rate like that of antelopes, through the Lithuanian parts, boggy, hungry, boundless, opening to the fancy the Infinitude of Peat, in the solid and the fluid state. This, perhaps, is the finest species of feats, though they never lead to anything. There are heroes famed for these marches.

The Pulawskis, for example,—four of them, Lawyer people,—showed much activity, and a talent for impromptu soldiering, in that kind. The Magnates of the Confederation, I was surprised to learn, had all quitted it, the instant it came to strokes: "You Lawyer people, with your priests and orthodox peasantries, you do the fighting part; ours is the consulting!" And except Potocki (and he worse than none), there is presently not a Magnate of them left in Poland,—the rest all gone across the Austrian Border, to Teschen, to Bilitz, a handy little town and domain in that Duchy of Teschen;—and sit there as "Committee of Government:" much at their ease in comparison, could they but agree among themselves, which they cannot. Bilitz is one of the many domains of

Magnate Sulkowski:—do readers recollect the Sulkowski who at one time "declared War" on King Friedrich; and was picked up, both War and he, so compendiously by General Goltz, and locked in Glogau to cool? This is the same Sulkowski; much concerned now in these matters; a rich Magnate, glad to see his friends about him as Governing Committee; but gets, and gives, a great deal of vexation in it, the element proving again too hot!—

I said there were four famed Pulawskis; [Hermann, v. 465.] a father, once Advocate in Warsaw, with three sons and a nephew; who, though extremely active people, could do no good whatever. The father Pulawski had the fine idea of introducing the British Constitution; clothing Poland wholly in British tailorage, and so making it a new Poland: but he never could get it done. This poor gentleman died in Turkish prison, flung into jail at Constantinople, on calumnious accusation and contrivance by a rival countryman; his sons and nephew, poor fellows, all had their fame, more or less, in the Cause of Freedom so called; but no other profit in this world, that I could hear of. Casimir, the eldest son, went to America; died there, still in the Cause of Freedom so called; Fort Pulawski, in the harbor of Charleston (which is at present, on very singular terms, RE-engaged in the same so-called Cause!), was named in memory of this Casimir. He had defended Czenstochow (if anybody knew what Czenstochow was, or could find it in the Polish map); and it was also he that contrived that wonderful plan of suddenly snapping up King Stanislaus from the streets of Warsaw one night, ["3d November, 1771."] and of locking him away (by no means killing him), as the source of all our woes. O my Pulawskis, men not without manhood, what a bedlam of a Time have you and I fallen into, and what Causes of Freedom it has got in hand!

Bar, a poor place, with no defences but a dry ditch and some miserable earthworks, the Confederates had not the least chance to maintain; Kaminiec, the only fortress of the Province, they never even got into, finding some fraction of royal soldiery who stood for King Stanislaus there, and who fired on the Confederates when applied to. Bar a small Russian division, with certain Stanislaus soldieries conjoined, took by capitulation; and (date not given) entered in a victorious manner. The War—Epic of the Confederates, which Rulhiere sings at such length, is blank of meaning.

Of "Cloister Czenstochow," a famed feat of Pulawski's, also without result, I could not from my Rulhiere discover (what was altogether an illuminative fact to me!) that the date of Czenstochow was not till 1771. A feat of "Cloister BERDICZOW," almost an exact facsimile by the same Pulawski, also resultless, I did, under Hermann's guidance, at once find;—and hope the reader will be satisfied to accept it instead: Cloister Berdiczow, which lies in the Palatinate of Kiow; and which has a miraculous Holy Virgin, not less venerated far and wide in those eastern parts, than she of Cloister Czenstochow in the western: THIS Cloister Berdiczow and its salutary Virgin, Pulawski (the Casimir, now of Charleston Harbor) did defend, with about 1,000 men, in a really obstinate way, The Monastery itself had in it gifts of the faithful, accumulated for ages; and all the richest people in those Provinces, Confederate or not, had lodged their preciosities there, as in an impregnable and sure place, in those times of trouble. Intensely desirous, accordingly, the Russians were to take it, but had no cannon; desperately resolute Pulawski and his 1,000 to defend. Pulawski and his 1,000 fired intensely, till their cannon—balls were quite done; then took to firing with iron—work, and hard miscellanies of every sort, especially glad when they could get a haul of glass to load with;—and absolutely would not yield till famine came; though the terms offered were good,—had they been kept.

So that Pulawski, it would appear, did Two Cloister Defences? Two, each with a miraculous Holy Virgin; an eastern, and then a westerly. This of Berdiczow, not dated to me farther, is for certain of the year 1768; and Pulawski, owing to famine, did yield here. In 1771, at miraculous Cloister Czenstochow, in the western parts, Pulawski did an external feat, or consented to see it done, —that of trying to snuff out poor King Stanislaus on the streets (3d November, 10 P.M., "miraculously" in vain, as most readers know),—which brought its obloquies and troubles on the Defender of Czenstochow. Obloquies and troubles: but as to surrendering Czenstochow on call of obloquy, or of famine itself, Pulawski would not, not he for his own part; but solemnly left his men to do it, and walked away by circuitous uncertain paths, which end in Charleston Harbor, as we have seen. [At Savannah, in a stricter sense. "Perished at the Siege [futile attempt to storm, by the French, which they called a Siege] of Savannah, 9th October, 1779."] Defence of Czenstochow in 1771 shall not concern us farther. Truly these two small defences of monasteries by Pulawski are almost all, I do not say of glorious, but even of creditable or human, that reward the poor wanderer in that Polish Valley of Jehoshaphat, much of it peat—country; wherefore I have, as before, marked the approximate localities, approximate dates, for behoof of ingenuous readers.

The Russians, ever since 1764, from the beginnings of those Stanislaus times, are pledged to maintain peace

in Poland; and it is they that have to deal with this affair,—they especially, or almost wholly, poor Stanislaus having scarcely any power, military or other, and perhaps being loath withal. There was more of investigating and parleying, bargaining and intriguing, than of fighting, on Stanislaus's part. "June 11th, 1768," says a Saxon Note from Warsaw, "Mokranowski, Stanislaus's General [the same that was with Friedrich], has been sent down to Bar to look into those Confederates. Mokranowski does not think there are above 8,000 of them; about 3,000 have got their death from Russian castigation. The 8,000 might be treated with, only Russians are so dreadfully severe, especially so intent on wringing money from them. Confederates have been complaining to the Turk; Turk ambiguous; gives them no definite ground of hope. 'What then, is your hope?' I inquired. 'Little or none, except in Heaven,' several answered: 'it is for our religion and our liberty:' religion cut to pieces by this Dissident Toleration—blasphemy; liberty ditto by the Russian guarantee of peace among us: 'what can we do but trust in God and our own despair?'" ["Essen's Report, 11th June, 1768" (in HERMANN, v. 441).] "Prave worts, Ancient Pistol,"—but much destitute of sense, and not to be realized in present circumstances. Here is something much more critical:—

JUNE—JULY, 1768. "The peasants in the Southern regions, Palatinates Podol, Kiow, Braclaw, called UKRAINE or Border—Country by the Poles, are mostly of Greek and other schismatic creeds. Their Lords are of an orthodox religion, and not distinguished by mild treatment of such Peasantry, upon whom civil war and plunder have been latterly a sore visitation. To complete the matter, the Confederates in certain quarters, blown upon by fanatical priests, set about converting these poor peasants, or forcing them, at the point of the bayonet, to swear that they adopt the 'Greek united rite,' which I suppose to be a kind of half—way house towards perfect orthodoxy. In one Village, which was getting converted in this manner, the military party seemed to be small; the Village boiled over upon it; trampled orthodoxy and military both under foot, in a violent and sanguinary manner; and was extremely frightened when it had done. Extremely frightened, not the Village only, but the schismatic mind generally in those parts, dreading vengeance for such a paroxysm. But the atrocious Russians whispered them, 'We are here to protect you in your religions and rights, in your poor consciences and skins.' Upon which hint of the atrocious Russians, the schismatic mind and population one and all rose; and, 'with the cannibal's ferocity, gave way to their appetite for plunder!' ...

"Nay, the Russian Government [certain Russian Officials hard pressed] had invited the Zaporavian Cossacks to step over from their Islands in the Dniester, and assist in defending their Religion [true Greek, of course]; who at once did so; and not only extinguished the last glimmer of Confederation there, but overwhelmed the Country, thousands on thousands of them, attended by revolted peasants,—say a 20,000 of peasants under command of these Zaporavians,—who went about plundering and burning. That they plundered the Jew pot—houses of their brandy, and drank it, was a small matter. Very furious upon Jews, upon Noblemen, Landlords, upon Catholic Priests. 'On one tree [tree should have been noted] was found hanged a specimen of each of those classes, with a Dog adjoined, as fit company.' In one little Town, Town of HUMAN [so called in that foreign dialect], getting some provocation or other, they set to massacring; and if brandy were plentiful, we can suppose they made short work. By the lowest computation the number of slain Jews and Catholics amounted to 10,000 odd [Hermann, v. 444; Rulhiere, iii. 93.]—Rulhiere says '50,000, by some accounts 200,000.'" This I guess to have been at its height about the end of June; this leads direct to the Catastrophe, as will presently be seen.

Foreign States don't seem to pay much attention,—indeed, what sane person would like to interfere, or hope to do it with profit? France, Austria, both wish well to Poland, at least ill to Russia; Choiseul has no finance, can do nothing but intrigue, and stir up trouble everywhere: a devout Kaiserinn goes with Holy Church, and disapproves of these Dissident Tolerations: it is remarked that all through 1768 the Confederates of Bar are permitted to retire over the Austrian Frontier into Austrian Silesia, and find themselves there in safety. Permitted to buy arms, to make preparations, issue orders: at Sulkowski's Bilitz, in the Duchy of Teschen, supreme Managing Committee sits there; no Kaunitz or Official person meddling with it. About the beginning of next year (1769), it is, ostensibly, a little discountenanced; and obliged to go to Eperjes, on the Hungarian Frontier [See Busching: for Eperjes, ii. 1427; for Bilitz, viii. 885.] (as a more decent or less conspicuous place),—such trouble now rising; a Turk War having broken out, momentous not to the Confederation alone. March, 1769, the ever—intriguing Choiseul—fancy with what rapturous effect—had sent some kind of Agent or Visitor to Teschen; Vergennes in Turkey, from the beginning of these things, has been plying night and day his diplomatic bellows upon every live—coal ("I who myself kindled this Turk—War!" brags he afterwards);—not till next year (1770) did

Choiseul send his Dumouriez to the Bilitz neighborhoods; not till next again, when Choiseul was himself out, [Thrown out "2d December, 1770,"—by Louis's NEW Pompadour.] did his Viomenil come: [Hermann, v. 469–471; in RULHIÈRE (iv. 241–289) account of Dumouries and his fencings and spyings, still more of Viomenil, who had "French Volunteers," and did some bits of real fighting on the small scale.] neither of whom, by their own head alone, without funds, without troops, could do other than with fine effort make bad worse.

It is needless continuing such a subject. Here is one glimpse two years later, and it shall be our last: "NEAR LUBLIN, 25th SEPTEMBER, 1770. It is frightful, all this that is passing in these parts,—about the Town of Labun, for example. The dead bodies remain without burial; they are devoured by the dogs and the pigs. ... Everywhere reigns Pestilence; nor do we fear contagion so much as famine. Offer 100 ducats for a fowl or for a bit of bread, I swear you won't get it. General von Essen [Russian, we will hope] has had to escape from Laticzew, then from" some other place, "Pestilence chasing him everywhere."

To apply to the Turks,—afflicted Polish Patriots prostrating themselves with the hope of despair, "Save us, your sublime Clemency; throw a ray of pity on us, Brother of the Sun and Moon: oh, chastise our diabolic oppressors!"—this was one of the first resources of the Bar Confederates. The Turks did give ear; not inattentive, though pretending to be rather deaf. M. de Vergennes,—of whose "diplomatic bellows" we just heard (in fact, for diligence in this Turk element, in this young time, the like of him was seldom seen; we knew him long afterwards as a diligent old gentleman, in French–Revolution days),—M. de Vergennes zealously supports; zealous to let loose the Turk upon Anti–French parties. The Turks seem to wag their heads, for some time; and their responses are ambiguous. For some time, not for long. Here, fast enough, comes, in disguised shape, the Catastrophe itself, ye poor plaintive Poles!

JULY–OCTOBER, 1768. Those Zaporavian and other Cossacks, with 20,000 peasants plundering about on both sides of the Dniester, had set fire to the little Town of Balta, which is on the south side, and belongs to the Turks: a very grave accident, think all political people, think especially the Foreign Excellencies at Warsaw, when news of it arrives. Burning of Balta, not to be quenched by the amplest Russian apologies, proved a live–coal at Constantinople; and Vergennes says, he set population and Divan on fire by it: a proof that the population and Divan had already been in a very inflammable state. Not a wise Divan, though a zealous. Plenty of fury in these people; but a sad deficiency of every other faculty. They made haste, in their hot humor, to declare War (6th October, 1768); [Hermann, v. 608–611.] not considering much how they would carry it on. Declared themselves in late Autumn,—as if to give the Russians ample time for preparing; those poor Turks themselves being as yet ready with nothing, and even the season for field–operations being over.

King Friedrich, who has still a Minister at the Porte, endeavored to dissuade his old Turk friends, in this rash crisis; but to no purpose; they would listen to nothing but Vergennes and their own fury. Friedrich finds this War a very mad one on the part of his old Turk friends; their promptitude to go into it (he has known them backward enough when their chances were better!), and their way of carrying it on, are alike surprising to him. He says: "Catharine's Generals were unacquainted with the first elements of Castrametation and Tactic; but the Generals of the Sultan had a still more prodigious depth of ignorance; so that to form a correct idea of this War, you must figure a set of purblind people, who, by constantly beating a set of altogether blind, end by gaining over them a complete mastery." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, vi. 23, 24.] This, as Friedrich knows, is what Austria cannot suffer; this is what will involve Austria and Russia, and Friedrich along with them, in— Friedrich, as the matter gradually unfolds itself, shudders to think what. The beginnings of this War were perhaps almost comical to the old Soldier–King; but as it gradually developed itself into complete shattering to pieces of the stupid Blind by the ambitious Purblind, he grew abundantly serious upon it.

It is but six months since Polish Patriotism, so effulgent to its own eyes in Orthodoxy, in Love of glorious Liberty, confederated at Bar, and got into that extraordinary whirlpool, or cesspool, of miseries and deliriums we have been looking at; and now it has issued on a broad highway of progress,—broad and precipitous,—and will rapidly arrive at the goal set before it. All was so rapid, on the Polish and on the Turkish part. The blind Turks, out of mere fanaticism and heat of humor, have rushed into this adventure;—and go rushing forward into a series of chaotic platitudes on the huge scale, and mere tragical disasters, year after year, which would have been comical, had they not been so hideous and sanguinary: constant and enormous blunders on the Turk part, issuing in disasters of like magnitude; which in the course of Two Campaigns had quite finished off their Polish friends, in a very unexpected way; and had like to have finished themselves off, had not drowned Poland served as a

stepping-stone.

Not till March 26th, 1769, six months after declaring in such haste, did the blind Turks "display their Banner of Mahomet," that is, begin in earnest to assemble and make ready. Nor were the Russians shingly strategic, though sooner in the field,—a Prince Galitzin commanding them (an extremely purblind person); till replaced by Romanzow, our old Colberg acquaintance, who saw considerably better. Galitzin, early in the season, made a rush on Choczim (ChoTzim), the first Turk Fort beyond the Dniester; and altogether failed,—not by Turk prowess, but by his own purblind mal-arrangements (want of ammunition, want of bread, or I will forget what);—which occasioned mighty grumbings in Russia: till in a month or two, by favor of Fortune and blindness of the Turk, matters had come well round again; and Galitzin, walking up to Choczim the second time, found there was not a Turk in the place, and that Choczim was now his on those uncommonly easy terms!

Instead of farther details on such a War,—the shadow or reflex of which, as mirrored in the Austrian mind, has an importance to Friedrich and us; but the self or substance of which has otherwise little or none,—we will close here with a bit of Russian satire on it, which is still worth reading. The date is evidently Spring, 1769; the scene what we are now treating of: Galitzin obliged to fall back from Choczim; great rumor—"What a Galitzin; what a Turk War his, in contrast to the last we had!" [Turk War of 1736–1739, under Munnich (supra, vii. 81–126).]—no Romanzow yet appointed in his room. And here is a small Manuscript, which was then circulating fresh and new in Russian Society; and has since gone over all the world (though mostly in an uncertain condition, in old Jest-Books and the like), as a genuine bit of CAVIARE from those Northern parts:—

MANUSCRIPT CIRCULATING IN RUSSIAN SOCIETY. Galitzin, much grieved about Choczim, could not sleep; and, wandering about in his tent, overheard, one night, a common soldier recounting his dream to the sentry outside the door.

"A curious dream," said the soldier: "I dreamt I was in a battle; that I got my head cut off; that I died; and, of course, went to Heaven. I knocked at the door: Peter came with a bunch of Keys; and made such rattling that he awoke God; who started up in haste, asking, 'What is the matter?' 'Why,' says Peter, 'there is a great War on earth between the Russians and the Turks.' 'And who commands my Russians?' said the Supreme Being. 'Count Munnich,' answered Peter. 'Very well; I may go to sleep again!'—But this was not the end of my dream," continued the soldier; "I fell asleep and dreamt again, the very same as before, except that the War was not Count Munnich's, but the one we are now in. Accordingly, when God asked, 'Who commands my Russians?' Peter answered, 'Prince Galitzin.' 'Galitzin? Then get me my boots!' said the [Russian] Supreme Being." [W. Richardson (then at Petersburg, Tutor to Excellency Cathcart's Children; afterwards Professor at Glasgow, and a man of Some reputation in his old age), *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire, in a Series of Letters written a few years ago from St. Petersburg* (London, 1784), p. 110: date of this Letter is "17th October, 1769."]

Chapter IV. PARTITION OF POLAND.

These Polish phenomena were beginning to awaken a good deal of attention, not all of it pleasant, on the part of Friedrich. From the first he had, as usual, been a most clear-eyed observer of everything; and found the business, as appears, not of tragical nature, but of expensive-farcical, capable to shake the diaphragm rather than touch the heart of a reflective on-looker. He has a considerable Poem on it,—WAR OF THE CONFEDERATES by title (in the old style of the PALLADION, imitating an unattainable JEANNE D'ARC),—considerable Poem, now forming itself at leisure in his thoughts, ["LA GUERRE DES CONFEDERES [*OEuvres*, xiv. 183 et seq.], finished in November, 1771."] which decidedly takes that turn; and laughs quite loud at the rabid fanaticisms, blustering inanities and imbecilities of these noisy unfortunate neighbors:—old unpleasant style of the PALLADION and PUCELLE; but much better worth reading; having a great deal of sharp sense in its laughing guise, and more of real Historical Discernment than you will find in any other Book on that delirious subject.

Much a laughing-stock to this King hitherto, such a "War of the Confederates,"—consisting of the noisiest, emptiest bedlam tumults, seasoned by a proportion of homicide, and a great deal of battery and arson. But now, with a Russian-Turk War springing from it, or already sprung, there are quite serious aspects rising amid the laughable. By Treaty, this War is to cost the King either a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to the Czarina, or a 72,000 pounds (480,000 thalers) annually; [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 13.]—which latter he prefers to pay her, as the alternative: not an agreeable feature at all; but by no means the worst feature. Suppose it lead to Russian conquests on the Turk, to Austrian complicacies, to one knows not what, and kindle the world round one again! In short, we can believe Friedrich was very willing to stand well with next-door neighbors at present, and be civil to Austria and its young Kaiser's civilities.

FIRST INTERVIEW BETWEEN FRIEDRICH AND KAISER JOSEPH (Neisse, 25th–28th August, 1769).

In 1766, the young Kaiser, who has charge of the Military Department, and of little else in the Government, and is already a great traveller, and enthusiastic soldier, made a pilgrimage over the Bohemian and Saxon Battle-fields of the Seven-Years War. On some of them, whether on all I do not know, he set up memorial-stones; one of which you still see on the field of Lobositz;—of another on Prag field, and of reverent salutation by Artillery to the memory of Schwerin there, we heard long ago. Coming to Torgau on this errand, the Kaiser, through his Berlin Minister, had signified his "particular desire to make acquaintance with the King in returning;" to which the King was ready with the readiest;— only that Kaunitz and the Kaiserinn, in the interim, judged it improper, and stopped it. "The reported Interview is not to take place," Friedrich warns the Newspapers; "having been given up, though only from courtesy, on some points of ceremonial." ["FRIEDRICH TO ONE OF HIS FOREIGN AMBASSADORS" (the common way of announcing in Newspapers): *Preuss*, iv. 22 n.]

The young Kaiser felt a little huffed; and signified to Friedrich that he would find a time to make good this bit of uncivility, which his pedagogues had forced upon him. And now, after three years, August, 1769, on occasion of the Silesian Reviews, the Kaiser is to come across from his Bohemian businesses, and actually visit him: Interview to be at Neisse, 25th August, 1769, for three days. Of course the King was punctual, everybody was punctual, glad and cordial after a sort,—no ceremony, the Kaiser, officially incognito, is a mere Graf von Falkenstein, come to see his Majesty's Reviews. There came with him four or five Generals, Loudon one of them; Lacy had preceded: Friedrich is in the palace of the place, ready and expectant. With Friedrich are: Prince Henri; Prince of Prussia; Margraf of Anspach: Friedrich's Nephew (Lady Craven's Margraf, the one remnant now left there); and some Generals and Military functionaries, Seidlitz the notablest figure of these. And so, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25th, shortly after noon— But the following Two Letters, by an Eye-witness, will be preferable; and indeed are the only real Narrative that can be given:—

No. 1. ENGINEER LEFEBVRE TO PERPETUAL SECRETARY FORMEY (at Berlin).

"NEISSE, 26th [partly 25th] August, 1769.

"MY MOST WORTHY FRIEND,—I make haste to inform you of the Kaiser's arrival here at Neisse, this day, 25th August, 1769, at one in the afternoon. The King had spent the morning in a proof Manoeuvre, making rehearsal of the Manoeuvre that was to be. When the Kaiser was reported just coming, the King went to the window of the grand Episcopal Saloon, and seeing him alight from his carriage, turned round and said, 'JE L'AI

VU (I have seen him). His Majesty then went to receive him on the grand staircase [had hardly descended three or four steps], where they embraced; and then his Majesty led by the hand his august Guest into the Apartments designed for him, which were all standing open and ready,"—which, however, the august Guest will not occupy except with a grateful imagination, being for the present incognito, mere Graf von Falkenstein, and judging that THE THREE-KINGS Inn will be suitable.

"Arrived in the Apartments, they embraced anew; and sat talking together for an hour and half.—

[The talk, unknown to Lefebvre, began in this strain. KAISER: "Now are my wishes fulfilled, since I have the honor to embrace the greatest of Kings and Soldiers." KING: "I look upon this day as the fairest of my life; for it will become the epoch of uniting Two Houses which have been enemies too long, and whose mutual interests require that they should strengthen, not weaken one another." KAISER: "For Austria there is no Silesia farther." [Preuss, v. 23; *Oeuvres de Frederic*, vi. 25, 26.] Talk, it appears, lasted an hour and half.]

—"The Kaiser [continues our Engineer] had brought with him the Prince of Sachsen-Teschen [his august Brother-in-law, Duke of Teschen, son of the late Polish Majesty of famous memory]: afterwards there came Feldmarschall Lacy, Graf von Dietrichstein, General von Loudon," and three others of no account to us. "At the King's table were the Kaiser, the Prince of Prussia [dissolute young Heir-Apparent, of the polygamous tendency], Prince Henri, the Margraf of Anspach [King's Nephew, unfortunate Lady-Craven Margraf, ultimately of Hammersmith vicinity]; the above Generals of the Austrian suite, and Generals Seidlitz and Tauentzien. The rest of the Court was at two other tables." Of the dinner itself an Outside Individual will say nothing.

"The Kaiser, having expressly requested the King to let him lodge in an Inn (THREE KINGS), under the name of Graf von Falkenstein, would not go into the carriage which had stood expressly ready to conduct him thither. He preferred walking on foot [the loftily scornful Incognito] in spite of the rain; it was like a lieutenant of infantry stepping out of his quarters. Some moments after, the King went to visit him; and they remained together from 5 in the evening till 8. It was thought they would be present (ASSISTER) at a Comic Opera which was to be played: but after waiting till 7 o'clock, the people received orders to go on with the Piece;"—both Majesties did afterwards look in; but finding it bad, soon went their way again. (MAJOR LEFEBVRE STOPS WRITING FOR THE NIGHT.)

"This morning, 26th, the Manoeuvre [rehearsed yesterday] has been performed before both their Majesties; the troops, by way of finish, filing past them in the highest order. The Kaiser accompanied the King to his abode; after which he returned to his own. This is all the news I have to-day: the sequel by next Post [apparently a week hence). I am, and shall ever be,—your true Friend, LEFEBVRE."

No. 2. SAME TO SAME.

"NEISSE, 2d September, 1769.

"MONSIEUR AND DEAREST FRIEND,—We had, as you heard, our first Manoeuvre on Saturday, 26th, in presence of the Kaiser and the King, and of the whole Court of each. That evening there was Opera; which their Majesties honored by attending. Sunday was our Second Manoeuvre; OPERETTE in the evening. Monday, 28th, was our last Manoeuvre; at the end of which the two Majesties, without alighting from horseback, embraced each other; and parted, protesting mutually the most constant and inviolable friendship. One took the road for Breslau; the other that of Konigsgratz. All the time the Kaiser was here, they have been continually talking together, and exhibiting the tenderest friendship,—from which I cannot but think there will benefit result.

"I am almost in the mind of coming to pass this Winter at Berlin; that I may have the pleasure of embracing you,—perhaps as cordially as King and Kaiser here. I am, and shall always be, with all my heart,—your very good Friend, "LEFEBVRE." [Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, ii. 145–148.]

The Lefebvre that writes here is the same who was set to manage the last Siege of Schweidnitz, by Globes of Compression and other fine inventions; and almost went out of his wits because he could not do it. An expert ingenious creature; skilful as an engineer; had been brought into Friedrich's service by the late Balbi, during Balbi's ascendancy (which ended at Olmutz long ago). At Schweidnitz, and often elsewhere, Friedrich, who had an esteem for poor Lefebvre, was good to him; and treated his excitabilities with a soft hand, not a rough. Once at Neisse (1771, second year after these Letters), on looking round at the works done since last review, in sight of all the Garrison he embraced Lefebvre, while commending his excellent performance; which filled the poor soul with a now unimaginable joy.

"HELAS," says Formey, "the poor Gentleman wrote to me of his endless satisfaction; and how he hoped to get through his building, and retire on half-pay this very season, thenceforth to belong to the Academy and me; he had been Member for twenty years past." With this view, thinks Formey, he most likely hastened on his buildings too fast: certain it is, a barrack he was building tumbled suddenly, and some workmen perished in the ruins. "Enemies at Court suggested," or the accident itself suggested without any enemy, "Has not he been playing false, using cheap bad materials?"—and Friedrich ordered him arrest in his own Apartments, till the question were investigated. Excitable Lefebvre was like to lose his wits, almost to leap out of his skin. "One evening at supper, he managed to smuggle away a knife; and, in the course of the night, gave himself sixteen stabs with it; which at length sufficed. The King said, 'He has used himself worse than I should have done;' and was very sorry." Of Lefebvre's scientific structures, globes of compression and the rest, I know not whether anything is left; the above Two Notes, thrown off to Formey, were accidentally a hit, and, in the great blank, may last a long while.

The King found this young Kaiser a very pretty man; and could have liked him considerably, had their mutual positions permitted. "He had a frankness of manner which seemed natural to him," says the King; "in his amiable character, gayety and great vivacity were prominent features." By accidental chinks, however, one saw "an ambition beyond measure" burning in the interior of this young man, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, (in *Memoires de 1763 jusqu'a 1775*, a Chapter which yields the briefest, and the one completely intelligible account we yet have of those affairs), vi. 25.]—let an old King be wary. A three days, clearly, to be marked in chalk; radiant outwardly to both; to a certain depth, sincere; and uncommonly pleasant for the time. King and Kaiser were seen walking about arm in arm. At one of the Reviews a Note was brought to Friedrich: he read it, a Note from her Imperial Majesty; and handing it to Kaiser Joseph, kissed it first. At parting, he had given Joseph, by way of keepsake, a copy of Marechal de Saxe's REVERIES (a strange Military Farrago, dictated, I should think, under opium ["MES REVERIES; OUVRAGE POSTHUME, par" (2 vols. 4to: Amsterdam et Leipzig, 1757).]): this Book lay continually thereafter on the Kaiser's night-table; and was found there at his death, Twenty-one years hence,—not a page of it read, the leaves all sticking together under their bright gilding. [Preuss, iv. 24 n.]

It was long believed, by persons capable of seeing into millstones, that, under cover of this Neisse Interview, there were important Political negotiations and consultations carried on;—that here, and in a Second Interview or Return-Visit, of which presently, lay the real foundation of the Polish Catastrophe. What of Political passed at the Second Interview readers shall see for themselves, from an excellent Authority. As to what passed at the present ("mutual word-of-honor: should England and France quarrel, we will stand neutral" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, ubi supra.]), it is too insignificant for being shown to readers. Dialogues there were, delicately holding wide of the mark, and at length coming close enough; but, at neither the one Interview nor the other, was Poland at all a party concerned,—though, beyond doubt, the Turk War was; silently this first time, and with clear vocality on the second occasion.

In spite of Galitzin's blunders, the Turk War is going on at a fine rate in these months; Turks, by the hundred thousand, getting scattered in panic rout:—but we will say nothing of it just yet. Polish Confederation—horror-struck, as may be imagined, at its auxiliary Brother of the Sun and Moon and his performances—is weltering in violently impotent spasms into deeper and ever deeper wretchedness, Friedrich sometimes thinking of a Burlesque Poem on the subject;—though the Russian successes, and the Austrian grudgings and gloomings, are rising on him as a very serious consideration. "Is there no method, then, of allowing Russia to prosecute its Turk War in spite of Austria and its umbrages?" thinks Friedrich sometimes, in his anxieties about Peace in Europe:—"If the Ukraine, and its meal for the Armies, were but Russia's! At present, Austria can strike in there, cut off the provisions, and at once put a spoke in Russia's wheel." Friedrich tells us, "he (ON," the King himself, what I do not find in any other Book) "sent to Petersburg, under the name of Count Lynar, the seraphic Danish Gentleman, who, in 1757, had brought about the Convention of Kloster-Zeven, a Project, or Sketch of Plan, for Partitioning certain Provinces of Poland, in that view;" —the Lynar opining, so far as I can see, somewhat as follows: "Russia to lay hold of the essential bit of Polish Territory for provisioning itself against the Turk, and allow to Austria and Prussia certain other bits; which would content everybody, and enable Russia and Christendom to extrude and suppress AD LIBITUM that abominable mass of Mahometan Sensualism, Darkness and Fanaticism from the fairest part of God's Creation." An excellent Project, though not successful! "To which Petersburg, intoxicated with its own outlooks on Turkey, paid not the least attention," says

the King. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 26.] He gives no date to this curious statement; nor does anybody else mention it at all; but we may fancy it to have been of Winter, 1769–1770,—and leave it with the curious, or the idly curious, since nothing came of it now or afterwards.

POTSDAM, 20th–29th OCTOBER, 1769. Only two months after Neisse, what kindles Potsdam into sudden splendor, Electress Marie–Antoine makes a Visit of nine days to the King. "In July last," says a certain Note of ours, "the Electress was invited to Berlin, to a Wedding; 'would have been delighted to come, but letter of invitation arrived too late. Will, however, not give up the plan of seeing the great Friedrich.' Comes to Potsdam 20th–29th October. Stays nine days; much delighted, both, with the visit. 'Magnificent palaces, pleasant gardens, ravishing concerts, charming Princes and Princesses: the pleasantest nine days I ever had in my life,' says the Electress. Friedrich grants, to her intercession, pardon for some culprit. 'DIVA ANTONIA' he calls her henceforth for some time; she him, 'PLUS GRAND DES MORTELS,' 'SALOMON DU NORD,' and the like names." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, (CORRESPONDANCE AVEC L'ELECTRICE MARIE– ANTOINE), xxiv. 179–186.] Next year too (September 26th–October 5th, 1770), the bright Lady made a second visit; [Rodenbeck, iii. 24.] no third,—the times growing too political, perhaps; the times not suiting. The Correspondence continues to the end; and is really pretty. And would be instructive withal, were it well edited. For example,—if we might look backwards, and shoot a momentary spark into the vacant darkness of the Past,—Friedrich wrote (the year before this):—

POTSDAM, 3d MAY, 1768. ... "Jesuits have got all cut adrift: A dim rumor spreads that his Holiness will not rest with that first anathema, but that a fulminating Bull is coming out against the Most Christian, the Most Catholic and the Most Faithful. If that be so, my notion is, Madam, that the Holy Father, to fill his table, will admit the Defender of the Faith [poor George III.] and your Servant; for it does not suit a Pope to sit solitary. ...

"A pity for the human race, Madam, that men cannot be tranquil,— but they never and nowhere can! Not even the little Town of Neufchatel but has had its troubles; your Royal Highness will be astonished to learn how. A Parson there [this was above seven years ago, in old Marischal's reign [See Letters to Marischal, "Leipzig, 9th March, 1761," "Breslau, 14th May, 1762:" in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. 282, 287.]] had set forth in a sermon, That considering the immense mercy of God, the pains of Hell could not last forever. The Synod shouted murder at such scandal; and has been struggling, ever since, to get the Parson exterminated. The affair was of my jurisdiction; for your Royal Highness must know that I am Pope in that Country;—here is my decision: Let the parsons, who make for themselves a cruel and barbarous God, be eternally damned, as they desire, and deserve; and let those parsons, who conceive God gentle and merciful, enjoy the plenitude of his mercy! However, Madam, my sentence has failed to calm men's minds; the schism continues; and the number of the damnatory theologians prevails over the others." ["April 2d, 1768" (a month before this Letter to Madam), there is "riot at Neufchatel; and Avocat Gardot [heterodox Parson's ADVOCATE] killed in it" (Rodenbeck, ii. 303).]—Or again:—

POTSDAM, 1st DECEMBER, 1766. "At present I have with me my Niece [Sister's Daughter, of Schwedt], the Duchess of Wurtemberg; who remembers with pleasure to have had the happiness of seeing your Royal Highness in former times. She is very unhappy and much to be pitied; her Husband [Eugen of Wurtemberg, whom we heard much of, and last at Colberg] gives her a deal of trouble: he is a violent man, from whom she has everything to fear; who gives her chagrins, and makes her no allowances. I try my best to bring him to reason;—but am little successful. Three years after this, "May 3d, 1769," we find Eugen, who once talked of running his august Reigning Brother through the body, has ended by returning to Stuttgart and him; where, or at Mumpelgard, his Apanage, he continued thenceforth. And was Reigning Duke himself, long afterwards, for two years, at the very end of his life. ["Succeeded," on his Brother Karl's death, "20th May, 1795; died 23d December, 1797, age 75."] At this date of 1766, "my poor Niece and he" have been married thirteen years, and have half a score of children;—the eldest of them Czar Paul's Second Wife that is to be, and Mother of the now Czars.

DECEMBER 17th, 1765. ... "I have had 12,360 houses and barns to rebuild, and am nearly through with that. But how many other wounds remain yet to be healed!"

JULY 22d, 1766. ... "Wedding festivities of Prince of Prussia. Duchess of Kingston tipsy on the occasion!"—But we must not be tempted farther. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 90–155.]

NEXT YEAR THERE IS A SECOND INTERVIEW; FRIEDRICH MAKING A

RETURN—VISIT DURING THE KAISER'S MORAVIAN REVIEWS (Camp of Mährisch-Neustadt, 3d–7th September, 1770).

The Russian–Turk especially in Second Campaign of it, "Liberation of Greece," or, failing that, total destruction of the Turk Fleet in Greek waters; conquest of Wallachia, as of Moldavia; in a word, imminency of total ruin to the Turk by land and sea,—all this is blazing aloft at such a pitch, in Summer, 1770, that a new Interview upon it may well, to neighbors so much interested, seem more desirable than ever. Interview accordingly there is to be: 3d September, and for four days following.

Kaunitz himself attends, this time; something of real business privately probable to Kaunitz. Prince Henri is not there; Prince Henri is gone to Sweden; on visit to his Sister, whom he has not seen since boyhood: of which Visit there will be farther mention. Present with the King were: [Rodenbeck, iii. 21.] the Prince of Prussia (luckier somewhat in his second wedlock, little red-colored Son and Heir born to him just a month ago); [Friedrich Wilhelm III., "born 3d August, 1770."] Prince Ferdinand; two Brunswick Nephews, ERBPRINZ whom we used to hear of, and Leopold a junior, of whom we shall once or so. No Seidlitz this time. Except Lentulus, no General to name. But better for us than all Generals, in the Kaiser's suite, besides Kaunitz, was Prince de Ligne,—who holds a PEN, as will appear.

"Liberation of the Greeks" had kindled many people, Voltaire among the number, who is still intermittently in correspondence with Friedrich: "A magnificent Czarina about to revivify that true Temple of Mankind, or at least to sweep the blockhead Turks out of it; what a prospect!" Friedrich is quite cool on Greece; not too hot on any part of this subject, though intensely concerned about it. Besides his ingenious Count–Lynar Project, and many other businesses, Friedrich has just been confuting Baron d'Holbach's *Systeme de la Nature*; ["EXAMEN CRITIQUE DU SYSTEME DE LA NATURE [in *OEuvres de Frederic*, ix. 153 et seq.], finished July, 1770."]—writing to Voltaire, POTSDAM, 18th AUGUST, 1770, on this subject among others, he adds: "I am going for Silesia, on the Reviews. I am to see the Kaiser, who has invited me to his Camp in Mahren. That is an amiable and meritorious Prince; he values your Works, reads them as diligently as he can; is anything but superstitious: in brief, a Kaiser such as Germany has not for a great while had. Neither he nor I have any love for the blockhead and barbaric sort;—but that is no reason for extirpating them: if it were, your Turks [oppressors of Greece] would not be the only victims!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 165, 166.]

In a lengthy Letter, written by request, TO STANISLAUS, KING OF POLAND, 1735, or at a distance of fifteen years from this Interview at Neustadt, Prince de Ligne, who was present there, has left us some record or loose lively reminiscence of it; [Prince de Ligne, *Memoires et Melanges Historiques* (Par. 1827), i. 3–21.]—sputtering, effervescing, epigrammatic creature, had he confined himself to a faithful description, and burnt off for us, not like a pretty fire–work, but like an innocent candle, or thing for seeing by! But we must take what we have, and endeavor to be thankful. By great luck, the one topic he insists on is Friedrich and his aspect and behavior on the occasion: which is what, of all else in it, we are most concerned with.

"You have ordered me, Sire [this was written for him in 1785], to speak to you of one of the greatest men of this Age. You admire him, though his neighborhood has done you mischief enough; and, placing yourself at the impartial distance of History, feel a noble curiosity on all that belongs to this extraordinary genius. I will, therefore, give you an exact account of the smallest words that I myself heard the great Friedrich speak. ... The I (LE JE) is odious to me; but nothing is indifferent when"—Well, your account, then, your account, without farther preambling, and in a more exact way than you are wont!—

"By a singular chance, in 1770 [3d–7th September, if you would but date], the Kaiser was [for the second time] enabled to deliver himself to the personal admiration which he had conceived for the King of Prussia; and these Two great Sovereigns were so well together, that they could pay visits. The Kaiser permitted me to accompany; and introduced me to the King: it was at Neustadt in Moravia [MAHRISCH–NEUSTADT, short way from AUSTERLITZ, which is since become a celebrated place]. I can't recollect if I had, or had assumed, an air of embarrassment; but what I do well remember is, that the Kaiser, who noticed my look, said to the King, 'He has a timid expression, which I never observed in him before; he will recover presently.' This he said in a graceful merry way; and the two went out, to go, I believe, to the Play. On the way thither, the King for an instant quitting his Imperial Friend, asked me if my LETTER TO JEAN JACQUES [now an entirely forgotten Piece], which had been printed in the Papers, was really by me? I answered, 'Sire, I am not famous enough to have my name forged' [as a certain Other name has been, on this same unproductive topic]. He felt what I meant. It is known that Horace

Walpole took the King's name to write his famous LETTRE A JEAN JACQUES [impossible to attend to the like of it at present], which contributed the most to drive mad that eloquent and unreasonable man of genius.

"Coming out of the Play, the Kaiser said to the King of Prussia: 'There is Noverre, the famous Composer of Ballets; he has been in Berlin, I believe.' Noverre made thereupon a beautiful dancing—master bow. 'Ah, I know him,' said the King: 'we saw him at Berlin; he was very droll; mimicked all the world, especially our chief Dancing Women, to make you split with laughing.' Noverre, ill content with this way of remembering him, made another beautiful third—position bow; and hoped possibly the King would say something farther, and offer him the opportunity of a small revenge. 'Your Ballets are beautiful,' said the King to him; 'your Dancing Girls have grace; but it is grace in a squattish form (DE LA GRACE ENGONCEE). I think you make them raise their shoulders and their arms too much. For, Monsieur Noverre, if you remember, our principal Dancing Girl at Berlin wasn't so.' 'That is why she was at Berlin, Sire,' replied Noverre [satirically, all he could].

"I was every day asked to sup with the King; too often the conversation addressed itself to me. In spite of my attachment to the Kaiser, whose General I like to be, but not whose D'Argens or Algarotti, I had not beyond reason abandoned myself to that feeling. When urged by the King's often speaking to me, I had to answer, and go on talking. Besides, the Kaiser took a main share in the conversation; and was perhaps more at his ease with the King than the King with him. One day, they got talking of what one would wish to be in this world; and they asked my opinion. I said, I should like to be 'a Pretty Woman till thirty; then, till sixty, a fortunate and skilful General;'—and not knowing what more to say, but for the sake of adding something, whatever it might be, 'a Cardinal till eighty.' The King, who likes to banter the Sacred College, made himself merry on this; and the Kaiser gave him a cheap bargain of Rome and its upholders (SUPPOTS). That supper was one of the gayest and pleasantest I have ever seen. The Two Sovereigns were without pretension and without reserve; what did not always happen on other days; and the amiability of two men so superior, and often so astonished to see themselves together, was the agreeablest thing you can imagine. The King bade me come and see him the first time he and I should have three or four hours to ourselves.

"A storm such as there never was, a deluge compared with which that of Deucalion was a summer shower, covered our Hills with water [cannot say WHICH day of the four], and almost drowned our Army while attempting to manoeuvre. The morrow was a rest—day for that reason. At nine in the morning, I went to the King, and stayed till one. He spoke to me of our Generals; I let him say, of his own accord, the things I think of Marshals Lacy and Loudon; and I hinted that, as to the others, it was better to speak of the dead than of the living; and that one never can well judge of a General who has not in his lifetime actually played high parts in War. He spoke to me of Feldmarschall Daun: I said, 'that against the French I believed he might have proved a great man; but that against him [you], he had never quite been all he was; seeing always his opponent as a Jupiter, thunder—bolt in hand, ready to pulverize his Army.' That appeared to give the King pleasure: he signified to me a feeling of esteem for Daun; he spoke favorably of General Brentano [one of the Maxen gentlemen]. I asked his reason for the praises I knew he had given to General Beck. 'Why (MAIS), I thought him a man of merit,' said the King. 'I do not think so, Sire; he didn't do you much mischief.' 'He sometimes took Magazines from me.' 'And sometimes let your Generals escape.' (Bevern at REICHENBACH, for instance, do you reckon that his blame?)—'I have never beaten him,' said the King. 'He never came near enough for that: and I always thought your Majesty was only appearing to respect him, in order that we might have more confidence in him, and that you might give him the better slap some day, with interest for all arrears.'

KING. "'Do you know who taught me the little I know? It was your old Marshal Traun: that was a man, that one.—You spoke of the French: do they make progress?'

EGO. "'They are capable of everything in time of war, Sire: but in Peace,—their chiefs want them to be what they are not, what they are not capable of being.'

KING. "'How, then; disciplined? They were so in the time of M. de Turenne.' EGO. "'Oh, it isn't that. They were not so in the time of M. de Vendome, and they went on gaining battles. But it is now wished that they become your Apes and ours; and that does n't suit them.'

KING. "'Perhaps so: I have said of their busy people (FAISEURS,' St. Germain's and Army—Reformers), 'that they would fain sing without knowing music.'

EGO. "'Oh, that is true! But leave them their natural notes; profit by their bravery, their alertness (LEGERETE), by their very faults,—I believe their confusion might confuse their enemies sometimes.'

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KING. "Well, yes, doubtless, if you have something to support them with.'

EGO. "Just so, Sire,—some Swiss and Germans.'

KING. "'T is a brave and amiable nation, the French; one can't help loving them:—but, MON DIEU, what have they made of their Men of Letters; and what a tone has now come up among them! Voltaire, for example, had an excellent tone. D'Alembert, whom I esteem in many respects, is too noisy, and insists too much on producing effect in society:—was it the Men of Letters that gave the Court of Louis XIV. its grace, or did they themselves acquire it from the many amiable persons they found there? He was the Patriarch of Kings, that one [in a certain sense, your Majesty!]. In his lifetime a little too much good was said of him; but a great deal too much ill after his death.'

EGO. "'A King of France, Sire, is always the Patriarch of Clever People (PATRIARCHE DES GENS D'ESPRIT: 'You do not much mean this, Monsieur? You merely grin it from the teeth outward?')

KING. "That is the bad Number to draw: they are n't worth a doit (NE VALENT PAS LE DIABLE, these GENS D'ESPRIT) at Governing. Better be Patriarch of the Greek Church, like my sister the Empress of Russia! That brings her, and will bring, advantages. There's a religion for you; comprehending many Countries and different Nations! As to our poor Lutherans, they are so few, it is not worth while being their Patriarch.'

EGO. "Nevertheless, Sire, if one join to them the Calvinists, and all the little bastard Sects, it would not be so bad a post. [The King appeared to kindle at this; his eyes were full of animation. But it did not last when I said:] If the Kaiser were Patriarch of the Catholics, that too wouldn't be a bad place.'

KING. "There, there: Europe divided into Three Patriarchates. I was wrong to begin; you see where that leads us: Messieurs, our dreams are not those of the just, as M. le Regent used to say. If Louis XIV. were alive, he would thank us.'

"All these patriarchal ideas, possible and impossible to realize, made him, for an instant, look thoughtful, almost moody.

KING. "Louis XIV., possessing more judgment than cleverness (ESPRIT), looked out more for the former quality than for the latter. It was men of genius that he wanted, and found. It could not be said that Corneille, Bossuet, Racine and Conde were people of the clever sort (DES HOMMES D'ESPRIT).'

EGO. "On the whole, there is that in the Country which really deserves to be happy, It is asserted that your Majesty has said, If one would have a fine dream, one must—'

KING. "Yes, it is true,—be King of France.'

EGO. "If Francis I. and Henri IV. had come into the world after your Majesty, they would have said, "be King of Prussia."

KING. "Tell me, pray, is there no citable Writer left in France?'

"This made me laugh; the King asked the reason. I told him, He reminded me of the RUSSE A PARIS, that charming little piece of verse of M. de Voltaire's; and we remembered charming things out of it, which made us both laugh. He said,

KING. "I have sometimes heard the Prince de Conti spoken of: what sort of man is he?'

EGO. "He is a man composed of twenty or thirty men. He is proud, he is affable,"—he is fiddle, he is diddle (in the seesaw epigrammatic way, for a page or more); and is not worth pen and ink from us, since the time old Marshal Traun got us rid of him,—home across the Rhine, full speed, with Croats sticking on his skirts. [Supra, viii. 475.]

"This portrait seemed to amuse the King. One had to captivate him by some piquant detail; without that, he would escape you, give you no time to speak. The success generally began by the first words, no matter how vague, of any conversation; these he found means to make interesting; and what, generally, is mere talk about the weather became at once sublime; and one never heard anything vulgar from him. He ennobled everything; and the examples of Greeks and Romans, or of modern Generals, soon dissipated everything of what, with others, would have remained trivial and commonplace.

"Have you ever,' said he, 'seen such a rain as yesterday's? Your orthodox Catholics will say, "That comes of having a man without religion among us: what are we to do with this cursed (MAUDIT) King; a Protestant at lowest?" for I really think I brought you bad luck. Your soldiers would be saying, "Peace we have; and still is this devil of a man to trouble us!'"

EGO. "Certainly, if your Majesty was the cause, it is very bad. Such a thing is only permitted to Jupiter, who

has always good reasons for everything; and it would have been in his fashion, after destroying the one set by fire, to set about destroying the others by water. However, the fire is at an end; and I did not expect to revert to it.'

KING. "'I ask your pardon for having plagued you so often with that; I regret it for the sake of all mankind. But what a fine Apprenticeship of War! I have committed errors enough to teach you young people, all of you, to do better. MON DIEU, how I love your grenadiers! How well they defiled in my presence! If the god Mars were raising a body-guard for himself, I should advise him to take them hand over head. Do you know I was well pleased (BIEN CONTENT) with the Kaiser last night at supper? Did you hear what he said to me about Liberty of the Press, and the Troubling of Consciences (LA GENE DES CONSCIENCES)? There will be bits of difference between his worthy Ancestors and him, on some points!'

EGO. "'I am persuaded, he will entertain no prejudices on anything; and that your Majesty will be a great Book of Instruction to him.'

KING. "'How adroitly he disapproved, without appearing to mean anything, the ridiculous Vienna Censorship; and the too great fondness of his Mother (without naming her) for certain things which only make hypocrites. By the by, she must detest you, that High Lady?'

EGO. "'Well, then, not at all. She has sometimes lectured me about my strayings, but very maternally: she is sorry for me, and quite sure that I shall return to the right path. She said to me, some time ago, "I don't know how you do, you are the intimate friend of Father Griffet; the Bishop of Neustadt has always spoken well of you; likewise the Archbishop of Malines; and the Cardinal [name Sinzendorf, or else not known to me, dignity and red hat sufficiently visible] loves you much."'

"Why cannot I remember the hundred luminous things which escaped the King in this conversation! It lasted till the trumpet at Head-quarters announced dinner. The King went to take his place; and I think it was on this occasion that, some one having asked why M. de Loudon had not come yet, he said, 'That is not his custom: formerly he often arrived before me. Please let him take this place next me; I would rather have him at my side than opposite.'"

That is very pretty. And a better authority gives it, The King said to Loudon himself, on Loudon's entering, "*Mettez-vous aupres de moi, M. de Loudon; j'aime mieux vous avoir a cote de moi que vis-a-vis.*" He was very kind to Loudon; "constantly called him M. LE FELDMARECHAL [delicate hint of what should have been, but WAS not for seven years yet]; and, at parting, gave him [as he did to Lacy also] two superb horses, magnificently equipped." [Pezzl, *Vie de Loudon*, ii. 29.]

"Another day," continues Prince de Ligne, "the Manoeuvres being over in good time, there was a Concert at the Kaiser's. Notwithstanding the King's taste for music, he was pleased to give me the preference; and came where I was, to enchant me with the magic of his conversation, and the brilliant traits, gay and bold, which characterize him. He asked me to name the general and particular Officers who were present, and to tell him those who had served under Marshal Traun: 'For, ENFIN,' he said, 'as I think I have told you already, he is my Master; he corrected me in the Schooling I was at.'

EGO. "'Your Majesty was very ungrateful, then; you never paid him his lessons. If it was as your Majesty says, you should at least have allowed him to beat you; and I do not remember that you ever did.'

KING. "'I did not get beaten, because I did not fight.'

EGO. "'It is in this manner that the greatest Generals have often conducted their wars against each other. One has only to look at the two Campaigns of M. de Montecuculi and M. de Turenne, in the Valley of the Rench [Strasburg Country, 1674 and 1675, two celebrated Campaigns, Turenne killed by a cannon-shot in the last].

KING. "'Between Traun and the former there is not much difference; but what a difference, BON DIEU, between the latter and me!'

"I named to him the Count d'Althan, who had been Adjutant-General, and the Count de Pellegrini. He asked me twice which was which, from the distance we were at; and said, He was so short-sighted, I must excuse him.

EGO. "'Nevertheless, Sire, in the war your sight was good enough; and, if I remember right, it reached very far!'

KING. "'It was not I; it was my glass.'

EGO. "'Ha, I should have liked to find that glass;—but, I fear it would have suited my eyes as little as Scanderbeg's sword my arm.'

"I forget how the conversation changed; but I know it grew so free that, seeing somebody coming to join in it,

the King warned him to take care; that it was n't safe to converse with a man doomed by the theologians to Everlasting Fire. I felt as if he somewhat overdid this of his 'being doomed,' and that he boasted too much of it. Not to hint at the dishonesty of these free-thinking gentlemen (MESSIEURS LES ESPRITS FORTS), who very often are thoroughly afraid of the Devil, it is, at least, bad taste to make display of such things: and it was with the people of bad taste whom he has had about him, such as a Jordan, a D'Argens, Maupertuis, La Beaumelle, La Mettrie, Abbe de Prades, and some dull sceptics of his own Academy, that he had acquired the habit of mocking at Religion; and of talking (DE PARLER) Dogma, Spinoism, Court of Rome and the like. In the end, I did n't always answer when he touched upon it. I now seized a moment's interval, while he was using his handkerchief, to speak to him about some business, in connection with the Circle of Westphalia, and a little COMTE IMMEDIAT [County holding direct, of the Reich] which I have there. The King answered me: 'I, for my part, will do anything you wish; but what thinks the other Director, my comrade, the Elector of Cologne, about it?'

EGO. "I was not aware, Sire, that you were an Ecclesiastical Elector.'

KING. "I am so; at least on my Protestant account.'

EGO. "That is not to OUR account's advantage! Those good people of mine believe your Majesty to be their protector.'

"He continued asking me the names of persons he saw. I was telling him those of a number of young Princes who had lately entered the Service, and some of whom gave hopes. 'That may be,' said he; 'but I think the breed of the governing races ought to be crossed. I like the children of love: look at the Marechal de Saxe, and my own Anhalt [severe Adjutant von Anhalt, a bastard of Prinz Gustav, the Old Dessauer's Heir-Apparent, who begot a good many bastards, but died before inheriting: bastards were brought up, all of them to soldiering, by their Uncles,---this one by Uncle Moritz; was thrown from his horse eight years HENCE, to the great joy of many]; though I am afraid that SINCE [mark this SINCE, alas!] his fall on his head, that latter is not so good as formerly. I should be grieved at it, [Not for eight years yet, MON PRINCE, I am sorry to say! Adjutant von Anhalt did, in reality, get this fall, and damaging hurt on the head, in the "Bavarian War" (nicknamed KARTOFFEL-KRIEG, "Potato-War"), 1778-1779. *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 69; see Preuss, ii. 356, iv. 578; both for his sake and for mine; he is a man full of talents.'

"I am glad to remember this; for I have heard it said by silly slanderous people (SOTS DENIGRANTS), who accuse the King of Prussia of insensibility, that he was not touched by the accident which happened to the man he seemed to love most. Too happy if one had only said that of him! He was supposed to be jealous of the merit of Schwerin and of Keith, and delighted to have got them killed. It is thus that mediocre people seek to lower great men, to diminish the immense space that lies between themselves and such.

"Out of politeness, the King, and his Suite as well, had put on white [Austrian] Uniforms, not to bring back on us that blue which we had so often seen in war. He looked as though he belonged to our Army and to the Kaiser's suite. There was, in this Visit, I believe, on both sides, a little personality, some distrust, and perhaps a beginning of bitterness;--as always happens, says Philippe de Comines, when Sovereigns meet. The King took Spanish snuff, and brushing it off with his hand from his coat as well as he could, he said, 'I am not clean enough for you, Messieurs; I am not worthy to wear your colors.' The air with which he said this, made me think he would yet soil them with powder, if the opportunity arose.

"I forgot a little Incident which gave me an opportunity of setting off (FAIRE VALOIR) the two Monarchs to each other [Incident about the King's high opinion of the Kaiser's drill-sergeantry in this day's manoeuvres, and how I was the happy cause of the Kaiser's hearing it himself: Incident omissible; as the whole Sequel is, except a sentence or two].--

... "On this Neustadt occasion, the King was sometimes too ceremonious; which annoyed the Kaiser. For instance,--I know not whether meaning to show himself a disciplined Elector of the Reich, but so it was,--whenever the Kaiser put his foot in stirrup, the King was sure to take his Majesty's horse by the bridle, stand respectfully waiting the Kaiser's right foot, and fit it into ITS stirrup: and so with everything else. The Kaiser had the more sincere appearance, in testifying his great respect; like that of a young Prince to an aged King, and of a young Soldier to the greatest of Captains. ...

"Sometimes there were appearances of cordiality between the two Sovereigns. One saw that Friedrich II. loved Joseph II., but that the preponderance of the Empire, and the contact of Bohemia and Silesia, a good deal barred the sentiments of King and Kaiser. You remember, Sire [Ex-Sire of Poland], their LETTERS [readers

shall see them, in 1778,—or rather REFUSE to see them!'] on the subject of Bavaria; their compliments, the explanations they had with regard to their intentions; all carried on with such politeness; and that from politeness to politeness, the King ended by invading Bohemia."

Well, here is legible record, with something really of portraiture in it, valuable so far as it goes; record unique on this subject;— and substantially true, though inexact enough in details. Thus, even in regard to that of Anhalt's HEAD, which is so impossible in this First Dialogue, Friedrich did most probably say something of the kind, in a Second which there is, of date 1780; of which latter De Ligne is here giving account as well,—though we have to postpone it till its time come.

At this Neustadt Interview there did something of Political occur; and readers ought to be shown exactly what. Kaunitz had come with the Kaiser; and this something was intended as the real business among the gayeties and galas at Neustadt. Poland, or its Farce— Tragedy now playing, was not once mentioned that I hear of; though perhaps, as FLEBILE LUDIBRIUM, it might turn up for moments in dinner—conversation or the like: but the astonishing Russian— Turk War, which has sprung out of Poland, and has already filled Stamboul and its Divans and Muftis with mere horror and amazement; and, in fact, has brought the Grand Turk to the giddy rim of the Abyss; nothing but ruin and destruction visible to him: this, beyond all other things whatever, is occupying these high heads at present;—and indeed the two latest bits of Russian—Turk news have been of such a blazing character as to occupy all the world more or less. Readers, some glances into the Turk War, I grieve to say, are become inevitable to us!

RUSSIAN—TURK WAR, FIRST TWO CAMPAIGNS.

"OCTOBER 6th, 1768, Turks declare War; Russian Ambassador thrown into the Seven Towers as a preliminary, where he sat till Peace came to be needed. MARCH 23d, 1769, Display their Banner of Mahomet, all in paroxysm of Fanaticism risen to the burning point: 'Under pain of death, No Giaour of you appear on the streets, nor even look out, of window, this day!' Austrian Ambassador's Wife, a beautiful gossamer creature, venturing to transgress on that point, was torn from her carriage by the Populace, and with difficulty saved from destruction: Brother of the Sun and Moon, apologizing afterwards down to the very shoe—tie, is forgiven."

FIRST CAMPAIGN; 1769. "APRIL 26th—30th, Galitzin VERSUS Choczim; can't, having no provender or powder. Falls back over Dniester again,—overhears that extraordinary DREAM, as above recited, betokening great rumor in Russian Society against such Purblind Commanders—in—Chief. Purblind VERSUS Blind is fine play, nevertheless; wait, only wait:—

"JULY 2d, Galitzin slowly gets on the advance again: 150,000 Turks, still slower, are at last across the Donau (sharp enough French Officers among them, agents of Choiseul; but a mass incurably chaotic);—furiously intending towards Poland and extermination of the Giaour. Do not reach Dniester River till September, and look across on Poland,—for the first time, and also for the last, in this War. SEPTEMBER 17th: Weather has been rainy; Dniester, were Galitzin nothing, is very difficult for Turks; who try in two places, but cannot. [Hermann, v. 611—613.] In a third place (name not given, perhaps has no name), about 12,000 of them are across; when Dniester, raging into flood, carries away their one Bridge, and leaves the 12,000 isolated there. Purblind Galitzin, on express order, does attack these 12,000 (night of September 17th—18th):— 'Hurrah' of the devouring Russians about midnight, hoarse shriek of the doomed 12,000, wail of their brethren on the southern shore, who cannot, help:—night of horrors 'from midnight till 2 A.M.:' and the 12,000 massacred or captive, every man of them; Russian loss 600 killed and wounded. Whereupon the Turk Army bursts into unanimous insanity; and flows home in deliquium of ruin. Choczim is got on the terms already mentioned (15 sick men and women lying in it, and 184 bronze cannon, when we boat across); Turk Army can by no effort be brought to halt anywhere; flows across the Donau, disappears into Chaos:—and the whole of Moldavia is conquered in this cheap manner. What, perhaps is still better, Galitzin (28th September) is thrown out; Romanzow, hitherto Commander of a second smaller Army, kind of covering wing to Galitzin, is Chief for Second Campaign.

"In the Humber, this Winter, to the surprise of incredulous mankind, a Russian Fleet drops anchor for a few days: actual Russian Fleet intending for the Greek waters, for Montenegro and intermediate errands, to conclude with 'Liberation of Greece next Spring,'—so grandiose is this Czarina." [Hermann, v. 617.]

SECOND CAMPAIGN; 1770. "This is the flower of Anti—Turk Campaigns, —victorious, to a blazing pitch, both by land and sea. Romanzow, master of Moldavia, goes upon Wallachia, and the new or rehabilitated Turk Army; and has an almost gratis bargain of both. Romanzow has some good Officers under him ('Brigadier

Stoffeln,' much more 'General Tottlenen,' 'General Bauer,' once Colonel Bauer of the Wesel Free-Corps,—many of the Superior Officers seem to be German, others have Swedish or Danish names);—better Officers; and knows better how to use them than Galitzin did. August 1st, Romanzow has a Battle, called of Kaghul, in Pruth Country. That is his one 'Battle' this Summer; and brings him Ismail, Akkerman, all Wallachey, and no Turks left in those parts. But first let us attend to sea-matters, and the Liberation of Greece, which precede in time and importance.

"'Liberation of Greece:' an actual Fleet, steering from Cronstadt to the Dardanelles to liberate Greece! The sound of it kindles all the warm heads in Europe; especially Voltaire's, which, though covered with the snow of age, is still warm internally on such points. As to liberating Greece, Voltaire's hopes were utterly balked; but the Fleet from Cronstadt did amazing service otherwise in those waters. FEBRUARY 28th, 1770, first squadron of the Russian Fleet anchors at Passawa,—not far from Calamata, in the Gulf of Coron, on the antique Peloponnesian coast; Sparta on your right hand, Arcadia on your left, and so many excellent Ghosts of Heroes looking on:—Russian squadron has four big ships, three frigates, more soon to follow: on board there are arms and munitions of war; but unhappily only 500 soldiers. Admiral-in-Chief (not yet come up) is Alexei Orlof, a brother of Lover Gregory's, an extremely worthless seaman and man. Has under him 'many Danes, a good few English too,'—especially Three English Officers, whom we shall hear of, when Alexei and they come up. Meanwhile, on the Peloponnesian coast are modern Spartans, to the number of 15,000, all sitting ready, expecting the Russian advent: these rose duly; got Russian muskets, cartridges,—only two Russian Officers:—and attacked the Turks with considerable fury or voracity, but with no success of the least solidity. Were foiled here, driven out there; in fine, were utterly beaten, Russians and they: lost Tripolizza, by surprise; whereupon (April 19th) the Russians withdrew to their Fleet; and the Affair of Greece was at an end. [Hermann, v. 621.] It had lasted (28th February–19th April) seven weeks and a day. The Russians retired to their Fleet, with little loss; and rode at their ease again, in Navarino Bay. But the 15,000 modern Spartans had nothing to retire to,—these had to retire into extinction, expulsion and the throat of Moslem vengeance, which was frightfully bloody and inexorable on them.

