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HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II OF PRUSSIA, Volume 20

FREDERICK THE GREAT

by Thomas Carlyle

Contents

[BOOK XX.—FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS—25th April, 1760-15th February, 1763.](#)

[Chapter I.—FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.](#)

[Chapter II.—FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN.](#)

[CAPTURE OF GLATZ \(26th July, 1760\).](#)

[DIALOGUE OF FRIEDRICH AND HENRI \(from their Private Correspondence: June 7th-July 29th, 1760\).](#)

[DUKE FERDINAND'S BATTLE OF WARBURG \(31st July, 1760\).](#)

[Chapter III.—BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.](#)

[LOUDON IS TRYING A STROKE-OF-HAND ON BRESLAU, IN THE GLATZ FASHION, IN THE INTERIM \(July 30th-August 3d\).](#)

[FRIEDRICH ON MARCH, FOR THE THIRD TIME, TO RESCUE SILESIA \(August 1st-15th\).](#)

[BATTLE, IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF LIEGNITZ, DOES ENSUE \(Friday morning, 15th August, 1760\).](#)

[Chapter IV.—DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS.](#)

[THE RUSSIANS MAKE A RAID ON BERLIN, FOR RELIEF OF DAUN AND THEIR OWN BEHOOF \(October 3d-12th, 1760\).](#)

[Chapter V.—BATTLE OF TORGAU.](#)

[FIGHT OF KLOSTER KAMPEN \(Night of October 15th-16th\); WESEL NOT TO](#)

BE HAD BY DUKE FERDINAND.

Chapter VI.—WINTER-QUARTERS 1760-1761.

KING FRIEDRICH IN THE APEL HOUSE AT LEIPZIG (8th December, 1760-17th March, 1761).

INTERVIEW WITH HERR PROFESSOR GELLERT (Thursday, 18th December, 1760).

DIALOGUE WITH GENERAL SALDERN (in the Apel House, Leipzig, 21st January, 1761).

THERE ARE SOME WAR-MOVEMENTS DURING WINTER; GENERAL FINANCIERING DIFFICULTIES. CHOISEUL PROPOSES PEACE.

Chapter VII.—SIXTH CAMPAIGN OPENS: CAMP OF BUNZELWITZ.

OF FERDINAND'S BATTLE OF VELLINGHAUSEN (15th-16th July); AND THE CAMPAIGN 1761.

THIRD SIEGE OF COLBERG.

Chapter VIII.—LOUDON POUNCES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ ONE NIGHT (LAST OF SEPTEMBER, 1761).

Chapter IX.—TRAITOR WARKOTSCH.

Chapter X.—FRIEDRICH IN BRESLAU; HAS NEWS FROM PETERSBURG.

THE PITT CATASTROPHE: HOW THE PEACE-NEGOTIATION WENT OFF BY EXPLOSION; HOW PITT WITHDREW (3d October, 1761), AND THERE CAME A SPANISH WAR NEVERTHELESS.

TIFF OF QUARREL BETWEEN KING AND HENRI (March-April, 1762).

BRIGHT NEWS FROM PETERSBURG (certain, Jan. 19th); WHICH GROW EVER BRIGHTER; AND BECOME A STAR-OF-DAY FOR FRIEDRICH.

WHAT COLONEL HORDT AND THE OTHERS SAW AT PETERSBURG (January-July, 1762).

Chapter XI.—SEVENTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

Chapter XII.—SIEGE OF SCHWEIDNITZ: SEVENTH CAMPAIGN ENDS.

Chapter XIII.—PEACE OF HUBERTSBURG.

**BOOK XX.—FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE
OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR
GRADUALLY ENDS—25th April, 1760-15th
February, 1763.**

Chapter I.—FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

There were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two;—was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish: and the hope of ruining such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent,—all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both sides, is fast abating,—hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent being always a FIXED quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing),—what remains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event. Let us diligently follow that, and be compendious with the remainder.