"Greece having failed, the Russian Fleet, now in complete tale, made for Turkey, for Constantinople itself. 'Into the very Dardanelles' they say they will go; an Englishman among them— Captain Elphinstone, a dashing seaman, if perhaps rather noisy, whom Rulhiere is not blind to—has been heard to declare, at least in his cups: 'Dardanelles impossible? Pshaw, I will do it, as easily as drink this glass of wine!' Alexei Orlof is a Sham-Admiral; but under him are real Sea-Officers, one or two.

"In the Turkish Fleet, it seems, there is an Ex-Algerine, Hassan Bey, of some capacity in sea-matters; but he is not in chief command, only in second; and can accomplish nothing. The Turkish Fleet, numerous but rotten, retires daily,—through the famed Cyclades, and Isles of Greece, Paros, Naxos, apocalyptic Patmos, on to Scio (old Chios of the wines); and on July 5th takes refuge behind Scio, between Scio and the Coast of Smyrna, in Tchesme Bay. 'Safe here!' thinks the chief Turk Admiral. 'Very far from safe!' remonstrates Hassan; though to no purpose. And privately puts the question to himself, 'Have these Giaours a real Admiral among them, or, like us, only a sham one?'"

TCHESME BAY, 7th JULY, 1770. "Nothing can be more imaginary than Alexei Orlof as an Admiral: but he has a Captain Elphinstone, a Captain Gregg, a Lieutenant Dugdale; and these determine to burn poor Hassan and his whole Fleet in Tchesme here:—and do it totally, night of July 7th; with one single fireship; Dugdale steering it; Gregg behind him, to support with broadsides; Elphinstone ruling and contriving, still farther to rear; helpless Turk Fleet able to make no debate whatever. Such a blaze of conflagration on the helpless Turks as shone over all the world —one of Rulhiere's finest fire-works, with little shot;—the light of which was still dazzling mankind while the Interview at Neustadt took place. Turk Fleet, fifteen ships, nine frigates and above 8,000 men, gone to gases and to black cinders,—Hassan hardly escaping with I forget how many score of wounds and bruises. [Hermann, v. 623.]

"'Now for the Dardanelles,' said Elphinstone: (bombard Constantinople, starve it,—to death, or to what terms you will!' 'Cannot be done; too dangerous; impossible!' answered the sham Admiral, quite in a tremor, they say;—which at length filled the measure of Elphinstone's disgusts with such a Fleet and Admiral. Indignant Elphinstone withdrew to his own ship, 'Adieu, Sham-Admiral!'—sailed with his own ship, through the impossible Dardanelles (Turk batteries firing one huge block of granite at him, which missed; then needing about forty minutes to load again); feat as easy to Elphinstone as this glass of wine. In sight of Constantinople, Elphinstone, furthermore, called for his tea; took his tea on deck, under flourishing of all his drums and all his

trumpets: tea done, sailed out again scathless; instantly threw up his command,—and at Petersburg, soon after, in taking leave of the Czarina, signified to her, in language perhaps too plain, or perhaps only too painfully true, some Naval facts which were not welcome in that high quarter." [Rulhiere, iii. 476–509.] This remarkable Elphinstone I take to be some junior or irregular Balmerino scion; but could never much hear of him except in RULHIERE, where, on vague, somewhat theatrical terms, he figures as above.

"AUGUST 1st, Romanzow has a 'Battle of Kaghul,' so they call it; though it is a 'Slaughtery' or SCHLACHTEREL, rather than a 'Slaught' or SCHLACHT, say my German friends. Kaghul is not a specific place, but a longish river, a branch of the Pruth; under screen of which the Grand Turk Army, 100,000 strong, with 100,000 Tartars as second line, has finally taken position, and fortified itself with earthworks and abundant cannon. AUGUST 1st, 1770, Romanzow, after study and advising, feels prepared for this Grand Army and its earthworks: with a select 20,000, under select captains, Romanzow, after nightfall, bursts in upon it, simultaneously on three different points; and gains, gratis or nearly so, such a victory as was never heard of before. The Turks, on their earthworks, had 140 cannons; these the Turk gunners fired off two times, and fled, leaving them for Romanzow's uses. The Turk cavalry then tried if they could not make some attempt at charging; found they could not; whirled back upon their infantry; set it also whirling: and in a word, the whole 200,000 whirled, without blow struck; and it was a universal panic rout, and delirious stampede of flight, which never paused (the very garrisons emptying themselves, and joining in it) till it got across the Donau again, and drew breath there, not to rally or stand, but to run rather slower. And had left Wallachia, Bessarabia, Dniester river, Donau river, swept clear of Turks; all Romanzow's henceforth. To such astonishment of an invincible Grand Turk, and of his Moslem Populations, fallen on such a set of Giaours ["ALLAH KERIM, And cannot we abolish them, then?" Not we THEM, it would appear!],—as every reader can imagine." Which shall suffice every reader here in regard to the Turk War, and what concern he has in the extremely brutish phenomenon.

Tchesme fell out July 7th; Elphinstone has hardly done his tea in the Dardanelles, when (August 1st) this of Kaghul follows: both would be fresh news blazing in every head while the Dialogues between Friedrich and Kaunitz were going on. For they "had many dialogues," Friedrich says; "and one of the days" (probably September 6th) was mainly devoted to Politics, to deep private Colloquy with Kaunitz. Of which, and of the great things that followed out of it, I will now give, from Friedrich's own hand, the one entirely credible account I have anywhere met with in writing.

Friedrich's account of Kaunitz himself is altogether life-like: a solemn, arrogant, mouthing, browbeating kind of man,—embarrassed at present by the necessity not to browbeat, and by the consciousness that "King Friedrich is the only man who refuses to acknowledge my claims to distinction:" [Rulhiere (somewhere) has heard this, as an utterance of Kaunitz's in some plaintive moment.] —a Kaunitz whose arrogances, qualities and claims this King is not here to notice, except as they concern business on hand. He says, "Kaunitz had a clear intellect, greatly twisted by perversities of temper (UN SENS DROIT, L'ESPRIT REMPLI DE TRAVERS), especially by a self-conceit and arrogance which were boundless. He did not talk, but preach. At the smallest interruption, he would stop short in indignant surprise: it has happened that, at the Council-Board in Schonbrunn, when Imperial Majesty herself asked some explanation of a word or thing not understood by her, Kaunitz made his bow (LUI TIRA SA REVERENCE), and quitted the room." Good to know the nature of the beast. Listen to him, then, on those terms, since it is necessary. The Kaunitz Sermon was of great length, imbedded in circumlocutions, innuendoes and diplomatic cautions; but the gist of it we gather to have been (abridged into dialogue form) essentially as follows:—

KAUNITZ. "Dangerous to the repose of Europe, those Russian encroachments on the Turk. Never will Imperial Majesty consent that Russia possess Moldavia or Wallachia; War sooner,—all things sooner! These views of Russia are infinitely dangerous to everybody. To your Majesty as well, if I may say so; and no remedy conceivable against them,—to me none conceivable,—but this only, That Prussia and Austria join frankly in protest and absolute prohibition of them."

FRIEDRICH. "I have nothing more at heart than to stand well with Austria; and always to be her ally, never her enemy. But your Highness sees how I am situated: bound by express Treaty with Czarish Majesty; must go with Russia in any War! What can I do? I can, and will with all industry, labor to conciliate Czarish Majesty and Imperial; to produce at Petersburg such a Peace with the Turks as may meet the wishes of Vienna. Let us hope it can be done. By faithful endeavoring, on my part and on yours, I persuade myself it can. Meanwhile, steadfastly

together, we two! All our little rubs, custom-house squabbles on the Frontier, and such like, why not settle them here, and now? [and does so with his Highness.] That there be nothing but amity, helpfulness and mutual effort towards an object so momentous to us both, and to all mankind!"

KAUNITZ. "Good so far. And may a not intolerable Turk-Russian Peace prove possible, without our fighting for it! Meanwhile, Imperial Majesty [as she has been visibly doing for some time] must continue massing troops and requisites on the Hungarian Frontier, lest the contrary happen!"

This was the result arrived at. Of which Friedrich "judged it but polite to inform the young Kaiser; who appeared to be grateful for this mark of attention, being much held down by Kaunitz in his present state of tutelage." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 30.]

And by a singular chance, on the very morrow there arrived from the Divan (dated August 12th) an Express to Friedrich: "Mediate a Peace for us with Russia; not you alone, as we have often asked, but Austria AND you!" For the Kaghul Slaughtery has come on us; Giaour Elphinstone has taken tea in the Dardanelles; and we know not to what hand to turn!—"The young Kaiser did not hide his joy at this Overture, as Kaunitz did his, which was perhaps still greater:" the Kaiser warmly expressed his thanks to Friedrich as the Author of it; Kaunitz, with a lofty indifference (MORGUE), and nose in air as over a small matter, "merely signified his approval of this step which the Turks had taken."

"Never was mediation undertaken with greater pleasure," adds the King. And both did proceed upon it with all zeal; but only the King as real "mediator," or MIDDLEman; Kaunitz from the first planting himself immovably upon the Turk side of things, which is likewise the Austrian; and playing in secret (as Friedrich probably expected he would) the strangest tricks with his assumed function.

So that Friedrich had to take the burden of mediating altogether on himself; and month after month, year after year, it is evident he prosecutes the same with all the industry and faculty that are in him,—in intense desire, and in hope often nearly desperate, to keep his two neighbors' houses, and his own and the whole world along with them, from taking fire. Apart from their conflicting interests, the two Empresses have privately a rooted aversion to one another. What with Russian exorbitancy (a Czarina naturally uplifted with her Tchesmes and Kaghuls); what with Austrian cupidity, pride, mulishness, and private trickery of Kaunitz; the adroit and heartily zealous Friedrich never had such a bit of diplomacy to do. For many months hence, in spite of his intensest efforts and cunningest appliances, no way of egress visible: "The imbroglio MUST catch fire!" At last a way opens, "Ha, at last a way!"—then, for above a twelvemonth longer, such a guiding of the purblind quadrupeds and obstinate Austrian mules into said way: and for years more such an urging of them, in pig-driver fashion, along the same, till Peace did come!—

And here, without knowing it, we have insensibly got to the topmost summit of our Polish Business; one small step more, and we shall be on the brow of the precipitous inclined-plane, down which Poland and its business go careering thenceforth, down, down,—and will need but few words more from us. Actual discovery of "a way out" stands for next Section.

First, however, we will notice, as prefatory, a curious occurrence in the Country of Zips, contiguous to the Hungarian Frontier. Zips, a pretty enough District, of no great extent, had from time immemorial belonged to Hungary; till, above 300 years ago, it was— by Sigismund SUPER GRAMMATICAM, a man always in want of money (whom we last saw, in flaming color, investing Friedrich's Ancestor with Brandenburg instead of payment for a debt of money)—pledged to the Crown of Poland for a round sum to help in Sigismund's pressing occasions. Redemption by payment never followed; attempt at redemption there had never been, by Sigismund or any of his successors. Nay, one successor, in a Treaty still extant, [Preuss, iv. 32 (date 1589; pawning had beep 1412).] expressly gave up the right of redeeming: Pledge forfeited: a Zips belonging to Polish Crown and Republic by every law.

Well; Imperial Majesty, as we have transiently seen, is assembling troops on the Hungarian Frontier, for a special purpose. Poor Poland is, by this time (1770), as we also saw, sunk in Pestilence,—pigs and dogs devouring the dead bodies: not a loaf to be had for a hundred ducats, and the rage of Pestilence itself a mild thing to that of Hunger, not to mention other rages. So that both Austria and Prussia, in order to keep out Pestilence at least, if they cannot the other rages, have had to draw CORDONS, or lines of troops along the Frontiers. "The Prussian cordon," I am informed, "goes from Crossen, by Frankfurt northward, to the Weichsel River and border of Warsaw Country:" and "is under the command of General Belling," our famous Anti-Swede Hussar of former

years. The Austrian cordon looks over upon Zips and other Starosties, on the Hungarian Border: where, independently of Pestilence, an alarmed and indignant Empress—Queen has been and is assembling masses of troops, with what object we know. Looking over into Zips in these circumstances, indignant Kaunitz and Imperial Majesty, especially HIS Imperial Majesty, a youth always passionate for territory, say to themselves, "Zips was ours, and in a sense is!"—and (precise date refused us, but after Neustadt, and before Winter has quite come) push troops across into Zips Starosty: seize the whole Thirteen Townships of Zips, and not only these, but by degrees tract after tract of the adjacencies: "Must have a Frontier to our mind in those parts: indefensible otherwise!" And quietly set up boundary—pillars, with the Austrian double—eagle stamped on them, and intimation to Zips and neighborhood, That it is now become Austrian, and shall have no part farther in these Polish Confederatings, Pestilences, rages of men, and pigs devouring dead bodies, but shall live quiet under the double—eagle as others do. Which to Zips, for the moment, might be a blessed change, welcome or otherwise; but which awoke considerable amazement in the outer world,—very considerable in King Stanislaus (to whom, on applying, Kaunitz would give no explanation the least articulate);—and awoke, in the Russian Court especially, a rather intense surprise and provocation.

PRINCE HENRI HAS BEEN TO SWEDEN; IS SEEN AT PETERSBURG IN MASQUERADE (on or about New—year's Day, 1771); AND DOES GET HOME, WITH RESULTS THAT ARE IMPORTANT.

Prince Henri, as we noticed, was not of this Second King—and—Kaiser Interview; Henri had gone in the opposite direction,—to Sweden, on a visit to his Sister Ulrique,—off for West and North, just in the same days while the King was leaving Potsdam for Silesia and his other errand in the Southeast parts. Henri got to Drottingholm, his Sister's country Palace near Stockholm, by the "end of August;" and was there with Queen Ulrique and Husband during these Neustadt manoeuvres. A changed Queen Ulrique, since he last saw her "beautiful as Love," whirling off in the dead of night for those remote Countries and destinies. [Supra, viii. 309.] She is now fifty, or on the edge of it, her old man sixty,—old man dies within few months. They have had many chagrins, especially she, as the prouder, has had, from their contumacious People,—contumacious Senators at least (strong always both in POCKET—MONEY French or Russian, and in tendency to insolence and folly),—who once, I remember, demanded sight and count of the Crown—Jewels from Queen Ulrique: "There, VOILA, there are they!" said the proud Queen; "view them, count them,—lock them up: never more will I wear one of them!" But she has pretty Sons grown to manhood, one pretty Daughter, a patient good old Husband; and Time, in Sweden too, brings its roses; and life is life, in spite of contumacious bribed Senators and doggeries that do rather abound. Henri stayed with her six or seven weeks; leaves Sweden, middle of October, 1770,—not by the straight course homewards: "No, verily, and well knew why!" shrieks the indignant Polish world on us ever since.

It is not true that Friedrich had schemed to send Henri round by Petersburg. On the contrary, it was the Czarina, on ground of old acquaintanceship, who invited him, and asked his Brother's leave to do it. And if Poland got its fate from the circumstance, it was by accident, and by the fact that Poland's fate was drop—ripe, ready to fall by a touch.—Before going farther, here is ocular view of the shrill—minded, serious and ingenious Henri, little conscious of being so fateful a man:—

PRINCE HENRI IN WHITE DOMINO. "Prince Henri of Prussia," says Richardson, the useful Eye—witness cited already, "is one of the most celebrated Generals of the present age. So great are his military talents, that his Brother, who is not apt to pay compliments, says of him,—That, in commanding an army, he was never known to commit a fault. This, however, is but a negative kind of praise. He [the King] reserves to himself the glory of superior genius, which, though capable of brilliant achievements, is yet liable to unwary mistakes: and allows him no other than the praise of correctness.

"To judge of Prince Henri by his appearance, I should form no high estimate of his abilities. But the Scythian Ambassadors judged in the same manner of Alexander the Great. He is under the middle size; very thin; he walks firmly enough, or rather struts, as if he wanted to walk firmly; and has little dignity in his air or gesture. He is dark—complexioned; and he wears his hair, which is remarkably thick, clubbed, and dressed with a high toupee. His forehead is high; his eyes large and blue, with a little squint; and when he smiles, his upper lip is drawn up a little in the middle. His look expresses sagacity and observation, but nothing very amiable; and his manner is grave and stiff rather than affable. He was dressed, when I first saw him, in a light—blue frock with silver frogs; and wore a red waistcoat and blue breeches. He is not very popular among the Russians; and accordingly their

wits are disposed to amuse themselves with his appearance, and particularly with his toupee. They say he resembles Samson; that all his strength lies in his hair; and that, conscious of this, and recollecting the fate of the son of Manoaah, he suffers not the nigh approaches of any deceitful Delilah. They say he is like the Comet, which, about fifteen months ago, appeared so formidable in the Russian hemisphere; and which, exhibiting a small watery body, but a most enormous train, dismayed the Northern and Eastern Potentates with 'fear of change.'

"I saw him a few nights ago [on or about New-year's Day, 1771; come back to us, from his Tour to Moscow, three weeks before; and nothing but galas ever since] at a Masquerade in the Palace, said to be the most magnificent thing of the kind ever seen at the Russian Court. Fourteen large rooms and galleries were opened for the accommodation of the masks; and I was informed that there were present several thousand people. A great part of the company wore dominos, or capuchin dresses; though, besides these, some fanciful appearances afforded a good deal of amusement. A very tall Cossack appeared completely arrayed in the 'hauberk's twisted mail.' He was indeed very grim and martial. Persons in emblematical dresses, representing Apollo and the Seasons, addressed the Empress in speeches suited to their characters. The Empress herself, at the time I saw her Majesty, wore a Grecian habit; though I was afterwards told that she varied her dress two or three times during the masquerade. Prince Henri of Prussia wore a white domino. Several persons appeared in the dresses of different nations,— Chinese, Turks, Persians and Armenians. The most humorous and fantastical figure was a Frenchman, who, with wonderful nimbleness and dexterity, represented an overgrown but very beautiful Parrot. He chattered with a great deal of spirit; and his shoulders, covered with green feathers, performed admirably the part of wings. He drew the attention of the Empress; a ring was formed; he was quite happy; fluttered his plumage; made fine speeches in Russ, French and tolerable English; the ladies were exceedingly diverted; everybody laughed except Prince Henri, who stood beside the Empress, and was so grave and so solemn, that he would have performed his part most admirably in the shape of an owl. The Parrot observed him; was determined to have revenge; and having said as many good things as he could to her Majesty, he was hopping away; but just as he was going out of the circle, seeming to recollect himself, he stopped, looked over his shoulder at the formal Prince, and quite in the parrot tone and French accent, he addressed him most emphatically with 'HENRI! HENRI! HENRI!' and then, diving into the crowd, disappeared. His Royal Highness was disconcerted; he was forced to smile in his own defence, and the company were not a little amused.

"At midnight, a spacious hall, of a circular form, capable of containing a vast number of people, and illuminated in the most magnificent manner, was suddenly opened. Twelve tables were placed in alcoves around the sides of the room, where the Empress, Prince Henri, and a hundred and fifty of the chief nobility and foreign ministers sat down to supper. The rest of the company went up, by stairs on the outside of the room, into the lofty galleries placed all around on the inside. Such a row of masked visages, many of them with grotesque features and bushy beards, nodding from the side of the wall, appeared very ludicrous to those below. The entertainment was enlivened with a concert of music: and at different intervals persons in various habits entered the hall, and exhibited Cossack, Chinese, Polish, Swedish and Tartar dances. The whole was so gorgeous, and at the same time so fantastic, that I could not help thinking myself present at some of the magnificent festivals described in the old-fashioned romances:—

'The marshal'd feast

Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals.'

The rest of the company, on returning to the rooms adjoining, found prepared for them also a sumptuous banquet. The masquerade began at 6 in the evening, and continued till 5 next morning.

"Besides the masquerade, and other festivities, in honor of, and to divert Prince Henri, we had lately a most magnificent show of fire-works. They were exhibited in a wide apace before the Winter Palace; and, in truth, 'beggared description.' They displayed, by a variety of emblematical figures, the reduction of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and the various conquests and victories achieved since the commencement of the present War. The various colors, the bright green and the snowy white, exhibited in these fire-works, were truly astonishing. For the space of twenty minutes, a tree, adorned with the loveliest and most verdant foliage, seemed to be waving as with a gentle breeze. It was entirely of fire; and during the whole of this stupendous scene, an arch of fire, by the continued throwing of rockets and fire-balls in one direction, formed as it were a suitable canopy.

"On this occasion a prodigious multitude of people were assembled; and the Empress, it was surmised, seemed uneasy. She was afraid, it was apprehended, lest any accident, like what happened at Paris at the marriage of the Dauphin, should befall her beloved people. I hope I have amused you; and ever am"—[W. Richardson, *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire*, pp. 325–331: "Petersburg, 4th January, 1771."]

The masquerades and galas in honor of Prince Henri, from a grandiose Hostess, who had played with him in childhood, were many; but it is not with these that we have to do. One day, the Czarina, talking to him of the Austrian procedures at Zips, said with pique, "It seems, in Poland you have only to stoop, and pick up what you like of it. If the Court of Vienna have the notion to dismember that Kingdom, its neighbors will have right to do as much." [Rulhiere, iv. 210; *Trois Demembrements*, i. 142; above all, Henri himself, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 345, "Petersburg, 8th January, 1771."] This is supposed, in all Books, to be the PUNCTUM SALIENS, or first mention, of the astonishing Partition, which was settled, agreed upon, within about a year hence, and has made so much noise ever since. And in effect it was so; the idea rising practically in that high head was the real beginning. But this was not the first head it had been in; far from that. Above a year ago, as Friedrich himself informed us, it had been in Friedrich's own head,—though at the time it went for absolutely nothing, nobody even bestowing a sneer on it (as Friedrich intimates), and disappeared through the Horn–Gate of Dreams.

Friedrich himself appears to have quite forgotten the Count–Lynar idea; and, on Henri's report from Russia, was totally incredulous; and even suspected that there might be trickery and danger in this Russian proposal. Not till Henri's return (FEBRUARY 18th, 1771) could he entirely believe that the Czarina was serious;—and then, sure enough, he did, with his whole heart, go into it: the EUREKA out of all these difficulties, which had so long seemed insuperable. Prince Henri "had an Interview with the Austrian Minister next day" (February 19th), who immediately communicated with his Kaunitz,—and got discouraging response from Kaunitz; discouraging, or almost negatory; which did not discourage Friedrich. "A way out," thinks Friedrich: "the one way to save my Prussia and the world from incalculable conflagration." And entered on it without loss of a moment. And labored at it with such continual industry, rapidity and faculty for guiding and pushing, as all readers have known in him, on dangerous emergencies: at no moment lifting his hand from it till it was complete.

His difficulties were enormous: what a team to drive; and on such a road, untrodden before by hoof or wheel! Two Empresses that cordially hate one another, and that disagree on this very subject. Kaunitz and his Empress are extremely skittish in the matter, and as if quite refuse it at first: "Zips will be better," thinks Kaunitz to himself; "Cannot we have, all to ourselves, a beautiful little cutting out of Poland in that part; and then perhaps, in league with the Turk, who has money, beat the Russians home altogether, and rule Poland in their stead, or 'share it with the Sultan,' as Reis–Effendi suggests?" And the dismal truth is, though it was not known for years afterward, Kaunitz does about this time, in profoundest secret, actually make Treaty of Alliance with the Turk ("so many million Piastres to us, ready money, year by year, and you shall, if not by our mediating, then by our fighting, be a contented Turk"); and all along at the different Russian–Turk "Peace–Congresses," Kaunitz, while pretending to sit and mediate along with Prussia, sat on that far other basis, privately thwarting everything; and span out the Turk pacification in a wretched manner for years coming. ["Peace of Kainardschi," not till "21st July, 1774,"—after four or five abortive attempts, two of them "Congresses," Kaunitz so industrious (Hermann, v. 664 et antea).] A dangerous, hard–mouthed, high–stalking, ill–given old coach–horse of a Kaunitz: fancy what the driving of him might be, on a road he did not like! But he had a driver too, who, in delicate adroitness, in patience and in sharpness of whip, was consummate: "You shall know it is your one road, my ill–given friend!" (I ostentatiously increase my Cavalry by 8,000; meaning, "A new Seven–Years War, if you force me, and Russia by my side this time!") So that Kaunitz had to quit his Turk courses (never paid the Piastres back), and go into what really was the one way out.

But Friedrich's difficulties on this course are not the thing that can interest readers; and all readers know his faculty for overcoming difficulties. Readers ask rather: "And had Friedrich no feeling about Poland itself, then, and this atrocious Partitioning of the poor Country?" Apparently none whatever;—unless it might be, that Deliverance from Anarchy, Pestilence, Famine, and Pigs eating your dead bodies, would be a manifest advantage for Poland, while it was the one way of saving Europe from War. Nobody seems more contented in conscience, or radiant with heartfelt satisfaction, and certainty of thanks from all wise and impartial men, than the King of Prussia, now and afterwards, in regard to this Polish atrocity! A psychological fact, which readers can notice. Scrupulous regard to Polish considerations, magnanimity to Poland, or the least respect or pity for her as a dying

Anarchy, is what nobody will claim for him; consummate talent in executing the Partition of Poland (inevitable some day, as he may have thought, but is nowhere at the pains to say),—great talent, great patience too, and meritorious self-denial and endurance, in executing that Partition, and in saving IT from catching fire instead of being the means to quench fire, no well-informed person will deny him. Of his difficulties in the operation (which truly are unspeakable) I will say nothing more; readers are prepared to believe that he, beyond others, should conquer difficulties when the object is vital to him. I will mark only the successive dates of his progress, and have done with this wearisome subject:—

June 14th, 1771. Within four months of the arrival of Prince Henri and that first certainty from Russia, diligent Friedrich, upon whom the whole burden had been laid of drawing up a Plan, and bringing Austria to consent, is able to report to Petersburg, That Austria has dubieties, reluctances, which it is to be foreseen she will gradually get over; and that here meanwhile (June 14th, 1771) is my Plan of Partition,—the simplest conceivable: "That each choose (subject to future adjustments) what will best suit him; I, for my own part, will say, West-Prussen;—what Province will Czarish Majesty please to say?" Czarish Majesty, in answer, is exorbitantly liberal to herself; claims, not a Province, but four or five; will have Friedrich, if the Austrians attack her in consequence, to assist by declaring War on Austria; Czarish Majesty, in the reciprocal case, not to assist Friedrich at all, till her Turk War is done! "Impossible," thinks Friedrich; "surprisingly so, high Madam! But, to the delicate bridle-hand, you are a manageable entity."

It was with Kaunitz that Friedrich's real difficulties lay. Privately, in the course of this Summer, Kaunitz, by way of preparation for "mediating a Turk-Russian Peace," had concluded his "subsidy Treaty" with the Turk, ["6th July, 1771" (Preuss, iv. 31; Hermann; never ratified, but the Piastres duly paid;—Treaty rendering Peace impossible, so long as Kaunitz had to do with mediating it. And indeed Kaunitz's tricks in that function of mediator, and also after it, were of the kind which Friedrich has some reason to call "infamous." "Your Majesty, as co-mediator, will join us, should the Russians make War?" said Kaunitz's Ambassador, one day, to Friedrich. "For certain, no!" answered Friedrich; and, on the contrary, remounted his Cavalry, to signify, "I will fight the other way, if needed!" which did at once bring Kaunitz to give up his mysterious Turk projects, and come into the Polish. After which, his exorbitant greed of territory there; his attempts to get Russia into a partitioning of Turkey as well,—("A slice of Turkey too, your Czarish Majesty and we?" hints he more than once),—gave Friedrich no end of trouble; and are singular to look at by the light there now is. Not for about a twelvemonth did Friedrich get his hard-mouthed Kaunitz brought into step at all; and to the last, perpetual vigilance and, by whip and bit, the adroitest charioteering was needed on him.

FEBRUARY 17th, 1772, Russia and Prussia, for their own part,—Friedrich, in the circumstances, submitting to many things from his Czarina,—get their particular "Convention" (Bargain in regard to Poland) completed in all parts, "will take possession 4th June instant:" sign said Convention (February 17th);—and invite Austria to join, and state her claims. Which, in three weeks after, MARCH 4th, Austria does;—exorbitant abundantly; and NOT to be got very much reduced, though we try, for a series of months. Till at last:—

AUGUST 5th, 1772, Final Agreement between the Three Partitioning Powers: "These are our respective shares; we take possession on the 1st OF SEPTEMBER instant:"—and actual possession for Friedrich's share did, on the 13th of that month, ensue. A right glad Friedrich, as everybody, friend or enemy, may imagine him! Glad to have done with such a business,—had there been no other profit in it; which was far from being the case. One's clear belief, on studying these Books, is of two things: FIRST, that, as everybody admits, Friedrich had no real hand in starting the notion of Partitioning Poland;—but that he grasped at it with eagerness, as the one way of saving Europe from War: SECOND, what has been much less noticed, that, under any other hand, it would have led Europe to War;—and that to Friedrich is due the fact, that it got effected without such accompaniment. Friedrich's share of Territory is counted to be in all 9,465 English square miles; Austria's, 62,500; Russia's, 87,500, [Preuss, iv. 45.] between nine and ten times the amount of Friedrich's,—which latter, however, as an anciently Teutonic Country, and as filling up the always dangerous gap between his Ost-Prussen and him, has, under Prussian administration, proved much the most valuable of the Three; and, next to Silesia, is Friedrich's most important acquisition. SEPTEMBER 13th, 1772, it was at last entered upon,—through such waste-weltering confusions, and on terms never yet unquestionable.

Consent of Polish Diet was not had for a year more; but that is worth little record. Diet, for that object, got together 19th APRIL, 1773; recalcitrant enough, had not Russia understood the methods: "a common fund was

raised [ON SE COTISA, says Friedrich] for bribing;" the Three Powers had each a representative General in Warsaw (Lentulus the Prussian personage), all three with forces to rear: Diet came down by degrees, and, in the course of five months (SEPTEMBER 18th, 1773), acquiesced in everything.

And so the matter is ended; and various men will long have various opinions upon it. I add only this one small Document from Maria Theresa's hand, which all hearts, and I suppose even Friedrich's had he ever read it, will pronounce to be very beautiful; homely, faithful, wholesome, well-becoming in a high and true Sovereign Woman.

THE EMPRESS-QUEEN TO PRINCE KAUNITZ (Undated: date must be Vienna, February, 1772).

"When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not where in the world I should find a place to be brought to bed in, I relied on my good right and the help of God. But in this thing, where not only public law cries to Heaven against us, but also all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess never in my life to have been in such trouble, and am ashamed to show my face. Let the Prince [Kaunitz] consider what an example we are giving to all the world, if, for a miserable piece of Poland, or of Moldavia or Wallachia, we throw our honor and reputation to the winds. I see well that I am alone, and no more in vigor; therefore I must, though to my very great sorrow, let things take their course." [*"Als alle meine l ander angefochten wurden und gar nit mehr wusste wo ruhig niederkommen sollte, steiffete ich mich auf mein gutes Recht und den Beystand Gottes. Aber in dieser Sach, wo nit allein das offenbare Recht himmelschreyent wider Uns, sondern auch alle Billigkeit und die gesunde Vernunft wider Uns ist, muess bekhennen dass zeitlebens nit so beangstigt mich befunten und mich sehen zu lassen schame. Bedenk der Furst, was wir aller Welt fur ein Exempel geben, wenn wir um ein ellendes stuk von Pohlen oder von der Moldau und Wallachey unser ehr und REPUTATION in die schanz schlagen. Ich merkh wohl dass ich allein bin und nit mehr EN VIGEUR, darum lasse ich die sachen, jedoch nit ohne meinen grossten Gram, ihren Weg gehen."* (From "Hormayr, *Taschenbuch*, 1831, s. 66:" cited in PREUSS, iv. 38.)]

And, some days afterwards, here is her Majesty's Official Assent: "PLACET, since so many great and learned men will have it so: but long after I am dead, it will be known what this violating of all that was hitherto held sacred and just will give rise to." [From "*Zietgenossen* [a Biographical Periodical], lxxi. 29:" cited in PREUSS, iv. 39.] (Hear her Majesty!)

Friedrich has none of these compunctious visitings; but his account too, when he does happen to speak on the subject, is worth hearing, and credible every word. Writing to Voltaire, a good while after (POTSDAM, 9th OCTOBER, 1773)) this, in the swift-flowing, miscellaneous Letter, is one passage: ... "To return to your King of Poland. I am aware that Europe pretty generally believes the late Partition made (QU'ON A FAIT) of Poland to be a result of the Political trickeries (MANIGANCES) which are attributed to me; nevertheless, nothing is more untrue. After in vain proposing different arrangements and expedients, there was no alternative left but either that same Partition, or else Europe kindled into a general War. Appearances are deceitful; and the Public judges only by these. What I tell you is as true as the Forty-seventh of Euclid." [Oeuvres de Frederic, xxiii. 257.]

WHAT FRIEDRICH DID WITH HIS NEW ACQUISITION.

Considerable obloquy still rests on Friedrich, in many liberal circles, for the Partition of Poland. Two things, however, seem by this time tolerably clear, though not yet known in liberal circles: first, that the Partition of Poland was an event inevitable in Polish History; an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature, as well as of the poor earthly Sovereigns concerned there; and secondly, that Friedrich had nothing special to do with it, and, in the way of originating or causing it, nothing whatever.

It is certain the demands of Eternal Justice must be fulfilled: in earthly instruments, concerned with fulfilling them, there may be all degrees of demerit and also of merit,—from that of a world-ruffian Attila the Scourge of God, conscious of his own ferocities and cupidities alone, to that of a heroic Cromwell, sacredly aware that he is, at his soul's peril, doing God's Judgments on the enemies of God, in Tredah and other severe scenes. If the Laws and Judgments are verily those of God, there can be no clearer merit than that of pushing them forward, regardless of the barking of Gazetteers and wayside dogs, and getting them, at the earliest term possible, made valid among recalcitrant mortals! Friedrich, in regard to Poland, I cannot find to have had anything considerable either of merit or of demerit, in the moral point of view; but simply to have accepted, and put in his pocket without criticism, what Providence sent. He himself evidently views it in that light; and is at no pains to conceal his great sense of the value of West-Prussia to him. We praised his Narrative as eminently true, and the only one completely intelligible in every point: in his Preface to it, written some years later, he is still more candid. Speaking there in

the first person, this once and never before or after,—he says:—

"These new pretensions [of the Czarina, to assuage the religious putrid-fever of the Poles by word of command] raised all Poland [into Confederation of Bar, and WAR OF THE CONFEDERATES, sung by Friedrich]; the Grandees of the Kingdom implored the assistance of the Turks: straightway War flamed out; in which the Russian Armies had only to show themselves to beat the Turks in every rencounter." His Majesty continues: "This War changed the whole Political System of Europe [general Diplomatic Dance of Europe, suddenly brought to a whirl by such changes of the music]; a new arena (CARRIERE) came to open itself,—and one must have been either without address, or else buried in stupid somnolence (ENGOURDISSEMENT), not to profit by an opportunity so advantageous. I had read Bojardo's fine Allegory: [Signifies only, "seize opportunity;" but here is the passage itself:— "*Quante volte le disse: 'O bella dama, Conosci l'ora de la tua ventura, Dapoi che un tal Baron piu the che se t'ama, Che non ha il Ciel piu vaga creatura. Forse anco avrai di questo tempo brama, Che'l felice destin sempre non dura; Prendi diletto, mentre sei su 'l verde, Che l'avuto piacer mai non si perde. Questa eta giovenil, ch' e si gioiosa, Tutta in diletto consumar si deve, Perche quasi in un punto ci e nas cosa: Como dissolve 'l sol la bianca neve, Como in un giorno la vermiglia rosa Perde il vago color in tempo breve, Così fugge l' eta com' un baleno, E non si puo tener, che non ha freno.'"* (Bojardo, *Orlando Innamorato*, lib. i. cant. 2.)] I seized by the forelock this unexpected opportunity; and, by dint of negotiating and intriguing [candid King] I succeeded in indemnifying our Monarchy for its past losses, by incorporating Polish Prussia with my Old Provinces." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, (Preface to MEMOIRS DEPUIS 1763 JUSQU'A 1774), vi. 6, 7: "MEMOIRES [Chapter FIRST, including all the Polish part] were finished in 1775; Preface is of 1779."]

Here is a Historian King who uses no rouge-pot in his Narratives,— whose word, which is all we shall say of it at present, you find to be perfectly trustworthy, and a representation of the fact as it stood before himself! What follows needs no vouching for: "This acquisition was one of the most important we could make, because it joined Pommern to East Prussia [ours for ages past], and because, rendering us masters of the Weichsel River, we gained the double advantage of being able to defend that Kingdom [Ost- Preussen], and to draw considerable tolls from the Weichsel, as all the trade of Poland goes by that River."

Yes truly! Our interests are very visible: and the interests and wishes and claims of Poland,—are they nowhere worthy of one word from you, O King? Nowhere that I have noticed: not any mention of them, or allusion to them; though the world is still so convinced that perhaps they were something, and not nothing! Which is very curious. In the whole course of my reading I have met with no Autobiographer more careless to defend himself upon points in dispute among his Audience, and marked as criminal against him by many of them. Shadow of Apology on such points you search for in vain. In rapid bare summary he sets down the sequel of facts, as if assured beforehand of your favorable judgment, or with the profoundest indifference to how you shall judge them; drops his actions, as an Ostrich does its young, to shift for themselves in the wilderness, and hurries on his way. This style of his, noticeable of old in regard to Silesia too, has considerably hurt him with the common kind of readers; who, in their preconceived suspicions of the man, are all the more disgusted at tracing in him, not the least anxiety to stand well with any reader, more than to stand ill, AS ill as any reader likes!

Third parties, it would seem, have small temptation to become his advocates; he himself being so totally unprovided with thanks for you! But, on another score, and for the sake of a better kind of readers, there is one third party bound to remark: 1. That hardly any Sovereign known to us did, in his general practice, if you will examine it, more perfectly respect the boundaries of his neighbors; and go on the road that was his own, anxious to tread on no man's toes if he could avoid it: a Sovereign who, at all times, strictly and beneficently confined himself to what belonged to his real business and him. 2. That apparently, therefore, he must have considered Poland to be an exceptional case, unique in his experience: case of a moribund Anarchy, fallen down as carrion on the common highways of the world; belonging to nobody in particular; liable to be cut into (nay, for sanitary reasons requiring it, if one were a Rhadamanthus Errant, which one is not!)—liable to be cut into, on a great and critically stringent occasion; no question to be asked of IT; your only question the consent of by-standers, and the moderate certainty that nobody got a glaringly disproportionate share! That must have been, on the part of an equitable Friedrich, or even of a Friedrich accurate in Book-keeping by Double Entry, the notion silently formed about Poland.

Whether his notion was scientifically right, and conformable to actual fact, is a question I have no thought of entering on; still less, whether Friedrich was morally right, or whether there was not a higher rectitude, granting

even the fact, in putting it in practice. These are questions on which an Editor may have his opinion, partly complete for a long time past, partly not complete, or, in human language, completable or pronounceable at all; and may carefully forbear to obtrude it on his readers; and only advise them to look with their own best eyesight, to be deaf to the multiplex noises which are evidently blind, and to think what they find thinkablest on such a subject. For, were it never so just, proper and needful, this is by nature a case of LYNCH LAW; upon which, in the way of approval or apology, no spoken word is permissible. Lynch being so dangerous a Lawgiver, even when an indispensable one!—

For, granting that the Nation of Poland was for centuries past an Anarchy doomed by the Eternal Laws of Heaven to die, and then of course to get gradually buried, or eaten by neighbors, were it only for sanitary reasons,—it will by no means suit, to declare openly on behalf of terrestrial neighbors who have taken up such an idea (granting it were even a just one, and a true reading of the silent but inexorably certain purposes of Heaven), That they, those volunteer terrestrial neighbors, are justified in breaking in upon the poor dying or dead carcass, and flaying and burying it, with amicable sharing of skin and shoes! If it even were certain that the wretched Polish Nation, for the last forty years hastening with especial speed towards death, did in present circumstances, with such a howling canaille of Turk Janissaries and vultures of creation busy round it, actually require prompt surgery, in the usual method, by neighbors,—the neighbors shall and must do that function at their own risk. If Heaven did appoint them to it, Heaven, for certain, will at last justify them; and in the mean while, for a generation or two, the same Heaven (I can believe) has appointed that Earth shall pretty unanimously condemn them. The shrieks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind, in such case, are mankind's one security against over-promptitude (which is so dreadfully possible) on the part of surgical neighbors.

Alas, yes, my articulate-speaking friends; here, as so often elsewhere, the solution of the riddle is not Logic, but Silence. When a dark human Individual has filled the measure of his wicked blockheadisms, sins and brutal nuisancings, there are Gibbets provided, there are Laws provided; and you can, in an articulate regular manner, hang him and finish him, to general satisfaction. Nations too, you may depend on it as certain, do require the same process, and do infallibly get it withal; Heaven's Justice, with written Laws or without, being the most indispensable and the inevitable thing I know of in this Universe. No doing without it; and it is sure to come:—and the Judges and Executioners, we observe, are NOT, in that latter case, escorted in and out by the Sheriffs of Counties and general ringing of bells; not so, in that latter case, but far otherwise!—

And now, leaving that vexed question, we will throw one glance— only one is permitted—into the far more profitable question, which probably will one day be the sole one on this matter, What became of poor West-Preussen under Friedrich? Had it to sit, weeping unconsolably, or not? Herr Dr. Freytag, a man of good repute in Literature, has, in one of his late Books of Popular History, [G. Freytag, *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes* (Leipzig, 1862).] gone into this subject, in a serious way, and certainly with opportunities far beyond mine for informing himself upon it:—from him these Passages have been excerpted, labelled and translated by a good hand:—

ACQUISITION OF POLISH PRUSSIA. "During several Centuries, the much-divided Germans had habitually been pressed upon, and straitened and injured, by greedy conquering neighbors; Friedrich was the first Conqueror who once more pushed forward the German Frontier towards the East; reminding the Germans again, that it was their task to carry Law, Culture, Liberty and Industry into the East of Europe. All Friedrich's Lands, with the exception only of some Old-Saxon territory, had, by force and colonization, been painfully gained from the Slave. At no time since the migrations of the Middle Ages, had this struggle for possession of the wide Plains to the east of Oder ceased. When arms were at rest, politicians carried on the struggle."

PERSECUTION OF GERMAN PROTESTANTS IN POLAND. "In the very 'Century of Enlightenment' the persecution of the Germans became fanatical in those Countries: one Protestant Church after the other got confiscated; pulled down; if built of wood, set on fire: its Church once burnt, the Village had lost the privilege of having one. Ministers and schoolmasters were driven away, cruelly maltreated. 'VEXA LUTHERANURN, DABIT THALERUM (Wring the Lutheran, you will find money in him),' became the current Proverb of the Poles in regard to Germans. A Protestant Starost of Gnesen, a Herr von UNRUH of the House of Birnbaum, one of the largest proprietors of the country, was condemned to die, and first to have his tongue pulled out and his hands cut off,—for the crime of having copied into his Note-book some strong passages against the Jesuits, extracted from German Books. Patriotic 'Confederates of Bar,' joined by all the plunderous vagabonds around, went roaming and

ravaging through the country, falling upon small towns and German villages. The Polish Nobleman, Roskowski [a celebrated "symbolical" Nobleman, this], put on one red boot and one black, symbolizing FIRE and DEATH; and in this guise rode about, murdering and burning, from places to place; finally, at Jastrow, he cut off the hands, feet, and lastly the head of the Protestant Pastor, Willich by name, and threw the limbs into a swamp. This happened in 1768."

IN WHAT STATE FRIEDRICH FOUND THE POLISH PROVINCES. "Some few only of the larger German Towns, which were secured by walls, and some protected Districts inhabited exclusively by Germans,—as the NIEDERUNG near Dantzig, the Villages under the mild rule of the Cistercians of Oliva, and the opulent German towns of the Catholic Ermeland,—were in tolerable circumstances. The other Towns lay in ruins; so also most of the Hamlets (HOFE) of the open Country. Bromberg, the city of German Colonists, the Prussians found in heaps and ruins: to this hour it has not been possible to ascertain clearly how the Town came into this condition. ["*Neue Preussische Provinzialblotter*, Year 1854, No. 4, p. 259."] No historian, no document, tells of the destruction and slaughter that had been going on, in the whole District of the NETZE there, during the last ten years before the arrival of the Prussians, The Town of Culm had preserved its strong old walls and stately churches; but in the streets, the necks of the cellars stood out above the rotten timber and brick heaps of the tumbled houses: whole streets consisted merely of such cellars, in which wretched people were still trying to live. Of the forty houses in the large Market—place of Culm, twenty—eight had no doors, no roofs, no windows, and no owners. Other Towns were in similar condition,"

"The Country people hardly knew such a thing as bread; many had never in their life tasted such a delicacy; few Villages possessed an oven. A weaving—loom was rare, the spinning—wheel unknown. The main article of furniture, in this bare scene of squalor, was the Crucifix and vessel of Holy—Water under it [and "POLACK! CATHOLIK!" if a drop of gin be added].—The Peasant—Noble [unvoting, inferior kind] was hardly different from the common Peasant: he himself guided his Hook Plough (HACKEN—PFLUG), and clattered with his wooden slippers upon the plankless floor of his hut. ... It was a desolate land, without discipline, without law, without a master. On 9,000 English square miles lived 500,000 souls: not 55 to the square mile."

SETS TO WORK. "The very rottenness of the Country became an attraction for Friedrich; and henceforth West—Prussen was, what hitherto Silesia had been, his favorite child; which, with infinite care, like that of an anxious loving mother, he washed, brushed, new—dressed, and forced to go to school and into orderly habits, and kept ever in his eye. The diplomatic squabbles about this 'acquisition' were still going on, when he had already sent [so early as June 4th, 1772, and still more on September 13th of that Year [See his new DIALOGUE with Roden, our Wesel acquaintance, who was a principal Captain in this business (in PREUSS, iv. 57, 58: date of the Dialogue is "11th May, 1772;"—Roden was on the ground 4th June next; but, owing to Austrian delays, did not begin till September 13th).]] a body of his best Official People into this waste—howling scene, to set about organizing it. The Landschaften (COUNTIES) were divided into small Circles; in a minimum of time, the land was valued, and an equal tax put upon it; every Circle received its LANDRATH, Law—Court, Post—office and Sanitary Police. New Parishes, each with its Church and Parson, were called into existence as by miracle; a company of 187 Schoolmasters—partly selected and trained by the excellent Semler [famous over Germany, in Halle University and SEMINARIUM, not yet in England]— were sent into the Country: multitudes of German Mechanics too, from brick— makers up to machine—builders. Everywhere there began a digging, a hammering, a building; Cities were peopled anew; street after street rose out of the heaps of ruins; new Villages of Colonists were laid out, new modes of agriculture ordered. In the first Year after taking possession, the great Canal [of Bromberg] was dug; which, in a length of fifteen miles, connects, by the Netze River, the Weichsel with the Oder and the Elbe: within one year after giving the order, the King saw loaded vessels from the Oder, 120 feet in length of keel," and of forty tons burden, "enter the Weichsel. The vast breadths of land, gained from the state of swamp by drainage into this Canal, were immediately peopled by German Colonists.

"As his Seven—Years Struggle of War may be called super—human, so was there also in his present Labor of Peace something enormous; which appeared to his contemporaries [unless my fancy mislead me] almost preternatural, at times inhuman. It was grand, but also terrible, that the success of the whole was to him, at all moments, the one thing to be striven after; the comfort of the individual of no concern at all. When, in the Marshland of the Wetze, he counted more the strokes of the 10,000 spades, than the sufferings of the workers, sick with the marsh—fever in the hospitals which he had built for them; [Compare PREUSS, iv. 60—71.] when,

restless, his demands outran the quickest performance,—there united itself to the deepest reverence and devotedness, in his People, a feeling of awe, as for one whose limbs are not moved by earthly life [fanciful, considerably!]. And when Goethe, himself become an old man, finished his last Drama [Second Part of FAUST], the figure of the old King again rose on him, and stept into his Poem; and his Faust got transformed into an unresting, creating, pitilessly exacting Master, forcing on his salutiferous drains and fruitful canals through the morasses of the Weichsel." [G. Freytag, *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes* (Leipzig, 1862), pp. 397–408.]

These statements and pencillings of Freytag, apart from here and there a flourish of poetic sentiment, I believe my readers can accept as essentially true, and a correct portrait of the fact. And therewith, CON LA BOCCA DOLCE, we will rise from this Supper of Horrors. That Friedrich fortified the Country, that he built an impregnable Graudentz, and two other Fortresses, rendering the Country, and himself on that Eastern side, impregnable henceforth, all readers can believe. Friedrich has been building various Fortresses in this interim, though we have taken no notice of them; building and repairing many things;—trimming up his Military quite to the old pitch, as the most particular thing of all. He has his new Silesian Fortress of Silberberg,—big Fortress, looking into certain dangerous Bohemian Doors (in Tobias Stusche's Country, if readers recollect an old adventure now mythical);—his new Silesian Silberberg, his newer Polish Graudentz, and many others, and flatters himself he is not now pregnable on any side.

A Friedrich working, all along, in Poland especially, amid what circumambient deluges of maledictory outcries, and mendacious shriekeries from an ill-informed Public, is not now worth mentioning. Mere distracted rumors of the Pamphleteer and Newspaper kind: which, after hunting them a long time, through dense and rare, end mostly in zero, and angry darkness of some poor human brain,—or even testify in favor of this Head-Worker, and of the sense he shows, especially of the patience. For example: that of the "Polish Towns and Villages, ordered" by this Tyrant "to deliver, each of them, so many marriageable girls; each girl to bring with her as dowry, furnished by her parents, 1 feather-bed, 4 pillows, 1 cow, 3 swine and 3 ducats,"—in which desirable condition this tyrannous King "sent her into the Brandenburg States to be wedded and promote population." [Lindsey, LETTERS ON POLAND (Letter 2d). p. 61: Peyssonnel (in some. French Book of his, "solemnly presented to Louis XVI. and the Constituent Assembly;" cited in PREUSS, iv. 85); Feather-beds, swine and ducats had their value in Brandenburg; but were marriageable girls such a scarcity there? Most extraordinary new RAPE OF THE SABINES; for which Herr Preuss can find no basis or source,—nor can I; except in the brain of Reverend Lindsey and his loud LETTERS ON POLAND above mentioned.

Dantzig too, and the Harbor-dues, what a case! Dantzig Harbor, that is to say, Netze River, belongs mainly to Friedrich, Dantzig City not,—such the Czarina's lofty whim, in the late Partition Treatyings; not good to contradict, in the then circumstances; still less afterwards, though it brought chicanings more than enough. "And she was not ill-pleased to keep this thorn in the King's foot for her own conveniences," thinks the King; though, mainly, he perceives that it is the English acting on her grandiose mind: English, who were apprehensive for their Baltic trade under this new Proprietor, and who egged on an ambitious Czarina to protect Human Liberty, and an inflated Dantzig Burgermeister to stand up for ditto; and made a dismal shriekery in the Newspapers, and got into dreadful ill-humor with said Proprietor of Dantzig Harbor, and have never quite recovered from it to this day. Lindsey's POLISH LETTERS are very loud again on this occasion, aided by his SEVEN DIALOGUES ON POLAND; concerning which, partly for extinct Lindsey's sake, let us cite one small passage, and so wind up.

MARCH 2d, 1775, in answer to Voltaire, Friedrich writes: ... "The POLISH DIALOGUES you speak of are not known to me. I think of such Satires, with Epictetus: 'If they tell any truth of thee, correct thyself; if they are lies, laugh at them.' I have learned, with years, to become a steady coach-horse; I do my stage, like a diligent roadster, and pay no heed to the little dogs that will bark by the way." And then, three weeks after:—

"I have at length got the SEVEN DIALOGUES ON POLAND; and the whole history of them as well. The Author is an Englishman named Lindsey, Parson by profession, and Tutor to the young Prince Poniatowski, the King of Poland's Nephew,"—Nephew Joseph, Andreas's Son, NOT the undistinguished Nephew: so we will believe for poor loud Lindsey's sake! "It was at the instigation of the Czartoryskis, Uncles of the King, that Lindsey composed this Satire,—in English first of all. Satire ready, they perceived that nobody in Poland would understand it, unless it were translated into French; which accordingly was done. But as their translator was unskilful, they sent the DIALOGUES to a certain Gerard at Dantzig, who at that time was French Consul there,

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

and who is at present a Clerk in your Foreign Office under M. de Vergennes. This Gerard, who does not want for wit, but who does me the honor to hate me cordially, retouched these DIALOGUES, and put them into the condition they were published in. I have laughed a good deal at them: here and there occur coarse things (GROSSIÉRETÉS), and platitudes of the insipid kind: but there are traits of good pleasantry. I shall not go fencing with goose-quills against this sycophant. As Mazarin said, 'Let the French keep singing, provided they let us keep doing.'" [*Oeuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 319–321: "Potsdam, 2d March, 1775," and "25th March" following. See PREUSS, iii. 275, iv. 85.]

Chapter V. A CHAPTER OF MISCELLANIES.

After Neustadt, Kaiser Joseph and the King had no more Interviews. Kaunitz's procedures in the subsequent Pacification and Partition business had completely estranged the two Sovereigns: to friendly visiting, a very different state of mutual feeling had succeeded; which went on, such "the immeasurable ambition" visible in some of us, deepening and worsening itself, instead of improving or abating. Friedrich had Joseph's Portrait hung in conspicuous position in the rooms where he lived; somebody noticing the fact, Friedrich answered: "Ah, yes, I am obliged to keep that young Gentleman in my eye." And, in effect, the rest of Friedrich's Political Activity, from this time onwards, may be defined as an ever-vigilant defence of himself, and of the German Reich, against Austrian Encroachment: which, to him, in the years then running, was the grand impending peril; and which to us in the new times has become so inexpressibly uninteresting, and will bear no narrative, Austrian Encroachment did not prove to be the death-peril that had overhung the world in Friedrich's last years!—

These, accordingly, are years in which the Historical interest goes on diminishing; and only the Biographical, were anything of Biography attainable, is left. Friedrich's industrial, economic and other Royal activities are as beautiful as ever; but cannot to our readers, in our limits, be described with advantage. Events of world-interest, after the Partition of Poland, do not fall out, or Friedrich is not concerned in them. It is a dim element; its significance chiefly German or Prussian, not European. What of humanly interesting is discoverable in it,—at least, while the Austrian Grudge continues in a chronic state, and has no acute fit,—I will here present in the shape of detached Fragments, suitably arranged and rendered legible, in hopes these may still have some lucency for readers, and render more conceivable the surrounding masses that have to be left dark. Our first Piece is of Winter, or late Autumn, 1771,—while the solution of the Polish Business is still in its inchoative stages; perfectly complete in the Artist's own mind; Russia too adhering; but Kaunitz so refractory and contradictory.

HERR DOCTOR ZIMMERMANN, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "ON SOLITUDE," WALKS REVERENTIALLY BEFORE FRIEDRICH'S DOOR IN THE DUSK OF AN OCTOBER EVENING: AND HAS A ROYAL INTERVIEW NEXT DAY.

Friday Evening, 25th October, 1771, is the date of Zimmermann's walk of contemplation,—among the pale Statues and deciduous Gardenings of Sans-Souci Cottage (better than any Rialto, at its best),—the eternal stars coming out overhead, and the transitory candle-light of a King Friedrich close by.

"At Sans-Souci," says he, in his famed Book, "where that old God of War (KRIEGSGOTT) forges his thunder-bolts, and writes Works of Intellect for Posterity; where he governs his People as the best father would his house; where, during one half of the day, he accepts and reads the petitions and complaints of the meanest citizen or peasant; comes to help of his Countries on all sides with astonishing sums of money, expecting no payment, nor seeking anything but the Common Weal; and where, during the other half, he is a Poet and Philosopher:—at Sans-Souci, I say, there reigns all round a silence, in which you can hear the faintest breath of every soft wind. I mounted this Hill for the first time in Winter [late Autumn, 25th October, 1771, edge of Winter], in the dusk. When I beheld the small Dwelling-House of this Convulser of the World close by me, and was near his very chamber, I saw indeed a light inside, but no sentry or watchman at the Hero's door; no soul to ask me, Who I was, or What I wanted. I saw nothing; and walked about as I pleased before this small and silent House." [Preuss, i. 387 ("from EINSAMKEIT," Zimmermann's SOLITUDE, "i. 110; Edition of Leipzig, 1784").]

Yes, Doctor, this is your Kriegsgott; throned in a free-and-easy fashion. In regard to that of Sentries, I believe there do come up from Potsdam nightly a corporal and six rank-and-file; but perhaps it is at a later hour; perhaps they sit within doors, silent, not to make noises. Another gentleman, of sauntering nocturnal habits, testifies to having, one night, seen the King actually asleep in bed, the doors being left ajar. [Ib. i. 388.]—As Zimmermann had a DIALOGUE next day with his Majesty, which we propose to give; still more, as he made such noise in the world by other Dialogues with Friedrich, and by a strange Book about them, which are still ahead,—readers may desire to know a little who or what the Zimmermann is, and be willing for a rough brief Note upon him, which certainly is not readier than it is rough:—

Johann Georg Zimmermann: born 1728, at Brugg in the Canton of Bern, where his Father seems to have had some little property and no employment, "a RATHSHERR (Town-Councillor), who was much respected." Of

brothers or sisters, no mention. The Mother being from the French part of the Canton, he learned to speak both languages. Went to Bern for his Latin and high-schooling; then to Gottingen, where he studied Medicine, under the once great Haller and other now dimmed celebrities. Haller, himself from Bern, had taken Zimmermann to board, and became much attached to him: Haller, in 1752, came on a summer visit to native Bern: Zimmermann, who had in the mean time been "for a few months" in France, in Italy and England, now returned and joined him there; but the great man, feeling very poorly and very old, decided that he would like to stay in Bern, and not move any more;—Zimmermann, accordingly, was sent to Gottingen to bring Mrs. Haller, with her Daughters, bandboxes and effects, home to Bern. Which he did;—and not only them, but a soft, ingenious, ingenuous and rather pretty young Gottingen Lady along with them, as his own Wife withal. With her he settled as STADTPHYSICUS (Town-Doctor) in native Brugg; where his beloved Hallers were within reach; and practice in abundance, and honors, all that the place yielded, were in readiness for him.

Here he continued some sixteen years; very busy, very successful in medicine and literature; but "tormented with hypochondria;"—having indeed an immense conceit of himself, and generally too thin a skin for this world. Here he first wrote his Book on SOLITUDE, a Book famed over all the world in my young days (and perhaps still famed); he wrote it a second time, MUCH ENLARGED, about thirty years after: [*Betrachtungen uber die Einsamkeit, von Doctor J. G. Zimmermann, Stadtphysicus in Brugg* (Zurich, 1756),—as yet only "1 vol. 8vo, price 6d." (5 groschen); but it grew with years; and (Leipzig, 1784) came out remodelled into 4 vols.;—was translated into French, "with many omissions," by Mercier (Paris, 1790); into English from Mercier (London, 1791). "Zurich, 1763–1764:" by and by, one "Dobson did it into English."] I read it (in the curtailed English-Mercier form, no Scene in it like the above), in early boyhood,—and thank it for nothing, or nearly so. Zimmermann lived much alone, at Brugg and elsewhere; all his days "Hypochondria" was the main company he had:—and it was natural, but UNprofitable, that he should say, to himself and others, the best he could for that bad arrangement: poor soul! He wrote also on MEDICAL EXPERIENCE, a famed Book in its day;" also on NATIONAL PRIDE; and became famed through the Universe, and was Member of infinite Learned Societies.

All which rendered dull dead Brugg still duller and more dead; unfit utterly for a man of such sublime accomplishments. Plenty of Counts Stadion, Kings of Poland even, offered him engagements; eager to possess such a man, and deliver him from dull dead Brugg; but he had hypochondria, and always feared their deliverance might be into something duller. At length,—in his fortieth year, 1768, —the place of Court-Physician (HOFMEDICUS) at Hanover was offered him by George the Third of pious memory, and this he resolved to accept; and did lift anchor, and accept and occupy accordingly.

Alas, at the Gate of Hanover, "his carriage upset;" broke his poor old Mother-in-law's leg (who had been rejoicing doubtless to get home into her own Country), and was the end of her—poor old soul;—and the beginning of misfortunes continual and too tedious to mention. Spleen, envy, malice and calumny, from the Hanover Medical world; treatment, "by the old buckram Hofdames who had drunk coffee with George II.," "which was fitter for a laquais-de-place" than for a medical gentleman of eminence: unworthy treatment, in fact, in many or most quarters;—followed by hypochondria, by dreadful bodily disorder (kind not given or discoverable), "so that I suffered the pains of Hell," sat weeping, sat gnashing my teeth, and could n't write a Note after dinner; followed finally by the sickness, and then by the death, of my poor Wife, "after five months of torment." Upon which, in 1771, Zimmermann's friends—for he had many friends, being, in fact, a person of fine graceful intellect, high proud feelings and tender sensibilities, gone all to this sad state—rallied themselves; set his Hanover house in order for him (governess for his children, what not); and sent him off to Berlin, there to be dealt with by one Meckel, an incomparable Surgeon, and be healed of his dreadful disorder ("LEIBESSCHADE, of which the first traces had appeared in Brugg"),—though to most people it seemed rather he would die; "and one Medical Eminency in Hanover said to myself [Zimmermann] one day: 'Dr. So-and-so is to have your Pension, I am told; now, by all right, it should belong to me, don't you think so?'" What, "I" thought of the matter, seeing the greedy gentleman thus "parting my skin," may be conjectured!—

The famed Meckel received his famed patient with a nobleness worthy of the heroic ages. Dodged him in his own house, in softest beds and appliances; spoke comfort to him, hope to him,—the gallant Meckel;—rallied, in fact, the due medical staff one morning; came up to Zimmermann, who "stripped," with the heart of a lamb and lion conjoined, and trusting in God, "flung himself on his bed" (on his face, or on his back, we never know), and there, by the hands of Meckel and staff, "received above 2,000 (TWO THOUSAND) cuts in the space of an hour

and half, without uttering one word or sound." A frightful operation, gallantly endured, and skilfully done; whereby the "bodily disorder" (LEIBESSCHADE), whatever it might be, was effectually and forever sent about its business by the noble Meckel.

Hospitalities and soft, hushed kindnesses and soothing ministrations, by Meckel and by everybody, were now doubled and trebled: wise kind Madam Meckel, young kind Mamsell Meckel and the Son (who "now, in 1788, lectures in Gottingen"); not these only, nor Schmucker Head Army-Surgeon, and the ever-memorable HERR GENERALCHIRURGUS Madan, who had both been in the operation; not these only, but by degrees all that was distinguished in the Berlin world, Ramler, Busching, Sulzer, Prime Minister Herzberg, Queen's and King's Equerries, and honorable men and women,—bore him "on angel-wings" towards complete recovery. Talked to him, sang and danced to him (at least, the "Muses" and the female Meckels danced and sang), and all lapped him against eating cares, till, after twelve weeks, he was fairly on his feet again, and able to make jaunts in the neighborhood with his "life's savior," and enjoy the pleasant Autumn weather to his farther profit.—All this, though described in ridiculous superlative by Zimmermann, is really touching, beautiful and human: perhaps never in his life was he so happy, or a thousandth part so helped by man, as while under the roof of this thrice-useful Meckel,—more power to Meckel!

Head Army-Surgeon Schmucker had gone through all the Seven-Years War; Zimmermann, an ardent Hero-worshipper, was never weary questioning him, listening to him in full career of narrative, on this great subject,—only eight years old at that time. Among their country drives, Meckel took him to Potsdam, twenty English miles off; in the end of October, there to stay a night. This was the ever-memorable Friday, when we first ascended the Hill of Sans-Souci, and had our evening walk of contemplation:—to be followed by a morrow which was ten times more memorable: as readers shall now see. [Jordens, *Lexikon* (§ Zimmermann), v. 632–658 (exact and even eloquent account, as these of Jordens, unexpectedly, often are); Zimmermann himself, UNTERREDUNGEN MIT FRIEDRICH DEM GROSSEN (ubi infra); Tissot, *Vie de M. Zimmermann* (Lausanne, 1797):

NEXT DAY, ZIMMERMANN HAS A DIALOGUE. Schmucker had his apartments in "LITTLE SANS-SOUCI," where the King now lived (Big Sans-Souci, or "Sans-Souci" by itself, means in those days, not in ours at all, "New Palace, NEUE PALAIS," now in all its splendor of fresh finish). De Catt, Friedrich's Reader, whom we know well, was a Genevese, and knew Zimmermann from of old. Schmucker and De Catt were privately twitching up Friedrich's curiosity,—to whom also Zimmermann's name, and perhaps his late surgical operation, might be known: "Can he speak French?"—"Native to him, your Majesty." Friedrich had some notion to see Zimmermann; and judicious De Catt, on this fortunate Saturday, "26th October, 1771," morrow after Zimmermann's arrival at Potsdam, "came to our inn about, 1 P.M. [King's dinner just done]; and asked me to come and look at the beauties of Sans-Souci [Big Sans-Souci] for a little." Zimmermann willingly went: Catt, left him in good hands to see the beauties; slipt off, for his own part, to "LITTLE Sans-Souci;" came back, took Zimmermann thither; left, him with Schmucker, all trembling, thinking perhaps the King might call him. "I trembled sometimes, then again I felt exceeding happiness:" I was in Schmucker's room, sitting by the fire, mostly alone for a good while, "the room that had once been Marquis d'Argens's" (who is now dead, and buried far away, good old soul);—when, at last, about half-past 4, Catt came jumping in, breathless with joy; snatched me up: "His Majesty wants to speak with you this very moment!" Zimmermann's self shall say the rest.

"I hurried, hand-in-hand with Catt, along a row of Chambers. 'Here,' said Catt, 'we are now at the King's room!'—My heart thumped, like to spring out of my body. Catt went in; but next moment the door again opened, and Catt bade me enter.

"In the middle of the room stood an iron camp-bed without curtains. There, on a worn mattress, lay King Friedrich, the terror of Europe, without coverlet, in an old blue roquelaure. He had a big cocked-hat, with a white feather [hat aged, worn soft as duffel, equal to most caps; "feather" is not perpendicular, but horizontal, round the inside of the brim], on his head.

"The King took off his hat very graciously, when I was perhaps ten steps from him; and said in French (our whole Dialogue proceeded in French): 'Come nearer, M. Zimmermann.'

"I advanced to within two steps of the King; he said in the mean while to Catt: 'Call Schmucker in, too.' Herr Schmucker came; placed himself behind the King, his back to the wall; and Catt stood behind me. Now the Colloquy began.

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KING. "I hear you have found your health again in Berlin; I wish you joy of that.'

EGO. "I have found my life again in Berlin; but at this moment, Sire, I find here a still greater happiness!
[ACH!]

KING. "You have stood a cruel operation: you must have suffered horribly?'

EGO. "Sire, it was well worth while.'

KING. "Did, you let them bind you before the operation?'

EGO. "No: I resolved to keep my freedom.'

KING (laughing in a very kind manner). "Oh, you behaved like a brave Switzer! But are you quite recovered, though?'

EGO. "Sire, I have seen all the wonders of your creation in Sans- Souci, and feel well in looking at them.'

KING. "I am glad of that. But you must have a care, and especially not get on horseback.'

EGO. "It will be pleasant and easy for me to follow the counsels of your Majesty.'

KING. "From what Town in the Canton of Bern are you originally?'

EGO. "From Brugg.'

KING. "I don't know that Town.' [No wonder, thought I!]

KING. "Where did you study?'

EGO. "At Gottingen: Haller was my teacher.'

KING. "What is M. Haller doing now?'

EGO. "He is concluding his literary career with a romance.' [USONG had just come out;—no mortal now reads a word of it; and the great Haller is dreadfully forgotten already!]

KING. "Ah, that is pretty!—On what system do you treat your patients?'

EGO. "Not on any system.'

KING. "But there are some Physicians whose methods you prefer to those of others?'

EGO. "I especially like Tissot's methods, who is a familiar friend of mine.'

KING. "I know M. Tissot. I have read his writings, and value them very much. On the whole, I love the Art of Medicine. My Father wished me to get some knowledge in it. He often sent me into the Hospitals; and even into those for venereal patients, with a view of warning by example.'

EGO. "And by terrible example!—Sire, Medicine is a very difficult Art. But your Majesty is used to bring all Arts under subjection to the force of your genius, and to conquer all that is difficult.'

KING. "Alas, no: I cannot conquer all that is difficult!' [Hard-mouthed Kaunitz, for example; stock-still, with his right ear turned on Turkey: how get Kaunitz into step!]
—Here the King became reflective; was silent for a little moment, and then asked me, with a most bright smile: 'How many churchyards have you filled?' [A common question of his to Members of the Faculty.]

EGO. "Perhaps, in my youth, I have done a little that way! But now it goes better; for I am timid rather than bold.'

KING. "Very good, very good.'

"Our Dialogue now became extremely brisk. The King quickened into extraordinary vivacity; and examined me now in the character of Doctor, with such a stringency as, in the year 1751, at Gottingen, when I stood for my Degree, the learned Professors Haller, Richter, Segner and Brendel (for which Heaven recompense them!) never dreamed of! All inflammatory fevers, and the most important of the slow diseases, the King mustered with me, in their order. He asked me, How and whereby I recognized each of these diseases; how and whereby distinguished them from the approximate maladies; what my procedure was in simple and in complicated cases; and how I cured all those disorders? On the varieties, the accidents, the mode of treatment, of small-pox especially, the King inquired with peculiar strictness;—and spoke, with much emotion, of that young Prince of his House who was carried off, some years ago, by that disorder— [suddenly arrested by it, while on march with his regiment, "near Ruppin, 26th May, 1767." This is the Prince Henri, junior Brother of the subsequent King, Friedrich Wilhelm II., who, among other fooleries, invaded France, in 1792, with such success. Both Henri and he, as boys, used to be familiar to us in the final winters of the late War. Poor Henri had died at the age of nineteen,—as yet all brightness, amiability and nothing else: Friedrich sent an ELOGE of him to his ACADEMIE, [In *OEuvres de Frederic*, vii. 37 et seq.] which is touchingly and strangely filled with authentic sorrow for this young Nephew of his, but otherwise empty,—a mere bottle of sighs and tears]. Then he came upon Inoculation; went along over an

incredible multitude of other medical subjects. Into all he threw masterly glances; spoke of all with the soundest [all in superlative] knowledge of the matter, and with no less penetration than liveliness and sense.

"With heartfelt satisfaction, and with the freest soul, I made my answers to his Majesty. It is true, he potently supported and encouraged me. Ever and anon his Majesty was saying to me: 'That is very good;—that is excellently thought and expressed;—your mode of proceeding, altogether, pleases me very well;—I rejoice to see how much our ways of thinking correspond.' Often, too, he had the graciousness to add: 'But, I weary you with my many questions!' His scientific questions I answered with simplicity, clearness and brevity; and could not forbear sometimes expressing my astonishment at the deep and conclusive (TIEFEN UND FRAPPANTEN) medical insights and judgments of the King.

"His Majesty came now upon the history of his own maladies. He told me them over, in their series; and asked my opinion and advice about each. On the HAEMORRHOIDS, which he greatly complained of, I said something that struck him. Instantly he started up in his bed; turned his head round towards the wall, and said: 'Schmucker, write me that down!' I started in fright at this word; and not without reason! Then our Colloquy proceeded:—

KING. "'The Gout likes to take up his quarters with me; he knows I am a Prince, and thinks I shall feed him well. But I feed him ill; I live very meagrely.'

EGO. "'May Gout, thereby get disgusted, and forbear ever calling on your Majesty!'

KING. "'I am grown old. Diseases will no longer have pity on me.'

EGO. "'Europe feels that your Majesty is not old; and your Majesty's look (PHYSIOGNOMIE) shows that you have still the same force as in your thirtieth year.'

KING (laughing and shaking his head). "'Well, well, well!'

"In this way, for an hour and quarter, with uninterrupted vivacity, the Dialogue went on. At last the King gave me the sign to go; lifting his hat very kindly, and saying: 'Adieu, my dear M. Zimmermann; I am very glad to have seen you.'"

Towards 6 P.M. now, and Friedrich must sign his Despatches; have his Concert, have his reading; then to supper (as spectator only),—with Quintus Icilius and old Lord Marischal, to—night, or whom? [Of Icilius, and a quarrel and estrangement there had lately been, now happily reconciled, see Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 140–142.]

"Herr von Catt accompanied me into the anteroom, and Schmucker followed. I could not stir from the spot; could not speak, was so charmed and so touched, that I broke into a stream of tears [being very weak of nerves at the time!]. Herr von Catt said: 'I am now going back to the King; go you into the room where I took you up; about eight I will conduct you home.' I pressed my excellent countryman's hand, I"—"Schmucker said, I had stood too near his Majesty; I had spoken too frankly, with too much vivacity; nay, what was unheard of in the world, I had 'gesticulated' before his Majesty! 'In presence of a King,' said Herr Schmucker, 'one must stand stiff and not stir.' De Catt came back to us at eight; and, in Schmucker's presence [let him chew the cud of that!], reported the following little Dialogue with the King:—

KING. "'What says Zimmermann?'

DE CATT. "'Zimmermann, at the door of your Majesty's room, burst into a stream of tears.'

KING. "'I love those tender affectionate hearts; I love right well those brave Swiss people!'

"Next morning the King was heard to say: 'I have found Zimmermann quite what you described him.'—Catt assured me furthermore, 'Since the Seven—Years War there had thousands of strangers, persons of rank, come to Potsdam, wishing to speak with the King, and had not attained that favor; and of those who had, there could not one individual boast that his Majesty had talked with him an hour and quarter at once.' [Fourteen years hence, he dismissed Mirabeau in half an hour; which was itself a good allowance.]

"Sunday 27th, I left Potsdam, with my kind Meckels, in an enthusiasm of admiration, astonishment, love and gratitude; wrote to the King from Berlin, sent him a Tissot's Book (marked on the margins for Majesty's use), which he acknowledged by some word to Catt: whereupon I"—In short, I got home to Hanover, in a more or less seraphic condition,—"with indescribable, unspeakable," what not,—early in November; and, as a healed man, never more troubled with that disorder, though still troubled with many and many, endeavored to get a little work out of myself again. [Zimmermann, *Meine Unterredungen (Dialogues) with Friedrich the Great* (8vo, Leipzig, 1788), pp. 305–326.]

"Zimmermann was tall, handsome of shape; his exterior was distinguished and imposing," says Jordens. [Ubi supra, p. 643.] "He had a firm and light step; stood gracefully; presented himself well. He had a fine head; his

voice was agreeable; and intellect sparkled in his eyes:"—had it not been for those dreadful hypochondrias, and confused disasters, a very pretty man. At the time of this first visit to Friedrich he is 43 years of age, and Friedrich is on the borders of 60. Zimmermann, with still more famous DIALOGUES, will reappear on us from Hanover, on a sad occasion! Meanwhile, few weeks after him, here is a Visit of far more joyful kind.

SISTER ULRIQUE, QUEEN-DOWAGER OF SWEDEN, REVISITS HER NATIVE PLACE (December, 1771–August, 1772).

Prince Henri was hardly home from Petersburg and the Swedish Visit, when poor Adolf Friedrich, King of Sweden, died. [12th February, 1771.] A very great and sad event to his Queen, who had loved her old man; and is now left solitary, eclipsed, in circumstances greatly altered on the sudden. In regard to settlements, Accession of the new Prince, dowager revenues and the like, all went right enough; which was some alleviation, though an inconsiderable, to the sorrowing Widow. Her two Princes were absent, touring over Europe, when their Father died, and the elder of them, Karl Gustav, suddenly saw himself King. They were in no breathless haste to return; visited their Uncle, their Prussian kindred, on the way, and had an interesting week at Potsdam and Berlin; [April 22d– 29th: Rodenbeck, iii. 45.] Karl Gustav flying diligently about, still incognito, as "Graf von Gothland,"—a spirited young fellow, perhaps too spirited;—and did not reach home till May-day was come, and the outburst of the Swedish Summer at hand.

Some think the young King had already something dangerous and serious in view, and wished his Mother out of the way for a time. Certain it is she decided on a visit to her native Country in December following: arrived accordingly, December 2d, 1771; and till the middle of August next was a shining phenomenon in the Royal House and upper ranks of Berlin Society, and a touching and interesting one to the busy Friedrich himself, as may be supposed. She had her own Apartments and Household at Berlin, in the Palace there, I think; but went much visiting about, and receiving many visits,—fond especially of literary people.

Friedrich's notices of her are frequent in his Letters of the time, all affectionate, natural and reasonable. Here are the first two I meet with: TO THE ELECTRESS OF SAXONY (three weeks after Ulrique's arrival); "A thousand excuses, Madam, for not answering sooner! What will plead for me with a Princess who so well knows the duties of friendship, is, that I have been occupied with the reception of a Sister, who has come to seek consolation in the bosom of her kindred for the loss of a loved Husband, the remembrance of whom saddens and afflicts her." And again, two months later: "... Your Royal Highness deigns to take so obliging an interest in the visit I have had [and still have] from the Queen of Sweden. I beheld her as if raised from the dead to me; for an absence of eight—and— twenty years, in the short space of our duration, is almost equivalent to death. She arrived among us, still in great affliction for the loss she had had of the King; and I tried to distract her sad thoughts by all the dissipations possible. It is only by dint of such that one compels the mind to shift away from the fatal idea where grief has fixed it: this is not the work of a day, but of time, which in the end succeeds in everything. I congratulate your Royal Highness on your Journey to Bavaria [on a somewhat similar errand, we may politely say]; where you will find yourself in the bosom of a Family that adores you:" after which, and the sight of old scenes, how pleasant to go on to Italy, as you propose! [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 230, 235. "24th December 1771," "February, 1772." See also, "*Eptire a la Reine Douairiere de Suede*" (Poem on the Troubles she has had: *OEuvres de Frederic*, xiii. 74, "written in December, 1770"), and "*Vers a la Reine de Suede*," "January, 1771" (ib. 79).]

Queen Ulrique—a solid and ingenuous character (in childhood a favorite of her Father's, so rational, truthful and of silent staid ways)—appears to have been popular in the Berlin circles; pleasant and pleased, during these eight months. Formey, especially Thiebault, are copious on this Visit of hers; and give a number of insipid Anecdotes; How there was solemn Session of the Academy made for her, a Paper of the King's to be read there, ["DISCOURS DE L'UTILITE DES SCIENCES ET DES ARTS DAM UN ETAT" (in *OEuvres de Frederic*, ix. 169 et seq.): read "27th January, 1772." Formey, ii. 16, beautifully done by me, Thiebault (one of my main functions, this of reading the King's Academy Papers, and my dates of THEM always correct); how Thiebault was invited to dinner in consequence, and again invited; how Formey dined with her Majesty "twenty-five times;" and "preached to her in the Palace, August 19th" (should be August 9th): insipid wholly, vapid and stupid; descriptive of nothing, except of the vapidities and vanities of certain persons. Leaving these, we will take an Excerpt, probably our last, from authentic Busching, which is at least to be depended on for perfect accuracy, and has a feature or two of portraiture.

Busching, for the last five or six years, is home from Russia; comfortably established here as Consistorialrath, much concerned with School-Superintendence; still more with GEOGRAPHY, with copious rugged Literature of the undigested kind: a man well seen in society; has "six families of rank which invite him to dinner;" all the dining he is equal to, with so much undigested writing on his hands. Busching, in his final Section, headed BERLIN LIFE, Section more incondite even than its foregoers, has this passage:--

"On the Queen-Dowager of Sweden, Louise Ulrique's, coming to Berlin, I felt not a little embarrassed. The case was this: Most part of the SIXTH VOLUME of my MAGAZINE [meritorious curious Book, sometimes quoted by us here, not yet known in English Libraries] was printed; and in it, in the printed part, were various things that concerned the deceased Sovereign, King Adolf Friedrich, and his Spouse [now come to visit us],--and among these were Articles which the then ruling party in Sweden could certainly not like. And now I was afraid these people would come upon the false notion, that it was from the Queen-Dowager I had got the Articles in question;--notion altogether false, as they had been furnished me by Baron Korf [well known to Hordt and others of us, at Petersburg, in the Czar-Peter time], now Russian Minister at Copenhagen. However, when Duke Friedrich of Brunswick [one of the juniors, soldiering here with his Uncle, as they almost all are] wrote to me, one day, That his Lady Aunt the Queen of Sweden invited me to dine with her to-morrow, and that he, the Duke, would introduce me,--I at once decided to lay my embarrassment before the Queen herself.

"Next day, when I was presented to her Majesty, she took me by the hand, and led me to a window [as was her custom with guests whom she judged to be worth questioning and talking to], and so placed herself in a corner there that I came to stand close before her; when she did me the honor to ask a great many questions about Russia, the Imperial Court especially, and most of all the Grand-Duke [Czar Paul that is to be,--a kind of kinsman he, his poor Father was my late Husband's Cousin-german, as perhaps you know]. A great deal of time was spent in this way; so that the Princes and Princesses, punctual to invitation, had to wait above half an hour long; and the Queen was more than once informed that dinner was on the table and getting cold. I could get nothing of my own mentioned here; all I could do was to draw back, in a polite way, so soon as the Queen would permit: and afterwards, at table, to explain with brevity my concern about what was printed in the MAGAZINE; and request the Queen to permit me to send it her to read for herself. She had it, accordingly, that same afternoon.

"A few days after, she invited me again; again spoke with me a long while in the window embrasure, in a low tone of voice: confirmed to me all that she had read,--and in particular, minutely explained that LETTER OF THE KING [one of my Pieces] in which he relates what passed between him and Count Tessin [Son's Tutor] in the Queen's Apartment. At table, she very soon took occasion to say: 'I cannot imagine to myself how the Herr Consistorialrath [Busching, to wit] has come upon that Letter of my deceased Lord the King of Sweden's; which his Majesty did write, and which is now printed in your MAGAZINE. For certain, the King showed it to nobody.' Whereupon BUSCHING: 'Certainly; nor is that to be imagined, your Majesty. But the person it was addressed to must have shown it; and so a copy of it has come to my hands.' Queen still expresses her wonder; whereupon again, Busching, with a courageous candor: 'Your Majesty, most graciously permit me to say, that hitherto all Swedish secrets of Court or State have been procurable for money and good words!' The Queen, to whom I sat directly opposite, cast down her eyes at these words and smiled;--and the Reichsrath Graf von Schwerin [a Swedish Gentleman of hers], who sat at my left, seized me by the hand, and said: 'Alas, that is true!'"--Here is a difficulty got over; Magazine Number can come out when it will. As it did, "next Easter-Fair," with proper indications and tacit proofs that the Swedish part of it lay printed several months before the Queen's arrival in our neighborhood.

Busching dined with her Majesty several times,--"eating nothing," he is careful to mention and was careful to show her Majesty, "except, very gradually, a small bit of bread soaked in a glass of wine!"--meaning thereby, "Note, ye great ones, it is not for your dainties; in fact, it is out of loyal politeness mainly!" the gloomily humble man.

"One time, the Queen asked me, in presence of various Princes and Princesses of the Royal House: 'Do you think it advisable to enlighten the Lower Classes by education?' To which I answered: 'Considering only under what heavy loads a man of the Lower Classes, especially of the Peasant sort, has to struggle through his life, one would think it was better neither to increase his knowledge nor refine his sensibility. But when one reflects that he, as well as those of the Higher Classes, is to last through Eternity; and withal that good instruction may [or might, IF it be not BAD] increase his practical intelligence, and help him to methods of alleviating himself in this

world, it must be thought advisable to give him useful enlightenment.' The Queen accorded with this view of the matter.

"Twice I dined with her Majesty at her Sister, Princess Amelia, the Abbess of Quedlinburg's:—and the second time [must have been Summer, 1772], Professor Sulzer, who was also a guest, caught his death there. When I entered the reception-room, Sulzer was standing in the middle of a thorough-draught, which they had managed to have there, on account of the great heat; and he had just arrived, all in a perspiration, from the Thiergarten: I called him out of the draught, but it was too late." [Busching: *Beitrage*, vi. 578–582.] ACH, MEIN LIEBER SULZER,—Alas, dear Sulzer: seriously this time!

Busching has a great deal to say about Schools, about the "School Commission 1765," the subjects taught, the methods of teaching devised by Busching and others, and the King's continual exertions, under deficient funds, in this province of his affairs. Busching had unheard-of difficulty to rebuild the old Gymnasium at Berlin into a new. Tried everybody; tried the King thrice over, but nobody would. "One of the persons I applied to was Lieutenant-General von Ramin, Governor of Berlin [surliest of mankind, of whose truculent incivility there go many anecdotes]; to Ramin I wrote, entreating that he would take a good opportunity and suggest a new Town Schoolhouse to his Majesty: 'Excellenz, it will render you immortal in the annals of Berlin!' To which Ramin made answer: 'That is an immortality I must renounce the hope of, and leave to the Town-Syndics and yourself. I, for my own part, will by no means risk such a proposal to his Majesty; which he would, in all likelihood, answer in the negative, and receive ill at anybody's hands.'" [Ib. vi. 568.] By subscriptions, by bequests, donations and the private piety of individuals, Busching aiding and stirring, the thing was at last got done. Here is another glance into School-life: not from Busching:—

JUNE 9th, 1771. "This Year the Stande of the Kurmark find they have an overplus of 100,000 thalers (15,000 pounds); which sum they do themselves the pleasure of presenting to the King for his Majesty's uses." King cannot accept it for his own uses. "This money," answers he (9th June), "comes from the Province, wherefore I feel bound to lay it out again for advantage of the Province. Could not it become a means of getting English husbandry [TURNIPS in particular, whether short-horns or not, I do not know] introduced among us? In the Towns that follow Farming chiefly, or in Villages belonging to unmoneyed Nobles, we will lend out this 15,000 pounds, at 4 per cent, in convenient sums for that object: hereby will turnip-culture and rotation be vouchsafed us; interest at 4 per cent brings us in 600 pounds annually; and this we will lay out in establishing new Schoolmasters in the Kurmark, and having the youth better educated." What a pretty idea; neat and beautiful, killing two important birds with one most small stone! I have known enormous cannon-balls and granite blocks, torrent after torrent, shot out under other kinds of Finance-gunnery, that were not only less respectable, but that were abominable to me in comparison.

Unluckily, no Nobles were found inclined; English Husbandry ["TURNIPSE" and the rest of it] had to wait their time. The King again writes: "No Nobles to be found, say you? Well; put the 15,000 pounds to interest in the common way,—that the Schoolmasters at least may have solacement: I will add 120 thalers (18 pounds) apiece, that we may have a chance of getting better Schoolmasters;—send me List of the Places where the worst are." List was sent; is still extant; and on the margin of it, in Royal Autograph, this remark:—

"The Places are well selected. The bad Schoolmasters are mostly Tailors; and you must see whether they cannot be got removed to little Towns, and set to tailoring again, or otherwise disposed of, that our Schools might the sooner rise into good condition, which is an interesting thing." "Eager always our Master is to have the Schooling of his People improved and everywhere diffused," writes, some years afterwards, the excellent Zedlitz, officially "Minister of Public Justice," but much and meritoriously concerned with School matters as well. The King's ideas were of the best, and Zedlitz sometimes had fine hopes; but the want of funds was always great.

"In 1779," says Preuss, "there came a sad blow to Zedlitz's hopes: Minister von Brenkenhof [deep in West-Preussen canal-diggings and expenditures] having suggested, That instead of getting Pensions, the Old Soldiers should be put to keeping School." Do but fancy it; poor old fellows, little versed in scholastics hitherto! "Friedrich, in his pinch, grasped at the small help; wrote to the War-Department: 'Send me a List of Invalids who are fit [or at least fittest] to be Schoolmasters.' And got thereupon a list of 74, and afterwards 5 more [79 Invalids in all]; War-Department adding, That besides these scholastic sort, there were 741 serving as BUDNER [Turnpike-keepers, in a sort], as Forest-watchers and the like; and 3,443 UNVERSORGT" (shifting for themselves, no provision made for them at all),—such the check, by cold arithmetic and inexorable finance, upon

the genial current of the soul!—

The TURNIPS, I believe, got gradually in; and Brandenburg, in our day, is a more and more beautifully farmed Country. Nor were the Schoolmasters unsuccessful at all points; though I cannot report a complete educational triumph on those extremely limited terms. [Preuss, iii. 115, 113,

Queen Ulrique left, I think, on the 9th of August, 1772; there is sad farewell in Friedrich's Letter next day to Princess Sophie Albertine, the Queen's Daughter, subsequently Abbess of Quedlinburg: he is just setting out on his Silesian Reviews; "shall, too likely, never see your good Mamma again." ["Potsdam, 10th August, 1772:" *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. ii. 93.] Poor King; Berlin City is sound asleep, while he rushes through it on this errand,—“past the Princess Amelia's window,” in the dead of night; and takes to humming tender strophes to her too; which gain a new meaning by their date. ["A MA SOEUR AMELIE, EN PASSANT, LA NUIT, SOUS SA FENETRE, POUR ALLER EN SILESIE (AOUT 1772):" *OEuvres de Frederic*, xiii. 77.]

Ten days afterwards (19th August, 1772),—Queen Ulrique not yet home,—her Son, the spirited King Gustav III., at Stockholm had made what in our day is called a "stroke of state,"—put a thorn in the snout of his monster of a Senate, namely: "Less of palaver, venality and insolence, from you, Sirs; we 'restore the Constitution of 1680,' and are something of a King again!" Done with considerable dexterity and spirit; not one person killed or hurt. And surely it was the muzzling—up of a great deal of folly on their side,—provided only there came wisdom enough from Gustav himself instead. But, alas, there did not, there hardly could. His Uncle was alarmed, and not a little angry for the moment: "You had two Parties to reconcile; a work of time, of patient endeavor, continual and quiet; no good possible till then. And instead of that—!" Gustav, a shining kind of man, showed no want of spirit, now or afterwards: but he leant too much on France and broken reeds;—and, in the end, got shot in the back by one of those beautiful "Nobles" of his, and came to a bad conclusion, they and he. ["16th–29th March, 1792," death of Gustav III. by that assassination: "13th March, 1809," his Son Gustav IV, has to go on his travels; "Karl XIII.," a childless Uncle, succeeds for a few years: after whom Scandinavian Politics, thank Heaven, are none of our business.

Queen Ulrique was spared all these catastrophes. She had alarmed her Brother by a dangerous illness, sudden and dangerous, in 1775; who writes with great anxiety about it, to Another still more anxious: [See "Correspondence with Gustav III." (in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. ii. 84, of this she got well again; but it did not last very long. July 16th, 1782, she died;—and the sad Friedrich had to say, Adieu. Alas, "must the eldest of us mourn, then, by the grave of those younger!"

WILHELMINA'S DAUGHTER, ELIZABETH FREDERIKE SOPHIE, DUCHESS OF WURTEMBERG, APPEARS AT FERNEY (September, 1773).

Of our dear Wilhelmina's high and unfortunate Daughter there should be some Biography; and there will surely, if a man of sympathy and faculty pass that way; but there is not hitherto. Nothing hitherto but a few bare dates; bare and sternly significant, as on a Tombstone; indicating that she had a History, and that it was a tragic one. Welcome to all of us, in this state of matters, is the following one clear emergence of her into the light of day, and in company so interesting too! Seven years before her death she had gone to Lausanne (July, 1773) to consult Tissot, a renowned Physician of those days. From Lausanne, after two months, she visited Voltaire at Ferney. Read this Letter of Voltaire's:—

TO ELIZABETH FREDERIKE SOPHIE, DUCHESS OF WURTEMBERG (at Lausanne).

"FEENEY, 10th July, 1773.

"MADAM,—I am informed that your most Serene Highness has deigned to remember that I was in the world. It is very sad to be there, without paying you my court. I never felt so cruelly the sad state to which old age and maladies have reduced me.

"I never saw you except as a child [1743, her age then 10]: but you were certainly the beautifulest child in Europe. May you be the happiest Princess [alas!], as you deserve to be! I was attached to Madam the Margravine [your dear Mother] with equal devotedness and respect; and I had the honor to be pretty deep in her confidence, for some time before this world, which was not worthy of her, had lost that adorable Princess. You resemble her;—but don't resemble her in—feebleness of health! You are in the flower of your age [coming forty, I should fear]: let such bright flower lose nothing of its splendor; may your happiness be able to equal [PUISSO EGALER] your beauty; may all your days be serene, and the sweets of friendship add a new charm to them! These are my wishes; they are as lively as my regrets at not being at your feet. What a consolation it would be for me to speak

of your loving Mother, and of all your august relatives! Why must Destiny send you to Lausanne [consulting Dr. Tissot there], and hinder me from flying thither!— Let your most Serene Highness deign to accept the profound respect of the old moribund Philosopher of Ferney.—V." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 331.]

The Answer of the Princess, or farther Correspondence on the matter, is not given; evident only that by and by, as Voltaire himself will inform us, she did appear at Ferney;—and a certain Swedish tourist, one Bjornstahl, who met her there, enables us even to give the date. He reports this anecdote:—

"At supper, on the evening of 7th September, 1773, the Princess sat next to Voltaire, who always addressed her 'VOTRE ALTESSE.' At last the Duchess said to him, 'TU ES ANON PAPA, JE SUIS TA FILLE, ET JE VOUZ ETRE APPELEE TA FILLE.' Voltaire took a pencil from his pocket, asked for a card, and wrote upon it:—

'Ah, le beau titre que voila!

Vous me donnez la premiere des places;

Quelle famille j'aurais la!

Je serais le pere des Graces' [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 342.]

He gave the card to the Princess, who embraced and kissed him for it." [Vehse, *Geschichte der Deutschen Hofe* (Hamburg, 1853), xxv. 252, 253.]

VOLTAIRE TO FRIEDRICH (a fortnight after).

"FERNEY, 22d September, 1773.

"I must tell you that I have felt, in these late days, in spite of all my past caprices, how much I am attached to your Majesty and to your House. Madam the Duchess of Wurtemberg having had, like so many others, the weakness to believe that health is to be found at Lausanne, and that Dr. Tissot gives it if one pay him, has, as you know, made the journey to Lausanne; and I, who am more veritably ill than she, and than all the Princesses who have taken Tissot for an AEsculapius, had not the strength to leave my home. Madam of Wurtemberg, apprised of all the feelings that still live in me for the memory of Madam the Margravine of Baireuth her Mother, has deigned to visit my hermitage, and pass two days with us. I should have recognized her, even without warning; she has the turn of her Mother's face with your eyes.

"You Hero—people who govern the world don't allow yourselves to be subdued by feelings; you have them all the same as we, but you maintain your decorum. We other petty mortals yield to all our impressions: I set myself to cry, in speaking to her of you and of Madam the Princess her Mother; and she too, though she is Niece of the first Captain in Europe, could not restrain her tears. It appears to me, that she has the talent (ESPRIT) and the graces of your House; and that especially she is more attached to you than to her Husband [I should think so!]. She returns, I believe, to Baireuth,—

—[No Mother, no Father there now: foolish Uncle of Anspach died long ago, "3d August, 1757:" Aunt Dowager of Anspach gone to Erlangen, I hope, to Feuchtwang, Schwabach or Schwaningen, or some Widow's—Mansion "WITWENSITZ" of her own; [Lived, finally at Schwaningen, in sight of such vicissitudes and follies round her, till "4th February, 1784" (Rodenbeck, iii. 304).] reigning Son, with his French—Actress equipments, being of questionable figure],—

—"returns, I believe, to Baireuth; where she will find another Princess of a different sort; I mean Mademoiselle Clairon, who cultivates Natural History, and is Lady Philosopher to Monseigneur the Margraf,"—high—rouged Tragedy—Queen, rather tyrannous upon him, they say: a young man destined to adorn Hammersmith by and by, and not go a good road.

... "I renounce my beautiful hopes of seeing the Mahometans driven out of Europe, and Athens become again the Seat of the Muses. Neither you nor the Kaiser are"—are inclined in the Crusading way at all. ... "The old sick man of Ferney is always at the feet of your Majesty; he feels very sorry that he cannot talk of you farther with Madam the Duchess of Wurtemberg, who adores you.— LE VIEUX MALADE." [*OEuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 390.]

To which Friedrich makes answer: "If it is forevermore forbidden me to see you again, I am not the less glad that the Duchess of Wurtemberg has seen you. I should certainly have mixed my tears with yours, had I been present at that touching scene! Be it weakness, be it excess of regard, I have built for her lost Mother, what Cicero projected for his Tullia, a TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP: her Statue occupies the background, and on each pillar

stands a mask (MASCARON) containing the Bust of some Hero in Friendship: I send you the drawing of it." ["Potsdam, 24th October, 1773:" *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 259:—"Temple" was built in 1768 (Ib. p. 259 n.).] Which again sets Voltaire weeping, and will the Duchess when she sees it. [Voltaire's next Letter: *OEuvres de Voltaire*, xcii. 434.]

We said there hitherto was nearly nothing anywhere discoverable as History of this high Lady but the dates only; these we now give. She was "born 30th August, 1732,"—her Mother's and Father's one Child;—four years older than her Anspach Cousin, who inherited Baireuth too, and finished off that genealogy. She was "wedded 26th September, 1748;" her age then about 16; her gloomy Duke of Wurtemberg, age 20, all sunshine and goodness to her then: she was "divorced in 1757:" "died 6th April, 1780,"—Tradition says, "in great poverty [great for her rank, I suppose, proud as she might be, and above complaining],—at Neustadt—on—the—Aisch" (in the Nurnberg region), whither she had retired, I know not how long after her Papa's death and Cousin's accession. She is bound for her Cousin's Court, we observe, just now; and, considering her Cousin's ways and her own turn of mind, it is easy to fancy she had not a pleasant time there.

Tradition tells us, credibly enough, "She was very like her Mother: beautiful, much the lady (VON FEINEM TON), and of energetic character;" and adds, probably on slight foundation, "but very cold and proud towards the people." [Vehse, xxv. 251.] Many Books will inform you how, "On first entering Stuttgart, when the reigning Duke and she were met by a party of congratulatory peasant women dressed in their national costume, she said to her Duke," being then only sixteen, poor young soul, and on her marriage—journey, "WAS WILL DAS GESCHMEISS (Why does that rabble bore us)!" This is probably the main foundation. That "her Ladies, on approaching her, had always to kiss the hem of her gown," lay in the nature of the case, being then the rule to people of her rank. Beautiful Unfortunate, adieu:—and be Voltaire thanked, too!—

It is long since we have seen Voltaire before:—a prosperous Lord at Ferney these dozen years ("the only man in France that lives like a GRAND SEIGNEUR," says Cardinal Bernis to him once [Their CORRESPONDENCE, really pretty of its kind, used to circulate as a separate Volume in the years then subsequent.]); doing great things for the Pays de Gex and for France, and for Europe; delivering the Calases, the Sirvens and the Oppressed of various kinds; especially ardent upon the INFAME, as the real business Heaven has assigned him in his Day, the sunset of which, and Night wherein no man can work, he feels to be hastening on. "Couldn't we, the few Faithful, go to Cleve in a body?" thinks he at one time: "To Cleve; and there, as from a safe place, under the Philosopher King, shoot out our fiery artilleries with effect?" The Philosopher King is perfectly willing, "provided you don't involve me in Wars with my neighbors." Willing enough he; but they the Faithful—alas, the Patriarch finds that they have none of his own heroic ardor, and that the thing cannot be done. Upon which, "struck with sorrow," say his Biographers, "he writes nothing to Friedrich for two years." ["Nov. 1769," recommences (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 140. 139).]

The truth is, he is growing very old; and though a piercing radiance, as of stars, bursts occasionally from the central part of him, the outworks are getting decayed and dim; obstruction more and more accumulating, and the immeasurable Night drawing nigh. Well does Voltaire himself, at all moments, know this; and his bearing under it, one must say, is rather beautiful. There is a tenderness, a sadness, in these his later Letters to Friedrich; instead of emphasis or strength, a beautiful shrill melody, as of a woman, as of a child; he grieves unappeasably to have lost Friedrich; never will forgive Maupertuis:—poor old man! Friedrich answers in a much livelier, more robust tone: friendly, encouraging, communicative on small matters;—full of praises,—in fact, sincerely glad to have such a transcendent genius still alive with him in this world. Praises to the most liberal pitch everything of Voltaire's,—except only the Article on WAR, which occasionally (as below) he quizzes a little, to the Patriarch or his Disciple.

As we have room for nothing of all this, and perhaps shall not see Voltaire again,—there are Two actual Interviews with him, which, being withal by Englishmen, though otherwise not good for much, we intend for readers here. In these last twenty years D'Alembert is Friedrich's chief Correspondent. Of D'Alembert to the King, it may be or may not, some opportunity will rise for a specimen; meanwhile here is a short Letter of the King's to D'Alembert, through which there pass so many threads of contemporaneous flying events (swift shuttles on the loud-sounding Loom of Time), that we are tempted to give this, before the two Interviews in question.

Date of the Letter is two months after that apparition of the Duchess of Wurtemberg at Ferney. Of "Crillon," an ingenious enough young Soldier, rushing ardently about the world in his holiday time, we have nothing to say,

except that he is Son of that Rossbach Crillon, who always fancies to himself that once he perhaps spared Friedrich's life (by a glass of wine judiciously given) long since, while the Bridge of Weissenfels was on fire, and Rossbach close ahead. [Supra, x. 6.] Colonel "Guibert" is another Soldier, still young, but of much superior type; greatly an admirer of Friedrich, and subsequently a Writer upon him. [Of Guibert's visit to Friedrich (June, 1773), see Preuss, iv. 214; Rodenbeck, iii. 80.]

In regard to the "Landgravine of Darmstadt," notice these points. First, that her eldest Daughter is Wife, second Wife, to the dissolute Crown-Prince of Prussia; and then, that she has Three other Daughters,—one of whom has just been disposed of in an important way; wedded to the Czarowitsh Paul of Russia, namely. By Friedrich's means and management, as Friedrich informs us. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, (MEMOIRES DE 1763 JUSQU'A 1775), vi. 57.] The Czarina, he says, had sent out a confidential Gentleman, one Asseburg, who was Prussian by birth, to seek a fit Wife for her Son: Friedrich, hearing of this, suggested to Asseburg, "The Landgravine of Darmstadt, the most distinguished and accomplished of German Princesses, has three marriageable Daughters; her eldest, married to our Crown-Prince, will be Queen of Prussia in time coming;—suppose now, one of the others were to be Czarina of Russia withal? Think, might it not be useful both to your native Country and to your adopted?" Asseburg took the hint; reported at Petersburg, That of all marriageable Princesses in Germany, the Three of Darmstadt, one or the other of them, would, in his humble opinion, be the eligiblist. "Could not we persuade you to come to Petersburg, Madam Landgravine?" wrote the Czarina thereupon: "Do us the honor of a visit, your three Princesses and you!" The Landgravine and Daughters, with decent celerity, got under way; [Passed through Berlin 16th–19th May, 1773: Rodenbeck, iii. 78.] Czarowitsh Paul took interesting survey, on their arrival; and about two months ago wedded the middle one of the three:—and here is the victorious Landgravine bringing home the other two. Czarowitsh's fair one did not live long, nor behave well: died of her first child; and Czarowitsh, in 1776, had to apply to us again for a Wife, whom this time we fitted better. Happily, the poor victorious Landgravine was gone before anything of this; she died suddenly five months hence; [30th March, 1774.] nothing doubting of her Russian Adventure. She was an admired Princess of her time, DIE GROSSE LANDGRAFIN, as Goethe somewhere calls her; much in Friedrich's esteem,—FEMINA SEXU, INGENIO VIR, as the Monument he raised to her at Darmstadt still bears. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xx. 183 n. His CORRESPONDENCE with her is Ib. xxvii ii. 135–153; and goes from 1757 to 1774.]

FRIEDRICH TO D'ALEMBERT.

"POTSDAM, 16th December, 1773.

"M. de Crillon delivered me your CRILLONADE [lengthy Letter of introduction]; which has completed me in the History of all the Crillons of the County of Avignon. He does n't stop here; he is soon to be off for Russia; so that I will take him on your word, and believe him the wisest of all the Crillons: assuring myself that you have measured and computed all his curves, and angles of incidence. He will find Diderot and Grimm in Russia [famous visit of Diderot], all occupied with the Czarina's beautiful reception of them, and with the many things worthy of admiration which they have seen there. Some say Grimm will possibly fix himself in that Country [chose better],—which will be the asylum at once of your fanatic CHAUMEIXES and of the ENCYCLOPEDISTES, whom he used to denounce. [This poor Chaumeix did, after such feats, "die peaceably at Moscow, as a Schoolmaster."]

"M. de Guibert has gone by Ferney; where it is said Voltaire has converted him, that is, has made him renounce the errors of ambition, abjure the frightful trade of hired manslayer, with intent to become either Capuchin or Philosophe; so that I suppose by this time he will have published a 'Declaration' like Gresset, informing the public That, having had the misfortune to write a Work on Tactics, he repented it from the bottom of his soul, and hereby assured mankind that never more in his life would he give rules for butcheries, assassinations, feints, stratagems or the like abominations. As to me, my conversion not being yet in an advanced stage, I pray you to give me details about Guibert's, to soften my heart and penetrate my bowels.

"We have the Landgravine of Darmstadt here: [Rodenbeck, iii. 89, 90.] no end to the Landgravine's praises of a magnificent Czarina, and of all the beautiful and grand things she has founded in that Country. As to us, who live like mice in their holes, news come to us only from mouth to mouth, and the sense of hearing is nothing like that of sight. I cherish my wishes, in the mean while, for the sage Anaxagoras [my D'Alembert himself]; and I say to Urania, 'It is for thee to sustain thy foremost Apostle, to maintain one light, without which a great Kingdom [France] would sink into darkness;' and I say to the Supreme Demiurgus: 'Have always the good D'Alembert in

thy holy and worthy keeping.'—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiv. 614.]

THE BOSTON TEA (same day). Curious to remark, while Friedrich is writing this Letter, "THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1773," what a commotion is going on, far over seas, at Boston, New England,—in the "Old South Meeting-house" there; in regard to three English Tea Ships that are lying embargoed in Griffin's Wharf for above a fortnight past. The case is well known, and still memorable to mankind. British Parliament, after nine years of the saddest haggling and baffling to and fro, under Constitutional stress of weather, and such east-winds and west-winds of Parliamentary eloquence as seldom were, has made up its mind, That America shall pay duty on these Teas before infusing them: and America, Boston more especially, is tacitly determined that it will not; and that, to avoid mistakes, these Teas shall never be landed at all. Such is Boston's private intention, more or less fixed;—to say nothing of the Philadelphias, Charlestons, New Yorks, who are watching Boston, and will follow suit of it.

"Sunday, November 26th,—that is, nineteen days ago,—the first of these Tea Ships, the DARTMOUTH, Captain Hall, moored itself in Griffin's Wharf: Owner and Consignee is a broad-brimmed Boston gentleman called Rotch, more attentive to profits of trade than to the groans of Boston:—but already on that Sunday, much more on the Monday following, there had a meeting of Citizens run together,— (on Monday, Faneuil Hall won't hold them, and they adjourn to the Old South Meeting-house),—who make it apparent to Rotch that it will much behoove him, for the sake both of tea and skin, not to 'enter' (or officially announce) this Ship DARTMOUTH at the Custom-house in any wise; but to pledge his broad-brimmed word, equivalent to his oath, that she shall lie dormant there in Griffin's Wharf, till we see. Which, accordingly, she has been doing ever since; she and two others that arrived some days later; dormant all three of them, side by side, three crews totally idle; a 'Committee of Ten' supervising Rotch's procedures; and the Boston world much expectant. Thursday, December 16th: this is the 20th day since Rotch's DARTMOUTH arrived here; if not 'entered' at Custom-house in the course of this day, Custom-house cannot give her a 'clearance' either (a leave to depart),—she becomes a smuggler, an outlaw, and her fate is mysterious to Rotch and us.

"This Thursday accordingly, by 10 in the morning, in the Old South Meeting-house, Boston is assembled, and country-people to the number of 2,000;—and Rotch never was in such a company of human Friends before. They are not uncivil to him (cautious people, heedful of the verge of the Law); but they are peremptory, to the extent of—Rotch may shudder to think what. "I went to the Custom-house yesterday," said Rotch, 'your Committee of Ten can bear me witness; and demanded clearance and leave to depart; but they would not; were forbidden, they said!' 'Go, then, sir; get you to the Governor himself; a clearance, and out of harbor this day: had n't you better?' Rotch is well aware that he had; hastens off to the Governor (who has vanished to his Country-house, on purpose); Old South Meeting-house adjourning till 3 P.M., for Rotch's return with clearance.

"At 3 no Rotch, nor at 4, nor at 5; miscellaneous plangent intermittent speech instead, mostly plangent, in tone sorrowful rather than indignant:—at a quarter to 6, here at length is Rotch; sun is long since set,—has Rotch a clearance or not? Rotch reports at large, willing to be questioned and cross-questioned: 'Governor absolutely would not! My Christian friends, what could I or can I do?' There are by this time about 7,000 people in Old South Meeting-house, very few tallow-lights in comparison,—almost no lights for the mind either,—and it is difficult to answer. Rotch's report done, the Chairman [one Adams, "American Cato," subsequently so called] dissolves the sorrowful 7,000, with these words: 'This Meeting declares that it can do nothing more to save the Country.' Will merely go home, then, and weep. Hark, however: almost on the instant, in front of Old South Meeting-house, (a terrific War-whoop; and about fifty Mohawk Indians,—with whom Adams seems to be acquainted; and speaks without Interpreter: Aha?—

"And, sure enough, before the stroke of 7, these fifty painted Mohawks are forward, without noise, to Griffin's Wharf; have put sentries all round there; and, in a great silence of the neighborhood, are busy, in three gangs, upon the dormant Tea Ships; opening their chests, and punctually shaking them out into the sea. 'Listening from the distance, you could hear distinctly the ripping open of the chests, and no other sound.' About 10 P.M. all was finished: 342 chests of tea flung out to infuse in the Atlantic; the fifty Mohawks gone like a dream; and Boston sleeping more silently even than usual." ["Summary of the Advices from America" (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1774, pp. 26, 27); Bancroft, iii. 536 et seq.]

"Seven in the evening:" this, I calculate, allowing for the Earth's rotation, will be about the time when Friedrich, well tired with the day's business, is getting to bed; by 10 on the Boston clocks, when the process

finishes there, Friedrich will have had the best of his sleep over. Here is Montcalm's Prophecy coming to fulfilment;—and a curious intersection of a flying Event through one's poor LETTER TO D'ALEMBERT. We will now give the two English Interviews with Voltaire; one of which is of three years past, another of three years ahead.

No. 1. DR BURNEY HAS SIGHT OF VOLTAIRE (July, 1770).

In the years 1770–1771, Burney, then a famous DOCTOR OF MUSIC, made his TOUR through France and Italy, on Musical errands and researches: [Charles Burney's *Present State of Music in France and Italy, being the Journal of a Tour through those Countries to collect Materials for a General History of Music* (London, 1773). The *History of Music* followed duly, in Four 4tos (London, 1776–1789).] with these we have no concern, but only with one most small exceptional offshoot or episode which grew out of these. Enough for us to know that Burney, a comfortable, well–disposed, rather dull though vivacious Doctor, age near 45, had left London for Paris "in June, 1770;" that he was on to Geneva, intending for Turin, "early in July;" and that his "M. Fritz," mentioned below, is a veteran Brother in Music, settled at Geneva for the last thirty years, who has been helpful and agreeable to Burney while here. Our Excerpt therefore dates itself, "one of the early days of July, 1770,"—Burney hovering between two plans (as we shall dimly perceive), and not exactly executing either:—

.... "My going to M. Fritz broke [was about breaking, but did not quite] into a plan which I had formed of visiting M. de Voltaire, at the same hour, along with some other strangers, who were then going to Ferney. But, to say the truth, besides the visit to M. Fritz being more MY BUSINESS, I did not much like going with these people, who had only a Geneva Bookseller to introduce them; and I had heard that some English had lately met with a rebuff from M. de Voltaire, by going without any letter of recommendation, or anything to recommend themselves. He asked them What they wanted? Upon their replying That they wished only to see so extraordinary a man, he said: 'Well, gentlemen, you now see me: did you take me for a wild beast or monster, that was fit only to be stared at as a show?' This story very much frightened me; for, not having, when I left London, or even Paris, any intention of going to Geneva, I was quite unprovided with a recommendation. However, I was determined to see the place of his residence, which I took to be [still LES DELICES],

CETTE MAISON D'ARISTIPPE, CES JARDINS D'PICURE,

to which he retired in 1755; but was mistaken [not The DELICES now at all, but Ferney, for nine or ten years back].

"I drove to Ferney alone, after I had left M. Fritz. This House is three or four miles from Geneva, but near the Lake. I approached it with reverence, and a curiosity of the most minute kind. I inquired WHEN I first trod on his domain; I had an intelligent and talkative postilion, who answered all my questions very satisfactorily. M. de Voltaire's estate is very large here, and he is building pretty farm–houses upon it. He has erected on the Geneva side a quadrangular JUSTICE, or Gallows, to show that he is the SEIGNEUR. One of his farms, or rather manufacturing houses,—for he is establishing a manufacture upon his estate,—was so handsome that I thought it was his chateau.

"We drove to Ferney, through a charming country, covered with corn and vines, in view of the Lake, and Mountains of Gex, Switzerland and Savoy. On the left hand, approaching the House, is a neat Chapel with this inscription:—

'DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE MDCCLXI.'

I sent to inquire, Whether a stranger might be allowed to see the House and Gardens; and was answered in the affirmative. A servant soon came, and conducted me into the cabinet or closet where his Master had just been writing: this is never shown when he is at home; but having walked out, I was allowed that privilege. From thence I passed to the Library, which is not a very large one, but well filled. Here I found a whole–length Figure in marble of himself, recumbent, in one of the windows; and many curiosities in another room; a Bust of himself, made not two years since; his Mother's picture; that of his Niece, Madam Denis; his Brother, M. Dupuis; the Calas Family; and others. It is a very neat and elegant House; not large, nor affectedly decorated.

"I should first have remarked, that close to the Chapel, between that and the house, is the Theatre, which he built some years ago; where he treated his friends with some of his own Tragedies: it is now only used as a receptacle for wood and lumber, there having been no play acted in it these four years. The servant told me his Master was 78 [76 gone], but very well. 'IL TRAVAILLE,' said he, 'PENDANT DIX HEURES CHAQUE JOUR, He studies ten hours every day; writes constantly without spectacles, and walks out with only a domestic, often a

mile or two—ET LE VOILA, LA BAS, And see, yonder he is!

"He was going to his workmen. My heart leaped at the sight of so extraordinary a man. He had just then quitted his Garden, and was crossing the court before his House. Seeing my chaise, and me on the point of mounting it, he made a sign to his servant who had been my CICERONE, to go to him; in order, I suppose, to inquire who I was. After they had exchanged a few words together, he," M. de Voltaire, "approached the place where I was standing motionless, in order to contemplate his person as much as I could while his eyes were turned from me; but on seeing him move towards me, I found myself drawn by some irresistible power towards him; and, without knowing what I did, I insensibly met him half-way.

"It is not easy to conceive it possible for life to subsist in a form so nearly composed of mere skin and bone as that of M. de Voltaire." Extremely lean old Gentleman! "He complained of decrepitude, and said, He supposed I was anxious to form an idea of the figure of one walking after death. However, his eyes and whole countenance are still full of fire; and though so emaciated, a more lively expression cannot be imagined.

"He inquired after English news; and observed that Poetical squabbles had given way to Political ones; but seemed to think the spirit of opposition as necessary in poetry as in politics. '*Les querelles d'auteurs sont pour le bien de la litterature, comme dans un gouvernement libre les querelles des grands, et les clameurs des petits, sont necessaires a la liberte.*' And added, 'When critics are silent, it does not so much prove the Age to be correct, as dull.' He inquired what Poets we had now; I told him we had Mason and Gray. 'They write but little,' said he: 'and you seem to have no one who lords it over the rest, like Dryden, Pope and Swift.' I told him that it was one of the inconveniences of Periodical Journals, however well executed, that they often silenced modest men of genius, while impudent blockheads were impenetrable, and unable to feel the critic's scourge: that Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason had both been illiberally treated by mechanical critics, even in newspapers; and added, that modesty and love of quiet seemed in these gentlemen to have got the better even of their love of fame.

"During this conversation, we approached the buildings that he was constructing near the road to his Chateau. 'These,' said he, pointing to them, 'are the most innocent, and perhaps the most useful, of all my works.' I observed that he had other works, which were of far more extensive use, and would be much more durable, than those. He was so obliging as to show me several farm-houses that he had built, and the plans of others: after which I took my leave." [Burney's *Present State of Music* (London, 1773), pp. 55–62.

NO. 2. A REVEREND MR. SHERLOCK SEES VOLTAIRE, AND EVEN DINES WITH HIM (April, 1776).

Sherlock's Book of TRAVELS, though he wrote it in two languages, and it once had its vogue, is now little other than a Dance of Will-o'-wisp to us. A Book tawdry, incoherent, indistinct, at once flashy and opaque, full of idle excrescences and exuberances;—as is the poor man himself. He was "Chaplain to the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry;" gyrating about as ecclesiastical Moon to that famed Solar Luminary, what could you expect! [Title of his Book is, *Letters from an English Traveller; translated from the French Original* (London, 1780). Ditto, *Letters from an English Trader; written originally in French; by the Rev. Martin Sherlock, A.M., Chaplain to the Earl of Bristol, (a new Edition, 2 vols., London, 1802).*] Poor Sherlock is nowhere intentionally fabulous; nor intrinsically altogether so foolish as he seems: let that suffice us. In his Dance of Will-o'-wisp, which in this point happily is dated,—26th–27th April, 1776,—he had come to Ferney, with proper introduction to Voltaire; and here (after severe excision of the flabby parts, but without other change) is credible account of what he saw and heard. In Three Scenes; with this Prologue,—as to Costume, which is worth reading twice:—

VOLTAIRE'S DRESS. "On the two days I saw him, he wore white cloth shoes, white woollen stockings, red breeches, with a nightgown and waistcoat of blue linen, flowered, and lined with yellow. He had on a grizzle wig with three ties, and over it a silk nightcap embroidered with gold and silver."

SCENE I. THE ENTRANCE–HALL OF FERNEY (Friday, 26th April, 1776): EXUBERANT SHERLOCK ENTERING, LETTER OF INTRODUCTION HAVING PRECEDED.

"He met in the hall; his Nephew M. d'Hornoi" (Grand-nephew; Abbe Mignot, famous for BURYING Voltaire, and Madame Denis, whom we know, were D'Hornoi's Uncle and Aunt)—Grand-nephew, "Counsellor in the Parlement of Paris, held him by the arm. He said to me, with a very weak voice: 'You see a very old man, who makes a great effort to have the honor of seeing you. Will you take a walk in my Garden? It will please you, for it is in the English taste:—it was I who introduced that taste into France, and it is become universal. But the French parody your Gardens: they put your thirty acres into three.'

"From his Gardens you see the Alps, the Lake, the City of Geneva and its environs, which are very pleasant.

He said:—

VOLTAIRE. "'It is a beautiful prospect.' He pronounced these words tolerably well.

SHERLOCK. "'How long is it since you were in England?'

VOLTAIRE. "'Fifty years, at least.' [Not quite; in 1728 left; in 1726 had come.] [Supra, vii. 47.]

D'HORNOI. "'It was at the time when you printed the First Edition of your HENRIADE.'

"We then talked of Literature; and from that moment he forgot his age and infirmities, and spoke with the warmth of a man of thirty. He said some shocking things against Moses and against Shakspeare. [Like enough!] ... We then talked of Spain.

VOLTAIRE. "'It is a Country of which we know no more than of the most savage parts of Africa; and it is not worth the trouble of being known. If a man would travel there, he must carry his bed, On arriving in a Town, he must go into one street to buy a bottle of wine; a piece of a mule [by way of beef] in another; he finds a table in a third,—and he sups. A French Nobleman was passing through Pampeluna: he sent out for a spit; there was only one in the Town, and that was lent away for a wedding.'

D'HORNOI. "'There, Monsieur, is a Village which M. de Voltaire has built!'

VOLTAIRE. "'Yes, we have our freedoms here. Cut off a little corner, and we are out of France. I asked some privileges for my Children here, and the King has granted me all that I asked, and has declared this Pays de Gex exempt from all Taxes of the Farmers— General; so that salt, which formerly sold for ten sous a pound, now sells for four. I have nothing more to ask, except to live.'— We went into the Library" (had made the round of the Gardens, I suppose).

SCENE II. IN THE LIBRARY.

VOLTAIRE. "'There you find several of your countrymen [he had Shakspeare, Milton, Congreve, Rochester, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Robertson, Hume and others]. Robertson is your Livy; his CHARLES FIFTH is written with truth. Hume wrote his History to be applauded, Rapin to instruct; and both obtained their ends.'

SHERLOCK. "'Lord Bolingbroke and you agreed that we have not one good Tragedy.'

VOLTAIRE. "'We did think so. CATO is incomparably well written: Addison had a great deal of taste;—but the abyss between taste and genius is immense! Shakspeare had an amazing genius, but no taste: he has spoiled the taste of the Nation. He has been their taste for two hundred years; and what is the taste of a Nation for two hundred years will be so for two thousand. This kind of taste becomes a religion; there are, in your Country, a great many Fanatics for Shakspeare.'

SHERLOCK. "'Were you personally acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke?'

VOLTAIRE. "'Yes. His face was imposing, and so was his voice; in his WORKS there are many leaves and little fruit; distorted expressions, and periods intolerably long. [TAKING DOWN A BOOK.] There, you see the KORAN, which is well read, at least. [It was marked throughout with bits of paper.] There are HISTORIC DOUBTS, by Horace Walpole [which had also several marks]; here is the portrait of Richard III.; you see he was a handsome youth.'

SHERLOCK (making an abrupt transition). "'You have built a Church?'

VOLTAIRE. "'True; and it is the only one in the Universe in honor of God [DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE, as we read above]: you have plenty of Churches built to St. Paul, to St. Genevieve, but not one to God.'" EXIT Sherlock (to his Inn; makes jotting as above;—is to dine at Ferney to-morrow).

SCENE III. DINNER—TABLE OF VOLTAIRE.

"The next day, as we sat down to Dinner," our Host in the above shining costume, "he said, in English tolerably pronounced:—

VOLTAIRE. "'We are here for liberty and property! [parody of some old Speech in Parliament, let us guess,—liberty and property, my Lords!] This Gentleman—whom let me present to Monsieur Sherlock— is a Jesuit [old Pere Adam, whom I keep for playing Chess, in his old, unsheltered days]; he wears his hat: I am a poor invalid,— I wear my nightcap.' ...

"I do not now recollect why he quoted these verses, also in English, by Rochester, on CHARLES SECOND:—

'Here lies the mutton-eating King,

Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.'

But speaking of Racine, he quoted this Couplet (of Roscomman's ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE):—

'The weighty bullion of one sterling line
Drawn to French wire would through whole pages shine.

SHERLOCK. "'The English prefer Corneille to Racine.'

VOLTAIRE. "'That is because the English are not sufficiently acquainted with the French tongue to feel the beauties of Racine's style, or the harmony of his versification. Corneille ought to please them more because he is more striking; but Racine pleases the French because he has more softness and tenderness.'

SHERLOCK. "'How did you find [LIKE] the English fare (LA CHERE ANGLAISE?)—which Voltaire mischievously takes for 'the dear Englishwoman).'

VOLTAIRE. "'I found her very fresh and white,'—truly! [It should be remembered, that when he made this pun upon Women he was in his eighty-third year.]

SHERLOCK. "'Their language?'

VOLTAIRE. "'Energetic, precise and barbarous; they are the only Nation that pronounce their A as E. ... [And some time afterwards] Though I cannot perfectly pronounce English, my ear is sensible of the harmony of your language and of your versification. Pope and Dryden have the most harmony in Poetry; Addison in Prose.' [Takes now the interrogating side.]

VOLTAIRE. "'How have you liked (AVEX-VOUS TROUVE) the French?'

SHERLOCK. "'Amiable and witty. I only find one fault with them: they imitate the English too much.'

VOLTAIRE. "'How! Do you think us worthy to be originals ourselves?'

SHERLOCK. "'Yes, Sir.'

VOLTAIRE. "'So do I too:—but it is of your Government that we are envious.'

SHERLOCK. "'I have found the French freer than I expected.'

VOLTAIRE. "'Yes, as to walking, or eating whatever he pleases, or lolling in his elbow-chair, a Frenchman is free enough; but as to taxes—Ah, Monsieur, you are a lucky Nation; you can do what you like; poor we are born in slavery: we cannot even die as we will; we must have a Priest [can't get buried otherwise; am often thinking of that!] ... Well, if the English do sell themselves, it is a proof that they are worth something: we French don't sell ourselves, probably because we are worth nothing.'

SHERLOCK. "'What is your opinion of the ELOISE' [Rousseau's immortal Work]?

VOLTAIRE. "'That it will not be read twenty years hence.'

SHERLOCK. "'Mademoiselle de l'Enclos wrote some good LETTERS?'

VOLTAIRE. "'She never wrote one; they were by the wretched Crebillon' [my beggarly old "Rival" in the Pompadour epoch]! ...

VOLTAIRE. "'The Italians are a Nation of brokers. Italy is an Old-Clothes shop; in which there are many Old Dresses of exquisite taste. ... But we are still to know, Whether the subjects of the Pope or of the Grand Turk are the more abject.' [We have now gone to the Drawing-room, I think, though it is not jotted.]

"He talked of England and of Shakspeare; and explained to Madame Denis part of a Scene in Henry Fifth, where the King makes love to Queen Catherine in bad French; and of another in which that Queen takes a lesson in English from her Waiting-woman, and where there are several very gross double-entendres"—but, I hope, did not long dwell on these. ...

VOLTAIRE. "'When I see an Englishman subtle and fond of lawsuits, I say, "There is a Norman, who came in with William the Conqueror." When I see a man good-natured and polite, "That is one who came with the Plantagenets;" a brutal character, "That is a Dane:"—for your Nation, Monsieur, as well as your Language, is a medley of many others.'

"After dinner, passing through a little Parlor where there was a head of Locke, another of the Countess of Coventry, and several more, he took me by the arm and stopped me: 'Do you know this Bust [bust of Sir Isaac Newton]? It is the greatest genius that ever existed: if all the geniuses of the Universe were assembled, he should lead the band.'

"It was of Newton, and of his own Works, that M. de Voltaire always spoke with the greatest warmth."

[Sherlock, LETTERS (London, 1802), i. 98–106.] (EXIT Sherlock, to jot down the above, and thence into Infinite Space.)

GENERAL OR FIELDMARCHAL CONWAY, DIRECT FROM THE LONDON CIRCLES, ATTENDS ONE OF FRIEDRICH'S REVIEWS (August–September, 1774).

Now that Friedrich's Military Department is got completely into trim again, which he reckons to have been about 1770, his annual Reviews are becoming very famous over Europe; and intelligent Officers of all Countries are eager to be present, and instruct themselves there. The Review is beautiful as a Spectacle; but that is in no sort the intention of it. Rigorous business, as in the strictest of Universities examining for Degrees, would be nearer the definition. Sometimes, when a new manoeuvre or tactical invention of importance is to be tried by experiment, you will find for many miles the environs of Potsdam, which is usually the scene of such experiments, carefully shut in; sentries on every road, no unfriendly eye admitted; the thing done as with closed doors. Nor at any time can you attend without leave asked; though to Foreign Officers, and persons that have really business there, there appears to be liberality enough in granting it. The concourse of military strangers seems to keep increasing every year, till Friedrich's death. [Rodenbeck, iii. IN LOCIS.] French, more and more in quantity, present themselves; multifarious German names; generally a few English too,—Burgoyne (of Saratoga finally), Cornwallis, Duke of York, Marshal Conway,—of which last we have something farther to say at present.