Friedrich was always famed for his Marches; but, this Year, they exceeded all calculation and example; and

are still the admiration of military men. Can there by no method be some distant notion afforded of them to the general reader? They were the one resource Friedrich had left, against such overwhelming superiority in numbers; and they came out like surprises in a theatre,—unpleasantly surprising to Daun. Done with such dexterity, rapidity and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as overset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

Evening of April 25th, Friedrich rose from his Freyberg cantonments; moved back, that is, northward, a good march; then encamped himself between Elbe and the Hill-Country; with freer prospect and more elbow-room for work coming. His left is on Meissen and the Elbe; his right at a Village called the Katzenhauser, an uncommonly strong camp, of which one often hears afterwards; his centre camp is at Schlettau, which also is strong, though not to such a degree. This line extends from Meissen southward about 10 miles, commanding the Reich-ward Passes of the Metal Mountains, and is defensive of Leipzig, Torgau and the Towns thereabouts. [Tempelhof, iv. 16 et seq.] Katzenhauser is but a mile or two from Krogis—that unfortunate Village where Finck got his Maxen Order: "ER WEISS,—You know I can't stand having difficulties raised; manage to do it!"

Friedrich's task, this Year, is to defend Saxony; Prince Henri having undertaken the Russians,—Prince Henri and Fouquet, the Russians and Silesia. Clearly on very uphill terms, both of them: so that Friedrich finds he will have a great many things to assist in, besides defending Saxony. He lies here expectant till the middle of June, above seven weeks; Daun also, for the last two weeks, having taken the field in a sort. In a sort;—but comes no nearer; merely posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the River, with Lacy thrown out ahead in good force on that vacant side; and so waiting the course of other people's enterprises.

Well to eastward and rearward of Daun, where we have seen Loudon about to be very busy, Prince Henri and Fouquet have spun themselves out into a long chain of posts, in length 300 miles or more, "from Landshut, along the Bober, along the Queiss and Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stettin and Colberg, to the Baltic Sea." [Tempelhof, iv. 21-24.] On that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise, Daun can attempt nothing; still less on the Katzenhauser-Schlettau side can he dream of an attempt: only towards Brandenburg and Berlin—the Country on that side, 50 or 60 miles of it, to eastward of Meissen, being vacant of troops—is Daun's road open, were he enterprising, as Friedrich hopes he is not. For some two weeks, Friedrich—not ready otherwise, it being difficult to cross the River, if Lacy with his 30,000 should think of interference—had to leave the cunctatory Feldmarschall this chance or unlikely possibility. At the end of the second week ("June 14th," as we shall mark by and by), the chance was withdrawn.

Daun and his Lacy are but one, and that by no means the most harassing, of the many cares and anxieties which Friedrich has upon him in those Seven Weeks, while waiting at Schlettau, reading the omens. Never hitherto was the augury of any Campaign more indecipherable to him, or so continually fluctuating with wild hopes, which proved visionary, and with huge practical fears, of what he knew to be the real likelihood. "Peace coming?" It is strange how long Friedrich clings to that fond hope: "My Edelsheim is in the Bastille, or packed home in disgrace: but will not the English and Choiseul make Peace? It is Choiseul's one rational course; bankrupt as he is, and reduced to spoons and kettles. In which case, what a beautiful effect might Duke Ferdinand produce, if he marched to Eger, say to Eger, with his 50,000 Germans (Britannic Majesty and Pitt so gracious), and twitched Daun by the skirt, whirling Daun home to Bohemia in a hurry!" Then the Turks; the Danes,—"Might not the Danes send us a trifle of Fleet to Colberg (since the English never will), and keep our Russians at bay?"—"At lowest these hopes are consolatory," says he once, suspecting them all (as, no doubt, he often enough does), "and give us courage to look calmly for the opening of this Campaign, the very idea of which has made me shudder!" ["To Prince Henri:" in *Schoning*, ii. 246 (3d April, 1760): ib. 263 (of the DANISH outlook); &c. &c.]

Meanwhile, by the end of May, the Russians are come across the Weichsel again, lie in four camps on the hither side; start about June 1st;—Henri waiting for them, in Sagan Country his head-quarter; and on both hands of that, Fouquet and he spread out, since the middle of May, in their long thin Chain of Posts, from Landshut to Colberg again, like a thin wall of 300 miles. To Friedrich the Russian movements are, and have been, full of enigma: "Going upon Colberg? Going upon Glogau; upon Breslau?" That is a heavy-footed certainty, audibly tramping forward on us, amid these fond visions of the air! Certain too, and visible to a duller eye than Friedrich's; Loudon in Silesia is meditating mischief. "The inevitable Russians, the inevitable Loudon; and nothing but Fouquet and Henri on guard there, with their long thin chain of posts, infinitely too thin to do any execution!" thinks the King. To whom their modes of operating are but little satisfactory, as seen at Schlettau from the distance. "Condense yourself," urges he always on Henri; "go forward on the Russians; attack sharply this Corps, that Corps, while they are still separate and on march!" Henri did condense himself, "took post between Sagan and Sprottau; post at Frankfurt,"—poor Frankfurt, is it to have a Kunersdorf or Zorndorf every year, then? No; the cautious Henri never could see his way into these adventures; and did not attack any Corps of the Russians. Took post at Landsberg ultimately,—the Russians, as usual, having Posen as place-of-arms,—and vigilantly watched the Russians, without coming to strokes at all. A spectacle growing gradually intolerable to the King, though he tries to veil his feelings.

Neither was Fouquet's plan of procedure well seen by Friedrich in the distance. Ever since that of Regiment Manteuffel, which was a bit of disappointment, Loudon has been quietly industrious on a bigger scale. Privately he cherishes the hope, being a swift vehement enterprising kind of man, to oust Fouquet; and perhaps to have Glatz Fortress taken, before his Russians come! In the very end of May, Loudon, privately aiming for Glatz, breaks in upon Silesia again,—a long way to eastward of Fouquet, and as if regardless of Glatz. Upon which, Fouquet, in dread for Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau itself, hastened down into the Plain Country, to manoeuvre upon Loudon; but found no Loudon moving that way; and, in a day or two, learned that Landshut, so weakly guarded, had been picked up by a big corps of Austrians; and in another day or two, that Loudon (June 7th) had blocked Glatz,—Loudon's real intention now clear to Fouquet. As it was to Friedrich from the first; whose anger and astonishment at this loss of Landshut were great, when he heard of it in his Camp of Schlettau. "Back to Landshut," orders he (11th June, three days before leaving Schlettau); "neither Schweidnitz nor Breslau are in danger: it is Glatz the Austrians mean [as Fouquet and all

the world now see they do!]; watch Glatz; retake me Landshut instantly!"

The tone of Friedrich, which is usually all friendliness to Fouquet, had on this occasion something in it which offended the punctual and rather peremptory Spartan mind. Fouquet would not have neglected Glatz; pity he had not been left to his own methods with Landshut and it. Deeply hurt, he read this Order (16th June); and vowing to obey it, and nothing but it, used these words, which were remembered afterwards, to his assembled Generals: "MEINE HERREN, it appears, then, we must take Landshut again. Loudon, as the next thing, will come on us there with his mass of force; and we must then, like Prussians, hold out as long as possible, think of no surrender on open field, but if even beaten, defend ourselves to the last man. In case of a retreat, I will be one of the last that leaves the field: and should I have the misfortune to survive such a day, I give you my word of honor never to draw a Prussian sword more." [Stenzel, v. 239.] This speech of Fouquet's (June 16th) was two days after Friedrich got on march from Schlettau. June 17th, Fouquet got to Landshut; drove out the Austrians more easily than he had calculated, and set diligently, next day, to repair his works, writing to Friedrich: "Your Majesty's Order shall be executed here, while a man of us lives." Fouquet, in the old Crown-Prince time, used to be called Bayard by his Royal friend. His Royal friend, now darker of face and scathed by much ill-weather, has just quitted Schlettau, three days before this recovery of Landshut; and will not have gone far till he again hear news of Fouquet.

NIGHT OF JUNE 14th-15th, Friedrich, "between Zehren and Zabel," several miles down stream,—his bridges now all ready, out of Lacy's cognizance,—has suddenly crossed Elbe; and next afternoon pitches camp at Broschwitz, which is straight towards Lacy again. To Lacy's astonishment; who is posted at Moritzburg, with head-quarter in that beautiful Country-seat of Polish Majesty,—only 10 miles to eastward, should Friedrich take that road. Broschwitz is short way north of Meissen, and lies on the road either to Grossenhayn or to Radeburg (Radeburg only four miles northward of Lacy), as Friedrich shall see fit, on the morrow. For the Meissen north road forks off there, in those two directions: straight northward is for Grossenhayn, right hand is for Badeburg. Most interesting to Lacy, which of these forks, what is quite optional, Friedrich will take! Lacy is an alert man; looks well to himself; warns Daun; and will not be caught if he can help it. Daun himself is encamped at Reichenberg, within two miles of him, inexpugnably intrenched as usual; and the danger surely is not great: nevertheless both these Generals, wise by experience, keep their eyes open.