In Summer, 1774, Conway—the Marshal Conway, of whom Walpole is continually talking as of a considerable Soldier and Politician, though he was not in either character considerable, but was Walpole's friend, and an honest modest man—had made up his mind, perhaps partly on domestic grounds (for I have noticed glimpses of a "Lady C." much out of humor), to make a Tour in Germany, and see the Reviews, both Austrian and Prussian, Prussian especially. Two immense LETTERS of his on that subject have come into my hands, [Kindly presented me by Charles Knight, Esq., the well-known Author and Publisher (who possesses a Collection by the same hand): these Two run to fourteen large pages in my Copy!] and elsewhere incidentally there is printed record of the Tour; [In Keith (Sir Robert Murray), *Memoirs and Correspondence*, ii. 21 et, seq.] unimportant as possible, both Tour and Letters, but capable, if squeezed into compass, of still being read without disadvantage here.

Sir Robert Murray Keith—that is, the younger Excellency Keith, now Minister at Dresden, whom we have sometimes heard of—accompanies Conway on this Tour, or flies alongside of him, with frequent intersections at the principal points; and there is printed record by Sir Robert, but still less interesting than this of Conway, and perfectly conformable to it:—so that, except for some words about the Lord Marischal, which shall be given, Keith must remain silent, while the diffuse Conway strives to become intelligible. Indeed, neither Conway nor Keith tell us the least thing that is not abundantly, and even wearisomely known from German sources; but to readers here, a pair of English eyes looking on the matter (put straight in places by the help there is), may give it a certain freshness of meaning. Here are Conway's Two Letters, with the nine parts of water charitably squeezed out of them, by a skilful friend of mine and his.

CONWAY TO HIS BROTHER, MARQUIS OF HERTFORD (in London).

"BERLIN, July 17th, 1774.

"DEAR BROTHER,—In the hurry I live in—... Leaving Brunswick, where, in absence of most of the Court, who are visiting at Potsdam, my old Commander," Duke Ferdinand, now estranged from Potsdam, [Had a kind of quarrel with Friedrich in 1766 (rough treatment by Adjutant von Anhalt, not tolerable to a Captain now become so eminent), and quietly withdrew,—still on speaking terms with the King, but never his Officer more.] and living here among works of Art, and speculations on Free Masonry, "was very kind to me, I went to Celle, in Hanover, to pay my respects to the Queen of Denmark [unfortunate divorced Matilda, saved by my friend Keith,—innocent, I will hope!] ... She is grown extremely fat. ... At Magdeburg, the Prussian Frontier on this side, one is not allowed, without a permit, even to walk on the ramparts,—such the strictness of Prussian rule. ... Driving through Potsdam, on my way to Berlin, I was stopped by a servant of the good old Lord Marischal, who had spied me as I passed under his window. He came out in his nightgown, and insisted upon our staying to dine with him—[worthy old man; a word of him, were this Letter done]. We ended, on consultation about times and movements of the King, by staying three days at Potsdam, mostly with this excellent old Lord.

"On the third day [yesterday evening, in fact], I went, by appointment, to the New Palace, to wait upon the King of Prussia. There was some delay: his Majesty had gone, in the interim, to a private Concert, which he was

giving to the Princesses [Duchess of Brunswick and other high guests [Rodenbeck (IN DIE) iii. 98.]]; but the moment he was told I was there, he came out from his company, and gave me a most flattering gracious audience of more than half an hour; talking on a great variety of things, with an ease and freedom the very reverse of what I had been made to expect. ... I asked, and received permission, to visit the Silesian Camps next month, his Majesty most graciously telling me the particular days they would begin and end [27th August–3d September, Schmelwitz near Breslau, are time and place [Ib. iii. 101.]]. This considerably deranges my Austrian movements, and will hurry my return out of those parts: but who could resist such a temptation! —I saw the Foot-Guards exercise, especially the splendid 'First Battalion;' I could have conceived nothing so perfect and so exact as all I saw:—so well dressed, such men, and so punctual in all they did.

"The New Palace at Potsdam is extremely noble. Not so perfect, perhaps, in point of taste, but better than I had been led to expect. The King dislikes living there; never does, except when there is high Company about him; for seven or eight months in the year, he prefers Little Sans-Souci, and freedom among his intimates and some of his Generals. ... His Music still takes up a great share of the King's time. On a table in his Cabinet there, I saw, I believe, twenty boxes with a German flute in each; in his Bed-chamber, twice as many boxes of Spanish snuff; and, alike in Cabinet and in Bed-chamber, three arm-chairs in a row for three favorite dogs, each with a little stool by way of step, that the getting up might be easy. ...

"The Town of Potsdam is a most extraordinary and, in its appearance, beautiful Town; all the streets perfectly straight, all at right angles to each other; and all the houses built with handsome, generally elegant fronts. ... He builds for everybody who has a bad or a small house, even the lowest mechanic. He has done the same at Berlin." Altogether, his Majesty's building operations are astonishing. And "from whence does this money come, after a long expensive War? It is all fairyland and enchantment,"—MAGNUM VECTIGAL PARSIMONIA, in fact! ... "At Berlin here, I saw the Porcelain Manufacture to-day, which is greatly improved. I leave presently. Adieu, dear Brother; excuse my endless Letter [since you cannot squeeze the water out of it, as some will!]
— Yours most sincerely,

"HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY."

Keith is now Minister at Dresden for some years back; and has, among other topics, much to say of our brilliant friend the Electress there: but his grand Diplomatic feat was at Copenhagen, on a sudden sally out thither (in 1771): [In KEITH, i. 152 nothing of intelligible Narrative given, hardly the date discoverable.] the saving of Queen Matilda, youngest Sister of George Third, from a hard doom. Unfortunate Queen Matilda; one never knows how guilty, or whether guilty at all, but she was very unfortunate, poor young Lady! What with a mad Husband collapsed by debaucheries into stupor of insanity; what with a Doctor, gradually a Prime Minister, Struensee, wretched scarecrow to look upon, but wiser than most Danes about; and finally, with a lynx-eyed Step-sister, whose Son, should Matilda mistake, will inherit,—unfortunate Matilda had fallen into the awfulest troubles; got divorced, imprisoned, would have lost her head along with scarecrow Struensee had not her Brother George III. emphatically intervened,—Excellency Keith, with Seventy-fours in the distance, coming out very strong on the occasion,—and got her loose. Loose from Danish axe and jail, at any rate; delivered into safety and solitude at Celle in Hanover, where she now is,—and soon after suddenly dies of fever, so closing a very sad short history.

Excellency Keith, famed in the Diplomatic circles ever since, is at present ahead of Conway on their joint road to the Austrian Reviews. Before giving Conway's Second Letter, let us hear Keith a little on his kinsman the Old Marischal, whom he saw at Berlin years ago, and still occasionally corresponds with, and mentions in his Correspondence. Keith LOQUITUR; date is Dresden, February, 1770:—

HAS VISITED THE OLD MARISCHAL AT POTSDAM LATELY. ... "My stay of three days with Lord Marischal. ... He is the most innocent of God's creatures; and his heart is much warmer than his head. The place of his abode," I must say, "is the very Temple of Dulness; and his Female Companion [a poor Turk foundling, a perishing infant flung into his late Brother's hands at the Fall of Oczakow, [Supra, vii. 82.]—whom the Marischal has carefully brought up, and who refuses to marry away from him,—rather stupid, not very pretty by the Portraits; must now be two-and-thirty gone] is perfectly calculated to be the Priestess of it! Yet he dawdles away his day in a manner not unpleasant to him; and I really am persuaded he has a conscience that would gild the inside of a dungeon. The feats of our bare-legged warriors in the late War [BERG-SCHOTTEN, among whom I was a Colonel], accompanied by a PIBRACH [elegiac bagpipe droning MORE SUO] in his outer room, have an

effect on the old Don, which would delight you." [Keith, i. 129; "Dresden, 25th February, 1770:" to his Sister in Scotland.]

AND THEN SEEN HIM IN BERLIN, ON THE SAME OCCASION. ... "Lord Marischal came to meet me at Sir Andrew's [Mitchell's, in Berlin, the last year of the brave Mitchell's life], where we passed five days together. My visit to his country residence," as you already know, "was of three days; and I had reason to be convinced that it gave the old Don great pleasure. He talked to me with the greatest openness and confidence of all the material incidents of his life; and hinted often that the honor of the Clan was now to be supported by our family, for all of whom he had the greatest esteem. His taste, his ideas, and his manner of living, are a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the Kingdom of Valencia; and as he seeks to make no new friends, he seems to retain a strong, though silent, attachment for his old ones. As to his political principles, I believe him the most sincere of converts" to Whiggery and Orthodoxy. ... "Since I began this, I have had a most inimitable Letter from Lord Marischal. I had mentioned Dr. Bailies to him [noted English Doctor at Dresden, bent on inoculating and the like], and begged he would send me a state of his case and infirmities, that the Doctor might prescribe for him. This is a part of his answer:—

"I thank you for your advice of consulting the English Doctor to repair my old carcass. I have lately done so by my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, therefore, to tell the Doctor, that from him I expect a good repair, and shall state the case. First, he must know that the machine is the worse for wear, being nearly eighty years old. The reparation I propose he shall begin with is: One pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement on the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs, and some change in the stomach. For the present, this first reparation will be sufficient; and we must not trouble the Doctor too much at once.'—You see by this how easy his Lordship's infirmities sit upon him; and it is really so as he says. Your friend Sir Andrew is, I am afraid, less gay; but I have not heard from him these three months." [Keith, i. 132, 133; "Dresden, 13th March, 1770:" to his Father.]

CONWAY TO KEITH, ON THE LATE THREE DAYS AT POTSDAM. [Date, "Dresden, 21st July, 1774:" in KEITH, ii. 15.] "I stayed three days at Potsdam, with much entertainment, for good part of which I am obliged to your Excellency's old friend Lord Marischal, who showed me all the kindness and civility possible. He stopped me as I passed, and not only made me dine with him that day, but in a manner live with him. He is not at all blind, as you imagined; so much otherwise, that I saw him read, without spectacles, a difficult hand I could not easily decipher. ... Stayed but a day at Berlin;" am rushing after you:—Here is my Second Letter:—

CONWAY'S SECOND LETTER (to his Brother, as before).

"SCHMELWITZ [near Breslau] HEAD-QUARTERS,
August 31st, 1774.

"DEAR BROTHER ... I left that Camp [Austrian Camp, and Reviews in Hungary, where the Kaiser and everybody had been very gracious to me] with much regret." Parted regretfully with Keith;—had played, at Presburg, in sight of him and fourteen other Englishmen, a game with the Chess Automaton [brand-new miracle, just out]; [Account of it, and of this game, in KEITH too (ii. 18; "View, 3d September, 1774:" Keith to his Father).]—came on through Vienna hitherward, as fast as post-horses could carry us; travelling night and day, without stopping, being rather behind time. "Arrived at Breslau near dark, last night; where I learnt that the Camp was twenty miles off; that the King was gone there, and that the Manoeuvres would begin at four or five this morning. I therefore ordered my chaise at twelve at night, and set out, in darkness and rain, to be presented to the King of Prussia next morning at five, at the head of his troops. ... When I arrived, before five, at the place called 'Head-quarters,' I found myself in the middle of a miserable Village [this Schmelwitz here]; no creature alive or stirring, nor a sentinel, or any Military object to be seen. ... As soon as anything alive was to be found, we asked, If the King was lodged in that Village? 'Yes,' they said, 'in that House' (pointing to a clay Hovel). But General Lentulus soon appeared; and—

"His Majesty has been very gracious; asked me many questions about my tour to Hungary. I saw all the Troops pass him as they arrived in Camp. They made a very fine appearance really, though it rained hard the whole time we were out; and as his Majesty [age 62] did not cloak, we were all heartily wet. And, what was worse, went from the field to Orders [giving out of Parole, and the like] at his Quarters, there to make our bow;—where we stayed in our wet clothes an hour and half [towards 10 A.M. by this time]. ... How different at the Emperor's, when his Imperial Majesty and everybody was cloaked! [Got no hurt by the wet, strange to say.] ... These are our news to this day. And now, having sat up five nights out of the last six, and been in rain and dirt

almost all day, I wish you sincerely good-night.—H. S. C.

"P.S. Breslau, 4th September.— ... My Prussian Campaign is finished, and as much to my satisfaction as possible. The beauty and order of the Troops, their great discipline, their" "almost pass all belief. ... Yesterday we were on horseback early, at four o'clock. The movement was conducted with a spirit and order, on both sides, that was astonishing, and struck the more delightful (SIC) by the variety, as in the course of the Action the Enemy, conducted by General Anhalt [head all right as yet], took three different positions before his final retreat.

"The moment it was over [nine o'clock or so], his Majesty got a fresh horse, and set out for Potsdam, after receiving the compliments of those present, or rather holding a kind of short Levee in the field. I can't say how much, in my particular, I am obliged to his Majesty for his extraordinary reception, and distinction shown me throughout. Each day after the Manoeuvre, and giving the Orders of the day, he held a little Levee at the door, or in the court; at which, I can assure you, it is not an exaggeration of vanity to say, that he not only talked to me, but literally to nobody else at all. It was a good deal each time, and as soon as finished he made his bow, and retired, though all, or most, of the other Foreigners were standing by, as well as his own Generals. He also called me up, and spoke to me several times on horseback, when we were out, which he seldom did to anybody.

"The Prince Royal also showed me much civility. The second day, he asked me to come and drink a dish of tea with him after dinner, and kept me an hour and half. He told me, among other things, that the King of Prussia had a high opinion of me, and that it came chiefly from the favorable manner in which Duke Ferdinand and the Hereditary Prince [of Brunswick] had spoken of me. ... Pray let Horace Walpole know my address, that I may have all the chance I can of hearing from him. But if he comes to Paris, I forgive him.— H. S. C."

Friedrich's Reviews, though fine to look upon, or indeed the finest in the world, were by no means of spectacular nature; but of altogether serious and practical, almost of solemn and terrible, to the parties interested. Like the strictest College Examination for Degrees, as we said; like a Royal Assize or Doomsday of the Year; to Military people, and over the upper classes of Berlin Society, nothing could be more serious, Major Kaltenborn, an Ex-Prussian Officer, presumably of over-talkative habits, who sounds on us like a very mess-room of the time all gathered under one hat,—describes in an almost awful manner the kind of terror with which all people awaited these Annual Assizes for trial of military merit.

"What a sight," says he, "and awakening what thoughts, that of a body of from 18,000 to 20,000 soldiers, in solemn silence and in deepest reverence, awaiting their fate from one man! A Review, in Friedrich's time, was an important moment for almost the whole Country. The fortune of whole families often depended on it: from wives, mothers, children and friends, during those terrible three days, there arose fervent wishes to Heaven, that misfortune might not, as was too frequently the case, befall their husbands, fathers, sons and friends, in the course of them. Here the King, as it were, weighed the merits of his Officers, and distributed, according as he found them light or heavy, praise or blame, rebukes or favors; and often, too often, punishments, to be felt through life. One single unhappy moment [especially if it were the last of a long series of such!] often deprived the bravest Officer of his bread, painfully earned in peace and war, and of his reputation and honor, at least in the eyes of most men, who judge of everything only by its issue. The higher you had risen, the easier and deeper your fall might be at an unlucky Review. The Heads and Commanders of regiments were always in danger of being sent about their business (WEGGEJAGT)."

The fact is, I Kaltenborn quitted the Prussian Service, and took Hessian,—being (presumably) of exaggerative, over-talkative nature, and strongly gravitating Opposition way!—Kaltenborn admits that the King delighted in nothing so much as to see people's faces cheerful about him; provided the price for it were not too high. Here is another passage from him:—

"At latest by 9 in the morning the day's Manoeuvre had finished, and everything was already in its place again. Straight from the ground all Heads of regiments, the Majors-DE-JOUR, all Aides-de-Camp, and from every battalion one Officer, proceed to Head-quarters. It was impossible to speak more beautifully, or instructively, than the King did on such occasions, if he were not in bad humor. It was then a very delight to hear him deliver a Military Lecture, as it were. He knew exactly who had failed, what caused the fault, and how it might and should have been retrieved. His voice was soft and persuasive (HINREISSEND); he looked kindly, and appeared rather bent upon giving good advice than commands.

"Thus, for instance, he once said to General van Lossow, Head of the Black Hussars: 'Your (SEINE) Attack would have gone very well, had not your own squadron pressed forward too much (VORGEPRELLT). The brave

fellows wanted to show me how they can ride. But don't I know that well enough;—and also that you [covetous Lossow] always choose the best horses from the whole remount for your own squadron! There was, therefore, no need at all for that. Tell your people not to do so to-morrow, and you will see it will go much better; all will remain closer in their places, and the left wing be able to keep better in line, in coming on.'—Another time, having observed, in a certain Foot-regiment, that the soldiers were too long in getting out their cartridges, he said to the Commandant: 'Do you know the cause of this, my dear Colonel? Look, the cartouche, in the cartridge-box, has 32 holes; into these the fellow sticks his eight cartridges, without caring how: and so the poor devil fumbles and gropes about, and cannot get hold of any. But now, if the Officers would look to it that he place them all well together in the middle of the cartouche, he would never make a false grasp, and the loading would go as quick again. Only tell your Officers that I had made this observation, and I am sure they will gladly attend to it.'" [Anonymous (Kaltenborn), *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), ii. 24–26.]

Of humane consolatory Anecdotes, in this kind, our Opposition Kaltenborn gives several; of the rhadamanthine desolating or destructive kind, though such also could not be wanting, if your Assize is to be good for anything, he gives us none. And so far as I can learn, the effective punishments, dismissals and the like, were of the due rarity and propriety; though the flashes of unjust rebuke, fulminant severity, lightnings from the gloom of one's own sorrows and ill-humor, were much more frequent, but were seldom—I do not know if ever—persisted in to the length of practical result. This is a Rhadamanthus much interested not to be unjust, and to discriminate good from bad! Of Ziethen there are two famous Review Anecdotes, omitted and omissible by Kaltenborn, so well known are they: one of each kind. At a certain Review, year not ascertainable,—long since, prior to the Seven-Years War,—the King's humor was of the grimmest, nothing but faults all round; to Ziethen himself, and the Ziethen Hussars, he said various hard things, and at length this hardest: "Out of my sight with you!" [Madame de Blumenthal, *Life of Ziethen*, i. 265.] Upon which Ziethen—a stratum of red-hot kindling in Ziethen too, as was easily possible—turns to his Hussars, "Right about, RECHTS UM: march!" and on the instant did as bidden. Disappeared, double-quick; and at the same high pace, in a high frame of mind, rattled on to Berlin, home to his quarters, and there first drew bridle. "Turn; for Heaven's sake, bethink you!" said more than one friend whom he met on the road: but it was of no use. Everybody said, "Ziethen is ruined;" but Ziethen never heard of the thing more.

Anecdote Second is not properly of a Review, but of an incidental Parade of the Guard, at Berlin (25th December, 1784), by the King in person: Parade, or rather giving out of the Parole after it, in the King's Apartments; which is always a kind of Military Levee as well;—and which, in this instance, was long famous among the Berlin people. King is just arrived for Carnival season; old Ziethen will not fail to pay his duty, though climbing of the stairs is heavy to a man of 85 gone. This is Madam Blumenthal's Narrative (corrected, as it needs, in certain points):—

"SATURDAY, 25th DECEMBER, 1784, Ziethen, in spite of the burden of eighty-six years, went to the Palace, at the end of the Parade, to pay his Sovereign this last tribute of respect, and to have the pleasure of seeing him after six months' absence. The Parole was given out, the orders imparted to the Generals, and the King had turned towards the Princes of the Blood,—when he perceived Ziethen on the other side of the Hall, between his Son and his two Aides-de-Camp. Surprised in a very agreeable manner at this unexpected sight, he broke out into an exclamation of joy; and directly making up to him,—"What, my good old Ziethen, are you there!" said his Majesty: 'How sorry am I that you have had the trouble of walking up the staircase! I should have called upon you myself. How have you been of late?' 'Sire,' answered Ziethen, (my health is not amiss, my appetite is good; but my strength! my strength!' 'This account,' replied the King, 'makes me happy by halves only: but you must be tired;—I shall have a chair for you.' [Thing unexampled in the annals of Royalty!] A chair," on order to Ziethen's Aides-de-Camp, "was quickly brought. Ziethen, however, declared that he was not at all fatigued: the King maintained that he was. 'Sit down, good Father (MEIN LIEBER ALTER PAPA ZIETHEN, SETZE ER SICH DOCH)!' continued his Majesty: 'I will have it so; otherwise I must instantly leave the room; for I cannot allow you to be incommoded under my own roof.' The old General obeyed, and Friedrich the Great remained standing before him, in the midst of a brilliant circle that had thronged round them. After asking him many questions respecting his hearing, his memory and the general state of his health, he at length took leave of him in these words: 'Adieu, my dear Ziethen [it was his last adieu!]—take care not to catch cold; nurse yourself well, and live as long as you can, that I may often have the pleasure of seeing you.' After having said this, the King, instead of

speaking to the other Generals, and walking through the saloons, as usual, retired abruptly, and shut himself up in his closet." [Blumenthal, ii. 341; *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 318. Chodowiecki has made an Engraving of this Scene; useful to look at for its military Portraits, if of little esteem otherwise. Strangely enough, both in BLUMENTHAL and in Chodowiecki's ENGRAVING the year is given as 1785 (plainly impossible); *Militair-Lexikon* misprints the month; and, one way or other, only Rodenbeck (iii. 316) is right in both day and year.]

Following in date these small Conway Phenomena, if these, so extraneous and insignificant, can have any glimmer of memorability to readers, are two other occurrences, especially one other, which come in at this part of the series, and greatly more require to be disengaged from the dust-heaps, and presented for remembrance.

In 1775, the King had a fit of illness; which long occupied certain Gazetteers and others. That is the first occurrence of the two, and far the more important. He himself says of it, in his HISTORY, all that is essential to us here:—

"Towards the end of 1775, the King was attacked by several strong consecutive fits of gout. Van Swieten, a famous Doctor's Son, and Minister of the Imperial Court at Berlin, took it into his head that this gout was a declared dropsy; and, glad to announce to his Court the approaching death of an enemy that had been dangerous to it, boldly informed his Kaiser that the King was drawing to his end, and would not last out the year. At this news the soul of Joseph flames into enthusiasm; all the Austrian troops are got on march, their Rendezvous marked in Bohemia; and the Kaiser waits, full of impatience, at Vienna, till the expected event arrives; ready then to penetrate at once into Saxony, and thence to the Frontiers of Brandenburg, and there propose to the King's Successor the alternative of either surrendering Silesia straightway to the House of Austria, or seeing himself overwhelmed by Austrian troops before he could get his own assembled. All these things, which were openly done, got noised abroad everywhere; and did not, as is easy to believe, cement the friendship of the Two Courts. To the Public this scene appeared the more ridiculous, as the King of Prussia, having only had a common gout in larger dose than common, was already well of it again, before the Austrian Army had got to their Rendezvous. The Kaiser made all these troops return to their old quarters; and the Court of Vienna had nothing but mockery for its imprudent conduct." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 124.]

The first of these gout-attacks seems to have come in the end of September, and to have lasted about a month; after which the illness abated, and everybody thought it was gone. The Kaiser—Joseph evolution must have been in October, and have got its mockery in the next months. Friedrich, writing to VOLTAIRE, October 22d, has these words: ... "A pair of charming Letters from Ferney; to which, had they been from the great Demiurgus himself, I could not have dictated Answer. Gout held me tied and garroted for four weeks;—gout in both feet and in both hands; and, such its extreme liberality, in both elbows too: at present the pains and the fever have abated, and I feel only a very great exhaustion." [Ib. xxv. 44.] "Four consecutive attacks; hope they are now all over;" but we read, within the Spring following, that there have been in all twelve of them; and in May, 1776, the Newspapers count eighteen quasi-consecutive. So that in reality the King's strength was sadly reduced; and his health, which did not recover its old average till about 1780, continued, for several years after this bad fit, to be a constant theme of curiosity to the Gazetteer species, and a matter of solicitude to his friends and to his enemies.

Of the Kaiser's immense ambition there can be no question. He is stretching himself out on every side; "seriously wishing," thinks Friedrich, "that he could 'revivify the German Reich,'"—new Barbarossa in improved FIXED form; how noble! Certainly, to King Friedrich's sad conviction, "the Austrian Court is aiming to swallow all manner of dominions that may fall within its grasp." Wants Bosnia and Servia in the East; longs to seize certain Venetian Territories, which would unite Trieste and the Milanese to the Tyrol. Is throwing out hooks on Modena, on the Ferrarese, on this and on that. Looking with eager eyes on Bavaria,—the situation of which is peculiar; the present Kur-Baiern being elderly, childless; and his Heir the like, who withal is already Kur-Pfalz, and will unite the Two Electorates under one head; a thing which Austria regards with marked dislike. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 123.] These are anxious considerations to a King in Friedrich's sick state. In his private circle, too, there are sorrows: death of Fouquet, death of Quintus Icilius, of Seidlitz, Quantz (good old Quantz, with his fine Flutings these fifty years, and the still finer memories he awoke! [Friedrich's Teacher of the Flute; procured for him by his Mother (supra vi. 144).]),—latterly an unusual number of deaths. The ruggedly intelligent Quintus, a daily companion, and guest at the supper-table, died few months before this fit of gout; and must have been greatly missed by Friedrich. Fouquet, at Brandenburg, died last year: his benefactor in the early Custrin distresses, his "Bayard," and chosen friend ever since; how conspicuously dear to Friedrich to the last is still evident. A

Friedrich getting lonely enough, and the lights of his life going out around him;—has but one sure consolation, which comes to him as compulsion withal, and is not neglected, that of standing steadfast to his work, whatever the mood and posture be.

The Event of 1776 is Czarowitsh Paul's arrival in Berlin, and Betrothal to a second Wife there; his first having died in childbirth lately. The first had been of Friedrich's choosing, but had behaved ill,—seduced by Spanish–French Diplomacies, by this and that, poor young creature:—the second also was of Friedrich's choosing, and a still nearer connection: figure what a triumphant event! Event now fallen dead to every one of us; and hardly admitting the smallest Note,—except for chronology's sake, which it is always satisfactory to keep clear:—

"Czarowitsh Paul's first Wife, the Hessen–Darmstadt Princess of Three, died of her first child April 26th, 1776: everybody whispered, 'It is none of Paul's!' who, nevertheless, was inconsolable, the wild heart of him like to break on the occurrence. By good luck, Prince Henri had set out, by invitation, on a second visit to Petersburg; and arrived there also on April 26th, [Rodenbeck, iii. 139–146.] the very day of the fatality. Prince Henri soothed, consoled the poor Czarowitsh; gradually brought him round; agreed with his Czarina Mother, that he must have a new Wife; and dexterously fixed her choice on a 'Niece of the King's and Henri's.' Eldest Daughter of Eugen of Wurtemberg, of whom, as an excellent General, though also as a surly Husband, readers have some memory; now living withdrawn at Mumpelgard, the Wurtemberg Apanage [Montbeillard, as the French call it], in these piping times of Peace:—she is the Princess. To King Friedrich's great surprise and joy. The Mumpelgard Principalities, and fortunate Princess, are summoned to Berlin. Czarowitsh Paul, under Henri's escort, and under gala and festivities from the Frontier onward, arrived in Berlin 21st July, 1776; was betrothed to his Wurtemberg Princess straightway; and after about a fortnight of festivities still more transcendent, went home with her to Petersburg; and was there wedded, 18th October following;—Czar and Czarina, she and he, twenty years after, and their posterity reigning ever since. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 120–122.]

"At Vienna," says the King, "everybody was persuaded the Czarowitsh would never come to Berlin. Prince Kaunitz had been,"—been at his old tricks again, playing his sharpest, in the Court of Petersburg again: what tricks (about Poland and otherwise) let us not report, for it is now interesting to nobody. Of the Czarowitsh Visit itself I will remark only,—what seems to be its one chance of dating itself in any of our memories,—that it fell out shortly after the Sherlock dinner with Voltaire (in 1776, April 27th the one event, July 21st the other);—and that here is, by pure accident, the exuberant erratic Sherlock, once more, and once only, emerging on us for a few moments!—

EXUBERANT SHERLOCK AND ELEVEN OTHER ENGLISH ARE PRESENTED TO FRIEDRICH ON A COURT OCCASION (8th October, 1777); AND TWO OF THEM GET SPOKEN TO, AND SPEAK EACH A WORD. EXCELLENCY HUGH ELLIOT IS THEIR INTRODUCER.

Harris, afterwards Earl of Malmesbury, succeeded Mitchell at Berlin; "Polish troubles" (heartily indifferent to England), "Dantzic squabbles" (miraculously important there),—nothing worth the least mention now. Excellency Harris quitted Berlin in Autumn, 1776; gave place to an Excellency Hugh Elliot (one of the Minto Elliots, Brother of the first Earl of Minto, and himself considerably noted in the world), of whom we have a few words to say.

Elliot has been here since April, 1777; stays some five years in this post;—with not much Diplomatic employment, I should think, but with a style of general bearing and social physiognomy, which, with some procedures partly incidental as well, are still remembered in Berlin. Something of spying, too, doubtless there was; bribing of menials, opening of Letters: I believe a great deal of that went on; impossible to prevent under the carefulest of Kings. [An ingenious young Friend of mine, connected with Legationary Business, found lately, at the Hague, a consecutive Series, complete for four or five years (I think, from 1780 onwards), of Friedrich's LETTERS to his MINISTER IN LONDON,—Copies punctually filched as they went through the Post–office there:—specimens of which I saw; and the whole of which I might have seen, had it been worth the effort necessary. But Friedrich's London Minister, in this case, was a person of no significance or intimacy; and the King's Letters, though strangely exact, clear and even elucidative on English Court–Politics and vicissitudes, seemed to be nearly barren as to Prussian.] Hitherto, with one exception to be mentioned presently, his main business seems to have been that of introducing, on different Court–Days, a great number of Travelling English, who want to see the King, and whom the King little wants, but quietly submits to. Incoherent Sherlock, whom we

discover to have been of the number, has, in his tawdry disjointed Book, this Passage:—

"The last time of my seeing him [this Hero—King of my heart] was at Berlin [not a hint of the time when]. He came thither to receive the adieu of the Baron de Swieten, Minister from their Imperial Majesties [thank you; that means 8th October, 1777 [Rodenbeck, iii. 172.]], and to give audience to the new Minister, the Count Cobenzl. The Foreign Ministers, the persons who were to be presented [we, for instance], and the Military, were all that were at Court. We were ten English [thirteen by tale]: the King spoke to the first and the last; not on account of their situation, but because their names struck him. The first was Major Dalrymple. To him the King said: 'You have been presented to me before?' 'I ask your Majesty's pardon; it was my Uncle' (Lord Dalrymple, of whom presently). Mr. Pitt [unknown to me which Pitt, subsequent Lord Camelford or another] was the last. THE KING: 'Are you a relation of Lord Chatham's?' 'Yes, Sire.'—'He is a man whom I highly esteem' [read "esteemed"].

"He then went to the Foreign Ministers; and talked more to Prince Dolgorucki, the Russian Ambassador, than to any other. In the midst of his conversation with this Prince, he turned abruptly to Mr. Elliot, the English Minister, and asked: 'What is the Duchess of Kingston's family name?' This transition was less Pindaric than it appears; he had just been speaking of the Court of Petersburg, and that Lady was then there." [Sherlock, ii. 27.] Whereupon Sherlock hops his ways again; leaving us considerably uncertain. But, by a curious accident, here, at first—hand, is confirmation of the flighty creature;—a Letter from Excellency Elliot himself having come our way:—

TO WILLIAM EDEN, ESQUIRE (of the Foreign Office, London; Elliot's Brother—in—law; afterwards LORD AUCKLAND).

"BERLIN, 12th October, 1777.

"MY DEAR EDEN,—If you are waiting upon the pinnacle of all impatience to give me news from the Howes [out on their then famous "Seizure of Philadelphia," which came to what we know!], I am waiting with no less impatience to receive it, and think every other subject too little interesting to be mentioned. I must, however, tell you, the King has been here; ["Came to Berlin 8th October," on the Van—Swieten errand; "saw Princess Amelia twice; and on the 9th returned to Potsdam" (Rodenbeck, iii. 172).] to the astonishment of all croakers, hearty and in high spirits. He was very civil to all of us. I was attended by one dozen English, which nearly completes my half—hundred this season. Pitt made one of the twelve, and was particularly distinguished. KING: "*Monsieur est—il parent de Mylord Chatham?*" PITT: '*Oui, Sire.*' KING: '*C'est un homme que j'ai beaucoup estime.*'

"You have no idea of the joy the people expressed to see the King on Horseback,—all the Grub—street nonsense of 'a Country groaning under the weight of its burdens,' of 'a Nation governed with a rod of iron,' vanished before the sincere acclamations of all ranks, who joined in testifying their enthusiasm for their great Monarch. I long for Harris and Company [Excellency Harris; making for Russia, I believe]; they are to pig together in my house; so that I flatter myself with having a near view, if not a taste, of connubial joys. My love to E and _e_ [your big _E_leanor and your LITTLE, a baby in arms, who are my Sister and Niece;—pretty, this!]. Your most affectionate, H. E.

"P.S. I quite forgot to tell you, I sent out a servant some time ago to England to bring a couple of Horses. He will deliver some Packets to you; which I beg you will send, with Lord Marischal's compliments, to their respective Addresses. There is also a china cup for Mr. Macnamara, Lawyer, in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, from the same person [lively old gentleman, age 91 gone; did die next year]. What does Eleanor mean about my Congratulatory Letter to Lord Suffolk [our Foreign Secretary, on his marriage lately]? I wished his Lordship, most sincerely, every happiness in his new state, as soon as I knew of it. I beg, however, Eleanor will do the like;—and although it is not my system to 'congratulate' anybody upon marriage, yet I never fail to wish them what, I think, it is always two to one they do not obtain." [EDEN—HOUSE CORRESPONDENCE (part of which, not this, has been published in late years).]

As to the Dalrymple of SHERLOCK, read this (FRIEDRICH TO D'ALEMBERT, two years before [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xxv. 21: 5th August, 1775.]): ... "A Mylord of wonderful name [Lord Dalrymple, if I could remember it], of amiable genius (AU NOM BAROQUE, A L'ESPRIT AIMABLE), gave me a Letter on your part. 'Ah, how goes the Prince of Philosophers, then? Is he gay; is he busy; did you see him often?' To which the Mylord: 'I? No; I am straight from London!'—"QUOI DONC—?" In short, knowing my Anaxagoras, this Mylord preferred to be introduced by him; and was right: "One of the amiablest Englishmen I have seen; I except only the name, which I shall never remember [but do, on this new occasion]: Why doesn't he get himself

unchristened of it, and take that of Stair, which equally belongs to him?" (Earl of Stair by and by; Nephew, or Grand-Nephew, of the great Earl of Stair, once so well known to some of us. Becomes English Minister here in 1785, if we much cared.)

That word of reminiscence about Pitt is worth more attention. Not spoken lightly, but with meaning and sincerity; something almost pathetic in it, after the sixteen years separation: "A man whom I much esteemed,"—and had good reason to do so! Pitt's subsequent sad and bright fortunes, from the end of the Seven-Years War and triumphant summing up of the JENKINS'S-EAR QUESTION, are known to readers. His Burton-Pynsent meed of honor (Estate of 3,000 pounds a year bequeathed him by an aged Patriot, "Let THIS bit of England go a noble road!"); his lofty silences, in the World Political; his vehement attempts in it, when again asked to attempt, all futile,—with great pain to him, and great disdain from him:—his passionate impatiences on minor matters, "laborers [ornamenting Burton-Pynsent Park, in Somersetshire] planting trees by torchlight;" "kitchen people [at Hayes in North Kent, House still to be seen] roasting a series of chickens, chicken after chicken all day, that at any hour, within ten minutes, my Lord may dine!"—these things dwell in the memory of every worthy reader. Here, saved from my poor friend Smelfungus (nobody knows how much of him I suppress), is a brief jotting, in the form of rough MEMORANDA, if it be permissible:—

"Pitt four years King; lost in quicksands after that; off to Bath, from gout, from semi-insanity; 'India should pay, but how?' Lost in General-Warrants, in Wilkes Controversies, American Revolts,— generally, in shallow quicksands;—dies at his post, but his post had become a delirious one.

"A delicate, proud, noble man; pure as refined gold. Something sensitive, almost feminine in him; yet with an edge, a fire, a steadiness; liker Friedrich, in some fine principal points, than any of his Contemporaries. The one King England has had, this King of Four Years, since the Constitutional system set in. Oliver Cromwell, yes indeed,—but he died, and there was nothing for it but to hang his body on the gallows. Dutch William, too, might have been considerable,—but he was Dutch, and to us proved to be nothing. Then again, so long as Sarah Jennings held the Queen's Majesty in bondage, some gleams of Kinghood for us under Marlborough:—after whom Noodleism and Somnambulism, zero on the back of zero, and all our Affairs, temporal, spiritual and eternal, jumbling at random, which we call the Career of Freedom, till Pitt stretched out his hand upon them. For four years; never again, he; never again one resembling him,—nor indeed can ever be.

"Never, I should think. Pitts are not born often; this Pitt's ideas could occur in the History of Mankind once only. Stranger theory of society, completely believed in by a clear, sharp and altogether human head, incapable of falsity, was seldom heard of in the world. For King: open your mouth, let the first gentleman that falls into it (a mass of Hanover stolidity, stupidity, foreign to you, heedless of you) be King: Supreme Majesty he, with hypothetical decorations, dignities, solemn appliances, high as the stars (the whole, except the money, a mendacity, and sin against Heaven): him you declare Sent-of-God, supreme Captain of your England; and having done so,—tie him up (according to Pitt) with Constitutional straps, so that he cannot stir hand or foot, for fear of accidents: in which state he is fully cooked; throw me at his Majesty's feet, and let me bless Heaven for such a Pillar of Cloud by day.

"Pitt, closely as I could scrutinize, seems never to have doubted in his noble heart but he had some reverence for George II. 'Reverenced his Office,' says a simple reader? Alas, no, my friend, man does not 'reverence Office,' but only sham-reverences it. I defy him to reverence anything but a Man filling an Office (with or without salary) nobly. Filling a noble office ignobly; doing a celestial task in a quietly infernal manner? It were kinder perhaps to run your sword through him (or through yourself) than to take to revering him! If inconvenient to slay him or to slay yourself (as is oftenest likely),—keep well to windward of him; be not, without necessity, partaker of his adventures in this extremely earnest Universe! ...

"No; Nature does not produce many Pitts:—nor will any Pitt ever again apply in Parliament for a career. 'Your voices, your most sweet voices; ye melodious torrents of Gadarenes Swine, galloping rapidly down steep places, I, for one; know whither I' ... —Enough.

About four months before this time, Elliot had done a feat, not in the Diplomatic line at all, or by his own choice at all, which had considerably astonished the Diplomatic world at Berlin, and was doubtless well in the King's thoughts during this introduction of the Dozen. The American War is raging and blundering along,—a delectable Lord George Germaine (ALIAS Sackville, no other than our old Minden friend) managing as War-Minister, others equally skilful presiding at the Parliamentary helm; all becoming worse and worse off, as

the matter proceeds. The revolted Colonies have their Franklins, Lees, busy in European Courts: "Help us in our noble struggle, ye European Courts; now is your chance on tyrannous England!" To which France at least does appear to be lending ear. Lee, turned out from Vienna, is at work in Berlin, this while past; making what progress is uncertain to some people.

I know not whether it was by my Lord Suffolk's instigation, or what had put the Britannic Cabinet on such an idea,—perhaps the stolen Letters of Friedrich, which show so exact a knowledge of the current of events in America as well as England ("knows every step of it, as if he were there himself, the Arch-Enemy of honest neighbors in a time of stress!")—but it does appear they had got it into their sagacious heads that the bad neighbor at Berlin was, in effect, the Arch-Enemy, probably mainspring of the whole matter; and that it would be in the highest degree interesting to see clearly what Lee and he had on hand. Order thereupon to Elliot: "Do it, at any price;" and finally, as mere price will not answer, "Do it by any method,—STEAL Lee's Despatch-Box for us!"

Perhaps few Excellencies living had less appetite for such a job than Elliot; but his Orders were peremptory, "Lee is a rebel, quasi-outlaw; and you must!" Elliot thereupon took accurate survey of the matter; and rapidly enough, and with perfect skill, though still a novice in Berlin affairs, managed to do it. Privily hired, or made his servant hire, the chief Housebreaker or Pickpocket in the City: "Lee lodges in such and such a Hostelry; bring us his Red-Box for a thirty hours; it shall be well worth your while!" And in brief space the Red-Box arrives, accordingly; a score or two of ready-writers waiting for it, who copy all day, all night, at the top of their speed, till they have enough: which done, the Lee Red-Box is left on the stairs of the Lee Tavern; Box locked again, and complete; only the Friedrich-Lee Secrets completely pumped out of it, and now rushing day and night towards England, to illuminate the Supreme Council-Board there.

This astonishing mass of papers is still extant in England; [In the EDEN-HOUSE ARCHIVES; where a natural delicacy (unaware that the questionable Legationary FACT stands in print for so many years past) is properly averse to any promulgation of them.]—the outside of them I have seen, by no means the inside, had I wished it;—but am able to say from other sources, which are open to all the world, that seldom had a Supreme Council-Board procured for itself, by improper or proper ways, a Discovery of less value! Discovery that Lee has indeed been urgent at Berlin; and has raised in Friedrich the question, "Have you got to such a condition that I can, with safety and advantage, make a Treaty of Commerce with you?"—That his Minister Schulenburg has, by Order, been investigating Lee on that head; and has reported, "No, your Majesty, Lee and People are not in such a condition;" that his Majesty has replied, "Well, let him wait till they are;" and that Lee is waiting accordingly. In general, That his Majesty is not less concerned in guidance or encouragement of the American War than he is in ditto of the Atlantic Tides or of the East-Wind (though he does keep barometers and meteorological apparatus by him); and that we of the Council-Board are a—what shall I say! Not since the case of poor Dr. Cameron, in 1753, when Friedrich was to have joined the Highlanders with 15,000 chosen Prussians for Jacobite purposes,—and the Cham of Tartary to have taken part in the Bangorian Controversy,—was there a more perfect platitude, or a deeper depth of ignorance as to adjacent objects on the part of Governing Men. For shame, my friends!—

This surprising bit of Burglary, so far as I can gather from the Prussian Books, must have been done on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25th, 1777; Box (with essence pumped out) restored to staircase night of Thursday,—Police already busy, Governor Ramin and Justice-President Philippi already apprised, and suspicion falling on the English Minister,—whose Servant ("Arrest him we cannot without a King's Warrant, only procurable at Potsdam!") vanishes bodily. Friday, 27th, Ramin and Philippi make report; King answers, "greatly astonished:" a "GARSTIGE SACHE (ugly Business), which will do the English no honor:" "Servant fled, say you? Trace it to the bottom; swift!" Excellency Elliot, seeing how matters lay, owned honestly to the Official People, That it was his Servant (Servant safe gone, Chief Pickpocket not mentioned at all); SUNDAY EVENING, 29th, King orders thereupon, "Let the matter drop." These Official Pieces, signed by the King, by Hertzberg, Ramin and others, we do not give: here is Friedrich's own notice of it to his Brother Henri:—

"POTSDAM, 29th JUNE, 1777. ... There has just occurred a strange thing at Berlin. Three days ago, in absence of the Sieur Lee, Envoy of the American Colonies, the Envoy of England went [sent!] to the Inn where Lee lodged, and carried off his Portfolio; it seems he was in fear, however, and threw it down, without opening it, on the stairs [alas, no, your Majesty, not till after pumping the essence out]. All Berlin is talking of it. If one were to act with rigor, it would be necessary to forbid this man the Court, since he has committed a public theft: but,

not to make a noise, I suppress the thing. Sha'n't fail, however, to write to England about it, and indicate that there was another way of dealing with such a matter, for they are impertinent" (say, ignorant, blind as moles, your Majesty; that is the charitable reading!). [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 394. In PREUSS, v. (he calls it "iv." or "URKUNDENBUCH to vol. iv.," but it is really and practically vol. v.) 278, 279, are the various Official Reports.]

This was not Excellency Elliot's Burglary, as readers see,—among all the Excellencies going, I know not that there is one with less natural appetite for such a job; but sometimes what can a necessitous Excellency do? Elliot is still remembered in Berlin society, not for this only, but for emphatic things of a better complexion which he did; a man more justly estimated there, than generally here in our time. Here his chief fame rests on a witty Anecdote, evidently apocryphal, and manufactured in the London Clubs: "Who is this Hyder—Ali," said the old King to him, one day (according to the London Clubs). "Hm," answered Elliot, with exquisite promptitude, politeness and solidity of information, "C'EST UN VIEUX VOLEUR QUI COMMENCE A RADOTER (An old robber, now falling into his dotage),"—let his dotard Majesty take that.

Alas, my friends!—Ignorance by herself is an awkward lumpish wench; not yet fallen into vicious courses, nor to be uncharitably treated: but Ignorance and Insolence,—these are, for certain, an unlovely Mother and Bastard! Yes;—and they may depend upon it, the grim Parish—beadles of this Universe are out on the track of them, and oakum and the correction—house are infallible sooner or later! The clever Elliot, who knew a hawk from a hernshaw, never floundered into that platitude. This, however, is a joke of his, better or worse (I think, on his quitting Berlin in 1782, without visible resource or outlook): "I am far from having a Sans—Souci," writes he to the Edens; "and I think I am coming to be SANS SIX—SOUS."—Here still are two small Fractions, which I must insert; and then rigorously close. Kaiser Joseph, in these months, is travelling through France to instruct his Imperial mind. The following is five weeks anterior to that of Lee's Red—Box:—

1. A BIT OF DIALOGUE AT PARIS (Saturday, 17th May, 1777). After solemn Session of the ACADEMIE FRANCAISE, held in honor of an illustrious COMTE DE FALKENSTEIN (privately, Kaiser Joseph II.), who has come to look at France, [Minute and rather entertaining Account of his procedures there, and especially of his two Visits to the Academy (first was May 10th), in Mayer, *Reisen Josephs II.* (Leipzig, 1778), pp. 112–132, 147 et seq.]—Comte de Falkenstein was graciously pleased to step up to D'Alembert, who is Perpetual Secretary here; and this little Dialogue ensued:—

FALKENSTEIN. "I have heard you are for Germany this season; some say you intend to become German altogether?"

D'ALEMBERT. "I did promise myself the high honor of a visit to his Prussian Majesty, who has deigned to invite me, with all the kindness possible: but, alas, for such hopes! The bad state of my health—"

FALKENSTEIN. "It seems to me you have already been to see the King of Prussia?"

D'ALEMBERT. "Two times; once in 1756 [1755, 17th–19th June,—if you will be exact], at Wesel, when I remained only a few days; and again in 1763, when I had the honor to pass three or four months with him. Since that time I have always longed to have the honor of seeing his Majesty again; but circumstances hindered me. I, above all, regretted not to have been able to pay my court to him that year he saw the Emperor at Neisse,—but at this moment there is nothing more to be wished on that head" (Don't bow: the Gentleman is INCOGNITO).

FALKENSTEIN. "It was very natural that the Emperor, young, and desiring to instruct himself, should wish to see such a Prince as the King of Prussia; so great a Captain, a Monarch of such reputation, and who has played so great a part. It was a Scholar going to see his Master" (these are his very words, your Majesty).

D'ALEMBERT. "I wish M. le Comte de Falkenstein could see the Letters which the King of Prussia did me the honor to write after that Interview: it would then appear how this Prince judged of the Emperor, as all the world has since done." ["D'Alembert to Friedrich [in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxv. 75], 23d May, 1777." Ib. xxv. 82; "13th August, 1777."]

KING TO D'ALEMBERT (three months after. Kaiser is home; passed Ferney, early in August; and did not call on Voltaire, as is well known). ... "I hear the Comte de Falkenstein has been seeing harbors, arsenals, ships, manufactures, and has n't seen Voltaire. Had I been in the Emperor's place, I would not have passed Ferney without a glance at the old Patriarch, were it only to say that I had seen and heard him. Arsenals, ships, manufactures, these you can see anywhere; but it requires ages to produce a Voltaire. By the rumors I hear, it will have been a certain great Lady Theresa, very Orthodox and little Philosophical, who forbade her Son to visit the

Apostle of Tolerance."

D'ALEMBERT (in answer): "No doubt your Majesty's guess is right. It must have been the Lady Mother. Nobody here believes that the advice came from his Sister [Queen Marie Antoinette], who, they say, is full of esteem for the Patriarch, and has more than once let him know it by third parties." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxv. 84.]

According to Friedrich, Joseph's reflections in France were very gloomy: "This is all one Country; strenuously kneaded into perfect union and incorporation by the Old Kings: my discordant Romish Reich is of many Countries,—and should be of one, if Sovereigns were wise and strenuous!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 125.]

2. A CABINET-ORDER AND ACTUAL (fac-simile) SIGNATURE OF FRIEDRICH'S.—After unknown travels over the world, this poor brown Bit of Paper, with a Signature of Friedrich's to it, has wandered hither; and I have had it copied, worthy or not. A Royal Cabinet-Order on the smallest of subjects; but perhaps all the more significant on that account; and a Signature which readers may like to see.

Fordan, or Fordon, is in the Bromberg Department in West Prussen, —Bromberg no longer a heap of ruins; but a lively, new-built, paved, CANALLED and industrious trading Town. At Fordan is a Grain-Magazine: Bein ("Leg," DER BEIN, as they slightly call him) is Proviant-Master there; and must consider his ways,—the King's eye being on him. Readers can now look and understand:—

AN DEN OBER-PROVIANTMEISTER BEIN, zu Fordan.

"POTSDAM, den 9ten April, 1777.

"Seiner Koniglicher Majestat von Preussen, Unser allergnadigster Herr, lassen dem Ober-Proviantmeister Bein hiebey die Getraide-Preistabelle des Brombergschen Departments zufertigen; Woraus derselbe ersieht wie niedrig solche an einigen Orthen sind, und dass zu Inovraclaw und Strezelnow der Scheffel Roggen um 12 Groschen kostet: da solches nun hier so wohlfeil ist, somuss ja der Preis in Pohlen noch wohl geringer, und ist daher nicht abzusehen warum die Pohlen auf so hohe Preise bestehen; der Bein muss sich daher nun rechte Muhe geben, und den Einkauf so wohlfeil als nur immer moglich zu machen suchen."

"His Royal Majesty of Preussen, Our most all-gracious Lord, lets herewith, to the Head Proviant-Master Bein, the Grain-Prices Table of the Bromberg Department be despatched; Wherefrom Bein perceives how low in some places these are, and that, at Inovraclaw and Strezelnow the Bushel of Rye costs about 14 Pence: now, as it is so cheap there, the price in Poland must be still smaller; and therefore it is not to be conceived why the Poles demand such high prices," as the said Bein reports: "Bein therefore is charged to take especial pains, and try not to make the purchase dearer than is indispensable."

Original kindly furnished me by Mr. W. H. Doeg, Barlow Moor, Manchester: whose it now is,—purchased in London, A.D. 1863. The FRH of German CURSIV-SCHRIFT (current hand), which the woodcutter has appended, shut off by a square, will show English readers what the King means: an "*Frh*" done as by a flourish of one's stick, in the most compendious and really ingenious manner,—suitable for an economic King, who has to repeat it scores of times every day of his life!

Chapter VI. THE BAVARIAN WAR.

At the very beginning of 1778, the chronic quarrel with Austria passed, by an accident just fallen out, into the acute state; rose gradually, and, in spite of negotiating, issued in a thing called Bavarian–Succession War, which did not end till Spring of the following year. The accident was this. At Munchen, December 30th, 1777, Max Joseph Kurfurst of Baiern, only Brother of our lively friend the Electress–Dowager of Saxony, died; suddenly, of small–pox unskilfully treated. He was in his fifty–second year; childless, the last of that Bavarian branch. His Heir is Karl Theodor, Kur–Pfalz (Elector Palatine), who is now to unite the Two Electorates,—unless Austria can bargain with him otherwise. Austria's desire to get hold of Baiern is of very old standing; and we have heard lately how much it was an object with Kaunitz and his young Kaiser. With Karl Theodor they did bargain,—in fact, had beforehand as good as bargained,—and were greatly astonished, when King Friedrich, alone of all Teutschland or the world, mildly, but peremptorily, interfered, and said No,—with effect, as is well known.

Something, not much, must be said of this Bavarian–Succession War; which occupied, at a pitch of tension and anxiety foreign to him for a long time, fifteen months of Friedrich's old age (January, 1778–March, 1779); and filled all Europe round him and it, in an extraordinary manner. Something; by no means much, now that we have seen the issue of such mountains all in travail. Nobody could then say but it bade fair to become a Fourth Austrian–Prussian War, as sanguinary as the Seven–Years had been; for in effect there stood once more the Two Nations ranked against each other, as if for mortal duel, near half a million men in whole; parleying indeed, but brandishing their swords, and ever and anon giving mutual clash of fence, as if the work had begun, though there always intervened new parleying first.

And now everybody sees that the work never did begin; that parleying, enforced by brandishing, turned out to be all the work there was: and everybody has forgotten it, and, except for specific purposes, demands not to be put in mind of it. Mountains in labor were not so frequent then as now, when the Penny Newspaper has got charge of them; though then as now to practical people they were a nuisance. Mountains all in terrific travail—throes, threatening to upset the solar system, have always a charm, especially for the more foolish classes: but when once the birth has taken place, and the wretched mouse ducks past you, or even nothing at all can be seen to duck past, who is there but impatiently turns on his heel?

Those Territories, which adjoin on its own dominions, would have been extremely commodious to Austria;—as Austria itself has long known; and by repeatedly attempting them on any chance given (as in 1741–1745, to go no farther back), has shown how well it knows. Indeed, the whole of Bavaria fairly incorporated and made Austrian, what an infinite convenience would it be!

"Do but look on the Map [this Note is not by Busching, but by somebody of Austrian tendencies]: you would say, Austria without Bavaria is like a Human Figure with its belly belonging to somebody else. Bavaria is the trunk or belly of the Austrian Dominions, shutting off all the limbs of them each from the other; making for central part a huge chasm.

"Ober–Pfalz,—which used to be Kur–Pfalz's, which is Bavaria's since we took it from the Winter–King and bestowed it in that way, —Ober–Pfalz, the country of Amberg, where Maillebois once pleased to make invasion of us;—does not it adjoin on the Bohemian Forest? The RIBS there, Bohemian all, up to the shoulder, are ours: but the shoulder–blade and left arm, whose are they! Austria Proper and Hungary, these may be taken as sitting–part and lower limbs, ample and fleshy; but see, just above the pelvis, on the south side, how Bavaria and its Tyrol sticks itself in upon Austria, who fancied she also had a Tyrol, and far the more important one. Our Tyrol, our Styria, Carniola, Carinthia,—Bavaria blocks these in. Then the Swabian Austria,—Breisach, and those Upper–Rhine Countries, from which we invade France,—we cannot reach them except through Bavarian ground. Swabian Austria should be our right arm, fingers of it reaching into Switzerland; Ober–Pfalz our left:—and as to the broad breast between these two; left arm and broad breast are Bavaria's, not ours. Of the Netherlands, which might be called geographically the head of Austria, alas, the long neck, Lorraine, was once ours; but whose is it? Irrecoverable for the present,—perhaps may not always be so!"

These are Kaunitz's ideas; and the young Kaiser has eagerly adopted them as the loadstar of his life. "Make the Reich a reality again," thinks the Kaiser (good, if only possible, think we too); "make Austria great; Austria is

the Reich, how else can the Reich be real?"

In practical politics these are rather wild ideas; but they are really Kaunitz's and his Kaiser's; and were persisted in long after this Bavarian matter got its check: and as a whole, they got repeated checks; being impossible all, and far from the meaning of a Time big with French Revolution, and with quite other things than world-greatness to Austria, and rejuvenescence on such or on any terms to the poor old Holy Roman Reich, which had been a wiggery so long. Nobody could guess of what it was that France or the world might be with child: nobody, till the birth in 1789, and even for a generation afterwards. France is weakly and unwieldy, has strange enough longings for chalky, inky, visionary, foolish substances, and may be in the family-way for aught we know.

To Kaunitz it is pretty clear that France will not stand in his path in this fine little Bavarian business; which is all he cares for at present. England in war with its Colonies; Russia attentive to its Turk; foreign Nations, what can they do but talk; remonstrate more or less, as they did in the case of Poland; and permit the thing with protest? Only from one Sovereign Person, and from him I should guess not much, does Kaunitz expect serious opposition: from Friedrich of Prussia; to whom no enlargement of Austria can be matter of indifference. "But cannot we perhaps make it worth his while?" thinks Kaunitz: "Tush, he is old and broken; thought to be dying; has an absolute horror of war. He too will sit quiet; or we must make it worth his while." In this calculation Kaunitz deceived himself; we are now shortly to see how.

Kaunitz's Case, when he brings it before the Reich, and general Public of mankind and its Gazetteers, will by no means prove to be a strong one. His Law "TITLE" is this:—

"Archduke Albert V., of Austria, subsequently Kaiser Albert II., had married Elizabeth, only Daughter of Kaiser Sigismund SUPER-GRAMMATICAM: Albert is he who got three crowns in one year, Hungary, Bohemia, Romish Reich; and 'we hope a fourth,' say the Old Historians, 'which was a heavenly and eternal one,'—died, in short (1439, age forty). From him come the now Kaisers.

"In 1426, thirteen years before this event of the Crowns, Sigismund GRAMMATICAM had infeoffed him in a thing still of shadowy nature,— the Expectancy of a Straubingen Princedom; pleasant extensive District, only not yet fallen, or like falling vacant: 'You shall inherit, you and yours (who are also my own), so soon as this present line of Wittelsbachers die!' said Kaiser Sigismund, solemnly, in two solemn sheepskins. 'Not a whit of it,' would the Wittelsbachers have answered, had they known of the affair. 'When we die out, there is another Line of Wittelsbachers, plenty of other lines; and House-treaties many and old, settling all that, without help of you and Albert of the Three Crowns!' And accordingly there had never come the least fruit, or attempt at fruit, from these two Sigismund Sheepskins; which were still lying in the Vienna Archives, where they had lain since the creation of them, known to an Antiquary or two, but not even by them thought worthy of mention in this busy world. This was literally all the claim that Austria had; and every by-stander admitted it to be, in itself, not worth a rush."

"In itself perhaps not," thought Kaunitz; "but the free consent of Karl Theodor the Heir, will not that be a Title in full? One would hope so; in the present state of Europe: France, England, Russia, every Nation weltering overhead in its own troubles and affairs, little at leisure for ours!" And it is with Karl Theodor, to make out a full Title for himself there, that Kaunitz has been secretly busy this long time back, especially in the late critical days of poor Kurfurst Max.

Karl Theodor of the Pfalz, now fallen Heir to Baiern, is a poor idle creature, of purely egoistic, ornamental, dilettante nature; sunk in theatricals, bastard children and the like; much praised by Voltaire, who sometimes used to visit him; and by Collini, to whom he is a kind master. Karl Theodor cares little for the integrity of Baiern, much for that of his own skin. Very long ago, in 1742, in poor Kaiser Karl's Coronation time, we saw him wedded, him and another, to two fair Sister Sulzbach Princesses, [Supra, viii. 119.] Grand-daughters of old Karl Philip, the then Kur-Pfalz, whom he has inherited. It was the last act of that never-resting old Karl Philip, of whom we used to hear so much: "Karl Theodor to have one of my inestimable Grand-daughters; Duke Clement, younger Brother of our blessed new Kaiser, to have another; thereby we unite the kindred branches of the Pfalz-Baiern Families, and make the assurance of the Heritages doubly sure!" said old Karl Philip; and died happy, or the happiest he could.

Readers no doubt have forgotten this circumstance; and, in their total lack of interest in Karl Theodor and his paltry affairs, may as well be reminded of it;—and furthermore, that these brilliant young Wives, "Duchess Clement" especially, called on Wilhelmina during the Frankfurt Gayeties, and were a charm to Kaiser Karl Albert,

striving to look forward across clouds into a glittering future for his House. Theodor's Princess brought him no children; she and her Sister are both still living; a lone woman the latter (Duke Clement dead these seven years),—a still more lone the former, with such a Husband yet living! Lone women both, well forward in the fifties; active souls, I should guess, at least to judge by Duchess Clement, who being a Dowager, and mistress of her movements, is emphatic in denouncing such disaster and disgrace; and plays a great part, at Munchen, in the agitating scenes now on hand. Comes out "like a noble Amazon," say the admiring by-standers, on this occasion; stirs whatever faculty she has, especially her tongue; and goes on urging, pushing and contriving all she can, regardless of risks in such an imminency.

Karl Theodor finds his Heritages indisputable; but he has no Legitimate Son to leave them to; and has many Illegitimate, whom Austria can provide for,—and richly will. His Heir is a Nephew, Karl August Christian, of Zweibruck; whom perhaps it would not be painful to him to disappoint a little of his high expectations. On the whole, Peace; plentiful provision, titular and other, for his Illegimates; and a comfortable sum of ready money over, to enliven the Theatricals, Dusseldorf Picture-Galleries and Dilettante operations and Collections,—how much welcomer to Theodor than a Baiern never so religiously saved entire at the expense of quarrel, which cannot but be tedious, troublesome and dangerous! Honor, indeed—but what, to an old stager in the dilettante line, is honor? Old staggers there are who will own to you, like Balzac's Englishman in a case of conflagration, when honor called on all men to take their buckets, "MAIS JE N'AI POINT D'HONNEUR!" To whom, unluckily, you cannot answer as in that case, "C'EST EGAL, 'T is all one; do as if you had some!" Karl Theodor scandalously left Baiern to its fate.

Karl Theodor's Heir, poor August Christian of Zweibruck, had of course his own gloomy thoughts on this parcelling of his Bavarian reversion: but what power has he? None, he thinks, but to take the inevitable patiently. Nor generally in the Princes of the Reich, though one would have thought them personally concerned, were it only for danger of a like mistreatment, was there any emotion publicly expressed, or the least hope of help. "Perhaps Prussia will quarrel about it?" think they: "Austria, Prussia, in any of their quarrels we get only crushed; better to keep out of it. We well out of it, the more they quarrel and fight, the better for us!" England, in the shape of Hanover, would perhaps have made some effort to interfere, provided France did: on either side, I incline to think,—that is to say, on the side opposite to France. But poor England is engaged with its melancholy American War; France on the point of breaking out into Alliance with the Insurrection there. Neither France nor England did interfere. France is sinking into bankruptcy; intent to have a Navy before most things; to assist the Cause of Human Liberty over seas withal, and become a sublime spectacle, and a ruin to England,—not as in the Pitt-Choiseul time, but by that improved method. Russia, again involved in Turk business, looks on, with now and then a big word thrown out on the one side and the other.—Munchen, in the interval, we can fancy what an agitated City! One Note says:—

"Kurfurst Max Joseph being dead (30th December, 1777), Privy Councillor Johann Euchar von Obermayr, favorite and factotum Minister of the Deceased, opened the Chatouille [Princely Safe, or Case of Preciosities]; took from it the Act, which already lay prepared, for Homaging and solemn Instalment of Karl Theodor Kur-Pfalz, as heir of Baiern; with immediate intent to execute the same. Euchar orders strict closure of the Town-gates; the Soldiery to draw out, and beset all streets,—especially that street where Imperial Majesty's Ambassador lives: 'Rank close with your backs to that House,' orders Euchar; 'and the instant anybody stirs to come out, sound your drums, and, at the same instant, let the rearmost rank of you, without looking round [for one would not give offence, unless imperative] smite the butts of their muskets to the ground' (ready for firing, IF imperative). Nobody, I think, stirred out from that Austrian Excellency's House; in any case, Obermayr completed his Act without the least protest or trouble from anybody; and Karl Theodor, almost to his terror [for he meant to sell, and satisfy Austria, by no means to resist or fight, the paltry old creature, careful of self and skin only], saw himself solemnly secured by all forms of law in all the Lands of the Deceased. [Fischer, *Geschichte Friedrichs des Zweiten* (Halle, 1787), ii. 358.]

"Kaiser Joseph, in a fume at this, shot off an express to Bohemia: 'Such and such regiments, ten or twelve of you, with your artillery and tools, march instantly into Straubingen, and occupy that Town and District.' At Vienna, to the Karl-Theodor Ambassador, the Kaunitz Officials were altogether loud-voiced, minatory: 'What is this, Herr Excellenz? Bargain already made; lying ready for mere signature; and at Munchen such doings. Sign this Bargain, or there cross your frontier 60,000 Austrian men, and seize both Baiern and the Ober-Pfalz; bethink

you, Herr!' The poor Herr bethought him, what could he do? signed the Bargain, Karl Theodor sanctioning, 3d January, 1778,—the fourth day after Obermayr's Homaging feat;—and completes the first act of this bad business. The Bargain, on Theodor's side, was of the most liberal kind: All and sundry the Lands and Circles of Duke Johann of Straubingen, Lordship of Mindelheim [Marlborough's old Place] superadded, and I know not what else; Sovereignty of the Fiefs in Ober-Pfalz to lapse to the Crown of Bohmen on my decease." Half Bavaria, or better; some reckon it as good as two-thirds.

The figure of Duchess Clement, Amazon in hair-powder, driving incessantly about among the officialities and aristocratic circles; this and the order of "Rattle your muskets on the ground;" let these two features represent to us the Munchen of those months. Munchen, Regensburg, Vienna are loud with pleading, protocolling; but it is not there that the crisis of the game will be found to lie.

Friedrich has, for some time back, especially since the late Kur-Baiern's illness, understood that Austria, always eager for a clutch at Baiern, had something of that kind in view; but his first positive news of it was a Letter from Duchess Clement (date, JANUARY 3d), which, by the detail of facts, unveiled to his quick eye the true outline, extent and nature of this Enterprise of Austria's; Enterprise which, he could not but agree with Duchess Clement, was one of great concernment not to Baiern alone. "Must be withstood; prevented, at whatever risk," thought Friedrich on the instant: "The new Elector, Karl Theodor, he probably is dead to the matter; but one ought to ask him. If he answer, Dead; then ask his Heir, Have you no life to it?" Heir is a gallant enough young gentleman, of endless pedigree, but small possessions, "Karl August Christian [Karl II. in Official style], Duke of Zweibruck-Birkenfeld," Karl Theodor's eldest Nephew; Friedrich judges that he probably will have haggled to sign any Austrian convention for dismembering Baiern, and that he will start into life upon it so soon as he sees hope.

"A messenger to him, to Karl Theodor and him," thinks Friedrich: "a messenger instantly; and who?" For that clearly is the first thing. And a delicate thing it is; requiring to be done in profoundest secrecy, by hint and innuendo rather than speech; by somebody in a cloak of darkness, who is of adroit quality, and was never heard of in diplomatic circles before, not to be suspected of having business of mine on hand. Friedrich bethinks him that in a late visit to Weimar, he had noticed, for his fine qualities, a young gentleman named Gortz; Eustace von Gortz, [Preuss, iv. 92 n. late Tutor to the young Duke (Karl August, whom readers know as Goethe's friend): a wise, firm, adroit-looking young gentleman; who was farther interesting as Brother to Lieutenant-General von Gortz, a respectable soldier of Friedrich's. Ex-Tutor at Weimar, we say, and idle for the moment; hanging about Court there, till he should find a new function.

Of this Ex-Tutor Friedrich bethinks him; and in the course of that same day,—for there is no delay,—Friedrich, who is at Berlin, beckons General Gortz to come over to him from Potsdam instantly. "Hither this evening; and in all privacy meet me in the Palace at such an hour" (hour of midnight or thereby); which of course Gortz, duly invisible to mankind, does. Friedrich explains: An errand to Munchen; perfectly secret, for the moment, and requiring great delicacy and address; perhaps not without risk, a timorous man might say: will your Brother go for me, think you? Gortz thinks he will. "Here is his Instruction, if so," adds the King, handing him an Autograph of the necessary outline of procedure,—not signed, nor with any credential, or even specific address, lest accident happen. "Adieu then, Herr General-Lieutenant; rule is, shoes of swiftness, cloak of darkness: adieu!" And Gortz Senior is off on the instant, careering towards Weimar, where he finds Gortz Junior, and makes known his errand. Gortz Junior stares in the natural astonishment; but, after some intense brief deliberation, becomes affirmative, and in a minimum of time is ready and on the road.

Gortz Junior proved to have been an excellent choice on the King's part; and came to good promotion afterwards by his conduct in this affair. Gortz Junior started for Munchen on the instant, masked utterly, or his business masked, from profane eyes; saw this person, saw that, and glided swiftly about, swiftly and with sure aim; and speedily kindled the matter, and had smoke rising in various points. And before January was out, saw the Reichs-Diet at Regensburg, much more the general Gazetteerage everywhere, seized of this affair, and thrown into paroxysms at the size and complexion of it: saw, in fact, a world getting into flame,—kindled by whom or what nobody could guess, for a long time to come. Gortz had great running about in his cloak of darkness, and showed abundant talent of the kind needed. A pushing, clear-eyed, stout-hearted man; much cleverness and sureness in what he did and forbore to do. His adventures were manifold; he had much travelling about: was at Regensburg, at Mannheim; saw many persons whom he had to judge of on the instant, and speak frankly to, or

speaking darkly, or speaking nothing; and he made no mistake. One of his best counsellors, I gather, was Duchess Clement: of course it was not long till Duchess Clement heard some inkling of him; till, in some of his goings and comings, he saw Duchess Clement, who hailed him as an angel of light. In one journey more mysterious than ever, "he was three days invisible in Duchess Clement's Garden-house." "AH, MADAME, QUE N'ETIEZ-VOUS ELECTEUR, Why were not you Elector!" writes Friedrich to her once: "We should not have seen those shameful events, which every good German must blush for, to the bottom of his heart (DONT TOUT BON ALLEMAND DOIT ROUGIR JUSQU'AU FOND DU COEUR)!" [Preuss, iv. 94.]

We cannot afford the least narrative of Gortz and his courses: imagination, from a few traits, will sufficiently conceive them. He had gone first to Karl Theodor's Minister: "Dead to it, I fear; has already signed?" Alas, yes. Upon which to Zweibruck the Heir's Minister; whom his Master had distinctly ordered to sign, but who, at his own peril, gallant man, delayed, remonstrated, had not yet done it; and was able to answer: "Alive to it, he? Yes, with a witness, were there hope in the world!"—which threw Gortz upon instant gallop towards Zweibruck Schloss, in search of said Heir, the young Duke August Christian; who, however, had left in the interim (summoned by his Uncle, on Austrian urgency, to consent along with him); but whom Gortz, by dexterity and intuition of symptoms, caught up by the road, with what a mutual joy! As had been expected, August Christian, on sight of Gortz, with an armed Friedrich looming in the distance, took at once into new courses and activities. From him, no consent now; far other: Treaty with Friedrich; flat refusal ever to consent: application to the Reich, application even to France, and whatever a gallant young fellow could do.

It was by Friedrich's order that he applied to France; his younger Brother, Max Joseph, was a soldier there, and strove to back him in Official and other circles,—who were all friendly, even zealous for him; and gave good words, but had nothing more. This French department of the business was long a delay to Friedrich's operations: and in result, poor Max's industry there, do what he could, proved rather a minus quantity than otherwise. A good young man, they say; but not the man to kindle into action horses that are dead,—of which he had experience more than once in time coming. He is the same that, 30 years after, having survived his childless elder Brother, became King Max, first King of Baiern; begot Ludwig, second King,—who, for his part, has begotten Otho King of Greece, and done other feats still less worth mentioning. August Christian's behavior is praised as excellent,—passively firm and polite; the grand requisite, persistence on your ground of "No:"—but his luck, to find such a Friedrich, and also to find such a Gortz, was the saving clause for him.

Friedrich was in very weak health in these months; still considered by the Gazetteers to be dying. But it appears he is not yet too weak for taking, on the instant necessary, a world-important resolution; and of being on the road with it, to this issue or to that, at full speed before the day closed. "Desist, good neighbor, I beseech you. You must desist, and even you shall:" this resolution was entirely his own; as were the equally prompt arrangements he contrived for executing it, should hard come to hard, and Austria prefer war to doing justice. "Excellent methods," say the most unfriendly judges, "which must at once have throttled Austria into compliance, had he been as prompt in executing them;—which he by no means was. And there lies his error and failure; very lamentable, excusable only by decrepitude of body producing weakness and decay of mind." This is emphatically and wearisomely Schmettau's opinion, [F. W. C. Graf van Schmettau (this is the ELDER Schmettau's Son, not the DRESDENER'S whom we used to quote), FELDZUG DER PREUSSISCHEN ARMEE IN BOHMEN IM JAHRE 1778 (Berlin, 1789,—simultaneously in French too, with Plans): with which—as the completest Account by an eager Witness and Participator—compare always Friedrich's own (MEMOIRES DE LA GUERRE DE 1778), in *OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 135–208. Schoning (vol. iv.), besides his own loose Narrative, or Summary, has given all the CORRESPONDENCE between Henri and the King:—sufficient to quench the sharpest appetite on this subject.] who looks at it only as a military Adjutant, intent on honor and rapid feats of war,—with how much reason, readers not Prussian or military shall judge as we go on.

Saxony, we ought to mention, was also aggrieved. The Dowager—Electress Maria Antoinette, our sprightly friend, had, as sole surviving Sister of the late Kurfurst Max, the undoubted heirship of Kurfurst Max's "allodial properties and territories:" territories, I think, mainly in the Ober-Pfalz (which are NOT Bavaria Proper, but were acquired in the Thirty-Years War), which are important in value, and which Austria, regardless of our lively friend, has laid hold of as lapsed fiefs of Bohemia. Clearly Bohemian, says Austria; and keeps hold. Our lively friend hereupon makes over all her rights in that matter to her Son, the reigning Elector; with the counsel, if counsel were needed, "Ask protection of King Friedrich; go wholly with King Friedrich." Mecklenburg too has an

interest. Among the lapsed fiefs is one to a Duchy called of Leuchtenberg;—in regard to which, says Mecklenburg, as loud as it can, "That Duchy is not lapsed at all; that is now mine, witness this Document" (of a valid testamentary nature)! Other claims were put in; but these three: Zweibruck endlessly important; Saxony important too, though not in such degree; Mecklenburg unimportant, but just,—were alone recognized in impartial quarters as authentic and worthy of notice.

Of the pleadings and procedures in the Reichs Diet no reader would permit me to speak, were I inclined. Enough to understand that they went on in the usual voluminous dull—droning way, crescendo always; and deserve, what at present they are sure of, oblivion from all creatures. The important thing was, not those pleadings in the Reichs Diet, nor the Austrian proposals there or elsewhere; but the brandishing of arms in emitting and also in successively answering the same. Answer always No by Friedrich, and some new flash of handled arms,—the physiognomy of which was the one significant point, Austria, which is far from ready with arms, though at each fresh pleading or proposal it tries to give a kind of brandish, says mainly three things, in essence somewhat thus. AUSTRIA: "Cannot two States of the Reich come to a mutual understanding, as Austria and Bavaria have done? And what have third parties to say to it?" FRIEDRICH: "Much! Parties of the Reich have much to say to it!" (This several times with variations.) AUSTRIA: "Our rights seem to us valid: Zweibruck, Saxony, Mecklenburg, if aggrieved, can try in the Reichs Law—Courts." FRIEDRICH: "Law—Courts!" with a new brandish; that is, sets more regiments on march, from Pommern to Wesel all on march, to Berlin, to Silesia, towards the Bohemian Frontier. AUSTRIA, by the voice of Kaunitz: "We will not give up our rights without sentence of Law. We cannot recognize the King of Prussia as Law—Judge in this matter." FRIEDRICH: "The King of Prussia is of the Jury!"

Pulse after pulse, this is something like the course things had, crescendo till, in about three months, they got to a height which was evidently serious. Nay, in the course of the pleadings it became manifest that on the Austrian grounds of claim, not Maria Theresa could be heir to Straubingen, but Friedrich himself: "I descend from Three—Crown Albert's Daughter," said Maria Theresa. "And I from an elder Daughter of his, and do not claim!" Friedrich could have answered, but did not; treating such claim all along as merely colorable and chimerical, not worth attention in serious affairs of fact. Till, at length, after about three months, there comes a really serious brandish.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5th, 1778, at Berlin, Friedrich holds review of his Army, all assembled, equipped and in readiness; and (in that upper Parole—Room of the Schloss) makes this Speech, which, not without extraneous intention, was printed in the Newspapers:—

FRIEDRICH'S SPEECH TO HIS GENERALS. "Gentlemen, I have assembled you here for a public object. Most of you, like myself, have often been in arms along with one another, and are grown gray in the service of our Country: to all of us is well known in what dangers, toils and renown we have been fellow—sharers. I doubt not in the least that all of you, as myself, have a horror of bloodshed: but the danger which now threatens our Countries, not only renders it a duty, but puts us in the absolute necessity, to adopt the quickest and most effectual means for dissipating at the right time the storm which threatens to break out on us.

"I depend with complete confidence on your soldierly and patriotic zeal, which is already well and gloriously known to me, and which, while I live, I will acknowledge with the heartiest satisfaction. Before all things, I recommend to you, and prescribe as your most sacred duty, That, in every situation, you exercise humanity on unarmed enemies; and be continually attentive that, in this respect too, there be the strictest discipline (MANNSZUCHT) kept among those under you.

"To travel with the pomp of a King is not among my wishes: and all of you are aware that I have no pleasure in rich field—furniture: but my increasing age, and the weakness it brings, render me incapable of riding as I did in my youth. I shall, therefore, be obliged to make use of a post—chaise in times of marching; and all of you have liberty to do the same. But on the day of battle you shall see me on horseback; and there, also, I hope my Generals will follow that example."

VOLTAIRE SMOTHERED UNDER ROSES. King's Speech was on Sunday, April 5th, Evening of last Monday (March 30th), at the Theatre Francais in Paris, poor Voltaire had that world—famous apotheosis of his; and got "smothered under roses," as he termed it. He had left Ferney (such the urgency of Niece Denis and her unappeasable desire for a sight of Paris again) February 5th; arrived in Paris February 10th; ventured out to see his poor last Tragedy, not till the sixth night of it, March 30th; was beshouted, crowned, raised to the immortal

gods by a repentant Paris world: "Greatest of men,—You were not a miscreant and malefactor, then: on the contrary, you were a spiritual Hercules, a heroic Son of Light; Slayer of the Nightmare Monsters, and foul Dragons and Devils that were preying on us: to you shall not we now say, Long life, with all our throats and all our hearts,"—and so quench you at last! Which they managed to do, poor repentant souls. The tottering wayworn Voltaire, over-agitated in this way, took to bed; never rose again; and on that day two months was dead. [In DUVERNET, and still better in LONGCHAMP ET WAGNIERE, ample account of these interesting occurrences.] His light all done; to King Friedrich, or to any of us, no flash of radiancy from him any more forever.

APRIL 6th, Friedrich gets on march—perhaps about 100,000 strong— for Schonwalde, in the Neisse-Schweidnitz neighborhood; and there, in the course of the week, has cantoned himself, and sits completing his magazines and appliances for actual work of war. This is a considerable brandish; and a good deal astonishes Kaunitz and the Vienna people, who have not 10,000 at present on those Frontiers, and nothing whatever in a state of readiness. "Dangerous really!" Kaunitz admits; and sets new regiments on march from Hungary, from the Netherlands, from all ends of the Earth where they are. Tempers his own insolent talk, too; but strives to persuade himself that it is "Menace merely. He won't; he abhors war." Kaunitz had hardly exaggerated Friedrich's abhorrence of war; though it turned out there were things which Friedrich abhorred still more.

Schonwalde, head-quarter of this alarming Prussian cantonment, is close on the new Fortress of Silberberg, a beautiful new impregnability, looking into those valleys of the Warta, of the young Neisse, which are the road to Bohemia or from it,—where the Pandour torrents used to issue into the first Silesian Wars; where Friedrich himself was once to have been snapped up, but was not quite,—and only sang Mass as Extempore Abbot, with Tobias Stusche, in the Monastery of Camenz, according to the myth which readers may remember. No more can Pandours issue that way; only Prussians can enter in. Friedrich's windows in the Schloss of Schonwalde,—which are on the left hand, if you be touring in those parts,—look out, direct upon Silberberg, and have its battlements between them and the 3-o'clock Sun. [Schoning, iv. (Introductory Part).] In the Town of Silberberg, Friedrich has withal a modest little lodging,—lodging still known,—where he can alight for an hour or a night, in the multifarious businesses that lead him to and fro. "A beautiful place," says Schoning; "where the King stayed twelve weeks" or more; waiting till the Bavarian-Austrian case should ripen better. At Schonwalde, what was important in his private circle, he heard of Lord Marischal's death, then of Voltaire's; not to mention that of English Pitt, and perhaps others interesting to him. [Voltaire died May 30th; Marischal, May 25th; Pitt, May 11th;—and May 4th, in the Cantonment here, died General von Rentzel, the same who, as Lieutenant Rentzel, sixty years ago, had taught the little Crown-Prince his drill (Rodenbeck, iii. 187).]

"Now was the time," cry Schmettau and the unfavorable, "when he might have walked across into Eastern Bohemia, into Mahren, whither you like; to Vienna itself, and taken Austria by the throat at discretion: 'Do justice, then, will you! Let go Bavaria, or—!' In his young years, would not he have done so? His Plan, long since laid down, was grand: To march into Mahren, leaving Silesia guarded; nay leaving Bohemia to be invaded,—for Prince Henri, and the Saxons, who are a willing handful, and will complete Henri likewise to 100,000, were to do that, feat the while;—March into Mahren, on to Vienna if he chose; laying all flat. Infallible," say the Schmettau people. "He had the fire of head to contrive it all; but worn down and grown old, he could not execute his great thoughts." Which is obviously absurd, Friedrich's object not being to lay Austria flat, or drive animosities to the sanguinary point, and kindle all Europe into war; but merely to extract, with the minimum of violence, something like justice from Austria on this Bavarian matter. For which end, he may justly consider slow pressure preferable to the cutting method. His problem is most ticklish, not allowed for by Schmettau.

The encampment round Schonwalde, especially as there was nothing ready thereabouts on the Austrian side, produced a visible and great effect on the negotiations; and notably altered the high Kaunitz tone towards Friedrich. "Must two great Courts quarrel, then, for the sake of a small one?" murmured Kaunitz, plaintively now, to himself and to the King,—to the King not in a very distinct manner, though to himself the principle is long since clear as an axiom in Politics: "Great Courts should understand one another; then the small would be less troublesome." For a quarter of a century this has been the Kaunitz faith. In 1753, when he miraculously screwed round the French into union with the Austrians to put down an upstart Prussia, this was his grand fulcrum, the immovable rock in which the great Engineer fixed down his political capstans, and levered and screwed. He did triumphantly wind matters round,—though whether they much profited him when round, may be a question.

But the same grand principle, in the later instance of partitioning Poland, has it not proved eminently triumphant, successful in all points? And, doubtless, this King of Prussia recognizes it, if made worth his while, thinks Kaunitz. In a word, Kaunitz's next utterance is wonderfully changed. The great Engineer speaks almost like a Bishop on this new text. "Let the Two Courts," says he, "put themselves each in the other's place; each think what it would want;" and in fact each, in a Christian manner, try to do as it would be done by! How touching in the mouth of a Kaunitz, with something of pathos, of plaintiveness, almost of unctiousness in it! "There is no other method of agreeing," urges he: "War is a terrible method, disliked by both of us. Austria wishes this of Bavaria; but his Prussian Majesty's turn will come, perhaps now is (let him say and determine); we will make it worth his while." This is of APRIL 24th; notable change since the cantoning round Schonwalde.

Germany at large, though it lay so silent, in its bedrid condition, was in great anxiety. Never had the Holy Romish Reich such a shock before: "Meaning to partition us like Poland?" thought the Reich, with a shudder. "They can, by degrees, if they think good; these Two Great Sovereigns!" Courage, your Durchlaucht: one of the Two great ones has not that in his thoughts; has, and will have, the reverse of that; which will be your anchorages in the storms of fate for a long time to come! Nor was it—as will shortly appear to readers—Kaunitz's immediate intention at all: enough if poor we can begin it, set it fairly under way; let some unborn happier Kaunitz, the last of a series, complete such blessed consummation; in a happier time, far over the practical horizon at present. This we do gather to have been Kaunitz's real view; and it throws a light on the vexed Partition—of—Poland question, and gives weight to Dohm's assertion, That Kaunitz was the actual beginner there.

Weeks before Friedrich heard of this remarkable Memorial, and ten days before it was brought to paper, there came to Friedrich another unexpected remarkable Document: a LETTER from Kaiser Joseph himself, who is personally running about in these parts, over in Bohemia, endeavoring to bring Army matters to a footing; and is no doubt shocked to find them still in such backwardness, with a Friedrich at hand. The Kaiser's Letter, we perceive, is pilot—balloon to the Kaunitz episcopal Document, and to an actual meeting of Prussian and Austrian Ministers on the Bavarian point; and had been seen to be a salutary measure by an Austria in alarm. It asks, as the Kaunitz Memorial will, though in another style, "Must there be war, then? Is there no possibility left in negotiation and mutual concession? I am your Majesty's friend and admirer; let us try." This was an unexpected and doubtless a welcome thing to Friedrich; who answers eagerly, and in a noble style both of courtesy and of business sense: upon which there followed two other Imperial Letters with their two Royal answers; [In *Oeuvres de Frederic*, (vi. 183–193), Three successive Letters from the Kaiser (of dates, "Olmutz," "Litau," "Konigsgratz," 13th–19th April, 1778), with King's Answers ("Schonwalde," all of them, and 14th–20th April),—totally without interest to the general reader.] and directly afterwards the small Austrian—Prussian Congress we spoke of, Finkenstein and Hertzberg on the Prussian part, Cobenzl on the Austrian (Congress sitting at Berlin), which tried to agree, but could not; and to which Kaunitz's Memorial of April 24th was meant as some helpful sprinkling of presidential quasi—episcopal oil.

Oil merely: for it turned out, Kaunitz had no thought at present of partitioning the German Reich with Friedrich; but intended merely to keep his own seized portion of Baiern, and in return for Friedrich's assent intended to recompense Friedrich with—in fact, with Austria's consent, That if Anspach and Baireuth lapsed home to Prussia (as it was possible they might, the present Margraf, Friedrich's Nephew, the Lady—Craven Margraf, having a childless Wife), Prussia should freely open the door to them! A thing which Friedrich naturally maintained to be in need of nobody's consent, and to lie totally apart from this question; but which Austria always considered a very generous thing, and always returned to, with new touches of improvement, as their grand recipe in this matter. So that, unhappily, the Hertzberg—Cobenzl treatyings, Kaiser's Letters and Kaunitz's episcopal oil, were without effect, —except to gain for the Austrians, who infinitely needed it, delay of above two months. The Letters are without general interest: but, for Friedrich's sake, perhaps readers will consent to a specimen? Here are parts of his First Letter: people meaning to be Kings (which I doubt none of my readers are) could not do better than read it, and again read it, and acquire that style, first of knowing thoroughly the object in hand, and then of speaking on it and of being silent on it, in a true and noble manner:—

FRIEDRICH TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY (at Olmutz).

"SCHONWALDE, 14th April, 1778.

"SIRE MY BROTHER,—I have received, with all the satisfaction possible, the Letter which your Imperial Majesty has had the goodness to write to me. I have neither Minister nor Clerk (SCRIBE) about me; therefore

your Imperial Majesty will be pleased to put up with such Answer as an Old Soldier can give, who writes to you with probity and frankness, on one of the most important subjects which have risen in Politics for a long time.

"Nobody wishes more than I to maintain peace and harmony between the Powers of Europe: but there are limits to everything; and cases so intricate (EPINEUX) arise that goodwill alone will not suffice to maintain things in repose and tranquillity. Permit me, Sire, to state distinctly what the question seems to me to be. It is to determine if an Emperor can dispose at his will of the Fiefs of the Empire. Answer in the affirmative, and, all these Fiefs become TIMARS [in the Turk way], which are for life only; and which the Sultan disposes of again, on the possessor's death. Now, this is contrary to the Laws, to the Customs and Constitutions of the German Empire."—"I, as member of the Empire, and as having, by the Treaty of Hubertsburg, re-sanctioned the Peace of Westphalia, find myself formally engaged to support the immunities, the liberties and rights of the Germanic Body.

"This, Sire, is the veritable state of things. Personal interest I have none: but I am persuaded your Majesty's self would regard me as a paltry man, unworthy of your esteem, should I basely sacrifice the rights, immunities and privileges, which the Electors and I have received from our Ancestors.

"I continue to speak to your Majesty with the same frankness. I love and honor your person. It will certainly be hard for me to fight against a Prince gifted with excellent qualities, and whom I personally esteem. But"—And is there no remedy? Anspach and Baireuth stand in no need of sanction. I consent to the Congress proposed:—being with the [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 187.]

The sittings of this little Congress at Berlin lasted all through May and June; to the disgust of Schmettau and the ardent Prussian mess-rooms, "lying ready here, and forbidden to act." For the Austrians all the while were at their busiest, improving the moments, marching continually hitherward from Hungary, from Limburg, from all ends of the earth. Both negotiating parties had shown a manifest wish to terminate without war; and both made various attempts or proposals that way; Friedrich offering, in the name of European peace, to yield the Austrians some small rim or paring of Bavaria from the edge adjoining them; the Austrians offering Anspach-Baireuth with some improvements;—always offering Friedrich his own Baireuth-Anspach with some new sauce (as that he might exchange those Territories with Saxony for a fine equivalent in the Lausitz, contiguous to him, which was a real improvement and increase):—but as neither party would in the least give up in essentials, or quit the ground it had taken, the result was nothing. Week after week; so many weeks are being lost to Friedrich; gained to Austria: Schmettau getting more and more disgusted.

Friedrich still waited; not in all points quite ready yet, he said, nor the futile diplomacies quite complete;—evidently in the highest degree unwilling to come to the cutting point, and begin a War which nobody could see the end of. Many things he tried; Peace so precious to him, try and again try. All through June too, this went on; the result always zero,—obviously certain to be so. As even Friedrich had at last to own to himself; and likewise that the Campaign season was ebbing away; and that if his grand Moravian scheme was to be tried on Austria, there was not now a moment to lose.

Friedrich's ultimate proposal, new modification of what all his proposals had been, "To you some thin rim of Baiern; to Saxony and Mecklenburg some ETCETERA of indemnity, money chiefly (money always to be paid by Karl Theodor, who has left Baiern open to the spoiler in this scandalous manner)," was of June 13th; Austrians for ten days meditating on it, and especially getting forward their Army matters, answer, June 24th "No we won't." Upon which Friedrich—to the joy of Schmettau and every Prussian—actually rises. Emits his War-Manifesto (JULY 3d): "Declaration to our Brethren (MITSTANDE) of the Reich," that Austria will listen to nothing but War; [Fischer, ii 388; Dohm, *Denkwurdigkeiten*, i. 110; *OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 145.] and, on and from that day, goes flowing forward in perfect columns and arrangements, 100,000 strong; through the picturesque Glatz Country, straight towards the Bohemian Border, hour by hour. Flows over the Bohemian Border by Nachod Town; his vanguard bursting into field—music and flourishes of trumpeting at that grand moment (July 5th); flowed bodily over; and encamped that night on Bohemian ground, with Nachod to rear; thence towards Kwalkowitz, and on the second day to Jaromirtz ("Camp of Jaromirtz"), a little Town which we have heard of before, but which became more famous than ever during the next ten weeks.

Jaromirtz, Kwalkowitz, Konigsgratz: this is the old hill-and-dale labyrinth of an Upper-Elbe Country; only too well known to his Majesty and us, for almost forty years past: here again are the Austrians waiting the King; watching diligently this new Invasion of his out of Glatz and the East! In the same days, Prince Henri, who is also

near 100,000, starts from Dresden to invade them from the West. Loudon, facing westward, is in watch of Henri; Lacy, or indeed the Kaiser himself, back-to-back of Loudon, stands in this Konigsgratz-Jaromirtz part; said to be embattled in a very elaborate manner, to a length of fifty miles on this fine ground, and in number somewhat superior to the King;—the Austrians in all counting about 250,000; of whom Lacy has considerably the larger share. The terror at Vienna, nevertheless, is very great: "A day of terror," says one who was there; "I will not trust myself to describe the sensation which this news, 'Friedrich in Bohemia again!' produced among all ranks of people." [Cogniazzo, iv. 316, 320, 321; Preuss, iv. 101, Maria Theresa, with her fine motherly heart, in alarm for her Country, and trembling "for my two Sons [Joseph and Leopold] and dear Son-in-Law [of Sachsen-Teschen], who are in the Army," overcomes all scruples of pride; instantly despatches an Autograph to the King ("Bearer of this, Baron von Thugut, with Full Powers"); and on her own strength starts a new Negotiation,—which, as will be seen, ended no better than the others. [Her Letters, four in all, with their Appendixes, and the King's Answers, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 196–200.]

Schmettau says, "Friedrich, cheated of his Mahren schemes, was still in time; the Austrian position being indeed strong, but not being even yet quite ready." Friedrich himself, however, on reconnoitring, thought differently. A position such as one never saw before, thinks he; contrived by Lacy; masterly use of the ground, of the rivers, of the rocks, woods, swamps; Elbe and his branches, and the intricate shoulders of the Giant Mountains: no man could have done it better than Lacy here, who, they say, is the contriver and practical hand. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 147.] From Konigsgratz, northward, by Konigshof, by Arnau, up to Hoheneibe, all heights are crowned, all passes bristling with cannon. Rivers Aupa, Elbe beset with redoubts, with dams in favorable places, and are become inundations, difficult to tap. There are "ditches 8 feet deep by 16 broad." Behind or on the right bank of Elbe, it is mere intrenchment for five-and-twenty miles. With bogs, with thickets full of Croats; and such an amount of artillery,—I believe they have in battery no fewer than 1,500 cannon. A position very considerable indeed:—must have taken time to deliberate, delve and invest; but it is done. Near fifty miles of it: here, clear to your glass, has the head of Lacy visibly emerged on us, as if for survey of phenomena:—head of Lacy sure enough (body of him lying invisible in the heights, passes and points of vantage); and its NECK of fifty miles, like the neck of a war-horse clothed with thunder. On which (thinks Schmettau privately) you may, too late, make your reflections!

Schmettau asserts that the position, though strong, was nothing like so infinitely strong; and that Friedrich in his younger days would very soon have assaulted it, and turned Lacy inside out: but Friedrich, we know, had his reasons against hurry. He reconnoitred diligently; rode out reconnoitring "fifteen miles the first day" (July 6th), ditto the second and following; and was nearly shot by Croats,—by one specific Croat, says Prussian Mythology, supported by Engraving. An old Engraving, which I have never seen; represents Friedrich reconnoitring those five-and-twenty miles of Elbe, which have so many redoubts on their side of it, and swarm with Croat parties on both sides: this is all the truth that is in the Engraving. [Rodenbeck, p. 188.] Fact says: Friedrich ("on the 8th," if that were all the variation) "was a mark for the Austrian sharpshooters for half an hour." Myth says, and engraves it, with the date of "July 7th:" Friedrich, skirting some thicket, suddenly came upon a single Croat with musket levelled at him, wild creature's finger just on the trigger;—and quietly admonishing, Friedrich lifts his finger with a "DU, DU (Ah you!);" upon which, such the divinity that hedges one, the wild creature instantly flings down his murder-weapon, and, kneeling, embraces the King's boot,—with kisses, for anything I know. It is certain, Friedrich, about six times over in this paltry War or Quasi No-War, set his attendants on the tremble; was namely, from Croateries and Artilleries, in imminent peril of life; so careless was he, and dangerous to speak to in his sour humor. Humor very sour, they say, for most part; being in reality altogether backward and loath for grand enterprise; and yet striving to think he was not; ashamed that any War of his should be a No-War. Schmettau says:—

"On the day of getting into Jaromirtz [July 8th], the King, tired of riding about while the Columns were slowly getting in, lay down on the ground with his Adjutants about him. A young Officer came riding past; whom the King beckoned to him;—wrote something with pencil (an Order, not of the least importance), and said: 'Here; that Order to General Lossow, and tell him he is not to take it ill that I trouble him, as I have none in my Suite that can do anything.'" Let the Suite take it as they can! A most pungent, severe old King; quite perverse at times, thinks Schmettau. Thus again, more than once:—

"On arriving with his Column where the Officer, a perfectly skilful man, had marked out the Camp, the King

would lift his spy-glass; gaze to right and left, riding round the place at perhaps a hundred yards' distance; and begin: 'SIEHT ER, HERR, But look, Herr, what a botching you have made of it again (WAS ER DA WIEDER FUR DUMM ZEUG GEMACHT HAT)!' and grumbling and blaming, would alter the Camp, till it was all out of rule; and then say, 'See there, that is the way to mark out Camps.'" [Schmettau, xxv. 30, 24.]

In a week's time, July 13th, came another fine excuse for inaction; Plenipotentiary Thugut, namely, and the Kaiserinn's Letter, which we spoke of. Autograph from Maria Theresa herself, inspired by the terror of Vienna and of her beautiful motherly heart. Negotiation to be private utterly: "My Son, the Kaiser, knows nothing of it; I beg the most absolute secrecy;" which was accordingly kept, while Thugut, with Finkenstein and Hertzberg again, held "Congress of Braunau" in those neighborhoods,—with as little effect as ever. Thugut's Name, it seems, was originally TUNICOTTO (Tyrolese-Italian); which the ignorant Vienna people changed into "THU-NICHT-GUT (Do-no-good)," till Maria Theresa, in very charity, struck out the negative, and made him "Do-good." Do-good and his Congress held Friedrich till August 10th: five more weeks gone; and nothing but reconnoitring,—with of course foraging, and diligently eating the Country, which is a daily employment, and produces fencing and skirmishing enough.

Henri, in the interim, has invaded from the West; seen Leitmeritz, Lobositz;—Prag Nobility all running, and I suppose Prayers to St. Titus going again,—and Loudon in alarm. Loudon, however, saved Prag "by two masterly positions" (not mentionable here); upon which Henri took camp at Niemes; Loudon, the weaker in this part, seizing the Iser as a bulwark, and ranking himself behind it, back-to-back of Lacy. Here for about five weeks sat Henri, nothing on hand but to eat the Country. Over the heads of Loudon and Lacy, as the crow flies, Henri's Camp may be about 70 miles from Jaromirtz, where the King is. Hussar Belling, our old Anti-Swede friend, a brilliant cutting man, broke over the Iser once, perhaps twice; and there was pretty fencing by him and the like of him: "but Prince Henri did nothing," says the King, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vi. 154]—was, in fact, helping the King to do nothing. By the 10th of September, as Henri has computed, this Country will be eaten; "Forage, I find, will be quite done here on September 10th," writes Henri, after a week or two's experience.

There was always talk of Henri and the King, who are 100,000 each, joining hands by the post of Arnau, or some weak point of Lacy's well north of Konigsgratz; thus of cutting off the meal-carts of that back-to-back copartnery, and so of tumbling it off the ground (which was perfectly possible, says Schmettau); and small detachments and expeditious were pushed out, General Dahlgwig, General Anhalt, partly for that object: but not the least of it ever took effect. "Futile, lost by loitering, as all else was," groans Schmettau. Prince Henri was averse to attempt, intimates the King,—as indeed (though refusing to own it) was I. "September 10th, my forage will be out, your Majesty," says Henri, always a punctual calculating man.

The Austrians, on their side, were equally stagnant; and, except the continual skirmishing with the Prussian foragers, undertook nothing. "Shamefully ill-clone our foraging, too," exclaims Schmettau again and again: "Had we done it with neatness, with regularity, the Country would have lasted us twice as long. Doing it headlong, wastefully and by the rule-of-thumb, the Country was a desert, all its inhabitants fled, all its edibles consumed, before six weeks were over. Friedrich is not now himself at all; in great things or in little; what a changed Friedrich!" exclaims Schmettau, with wearisome iteration.

From about August 6th, or especially August 10th, when the Maria-Theresa Correspondence, or "Congress of Braunau," ended likewise in zero, Friedrich became impatient for actual junction with Prince Henri, actual push of business; and began to hint of an excellent plan he had: "Burst through on their left flank; blow up their post of Hohenelbe yonder: thence is but one march to Iser river; junction with Prince Henri there; and a Lacy and a Loudon tumbled to the winds." "A plan perfectly feasible," says Schmettau; "which solaced the King's humor, but which he never really intended to execute." Possibly not; otherwise, according to old wont, he would have forborne to speak of it beforehand. At all events, August 15th, in the feeling that one ought really to do something, the rather as forage hereabouts was almost or altogether running out, he actually set about this grand scheme.

Got on march to rightward, namely, up the Aupa river, through the gloomy chasms of Kingdom-Wood, memorable in old days: had his bakery shifted to Trautenau; his heavy cannon getting tugged through the mire and the rains, which by this time were abundant, towards Hohenelbe, for the great enterprise: and sat encamped on and about the Battle-ground of Sohr for a week or so, waiting till all were forward; eating Sohr Country, which was painfully easy to do. The Austrians did next to nothing on him; but the rains, the mud and scarcity

were doing much. Getting on to Hohenelbe region, after a week's wet waiting, he, on ocular survey of the ground about, was heard to say, "This cannot be done, then!" "Had never meant to do it," sneers Schmettau, "and only wanted some excuse." Which is very likely. Schmettau gives an Anecdote of him here: In regard to a certain Hill, the Key of the Austrian position, which the King was continually reconnoitring, and lamenting the enormous height of, "Impossible, so high!" One of the Adjutants took his theodolite, ascertained the height, and, by way of comforting his Majesty, reported the exact number of feet above their present level. "How do YOU know, Herr?" said the King angrily. "Measured it by Trigonometry, your Majesty."—"Trigonometry! SCHER' ER SICH ZUM TEUFEL (Off with you, Sir, to the Devil, your Trigonometry and you!)"—no believer in mathematics, this King.

He was loath to go; and laid the blame on many things. "Were Prince Henri now but across the Iser. Had that stupid Anhalt, when he was upon it [galloping about, to the ruin of his head], only seized Arnau, Arnau and its Elbe-Bridge; and had it in hand for junction with Prince Henri!" In fine, just as the last batch of heavy cannon—twenty or thirty hungered horses to a gun, at the rate of five miles a day in roads unspeakable—were getting in, he ordered them all to be dragged back, back to the Trautenau road; whither we must now all go. And, SEPTEMBER 8th, in perfect order, for the Austrians little molested him, and got a bad bargain when they did, the great Friedrich with his whole Army got on march homeward, after such a Campaign as we see. Climbed the Trautenau-Landshut Pass, with nothing of effective loss except from the rainy elements, the steep miry ways and the starved horses; draught-horses especially starved,—whom, poor creatures, "you would see spring at the ropes [draught-harness], thirty of them to a gun, when started and gee-ho'd to; tug violently with no effect, and fall down in whole rows."

Prince Henri, forage done, started punctually September 10th, two days after his Brother; and with little or no pursuit, from the Austrians, and with horses unstarved, got home in comparatively tolerable circumstances. Cantoned himself in Dresden neighborhood, and sat waiting: he had never approved this War; and now, I suppose, would not want for reflections. Friedrich's cantonments were round Landshut, and spread out to right and to left, from Glatz Country and the Upper-Silesian Hills, to Silberberg and Schweidnitz;—his own quarter is the same region, where he lay so long in Summer, 1759, talking on learned subjects with the late Quintus Icilius, if readers remember, and wearily waiting till Cunctator Daun (likewise now deceased) took his stand, or his seat, at Mark Lissa, and the King could follow him to Schmottseifen. Friedrich himself on this present occasion stayed at Schatzlar as rear-guard, to see whether the Austrians would not perhaps try to make some Winter Campaign of it, and if so, whether they would attempt on Prince Henri or on him. The Austrians did not attempt on either; showed no such intention,—though mischievous enough in other small ways. Friedrich wrote the ELOGE of Voltaire [*OEuvres de Frederic*, vii. 50 et seq. ("finished Nov. 26th, 1778").] while he waited here at Schatzlar, among the rainy Mountains. Later on, as prospects altered, he was much at Breslau, or running about on civic errands with Breslau as centre: at Breslau he had many Dialogues with Professor Garve,—in whose good, but oppressively solemn, little Book, more a dull-droning Preachment than a Narrative, no reader need look for them or for him.

As to the EULOGY OF VOLTAIRE, we may say that it is generous, ingenious, succinct; and of dialect now obsolete to us. There was (and is, though suppressed) another EULOGY, brand-new, by a Contemporary of our own,—from which I know not if readers will permit me a sentence or two, in this pause among the rainy Mountains?

... "A wonderful talent lay in this man—[in Voltaire, to wit; "such an intellect, the sharpest, swiftest of the world," thinks our Contemporary; "fathoming you the deepest subject, to a depth far beyond most men's soundings, and coming up with victory and something wise and logically speakable to say on it, sooner than any other man,—never doubting but he has been at the bottom, which is from three to ten miles lower!"] wonderful talent; but observe always, if you look closely, it was in essence a mere talent for Speech; which talent Bavius and Maevius and the Jew Apella may admire without looking behind it, but this Eulogist by no means will. Speech, my friend? If your sublime talent of speech consists only in making ignorance appear to be knowledge, and little wisdom appear to be much, I will thank you to walk on with it, and apply at some other shop. The QUANTITY of shops where you can apply with thrice-golden advantage, from the Morning Newspapers to the National Senate, is tremendous at this epoch of the poor world's history;—go, I request you! And while his foot is on the stairs, descending from my garret, I think: O unfortunate fellow-creature in an unfortunate world, why is not there a Friedrich Wilhelm to 'elect' you, as he did Gundling, to his TOBACCO Parliament, and there set Fassmann upon you with the pans of burning peat? It were better even for yourself; wholesomely didactic to your poor self, I

cannot doubt; and for the poor multitudes to whom you are now to be sacred VATES, speaking and singing YOUR dismal GUNDLINGIANA as if inspired by Heaven, how infinitely better!—Courage, courage! I discern, across these hideous jargons, the reign of greater silence approaching upon repentant men; reign of greater silence, I say; or else that of annihilation, which will be the most silent of all. ...

"Voltaire, if not a great man, is a remarkably peculiar one; and did such a work in these Ages as will render him long memorable, more or less. He kindled the infinite dry dung-heap of things; set it blazing heaven-high;—and we all thought, in the French Revolution time, it would burn out rapidly into ashes, and then there would a clear Upper Firmament, if over a blackened Earth, be once more vouchsafed us. The flame is now done, as I once said; and only the dull dung-heap, smokily burning, but not now blazing, remains,—for it was very damp, EXCEPT on the surface, and is by nature slow of combustion:—who knows but it may have to burn for centuries yet, poisoning by its villanous mal-odors the life-atmosphere of all men? Eternal Author of this Universe, whose throne is Truth, to whom all the True are Sons, wilt thou not look down upon us, then!—Till this sad process is complete? Voltaire is like to be very memorable." ...

To Friedrich the Winter was in general tranquil; a Friedrich busy preparing all things for his grand Mahren Enterprise, and for "real work next year." By and by there came to be real Peace-prospects instead. Meanwhile, the Austrians do try a little, in the small Pandour way, to dislodge him from the Upper-Silesian or Teschen regions, where the Erbprinz of Brunswick is in command; a man not to be pricked into gratis by Pandours. Erbprinz, accordingly, provoked by their Pandourings, broke out at last; and about Zuckmantel instantly scoured them home, and had peace after. Foiled here, they next tried upon Glatz; "Get into his Glatz Country, then;—a snatch of that will balance the account" (which was one of Newspaper glory only): and a certain Wurmser of theirs, expert in such things, did burn the Town of Habelschwert one morning; ["18th January, 1779" (Rodenbeck, iii. 195; Schmettau, and tried farther, not wisely this time, a surprisal of Glatz Fortress itself; but got smitten home by our old friend General Wunsch, without profit there. This was the same Wurmser who came to bad issues in the Napoleon time afterwards; a rising man then; not a dim Old-Newspaper ghost as now.

Most shameful this burning of Habelschwert by way of mere bravura, thinks Friedrich, in a time of actual Treaty for Peace, when our Congress of Teschen was just struggling to get together! It was the chief stroke done by the Austrians in this War; glorious or shameful, we will not think of inquiring. Nor in fact of adding one word more on such a War,—except, what everybody longs for, That, NOVEMBER 27th, 1778, Czarina Catharine, by her Prince Galitzin at Vienna, intervined in the matter, in a lofty way; and ended it. Czarina Catharine,—small thanks to her, it seems, for it was Friedrich that by his industries and world-diplomacies, French and other, had got her Turks, who had been giving trouble again, compesced into peace for her; and indeed, to Friedrich or his interests, though bound by Treaty, she had small regard in taking this step, but wished merely to appear in German Politics as a She-Jove,—Czarina Catharine signified, in high and peremptory though polite Diplomatic terms, at Vienna, "Imperial Madam, how long is such a War to last? Be at Peace, both of you; or—! I shall, however, mediate, if you like, being the hearty friend of both." [Copy of Galitzin's "Declaration," in FISCHER, ii. 406–411.]

"Do," answers Maria Theresa, whose finance is quite out, whose motherly heart is almost broken, though a young Kaiser still prances violently, and kicks against the pricks: "Do, your noble Czarish Majesty; France too is interfering: France and you will decide what is just, and we will end." "Congress of Teschen" met accordingly, MARCH 10th, 1779: Teschen, in Austrian Silesia, where we have been;—Repnin as Russian, Breteuil the Frenchman, Cobentzl and Hertzberg as Austrian and Prussian;—and, MAY 13th (in two months' time, not in two weeks', as had been expected, for there rose unexpected haggles), did close everything, firm as Diplomacy could do it, into equitable, or approximately equitable finis: "Go home, you Austria; quit your stolen Bavaria (all but a rim or paring, Circle of Burghausen, since you must have something!): Saxony, Mecklenburg, these must be satisfied to moderate length; and therewith general AS-YOU-WERE."

Russia and France were agreed on the case; and Friedrich, bitterly longing to have done with it, had said to himself, "In two weeks or so:" but it proved far otherwise. Never were such haggles, provocations and unreasonable confusions as now rose. The burning of Habelschwert was but a type of them. Haggles on the part of worthless Karl Theodor, kindled by Joseph and his Kaunitz, kicking against the pricks. Haggles on Saxony's part: "I claimed 7,000,000 pounds sterling, and you allow me 600,000 pounds." "Better that than nothing," answered Friedrich. Haggles with Mecklenburg: "Instead of my Leuchtenberg, I get an improvement in my Law-Courts,

right of Judging without Appeal; what is that!" Haggles with the once grateful Duke of Zweibruck: "Can't part with my Burghausen." "Suppose you had had to part with your Bavaria altogether?" In short, Friedrich, who had gained nothing for himself, but such infinity of outlay in all kinds, never saw such a coil of human follies and cupidities before; and had to exhaust his utmost patience, submit to new losses of his own, and try all his dexterities in pig-driving: overjoyed, at last, to get out of it on any terms. Outlay of Friedrich is about Two Millions sterling, and above 10,000 men's lives (his own narrowly not included), with censures, criticisms, provocations and botherations without end. In return for which, he has, truly, put a spoke in Austria's proud wheel for this time, and managed to see fair play in the Reich; which had seemed to him, and seems, a considerable thing. By way of codicil, Austria agrees not to chicane him in regard to Anspach-Baireuth,—how generous of Austria, after this experience!—

In reality, the War was an Imaginary War; deserving on its own score little record anywhere; to readers here requiring almost less than it has got. Schmettau, Schoning and others have been abundantly minute upon it; but even to soldiers there is little either of interest or instruction; to us, all it yields is certain Anecdotes of Friedrich's temper and ways in that difficult predicament; which, as coming at first-hand, gathered for us by punctual authentic Schmettau, who was constantly about him, with eyes open and note-book ready, have a kind of worth in the Biographic point of view.

The Prussian Soldiery, of whom we see a type in Schmettau, were disgusted with this War, and called it, in allusion to the foraging, A scramble for potatoes, "DER KARTOFFEL-KRIEG, The Potato War;" which is its common designation to this day. The Austrians, in a like humor, called it "ZWETSCHKEN-RUMMEL" (say "THREE-BUTTON Loo"); a game not worth playing; especially not at such cost. Combined cost counted to have been in sum-total 4,350,000 pounds and 20,000 men. [Preuss, iv. 115.] "The Prussian Army was full of ardor, never abler for fight" (insists Schmettau), which indeed seems to have been the fact on every small occasion;—"but fatally forbidden to try." Not so fatally perhaps, had Schmettau looked beyond his epaulettes: was not the thing, by that slow method, got done? By the swifter method, awakening a new Seven-Years business, how infinitely costlier might it have been!

Schmettau's NARRATIVE, deducting the endless lamentings, especially the extensive didactic digressions, is very clear, ocular, exact; and, in contrast with Friedrich's own, is really amusing to read. A Schmettau giving us, in his haggard light and oblique point of vision, the naked truth, NAKED and all in a shiver; a Friedrich striving to drape it a little, and make it comfortable to himself. Those bits of Anecdotes in SCHMETTAU, clear, credible, as if we had seen them, are so many crevices through which it is curiously worth while to look.

Chapter VII. MILLER ARNOLD'S LAWSUIT.

About the Second Law–Reform, after reading and again reading much dreary detail, I can say next to nothing, except that it is dated as beginning in 1776, near thirty years after Cocceji's; ["In 1748" Cocceji's was completed; "in 1774–1775," on occasion of the Silesian Reviews, Von Carmer, Chancellor of Silesia, knowing of the King's impatience at the state of Law, presented successively Two MEMORIALS on the subject; the Second of which began "4th January, 1776" to have visible fruit.] that evidently, by what causes is not stated, but may be readily enough conjectured (in the absence of Cocceji by death, and of a Friedrich by affairs of War), the abuses of Law had again become more or less unendurable to this King; that said abuses did again get some reform (again temporary, such the Law of Nature, which bids you sweep vigorously your kitchen, though it will next moment recommence the gathering of dirt upon it); and that, in fine, after some reluctance in the Law circles, and debating PRO and CONTRA, oral some of it, and done in the King's presence, who is so intent to be convinced and see his practical way in it, [At Potsdam, "4th January, 1776," Debate, by solemn appointment, in the King's presence (King very unwell), between Silesian–Chancellor von Carmer and Grand–Chancellor von Furst, as to the feasibility of Carmer's ideas; old Furst strong in the negative;—King, after reflection, determining to go on nevertheless. (Rodenbeck, iii. 131, 133.)]—there was, as supplement to the mere Project or Theory of a CODEX FREDERICIANUS in Cocceji's time, an actual PRUSSIAN CODE set about; Von Carmer, the Silesian Chancellor, the chief agent: and a First Folio, or a First and partly a Second of it, were brought out in Friedrich's lifetime, the remainder following in that of his Successor; which Code is ever since the Law of the Prussian Nation to this day. [Not finished and promulgated till "5th February, 1794;" First Volume (containing PROZESS–ORDNUNG, Form of Procedure, in all its important details) had come out "26th April, 1784" (Preuss, iii. 418–422).] Of its worth as a Code I have heard favorable opinions, comparatively favorable; but can myself say nothing: famed Savigny finds it superior in intelligence and law–knowledge to the CODE NAPOLEON,—upon which indeed, and upon all Codes possible to poor hag–ridden and wig–ridden generations like ours, Savigny feels rather desperate. Unfortunate mortals do want to have their bits of lawsuits settled, nevertheless; and have, on trial, found even the ignorant CODE NAPOLEON a mighty benefit in comparison to none!—

Readers all see how this Second Prussian Law–Reform was a thing important to Prussia, of liveliest interest to the then King of Prussia; and were my knowledge of it greater than it is, this is all I could hope to say of it that would be suitable or profitable at present. Let well–disposed readers take it up in their imaginations, as a fact and mass of facts, very serious there and then; and color with it in some degree those five or six last years of this King's life.

Connected with this Second Law Reform, and indeed partially a source of it, or provocation to go on with it, mending your speed, there is one little Lawsuit, called the MILLER ARNOLD CASE, which made an immense noise in the world, and is still known by rumor to many persons, who would probably be thankful, as certainly I myself should, for some intelligible word on it. In regard to which, and to which alone, in this place, we will permit ourselves a little more detail.

In the sandy moors towards the Silesian border of the Neumark, southwest of Zullichau,—where we once were, with Dictator Wedell, fighting the Russians in a tragic way,—there is, as was casually then indicated, on one of the poor Brooks trickling into Oder, a Mill called KREBSMUHLE (Crabmill); Millers of which are a line of dusty Arnolds, laboriously for long generations grinding into meal the ryes, pulses, barleys of that dim region; who, and whose Crabmill, in the year 1779–1780, burst into a notoriety they little dreamt of, and became famous in the fashionable circles of this Universe, where an indistinct rumor of them lives to this day. We indicated Arnold and his Mill in Wedell's time; Wedell's scene being so remote and empty to readers: in fact, nobody knows on what paltriest of moors a memorable thing will not happen;—here, for instance, is withal the Birthplace of that Rhyming miracle, Frau Karsch (Karschin, KarchESS as they call her), the Berlin literary Prodigy, to whom Friedrich was not so flush of help as had been expected. The child of utterly poor Peasants there; whose poverty, shining out as thrift, unweariable industry and stoical valor, is beautiful to me, still more their poor little girl's bits of fortunes, "tending three cows" in the solitudes there, and gazing wistfully into Earth and Heaven with her

ingenuous little soul,— desiring mainly one thing, that she could get Books, any Book whatever; having half-accidentally picked up the art of reading, and finding hereabouts absolutely nothing to read. Frau Karsch, I have no doubt, knows the Crabmill right well; and can, to all permissible lengths, inform the Berlin Circles on this point. [See JORDENS (° Karschin), ii. 607–640. An excellent Silesian Nobleman lifted her miraculously from the sloughs of misery, landed her from his travelling-carriage in the upper world of Berlin, "January, 1761" (age then thirty-nine, husband Karsch a wretched drunken Tailor at Glogau, who thereupon enlisted, and happily got shot or finished): Berlin's enthusiasm was, and continued to be, considerable;—Karschin's head, I fear, proved weakish, though her rhyming faculty was great. Friedrich saw her once, October, 1763, spoke kindly to her (DIALOGUE reported by herself, with a Chodowiecki ENGRAVING to help, in the MUSEN-ALMANACHS ensuing); and gave her a 10 pounds, but never much more:—"somebody had done me ill with him," thinks the Karschin (not thinking, "Or perhaps nobody but my poor self, and my weakness of head"). She continued rhyming and living—certain Principalities and High People still standing true—till "12th October, 1791."

Crabmill is in Pommerzig Township, not far from Kay:—Zullichau, Kay, Palzig, Crossen, all come to speech again, in this Narrative; fancy how they turned up in Berlin dinner-circles, to Dictator Wedell, gray old gentleman, who is now these many years War-Minister, peaceable, and well accepted, but remembers the flamy youth he had. Landlord of these Arnolds and their Mill is Major Graf von Schmettau (no connection of our Schmettaus),—to what insignificantly small amount of rent, I could not learn on searching; 10 pounds annually is a too liberal guess. Innumerable things, of no pertinency to us, are wearisomely told, and ever again told, while the pertinent are often missed out, in that dreary cart-load of Arnold Law-Papers, barely readable, barely intelligible, to the most patient intellect: with despatch let us fish up the small cardinal particles of it, and arrange in some chronological or human order, that readers may form to themselves an outline of the thing. In 1759, we mentioned that this Mill was going; Miller of it an old Arnold, Miller's Lad a young. Here is the subsequent succession of occurrences that concern us.

In 1762, Young Arnold, as I dimly gather, had got married, apparently a Wife with portion; bought the Mill from his Father, he and Wife co-possessors thenceforth;—"Rosine his Spouse" figuring jointly in all these Law-Papers; and the Spouse especially as a most shifty litigant. There they continue totally silent to mankind for about eight years. Happy the Nation, much more may we say the Household, "whose Public History is blank." But in the eighth year,

In 1770, Freyherr Baron von Gersdorf in Kay, who lies farther up the stream, bethinks him of Fish-husbandry; makes a Fish-pond to himself, and for part supply thereof, lays some beam or weir across the poor Brook, and deducts a part of Arnold's water.

In 1773, the Arnolds fall into arrear of rent: "Want of water; Fish-pond spoils our water," plead they to Major Graf von Schmettau. "Prosecute Von Gersdorf, then," says Schmettau: "I must have my rent! You shall have time, lengthened terms; but pay THEN, or else—!" For four years the Arnolds tried more or less to pay, but never could, or never did completely: during which period Major von Schmettau had them up in his Court of Pommerzig,—manorial or feudal kind of Court; I think it is more or less his, though he does not sit there; and an Advocate, not of his appointing, though probably of his accepting, dispenses justice there. Schlecker is the Advocate's name; acquitted by all Official people of doing anything wrong. No appearance that the Herr Graf von Schmettau put hand to the balances of justice in this Court; with his eye, however, who knows but he might act on them more or less! And, at any rate, be suspected by distressed Arnolds, especially by a distressed Frau Arnold, of doing so. The Frau Arnold had a strong suspicion that way; and seems to have risen occasionally upon Schlecker, who did once order the poor woman to be locked up for contempt of Court: "Only two hours!" asseverates Schlecker afterwards; after which she came out cool and respectful to Court.

Not the least account survives of those procedures in Schlecker's Court; but by accident, after many readings, you light upon a little fact which does shed a transient ray over them. Namely, that already in 1775, four years before the Case became audible in Official circles, much more in general society, Frau Arnold had seized an opportunity, Majesty being at Crossen in those neighborhoods, and presented a Petition: "Oh, just King, appoint a MILITARY COMMISSION to investigate our business; impartial Officers will speedily find out the facts, and decide what is just!" [Preuss, iii. 382.] Which denotes an irritating experience in Schlecker's Court. Certain it is, Schlecker's Court did, in this tedious harassing way, decide against Frau Arnold in every point. "Pay Herr Graf von Schmettau, or else disappear; prosecute Von Gersdorf, if you like!" And, in fine, as the Arnolds could not pay

up, nor see any daylight through prosecuting Baron von Gersdorf, the big gentleman in Kay,—Schlecker, after some five years of this, decreed Sale of the Mill:—and sold it was. In Zullichau, September 7th, 1778, there is Auction of the Mill; Herr Landeinnehmer (CESS-COLLECTOR) Kuppisch bought it; knocked down to him for the moderate sum of 600 thalers, or 90 pounds sterling, and the Arnolds are an ousted family. "September 7th,"—Potato-War just closing its sad Campaign; to-morrow, march for Trautenau, thirty horses to a gun.—

The Arnolds did make various attempts and appeals to the Neumark REGIERUNG (College of Judges); but it was without the least result. "Schlecker right in every point; Gersdorf right," answered the College: "go, will you!" A Mill forfeited by every Law, and fallen to the highest bidder. Cess-Collector Kuppisch, it was soon known, had sold his purchase to Von Gersdorf: "Hah!" said the rural public, smelling something bad. Certain it is, Von Gersdorf is become proprietor both of Pond and Mill; and it is not to the ruined Arnolds that Schlecker law can seem an admirable sample. And truly, reading over those barrow-loads of pleadings and RELATIONES, one has to admit that, taken as a reason for seeing oneself ruined, and one's Mill become the big gentleman's who fancies carp, they do seem considerably insufficient. The Law- Pleadings are duly voluminous. Barrow-loads of them, dreariest reading in Creation, remain; going into all manner of questions, proving, from Grotius and others, that landlords have rights upon private rivers, and another sort upon public ditto; that Von Gersdorf, by Law of 1566, had verily the right to put down his Fish-pond,—whether Schmettau the duty to indemnify Arnold for the same? that is not touched upon: nor, singular to say, is it anywhere made out, or attempted to be made out, How much of water Arnold lost by the Pond, much less what degree of real impediment, by loss of his own time, by loss of his customers (tired of such waiting on a mill), Arnold suffered by the Pond. This, which you would have thought the soul of the matter, is absolutely left out; altogether unsettled,—after, I think, four, or at least three, express Commissions had sat on it, at successive times, with the most esteemed hydraulic sages opining and examining;—and remains, like the part of Hamlet, omitted by particular desire. No wonder Frau Arnold begged for a Military Commission; that is to say, a decision from rational human creatures, instead of juridical wigs proceeding at this rate.

It was some time in 1775 that Rosine (what we reckoned a very elucidative point!) had given in her Petition to the King at Crossen, showing how ill Schlecker was using them. She now, "about Mayday, 1779," in a new Petition, referred to that, and again begged a Commission of Soldier-people to settle it. May 4th, 1779, —King not yet home, but coming, ["Arrived at Berlin May 27th" (Rodenbeck, iii. 201).]—King's Cabinet, on Order, "SENDS this to Justice-Department;" nothing SAID on it, the existence of the Petition sufficiently SAYING. Justice-Department thereupon demands the Law-Records, documentary Narrative of RES Arnold, from Custrin; finds all right: "Peace, ye Arnolds; what would you have?" [Preuss, iii. 382.]

Same year, 1779 (no express date), Grand-Chancellor von Furst, being at Custrin, officially examining the condition of Law- matters, Frau Arnold failed not to try there also with a Petition: "See, great Law-gentleman come to reform abuses, can that possibly be Law; or if so, is it not Injustice as well?" "Tush!" answered Furst;—for I believe Law-people, ever since this new stringency of Royal vigilance upon them, are plagued with such complaints from Dorfships and dark greedy Peasant people; "Tush!" and flung it promptly into his waste-basket.

Is there no hope at all, then? Arnold remembers that a Brother of his is a Prussian soldier; and that he has for Colonel, Prince Leopold of Brunswick, a Prince always kind to the poor. The Leopold Regiment lies at Frankfurt: try Prince Leopold by that channel. Prince Leopold listened;—the Soldier Arnold probably known to him as rational and respectable. Prince Leopold now likewise applies to Furst: "A defect, not of Law, Herr Kanzler, but of Equity, there does seem. Schmettau had a right to his rent; Von Gersdorf, by Deed of 1566, to his Pond: but the Arnolds had not water and have lost their Mill. Could not there," suggests Leopold, "be appointed, without noise of any kind, a Commission of neutral people, strangers to the Neumark, to search this matter to the actual root of it, and let Equity ensue?" To whom also Furst answers, though in a politer shape, "Tush, Durchlaucht! Every man to his trade!"

So that Prince Leopold himself, the King's own Nephew, proves futile? Some think Leopold did, this very Autumn, casually, or as if casually, mention the matter to the King,—whose mind is uneasily awake to all such cases, knowing what a buckram set his Lawyers are. "At the Reviews," as these people say, Leopold could not have done it; there being, this Year, no Reviews, merely return of King and Army from the Bavarian War. But during August, and on into September this Year, it is very evident, there was a Visit of the Brunswick Family at

Potsdam, [Rodenbeck, iii. 206 et seq.] Leopold's Mamma and certain of his Brothers,—of which, Colonel Prince Leopold, though not expressly mentioned in the Books, may very possibly have been permitted, for a day or two, to form part, for Mamma's behoof and his own; and may have made his casual observation, at some well-chosen moment, with the effect intended. In which case, Leopold was by no means futile, but proved, after all, to be the saving clause for the Arnolds.

Gallant young fellow, one loves to believe it of him; and to add it to the one other fact now known of him, which was also beautiful, though tragic. Six years after, Spring, 1785, Oder River, swollen by rains, was in wild deluge; houses in the suburbs like to be washed away. Leopold, looking on it from the Bridge or shore, perhaps partly with an Official eye, saw the inhabitants of some houses like to be drowned; looked wildly for assistance, but found none; and did, himself, in uncontrollable pity, dash off in a little boat, through the wild-eddying surges; and got his own death there, himself drowned in struggling to save others. Which occasioned loud lamentation in the world; in his poor Mother's heart what unnamable voiceless lamentation! [Friedrich's Letter to her: *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 351 ("12th May, 1785").] He had founded a Garrison School at Frankfurt; spared no expenditure of pains or of money. A man adored in Frankfurt. "His Brother Friedrich, in memory of him, presented, next year, the Uniform in which Leopold was drowned, to the Freemason Lodge of Berlin, of which he had been member." [*Militair-Lexikon*, i. 24.] SUNT LACRYMAE RERUM.