The FIRST great Feat of Marching now follows, On Friedrich's part; with little or no result to Friedrich; but worth remembering, so strenuous, so fruitless was it,—so barred by ill news from without! Both this and the Second stand recorded for us, in brief intelligent terms by Mitchell, who was present in both; and who is perfectly exact on every point, and intelligible throughout,—if you will read him with a Map; and divine for yourself what the real names are, out of the inhuman blotchings made of them, not by Mitchell's blame at all. [Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 et seq.]

TUESDAY, JUNE 17th, second day of Friedrich's stay at Broschwitz, Mitchell, in a very confidential Dialogue they had together, learned from him, under seal of secrecy, That it was his purpose to march for Radeburg to-morrow morning, and attack Lacy and his 30,000, who lie encamped at Moritzburg out yonder; for which step his Majesty was pleased farther to show Mitchell a little what the various inducements were: "One Russian Corps is aiming as if for Berlin; the Austrians are about besieging Glatz,—pressing need that Fouquet were reinforced in his Silesian post of difficulty. Then here are the Reichs-people close by; can be in Dresden three days hence, joined to Daun: 80,000 odd there will then be of Enemies in this part: I must beat Lacy, if possible, while time still is!"—and ended by saying: "Succeed here, and all may yet be saved; be beaten here, I know the consequences: but what can I do? The risk must be run; and it is now smaller than it will ever again be."

Mitchell, whose account is a fortnight later than the Dialogue itself, does confess, "My Lord, these reasons, though unhappily the thing seems to have failed, 'appear to me to be solid and unanswerable.'" Much more do they to Tempelhof, who sees deeper into the bottom of them than Mitchell did; and finds that the failure is only superficial. [Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 (Despatch, "June 30th, 1760"); Tempelhof, iv. 44.] The real success, thinks Tempelhof, would be, Could the King manoeuvre himself into Silesia, and entice a cunctatory Daun away with him thither. A cunctatory Daun to preside over matters THERE, in his superstitiously cautious way; leaving Saxony free to the Reichsfolk,—whom a Hulsen, left with his small remnant in Schlettau, might easily take charge of, till Silesia were settled?" The plan was bold, was new, and completely worthy of Friedrich," votes Tempelhof; "and it required the most consummate delicacy of execution. To lure Daun on, always with the prospect open to him of knocking you on the head, and always by your rapidity and ingenuity to take care that he never got it done." This is Tempelhof's notion: and this, sure enough, was actually Friedrich's mode of management in the weeks following; though whether already altogether planned in his head, or only gradually planning itself, as is more likely, nobody can say. We will look a very little into the execution, concerning which there is no dubiety:—

WEDNESDAY, 18th JUNE, "Friedrich," as predicted to Mitchell, the night before, "did start punctually, in three columns, at 3 A.M. [Sun just rising]; and, after a hot march, got encamped on the southward side of Radeburg: ready to cross the Rodern Stream there to-morrow, as if intending for the Lausitz [should that prove needful for alluring Lacy],—and in the mean while very inquisitive where Lacy might be. One of Lacy's outposts, those Saxon light horse, was fallen in with; was chased home, and Lacy's camp discovered, that night. At Bernsdorf, not three miles to southward or right of us; Daun only another three to south of him. Let us attack Lacy to-morrow morning; wind round to get between Daun and him, [Tempelhof, iv. 47-49.]—with fit arrangements; rapid as light! In the King's tent, accordingly, his Generals are assembled to take their Orders; brief, distinct, and to be done with brevity. And all are on the move for Bernsdorf at 4 next morning; when, behold,—

"THURSDAY, 19th, At Bernsdorf there is no Lacy to be found. Cautions Dorn has ordered him in,—and not for Lacy's sake, as appears, but for his own: 'Hitherward, you alert Lacy; to cover my right flank here, my Hill of Reichenberg,—lest it be not impregnable enough against that feline enemy!' And there they have taken post, say 60,000 against 30,000; and are palisading to a quite extraordinary degree. No fight possible with Lacy or Daun."

This is what Mitchell counts the failure of Friedrich's enterprise: and certainly it grieved Friedrich a good deal. Who, on riding out to reconnoitre Reichenberg (Quintus Icilius and Battalion QUINTUS part of his escort, if that be an interesting circumstance), finds Reichenberg a plainly unattackable post; finds, by Daun's rate of palisading, that there will be no attack from Daun either. No attack from Daun;—and, therefore, that Hulsens's people may be sent home to Schlettau again; and that he, Friedrich, will take post close by, and wearily be content to wait for some new opportunity.

Which he does for a week to come; Daun sitting impregnable, intrenched and palisaded to the teeth,—rather wishing to be attacked, you would say; or hopeful sometimes of doing something of the Hochkirch sort again (for the country is woody, and the enemy audacious);—at all events, very clear not to attack. A man erring, sometimes to a notable degree, by over-caution. "Could hardly have failed to overwhelm Friedrich's small force, had he at once, on Friedrich's crossing the Elbe, joined Lacy, and gone out against him," thinks Tempelhof, pointing out the form of operation too. [Tempelhof, iv. 42, 48.] Caution is excellent; but not quite by itself. Would caution alone do it, an Army all of Druidic whinstones, or innocent clay-sacks, incapable of taking hurt, would be the proper one!—Daun stood there; Friedrich looking daily into him,—visibly in ill humor, says Mitchell; and no wonder; gloomy and surly words coming out of him, to the distress of his Generals: "Which I took the liberty of hinting, one evening, to his Majesty;" hint graciously received, and of effect perceptible, at least to my imagining.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25th, After nearly a week of this, there rose, towards sunset, all over the Reichenberg, and far and wide, an exuberant joy-firing: "For what in the world?" thinks Friedrich. Alas, your Majesty,—since your own messenger has not arrived, nor indeed ever will, being picked up by Pandours,—here, gathered from the Austrian outposts or deserters, are news for you, fatal enough! Landshut is done; Fouquet and his valiant 13,000 are trodden out there. Indignant Fouquet has obeyed you, not wisely but too well. He has kept Landshut six nights and five days. On the morning of the sixth day, here is what befell:—

"LANDSHUT, MONDAY, 23d JUNE, About a quarter to two in the morning, Loudon, who had gathered 31,000 horse and foot for the business, and taken his measures, fired aloft, by way of signal, four howitzers into the gray of the summer morning; and burst loose upon Fouquet, in various columns, on his southward front, on both flanks, ultimately in his rear too: columns all in the height of fighting humor, confident as three to one,—and having brandy in them, it is likewise said. Fouquet and his people stood to arms, in the temper Fouquet had vowed they would: defended their Hills with an energy, with a steady skill, which Loudon himself admired; but their Hill-works would have needed thrice the number;—Fouquet, by detaching and otherwise, has in arms only 10,680 men. Toughly as they strove, after partial successes, they began to lose one Hill, and then another; and in the course of hours, nearly all their Hills. Landshut Town Loudon had taken from them, Landshut and its roads: in the end, the Prussian position is becoming permeable, plainly untenable;—Austrian force is moving to their rearward to block the retreat.

"Seeing which latter fact, Fouquet throws out all his Cavalry, a poor 1,500, to secure the Passes of the Bober; himself formed square with the wrecks of his Infantry; and, at a steady step, cuts way for himself with bayonet and bullet. With singular success for some time, in spite of the odds. And is clear across the Bober; when lo, among the knolls ahead, masses of Austrian Cavalry are seen waiting him, besetting every passage! Even these do not break him; but these, with infantry and cannon coming up to help them, do. Here, for some time, was the fiercest tug of all,—till a bullet having killed Fouquet's horse, and carried the General himself to the ground, the spasm ended. The Lichnowski Dragoons, a famed Austrian regiment, who had charged and again charged with nothing but repulse on repulse, now broke in, all in a foam of rage; cut furiously upon Fouquet himself; wounded Fouquet thrice; would have killed him, had it not been for the heroism of poor Trautschke, his Groom [let us name the gallant fellow, even if unpronounceable], who flung himself on the body of his Master, and took the bloody strokes instead of him; shrieking his loudest, 'Will you murder the Commanding General, then!' Which brought up the Colonel of Lichnowski; a Gentleman and Ritter, abhorrent of such practices. To him Fouquet gave his sword;—kept his vow never to draw it again.