But to return to the Arnolds, and have done with them: for we are now, by Leopold's help or otherwise, got to the last act of that tedious business.

August 21st, 1779 (these high Brunswickers still at Potsdam, if that had any influence), the Arnolds again make Petition to the King: "Alas, no justice yet, your Majesty!" "Shall we never see the end of this, then?" thinks the King: "some Soldier, with human eyes, let him, attended by one of their Law-wigs, go upon the ground; and search it!" And, next day, having taken Protocol of the Arnold Complaint, issues Cabinet-Order, or King's Message to the Custrin Law-wigs: "Colonel Heucking [whose regiment lies in Zulichau district, a punctual enough man], he shall be the Soldier; to whom do YOU adjoin what member of your Court you think the fittest: and let, at last, justice be done. And swift, if you please!"

The Custrin Regierung, without delay, name REGIERUNGS-RATH Neumann; who is swiftly ready, as is Colonel Heucking swiftly,—and they two set out together up the Pommern Brook, over that moor Country; investigating, pondering, hearing witnesses, and no doubt consulting, and diligently endeavoring to get to the bottom of this poor Arnold question. For how many September days, I know not: everybody knows, however, that they could not agree; in other words, that they saw TWO bottoms to it,—the Law gentleman one bottom, the Soldier another. "True bottom is already there," argued the Law gentleman: "confirm Decision of Court in every point." "No; Arnold has lost water, has suffered wrong," thinks Heucking; "that is the true bottom." And so they part, each with his own opinion. Neumann affirmed afterwards, that the Colonel came with a predetermination that way, and even that he said, once or oftener, in his eagerness to persuade: "His Majesty has got it into his thought; there will be nothing but trouble if you persist in that notion." To which virtuous Neumann was deaf. Neumann also says, The Colonel, acquainted with Austrian enemies, but not with Law, had brought with him his Regiment's-Auditor, one Bech, formerly a Law-practitioner in Crossen (readers know Crossen, and Ex-Dictator Wedell does),—Law-practitioner in Crossen; who had been in strife with the Custrin Regierung, under rebuke from them (too importunate for some of his pauper clients, belike); was a cunning fellow too, and had the said Regierung in ill-will. An adroit fellow Bech might be, or must have been; but his now office of Regiment's-Auditor is certificate of honesty,—good, at least, against Neumann.

Neumann's Court was silent about these Neumann surmises; but said afterwards, "Heucking had not gone to the bottom of the thing." This was in a subsequent report, some five or six weeks subsequent. Their present report they redacted to the effect, "All correct as it stood," without once mentioning Heucking. Gave it in, 27th September; by which time Heucking's also was in, and had made a strong impression on his Majesty. Presumably an honest, intelligible report; though, by ill-luck for the curious, it is now lost; among the barrow-loads of vague wiggid stuff, this one Piece, probably human, is not to be discovered.

Friedrich's indignation at the Custrin report, "Perfectly correct as it stood," and no mention of Heucking or his dissent, was considerable: already, 27th September,—that is, on the very day while those Custrin people were signing their provoking report,—Friedrich, confident in Heucking, had transmitted to his Supreme Board of Justice (KAMMERGERICHT) the impartial Heucking's account of the affair, with order, "See there, an impartial

human account, clear and circumstantial (DEUTLICHES UND GANZ UMSTANDLICHES), going down to the true roots of the business: swift, get me justice for these Arnolds!" [Preuss, iii. 480.] Scarcely was this gone, when, September 29th, the Custrin impertinence, "Perfectly right as it stood," came to hand; kindling the King into hot provocation; "extreme displeasure, AUSSERSTES MISFALLEN," as his Answer bore: "Rectify me all that straightway, and relieve these Arnolds of their injuries!" You Pettifogging Pedant Knaves, bring that Arnold matter to order, will you; you had better!—

The Custrin Knaves, with what feelings I know not, proceed accordingly; appoint a new Commission, one or more Lawyers in it, and at least one Hydraulic Gentleman in it, Schade the name of him; who are to go upon the ground, hear witnesses and the like. Who went accordingly; and managed, not too fast, Hydraulic Schade rather disagreeing from the Legal Gentlemen, to produce a Report, reported UPON by the Custrin Court, 28th October: "That there is one error found: 6 pounds 12s. as value of corn LEFT, clearly Arnold's that, when his Mill was sold; that, with this improvement, all is NOW correct to the uttermost; and that Heucking had not investigated things to the bottom." By some accident, this Report did not come at once to Friedrich, or had escaped his attention; so that—

November 21st, matters hanging fire in this way, Frau Arnold applies again, by Petition to his Majesty; upon which is new Royal Order, [Ib. iii. 490.] far more patient than might have been expected: "In God's name, rectify me that Arnold matter, and let us at last see the end of it!" To which the Custriners answer: "All is rectified, your Majesty. Frau Arnold, in her Petition, has not mentioned that she gained 6 pounds 12s.;"—important item that; 6 pounds 12s. for CORN left (clearly Arnold's that, when his Mill was sold)! "Our sentence we cannot alter; a Court's sentence is alterable only by appeal; your Majesty decides where the appeal is to lie!" Friedrich's patience is now wearing out; but he does not yet give way: "Berlin Kammergericht be your Appeal Court," decides he, 28th November: and will admit of no delay on the Kammergericht's part either. "Papers all at Custrin, say you? Send for them by express; they will come in one day: be swift, I say!"

Chancellor Furst is not a willing horse in this case; but he is obliged to go. December 7th, Kammergericht sits on the Arnold Appeal; Kammergericht's view is: "Custrin papers all here, not the least delay permitted; you, Judge Rannleben, take these Papers to you; down upon them: let us, if humanly possible, have a Report by to-morrow." Rannleben takes the Papers in hand December 7th; works upon them all day, and all night following, at a rate of energy memorable among Legal gentlemen; and December 8th attends with lucid Report upon them, or couple of Reports; one on Arnold VERSUS Schmettau, in six folios; one on Arnold VERSUS Gersdorf, in two ditto; draws these two Documents from his pocket December 8th; reads them in assembled Court (six of the Judges present [Preuss, iii. 496.],—which, with marked thankfulness to the swift Rannleben, at once adopts his Report, and pronounces upon the Custrin Raths, "Right in every particular." Witness our hands: every one affixing his signature, as to a matter happily got done with.

It was Friday, 10th December, 1779, before Friedrich got this fine bit of news; Saturday 11th, before he authentically saw their Sentence. He is lying miserably ill of gout in the Schloss of Berlin; and I suppose, since his Father, of blessed memory, took cudgel to certain Judges and knocked out teeth from them, and broke the judicial crowns, nobody in that Schloss has been in such humor against men of Law. "Attend me here at 2 P.M. with the Three Raths who signed in Arnold's Case:" Saturday, about 11 A.M., Chancellor Furst receives this command; gets Rannleben, and two others, Friedel, Graun,—and there occurred such a scene—But it will be better to let Rannleben himself tell the story; who has left an AUTOBIOGRAPHY, punctually correct, to all appearance, but except this alone notable passage of it, still unpublished, and like to continue so:—

"BERLIN, TUESDAY, 7th DECEMBER, 1779," says Rannleben (let him tell it again in his own words), "the ACTA, which had arrived from Custrin IN RE Miller Arnold and his Wife VERSUS Landrath von Gersdorf, as also those, in the same matter, VERSUS Count von Schmettau, were assigned to me, to be reported on QUAM PRIMUM;—our President von Rebeur," President of the Supreme KAMMERGERICHT (King's—Chamber Tribunal, say Exchequer High Court, or COLLEGIUM), whereof I have the honor to be one of the Seven Judges, or RATHS,— "our President von Rebeur enjoining me to make such utmost despatch that my Report on both these sets of Papers might be read to the assembled Court next day; whereby said Court might then and there be enabled to pronounce judgment on the same, I at once set to work; went on with it all night; and on the morrow I brought both my Reports (RELATIONES),"—one referring to the Gersdorf, the other to the Schmettau part of the suit,— "one of six sheets, the other of two sheets, to the Kammergericht; where both RELATIONES were read.

There were present, besides me, the following six members of the COLLEGIUM: President von Rebeur, Rath Uhl, Friedel, Kircheisen, Graun, Gassler.

"Appellant," as we all know, "was Miller Arnold; and along with the ACTA were various severe Cabinet-Orders, in which the King, who had taken quite particular notice of the Case, positively enjoined, That Miller Arnold should have justice done him. The King had not, however, given formally any authoritative Decision of his own (KEINEN EIGENTLICHEN MACHTSPRUCH GETHAN)," which might have given us pause, though not full-stop by any means: "but, in his Order to the Kammergericht, had merely said, we were to decide with the utmost despatch, and then at once inform his Majesty how." With the speed of light or of thought, Rannsleben hardly done reading, this Kammergericht decided,—it is well known how: "In the King's name; right in every particular, you Custrin Gentlemen;—which be so good as publish to parties concerned!"

Report of Kammergericht's Judgment to this effect, for behoof of Custrin, was at once got under way; and Kammergericht, in regard to his Majesty, agreed merely to announce the fact in that quarter: "Judgment arrived at, please your Majesty;—Judgment already under way for Custrin:"—you, Rannsleben, without saying what the Judgment is, you again write for us. And Rannsleben does so; writes the above little Message to his Majesty, "which got to the King's hand, Friday, December 10th. And the same day," continues Rannsleben, "the King despatched a very severe Cabinet-Order to Minister von Dornberg,"—head of the Department to which the Kammergericht belongs,—demanding a Copy of the Judgment. Which order was at once obeyed.

"Hereupon, on Saturday, about 11 A.M., there came to Grand-Chancellor von Furst," sublime head of us and of all Lawyers, "a Cabinet-Order, 'Appear before me here, this day, at 2 o'clock; and bring with you your Three Kammergericht Rathes who drew up (MINUTIRT) the Judgment in the Arnold Case.'" Message bodeful to Furst and the three Rathes.

"NOTA," says Rannsleben here, "the King is under the impression that, in judging a Case, Three Rathes are always employed, and therefore demands Three of us. But, properly, all the above-named Six MEMBRA COLLEGII, besides myself, ought to have gone to the Palace, or else I alone." On some points an ill-informed King. Rannsleben continues:—

"President von Rebeur came to me in his carriage, at a quarter to 12; told me of the King's Order; and said, as the King demanded only Three Rathes, there was nothing for it but to name me and Rathes Friedel and Kircheisen, my usual partners in Judgment business. Finding, however, on looking into the Sentence itself, that Kircheisen was not amongst the signers of it, he [Rebeur] named, instead of him, Rath Graun, who was. For the Herr President apprehended the King might demand to see our Sentence IN ORIGINALI, and would then be angry that a person had been sent to him who had not signed the same. President von Rebeur instructed me farther, That I, as Reporter in the Case, was to be spokesman at the Palace; and should explain to his Majesty the reasons which had weighed with the Kammergericht in coming to such decision.

"To my dear Wife I," as beseemed a good husband, "said nothing of all this; confiding it only to my Father-in-law, who tried to cheer me. Nor, indeed, did I feel any fear within me, being persuaded in my conscience that, in this decision of the Arnold Case, I had proceeded according to the best of my knowledge and conviction.

"At 1 o'clock I drove to the Grand-Chancellor's, where I found the Rathes Friedel and Graun already arrived. The Chancellor," old Furst, "instructed us as to what we had to do when we came before the King. And then, towards 2 o'clock, he took us in his carriage to the Palace. We entered the room immediately at the end of the Great Hall. Here we found a heyduc [tall porter], by whom the Chancellor announced to the King that we were here. Heyduc soon came back to inquire, Whether the CABINETS-RATH Stellter," a Secretary or Short-hand writer of his Majesty's, "had arrived yet; and whether we [WE, what a doubt!] were Privy Councillors. We were then shortly after shown in to the King. We passed through three rooms, the second of which was that in which stands the CONFIDENZ TAFEL [Table that goes by pulleys through the floor, and comes up refurnished, when you wish to be specially private with your friends]. In the fourth, a small room with one window, was the King. The Chancellor walked first; I followed him close; behind me came the Rath Friedel, and then Graun. Some way within, opposite the door, stood a screen; with our backs to this," the Kingward side of this, "we ranged ourselves,"—in respectful row of Four, Furst at the inward end of us (right or left is no matter). "The King sat in the middle of the room, so that he could look point-blank at us; he sat with his back to the chimney, in which there was a fire burning. He had on a worn hat, of the clerical shape [old-military in fact, not a shovel at all];

CASSAQUIN," short dressing-gown, "of red-brown (MORDORE) velvet; black breeches, and boots which came quite up over the knee. His hair was not dressed. Three little benchlets or stools, covered with green cloth, stood before him, on which he had his feet lying [terribly ill of gout]. In his lap he had a sort of muff, with one of his hands in it, which seemed to be giving him great pain. In the other hand he held our Sentence on the Arnold Case. He lay reclining (LAG) in an easy-chair; at his left stood a table, with various papers on it,—and two gold snuffboxes, richly set with brilliants, from which he kept taking snuff now and then.

"Besides us, there was present in the room the Cabinets-Rath Stellter [of the short-hand], who stood at a desk, and was getting ready for writing. The King looked at us, saying, 'Come nearer!' Whereupon we advanced another step, and were now within less than two steps of him. He addressed himself to us three Raths, taking no notice at all of the Grand-Chancellor:—

KING. "Is it you who drew up the judgment in the Arnold case?"

WE (especially I, with a bow). "'Yea.'

"The King then turned to the Rath Friedel [to Friedel, as the central figure of the Three, perhaps as the portliest, though poor Friedel, except signing, had little cognizance of the thing, in which not he but Rannsleben was to have been spokesman], and addressed to Friedel those questions, of which, with their answers, there is Protocol published, under Royal authority, in the Berlin newspapers of December 14th, 1779;" [VON SEINER KONIGLICHEN MAJESTAT HOCHSTSELBAT ANGEHALTENES PROTOCOLL: "Protocol [Minute of Proceedings] held by Royal Majesty's Highest-self, on the 11th December, 1779, concerning the three Kammergerichts-Raths, Friedel, Graun and Rannsleben:" in PREUSS, iii. 495.] Shorthand Stellter taking down what was said,—quite accurately, testifies Rannsleben. From Stellter (that is to say from the "Protocol" just mentioned), or from Stellter and Rannsleben together, we continue the Dialogue:—

KING to Friedel [in the tone of a Rhadamanthus suffering from gout]. "To give sentence against a Peasant from whom you have taken wagon, plough and everything that enables him to get his living, and to pay his rent and taxes: is that a thing that can be done?"

FRIEDEL (and the two Mutes, bowing). "'No.'

KING. "May a Miller who has no water, and consequently cannot grind, and, therefore, not earn anything, have his mill taken from him, on account of his not having paid his rent: is that just?"

FRIEDEL (and Mutes as aforesaid). "'No.'

KING. "But here now is a Nobleman, wishing to make a Fish-pond: to get more water for his Pond, he has a ditch dug, to draw into it the water from a small stream which drives a water-mill. Thereby the Miller loses his water, and cannot grind; or, at most, can only grind in the spring for the space of a fortnight, and late in the autumn, perhaps another fortnight. Yet, in spite of all this, it is pretended that the Miller shall pay his rent quite the same as at the time when he had full water for his mill. Of course, he cannot pay his rent; his incomings are gone! And what does the Custrin Court of Justice do? It orders the mill to be sold, that the Nobleman may have his rent. And the Berlin Tribunal"—Chancellor Furst, standing painfully mute, unspoken to, unnoticed hitherto, more like a broomstick than a Chancellor, ventures to strike in with a syllable of emendation, a small correction, of these words "Berlin Tribunal"—

FURST (suggestively). "Kammergericht [mildly suggestive, and perhaps with something in his tone which means, "I am not a broomstick!"]: Kammergericht!"

KING (to short-hand Stellter). "Kammergerichts-Tribunal:—[then to Furst] Go you, Sir, about your business, on the instant! Your Successor is appointed; with you I have nothing more to do. Disappear!"—"Ordered," says Official Rannsleben, "ordered the Grand-Chancellor, in very severe terms, To be gone! telling him that his Successor was already appointed. Which order Herr von Furst, without saying a word, hastily obeyed, passing in front of us three, with the utmost speed." In front,—screen, I suppose, not having room behind it,—and altogether vanishes from Friedrich's History; all but some GHOST of him (so we may term it), which reappears for an instant once, as will be noticed.

KING (continues to Friedel, not in a lower tone probably):—"the Kammergerichts-Tribunal confirms the same. That is highly unjust; and such Sentence is altogether contrary to his Majesty's landsfatherly intentions:—my name [you give it, "In the King's Name," forsooth] cruelly abused!"

So far is set forth in the "Royal Protocol printed next Tuesday," as well as in Rannsleben. But from this point, the Dialogue—if it can be called Dialogue, being merely a rebuke and exhortation of Royal wrath against

Friedel and his Two, who are all mute, so far as I can learn, and stand like criminals in the dock, feeling themselves unjustly condemned—gets more and more into conflagration, and cannot be distinctly reported. "MY name to such a thing! When was I found to oppress a poor man for love of a rich? To follow wiggeries and forms with solemn attention, careless what became of the internal fact? Act of 1566, allowing Gersdorf to make his Pond? Like enough;—and Arnold's loss of water, that is not worth the ascertaining; you know not yet what it was, some of you even say it was nothing; care not whether it was anything. Could Arnold grind, or not, as formerly? What is Act of 1566, or any or all Acts, in comparison? Wretched mortals, had you wigs a fathom long, and Law-books on your back, and Acts of 1566 by the hundredweight, what could it help, if the right of a poor man were left by you trampled under foot? What is the meaning of your sitting there as Judges? Dispensers of Right in God's Name and mine? I will make an example of you which shall be remembered!— Out of my sight!" Whereupon EXEUNT in haste, all Three,—though not far, not home, as will be seen.

Only the essential sense of all this, not the exact terms, could (or should) any Stellter take in short-hand; and in the Protocol it is decorously omitted altogether. Rannleben merely says: "The King farther made use of very strong expressions against us,"—too strong to be repeated,—and, at last, dismissed us without saying what he intended to do with us. We had hardly left the room, when he followed us, ordering us to wait. The King, during the interview with us, held the Sentence, of my composition, in his hand; and seemed particularly irritated about the circumstance of the judgment being pronounced in his name, as is the usual form. He struck the paper again and again with his other hand,"—heat of indignation quite extinguishing gout, for the moment,—"exclaiming at the same time repeatedly, 'Cruelly abused my name (MEINEN NAMEN CRUEL MISSBRAUCHT)!' [Preuss, iii. 495–498.]—We will now give the remaining part of the Protocol (what directly follows the above CATECHETICAL or DIALOGUE part before that caught fire),—as taken down by Stellter, and read in all the Newspapers next Tuesday:—

"PROTOCOL [of December 11th, Title already given; [Supra, p. 439 n.] Docketing adds], WHICH IS TO BE PRINTED."

... (CATECHETICS AS ABOVE,—AND THEN): "The King's desire always is and was, That everybody, be he high or low, rich or poor, get prompt justice; and that, without regard of person or rank, no subject of his fail at any time of impartial right and protection from his Courts of Law.

"Wherefore, with respect to this most unjust Sentence against the Miller Arnold of the Pommerzig Crabmill, pronounced in the Neumark, and confirmed here in Berlin, his Majesty will establish an emphatic example (EIN NACHDRUCKLICHES EXEMPEL STATUIREN); to the end that all Courts of Justice, in all the King's Provinces, may take warning thereby, and not commit the like glaring unjust acts. For, let them bear in mind, That the least peasant, yea, what is still more, that even a beggar, is, no less than his Majesty, a human being, and one to whom due justice must be meted out. All men being equal before the Law, if it is a prince complaining against a peasant, or VICE VERSA, the prince is the same as the peasant before the Law; and, on such occasions, pure justice must have its course, without regard of person: Let the Law-Courts, in all the Provinces, take this for their rule. And whenever they do not carry out justice in a straightforward manner, without any regard of person and rank, but put aside natural fairness,—then they shall have to answer his Majesty for it (SOLLEN SIC ES MIT SEINER KONIGLICHEN MAJESTAT ZU THUN KRIEGEN). For a Court of Law doing injustice is more dangerous and pernicious than a band of thieves: against these one can protect oneself; but against rogues who make use of the cloak of justice to accomplish their evil passions, against such no man can guard himself. These are worse than the greatest knaves the world contains, and deserve double punishment.

"For the rest, be it also known to the various Courts of Justice, That his Majesty has appointed a new Grand-Chancellor." Furst dismissed. "Yet his Majesty will not the less look sharply with his own eyes after the Law-proceedings in all the Provinces; and he commands you"—that is, all the Law-courts—"urgently herewith: FIRSTLY,"—which is also lastly,—"To proceed to deal equally with all people seeking justice, be it prince or peasant; for, there, all must be alike. However, if his Majesty, at any time hereafter, come upon a fault committed in this regard, the guilty Courts can now imagine beforehand how they will be punished with rigor, President as well as Raths, who shall have delivered a judgment so wicked and openly opposed to justice. Which all Colleges of Justice in all his Majesty's Provinces are particularly to take notice of."

"MEM. By his Majesty's special command, measures are taken that this Protocol be inserted in all the Berlin

Journals." [In *Berlin'sche Nachrichten von Staats und Gelehrten Sachen*, No. 149, "Tuesday, 14th December, 1779." Preuss, iii. 494.]

The remainder of Rannleben's Narrative is beautifully brief and significant.—"We had hardly left the room," said he SUPRA, "when the King followed us," lame as he was, with a fulminant "Wait there!" Rannleben continues: "Shortly after came an Aide-de-Camp, who took us in a carriage to the common Town-prison, the Kalandshof; here two Corporals and two Privates were set to guard us. On the 13th December, 1779," third day of our arrest, "a Cabinet-Order was published to us, by which the King had appointed a Commission of Inquiry; but had, at the same time, commanded beforehand that the Sentence should not be less than a year's confinement in a fortress, dismissal from office, and payment of compensation to the Arnold people for the losses they had sustained." Which certainly was a bad outlook for us.

Precisely the same has befallen our Brethren of Custrin; all suddenly packed into Prison, just while reading our Approval of them;—there they sit, their Sentence to be like ours. "Our arrest in the Kalandshof lasted from 11th December, 1779, till 5th January, 1780," three weeks and three days,—when (with Two Exceptions, to be noted presently) we were all, Kammergerichters and Custriners alike, transferred to Spandau.

I spoke of what might be called a ghost of Kanzler Furst once revisiting the glimpses of the Moon, or Sun if there were any in the dismal December days. This is it, witness one who saw it: "On the morning of December 12th, the day after the Grand-Chancellor's dismissal, the Street in which he lived was thronged with the carriages of callers, who came to testify their sympathy, and to offer their condolence to the fallen Chancellor. The crowd of carriages could be seen from the windows of the King's Palace." The same young Legal Gentleman, by and by a very old one, who, himself one of the callers at the Ex-Chancellor's house that day, saw this, and related it in his old age to Herr Preuss, [Preuss, iii. 499, 500.] remembers and relates also this other significant fact:—

"During the days that followed" the above event and Publication of the Royal Protocol, "I often crossed, in the forenoon, the Esplanade in front of the Palace (SCHLOSSPLATZ), at that side where the King's apartments were; the same which his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince now [1833] occupies. I remember that here, on that part of the Esplanade which was directly under Friedrich's windows, there stood constantly numbers of Peasants, not ten or twelve, but as many as a hundred at a time; all with Petitions in their hands, which they were holding up towards the window; shouting, 'Please his Majesty to look at these; we have been still worse treated than the Arnolds!' And indeed, I have understood the Law-Courts, for some time after, found great difficulty to assert their authority: the parties against whom judgment went, taking refuge in the Arnold precedent, and appealing direct to the King."

Far graver than this Spectre of Furst, Minister Zedlitz hesitates, finally refuses, to pronounce such a Sentence as the King orders on these men of Law! Estimable, able, conscientious Zedlitz; zealous on Education matters, too;—whom I always like for contriving to attend a Course of Kant's Lectures, while 500 miles away from him (actual Course in Konigsberg University, by the illustrious Kant; every Lecture punctually taken in short-hand, and transmitted to Berlin, post after post, for the busy man). [Kuno Fischer, *Kant's Leben* (Mannheim, 1860), pp. 34, 35.] Here is now some painful Correspondence between the King and him,—painful, yet pleasant:—

KING TO MINISTER VON ZEDLITZ, WHO HAS ALARMING DOUBTS (Berlin, 28th December, 1779).—"Your Report of the 20th instant in regard to Judgment on the arrested Raths has been received. But do you think I don't understand your Advocate fellows and their quirks; or how they can polish up a bad cause, and by their hyperboles exaggerate or extenuate as they find fit? The Goose-quill class (FEDERZEUG) can't look at facts. When Soldiers set to investigate anything, on an order given, they go the straight way to the kernel of the matter; upon which, plenty of objections from the Goose-quill people!—But you may assure yourself I give more belief to an honest Officer, who has honor in the heart of him, than to all your Advocates and sentences. I perceive well they are themselves afraid, and don't want to see any of their fellows punished. "If, therefore, you will not obey my Order, I shall take another in your place who will; for depart from it I will not. You may tell them that. And know, for your part, that such miserable jargon (MISERABEL STYL) makes not the smallest impression on me. Hereby, then, you are to guide yourself; and merely say whether you will follow my Order or not; for I will in no wise fall away from it. I am your well-affectioned King,—FRIEDRICH."

MARGINALE (in Autograph).—"My Gentleman [you, Herr von Zedlitz, with your dubitatings] won't make me believe black is white. I know the Advocate sleight-of-hand, and won't be taken in. An example has become necessary here,— those Scoundrels (CANAILLEN) having so enormously misused my name, to practise arbitrary

and unheard-of injustices. A Judge that goes upon chicaning is to be punished more severely than a highway Robber. For you have trusted to the one; you are on your guard against the other."

ZEDLITZ TO THE KING (Berlin, 31st December, 1779).—"I have at all times had your Royal Majesty's favor before my eyes as the supreme happiness of my life, and have most zealously endeavored to merit the same: but I should recognize myself unworthy of it, were I capable of an undertaking contrary to my conviction. From the reasons indicated by myself, as well as by the Criminal-Senate [Paper of reasons fortunately lost], your Majesty will deign to consider that I am unable to draw up a condemnatory Sentence against your Majesty's Servants-of-Justice now under arrest on account of the Arnold Affair. Your Majesty's till death,— VON ZEDLITZ."

KING TO ZEDLITZ (Berlin, 1st January, 1780).—"My dear State's- Minister Freiherr von Zedlitz,—It much surprises me to see, from your Note of yesterday, that you refuse to pronounce a judgment on those Servants-of-Justice arrested for their conduct in the Arnold Case, according to my Order. If you, therefore, will not, I will; and do it as follows:—

"1. The Custrin Regierungs-Rath Scheibler, who, it appears in evidence, was of an opposite opinion to his Colleagues, and voted That the man up-stream had not a right to cut off the water from the man down-stream; and that the point, as to Arnold's wanting water, should be more closely and strictly inquired into,—he, Scheibler, shall be set free from his arrest, and go back to his post at Custrin. And in like manner, Kammergerichts-Rath Rannleben—who has evidently given himself faithful trouble about the cause, and has brought forward with a quite visible impartiality all the considerations and dubieties, especially about the condition of the water and the alleged hurtfulness of the Pond —is absolved from arrest.

"2. As for the other arrested Servants-of-Justice, they are one and all dismissed from office (CASSIRT), and condemned to one year's Fortress-Arrest. Furthermore, they shall pay to Arnold the value of his Mill, and make good to him, out of their own pocket, all the loss and damage he has suffered in this business; the Neumark KAMMER (Revenue-Board) to tax and estimate the same. [Damage came to 1,358 thalers, 11 groschen, 1 pfennig,—that is, 203 pounds 14s. and some pence and farthings; the last farthing of which was punctually paid to Arnold, within the next eight months;] [Preuss, iii. 409.]—so that

"3. The Miller Arnold shall be completely put as he was (IN INTEGRUM RESTITUIT).

"And in such way must the matter, in all branches of it, be immediately proceeded with, got ready, and handed in for my Completion (VOLLZIEHUNG) by Signature. Which you, therefore, will take charge of, without delay. For the rest, I will tell you farther, that I am not ill pleased to know you on the side you show on this occasion [as a man that will not go against his conscience], and shall see, by and by, what I can farther do with you. [Left him where he was, as the best thing.] Whereafter you are accordingly to guide yourself. And I remain otherwise your well-affectioned King, FRIEDRICH." [Ib. iii. 519, 520; see ib. 405 n.]

This, then, is an impartial account of the celebrated passage between Friedrich and the Lawyers known by the name of "the MILLER- ARNOLD CASE;" which attracted the notice of all Europe,—just while the decennium of the French Revolution was beginning. In Russia, the Czarina Catharine, the friend of Philosophers, sent to her Senate a copy of Friedrich's PROTOCOL OF DECEMBER 11th, as a noteworthy instance of Royal supreme judicature. In France, Prints in celebration of it,— "one Print by Vangelisti, entitled BALANCE DE FREDERIC,"—were exhibited in shop-windows, expounded in newspapers, and discoursed of in drawing-rooms. The Case brought into talk again an old Miller Case of Friedrich's, which had been famous above thirty years ago, when Sans-Souci was getting built. Readers know it: Potsdam Miller, and his obstinate Windmill, which still grinds on its knoll in those localities, and would not, at any price, become part of the King's Gardens. "Not at any price?" said the King's agent: "Cannot the King take it from you for nothing, if he chose?" "Have n't we the Kammergericht at Berlin!" answered the Miller. To Friedrich's great delight, as appears;— which might render the Windmill itself a kind of ornament to his Gardens thenceforth. The French admiration over these two Miller Cases continued to be very great. [Dieulafoi, LE MEUNIER DE SANS-SOUCI (Comedy or farce, of I know not what year); Andrieux, LE MOULIN DE SANS-SOUCI ("Poem," at INSTITUT NATIONAL 15 GERMINAL, AN 5), Preuss, iii. 412, 413.]

As to Miller Arnold and his Cause, the united voice of Prussian Society condemned Friedrich's procedure: Such harshness to Grand-Chancellor Furst and respectable old Official Gentlemen, amounting to the barbarous and tyrannous, according to Prussian Society. To support which feeling, and testify it openly, they drove in

crowds to Furst's (some have told me to the Prison—doors too, but that seems hypothetical); and left cards for old Furst and Company. In sight of Friedrich, who inquired, "What is this stir on the streets, then?"—and, on learning, made not the least audible remark; but continued his salutary cashierment of the wigged Gentlemen, and imprisonment till their full term ran.

My impression has been that, in Berlin Society, there was more sympathy for mere respectability of wig than in Friedrich. To Friedrich respectability of wig that issues in solemnly failing to do justice, is a mere enormity, greater than the most wigless condition could be. Wigless, the thing were to be endured, a thing one is born to, more or less: but in wig,—out upon it! And the wig which screens, and would strive to disguise and even to embellish such a thing: To the gutters with such wig!

In support of their feeling for Furst and Company, Berlin Society was farther obliged to pronounce the claim of Miller Arnold a nullity, and that no injustice whatever had been done him. Mere pretences on his part, subterfuges for his idle conduct, for his inability to pay due rent, said Berlin Society. And that impartial Soldier—person, whom Friedrich sent to examine by the light of nature, and report? "Corrupted he!" answer they: "had intrigues with—" I forget whom; somebody of the womankind (perhaps Arnold's old hard—featured Wife, if you are driven into a corner!)—"and was not to be depended on at all!" In which condemned state, Berlin Society almost wholly disapproving it, the Arnold Process was found at Friedrich's death (restoration of honors to old Furst and Company, one of the first acts of the New Reign, sure of immediate popularity); and, I think, pretty much continues so still, few or none in Berlin Society admitting Miller Arnold's claim to redress, much less defending that onslaught on Furst and the wigs. [Herr Preuss himself inclines that way, rather condemnatory of Friedrich; but his Account, as usual, is exact and authentic,—though distressingly confused, and scattered about into different corners (Preuss, iii. 381–413; then again, *ibid.* 520 On the other hand, there is one Segebusch, too, a learned Doctor, of Altona, who takes the King's side,—and really is rather stupid, argumentative merely, and unilluminative, if you read him: Segebusch, *Historischrechtliche Würdigung der Einmischung Friedrich's des Grossen in die bekannte Rechtssache des Mullers Arnold, auch für Nicht—Juristen* (Altona, 1829).]

Who, from the remote distance, would venture to contradict? Once more, my own poor impression was, which I keep silent except to friends, that Berlin Society was wrong; that Miller Arnold had of a truth lost portions of his dam—water, and was entitled to abatement; and that in such case, Friedrich's horror at the Furst— and—Company Phenomenon (horror aggravated by gout) had its highly respectable side withal.

When, after Friedrich's death, on Von Gersdorf's urgent reclamations, the case was reopened, and allowed to be carried "into the Secret Tribunal, as the competent Court of Appeal in third instance," the said Tribunal found, That the law—maxim depended upon by the Lower Courts, as to "the absolute right of owners of private streams," did NOT apply in the present case; but that the Deed of 1566 did; and also that "the facts as to pretended damage [PRETENCE merely] from loss of water, were satisfactorily proved against Arnold:" Gersdorf, therefore, may have his Pond; and Arnold must refund the money paid to him for "damages" by the condemned Judges; and also the purchase—money of his Mill, if he means to keep the latter. All which moneys, however, his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm II., Friedrich's Successor, to have done with the matter, handsomely paid out of his own pocket: the handsome way of ending it.

In his last journey to West—Preussen, June, 1784, Friedrich said to the new Regierungs—President (Chief Judge) there: "I am Head Commissary of Justice; and have a heavy responsibility lying on me,"—as will you in this new Office. Friedrich at no moment neglected this part of his functions; and his procedure in it throughout, one cannot but admit to have been faithful, beautiful, human. Very impatient indeed when he comes upon Imbecility and Pedantry threatening to extinguish Essence and Fact, among his Law People! This is one MARGINALE of his, among many such, some of them still more stinging, which are comfortable to every reader. The Case is that of a murderer,—murder indisputable; "but may not insanity be suspected, your Majesty, such the absence of motive, such the—?" Majesty answers: "That is nothing but inanity and stupid pleading against right. The fellow put a child to death; if he were a soldier, you would execute him without priest; and because this CANAILLE is a citizen, you make him 'melancholic' to get him off. Beautiful justice!" [Preuss, iii. 375.]

Friedrich has to sign all Death—Sentences; and he does it, wherever I have noticed, rigorously well. For the rest, his Criminal Calendar seems to be lighter than any other of his time; "in a population of 5,200,000," says he once, "14 to 15 are annually condemned to death."

Chapter VIII. THE FURSTENBUND: FRIEDRICH'S LAST YEARS.

At Vienna, on November 29th, 1780, the noble Kaiserinn Maria Theresa, after a short illness, died. Her end was beautiful and exemplary, as her course had been. The disease, which seemed at first only a bad cold, proved to have been induration of the lungs; the chief symptom throughout, a more and more suffocating difficulty to breathe. On the edge of death, the Kaiserinn, sitting in a chair (bed impossible in such struggle for breath), leant her head back as if inclined to sleep. One of her women arranged the cushions, asked in a whisper, "Will your Majesty sleep, then?" "No," answered the dying Kaiserinn; "I could sleep, but I must not; Death is too near. He must not steal upon me. These fifteen years I have been making ready for him; I will meet him awake." Fifteen years ago her beloved Franz was snatched from her, in such sudden manner: and ever since, she has gone in Widow's dress; and has looked upon herself as one who had done with the world. The 18th of every month has been for her a day of solitary prayer; 18th of every August (Franz's death-day) she has gone down punctually to the vaults in the Stephans-Kirche, and sat by his coffin there;—last August, something broke in the apparatus as she descended; and it has ever since been an omen to her. [Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (2tes) 94; Keith, ii. 114.] Omen now fulfilled.

On her death, Joseph and Kaunitz, now become supreme, launched abroad in their ambitious adventures with loose rein. Schemes of all kinds; including Bavaria still, in spite of the late check; for which latter, and for vast prospects in Turkey as well, the young Kaiser is now upon a cunning method, full of promise to him, —that of ingratiating himself with the Czarina, and cutting out Friedrich in that quarter. Summer, 1780, while the Kaiserinn still lived, Joseph made his famous First Visit to the Czarina (May– August, 1780), [Hermann, vi. 132–135.]—not yet for some years his thrice-famous Second Visit (thrice-famous Cleopatra-voyage with her down the Dnieper; dramaturgic cities and populations keeping pace with them on the banks, such the scenic faculty of Russian Officials, with Potemkin as stage-manager):—in the course of which First Visit, still more in the Second, it is well known the Czarina and Joseph came to an understanding. Little articulated of it as yet; but the meaning already clear to both. "A frank partnership, high Madam: to you, full scope in your glorious notion of a Greek Capital and Empire, Turk quite trampled away, Constantinople a Christian metropolis once more [and your next Grandson a CONSTANTINE,—to be in readiness]: why not, if I may share too, in the Donau Countries, that lie handy? To you, I say, an Eastern Empire; to me, a Western: Revival of the poor old Romish Reich, so far as may be; and no hindrance upon Bavaria, next time. Have not we had enough of that old Friedrich, who stands perpetually upon STATUS QUO, and to both of us is a mere stoppage of the way?"

Czarina Catharine took the hint; christened her next Grandson "Constantine" (to be in readiness); [This is the Constantine who renounced, in favor of the late Czar Nicholas; and proved a failure in regard to "New Greek Empire," and otherwise.] and from that time stiffly refused renewing her Treaty with Friedrich;—to Friedrich's great grief, seeing her, on the contrary, industrious to forward every German scheme of Joseph's, Bavarian or other, and foreshadowing to himself dismal issues for Prussia when this present term of Treaty should expire. As to Joseph, he was busy night and day,—really perilous to Friedrich and the independence of the German Reich. His young Brother, Maximilian, he contrives, Czarina helping, to get elected Co-adjutor of Koln; Successor of our Lanky Friend there, to be Kur-Koln in due season, and make the Electorate of Koln a bit of Austria henceforth. [Lengthy and minute account of that Transaction, in all the steps of it, in DOHM, i. 295–39.] Then there came "PANIS-BRIEFE," [PANIS (Bread) BRIEF is a Letter with which, in ancient centuries, the Kaiser used to furnish an old worn-out Servant, addressed to some Monastery, some Abbot or Prior in easy circumstances: "Be so good as provide this old Gentleman with Panis (Bread, or Board and Lodging) while he lives." Very pretty in Barbarossa's time;—but now—!]—who knows what?— usurpations, graspings and pretensions without end:—finally, an open pretension to incorporate Bavaria, after all. Bavaria, not in part now, but in whole: "You, Karl Theodor, injured man, cannot we give you Territory in the Netherlands; a King there you shall be, and have your vote as Kur-Pfalz still; only think! In return for which, Bavaria ours in fee-simple, and so finish that?" Karl Theodor is perfectly willing,—only perhaps some others are not. Then and there, these threatening complexities, now gone like a dream of the night, were really life-perils for the Kingdom of Prussia; never to be lost sight of by a veteran Shepherd of the People. They kept a vigilant King Friedrich continually on

the stretch, and were a standing life–problem to him in those final Years. Problem nearly insoluble to human contrivance; the Russian card having palpably gone into the other hand. Problem solved, nevertheless; it is still remembered how.

On the development of that pretty Bavarian Project, the thing became pressing; and it is well known by what a stroke of genius Friedrich checkmated it; and produced instead a "FURSTENBUND," or general "Confederation of German Princes," Prussia atop, to forbid peremptorily that the Laws of the Reich be infringed. FURSTENBUND: this is the victorious summit of Friedrich's Public History, towards which all his efforts tended, during these five years: Friedrich's last feat in the world. Feat, how obsolete now,—fallen silent everywhere, except in German Parish–History, and to the students of Friedrich's character in old age! Had no result whatever in European History; so unexpected was the turn things took. A FURSTENBUND which was swallowed bodily within few years, in that World–Explosion of Democracy, and War of the Giants; and—unless Napoleon's "Confederation of the Rhine" were perhaps some transitory ghost of it?—left not even a ghost behind. A FURSTENBUND of which we must say something, when its Year comes; but obviously not much.

Nor are the Domesticities, as set forth by our Prussian authorities, an opulent topic for us. Friedrich's Old Age is not unamiable; on the contrary, I think it would have made a pretty Picture, had there been a Limner to take it, with the least felicity or physiognomic coherency;—as there was not. His Letters, and all the symptoms we have, denote a sound–hearted brave old man; continually subduing to himself many ugly troubles; and, like the stars, always steady at his work. To sit grieving or desponding is, at all times, far from him: "Why despond? Won't it be all done presently; is it of much moment while it lasts?" A fine, unaffectedly vigorous, simple and manful old age;—rather serene than otherwise; in spite of electric outbursts and cloudy weather that could not be wanting.

Of all which there is not, in this place, much more to be said. Friedrich's element is itself wearing dim, sombre of hue; and the records of it, too, seem to grow dimmer, more and more intermittent. Old friends, of the intellectual kind, are almost all dead; the new are of little moment to us,—not worth naming in comparison, The chief, perhaps, is a certain young Marchese Lucchesini, who comes about this time, ["Chamberlain [titular, with Pension, 9th May, 1780, age then 28" (Preuss, iv. 211);—arrived when or how is not said.] and continues in more and more favor both with Friedrich and his Successor,—employed even in Diplomats by the latter. An accomplished young Gentleman, from Lucca; of fine intelligence, and, what was no less essential to him here, a perfect propriety in breeding and carriage. One makes no acquaintance with him in these straggling records, nor desires to make any. It was he that brought the inane, ever scribbling Denina hither, if that can be reckoned a merit. Inane Denina came as Academician, October, 1782; saw Friedrich, [Rodenbeck, iii. 285, 286.] at least once ("Academician, Pension; yes, yes!")—and I know not whether any second time.

Friedrich, on loss of friends, does not take refuge in solitude; he tries always for something of substitute; sees his man once or twice,—in several instances once only, and leaves him to his pension in sinecure thenceforth. Cornelius de Pauw, the rich Canon of Xanten (Uncle of Anacharsis Klotz, the afterwards renowned), came on those principles; hung on for six months, not liked, not liking; and was then permitted to go home for good, his pension with him. Another, a Frenchman, whose name I forget, sat gloomily in Potsdam, after his rejection; silent (not knowing German), unclipt, unkempt, rough as Nebuchadnezzar, till he died. De Catt is still a resource; steady till almost the end, when somebody's tongue, it is thought, did him ill with the King.

Alone, or almost alone, of the ancient set is Bastiani; a tall, black–browed man, with uncommonly bright eyes, now himself old, and a comfortable Abbot in Silesia; who comes from time to time, awakening the King into his pristine topics and altitudes. Bastiani's history is something curious: as a tall Venetian Monk (son of a tailor in Venice), he had been crimped by Friedrich Wilhelm's people; Friedrich found him serving as a Potsdam Giant, but discerned far other faculties in the bright–looking man, far other knowledges; and gradually made him what we see. Banter him sometimes that he will rise to be Pope one day, so cunning and clever is he: "What will you say to me, a Heretic, when you get to be Pope; tell me now; out with it, I insist!" Bastiani parried, pleaded, but unable to get off, made what some call his one piece of wit: "I will say: O Royal Eagle, screen me with thy wings, but spare me with thy sharp beak!" This is Bastiani's one recorded piece of wit; for he was tacit rather, and practically watchful, and did not waste his fine intellect in that way.

Foreign Visitors there are in plenty; now and then something brilliant going. But the old Generals seem to be mainly what the King has for company. Dinner always his bright hour; from ten to seven guests daily. Seidlitz, never of intelligence on any point but Soldiering, is long since dead; Ziethen comes rarely, and falls asleep when

he does; General Gortz (brother of the Weimar–Munchen Gortz); Buddenbrock (the King's comrade in youth, in the Reinsberg times), who has good faculty; Prittwitz (who saved him at Kunersdorf, and is lively, though stupid); General and Head–Equerry Schwerin, of headlong tongue, not witty, but the cause of wit; Major Graf von Pinto, a magniloquent Ex–Austrian ditto ditto: these are among his chief dinner–guests. If fine speculation do not suit, old pranks of youth, old tales of war, become the staple conversation; always plenty of banter on the old King's part;—who sits very snuffy (says the privately ill–humored Busching) and does not sufficiently abhor grease on his fingers, or keep his nails quite clean. Occasionally laughs at the Clergy, too; and has little of the reverence seemly in an old King. The truth is, Doctor, he has had his sufferings from Human Stupidity; and was always fond of hitting objects on the raw. For the rest, as you may see, heartily an old Stoic, and takes matters in the rough; avoiding useless despondency above all; and intent to have a cheerful hour at dinner if he can.

Visits from his Kindred are still pretty frequent; never except on invitation. For the rest, completely an old Bachelor, an old Military Abbot; with business for every hour. Princess Amelia takes care of his linen, not very well, the dear old Lady, who is herself a cripple, suffering, and voiceless, speaking only in hoarse whisper. I think I have heard there were but twelve shirts, not in first–rate order, when the King died. A King supremely indifferent to small concerns; especially to that of shirts and tailorages not essential. Holds to Literature, almost more than ever; occasionally still writes; [For one instance: The famous Pamphlet, *DE LA LITTERATURE ALLEMANDE* (containing his onslaught on Shakspeare, and his first salutation, with the reverse of welcome, to Goethe's *GOTZ VON BERLICHINGEN*);—printed, under stupid Thiebault's care, Berlin, 1780. Stands now in *OEuvres de Frederic*, vii. 89–122. The last Pieces of all are chiefly *MILITARY INSTRUCTIONS* of a practical or official nature.] has his daily Readings, Concerts, Correspondences as usual:— readers can conceive the dim Household Picture, dimly reported withal. The following Anecdotes may be added as completion of it, or at least of all I have to say on it:—

YOU GO ON WEDNESDAY, THEN?—"Loss of time was one of the losses Friedrich could least stand. In visits even from his Brothers and Sisters, which were always by his own express invitation, he would say some morning (call it Tuesday morning): 'You are going on Wednesday, I am sorry to hear' (what YOU never heard before)!— 'Alas, your Majesty, we must!' 'Well, I am sorry: but I will lay no constraint on you. Pleasant moments cannot last forever!' And sometimes, after this had been agreed to; he would say: 'But cannot you stay till Thursday, then? Come, one other day of it!'—'Well, since your Majesty does graciously press!' And on Thursday, not Wednesday, on those curious terms, the visit would terminate. This trait is in the Anecdote–Books: but its authenticity does not rest on that uncertain basis; singularly enough, it comes to me, individually, by two clear stages, from Friedrich's Sister the Duchess of Brunswick, who, if anybody, would know it well!" [My informant is Sir George Sinclair, Baronet, of Thurso; his was the distinguished Countess of Finlater, still remembered for her graces of mind and person, who had been Maid–of–Honor to the Duchess.]

DINNER WITH THE QUEEN.—The Queen, a prudent, simple–minded, worthy person, of perfect behavior in a difficult position, seems to have been much respected in Berlin Society and the Court Circles. Nor was the King wanting in the same feeling towards her; of which there are still many proofs: but as to personal intercourse,—what a figure has that gradually taken! Preuss says, citing those who saw: "When the King, after the Seven–Years War, now and then, in Carnival season, dined with the Queen in her Apartments, he usually said not a word to her. He merely, on entering, on sitting down at table and on leaving it, made the customary bow; and sat opposite to her. Once, in the Seventies [years 1770, years now past], the Queen was ill of gout; table was in her Apartments; but she herself was not there, she sat in an easy–chair in the drawing–room. On this occasion the King stepped up to the Queen, and inquired about her health. The circumstance occasioned, among the company present, and all over Town as the news spread, great wonder and sympathy (*VERWUNDERUNG UND THEILNAHME*). This is probably the last time he ever spoke to her." [Preuss, iv. 187.]

THE TWO GRAND–NEPHEWS.—"The King was fond of children; liked to have his Grand–Nephews about him. One day, while the King sat at work in his Cabinet, the younger of the two, a boy of eight or nine [who died soon after twenty], was playing ball about the room; and knocked it once and again into the King's writing operation; who twice or oftener flung it back to him, but next time put it in his pocket, and went on. 'Please your Majesty, give it me back!' begged the Boy; and again begged: Majesty took no notice; continued writing. Till at length came, in the tone of indignation, 'Will your Majesty give me my ball, then?' The King looked up; found the little Hohenzollern planted firm, hands on haunches, and wearing quite a peremptory air. 'Thou art a brave little

fellow; they won't get Silesia out of thee!' cried he laughing, and flinging him his ball." [Fischer, ii. 445 ("year 1780").]

Of the elder Prince, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm III. (Father of the now King), there is a much more interesting Anecdote, and of his own reporting too, though the precise terms are irrecoverable: "How the King, questioning him about his bits of French studies, brought down a LA FONTAINE from the shelves, and said, 'Translate me this Fable;' which the Boy did, with such readiness and correctness as obtained the King's praises: praises to an extent that was embarrassing, and made the honest little creature confess, 'I did it with my Tutor, a few days since!' To the King's much greater delight; who led him out to walk in the Gardens, and, in a mood of deeper and deeper seriousness, discoursed and exhorted him on the supreme law of truth and probity that lies on all men, and on all Kings still more; one of his expressions being, 'Look at this high thing [the Obelisk they were passing in the Gardens], its UPRIGHTNESS is its strength (SA DROITURE FAIT SA FORCE);' and his final words, 'Remember this evening, my good Fritz; perhaps thou wilt think of it, long after, when I am gone.' As the good Friedrich Wilhelm III. declares piously he often did, in the storms of fate that overtook him." [R. F. Eylert, *Charakterzüge und historische Fragmente aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen Friedrich Wilhelm III.* (Magdeburg, 1843), i. 450–456. This is a "King's Chaplain and Bishop Eylert:" undoubtedly he heard this Anecdote from his Master, and was heard repeating it; but the dialect his Editors have put it into is altogether tawdry, modern, and impossible to take for that of Friedrich, or even, I suppose, of Friedrich Wilhelm III.]

Industrial matters, that of Colonies especially, of drainages, embankments, and reclaiming of waste lands, are a large item in the King's business,—readers would not guess how large, or how incessant. Under this head there is on record, and even lies at my hand translated into English, what might be called a Colonial DAY WITH FRIEDRICH (Day of July 23d, 1779; which Friedrich, just come home from the Bavarian War, spent wholly, from 5 in the morning onward, in driving about, in earnest survey of his Colonies and Land-Improvements in the Potsdam-Ruppin Country); curious enough Record, by a certain Bailiff or Overseer, who rode at his chariot-side, of all the questions, criticisms and remarks of Friedrich on persons and objects, till he landed at Ruppin for the night. Taken down, with forensic, almost with religious exactitude, by the Bailiff in question; a Nephew of the Poet Gleim,—by whom it was published, the year after Friedrich's death; [Is in *Anekdoten und Charakterzüge*, No. 8 (Berlin, 1787), pp. 15–79.] and by many others since. It is curiously authentic, characteristic in parts, though in its bald forensic style rather heavy reading. Luckier, for most readers, that inexorable want of room has excluded it, on the present occasion! [Printed now (in Edition 1868, for the first time), as APPENDIX to this Volume.]

No reader adequately fancies, or could by any single Document be made to do so, the continual assiduity of Friedrich in regard to these interests of his. The strictest Husbandman is not busier with his Farm, than Friedrich with his Kingdom throughout;—which is indeed a FARM leased him by the Heavens; in which not a gate-bar can be broken, nor a stone or sod roll into the smallest ditch, but it is to his the Husbandman's damage, and must be instantly looked after. There are Meetings with the Silesian manufacturers (in Review time), Dialogues ensuing, several of which have been preserved; strange to read, however dull. There are many scattered evidences;—and only slowly does, not the thing indeed, but the degree of the thing, become fully credible. Not communicable, on the terms prescribed us at present; and must be left to the languid fancy, like so much else.

Here is an Ocular View, here are several such, which we yet happily have, of the actual Friedrich as he looked and lived. These, at a cheap rate, throw transiently some flare of illumination over his Affairs and him: these let me now give; and these shall be all.

PRINCE DE LIGNE, AFTER TEN YEARS, SEES FRIEDRICH A SECOND TIME; TIME; AND REPORTS WHAT WAS SAID.

In Summer, 1780, as we mentioned, Kaiser Joseph was on his first Visit to the Czarina. They met at Mohilow on the Dnieper, towards the end of May; have been roving about, as if in mere galas and amusements (though with a great deal of business incidentally thrown in), for above a month since, when Prince de Ligne is summoned to join them at Petersburg. He goes by Berlin, stays at Potsdam with Friedrich for about a week; and reports to Polish Majesty these new Dialogues of 1780, the year after sending him those of Mährisch-Neustadt of 1770, which we read above. Those were written down from memory, in 1785; these in 1786,—and "towards the end of it," as is internally evident. Let these also be welcome to us on such terms as there are.

"Since your Majesty [Quasi-Majesty, of Poland] is willing to lose another quarter of an hour of that time, which you employ so well in gaining the love of all to whom you deign to make yourself known, here is my

Second Interview. It can be of interest only to you, Sire, who have known the King, and who discover traits of character in what to another are but simple words. One finds in few others that confidence, or at least that kindness (BONHOMIE), which characterizes your Majesty. With you, one can indulge in rest; but with the King of Prussia, one had always to be under arms, prepared to parry and to thrust, and to keep the due middle between a small attack and a grand defence. I proceed to the matter in hand, and shall speak to you of him for the last time.

"He had made me promise to come to Berlin. I hastened thither directly after that little War [Potato–War], which he called 'an action where he had come as bailiff to perform an execution.' The result for him, as is known, was a great expense of men, of horses and money; some appearance of good faith and disinterestedness; little honor in the War; a little honesty in Policy, and much bitterness against us Austrians. The King began, without knowing why, to prohibit Austrian Officers from entering his Territories without an express order, signed by his own hand. Similar prohibition, on the part of our Court, against Prussian Officers and mutual constraint, without profit or reason. I, for my own part, am of confident humor; I thought I should need no permission, and I think still I could have done without one. But the desire of having a Letter from the great Friedrich, rather than the fear of being ill–received, made me write to him. My Letter was all on fire with my enthusiasm, my admiration, and the fervor of my sentiment for that sublime and extraordinary being; and it brought me three charming Answers from him. He gave me, in detail, almost what I had given him in the gross; and what he could not return me in admiration,—for I do not remember to have gained a battle,—he accorded me in friendship. For fear of missing, he had written to me from Potsdam, to Vienna, to Dresden, and to Berlin. [In fine, at Potsdam I was, SATURDAY, 9th JULY, 1780, waiting ready;—stayed there about a week.] ["9th (or 10th) July, 1780" (Rodenbeck, iii. 233): "Stayed till 16th."]

"While waiting for the hour of 12, with my Son Charles and M. de Lille [Abbe de Lille, prose–writer of something now forgotten; by no means lyrical DE LISLE, of LES JARDINS], to be presented to the King, I went to look at the Parade;—and, on its breaking up, was surrounded, and escorted to the Palace, by Austrian deserters, and particularly from my own regiment, who almost caressed me, and asked my pardon for having left me.

"The hour of presentation struck. The King received me with an unspeakable charm. The military coldness of a General's Head–quarters changed into a soft and kindly welcome. He said to me, 'He did not think I had so big a Son.'

EGO. "'He is even married, Sire; has been so these twelve months.'

KING. "'May I (OSERAIS–JE) ask you to whom?' He often used this expression, 'OSERAIS–JE;' and also this: 'If you permit me to have the honor to tell you, SI VOUS ME PERMETTES D'AVOIR L'HONNEUR DE VOUS DIRE.'

EGO. "'To a Polish–Lady, a Massalska.'

KING (to my Son). "'What, a Massalska? Do you know what her Grandmother did?'

"'No, Sire,' said Charles.

KING. "'She put the match to the cannon at the Siege of Dantzic with her own hand; [February, 1734, in poor Stanislaus Leczinski's SECOND fit of Royalty: supra vi. 465.] she fired, and made others fire, and defended herself, when her party, who had lost head, thought only of surrendering.'

EGO. "'Women are indeed undefinable; strong and weak by turns, indiscreet, dissembling, they are capable of anything.' 'Without doubt,' said M. de Lille, distressed that nothing had yet been said to him, and with a familiarity which was not likely to succeed; 'Without doubt. Look—' said he. The King interrupted him. I cited some traits in support of my opinion,—as that of the woman Hachette at the Siege of Beauvais. [A.D. 1472; Burgundians storming the wall had their flag planted; flag and flag–bearer are hurled into the ditch by Hachette and other inspired women,—with the finest results.] The King made a little excursion to Rome and to Sparta: he liked to promenade there. After half a second of silence, to please De Lille, I told the King that M. de Voltaire died in De Lille's arms. That caused the King to address some questions to him; he answered in rather too long–drawn a manner, and went away. Charles and I stayed dinner." This is day first in Potsdam.

"Here, for five hours daily, the King's encyclopedical conversation enchanted me completely. Fine arts, war, medicine, literature and religion, philosophy, ethics, history and legislation, in turns passed in review. The fine centuries of Augustus and of Louis XIV.; good society among the Romans, among the Greeks, among the French; the chivalry of Francois I.; the frankness and valor of Henri IV.; the new–birth (RENAISSANCE) of Letters and their revolution since Leo X.; anecdotes about the clever men of other times, and the trouble they give; M. de

Voltaire's slips; susceptibilities of M. de Maupertuis; Algarotti's agreeable ways; fine wit of Jordan; D'Argens's hypochondria, whom the King would send to bed for four—and—twenty hours by simply telling him that he looked ill;—and, in fine, what not? Everything, the most varied and piquant that could be said, came from him,—in a most soft tone of voice; rather low than otherwise, and no less agreeable than were the movements of his lips, which had an inexpressible grace.

"It was this, I believe, which prevented one's observing that he was, in fact, like Homer's heroes, somewhat of a talker (UN PEU BABILLARD), though a sublime one. It is to their voices, their noise and gestures, that talkers often owe their reputation as such; for certainly one could not find a greater talker than the King; but one was delighted at his being so. Accustomed to talk to Marquis Lucchesini, in the presence of only four or five Generals who did not understand French, he compensated in this way for his hours of labor, of study, of meditation and solitude. At least, said I to myself, I must get in a word. He had just mentioned Virgil. I said:—

EGO. "What a great Poet, Sire; but what a bad gardener!"

KING. "Ah, to whom do you tell that! Have not I tried to plant, sow, till, dig, with the GEORGICS in my hand? "But, Monsieur," said my man, "you are a fool (BETE), and your Book no less; it is not in that way one goes to work." Ah, MON DIEU, what a climate! Would you believe it, Heaven, or the Sun, refuse me everything? Look at my poor orange—trees, my olive—trees, lemon—trees: they are all starving.'

EGO. "It would appear, then, nothing but laurels flourish with you, Sire.' (The King gave me a charming look; and to cover an inane observation by an absurd one, I added quickly:) 'Besides, Sire, there are too many GRENADIERS [means, in French, POMEGRANATES as well as GRENADIERS,—peg of one's little joke!] in this Country; they eat up everything!' The King burst out laughing; for it is only absurdities that cause laughter.

"One day I had turned a plate to see of what, porcelain it was. 'Where do you think it comes from?' asked the King.

EGO. "I thought it was Saxon; but, instead of two swords [the Saxon mark], I see only one, which is well worth both of them.'

KING. "It is a sceptre.'

EGO. "I beg your Majesty's pardon; but it is so much like a sword, that one could easily mistake it for one.' And such was really the case. This, it, is known, is the mark of the Berlin china. As the King sometimes PLAYED KING, and thought himself, sometimes, extremely magnificent while taking up a walking—stick or snuffbox with a few wretched little diamonds running after one another on it, I don't quite know whether he was infinitely pleased with my little allegory.

"One day, as I entered his room, he came towards me, saying, 'I tremble to announce bad news to you. I have just heard that Prince Karl of Lorraine is dying.' [Is already dead, "at Brussels, July 4th;" Duke of Sachsen—Teschen and Wife Christine succeeded him as Joint—Governors in those parts.] He looked at me to see the effect this would have; and observing some tears escaping from my eyes, he, by gentlest transitions, changed the conversation; talked of war, and of the Marechal de Lacy. He asked me news about Lacy; and said, 'That is a man of the greatest merit. In former time, Count Mercy among yourselves [killed, while commanding in chief, at the Battle of Parma in 1733], Puysegur among the French, had some notions of marches and encampments; one sees from Hyginus's Book [ancient Book] ON CASTRAMETATION, that the Greeks also were much occupied with the subject: but your Marechal surpasses the Ancients, the Moderns and all the most famous men who have meddled with it. Thus, whenever he was your Quartermaster—General, if you will permit me to make the remark to you, I did not gain the least advantage. Recollect the two Campaigns of 1758 and 1759; you succeeded in everything. I often said to myself, 'Shall I never get rid of that man, then?' You yourselves got me rid of him; and—[some liberal or even profuse eulogy of Lacy, who is De Ligne's friend; which we can omit].

"Next day the King, as soon as he saw me, came up; saying with the most penetrated air: 'If you are to learn the loss of a man who loved you, and who did honor to mankind, it will be better that it be from some one who feels it as deeply as I do. Poor Prince Karl is no more. Others, perhaps, are made to replace him in your heart; but few Princes will replace him with regard to the beauty of his soul and to all his virtues.' In saying this, his emotion became extreme. I said: 'Your Majesty's regrets are a consolation; and you did not wait for his death to speak well of him. There are fine verses with reference to him in the Poem, SUR L'ART DE LA GUERRE.' My emotion troubled me against my will; however, I repeated them to him. ["*Soutien de mes rivaux, digne appui de ta reine,*

Charles, d'un ennemi sourd aux cris de la haine

Recois l'eloge" ... (for crossing the Rhine in 1744): ten rather noble lines, still worth reading; as indeed the whole Poem well is, especially to soldier students (L'ART DE LA GUERRE, Chant vi.: *OEuvres de Frederic*, x. 273.)] The Man of Letters seemed to appreciate my knowing them by heart.

KING. "His passage of the Rhine was a very fine thing;—but the poor Prince depended upon so many people! I never depended upon anybody but myself; sometimes too much so for my luck. He was badly served, not too well obeyed: neither the one nor the other ever was the case with me.—Your General Nadasti appeared to me a great General of Cavalry?' Not sharing the King's opinion on this point, I contented myself with saying, that Nadasti was very brilliant, very fine at musketry, and that he could have led his hussars to the world's end and farther (DANS L'ENFER), so well did he know how to animate them.

KING. "What has become of a brave Colonel who played the devil at Rossbach? Ah, it was the Marquis de Voghera, I think?—Yes, that's it; for I asked his name after the Battle.'

EGO. "He is General of Cavalry.'

KING. "PERDI! It needed a considerable stomach for fight, to charge like your Two Regiments of Cuirassiers there, and, I believe, your Hussars also: for the Battle was lost before it began.'

EGO. "Apropos of M. de Voghera, is your Majesty aware of a little thing he did before charging? He is a boiling, restless, ever-eager kind of man; and has something of the good old Chivalry style. Seeing that his Regiment would not arrive quick enough, he galloped ahead of it; and coming up to the Commander of the Prussian Regiment of Cavalry which he meant to attack, he saluted him as on parade; the other returned the salute; and then, Have at each other like madmen.'

KING. "A very good style it is! I should like to know that man; I would thank him for it.—Your General von Ried, then, had got the devil in him, that time at Eilenburg [spurt of fight there, in the Meissen regions, I think in Year 1758, when the D'Ahremberg Dragoons got so cut up], to let those brave Dragoons, who so long bore your Name with glory, advance between Three of my Columns?'— He had asked me the same question at the Camp of Neustadt ten years since; and in vain had I told him that it was not M. de Ried; that Ried did not command them at all; and that the fault was Marechal Daun's, who ought not to have sent them into that Wood of Eilenburg, still less ordered them to halt there without even sending a patrol forward. The King could not bear our General von Ried, who had much displeased him as Minister at Berlin; and it was his way to put down everything to the account of people he disliked.