"The wrecks of Fouquet's Infantry were, many of them, massacred, no quarter given; such the unchivalrous fury that had risen. His Cavalry, with the loss of about 500, cut their way through. They and some stragglers of Foot, in whole about 1,500 of both kinds, were what remained of those 10,680 after this bloody morning's work. There had been about six hours of it; 'all over by 8 o'clock.'" [*Hofbericht von der am 23 Junius, 1760, bey Landshuth vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 669-671); *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 258-284; Tempelhof, iv. 26-41; Stenzel, v. 241 (who, by oversight,—this Volume being posthumous to poor Stenzel,—protracts the Action to "half-past 7 in the evening").]

Fouquet has obeyed to the letter: "Did not my King wrong me?" Fouquet may say to himself. Truly, Herr General, your King's Order was a little unwise; as you (who were on the ground, and your King not) knew it to be. An unwise Order;—perhaps not inexcusable in the sudden circumstances. And perhaps a still more perfect Bayard would have preferred obeying such a King in spirit, rather than in letter, and thereby doing him vital service AGAINST his temporary will? It is not doubted but Fouquet, left to himself and his 13,000, with the Fortresses and Garrisons about him, would have maintained himself in Silesia till help came. The issue is,—Fouquet has probably lost this fine King his Silesia, for the time being; and beyond any question, has lost him 10,000 Prussian-Spartan fighters, and a fine General whom he could ill spare!—In a word, the Gate of Silesia is burst open; and Loudon has every prospect of taking Glatz, which will keep it so.

What a thunder-bolt for Friedrich! One of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs. "Inevitable, then? We are over with it, then?" One may fancy Friedrich's reflections. But he showed nothing of them to anybody; in a few hours, had his mind composed, and new plans on the anvil. On the morrow of that Austrian Joy-Firing,—morrow, or some day close on it (ought to have been dated, but is not),—there went from him, to Magdeburg, the Order: "Have me such and such quantities of Siege-Artillery in a state of readiness." [Tempelhof, iv. 51.] Already meaning, it is thought, or contemplating as possible a certain Siege, which surprised everybody before long! A most inventive, enterprising being; no end to his contrivances and unexpected outbreaks; especially when you have him jammed into a corner, and fancy it is all over with him!

"To no other General," says Tempelhof, "would such a notion of besieging Dresden have occurred; or if it had suggested itself, the hideous difficulties would at once have banished it again, or left it only as a pious

wish. But it is strokes of this kind that characterize the great man. Often enough they have succeeded, been decisive of great campaigns and wars, and become splendid in the eyes of all mankind; sometimes, as in this case, they have only deserved to succeed, and to be splendid in the eyes of judges. How get these masses of enemies lured away, so that you could try such a thing? There lay the difficulty; insuperable altogether, except by the most fine and appropriate treatment. Of a truth, it required a connected series of the wisest measures and most secret artifices of war;—and withal, that you should throw over them such a veil as would lead your enemy to see in them precisely the reverse of what they meant. How all this was to be set in action, and how the Enemy's own plans, intentions and moods of mind were to be used as raw material for attainment of your object,—studious readers will best see in the manoeuvres of the King in his now more than critical condition; which do certainly exhibit the completest masterpiece in the Art of leading Armies that Europe has ever seen."

Tempelhof is well enough aware, as readers should continue to be, that, primarily, and onward for three weeks more, not Dresden, but the getting to Silesia on good terms, is Friedrich's main enterprise: Dresden only a supplement or substitute, a second string to his bow, till the first fail. But, in effect, the two enterprises or strings coincide, or are one, till the first of them fail; and Tempelhof's eulogy will apply to either. The initiatory step to either is a Second Feat of Marching;—still notabler than the former, which has had this poor issue. Soldiers of the studious or scientific sort, if there are yet any such among us, will naturally go to Tempelhof, and fearlessly encounter the ruggedest Documents and Books, if Tempelhof leave them dubious on any point (which he hardly will): to ingenuous readers of other sorts, who will take a little pains for understanding the thing, perhaps the following intermittent far-off glimpses may suffice. [Mitchell, ii. 162 et seq.; and Tempelhof (iv. 50-53 et seq.), as a scientific check on Mitchell, or unconscious fellow-witness with him,—agreeing beautifully almost always.]

On ascertaining the Landshut disaster, Friedrich falls back a little; northward to Gross-Dobritz: "Possibly Daun will think us cowed by what has happened; and may try something on us?" Daun is by no means sure of this COWED phenomenon, or of the retreat it has made; and tries nothing on it; only rides up daily to it, to ascertain that it is there; and diligently sends out parties to watch the Northeastward parts, where run the Silesian Roads. After about a week of this, and some disappointments, Friedrich decides to march in earnest. There had, one day, come report of Lacy's being detached, Lacy with a strong Division, to block the Silesian roads; but that, on trial, proved to be false. "Pshaw, nothing for us but to go ourselves!" concludes Friedrich, —and, JULY 1st, sends off his Bakery and Heavy Baggage; indicating to Mitchell, "To-morrow morning at 3!"—Here is Mitchell's own account; accurate in every particular, as we find: [Mitchell, ii. 164; Tempelhof, iv. 54.]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2d. "From Gross-Dobritz to Quosdorf [to Quosdorf, a poor Hamlet there, not QuoLsdorf, as many write, which is a Town far enough from there]—the Army marched accordingly. In two columns; baggage, bakery and artillery in a third; through a country extremely covered with wood. Were attacked by some Uhlans and Hussars; whom a few cannon-shot sent to the road again. March lasted from 3 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon;" twelve long hours. "Went northeastward a space of 20 miles, leaving Radeburg, much more leaving Reichenberg, Moritzburg and the Daun quarters well to the right, and at last quite to rearward; crossed the Roder, crossed the Pulsnitz," small tributaries or sub-tributaries of the Elbe in those parts; "crossed the latter (which divides Meissen from the Lausitz) partly by the Bridge of Krakau, first Village in the Lausitz. Head-quarter was the poor Hamlet of Quosdorf, a mile farther on. 'This march had been carefully kept secret,' says Mitchell; 'and it was the opinion of the most experienced Officers, that, had the Enemy discovered the King of Prussia's design, they might, by placing their light troops in the roads with proper supports, have rendered it extremely difficult, if not impracticable.'"

Daun very early got to know of Friedrich's departure, and whitherward; which was extremely interesting to Daun: "Aims to be in Silesia before me; will cut out Loudon from his fine prospects on Glatz?"—and had instantly reinforced, perhaps to 20,000, Lacy's Division; and ordered Lacy, who is the nearest to Friedrich's March, to start instantly on the skirts of said March, and endeavor diligently to trample on the same. For the purpose of harassing said March, Lacy is to do whatever he with safety can (which we see is not much: "a few Uhlans and Hussars"); at lowest, is to keep it constantly in sight; and always encamp as near it as he dare; [Tempelhof, iv. 54.]—Daun himself girding up his loins; and preparing, by a short-cut, to get ahead of it in a day or two. Lacy was alert enough, but could not do much with safety: a few Uhlans and Hussars, that was all; and he is now encamped somewhere to rearward, as near as he dare.

THURSDAY, 3d JULY. "A rest-day; Army resting about Krakau, after such a spell through the woody moors. The King, with small escort, rides out reconnoitring, hither, thither, on the southern side or Lacy quarter: to the top of the Keulenberg (BLUDGEON HILL), at last,—which is ten or a dozen miles from Krakau and Quosdorf, but commands an extensive view. Towns, village-belfries, courses of streams; a country of mossy woods and wild agricultures, of bogs, of shaggy moor. Southward 10 miles is Radeberg [not RadebUrg, observe]; yonder is the town of Pulsnitz on our stream of Pulsnitz; to southeast, and twice as far, is Bischofswerda, chasmy Stolpen (too well known to us before this): behind us, Konigsbruck, Kamenz and the road from Grossenhayn to Bautzen: these and many other places memorable to this King are discoverable from Bludgeon Hill. But the discovery of discoveries to him is Lacy's Camp,—not very far off, about a mile behind Pulsnitz; clearly visible, at Lichtenberg yonder. Which we at once determine to attack; which, and the roads to which, are the one object of interest just now,—nothing else visible, as it were, on the top of the Keulenberg here, or as we ride homeward, meditating it with a practical view. 'March at midnight,' that is the practical result arrived at, on reaching home."