KING. "When I think of those devils of Saxon Camps [Summer, 1760],—they were unattackable citadels! If, at Torgau, M. de Lacy had still been Quartermaster-General, I should not have attempted to attack him. But there I saw at once the Camp was ill chosen.'

EGO. "The superior reputation of Camps sometimes causes a desire to attempt them. For instance, I ask your Majesty's pardon, but I have always thought you would at last have attempted that of Plauen, had the War continued.'

KING. "Oh, no, indeed! There was no way of taking that one.'

EGO. "Does n't your Majesty think: With a good battery on the heights of Dolschen, which commanded us; with some battalions, ranked behind each other in the Ravine, attacking a quarter of an hour before daybreak [and so forth, at some length,—excellent for soldier readers who know the Plauen Chasm], you could have flung us out of that almost impregnable Place of Refuge?'

KING. "And your battery on the Windberg, which would have scourged my poor battalions, all the while, in your Ravine?'

EGO. "But, Sire, the night?'

KING. "Oh, you could not miss us even by grope. That big hollow that goes from Burg, and even from Potschappel,—it would have poured like a water-spout [or fire-spout] over us. You see, I am not so brave as you think.'

"The Kaiser had set out for his Interview [First Interview, and indeed it is now more than half done, a good six weeks of it gone] with the Czarina of Russia. That Interview the King did not like [no wonder]:—and, to undo the good it had done us, he directly, and very unskilfully, sent the Prince Royal to Petersburg [who had not the least success there, loutish fellow, and was openly snubbed by a Czarina gone into new courses]. His Majesty already doubted that the Court of Russia was about to escape him:—and I was dying of fear lest, in the middle of all his kindnesses, he should remember that I was an Austrian. 'What,' said I to myself, 'not a single epigram on us, or on

our Master? What a change!

"One day, at dinner, babbling Pinto said to the person sitting next him, 'This Kaiser is a great traveller; there never was one who went so far.' 'I ask your pardon, Monsieur,' said the King; 'Charles Fifth went to Africa; he gained the Battle of Oran.' And, turning towards me,—who couldn't guess whether it was banter or only history,—'This time,' said he, 'the Kaiser is more fortunate than Charles Twelfth; like Charles, he entered Russia by Mohilow; but it appears to me he will arrive at Moscow.'

"The same Pinto, one day, understanding the King was at a loss whom to send as Foreign Minister some-whither, said to him: 'Why does not your Majesty think of sending Lucchesini, who is a man of much brilliancy (HOMME D'ESPRIT)?' 'It is for that very reason,' answered the King, 'that I want to keep him. I had rather send you than him, or a dull fellow like Monsieur—' I forget whom, but believe it is one whom he did appoint Minister somewhere.

"M. de Lucchesini, by the charm of his conversation, brought out that of the King's. He knew what topics were agreeable to the King; and then, he knew how to listen; which is not so easy as one thinks, and which no stupid man was ever capable of. He was as agreeable to everybody as to his Majesty, by his seductive manners and by the graces of his mind. Pinto, who had nothing to risk, permitted himself everything. Says he: 'Ask the Austrian General, Sire, all he saw me do when in the service of the Kaiser.'

EGO. "'A fire-work at my Wedding, was n't that it, my dear Pinto?'

KING (interrupting). "'Do me the honor to say whether it was successful?'

EGO. "'No, Sire; it even alarmed all my relations, who thought it a bad omen. Monsieur the Major here had struck out the idea of joining Two flaming Hearts, a very novel image of a married couple. But the groove they were to slide on, and meet, gave way: my Wife's heart went, and mine remained.'

KING. "'You see, Pinto, you were not good for much to those people, any more than to me.'

EGO. "'Oh, Sire, your Majesty, since then, owes him some compensation for the sabre-cuts he had on his head.'

KING. "'He gets but too much compensation. Pinto, did n't I send you yesterday some of my good Preussen honey?'

PINTO. "'Oh, surely;—it was to make the thing known. If your Majesty could bring that into vogue, and sell it all, you would be the greatest King in the world. For your Kingdom produces only that; but of that there is plenty.'

"Do you know,' said the King, one day, to me,—'Do you know that the first soldiering I did was for the House of Austria? MON DIEU, how the time passes!'—He had a way of slowly bringing his hands together, in ejaculating these MON-DIEUS, which gave him quite a good-natured and extremely mild air.—(Do you know that I saw the glittering of the last rays of Prince Eugen's genius?'

EGO. "'Perhaps it was at these rays that your Majesty's genius lit itself.'

KING. "'EH, MON DIEU! who could equal the Prince Eugen?'

EGO. "'He who excels him;—for instance, he who could win Twelve Battles!'—He put on his modest air. I have always said, it is easy to be modest, if you are in funds. He seemed as though he had not understood me, and said:—

KING. "'When the cabal which, during forty years, the Prince had always had to struggle with in his Army, were plotting mischief on him, they used to take advantage of the evening time, when his spirits, brisk enough in the morning, were jaded by the fatigues of the day. It was thus they persuaded him to undertake his bad March on Mainz' [March not known to me].

EGO. "'Regarding yourself, Sire, and the Rhine Campaign, you teach me nothing. I know everything your Majesty did, and even what you said. I could relate to you your Journeys to Strasburg, to Holland, and what passed in a certain Boat. Apropos of this Rhine Campaign, one of our old Generals, whom I often set talking, as one reads an old Manuscript, has told me how astonished he was to see a young Prussian Officer, whom he did not know, answering a General of the late King, who had given out the order, Not to go a-foraging: "And I, Sir, I order you to go; our Army needs it; in short, I will have it so (JE LE VEUX)!—"

KING. "'You look at me too much from the favorable side! Ask these Gentlemen about my humors and my caprices; they will tell you fine things of me.'

"We got talking of some Anecdotes which are consigned to, or concealed in, certain obscure Books. 'I have

been much amused, said I to the King, (with the big cargo of Books, true or false, written by French Refugees, which perhaps are unknown in France itself.' [Discourses a little on this subject.]

KING. "'Where did you pick up all these fine old Pieces? These would amuse me on an evening; better than the conversation of my Doctor of the Sorbonne [one Peyrau, a wandering creature, not otherwise of the least interest to us], [Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, ii. 133 n.] whom I have here, and whom I am trying to convert.'

EGO. "'I found them all in a Bohemian Library, where I sat diverting myself for two Winters.'

KING. "'How, then? Two Winters in Bohemia? What the devil were you doing there! Is it long since?'

EGO. "'No, Sire; only a year or two [Potato–War time]! I had retired thither to read at my ease.'—He smiled, and seemed to appreciate my not mentioning the little War of 1778, and saving him any speech about it. He saw well enough that my Winter–quarters had been in Bohemia on that occasion; and was satisfied with my reticence. Being an old sorcerer, who guessed everything, and whose tact was the finest ever known, he discovered that I did not wish to tell him I found Berlin changed since I had last been there. I took care not to remind him that I was at the capturing of it in 1760, under M. de Lacy's orders [M. de Lacy's indeed!].—It was for having spoken of the first capture of Berlin, by Marshal Haddick [highly temporary as it was, and followed by Rossbach], that the King had taken a dislike to M. de Ried.

"Apropos of the Doctor of the Sorbonne [uninteresting Peyrau] with whom he daily disputed, the King said to me once, 'Get me a Bishopric for him.' 'I don't think,' answered I, (that my recommendation, or that of your Majesty, could be useful to him with us.' 'Ah, truly no!' said the King: 'Well, I will write to the Czarina of Russia for this poor devil; he does begin to bore me. He holds out as Jansenist, forsooth. MON DIEU, what blockheads the present Jansenists are! But France should not have extinguished that nursery (FOYER) of their genius, that Port Royal, extravagant as it was. Indeed, one ought to destroy nothing! Why have they destroyed, too, the Depositaries of the graces of Rome and of Athens, those excellent Professors of the Humanities, and perhaps of Humanity, the Ex–Jesuit Fathers? Education will be the loser by it. But as my Brothers the Kings, most Catholic, most Christian, most Faithful and Apostolic, have tumbled them out, I, most Heretical, pick up as many as I can; and perhaps, one day, I shall be courted for the sake of them by those who want some. I preserve the breed: I said, counting my stock the other day, "A Rector like you, my Father, I could easily sell for 300 thalers; you, Reverend Father Provincial, for 600; and so the rest, in proportion." When one is not rich, one makes speculations.'

"From want of memory, and of opportunities to see oftener and longer the Greatest Man that ever existed [Oh, MON PRINCE!], I am obliged to stop. There is not a word in all this but was his own; and those who have seen him will recognize his manner. All I want is, to make him known to those who have not had the happiness to see him. His eyes are too hard in the Portraits: by work in the Cabinet, and the hardships of War, they had become intense, and of piercing quality; but they softened finely in hearing, or telling, some trait of nobleness or sensibility. Till his death, and but quite shortly before it,—notwithstanding many levities which he knew I had allowed myself, both in speaking and writing, and which he surely attributed only to my duty as opposed to my interest,—he deigned to honor me with marks of his remembrance; and has often commissioned his Ministers, at Paris and at Vienna, to assure me of his good–will.

"I no longer believe in earthquakes and eclipses at Caesar's death, since there has been nothing of such at that of Friedrich the Great. I know not, Sire, whether great phenomena of Nature will announce the day when you shall cease to reign [great phenomena must be very idle if they do, your Highness!].—but it is a phenomenon in the world, that of a King who rules a Republic by making himself obeyed and respected for his own sake, as much as by his rights" (Hear, hear). [Prince de Ligne, *Memoires et Melanges*, i. 22–40.]

Prince de Ligne thereupon hurries off for Petersburg, and the final Section of his Kaiser's Visit. An errand of his own, too, the Prince had,—about his new Daughter–in–law Massalska, and claims of extensive Polish Properties belonging to her. He was the charm of Petersburg and the Czarina; but of the Massalska Properties could retrieve nothing whatever. The munificent Czarina gave him "a beautiful Territory in the Crim," instead; and invited him to come and see it with her, on his Kaiser's next Visit (1787, the aquatic Visit and the highly scenic). Which it is well known the Prince did; and has put on record, in his pleasant, not untrue, though vague, high–colored and fantastic way,—if it or he at all concerned us farther.

HOW GENERAL VON DER MARWITZ, IN EARLY BOYHOOD, SAW FRIEDRICH THE GREAT THREE TIMES (1782–1785).

General von der Marwitz, who died not many years ago, is of the old Marwitz kindred, several of whom we

have known for their rugged honesties, genialities and peculiar ways. This General, it appears, had left a kind of Autobiography; which friends of his thought might be useful to the Prussian Public, after those Radical distractions which burst out in 1848 and onwards; and a first Volume of the MARWITZ POSTHUMOUS PAPERS was printed accordingly, [NACHLASS DES GENERAL VON DER MARWITZ (Berlin, 1852), 1 vol. 8vo.] --whether any more I have not heard; though I found this first Volume an excellent substantial bit of reading; and the Author a fine old Prussian Gentleman, very analogous in his structure to the fine old English ditto; who showed me the PER-CONTRA side of this and the other much-celebrated modern Prussian person and thing, Prince Hardenberg, Johannes von Muller and the like;--and yielded more especially the following Three Reminiscences of Friedrich, beautiful little Pictures, bathed in morning light, and evidently true to the life:--

1. JUNE, 1782 OR 1783. "The first time I saw him was in 1782 (or it might be 1783, in my sixth year)," middle of June, whichever year, "as he was returning from his Annual Review in Preussen [WEST- Preussen, never revisits the Konigsberg region], and stopped to change horses at Dolgelin." Dolgelin is in Mullrose Country, westward of Frankfurt-on-Oder; our Marwitz Schloss not far from it. "I had been sent with Mamsell Benezet," my French Governess; "and, along with the Clergyman of Dolgelin, we waited for the King.

"The King, on his journeys, generally preferred, whether at midday or for the night, to halt in some Country place, and at the Parsonages most of all; probably because he was quieter there than in the Towns. To the Clergyman this was always a piece of luck; not only because, if he pleased the King, he might chance to get promoted; but because he was sure of profitable payment, at any rate; the King always ordering 50 thalers [say 10 guineas] for his noon halt, and for his night's lodging 100. The little that the King ate was paid for over and above. It is true, his Suite expected to be well treated; but this consisted only of one or two individuals. Now, the King had been wont almost always, on these journeys homewards, to pass the last night of his expedition with the Clergyman of Dolgelin; and had done so last year, with this present one who was then just installed; with him, as with his predecessor, the King had talked kindly, and the 100 thalers were duly remembered. Our good Parson flattered himself, therefore, that this time too the same would happen; and he had made all preparations accordingly.

"So we waited there, and a crowd of people with us. The team of horses stood all ready (peasants' horses, poor little cats of things, but the best that could be picked, for there were then no post-horses THAT COULD RUN FAST);--the country-fellows that were to ride postilion all decked, and ten head of horses for the King's coach: wheelers, four, which the coachman drove from his box; then two successive pairs before, on each pair a postilion-peasant; and upon the third pair, foremost of all, the King's outriders were to go.

"And now, at last, came the FELDJAGER [Chacer, Hunting-groom], with his big whip, on a peasant's horse, a peasant with him as attendant. All blazing with heat, he dismounted; said, The King would be here in five minutes; looked at the relays, and the fellows with the water-buckets, who were to splash the wheels; gulped down a quart of beer; and so, his saddle in the interim having been fixed on another horse, sprang up again, and off at a gallop. The King, then, was NOT to stay in Dolgelin! Soon came the Page, mounted in like style; a youth of 17 or 18; utterly exhausted; had to be lifted down from his horse, and again helped upon the fresh one, being scarcely able to stand;--and close on the rear of him arrived the King. He was sitting alone in an old-fashioned glass-coach, what they call a VIS-A-VIS (a narrow carriage, two seats fore and aft, and on each of them room for only one person). The coach was very long, like all the old carriages of that time; between the driver's box and the body of the coach was a space of at least four feet; the body itself was of pear-shape, peaked below and bellied out above; hung on straps, with rolled knuckles [WINDEN], did not rest on springs; two beams, connecting fore wheels and hind, ran not UNDER the body of the coach, but along the sides of it, the hind-wheels following with a goodly interval.

"The carriage drew up; and the King said to his coachman [the far-famed Pfund]: 'Is this Dolgelin?' 'Yes, your Majesty!'--'I stay here.' 'No,' said Pfund; 'The sun is not down yet. We can get on very well to Muncheberg to-night [ten miles ahead, and a Town too, perfidious Pfund!]'--and then to-morrow we are much earlier in Potsdam.' 'NA, HM,--well, if it must be so!'--

"And therewith they set to changing horses. The peasants who were standing far off, quite silent, with reverently bared heads, came softly nearer, and looked eagerly at the King. An old Gingerbread-woman (SOMMELFRAU) of Lebbenichen [always knew her afterwards] took me in her arm, and held me aloft close to

the coach-window. I was now at farthest an ell from the King; and I felt as if I were looking in the face of God Almighty (ES WAR MIR ALS OB ICH DEN LIEBEN GOTT ANSAHE). He was gazing steadily out before him," into the glowing West, "through the front window. He had on an old three-cornered regimental hat, and had put the hindward straight flap of it foremost, undoing the loop, so that this flap hung down in front, and screened him from the sun. The hat-strings (HUT-CORDONS," trimmings of silver or gold cord) "had got torn loose, and were fluttering about on this down-hanging front flap; the white feather in the hat was tattered and dirty; the plain blue uniform, with red cuffs, red collar and gold shoulder-bands [epaulettes WITHOUT bush at the end], was old and dusty, the yellow waistcoat covered with snuff;—for the rest, he had black-velvet breeches [and, of course, the perpetual BOOTS, of which he would allow no polishing or blacking, still less any change for new ones while they would hang together]. I thought always he would speak to me. The old woman could not long hold me up; and so she set me down again. Then the King looked at the Clergyman, beckoned him near, and asked, Whose child it was? (Herr von Marwitz of Friedersdorf's.'—'Is that the General?' 'No, the Chamberlain.' The King made no answer: he could not bear Chamberlains, whom he considered as idle fellows. The new horses were yoked; away they went. All day the peasants had been talking of the King, how he would bring this and that into order, and pull everybody over the coals who was not agreeable to them.

"Afterwards it turned out that all Clergymen were in the habit of giving 10 thalers to the coachman Pfund, when the King lodged with them: the former Clergyman of Dolgelin had regularly done it; but the new one, knowing nothing of the custom, had omitted it last year;—and that was the reason why the fellow had so pushed along all day that he could pass Dolgelin before sunset, and get his 10 thalers in Munchenberg from the Burgermeister there."

2. JANUARY, 1785. "The second time I saw the King was at the Carnival of Berlin in 1785. I had gone with my Tutor to a Cousin of mine who was a Hofdame (DAME DE COUR) to the Princess Henri, and lived accordingly in the Prince-Henri Palace,—which is now, in our days, become the University;—her Apartments were in the third story, and looked out into the garden. As we were ascending the great stairs, there came dashing past us a little old man with staring eyes, jumping down three steps at a time. My Tutor said, in astonishment, 'That is Prince Henri!' We now stepped into a window of the first story, and looked out to see what the little man had meant by those swift boundings of his. And lo, there came the King in his carriage to visit him.

"Friedrich the Second NEVER drove in Potsdam, except when on journeys, but constantly rode. He seemed to think it a disgrace, and unworthy of a Soldier, to go in a carriage: thus, when in the last Autumn of his life (this very 1785) he was so unwell in the windy Sans-Souci (where there were no stoves, but only hearth-fires), that it became necessary to remove to the Schloss in Potsdam, he could not determine to DRIVE thither, but kept hoping from day to day for so much improvement as might allow him to ride. As no improvement came, and the weather grew ever colder, he at length decided to go over under cloud of darkness, in a sedan-chair, that nobody might notice him.—So likewise during the Reviews at Berlin or Charlottenburg he appeared always on horseback: but during the Carnival in Berlin, where he usually stayed four weeks, he DROVE, and this always in Royal pomp,—thus:—

"Ahead went eight runners with their staves, plumed caps and runner-aprons [LAUFER-SCHURZE, whatever these are], in two rows. As these runners were never used for anything except this show, the office was a kind of post for Invalids of the Life-guard. A consequence of which was, that the King always had to go at a slow pace. His courses, however, were no other than from the Schloss to the Opera twice a week; and during his whole residence, one or two times to Prince Henri and the Princess Amelia [once always, too, to dine with his Wife, to whom he did not speak one word, but merely bowed at beginning and ending!]. After this the runners rested again for a year. Behind them came the Royal Carriage, with a team of eight; eight windows round it; the horses with old-fashioned harness, and plumes on their heads. Coachman and outriders all in the then Royal livery,—blue; the collar, cuffs, pockets, and all seams, trimmed with a stripe of red cloth, and this bound on both sides with small gold-cord; the general effect of which was very good. In the four boots (NEBENTRITTEN) of the coach stood four Pages, red with gold, in silk stockings, feather-hats (crown all covered with feathers), but not having plumes;—the valet's boot behind, empty; and to the rear of it, down below, where one mounts to the valet's boot [BEDIENTEN-TRITT, what is now become FOOT-BOARD], stood a groom (STALLKNECHT). Thus came the King, moving slowly along; and entered through the portal of the Palace. We looked down from the window in the stairs. Prince Henri stood at the carriage-door; the pages opened it, the King stepped out, saluted his

Brother, took him by the hand, walked upstairs with him, and thus the two passed near us (we retiring upstairs to the second story), and went into the Apartment, where now Students run leaping about."

3. MAY 23d, 1785. "The third time I saw him was that same year, at Berlin still, as he returned home from the Review. ["May 21st– 23d" (Rodenbeck, iii. 327).] My Tutor had gone with me for that end to the Halle Gate, for we already knew that on that day he always visited his Sister, Princess Amelia. He came riding on a big white horse,—no doubt old CONDE, who, twenty years after this, still got his FREE–BOARD in the ECOLE VETERINAIRE; for since the Bavarian War (1778), Friedrich hardly ever rode any other horse. His dress was the same as formerly at Dolgelin, on the journey; only that the hat was in a little better condition, properly looped up, and with the peak (but not with the LONG peak, as is now the fashion) set in front, in due military style. Behind him were a guard of Generals, then the Adjutants, and finally the grooms of the party. The whole 'Rondeel' (now Belle–Alliance Platz) and the Wilhelms–Strasse were crammed full of people; all windows crowded, all heads bare, everywhere the deepest silence; and on all countenances an expression of reverence and confidence, as towards the just steersman of all our destinies. The King rode quite alone in front, and saluted people, CONTINUALLY taking off his hat. In doing which he observed a very marked gradation, according as the on–lookers bowing to him from the windows seemed to deserve. At one time he lifted the hat a very little; at another he took it from his head, and held it an instant beside the same; at another he sunk it as far as the elbow. But these motions lasted continually; and no sooner had he put on his hat, than he saw other people, and again took it off. From the Halle Gate to the Koch–Strasse he certainly took off his hat 200 times.

"Through this reverent silence there sounded only the trampling of the horses, and the shouting of the Berlin street–boys, who went jumping before him, capering with joy, and flung up their hats into the air, or skipped along close by him, wiping the dust from his boots. I and my Tutor had gained so much room that we could run alongside of him, hat in hand, among the boys.—You see the difference between then and now. Who was it that then made the noise? Who maintained a dignified demeanor?—Who is it that bawls and bellows now? [Nobilities ought to be noble, thinks this old Marwitz, in their reverence to Nobleness. If Nobilities themselves become Washed Populaces in a manner, what are we to say?] And what value can you put on such bellowing?

"Arrived at the Princess Amelia's Palace (which, lying in the Wilhelms–Strasse, fronts also into the Koch–Strasse), the crowd grew still denser, for they expected him there: the forecourt was jammed full; yet in the middle, without the presence of any police, there was open space left for him and his attendants. He turned into the Court; the gate–leaves went back; and the aged lame Princess, leaning on two Ladies, the OBERHOFMEISTERINN (Chief Lady) behind her, came hitching down the flat steps to meet him. So soon as he perceived her, he put his horse to the gallop, pulled up, sprang rapidly down, took off his hat (which he now, however, held quite low at the full length of his arm), embraced her, gave her his arm, and again led her up the steps. The gate–leaves went to; all had vanished, and the multitude still stood, with bared head, in silence, all eyes turned to the spot where he had disappeared; and so it lasted a while, till each gathered himself and peacefully went his way.

"And yet there had nothing happened! No pomp, no fireworks, no cannon–shot, no drumming and fifing, no music, no event that had occurred! No, nothing but an old man of 73, ill–dressed, all dusty, was returning from his day's work. But everybody knew that this old man was toiling also for him; that he had set his whole life on that labor, and for five–and–forty years had not given it the slip one day! Every one saw, moreover, the fruits of this old man's labor, near and far, and everywhere around; and to look on the old man himself awakened reverence, admiration, pride, confidence,—in short all the nobler feelings of man." [*Nachlass des General von der Marwitz*, i. 15–20.]

This was May 21st, 1785; I think, the last time Berlin saw its King in that public manner, riding through the streets. The FURSTENBUND Affair is now, secretly, in a very lively state, at Berlin and over Germany at large; and comes to completion in a couple of months hence,—as shall be noticed farther on.

GENERAL BOUILLE, HOME FROM HIS WEST–INDIAN EXPLOITS, VISITS FRIEDRICH (August 5th–11th, 1784).

In these last years of his life Friedrich had many French of distinction visiting him. In 1782, the Abbe Raynal (whom, except for his power of face, he admired little); [Rodenbeck, iii. 277 n.] in 1786, Mirabeau (whose personal qualities seem to have pleased him);—but chiefly, in the interval between these two, various Military Frenchmen, now home with their laurels from the American War, coming about his Reviews: eager to see the

Great Man, and be seen by him. Lafayette, Segur and many others came; of whom the one interesting to us is Marquis de Bouille: already known for his swift sharp operation on the English Leeward Islands; and memorable afterwards to all the world for his presidency in the FLIGHT TO VARENNES of poor Louis XVI. and his Queen, in 1791; which was by no means so successful. "The brave Bouille," as we called him long since, when writing of that latter operation, elsewhere. Bouille left MEMOIRES of his own: which speak of Friedrich: in the *Vie de Bouille*, published recently by friendly hands: [Rene de Bouille, ESSAI SUR LA VIE DU MARQUIS DE BOUILLE (Paris, 1853) there is Summary given of all that his Papers say on Friedrich; this, in still briefer shape, but unchanged otherwise, readers shall now see.

"In July, 1784, Marquis de Bouille (lately returned from a visit to England), desirous to see the Prussian Army, and to approach the great Friedrich while it was yet time, travelled by way of Holland to Berlin, through Potsdam [no date; got to Berlin "August 6th;"] [Rodenbeck, iii. 309.] so that we can guess "August 5th" for his Potsdam day]. Saw, at Sans-Souci, in the vestibule, a bronze Bust of Charles XII.; in the dining-room, among other pictures, a portrait of the Chateauroux, Louis XV.'s first Mistress. In the King's bedroom, simple camp-bed, coverlet of crimson taffetas,— rather dirty, as well as the other furniture, on account of the dogs. Many books lying about: Cicero, Tacitus, Titus Livius [in French Translations]. On a chair, Portrait of Kaiser Joseph II.; same in King's Apartments in Berlin Schloss, also in the Potsdam New Palace: 'C'EST UN JEUNE HOMME QUE JE NE DOIS PAS PERDRE DE VUE.'

"King entering, took off his hat, saluting the Marquis, whom a Chamberlain called Gortz presented [no Chamberlain; a Lieutenant-General, and much about the King; his Brother, the Weimar Gortz, is gone as Prussian Minister to Petersburg some time ago]. King talked about the War DES ISLES [my West-India War], and about England. 'They [the English] are like sick people who have had a fever; and don't know how ill they have been, till the fit is over.' Fox he treated as a noisy fellow (DE BROUILLON); but expressed admiration of young Pitt. 'The coolness with which he can stand being not only contradicted, but ridiculed and insulted, CELA PARAIT AU-DESSUS DE LA PATIENCE HUMAINE.' King closed the conversation by saying he would be glad to see me in Silesia, whither he was just about to go for Reviews [will go in ten days, August 15th].

"Friedrich was 72," last January 24th. "His physiognomy, dress, appearance, are much what the numerous well-known Portraits represent him. At Court, and on great Ceremonies, he appears sometimes in black-colored stockings rolled over the knee, and rose-colored or sky-blue coat (BLEU CELESTE). He is fond of these colors, as his furniture too shows. The Marquis dined with the Prince of Prussia, without previous presentation; so simple are the manners of this Soldier Court. The Heir Presumptive lodges at a brewer's house, and in a very mean way; is not allowed to sleep from home without permission from the King."

Bouille set out for Silesia 11th August; was at Neisse in good time. "Went, at 5 A.M. [date is August 19th, Review lasts till 24th], [Rodenbeck, iii. 310.] to see the King mount. All the Generals, Prince of Prussia among them, waited in the street; outside of a very simple House, where the King lodged. After waiting half an hour, his Majesty appeared; saluted very graciously, without uttering a word. This was one of his special Reviews [that was it!]. He rode (MARCHAIT) generally alone, in utter silence; it was then that he had his REGARD TERRIBLE, and his features took the impress of severity, to say no more. [Is displeased with the Review, I doubt, though Bouille saw nothing amiss;—and merely tells us farther:] At the Reviews the King inspects strictly one regiment after another: it is he that selects the very Corporals and Sergeants, much more the Upper Officers; nominating for vacancies what Cadets are to fill them,—all of whom are Nobles." Yes, with rare exceptions, all. Friedrich, democratic as his temper was, is very strict on this point; "because," says he repeatedly, "Nobles have honor; a Noble that misbehaves, or flinches in the moment of crisis, can find no refuge in his own class; whereas a man of lower birth always can in his." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, (more than once).] Bouille continues:—

"After Review, dined with his Majesty. Just before dinner he gave to the assembled Generals the 'Order' for to-morrow's Manoeuvres [as we saw in Conway's case, ten years ago]. This lasted about a quarter of an hour; King then saluted everybody, taking off TRES-AFFECTUEUSEMENT his hat, which he immediately put on again. Had now his affable mien, and was most polite to the strangers present. At dinner, conversation turned on the Wars of Louis XIV.; then on English-American War,—King always blaming the English, whom he does not like. Dinner lasted three hours. His Majesty said more than once to me [in ill humor, I should almost guess, and wishful to hide it]: 'Complete freedom here, as if we were in our Tavern, Sir (ICI, TOUTE LIBERTE, MONSIEUR, COMME SI NOUS ETIONS AU CABARET)!' On the morrow," August 20th, "dined again. King

talked of France; of Cardinal Richelieu, whose principles of administration he praised. Repeated several times, that 'he did not think the French Nation fit for Free Government.' At the Reviews, Friedrich did not himself command; but prescribed, and followed the movements; criticised, reprimanded and so forth. On horseback six hours together, without seeming fatigued.

"King left for Breslau 25th August [24th, if it were of moment]. Bouille followed thither; dined again. Besides Officers, there were present several Polish Princes, the Bishop of the Diocese, and the Abbot Bastiani. King made pleasantries about religion [pity, that]; Bastiani not slow with repartees", of a defensive kind. "King told me, on one occasion, 'Would you believe it? I have just been putting my poor Jesuits' finances into order. They understand nothing of such things, CES BONS HOMMES. They are useful to me in forming my Catholic Clergy. I have arranged it with his Holiness the Pope, who is a friend of mine, and behaves very well to me.' Pointing from the window to the Convent of Capuchins, 'Those fellows trouble me a little with their bell-rings. They offered to stop it at night, for my sake: but I declined. One must leave everybody to his trade; theirs is to pray, and I should have been sorry to deprive them of their chimes (CARILLON).'

"The 20,000 troops, assembled at Breslau, did not gain the King's approval,"—far from it, alas, as we shall all see! "To some Chiefs of Corps he said, 'VOUS RESSEMBLEZ PLUS A DES TAILLEURS QU'A DES MILITAIRES (You are more like tailors than soldiers)!' He cashiered several, and even sent one Major-General to prison for six weeks." That of the tailors, and Major-General Erlach clapt in prison, is too true;—nor is that the saddest part of the Affair to us. "Bouille was bound now on an excursion to Prag, to a Camp of the Kaiser's there. 'Mind,' said the King, alluding to Bouille's BLUE uniform,—'mind, in the Country you are going to, they don't like the blue coats; and your Queen has even preserved the family repugnance, for she does not like them either.' [ESSAI SUR LA VIE DU MARQUIS DE BOUILLE, pp. 134–149.]

"September 5th, 1784, Bouille arrived at Prag. Austrian Manoeuvres are very different; troops, though more splendidly dressed, contrast unfavorably with Prussians;"—unfavorably, though the strict King was so dissatisfied. "Kaiser Joseph, speaking of Friedrich, always admiringly calls him 'LE ROI.' Joseph a great questioner, and answers his own questions. His tone BRUSQUE ET DECIDE. Dinner lasted one hour.

"Returned to Potsdam to assist at the Autumn Reviews", 21st–23d September, 1784. [Rodenbeck, iii. 313.] "Dinner very splendid, magnificently served; twelve handsome Pages, in blue or rose-colored velvet, waited on the Guests,—these being forty old rude Warriors booted and spurred. King spoke of the French, approvingly: 'But,' added he, 'the Court spoils everything. Those Court-fellows, with their red heels and delicate nerves, make very bad soldiers. Saxe often told me, In his Flanders Campaigns the Courtiers gave him more trouble than did Cumberland.' Talked of Marechal Richelieu; of Louis XIV., whose apology he skilfully made. Blamed, however, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Great attachment of the 'Protestant Refugees' to France and its King. 'Would you believe it?' said he: 'Under Louis XIV. they and their families used to assemble on the day of St. Louis, to celebrate the FETE of the King who persecuted them!' Expressed pity for Louis XV., and praised his good-nature.

"Friedrich, in his conversation, showed a modesty which seemed a little affected. 'S'IL M'EST PERMIS D'AVOIR UNE OPINION,' a common expression of his;—said 'opinion' on most things, on Medicine among others, being always excellent. Thinks French Literature surpasses that of the Ancients. Small opinion of English Literature: turned Shakspeare into ridicule; and made also bitter fun of German Letters,—their Language barbarous, their Authors without genius. ...

"I asked, and received permission from the King, to bring my Son to be admitted in his ACADEMIE DES GENTILSHOMMES; an exceptional favor. On parting, the King said to me: 'I hope you will return to me Marechal de France; it is what I should like; and your Nation could n't do better, nobody being in a state to render it greater services.'"

Bouille will reappear for an instant next year. Meanwhile he returns to France, "first days of October, 1784," where he finds Prince Henri; who is on Visit there for three months past. ["2d July, 1784," Prince Henri had gone (Rodenbeck, iii. 309).] A shining event in Prince Henri's Life; and a profitable; poor King Louis—what was very welcome in Henri's state of finance—having, in a delicate kingly way, insinuated into him a "Gift of 400,000 francs" (16,000 pounds): [Anonymous (De la Roche-Aymon), *Vie privée, politique et militaire du Prince Henri, Frere de Frederic II.* (a poor, vague and uninformative, though authentic little Book: Paris, 1809), pp. 219–239.]—partly by way of retaining-fee for France; "may turn to excellent account," think some, "when a

certain Nephew comes to reign yonder, as he soon must."

What Bouille heard about the Silesian Reviews is perfectly true; and only a part of the truth. Here, to the person chiefly responsible, is an indignant Letter of the King's: to a notable degree, full of settled wrath against one who is otherwise a dear old Friend:—

FRIEDRICH TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL TAUDENTZIEN INFANTRY INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF SILESIA.

"POTSDAM, 7th September, 1784.

"MY DEAR GENERAL VON TAUDENTZIEN,—While in Silesia I mentioned to you, and will now repeat in writing, That my Army in Silesia was at no time so bad as at present. Were I to make Shoemakers or Tailors into Generals, the Regiments could not be worse. Regiment THADDEN is not fit to be the most insignificant militia battalion of a Prussian Army; ROTHKIRCH and SCHWARTZ"—bad as possible all of them—"of ERLACH, the men are so spoiled by smuggling [sad industry, instead of drilling], they have no resemblance to Soldiers; KELLER is like a heap of undrilled boors; HAGER has a miserable Commander; and your own Regiment is very mediocre. Only with Graf von Anhalt [in spite of his head], with WENDESSEN and MARGRAF HEINRICH, could I be content. See you, that is the state I found the Regiments in, one after one. I will now speak of their Manoeuvring [in our Mimic Battles on the late occasion]:—

"Schwartz; at Neisse, made the unpardonable mistake of not sufficiently besetting the Height on the Left Wing; had it been serious, the Battle had been lost. At Breslau, Erlach [who is a Major-General, forsooth!], instead of covering the Army by seizing the Heights, marched off with his Division straight as a row of cabbages into that Defile; whereby, had it been earnest, the enemy's Cavalry would have cut down our Infantry, and the Fight was gone.

"It is not my purpose to lose Battles by the base conduct (LACHETE) of my Generals: wherefore I hereby appoint, That you, next year, if I be alive, assemble the Army between Breslau and Ohlau; and for four days before I arrive in your Camp, carefully manoeuvre with the ignorant Generals, and teach them what their duty is. Regiment VON ARNIM and Garrison-Regiment VON KANITZ are to act the Enemy: and whoever does not then fulfil his duty shall go to Court-Martial,—for I should think it shame of any Country (JEDEN PUISSANCE) to keep such people, who trouble themselves so little about their business. Erlach sits four weeks longer in arrest [to have six weeks of it in full]. And you have to make known this my present Declared Will to your whole Inspection.—F." [Rodenbeck, iii. 311.]

What a peppering is the excellent old Taudentzien getting! Here is a case for Kaltenborn, and the sympathies of Opposition people. But, alas, this King knows that Armies are not to be kept at the working point on cheaper terms,—though some have tried it, by grog, by sweetmeats, sweet-speeches, and found it in the end come horribly dearer! One thing is certain: the Silesian Reviews, next Year, if this King be alive, will be a terrible matter; and Military Gentlemen had better look to themselves in time! Kaltenborn's sympathy will help little; nothing but knowing one's duty, and visibly and indisputably doing it, will the least avail.

Just in the days when Bouille left him for France, Friedrich ("October, 1784") had conceived the notion of some general Confederation, or Combination in the Reich, to resist, the continual Encroachments of Austria; which of late are becoming more rampant than ever. Thus, in the last year, especially within the last six months, a poor Bishop of Passau, quasi-Bavarian, or in theory Sovereign Bishop of the Reich, is getting himself pulled to pieces (Diocese torn asunder, and masses of it forcibly sewed on to their new "Bishopric of Vienna"), in the most tragic manner, in spite of express Treaties, and of all the outcries the poor man and the Holy Father himself can make against it. [Dohm (DENKWURDIGKEITEN, iii. 46,—GESCHICHTE DER LETZTEN PERIODE FRIEDRICH'S DES ZWEITEN) gives ample particulars. Dohm's first 3 volumes call themselves "History of Friedrich's last Period, 1778-1786;" and are full of Bavarian War, 3d vol. mostly of FURSTENBUND;—all in a candid, authentic, but watery and rather wearisome way.] To this of Passau, and to the much of PANIS-BRIEFER and the like which had preceded, Friedrich, though studiously saying almost nothing, had been paying the utmost of attention:— part of Prince Henri's errand to France is thought to have been, to take soundings on those matters (on which France proves altogether willing, if able); and now, in the general emotion about Passau, Friedrich jots down in a Note to Hertzberg the above idea; with order to put it into form a little, and consult about it in the Reich with parties interested. Hertzberg took the thing up with zeal; instructed the Prussian Envoys to inquire, cautiously, everywhere; fancied he did find willingness in the Courts of the Reich, in Hanover especially: in a

word, got his various irons into the fire;—and had not proceeded far, when there rose another case of Austrian Encroachment, which eclipsed all the preceding; and speedily brought Hertzberg's irons to the welding-point. Too brief we cannot be in this matter; here are the dates, mostly from Dohm:—

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1785, on or about that day, Romanzow, Son of our old Colberg and Anti-Turk friend, who is Russian "Minister in the Ober-Rheinish Circle," appears at the little Court of Zweibruck, with a most sudden and astounding message to the Duke there:—

"Important bargain agreed upon between your Kaiser and his Highness of the Pfalz and Baiern; am commanded by my Sovereign Lady, on behalf of her friend the Kaiser, to make it known to you. Baiern all and whole made over to Austria; in return for which the now Kur-Baiern gets the Austrian Netherlands (Citadels of Limburg and Luxemburg alone excepted); and is a King henceforth, 'King of Burgundy' to be the Title, he and his fortunate Successors for all time coming. To your fortunate self, in acknowledgment of your immediate consent, Austria offers the free-gift of 100,000 pounds, and to your Brother Max of 50,000 pounds; Kur-Baiern, for his loyal conduct, is to have 150,000 pounds; and to all of you, if handsome, Austria will be handsome generally. For the rest, the thing is already settled; and your refusal will not hinder it from going forward. I request to know, within eight days, what your Highness's determination is!"

His poor Highness, thunderstruck as may be imagined, asks: "But— but— What would your Excellency advise me?" "Have n't the least advice," answers his Excellency: "will wait at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, for eight days, what your Highness's resolution is; hoping it may be a wise one;—and have the honor at present to say Good-morning." Sudden, like a thunder-bolt in winter, the whole phenomenon. This, or JANUARY 3d, when Friedrich, by Express from Zweibruck, first heard of this, may be considered as birthday of a Furstenbund now no longer hypothetic, but certain to become actual.

Zweibruck naturally shot off expresses: to Petersburg (no answer ever); to Berlin (with answer on the instant);—and in less than eight days, poor Zweibruck, such the intelligence from Berlin, was in a condition to write to Frankfurt: "Excellency; No; I do not consent, nor ever will." For King Friedrich is broad-awake again;—and Hertzberg's smithy-fires, we may conceive how the winds rose upon these, and brought matters to a welding heat!—

The Czarina,—on Friedrich's urgent remonstrance, "What is this, great Madam? To your old Ally, and from the Guaranty and Author of the Peace of Teschen!"—had speedily answered: "Far from my thoughts to violate the Peace of Teschen; very far: I fancied this was an advantageous exchange, advantageous to Zweibruck especially; but since Zweibruck thinks otherwise, of course there is an end." "Of course;"—though my Romanzow did talk differently; and the forge-fires of a certain person are getting blown at a mighty rate! Hertzberg's operation was conducted at first with the greatest secrecy; but his Envoys were busy in all likely places, his Proposal finding singular consideration; acceptance, here, there,— "A very mild and safe-looking Project, most mild in tone surely!"— and it soon came to Kaunitz's ear; most unwelcome to the new Kingdom of Burgundy and him!

Thrice over, in the months ensuing (April 13th, May 11th, June 23d), in the shape of a "Circular to all Austrian Ambassadors", [Dohm, iii. 64, 68.] Kaunitz lifted up his voice in severe dehortation, the tone of him waxing more and more indignant, and at last snuffling almost tremulous quite into alt, "against the calumnies and malices of some persons, misinterpreters of a most just Kaiser and his actions." But as the Czarina, meanwhile, declared to the Reich at large, that she held, and would ever hold, the Peace of Teschen a thing sacred, and this or any Kingdom of Burgundy, or change of the Reichs Laws, impossible,—the Kaunitz clangors availed nothing; and Furstenbund privately, but at a mighty pace, went forward. And, JUNE 29th, 1785, after much labor, secret but effective, on the part of Dohm and others, Three Plenipotentiaries, the Prussian, the Saxon, the Hanoverian ("excellent method to have only the principal Three!") met, still very privately, at Berlin; and laboring their best, had, in about four weeks, a Furstenbund Covenant complete; signed, JULY 23d, by these Three,—to whom all others that approved append themselves. As an effective respectable number, Brunswick, Hessen, Mainz and others, did, [List of them in Dohm.]—had not, indeed, the first Three themselves, especially as Hanover meant England withal, been themselves moderately sufficient.—Here, before the date quite pass, are two Clippings which may be worth their room:—

1. BOUILLE'S SECOND VISIT (Spring, 1785). May 10th, 1785,—just while FURSTENBUND, so privately, was in the birth-throes,—"Marquis de Bouille had again come to Berlin, to place his eldest Son in the

ACADEMIE DES GENTILSHOMMES; where the young man stayed two years. Was at Potsdam" May 13th–16th; [Rodenbeck, iii. 325.] "well received; dined at Sans–Souci. Informed the King of the Duc de Choiseul's death [Paris, May 8th). King, shaking his head, 'IL N'Y A PAS GRAND MAL.' Seems piqued at the Queen of France, who had not shown much attention to Prince Henri. Spoke of Peter the Great, 'whose many high qualities were darkened by singular cruelty.' When at Berlin, going on foot, as his custom was, unattended, to call on King Friedrich Wilhelm, the people in the streets crowded much about him. 'Brother,' said he to the King, 'your subjects are deficient in respect; order one or two of them to be hanged; it will restrain the others!' During the same visit, one day, at Charlottenburg; the Czar, after dinner, stepped out on a balcony which looked into the Gardens. Seeing many people assembled below, he gnashed his teeth (GRINCA DES DENTS), and began giving signs of frenzy. Shifty little Catharine, who was with him, requested that a certain person down among the crowd, who had a yellow wig, should be at once put away, or something bad would happen. This done, the Czar became quiet again. The Czarina added, he was subject to such attacks of frenzy; and that, when she saw it, she would scratch his head, which moderated him. 'VOILA MONSIEUR,' concluded the King, addressing me: 'VOILA LES GRANDS HOMMES!'

"Bouille spent a fortnight at Reinsberg, with Prince Henri; who represents his Brother as impatient, restless, envious, suspicious, even timid; of an ill–regulated imagination",—nothing like so wise as some of us! "Is too apprehensive of war; which may very likely bring it on. On the least alarm, he assembles troops at the frontier; Joseph does the like; and so"—A notably splenetic little Henri; head of an Opposition Party which has had to hold its tongue. Cherishes in the silent depths of him an almost ghastly indignation against his Brother on some points. "Bouille returned to Paris June, 1785." [ESSAI SUR LA VIE DE BOUILLE (ubi supra).]

2. COMTE DE SEGUR (on the road to Petersburg as French Minister) HAS SEEN FRIEDRICH: January 29th, 1785. Segur says: "With lively curiosity I gazed at this man; there as he stood, great in genius, small in stature; stooping, and as it were bent down under the weight of his laurels and of his long toils. His blue coat, old and worn like his body; his long boots coming up above the knee; his waistcoat covered with snuff, formed an odd but imposing whole. By the fire of his eyes, you recognized that in essentials he had not grown old. Though bearing himself like an invalid, you felt that he could strike like a young soldier; in his small figure, you discerned a spirit greater than any other man's. ...

"If used at all to intercourse with the great world, and possessed of any elevation of mind, you have no embarrassment in speaking to a King; but to a Great Man you present yourself not without fear. Friedrich, in his private sphere, was of sufficiently unequal humor; wayward, wilful; open to prejudices; indulged in mockery, often enough epigrammatic upon the French;—agreeable in a high degree to strangers whom he pleased to favor; but bitterly piquant for those he was prepossessed against, or who, without knowing it, had ill–chosen the hour of approaching him. To me, luck was kind in all these points;" my Interview delightful, but not to be reported farther. ["*Memoires par M. le Comte de Segur* (Paris, 1826), ii. 133, 120:" cited in PREUSS, iv. 218. For date, see Rodenbeck, iii. 322, 323.]

Except Mirabeau, about a year after this, Segur is the last distinguished French visitor. French Correspondence the King has now little or none. October gone a year, his D'Alembert, the last intellectual Frenchman he had a real esteem for, died. Paris and France seem to be sinking into strange depths; less and less worth hearing of. Now and then a straggling Note from Condorcet, Grimm or the like, are all he gets there.

That of the Furstenbund put a final check on Joseph's notions of making the Reich a reality; his reforms and ambitions had thenceforth to take other directions, and leave the poor old Reich at peace. A mighty reformer he had been, the greatest of his day. Broke violently in upon quiescent Austrian routine, on every side: monkeries, school–pedantries, trade–monopolies, serfages,—all things, military and civil, spiritual and temporal, he had resolved to make perfect in a minimum of time. Austria gazed on him, its admiration not unmixed with terror. He rushed incessantly about; hardy as a Charles Twelfth; slept on his bearskin on the floor of any inn or hut;—flew at the throat of every Absurdity, however broad–based or dangerously armed, "Disappear, I say!" Will hurl you an Official of Rank, where need is, into the Pillory; sets him, in one actual instance, to permanent sweeping of the streets in Vienna. A most prompt, severe, and yet beneficent and charitable kind of man. Immensely ambitious, that must be said withal. A great admirer of Friedrich; bent to imitate him with profit. "Very clever indeed," says Friedrich; "but has the fault [a terribly grave one!] of generally taking the second step without having taken the first."

History of Friedrich II of Prussia

A troublesome neighbor he proved to everybody, not by his reforms alone;—and ended, pretty much as here in the FURSTENBUND, by having, in all matters, to give in and desist. In none of his foreign Ambitions could he succeed; in none of his domestic Reforms. In regard to these latter, somebody remarks: "No Austrian man or thing articulately contradicted his fine efforts that way; but, inarticulately, the whole weight of Austrian VIS INERTIAE bore day and night against him;—whereby, as we now see, he bearing the other way with the force of a steam-ram, a hundred tons to the square inch, the one result was, To dislocate every joint in the Austrian Edifice, and have it ready for the Napoleonic Earthquakes that ensued." In regard to ambitions abroad it was no better. The Dutch fired upon his Scheld Frigate: "War, if you will, you most aggressive Kaiser; but this Toll is ours!" His Netherlands revolted against him, "Can holy religion, and old use-and-wont be tumbled about at this rate?" His Grand Russian Copartneries and Turk War went to water and disaster. His reforms, one and all, had to be revoked for the present. Poor Joseph, broken-hearted (for his private griefs were many, too), lay down to die. "You may put for epitaph," said he with a tone which is tragical and pathetic to us, "Here lies Joseph," the grandly attempting Joseph, "who could succeed in nothing." [Died, at Vienna, 20th February, 1790, still under fifty;—born there 13th March, 1741. Hormayr, *Oesterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (2tes) 125–223 (and five or six recent LIVES of Joseph, none of which, that I have seen, was worth reading, in comparison).] A man of very high qualities, and much too conscious of them. A man of an ambition without bounds. One of those fatal men, fatal to themselves first of all, who mistake half-genius for whole; and rush on the second step without having made the first. Cannot trouble the old King or us any more.

Chapter IX. FRIEDRICH'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

To the present class of readers, Furstenbund is become a Nothing; to all of us the grand Something now is, strangely enough, that incidental item which directly followed, of Reviewing the Silesian soldieries, who had so angered his Majesty last year. "If I be alive next year!" said the King to Tauentzien. The King kept his promise; and the Fates had appointed that, in doing so, he was to find his— But let us not yet pronounce the word.

AUGUST 16th, 1785, some three weeks after finishing the Furstenbund, Friedrich set out for Silesia: towards Strehlen long known to him and us all;—at Gross-Tinz, a Village in that neighborhood, the Camp and Review are to be. He goes by Crossen, Glogau; in a circling direction: Glogau, Schweidnitz, Silberberg, Glatz, all his Fortresses are to be inspected as well, and there is much miscellaneous business by the road. At Hirschberg, not on the military side, we have sight of him; the account of which is strange to read:—

"THURSDAY, AUGUST 18th," says a private Letter from that little Town, [Given IN EXTENSO, Rodenbeck, iii. 331–333.] "he passed through here: concourse of many thousands, from all the Country about, had been waiting for him several hours. Outriders came at last; then he himself, the Unique; and, with the liveliest expression of reverence and love, all eyes were directed on one point. I cannot describe to you my feelings, which of course were those of everybody, to see him, the aged King; in his weak hand the hat; in those grand eyes such a fatherly benignity of look over the vast crowd that encircled his Carriage, and rolled tide-like, accompanying it. Looking round when he was past, I saw in various eyes a tear trembling. ["Alas, we sha'n't have him long!"]

"His affability, his kindliness, to whoever had the honor of speech with this great King, who shall describe it! After talking a good while with the Merchants–Deputation from the Hill Country, he said, 'Is there anything more, then, from anybody?' Upon which, the President (KAUFMANN'SALTESTE," Merchants'–Eldest) "Lachmann, from Greiffenberg," which had been burnt lately, and helped by the King to rebuild itself, "stepped forward, and said, 'The burnt–out Inhabitants of Greiffenberg had charged him to express once more their most submissive gratitude for the gracious help in rebuilding; their word of thanks, truly, was of no importance, but they daily prayed God to reward such Royal beneficence.' The King was visibly affected, and said, 'You don't need to thank me; when my subjects fall into misfortune, it is my duty to help them up again; for that reason am I here.'" ...

Saturday 20th, he arrived at Tinz; had a small Cavalry Manoeuvre, next day; and on Monday the Review Proper began. Lasted four days, —22d–25th August, Monday to Thursday, both inclusive. "Head–quarter was in the DORF–SCHULZE'S (Village Mayor's) house; and there were many Strangers of distinction quartered in the Country Mansions round." Gross-Tinz is about 12 miles straight north from Strehlen, and as far straight east from the Zobtenberg: Gross-Tinz, and its Review of August, 1785, ought to be long memorable.

How the Review turned out as to proficiency recovered, I have not heard; and only infer, by symptoms, that it was not unsatisfactory. The sure fact, and the forever memorable, is, That on Wednesday, the third day of it, from 4 in the morning, when the Manoeuvres began, till well after 10, when they ended, there was a rain like Noah's; rain falling as from buckets and water–spouts; and that Friedrich (and perhaps most others too), so intent upon his business, paid not the least regard to it; but rode about, intensely inspecting, in lynx-eyed watchfulness of everything, as if no rain had been there. Was not at the pains even to put on his cloak. Six hours of such down-pour; and a weakly old man of 73 past. Of course he was wetted to the bone. On returning to head-quarters, his boots were found full of water; "when pulled off, it came pouring from them like a pair of pails."

He got into dry clothes; presided in his usual way at dinner, which soon followed; had many Generals and guests,—Lafayette, Lord Cornwallis, Duke of York;—and, as might be expected, felt unusually feverish afterwards. Hot, chill, quite poorly all afternoon; glad to get to bed:—where he fell into deep sleep, into profuse perspiration, as his wont was; and awoke, next morning, greatly recovered; altogether well again, as he supposed. Well enough to finish his Review comfortably; and start for home. Went—round by Neisse, inspection not to be omitted there, though it doubles the distance—to Brieg that day; a drive of 80 miles, inspection–work included. Thence, at Breslan for three days more: with dinners of state, balls, illuminations, in honor of the Duke of York,—our as yet last Duke of York, then a brisk young fellow of twenty–two; to whom, by accident, among his other distinctions, may belong this of having (most involuntarily) helped to kill Friedrich the Great!

Back to Potsdam, Friedrich pushed on with business; and complained of nothing. Was at Berlin in about ten

days (September 9th), for an Artillery Review; saw his Sister Amelia; saw various public works in a state of progress,—but what perhaps is medically significant, went in the afternoon to a kind of Spa Well they have at Berlin; and slept, not at the Palace, but at this Spa, in the hostelry or lodging-house attached. [Rodenbeck, IN DIE.] Next day (September 10th), the Artillery Manoeuvre was done; and the King left Berlin, —little guessing he had seen Berlin for the last time.

The truth is, his health, unknown to him (though that of taking a Night at the Spa Well probably denotes some guess or feeling of the kind on his part), must have been in a dangerous or almost ruinous state. Accordingly, soon afterwards, September 18th–19th, in the night-time, he was suddenly aroused by a Fit of Suffocation (what they call STICKFLUSS); and, for some hours, till relief was got, everybody feared he would perish. Next day, there came gout; which perhaps he regarded almost as a friend: but it did not prove such; it proved the captain of a chaotic company of enemies; and Friedrich's end, I suppose, was already inexorably near. At the Grand Potsdam Review [22d–23d September), chief Review of all, and with such an affluence of Strangers to it this Autumn, he was quite unable to appear; prescribed the Manoeuvres and Procedures, and sorrowfully kept his room. [This of 23d September, 1785, is what Print-Collectors know loosely as "FRIEDRICH'S LAST REVIEW;"—one Cunningham, an English Painter (son of a Jacobite ditto, and himself of wandering habitat), and Clemens, a Prussian Engraver, having done a very large and highly superior Print of it, by way of speculation in Military Portraits (Berlin, 1787); in which, among many others, there figures the crediblest Likeness known to me of FRIEDRICH IN OLD AGE, though Friedrich himself was not there. (See PREUSS, iv. 242; especially see RODENBECK, iii. 337 n.)—As Crown-Prince, Friedrich had SAT to Pesne: never afterwards to any Artist.]

Friedrich was always something of a Doctor himself: he had little faith in professional Doctors, though he liked to speak with the intelligent sort, and was curious about their science, And it is agreed he really had good notions in regard to it; in particular, that he very well understood his own constitution of body; knew the effects of causes there, at any rate, and the fit regimens and methods:—as an old man of sense will usually do. The complaint is, that he was not always faithful to regimen; that, in his old days at least, he loved strong soups, hot spicy meats;—finding, I suppose, a kind of stimulant in them, as others do in wine; a sudden renewal of strength, which might be very tempting to him. There has been a great deal of unwise babble on this subject, which I find no reason to believe, except as just said: In the fall of this year, as usual, perhaps rather later than usual,—not till November 8th (for what reason so delaying, Marwitz told us already),—he withdrew from Sans-Souci, his Summer-Cottage; shut himself up in Potsdam Palace (Old Palace) for the winter. It was known he was very ailing; and that he never stirred out,— but this was not quite unusual in late winters; and the rumors about his health were vague and various. Now, as always, he himself, except to his Doctors, was silent on that subject. Various military Doctors, Theden, Frese and others of eminence, were within reach; but it is not known to me that he consulted any of them.

Not till January, 1786, when symptoms worse than ever, of asthma, of dropsy, began to manifest themselves, did he call in Selle, the chief Berlin Doctor, and a man of real sagacity, as is still evident; who from the first concluded the disease to be desperate; but of course began some alleviatory treatment, the skilfulest possible to him. [Christian Gottlieb Selle, KRANKHEITSGESCHICHTE DES HOCHSTSEELIGEN KONIGS VAN PREUSSEN FRIEDRICH'S DES ZWEYTEN MAJESTAT (Berlin, 1786); a very small Pamphlet, now very rare;— giving in the most distinct, intelligent, modest and conclusive way, an account of everything pertinent, and rigorously of nothing else.] Selle, when questioned, kept his worst fears carefully to himself: but the King noticed Selle's real opinion,—which, probably, was the King's own too;—and finding little actual alleviation, a good deal of trouble, and no possibility of a victorious result by this warfare on the outworks, began to be weary of Selle; and to turn his hopes—what hopes he yet had—on the fine weather soon due. He had a continual short small cough, which much troubled him; there was fear of new Suffocation-Fit; the breathing always difficult.

But Spring came, unusually mild; the King sat on the southern balconies in the genial sun and air, looking over the bright sky and earth, and new birth of things: "Were I at Sans-Souci, amid the Gardens!" thought he. APRIL 17th, he shifted thither: not in a sedan, as Marwitz told us of the former journey; but "in his carriage, very early in the morning, making a long roundabout through various Villages, with new relays,"—probably with the motive Marwitz assigns. Here are two contemporaneous Excerpts:—

1. MIRABEAU AT SANS-SOUCI. "This same day," April 17th, it appears, [Preuss: in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxv. 328 n.] "the King saw Mirabeau, for the second and last time. Mirabeau had come to Berlin 19th January

last; his errand not very precise,— except that he infinitely wanted employment, and that at Paris the Controller-General Calonne, since so famous among mankind, had evidently none to offer him there. He seems to have intended Russia, and employment with the Czarina,—after viewing Berlin a little, with the great flashy eyesight he had. He first saw Friedrich January 25th. There pass in all, between Friedrich and him, seven Letters or Notes, two of them by the King; and on poor Mirabeau's side, it must be owned, there is a massively respectful, truthful and manly physiognomy, which probably has mended Friedrich's first opinion of him. [... "Is coming to me to-day; one of those loose-tongued fellows, I suppose, who write for and against all the world." (Friedrich to Prince Henri, "25 January, 1786:" *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvi. 522.)] This day, April 17th, 1786, he is at Potsdam; so far on the road to France again,—Mirabeau Senior being reported dangerously ill. 'My Dialogue with the King,' say the Mirabeau Papers, 'was very lively; but the King was in such suffering, and so straitened for breath, I was myself anxious to shorten it: that same evening I travelled on.'

"Mirabeau Senior did not die at this time: and Controller-General Calonne, now again eager to shake off an importunate and far too clear-sighted Mirabeau Junior, said to the latter: 'Back to Berlin, could n't you? Their King is dying, a new King coming; highly important to us!'—and poor Mirabeau went. Left Paris again, in May; with money furnished, but, no other outfit, and more in the character of Newspaper Vulture than of Diplomatic Envoy," [Rodenbeck, iii. 343. *Fils Adoptif, Memoires de Mirabeau* (Paris, 1834), iv. 288–292, 296.] as perhaps we may transiently see.

2. MARIE ANTOINETTE AT VERSAILLES; TO HER SISTER CHRISTINE AT BRUSSELS (Husband and she, Duke and Duchess of Sachsen-Teschen, are Governors of the Netherlands):—

MARCH 20th, 1786. ... "There has been arrested at Geneva one Villette, who played a great part in that abominable Affair [of the Diamond Necklace, now emerging on an astonished Queen and world]. [Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (Library Edition), v. 3–96, ? DIAMOND NECKLACE. The wretched Cardinal de Rohan was arrested at Versailles, and put in the Bastille, "August 15th, 1785," the day before Friedrich set out for his Silesian Review; ever since which, the arrestments and judicial investigations have continued,—continue till "May 10th, 1786," when Sentence was given.] M. Target", Advocate of the enchanted Cardinal, "is coming out with his MEMOIR: he does his function; and God knows what are the lies he will produce upon us. There is a MEMOIR by that Quack of a Cagliostro, too: these are at this moment the theme of all talk."

APRIL 6th. "The MEMOIRS, the lies, succeed each other; and the Business grows darker, not clearer. Such a Cardinal of the Church! He brazenly maintains his distracted story about the Bosquet [Interview with me in person, in that Hornbeam Arbor at Versailles; to me inconceivable, not yet knowing of a Demoiselle d'Oliva from the streets, who had acted my part there], and my Assent [to purchase the Necklace for me]. His impudence and his audacity surpass belief. O Sister, I need all my strength to support such cruel assaults. ... The King of Prussia's condition much engages attention (PREOCCUPE) here, and must do at Vienna too: his death is considered imminent. I am sure you have your eyes open on that side." ...

APRIL 17th (just while the Mirabeau Interview at Potsdam is going on). ... "King of Prussia thought to be dying: I am weary of the political discussions on this subject, as to what effects his death must produce. He is better at this moment; but so weak he cannot resist long. Physique is gone; but his force and energy of soul, they say, have often supported him, and in desperate crises have even seemed to increase. Liking to him I never had: his ostentatious immorality (IMMORALITE AFFICHEE," ah, Madame!) "has much hurt public virtue [public orthodoxy, I mean], and there have been related to me [by mendacious or ill-informed persons] barbarities which excite horror. He has done us all a great deal of ill. He has been a King for his own Country; but a Trouble-feast for those about him;—setting up to be the arbiter of Europe; always undertaking on his neighbors, and making them pay the expense. As Daughters of Maria Theresa, it is impossible we can regret him, nor is it the Court of France that will make his funeral oration." [Comte de Hunolstein, *Correspondance inedite de Marie Antoinette* (Paris, 1864), pp. 136, 137, 149.—Hunolstein's Book, I since find, is mainly or wholly a Forgery! (NOTE of 1868.)]

From Sans-Souci the King did appear again on horseback; rode out several times ("Conde," a fine English horse, one of his favorites, carrying him,—the Conde who had many years of sinecure afterwards, and was well known to Touring people): the rides were short; once to the New Palace to look at some new Vinery there, thence to the Gate of Potsdam, which he was for entering; but finding masons at work, and the street encumbered, did not, and rode home instead: this, of not above two miles, was his longest ride of all. Selle's attendance, less and

less in esteem with the King, and less and less followed by him, did not quite cease till June 4th; that day the King had said to Selle, or to himself, "It is enough." That longest of his rides was in the third week after; June 22d, Midsummer-Day. July 4th, he rode again; and it was for the last time. About two weeks after, Conde was again brought out; but it would not do: Adieu, my Conde; not possible, as things are!—

During all this while, and to the very end, Friedrich's Affairs, great and small, were, in every branch and item, guided on by him, with a perfection not surpassed in his palmiest days: he saw his Ministers, saw all who had business with him, many who had little; and in the sore coil of bodily miseries, as Hertzberg observed with wonder, never was the King's intellect clearer, or his judgment more just and decisive. Of his disease, except to the Doctors, he spoke no word to anybody. The body of Friedrich is a ruin, but his soul is still here; and receives his friends and his tasks as formerly. Asthma, dropsy, erysipelas, continual want of sleep; for many months past he has not been in bed, but sits day and night in an easy-chair, unable to get breath except in that posture. He said one morning, to somebody entering, "If you happened to want a night-watcher, I could suit you well."

His multifarious Military businesses come first; then his three Clerks, with the Civil and Political. These three he latterly, instead of calling about 6 or 7 o'clock, has had to appoint for 4 each morning: "My situation forces me," his message said, "to give them this trouble, which they will not have to suffer long. My life is on the decline; the time which I still have I must employ. It belongs not to me, but to the State." [Preuss, iv. 257 n.] About 11, business, followed by short surgical details or dressings (sadly insisted on in those Books, and in themselves sufficiently sad), being all done,—his friends or daily company are admitted: five chiefly, (NOT counting Minister Hertzberg) four, Lucchesini, Schwerin, Pinto, Gortz; who sit with him about one hour now, and two hours in the evening again:—dreary company to our minds, perhaps not quite so dreary to the King's; but they are all he has left. And he talks cheerfully with them "on Literature, History, on the topics of the day, or whatever topic rises, as if there were no sickness here." A man adjusted to his hard circumstances; and bearing himself manlike and kinglike among them.

He well knew himself to be dying; but some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him; coming as if by nature, or by long SECOND-nature; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into HIM by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes;— but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets: and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!—Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient aspirations, he might have, in the background of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the Sun, he was heard to murmur, "Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon:"—and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to Fear and Hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it.

Friedrich's dismissal of Selle, June 4th, by no means meant that he had given up hope from medicine; on the contrary, two days after, he had a Letter on the road for Zimmermann at Hanover; whom he always remembers favorably since that DIALOGUE we read fifteen years ago. His first Note to Zimmermann is of June 6th, "Would you consent to come for a fortnight, and try upon me?" Zimmermann's overjoyed Answer, "Yes, thrice surely yes," is of June 10th; Friedrich's second is of June 16th, "Come, then!" And Zimmermann came accordingly,—as is still too well known. Arrived 23d June; stayed till 10th July; had Thirty-three Interviews or DIALOGUES with him; one visit the last day; two, morning and evening, every preceding day;—and published a Book about them, which made immense noise in the world, and is still read, with little profit or none, by inquirers into Friedrich. [Ritter von Zimmermann, *Über Friedrich den Grossen und meine Unterredungen mit Ihm kurz von seinem Tode*

(1 vol. 8vo: Leipzig, 1788);—followed by *Fragmente uber Friedrich den Grossen* (3 vols. 12mo: Leipzig, 1790); and by Thirty-three Dialogues, throwing no new light on Friedrich, none of them equal in interest to the old specimen known to us.

In fact, the Book turns rather on Zimmermann himself than on his Royal Patient; and might be entitled, as it was by a Satirist, DIALOGUES OF ZIMMERMANN I. AND FRIEDRICH II. An unwise Book; abounding in exaggeration; breaking out continually into extraneous sallies and extravagancies,—the source of which is too plainly an immense conceit of oneself. Zimmermann is fifteen years older since we last saw him; a man now verging towards sixty; but has not grown wiser in proportion. In Hanover, though miraculously healed of that LEIBESSCHADE, and full of high hopes, he has had his new tribulations, new compensations,—both of an agitating character. "There arose," he says, in reference to some medical Review—article he wrote, "a WEIBER—EPIDEMIK, a universal shrieking combination of all the Women against me:"—a frightful accident while it lasted! Then his little Daughter died on his hands; his Son had disorders, nervous imbecilities,—did not die, but did worse; went into hopeless idiotcy, and so lived for many years. Zimmermann, being dreadfully miserable, hypochondriac, what not, "his friends," he himself passive, it would seem, "managed to get a young Wife for him;" thirty years younger than he,—whose performances, however, in this difficult post, are praised.

Lastly, not many months ago (Leipzig, 1785), the big FINAL edition of "SOLITUDE" (four volumes) has come out; to the joy and enthusiasm of all philanthropic—philosophic and other circulating—library creatures:—a Copy of which came, by course of nature, not by Zimmermann's help, into the hands of Catharine of Russia. Sublime imperial Letter thereupon, with 'valuable diamond ring;' invitation to come to Petersburg, with charges borne (declined, on account of health); to be imperial Physician (likewise declined);— in fine, continued Correspondence with Catharine (trying enough for a vain head), and Knighthood of the Order of St. Wladimir,—so that, at least, Doctor Zimmermann is RITTER Zimmermann henceforth. And now, here has come his new Visit to Friedrich the Great;— which, with the issues it had, and the tempestuous cloud of tumid speculations and chaotic writings it involved him in, quite upset the poor Ritter Doctor; so that, hypochondrias deepening to the abysmal, his fine intellect sank altogether,—and only Death, which happily followed soon, could disimprison him. At this moment, there is in Zimmermann a worse "Dropsy" of the spiritual kind, than this of the physical, which he has come in relief of!

Excerpts of those Zimmermann DIALOGUES lie copiously round me, ready long ago,—nay, I understand there is, or was, an English TRANSLATION of the whole of them, better or worse, for behoof of the curious:—but on serious consideration now, I have to decide, That they are but as a Scene of clowns in the Elder Dramatists; which, even were it NOT overdone as it is, cannot be admitted in this place, and is plainly impertinent in the Tragedy that is being acted here. Something of Farce will often enough, in this irreverent world, intrude itself on the most solemn Tragedy; but, in pity even to the Farce, there ought at least to be closed doors kept between them.

Enough for us to say, That Ritter Zimmermann—who is a Physician and a Man of Literary Genius, and should not have become a Tragic Zany—did, with unspeakable emotions, terrors, prayers to Heaven, and paroxysms of his own ridiculous kind, prescribe "Syrup of Dandelion" to the King; talked to him soothingly, musically, successfully; found the King a most pleasant Talker, but a very wilful perverse kind of Patient; whose errors in point of diet especially were enormous to a degree. Truth is, the King's appetite for food did still survive:—and this might have been, you would think, the one hopeful basis of Zimmermann's whole treatment, if there were still any hope: but no; Zimmermann merely, with uncommon emphasis, lyrically recognizes such amazing appetite in an old man overwhelmed by diseases,—trumpets it abroad, for ignorant persons to regard as a crime, or perhaps as a type generally of the man's past life, and makes no other attempt upon it;—stands by his "Extract of Dandelion boiled to the consistency of honey;" and on the seventeenth day, July 10th, voiceless from emotion, heart just breaking, takes himself away, and ceases. One of our Notes says:—

"Zimmermann went by Dessau and Brunswick; at Brunswick, if he made speed thither, Zimmermann might perhaps find Mirabeau, who is still there, and just leaving for Berlin to be in at the death:—but if the Doctor and he missed each other, it was luckier, as they had their controversies afterwards. Mirabeau arrived at Berlin, July 21st: [Mirabeau, HISTOIRE SECRETE DE LA COUR DE BERLIN, tome iii. of *OEuvres de Mirabeau*: Paris, 1821, LETTRE v. p. 37.] vastly diligent in picking up news, opinions, judgments of men and events, for his Calonne;—and amazingly accurate, one finds; such a flash of insight has he, in whatever element, foul or fair.

"JULY 9th, the day before Zimmerman's departure, Hertzberg had come out to Potsdam in permanence. Hertzberg is privately thenceforth in communication with the Successor; altogether privately, though no doubt Friedrich knew it well enough, and saw it to be right. Of course, all manner of poor creatures are diligent about their own bits of interests; and saying to themselves, 'A New Reign is evidently nigh!' Yes, my friends;—and a precious Reign it will prove in comparison: sensualities, unctuous religiosities, ostentations, imbecilities; culminating in Jena twenty years hence."

Zimmermann haggles to tell us what his report was at Brunswick; says, he "set the Duke [ERBPRINZ, who is now Duke these six years past] sobbing and weeping;" though towards the Widow Duchess there must have been some hope held out, as we shall now see. The Duchess's Letter or Letters to her Brother are lost; but this is his Answer:—

FRIEDRICH TO THE DUCHESS—DOWAGER OF BRUNSWICK.

"SANS—SOUCI, 10th August, 1786.

"MY ADORABLE SISTER,—The Hanover Doctor has wished to make himself important with you, my good Sister; but the truth is, he has been of no use to me (M'A ETE INUTILE). The old must give place to the young, that each generation may find room clear for it: and Life, if we examine strictly what its course is, consists in seeing one's fellow—creatures die and be born. In the mean while, I have felt myself a little easier for the last day or two. My heart remains inviolably attached to you, my good Sister. With the highest consideration,— My adorable Sister,—Your faithful Brother and Servant, "FRIEDRICH." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xxvii. i. 352.]

This is Friedrich's last Letter;—his last to a friend. There is one to his Queen, which Preuss's Index seems to regard as later, though without apparent likelihood; there being no date whatever, and only these words: "Madam,—I am much obliged by the wishes you deign to form: but a heavy fever I have taken (GROSSE FIEVRE QUE J'AI PRISE) hinders me from answering you." [Ib. xxvi. 62.]

On common current matters of business, and even on uncommon, there continue yet for four days to be Letters expressly dictated by Friedrich; some about military matters (vacancies to be filled, new Free—Corps to be levied). Two or three of them are on so small a subject as the purchase of new Books by his Librarians at Berlin. One, and it has been preceded by examining, is, Order to the Potsdam Magistrates to grant "the Baker Schroder, in terms of his petition, a Free—Pass out of Preussen hither, for 100 bushels of rye and 50 of wheat, though Schroder will not find the prices much cheaper there than here." His last, of August 14th, is to De Launay, Head of the Excise: "Your Account of Receipts and Expenditures came to hand yesterday, 13th; but is too much in small: I require one more detailed,"—and explains, with brief clearness, on what points and how. Neglects nothing, great or small, while life yet is.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1786, Contrary to all wont, the King did not awaken till 11 o'clock. On first looking up, he seemed in a confused state, but soon recovered himself; called in his Generals and Secretaries, who had been in waiting so long, and gave, with his old precision, the Orders wanted,—one to Rohdich, Commandant of Potsdam, about a Review of the troops there next day; Order minutely perfect, in knowledge of the ground, in foresight of what and how the evolutions were to be; which was accordingly performed on the morrow. The Cabinet work he went through with the like possession of himself, giving, on every point, his Three Clerks their directions, in a weak voice, yet with the old power of spirit,—dictated to one of them, among other things, an "Instruction" for some Ambassador just leaving; "four quarto pages, which," says Hertzberg, "would have done honor to the most experienced Minister;" and, in the evening, he signed his Missives as usual. This evening still,—but—no evening more. We are now at the last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful History.

Wednesday morning, General—Adjutants, Secretaries, Commandant, were there at their old hours; but word came out, "Secretaries are to wait:" King is in a kind of sleep, of stertorous ominous character, as if it were the death—sleep; seems not to recollect himself, when he does at intervals open his eyes. After hours of this, [Selle (ut sup.); Anonymous (Kletschke), LETZTE STUNDEN UND LEICHENBEGANGNISS FRIEDRICH'S DES ZWEYTEN, (Potsdam, 1786); Preuss, iv. 264 et seq.; Rodenbeck, iii. 363—366.] on a ray of consciousness, the King bethought him of Rohdich, the Commandant; tried to give Rohdich the Parole as usual; tried twice, perhaps three times; but found he could not speak;—and with a glance of sorrow, which seemed to say, "It is impossible, then!" turned his head, and sank back into the corner of his chair. Rohdich burst into tears: the King again lay slumberous;—the rattle of death beginning soon after, which lasted at intervals all day. Selle, in Berlin, was sent for by express; he arrived about three of the afternoon: King seemed a little more conscious, knew those about

him, "his face red rather than pale, in his eyes still something of their old fire." Towards evening the feverishness abated (to Selle, I suppose, a fatal symptom); the King fell into a soft sleep, with warm perspiration; but, on awakening, complained of cold, repeatedly of cold, demanding wrappage after wrappage ("KISSEN," soft QUILT of the old fashion); —and on examining feet and legs, one of the Doctors made signs that they were in fact cold, up nearly to the knee. "What said he of the feet?" murmured the King some time afterwards, the Doctor having now stepped out of sight. "Much the same as before," answered some attendant. The King shook his head, incredulous.

He drank once, grasping the goblet with both hands, a draught of fennel–water, his customary drink; and seemed relieved by it;—his last refection in this world. Towards nine in the evening, there had come on a continual short cough, and a rattling in the breast, breath more and more difficult. Why continue? Friedrich is making exit, on the common terms; you may HEAR the curtain rustling down. For most part he was unconscious, never more than half conscious. As the wall–clock above his head struck 11, he asked: "What o'clock?" "Eleven," answered they. "At 4" murmured he, "I will rise." One of his dogs sat on its Stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold: "Throw a quilt over it," said or beckoned he; that, I think, was his last completely conscious utterance. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, getting at last rid of the phlegm, he said, "LA MONTAGNE EST PASSEE, NOUS IRONS MIEUX, We are over the hill, we shall go better now."

Attendants, Hertzberg, Selle and one or two others, were in the outer room; none in Friedrich's but Strutzki, his Kammerhussar, one of Three who are his sole valets and nurses; a faithful ingenious man, as they all seem to be, and excellently chosen for the object. Strutzki, to save the King from hustling down, as he always did, into the corner of his chair, where, with neck and chest bent forward, breathing was impossible,—at last took the King on his knee; kneeling on the ground with his other knee for the purpose,— King's right arm round Strutzki's neck, Strutzki's left arm round the King's back, and supporting his other shoulder; in which posture the faithful creature, for above two hours, sat motionless, till the end came. Within doors, all is silence, except this breathing; around it the dark earth silent, above it the silent stars. At 20 minutes past 2, the breathing paused,—wavered; ceased. Friedrich's Life–battle is fought out; instead of suffering and sore labor, here is now rest. Thursday morning, 17th August, 1786, at the dark hour just named. On the 31st of May last, this King had reigned 46 years. "He has lived," counts Rodenbeck, "74 years, 6 months and 24 days."

His death seems very stern and lonely;—a man of such affectionate feelings, too; "a man with more sensibility than other men!" But so had his whole life been, stern and lonely; such the severe law laid on him. Nor was it inappropriate that he found his death in that poor Silesian Review; punctually doing, as usual, the work that had come in hand. Nor that he died now, rather than a few years later. In these final days of his, we have transiently noticed Arch– Cardinal de Rohan, Arch–Quack Cagliostro, and a most select Company of Persons and of Actions, like an Elixir of the Nether World, miraculously emerging into daylight; and all Paris, and by degrees all Europe, getting loud with the DIAMOND–NECKLACE History. And to eyes of deeper speculation,—World–Poet Goethe's, for instance,—it is becoming evident that Chaos is again big. As has not she proved to be, and is still proving, in the most teeming way! Better for a Royal Hero, fallen old and feeble, to be hidden from such things.

"Yesterday, Wednesday, August 16th," says a Note which now strikes us as curious, "Mirabeau, smelling eagerly for news, had ridden out towards Potsdam; met the Page riding furiously for Selle ('one horse already broken down,' say the Peasants about); and with beak, powerful beyond any other vulture's, Mirabeau perceived that here the end now was. And thereupon rushed off, to make arrangements for a courier, for flying pigeons, and the other requisites. And appeared that night at the Queen's Soiree in Schonhausen [Queen has Apartment that evening, dreaming of nothing], 'where,' says he, 'I eagerly whispered the French Minister,' and less eagerly 'MON AMI Mylord Dalrymple,' the English one;—neither of whom would believe me. Nor, in short, what Calonne will regret, but nobody else, could the pigeons be let loose, owing to want of funds.'" [Mirabeau, HISTOIRE SECRETE, (LETTRE xiv.), pp. 58–63.]— Enough, enough.

Friedrich was not buried at Sans–Souci, in the Tomb which he had built for himself; why not, nobody clearly says. By his own express will, there was no embalming. Two Regiment–surgeons washed the Corpse, decently prepared it for interment: "At 8 that same evening, Friedrich's Body, dressed in the uniform of the First Battalion of Guards, and laid in its coffin, was borne to Potsdam, in a hearse of eight horses, twelve Non–commissioned Officers of the Guard escorting. All Potsdam was in the streets; the Soldiers, of their own accord, formed rank,

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and followed the hearse; many a rugged face unable to restrain tears: for the rest, universal silence as of midnight, nothing audible among the people but here and there a sob, and the murmur, 'ACH, DER GUTE KONIG!'

"All next day, the Body lay in state in the Palace; thousands crowding, from Berlin and the other environs, to see that face for the last time. Wasted, worn; but beautiful in death, with the thin gray hair parted into locks, and slightly powdered. And at 8 in the evening [Friday, 18th], he was borne to the Garrison- Kirche of Potsdam; and laid beside his Father, in the vault behind the Pulpit there," [Rodenbeck, iii. 365 (Public Funeral was not till September 9th).] where the two Coffins are still to be seen.

I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings;—when the Next will be, is a very long question! But it seems to me as if Nations, probably all Nations, by and by, in their despair,— blinded, swallowed like Jonah, in such a whale's-belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is not Anarchy, or the Rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?)—as if the Nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished: that too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; bad also, adieu.

APPENDIX.

This Piece, it would seem, was translated sixteen years ago; some four or five years before any part of the present HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH got to paper. The intercalated bits of Commentary were, as is evident, all or mostly written at the same time:—these also, though they are now become, in parts, SUPERFLUOUS to a reader that has been diligent, I have not thought of changing, where not compelled. Here and there, especially in the Introductory Part, some slight additions have crept in;—which the above kind of reader will possibly enough detect; and may even have, for friendly reasons, some vestige of interest in assigning to their new date and comparing with the old. (NOTE OF 1868.)

A DAY WITH FRIEDRICH. (23d July, 1779.)

"OBERAMTMANN (Head-Manager) Fromme" was a sister's son of Poet, Gleim,—Gleim Canon of Halberstadt, who wrote Prussian "grenadier- songs" in, or in reference to, the Seven-Years War, songs still printed, but worth little; who begged once, after Friedrich's death, an OLD HAT of his, and took it with him to Halberstadt (where I hope it still is); who had a "Temple-of-Honor," or little Garden-house so named, with Portraits of his Friends hung in it; who put Jean Paul VERY SOON there, with a great explosion of praises; and who, in short, seems to have been a very good effervescent creature, at last rather wealthy too, and able to effervesce with some comfort;—Oberamtmann Fromme, I say, was this Gleim's Nephew; and stood as a kind of Royal Land-Bailiff under Frederick the Great, in a tract of country called the RHYN-LUCH (a dreadfully moory country of sands and quagmires, all green and fertile now, some twenty or thirty miles northwest of Berlin); busy there in 1779, and had been for some years past. He had originally been an Officer of the Artillery; but obtained his discharge in 1769, and got, before long, into this employment. A man of excellent disposition and temper; with a solid and heavy stroke of work in him, whatever he might be set to; and who in this OBERAMTMANNSHIP "became highly esteemed." He died in 1798; and has left sons (now perhaps grandsons or great-grandsons), who continue estimable in like situations under the Prussian Government.

One of Fromme's useful gifts, the usefulest of all for us at present, was "his wonderful talent of exact memory." He could remember to a singular extent; and, we will hope, on this occasion, was unusually conscientious to do it. For it so happened, in July, 1779 (23d July), Friedrich, just home from his troublesome Bavarian War, [Had arrived at Berlin May 27th (Rodenbeck, iii. 201).] and again looking into everything with his own eyes, determined to have a personal view of those Moor Regions of Fromme's; to take a day's driving through that RHYN-LUCH which had cost him so much effort and outlay; and he ordered Fromme to attend him in the expedition. Which took effect accordingly; Fromme riding swiftly at the left wheel of Friedrich's carriage, and loudly answering questions of his, all day.—Directly on getting home, Fromme consulted his excellent memory, and wrote down everything; a considerable Paper, —of which you shall now have an exact Translation, if it be worth anything. Fromme gave the Paper to Uncle Gleim; who, in his enthusiasm, showed it extensively about, and so soon as there was liberty, had it "printed, at his own expense, for the benefit of poor soldiers' children." ["Gleim's edition, brought out in 1786, the year of Friedrich's death, is now quite gone,—the Book undiscoverable. But the Paper was reprinted in an ANEKDOTEN- SAMMLUNG (Collection of Anecdotes, Berlin, 1787, 8tes STUCK, where I discover it yesterday (17th July, 1852) in a copy of mine, much to my surprise; having before met with it in one Hildebrandt's ANEKDOTEN-SAMMLUNG (Halberstadt, 1830, 4tes STUCK, a rather slovenly Book), where it is given out as one of the rarest of all rarities, and as having been specially 'furnished by a Dr. W. Korte,' being unattainable otherwise! The two copies differ slightly here and there,—not always to Dr. Korte's advantage, or rather hardly ever. I keep them both before me in translating" (MARGINALE OF 1852).

"The RHYN" or Rhin, is a little river, which, near its higher clearer sources, we were all once well acquainted with: considerable little moorland river, with several branches coming down from Ruppin Country, and certain lakes and plashes there, in a southwest direction, towards the Elbe valley, towards the Havel Stream; into which latter, through another splash or lake called GULPER SEE, and a few miles farther, into the Elbe itself, it conveys, after a course of say 50 English miles circuitously southwest, the black drainings of those dreary and intricate

Peatbog—and–Sand countries. "LUCH," it appears, signifies LOCH (or Hole, Hollow); and "Rhyn–Luch" will mean, to Prussian ears, the Peatbog Quagmire drained by the RHYN.—New Ruppín, where this beautiful black Stream first becomes considerable, and of steadily black complexion, lies between 40 and 50 miles northwest of Berlin. Ten or twelve miles farther north is REINSBERG (properly RHYNSBERG), where Friedrich as Crown–Prince lived his happiest few years. The details of which were familiar to us long ago,—and no doubt dwell clear and soft, in their appropriate "pale moonlight," in Friedrich's memory on this occasion. Some time after his Accession, he gave the place to Prince Henri, who lived there till 1802. It is now fallen all dim; and there is nothing at New Ruppín but a remembrance.

To the hither edge of this Rhyn–Luoh, from Berlin, I guess there may be five—and–twenty miles, in a northwest direction; from Potsdam, whence Friedrich starts to–day, about, the same distance north–by–west; "at Seelenhorst," where Fromme waits him, Friedrich has already had 30 miles of driving,—rate 10 miles an hour, as we chance to observe. Notable things, besides the Spade– husbandries he is intent on, solicit his remembrance in this region. Of Freisack and "Heavy–Peg" with her didactic batterings there, I suppose he, in those fixed times, knows nothing, probably has never heard: Freisack is on a branch of this same Rhyn, and he might see it, to left a mile or two, if he cared.

But Fehrbellín ("Ferry of Belleen"), distinguished by the shining victory which "the Great Elector," Friedrich's Great–Grandfather, gained there, over the Swedes, in 1675, stands on the Rhyn itself, about midway; and Friedrich will pass through it on this occasion. General Ziethen, too, lives near it at Wusterau (as will be seen): "Old Ziethen," a little stumpy man, with hanging brows and thick pouting lips; unbeautiful to look upon, but pious, wise, silent, and with a terrible blaze of fighting–talent in him; full of obedience, of endurance, and yet of unsubduable "silent rage" (which has brooked even the vocal rage of Friedrich, on occasion); a really curious old Hussar General. He is now a kind of mythical or demigod personage among the Prussians; and was then (1779), and ever after the Seven–Years War, regarded popularly as their Ajax (with a dash of the Ulysses superadded),—Seidlitz, another Horse General, being the Achilles of that service.

The date of this drive through the moors being "23d July, 1779," we perceive it is just about two months since Friedrich got home from the Bavarian War (what they now call "POTATO WAR," so barren was it in fighting, so ripe in foraging); victorious in a sort;—and that in his private thought, among the big troubles of the world on both sides of the Atlantic, the infinitesimally small business of the MILLER ARNOLD'S LAWSUIT is beginning to rise now and then. [Supra 415, 429. Preuss, i. 362;

Friedrich is now 67 years old; has reigned 39: the Seven–Years War is 16 years behind us; ever since which time Friedrich has been an "old man,"—having returned home from it with his cheeks all wrinkled, his temples white, and other marks of decay, at the age of 51. The "wounds of that terrible business," as they say, "are now all healed," perhaps above 100,000 burnt houses and huts rebuilt, for one thing; and the "ALTE FRITZ," still brisk and wiry, has been and is an unweariedly busy man in that affair, among others. What bogs he has tapped and dried, what canals he has dug, and stubborn strata he has bored through,—assisted by his Prussian Brindley (one Brenkenhof, once a Stable–boy at Dessau);—and ever planting "Colonies" on the reclaimed land, and watching how they get on! As we shall see on this occasion,—to which let us hasten (as to a feast not of dainties, but of honest SAUERKRAUT and wholesome herbs), without farther parley.

Oberamtmann Fromme (whom I mark "Ich") LOQUITUR: "Major–General Graf von Gortz," whom Fromme keeps strictly mute all day, is a distinguished man, of many military and other experiences; much about Friedrich in this time and onwards. [Supra, 399.] Introduces strangers, Bouille took him for "Head Chamberlain," four or five years after this. He is ten years the King's junior; a Hessian gentleman;—eldest Brother of the Envoy Gortz who in his cloak of darkness did such diplomacies in the Bavarian matter, January gone a year, and who is a rising man in that line ever since. But let Fromme begin:— [*Anekdoten und Charakterzuge aus dem Leben Friedrich des Zweyten* (Berlin, bei Johann Friedrich Unger, 1787), 8te Sammlung, ss. 15–79.]

"On the 23d of July, 1779, it pleased his Majesty the King to undertake a journey to inspect those" mud "Colonies in the Rhyn– Luch about Neustadt–on–the–Dosse, which his Majesty, at his own cost, had settled; thereby reclaiming a tract of waste moor (EINEN ODEN BRUCH URBAR MACHEN) into arability, where now 308 families have their living.

"His Majesty set off from Potsdam about 5 in the morning," in an open carriage, General von Gortz along with him, and horses from his own post–stations; "travelled over Ferlaudt, Tirotz, Wustermark, Nauen, Konigshorst,

Seelenhorst, Dechau, Fehrbellin," [See Reimann's KREIS-KARTEN, Nos. 74,73.] and twelve other small peat villages, looking all their brightest in the morning sun,— "to the hills at Stollen, where his Majesty, because a view of all the Colonies could be had from those hills, was pleased to get out for a little," as will afterwards be seen.—"Therefrom the journey went by Hohen-Nauen to Rathenau:" a civilized place, "where his Majesty arrived about 3 in the afternoon; and there dined, and passed the night.— Next morning, about 6, his Majesty continued his drive into the Magdeburg region; inspected various reclaimed moors (BRUCHE), which in part are already made arable, and in part are being made so; came, in the afternoon, about 4, over Ziesar and Brandenburg, back to Potsdam,—and did not dine till about 4, when he arrived there, and had finished the Journey." His usual dinner-hour is 12; the STATE hour, on gala days when company has been invited, is 1 P.M.,—and he always likes his dinner; and has it of a hot peppery quality!

"Till Seelenhorst, the Amtsrath Sach of Konigshorst had ridden before his Majesty; but here," at the border of my Fehrbellin district, where with one of his forest-men I was in waiting by appointment, "the turn came for me. About 8 o'clock A.M. his Majesty arrived in Seelenhorst; had the Herr General Graf von Gortz in the carriage with him," Gortz, we need n't say, sitting back foremost:—here I, Fromme, with my woodman was respectfully in readiness. "While the horses were changing, his Majesty spoke with some of the Ziethen Hussar-Officers, who were upon grazing service in the adjoining villages [all Friedrich's cavalry went out to GRASS during certain months of the year; and it was a LAND-TAX on every district to keep its quota of army-horses in this manner,— AUF GRASUNG]; and of me his Majesty as yet took no notice. As the DAMME," Dams or Raised Roads through the Peat-bog, "are too narrow hereabouts, I could not, ride beside him," and so went before? or BEHIND, with woodman before? GOTT WEISS! "In Dechau his Majesty got sight of Rittmeister von Ziethen," old Ajax Ziethen's son, "to whom Dechau belongs; and took him into the carriage along with him, till the point where the Dechau boundary is. Here there was again change of horses. Captain von Rathenow, an old favorite of the King's, to whom the property of Karvesee in part belongs, happened to be here with his family; he now went forward to the carriage:—

CAPTAIN VON RATHENOW. "Humblest servant, your Majesty! [UNTERTHANIGSTER KNECHT, different from the form of ending letters, but really of the same import].

KING. "Who are you?"

CAPTAIN. "I am Captain von Rathenow from Karvesee."

KING (clapping his hands together). "Mein Gott, dear Rathenow, are you still alive! ["LEBT ER NOCH, is HE still alive?"—way of speaking to one palpably your inferior, scarcely now in use even to servants; which Friedrich uses ALWAYS in speaking to the highest uncrowned persons: it gives a strange dash of comic emphasis often in his German talk:] I thought you were long since dead. How goes it with you? Are you whole and well?"

CAPTAIN. "'O ja, your Majesty.'

KING. "Mein Gott, how fat He has (you are) grown!"

CAPTAIN. "'Ja, your Majesty, I can still eat and drink; only the feet get lazy' [won't go so well, WOLLEN NICHT FORT].

KING. "'Ja! that is so with me too. Are you married?'

CAPTAIN. "'Yea, your Majesty.'

KING. "'Is your wife among the ladies yonder?'

CAPTAIN. "'Yea, your Majesty.'

KING. "'Bring her to me, then!' [TO HER, TAKING OFF HIS HAT] 'I find in your Herr Husband a good old friend.'

FRAU VON RATHENOW. "'Much grace and honor for my husband!'

KING. "'What were YOU by birth?' ["WAS SIND SIE," the respectful word, "FUR EINE GEBORNE?"]

FRAU. "'A Fraulein von Krocher.'

KING. "'Haha! A daughter of General von Krocher's?'

FRAU. "'JA, IHRO MAJESTAT.'

KING. "'Oh, I knew him very well.'—[TO RATHENOW] 'Have you children too, Rathenow?'

CAPTAIN. "'Yes, your Majesty. My sons are in the service,' soldiering; 'and these are my daughters.'

KING. "'Well, I am glad of that (NUN, DAS FREUT MICH). Fare HE well. Fare He well.'

"The road now went upon Fehrbellin; and Forster," Forester, "Brand, as woodkeeper for the King in these

parts, rode along with us. When we came upon the patch of Sand–knolls which lie near Fehrbellin, his Majesty cried:—

"Forester, why aren't these sand–knolls sown?"

FORESTER. "Your Majesty, they don't belong to the Royal Forest; they belong to the farm–ground. In part the people do sow them with all manner of crops. Here, on the right hand, they have sown fir–cones (KIENAPFEL)'.

KING. "Who sowed them?"

FORESTER. "The Oberamtmann [Fromme] here.'

THE KING (TO ME). "Na! Tell my Geheimer–Rath Michaelis that the sand–patches must be sown.'—[TO THE FORESTER] 'But do you know how fir–cones (KIENAPFEL) should be sown?"

FORESTER. "O ja, your Majesty.'

KING. "Na! [a frequent interjection of Friedrich's and his Father's], how are they sown, then? From east to west, or from north to south?' ["VAN MORGEN GEGEN ABEND, ODER VAN ABEND GEGEN MORGEN?" so in ORIG. (p. 22);—but, surely, except as above, it has no sense? From north to south, there is but one fir–seed sown against the wind; from east to west, there is a whole row.]

FORESTER. "From east to west.'

KING. "That is right. But why?"

FORESTER. "Because the most wind comes from the west.'

KING. "That's right.'

"Now his Majesty arrived at Fehrbellin; spoke there with Lieutenant Probst of the Ziethen Hussar regiment, [Probst is the leftmost figure in that Chodowiecki Engraving of the famous Ziethen–and– Friedrich CHAIR–scene, five years after this. (Supra. 374 n.)] and with the Fehrbellin Postmeister, Captain von Mosch. So soon as the horses were to, we continued our travel; and as his Majesty was driving close by my Big Ditches," GRABEN, trenches, main–drains, "which have been made in the Fehrbellin LUCH at the King's expense, I rode up to the carriage, and said:—

ICH. "Your Majesty, these now are the two new Drains, which by your Majesty's favor we have got here; and which keep the Luch dry for us.'

KING. "So, so; that I am glad of!—Who is He (are you)?"

FROMME. "Your Majesty, I am the Beamte here of Fehrbellin.'

KING. "What 's your name?"

ICH. "Fromme.'

KING. "Ha, ha! you are a son of the Landrath Fromme's.'

ICH. "Your Majesty's pardon. My father was Amtsrath in the AMT Luhnin.'

KING. "Amtsrath? Amtsrath? That isn't true! Your father was Landrath. I knew him very well.—But tell me now (SAGT MIR EINMAL) has the draining of the Luch been of much use to you here?"

ICH. "O ja, your Majesty.'

KING. "Do you keep more cattle than your predecessor?"

ICH. "Yes, your Majesty. On this farm I keep 40 more; on all the farms together 70 more.'

KING. "That is right. The murrain (VIEHSEUCHE) is not here in this quarter?"

ICH. "No, your Majesty.'

KING. "Have you had it here?"

ICH. "Ja.'

KING. "Do but diligently use rock–salt, you won't have the murrain again.'

ICH. "Yes, your Majesty, I do use it too; but kitchen salt has very nearly the same effect.'

KING. "No, don't fancy that! You must n't pound the rock–salt small, but give it to the cattle so that they can lick it.'

ICH. "Yes, it shall be done.'

KING. "Are there still improvements needed here?"

ICH. "O ja, your Majesty. Here lies the Kemensee [Kemmen–lake]: if that were drained out, your Majesty would gain some 1,800 acres [MORGEN, three–fifths English acre] of pasture–land, where colonists could be settled; and then the whole country would have navigation too, which would help the village of Fehrbellin and the

town of Ruppín to an uncommon degree.'

KING. "'I suppose so! Be a great help to you, won't it; and many will be ruined by the job, especially the proprietors of the ground NICHT WAHR?' [Ha?]

ICH. "'Your Majesty's gracious pardon [EW. MAJESTAT HALTEN ZU GNADEN,—hold me to grace]: the ground belongs to the Royal Forest, and there grows nothing but birches on it.'

KING. "'Oh, if birchwood is all it produces, then we may see! But you must not make your reckoning without your host either, that the cost may not outrun the use.'

ICH. "'The cost will certainly not outrun the use. For, first, your Majesty may securely reckon that eighteen hundred acres will be won from the water; that will be six—and—thirty colonists, allowing each 50 acres. And now if there were a small light toll put upon the raft—timber and the ships that will frequent the new canal, there would be ample interest for the outlay.'

KING. "'Na, tell my Geheimer—Rath Michaelis of it. The man understands that kind of matters; and I will advise you to apply to the man in every particular of such things, and wherever you know that colonists can be settled. I don't want whole colonies at once; but wherever there are two or three families of them, I say apply to that man about it.'

ICH. "'It shall be done, your Majesty.'

KING. "'Can't I see Wusterau,' where old Ajax Ziethen lives, 'from here?'

ICH. "'Yes, your Majesty; there to the right, that is it.' It BELONGS to General von Ziethen; and terrible BUILDING he has had here,—almost all his life!

KING. "'Is the General at home?'

ICH. "'Ja.'

KING. "'How do you know?'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, the Rittmeister von Lestock lies in my village on GRAZING service; and last night the Herr General sent a letter over to him by a groom. In that way I know it.'

KING. "'Did General von Ziethen gain, among others, by the draining of the Luch?'

ICH. "'O ja; the Farm—stead there to the right he built in consequence, and has made a dairy there, which he could not have done, had not the Luch been drained.'

KING. "'That I am glad of!—What is the Beamte's name in Alt—Ruppín?' [Old Ruppín, I suppose, or part of its endless "RUPPIN or RHYN MERE," catches the King's eye.]

ICH. "'Honig.'

KING. "'How long has he been there?'

ICH. "'Since Trinity—term.'

KING. "'Since Trinity—term! What was he before?'

ICH. "'Kanonious' [a canon].

KING. "'Kanonikus? Kanonicus? How the Devil comes a Kanonicus to be a Beamte?'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, he is a young man who has money, and wanted to have the honor of being a Beamte of your Majesty.'

KING. "'Why did n't the old one stay?'

ICH. "'Is dead.'

KING. "'Well, the widow might have kept his AMT, then!'

ICH. "'Is fallen into poverty.'

KING. "'By woman husbandry!'

ICH. "'Your Majesty's pardon! She cultivated well, but a heap of mischances brought her down: those may happen to the best husbandman. I myself, two years ago, lost so many cattle by the murrain, and got no remission: since that, I never can get on again either.'

KING. "'My son, to—day I have some disorder in my left ear, and cannot hear rightly on that side of my head' (!).

ICH. "'It is a pity that Geheimer—Rath Michaelis has got the very same disorder!'—I now retired a little back from the carriage; I fancied his Majesty might take this answer ill.

KING. "'Na, Amtmann, forward! Stay by the carriage; but TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, THAT YOU DON'T GET HURT. SPEAK LOUD, I UNDERSTAND VERY WELL.' These words marked in Italics [capitals]

his Majesty repeated at least ten times in the course of the journey. 'Tell me now, what is that village over on the right yonder?'

ICH. "'Langen.'

KING. "'To whom does it belong?'

ICH. "'A third part of it to your Majesty, under the AMT of Alt- Ruppin; a third to Herr von Hagen; and then the High Church (DOHM) of Berlin has also tenants in it.'

KING. "'You are mistaken, the High Church of Magdeburg.'

ICH. "'Your Majesty's gracious pardon, the High Church of Berlin.'

KING. "'But it is not so; the High Church of Berlin has no tenants!'

ICH. "'Your Majesty's gracious pardon, the High Church of Berlin has three tenants in the village Karvesen in my own AMT.'

KING. "'You mistake, it is the High Church of Magdeburg.'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, I must be a bad Beamte, if I did not know what tenants and what lordships there are in my own AMT.'

KING. "'Ja, then you are in the right!—Tell me now: here on the right there must be an estate, I can't think of the name; name me the estates that lie here on the right.'

ICH. "'Buschow, Rodenslieben, Sommerfeld, Beetz, Karbe.'

KING. "'That's it, Karbe! To whom belongs that?'

ICH. "'To Herr von Knesebeck.'

KING. "'Was he in the service?'

ICH. "'Yes, Lieutenant or Ensign in the Guards.'

KING. "'In the Guards? [COUNTING ON HIS FINGERS.] You are right: he was Lieutenant in the Guards. I am very glad the Estate is still in the hands of the Knesebecks.—Na, tell me though, the road that mounts up here goes to Ruppin, and here to the left is the grand road for Hamburg?'

ICH. "'Ja, your Majesty.'

KING. "'Do you know how long it is since I was here last?'

ICH. "'No.'

KING. "'It is three—and—forty years. Cannot I see Ruppin somewhere here?'

ICH. "'Yes, your Majesty: the steeple rising there over the firs, that is Ruppin.'

KING (leaning out of the carriage with his prospect-glass). "'Ja, ja, that is it, I know it yet. Can I see Drammitz hereabouts?'

ICH. "'No, your Majesty: Drammitz lies too far to the left, close on Kiritz.'

KING. "'Sha'n't we see it, when we come closer?'

ICH. "'Maybe, about Neustadt; but I am not sure.'

KING. "'Pity, that. Can I see Pechlin?'

ICH. "'Not just now, your Majesty; it lies too much in the hollow. Who knows whether your Majesty will see it at all!'

KING. "'Na, keep an eye; and if you see it, tell me. Where is the Beamte of Alt-Ruppin?'

ICH. "'In Protzen, where we change horses, he will be.'

KING. "'Can't we yet see Pechlin?'

ICH. "'No, your Majesty.'

KING. "'To whom belongs it now?'

ICH. "'To a certain Schonermark.'

KING. "'Is he of the Nobility?'

ICH. "'No.'

KING. "'Who had it before him?'

ICH. "'The Courier (FELDJAGER) Ahrens; he got it by inheritance from his father. The property has always been in commoners' (BURGERLICHEN) hands.'

KING. "'That I am aware of. How call we the village here before us?'

ICH. "'Walcho.'

KING. "'To whom belongs it?'

ICH. "'To you, your Majesty, under the Amt Alt–Ruppin.'

KING. "'What is the village here before us?'

ICH. "'Protzen.'

KING. "'Whose is it?'

ICH. "'Herr von Kleist's.'

KING. "'What Kleist is that?'

ICH. "'A son of General Kleist's.'

KING. "'Of what General Kleist's.'

ICH. "'His brother was FLUGELADJUTANT [WING–adjutant, whatever that may be] with your Majesty; and is now at Magdeburg, Lieutenant– Colonel in the Regiment Kalkstein.'

KING. "'Ha, ha, that one! I know the Kleists very well. Has this Kleist been in the service too?'

ICH. "'Yea, your Majesty; he was ensign in the regiment Prinz Ferdinand.'

KING. "'Why did the man seek his discharge?'

ICH. "'That I do not know.'

KING. "'You may tell me, I have no view in asking: why did the man take his discharge?'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, I really cannot say.'

"We had now got on to Protzen. I perceived old General van Ziethen standing before the Manor–house in Protzen,"—rugged brave old soul; with his hanging brows, and strange dim–fiery pious old thoughts!—"I rode forward to the carriage and said:—

ICH. "'Your Majesty, the Herr General von Ziethen is [are, SIND] also here.'

KING. "'Where? where? Oh, ride forward, and tell the people to draw up; they must halt, I'll get out.'

"And now his Majesty got out; and was exceedingly delighted at the sight of Herr General von Ziethen; talked with him and Herr von Kleist of many things: Whether the draining of the Luch had done him good; Whether the murrain had been there among their cattle?— and recommended rock–salt against the murrain. Suddenly his Majesty stepped aside, turned towards me, and called: 'Ammann! [THEN CLOSE INTO MY EAR] Who is the fat man there with the white coat?'

ICH (ALSO CLOSE INTO HIS MAJESTY'S EAR). "'Your Majesty, that is the Landrath Quast, of the Ruppin Circle.'

KING. "'Very well.'

"Now his Majesty went back to General von Ziethen and Herr von Kleist, and spoke of different things. Herr von Kleist presented some very fine fruit to his Majesty; all at once his Majesty turned round, and said: 'Serviteur, Herr Landrath!—As the Landrath ["fat man there with the white coat"] was stepping towards his Majesty, said his Majesty: 'Stay he there where he is; I know him. He is the Landrath von Quast!["Very good indeed, old Vater Fritz; let him stand there in his white coat, a fat, sufficiently honored man!— Chodowiecki has an engraving of this incident;—I saw IT at the British Museum once, where they have only seven others on Friedrich altogether, all in one poor GOTHA ALMANAC; very small, very coarse, but very good: this Quast (Anglice 'Tassel') was one of them" (MARGINALE OF 1862).]

"They had now yoked the horses. His Majesty took a very tender leave of old General von Ziethen, waved an adieu to those about, and drove on. Although his Majesty at Protzen would not take any fruit, yet when once we were out of the village, his Majesty took a luncheon from the carriage–pocket for himself and the Herr General Graf von Gortz, and, all along, during the drive, ate apricots (IMMER PFIRSCHEN).

At starting, his Majesty had fancied I was to stop here, and called out of the carriage: 'Ammann, come along with us!'

KING. "'Where is the Beamte of Alt–Ruppin?'

ICH. "'Apparently he must be unwell; otherwise he would have been in Protzen at the change of horses there' ["at the VORSPANN:" Yes; —and Manor–house, EDELHOF, where old Ziethen waited, was lower down the street, and SOONER than the Post–house?]

KING. "'Na, tell me now, don't you really know why that Kleist at Protzen took his discharge?' [VOILA!]

ICH. "'No, your Majesty, I really do not.'

KING. "'What village is this before us?'

ICH. "'Manker.'

KING. "And whose?"

ICH. "Yours, your Majesty, in the AMT Alt-Ruppin."

KING (looking round on the harvest-fields). "Here you, now: how are you content with the harvest?"

ICH. "Very well, your Majesty."

KING. "Very well? And to me they said, Very ill!"

ICH. "Your Majesty, the winter-crop was somewhat frost-nipt; but the summer-crop in return is so abundant it will richly make up for the winter-crop." His Majesty now looked round upon the fields, shock standing upon shock.

KING. "It is a good harvest, you are right; shock stands close by shock here!"

ICH. "Yes, your Majesty; and the people here make STEIGS (mounts) of them too."

KING. "Steigs, what is that?"

ICH. "That is 20 sheaves piled all together."

KING. "Oh, it is indisputably a good harvest. But tell me, though, why did Kleist of Protzen take his discharge?"

ICH. "Your Majesty, I do not know. I suppose he was obliged to take his father's estates in hand: no other cause do I know of."

KING. "What's the name of this village we are coming to?"

ICH. "Garz."

KING. "To whom belongs it?"

ICH. "To the Kriegrath von Quast."

KING. "To WHOM belongs it?"

ICH. "To Kriegrath von Quast."

KING. "EY WAS [pooh, pooh]! I know nothing of Kriegraths!—To whom does the Estate belong?"

ICH. "To Herr von Quast." Friedrich had the greatest contempt for Kriegraths, and indeed for most other RATHS or titular shams, labelled boxes with nothing in the inside: on a horrible winter-morning (sleet, thunder, marching off hours before sunrise, he has been heard to say, 'Would one were a Kriegrath!')

KING. "Na, that is the right answer."

"His Majesty now arrived at Garz. The changing of the horses was managed by Herr von Luderitz of Nackeln, as first Deputy of the Ruppin Circle. He had his hat on, and a white feather in it. When the yoking was completed, our journey proceeded again.

KING. "To whom belongs this estate on the left here?"

ICH. "To Herr van Luderitz; it is called Nackeln."

KING. "What Luderitz is that?"

ICH. "Your Majesty, he that was in Garz while the horses were changing."

KING. "Ha, ha, the Herr with the white feather!—Do you sow wheat too?"

ICH. "Ja, your Majesty."

KING. "How much have you sown?"

ICH. "Three WISPELS 12 SCHEFFELS, unknown measures!"

KING. "How much did your predecessor use to sow?"

ICH. "Four scheffels."

KING. "How has it come that you sow so much more than he?"

ICH. "As I have already had the honor to tell your Majesty that I keep seventy head of cows more than he, I have of course more manure for my ground, and so put it in a better case for bearing wheat."

KING. "But why do you grow no hemp?"

ICH. "It would not answer here. In a cold climate it would answer better. Our sailors can buy Russian hemp in Lubeck cheaper, and of better quality than I could grow here."

KING. "What do you sow, then, where you used to have hemp?"

ICH. "Wheat!"

KING. "Why do you sow no Farbekraut, ["DYE-HERB:" commonly called "FARBERROTHER;" yields a coarse RED, on decoction of the twigs and branches; from its roots the finer red called "KRAPP" (in French GARANCE) is got.] no Krapp?"

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ICH. "It will not prosper; the ground is n't good enough.'

KING. "That is people's talk: you should have made the trial.'

ICH. "I did make the trial; but it failed; and as Beamte I cannot make many trials; for, let them fail or not, the rent must be paid.'

KING. "What do you sow, then, where you would have put Farbekraut?'

ICH. "Wheat.'

KING. "Na! Then stand by wheat!—Your tenants are in good case, I suppose?'

ICH. "Yes, your Majesty. I can show by the Register of Hypotheks (HYPOTHEKENBUCH) that they have about 50 thousand thalers of capital among them.'

KING. "That is good.'

ICH. "Three years ago a tenant died who had 11,000 thalers,' say 2,000 pounds, 'in the Bank.'

KING. "How much?'

ICH. "Eleven thousand thalers.'

KING. "Keep them so always!'

ICH. "Ja, your Majesty, it is very good that the tenant have money; but he becomes mutinous too, as the tenants hereabouts do, who have seven times over complained to your Majesty against me, to get rid of the HOFDIENST,' stated work due from them.

KING. "They will have had some cause too!'

ICH. "Your Majesty will graciously pardon: there was an investigation gone into, and it was found that I had not oppressed the tenants, but had always gone upon my right, and merely held them to do their duty. Nevertheless the matter stood as it was: the tenants are not punished; your Majesty puts always the tenants in the right, the poor Beamte is always in the wrong!'

KING. "'Ja: that you, my son, will contrive to get justice, you, I cannot but believe! You will send your Departmentsrath [Judge of these affairs] such pretty gifts of butter, capons, poult's!'

ICH. "No, your Majesty, we cannot. Corn brings no price: if one did not turn a penny with other things, how could one raise the rent at all?'

KING. "Where do you send your butter, capons and poult's (PUTER) for sale?'

ICH. "To Berlin.'

KING. "Why not to Ruppin?'

ICH. "Most of the Ruppin people keep cows, as many as are needed for their own uses. The soldier eats nothing but old [salt] butter, he cannot buy fresh.'

KING. "What do you get for your butter in Berlin?'

ICH. "Four groschen the pound; now the soldier at Ruppin buys his salt butter at two.'

KING. "But your capons and poult's, you could bring these to Ruppin?'

ICH. "In the regiment there are just four Staff-Officers; they can use but little: the burghers don't live delicately; they thank God when they can get a bit of pork or bacon.'

KING. "Yes, there you are in the right! The Berliners, again, like to eat some dainty article.—Na! do what you will with the tenants [UNTERTHANEN, not quite ADSCRIPTS at that time on the Royal Demesnes, but tied to many services, and by many shackles, from which Friedrich all his days was gradually delivering them]; only don't oppress them.'

ICH. "Your Majesty, that would never be my notion, nor any reasonable Beamte's.'

KING. "Tell me, then, where does Stollen lie?'

ICH. "Stollen your Majesty cannot see just here. Those big hills there on the left are the hills at Stollen; there your Majesty will have a view of all the Colonies.'

KING. "So? That is well. Then ride you with us thither.'

"Now his Majesty came upon a quantity of peasants who were mowing rye; they had formed themselves into two rows, were wiping their scythes, and so let his Majesty drive through them.

KING. "What the Devil, these people will be wanting money from me, I suppose?'

ICH. "Oh no, your Majesty! They are full of joy that you are so gracious as to visit this district.'

KING. "I'll give them nothing, though.—What village is that, there ahead of us?'

ICH. "Barsekow.'

KING. "'To whom belongs it?'

ICH. "'To Herr von Mitschepfal.'

KING. "'What Mitschepfal is that?'

ICH. "'He was Major in the regiment which your Majesty had when Crown-Prince.' [Supra, vii. 403.]

KING. "'Mein Gott! Is he still alive?'

ICH. "'No, HE is dead; his daughter has the estate.'

"We now came into the village of Barsekow, where the Manor-house is in ruins.

KING. "'Hear! Is that the manor-house (EDELHOF)?'

ICH. "'Ja.'

KING. "'That does look miserable.' Here Mitschepfal's daughter, who has married a baronial Herr von Kriegsheim from Mecklenburg, came forward while the horses were changing. Kriegsheim came on account of her into this country: the King has given them a Colony of 200 MORGEN (acres). Coming to the carriage, Frau von Kriegsheim handed some fruit to his Majesty. His Majesty declined with thanks; asked, who her father was, when he died, On a sudden, she presented her husband; began to thank for the 200 MORGEN; mounted on the coach-step; wished to kiss, if not his Majesty's hand, at least his coat. His Majesty shifted quite to the other side of the carriage, and cried"—good old Fritz!—"Let be, my daughter, let be! It is all well!—Amtmann, let us get along (MACHT DASS WIR FORTKOMMEN)!'

KING. "'Hear now: these people are not prospering here?'

ICH. "'Far from it, your Majesty; they are in the greatest poverty.'

KING. "'That is bad.—Tell me though; there lived a Landrath here before: he had a quantity of children: can't you recollect his name?'

ICH. "'That will have been the Landrath von Gorgas of Genser.'

KING. "'Ja, ja, that was he. Is he dead now?'

ICH. "'Ja, your Majesty. He died in 1771: and it was very singular; in one fortnight he, his wife and four sons all died. The other four that were left had all the same sickness too, which was a hot fever; and though the sons, being in the Army, were in different garrisons, and no brother had visited the other, they all got the same illness, and came out of it with merely their life left.'

KING. "'That was a desperate affair (VERZWEIFELTER UMSTAND GEWESEN)! Where are the four sons that are still in life?'

ICH. "'One is in the Ziethen Hussars, one in the Gens-d'Armes, another was in the regiment Prinz Ferdinand, and lives on the Estate Dersau. The fourth is son-in-law of Herr General von Ziethen. He was lieutenant in the Ziethen Regiment; but in the last war (POTATO-WAR, 1778), on account of his ill health, your Majesty gave him his discharge; and he now lives in Genser.'

KING. "'So? That is one of the Gorgases, then!—Are you still making experiments with the foreign kinds of corn?'

ICH. "'O ja; this year I have sown Spanish barley. But it will not rightly take hold; I must give it up again. However, the Holstein STOOling-rye (STAUDENROGGEN) has answered very well.'

KING. "'What kind of rye is that?'

ICH. "'It grows in Holstein in the Low Grounds (NIEDERUNG). Never below the 10th grain [10 reaped for 1 sown] have I yet had it.'

KING. "'Nu, nu [Ho, ho], surely not the 10th grain all at once!'

ICH. "'That is not much. Please your Majesty to ask the Herr General von Gortz [who has not spoken a syllable all day]; he knows this is not reckoned much in Holstein:—(the General Graf von Gortz I first had the honor to make acquaintance with in Holstein).

"They now talked, for a while, of the rye, in the carriage together. Presently his Majesty called to me from the carriage, 'Na, stand by the Holstein STAUDEN-rye, then; and give some to the tenants too.'

ICH. "'Yes, your Majesty.'

KING. "'But give me some idea: what kind of appearance had the Luch before it was drained?'

ICH. "'It was mere high rough masses of hillocks (HULLEN); between them the water settled, and had no flow. In the driest years we couldn't cart the hay out, but had to put it up in big ricks. Only in winter, when the frost was sharp, could we get it home. But now we have cut away the hillocks; and the trenches that your Majesty

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got made for us take the water off. And now the Luch is as dry as your Majesty sees, and we can carry out our hay when we please.'

KING. "'That is well. Have your tenants, too, more cattle than formerly?'

ICH. "'Ja!'

KING. "'How many more?'

ICH. "'Many have one cow, many two, according as their means admit.'

KING. "'But how many more have they in all? About how many, that is?'

ICH. "'About 150 head.'

"His Majesty must lately have asked the Herr General von Gortz, how I came to know him,—as I told his Majesty to ask General von Gortz about the Holstein rye;—and presumably the Herr General must have answered, what was the fact, That he had first known me in Holstein, where I dealt in horses, and that I had been at Potsdam with horses. Suddenly his Majesty said: 'Hear! I know you are fond of horses. But give up that, and prefer cows; you will find your account better there.'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, I no longer deal in horses. I merely rear a few foals every year.'

KING. "'Rear calves instead; that will be better.'

ICH. "'Oh, your Majesty, if one takes pains with it, there is no loss in breeding horses. I know a man who got, two years ago, 1,000 thalers for a stallion of his raising.'

KING. "'He must have been a fool that gave it.'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, he was a Mecklenburg nobleman.'

KING. "'But nevertheless a fool.'

"We now came upon the territory of the Amt Neustadt; and here the Amtsrath Klausius, who has the Amt in farm, was in waiting on the boundary, and let his Majesty drive past. But as I began to get tired of the speaking, and his Majesty went on always asking about villages, which stand hereabouts in great quantity, and I had always to name the owner, and say what sons he had in the Army,—I brought up Herr Amtsrath Klausius to the carriage, and said:—

ICH. "'Your Majesty, this is the Amtsrath Klausius, of the Amt Neustadt, in whose jurisdiction the Colonies are.'

KING. "'So, so! that is very good (DAS IST MIR LIEB). Bring him up.'

KING. "'What's your name?' (from this point the King spoke mostly with Amtsrath Klausius, and I only wrote down what I heard).

KL. "'Klausius.'

KING. "'Klau—si—us. Na, have you many cattle here on the Colonies?'

KL. "'1,887 head of cows, your Majesty. There would have been above 3,000, had it not been for the murrain that was here.'

KING. "'Do the people too increase well? Are there jolly children?'

KL. "'O ja, your Majesty; there are now 1,576 souls upon the Colonies.'

KING. "'Are you married too?'

KL. "'Ja, your Majesty.'

KING. "'And have you children?'

KL. "'Step—children, your Majesty.'

KING. "'Why not of your own?'

KL. "'Don't know that, your Majesty; as it happens.'

KING. "'Hear: Is it far to the Mecklenburg border, here where we are?'

KL. "'Only a short mile [5 miles English]. But there are some villages scattered still within the boundary which belong to Brandenburg. There are Stetzebart, Rosso and so on.'

KING. "'Ja, ja, I know them. But I should not have thought we were so near upon the Mecklenburg country.' [TO THE HERR AMTSRATH KLAUSIUS] 'Where were you born?'

KL. "'At Neustadt on the Dosse.'

KING. "'What was your father?'

KL. "'Clergyman.'

KING. "'Are they good people, these Colonists? The first generation of them is n't usually good for much.'

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KL. "'They are getting on, better or worse.'

KING. "'Do they manage their husbandry well?'

KL. "'O ja, your Majesty. His Excellency the Minister von Derschau, too, has given me a Colony of 75 acres, to show the other Colonists a good example in management.'

KING (smiling). "'Ha, ha! good example! But tell me, I see no wood here: where do the Colonists get their timber?'

KL. "'From the Ruppín district.'

KING. "'How far is that?'

KL. "'3 miles' [15 English].

KING. "'Well, that's a great way . It should have been contrived that they could have it nearer hand.' [TO ME] 'What man is that to the right there?'

ICH. "'Bauinspector [Buildings–Inspector] Menzelius, who has charge of the buildings in these parts.'

KING. "'Am I in Rome? They are mere Latin names!—Why is that hedged in so high?'

ICH. "'That is the mule–stud.'

KING. "'What is the name of this Colony?'

ICH. "'Klausiusshof.'

KL. "'Your Majesty, it should be called Klaushof.'

KING. "'Its name is Klausiusshof. What is the other Colony called?'

ICH. "'Brenkenhof.'

KING. "'That is not its name.'

ICH. "'Ja, your Majesty, I know it by no other!'

KING. "'Its name is Brenken–hosius–hof!—Are these the Stollen hills that lie before us?'

ICH. "'Ja, your Majesty.'

KING. "'Have I to drive through the village?'

ICH. "'It is not indispensable; but the change of horses is there. If your Majesty give order, I will ride forward, send the fresh horses out of the village, and have them stationed to wait at the foot of the hills.'

KING. "'O ja, do so! Take one of my pages with you.'

"I now took measures about the new team of horses, but so arranged it, that when his Majesty got upon the hills I was there too. At dismounting from his carriage on the hill–top, his Majesty demanded a prospect–glass; looked round the whole region, and then said: 'Well, in truth, that is beyond my expectation! That is beautiful! I must say this to you, all of you that have worked in this business, you have behaved like honorable people!'—[TO ME] 'Tell me now, is the Elbe far from here?'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, it is 2 miles off [10 miles]. Yonder is Wurben in the Altmark; it lies upon the Elbe.'

KING. "'That cannot be! Give me the glass again.—Ja, ja, it is true, though. But what other steeple is that?'

ICH. "'Your Majesty, that is Havelberg.'

KING. "'Na, come here, all of you!' (THERE WERE AMTSRATH KLAUSIUS, BAUINSPECTOR MENZELIUS AND I.) 'Hear now, the tract of moor here to the left must also be reclaimed; and what is to the right too, so far as the moor extends. What kind of wood is there on it?'

ICH. "'Alders (ELSEN) and oaks, your Majesty.'

KING. "'Na! the alders you may root out; and the oaks may continue standing; the people may sell these, or use them otherwise. When once the ground is arable, I reckon upon 300 families for it, and 500 head of cows,—ha?'—Nobody answered; at last I began, and said:—

ICH. "'Ja, your Majesty, perhaps!'

KING. "'Hear now, you may answer me with confidence. There will be more or fewer families. I know well enough one cannot, all at once, exactly say. I was never there, don't know the ground; otherwise I could understand equally with you how many families could be put upon it.'

THE BAUINSPECTOR. "'Your Majesty, the LUCH is still subject to rights of common from a great many hands.'

KING. "'No matter for that. You must make exchanges, give them an equivalent, according as will answer best in the case. I want nothing from anybody except at its value.' [TO AMTSRATH KLAUSIUS] 'Na, hear now, you can write to my Kammer [BOARD, Board–of–Works that does NOT sit idle!], what it is that I want

reclaimed to the plough; the money for it I will give.' [TO ME] 'And you, you go to Berlin, and explain to my Geheimer–Rath Michaelis, by word of mouth, what it is I want reclaimed.'

"His Majesty now stepped into his carriage again [was Gortz sitting all the while, still in silence? Or had he perhaps got out at the bottom of the hill, and sat down to a contemplative pipe of tobacco, the smoke of which, heart–cheering to Gortz, was always disagreeable to Friedrich? Nobody knows!]
—and drove down the hill; there the horses were changed. And now, as his Majesty's order was that I should 'attend him to the Stollen hills,' I went up to the carriage, and asked:—

ICH. "Does your Majesty command that I should yet accompany farther' ["BEFEHLEN, command," in the plural is polite, "your Majesty, that I yet farther shall WITH"]?

KING. "No, my son; ride, in God's name, home.'—

"The Herr Amtsrath [Klau–si–us] then accompanied his Majesty to Rathenow, where he [THEY: His Majesty is plural] lodged in the Post–house. At Rathenow, during dinner, his Majesty was uncommonly cheerful: he dined with Herr Lieutenant–Colonel von Backhof of the Carabineers, and the Herr Lieutenant–Colonel von Backhof himself has related that his Majesty said:—

"My good Von Backhof (MEIN LIEBER VON BACKHOF): if He [you] have not for a long time been in the Fehrbellin neighborhood, go there." Fehrbellin, the Prussian BANNOCKBURN; where the Great Elector cut the hitherto invincible Swedes IN TWO, among the DAMS and intricate moory quagmires, with a vastly inferior force, nearly all of cavalry (led by one DERFLINGER, who in his apprentice time had been a TAILOR); beat one end of them all to rags, then galloped off and beat the other into ditto; quite taking the conceit out of the Swedes, or at least clearing Prussia of them forever and a day: a feat much admired by Friedrich: "Go there,' he says. 'That region is uncommonly improved [as I saw to–day]! I have not for a long time had such a pleasant drive. I decided on this journey because I had no REVIEW on hand; and it has given me such pleasure that I shall certainly have another by and by.'

"Tell me now: how did you get on in the last War [KARTOFFEL KRIEG, no fighting, only a scramble for proviant and "potatoes"]? Most likely ill! You in Saxony too could make nothing out. The reason was, we had not men to fight against, but cannons! I might have done a thing or two; but I should have sacrificed more than the half of my Army, and shed innocent human blood. In that case I should have deserved to be taken to the Guard–house door, and to have got a sixscore there (EINEN OFFFENTLICHEN PRODUKT)! Wars are becoming frightful to carry on.'

"This was surely touching to hear from the mouth of a great Monarch,' said Herr Lieutenant–Colonel von Backhof to me, and tears came into that old soldier's eyes." Afterwards his Majesty had said:—

"Of the Battle of Fehrbellin I know everything, almost as if I myself had been there! While I was Crown–Prince, and lay in Ruppin, there was an old townsman, the man was even then very old: he could describe the whole Battle, and knew the scene of it extremely well. Once I got into a carriage, took my old genius with me, who showed me all over the ground, and described everything so distinctly, I was much contented with him. As we were coming back, I thought: Come, let me have a little fun with the old blade;—so I asked him: 'Father, don't you know, then, why the two Sovereigns came to quarrel with one another?'—'O ja, your Royal HighnessES [from this point we have Platt–Deutsch, PRUSSIAN dialect, for the old man's speech; barely intelligible, as Scotch is to an ingenious Englishman], DAT WILL ICK SE WOHL SEGGEN, I can easily tell you that. When our Chorforste [Kurfursts, Great Elector] was young, he studied in Utrecht; and there the King of Sweden happened to be too. And now the two young lords picked some quarrel, got to pulling caps [fell into one another's hair], AND DIT IS NU DE PICKE DAVON, and this now was the upshot of it.'—His Majesty spoke this in Platt–Deutsch, as here given;—but grew at table so weary that he (they) fell asleep." So far Backhof;—and now again Fromme by way of finish:—

"Of his Majesty's journey I can give no farther description. For though his Majesty spoke and asked many things else; it would be difficult to bring them all to paper." And so ends the DAY WITH FRIEDRICH THE GREAT; very flat, but I dare say very TRUE:— a Daguerrotype of one of his Days.