FRIDAY, JULY 4th. "Since the stroke of midnight we are all on march again; nothing but the baggages and bakeries left [with Quintus to watch them, which I see is his common function in these marches]; King himself in the Vanguard,—who hopes to give Lacy a salutation. [Tempelhof, iv. 56.] 'The march was full of defiles,' says Mitchell: and Mitchell, in his carriage, knew little what a region it was, with boggy intricacies, lakelets, tangly thickets, stocks and stumps; or what a business to pass with heavy cannon, baggage-wagons and columns of men! Such a march; and again not far from twenty miles of it: very hot, as the morning broke, in the breathless woods. Had Lacy known what kind of ground we had to march in, and been enterprising—!

thinks Tempelhof. The march being so retarded, Lacy got notice of it, and vanished quite away,—to Bischofswerda, I believe, and the protecting neighborhood of Daun. Nothing of him left when we emerge, simultaneously from this hand and from that, on his front and on his rear, to take him as in a vice, as in the sudden snap of a fox-trap;—fox quite gone. Hardly a few hussars of him to be picked up; and no chase possible, after such a march."

Friedrich had done everything to keep himself secret: but Lacy has endless Pandours prowling about; and, I suppose, the Country-people (in the Lausitz here, who ought to have loyalty) are on the Lacy side. Friedrich has to take his disappointment. He encamps here, on the Heights, head-quarter Pulsnitz,—till Quintus come up with the baggage, which he does punctually, but not till nightfall, not till midnight the last of him.

SATURDAY, JULY 5th. "To the road again at 3 A.M. Again to northward, to Kloster (CLOISTER) Marienstern, a 15 miles or so,—head-quarter in the Cloister itself. Daun had set off for Bautzen, with his 50 or 60,000, in the extremest push of haste, and is at Bautzen this night; ahead of Friedrich, with Lacy as rear-guard of him, who is also ahead of Friedrich, and safe at Bischofswerda. A Daun hastening as never before. This news of a Daun already at Bautzen awakened Friedrich's utmost speed: 'Never do, that Daun be in Silesia before us! Indispensable to get ahead of Bautzen and him, or to be waiting on the flank of his next march!' Accordingly,

"SUNDAY, JULY 6th, Friedrich, at 3 A.M., is again in motion; in three columns, streaming forward all day: straight eastward, Daun-ward. Intends to cross the Spree, leaving Bautzen to the right; and take post somewhere to northeast of Bautzen, and on the flank of Daun. The windless day grows hotter and hotter; the roads are of loose sand, full of jungles and impediments. This was such a march for heat and difficulty as the King never had before. In front of each Column went wagons with a few pontoons; there being many brooks and little streams to cross. The soldier, for his own health's sake, is strictly forbidden to drink; but as the burning day rose higher, in the sweltering close march, thirst grew irresistible. Crossing any of these Brooks, the soldiers pounce down, irrepressible, whole ranks of them; lift water, clean or dirty; drink it greedily from the brim of the hat. Sergeants may wag their tongues and their cudgels at discretion: 'showers of cudgel-strokes,' says Archenholtz; Sergeants going like threshers on the poor men;—'though the upper Officers had a touch of mercy, and affected not to see this disobedience to the Sergeants and their cudgels,' which was punishable with death. War is not an over-fond Mother, but a sufficiently Spartan one, to her Sons. There dropt down, in the march that day, 105 Prussian men, who never rose again. And as to intercepting Daun by such velocity,—Daun too is on march; gone to Gorlitz, at almost a faster pace, if at a far heavier,—like a cart-horse on gallop; faring still worse in the heat: '200 of Daun's men died on the road this day, and 300 more were invalided for life.' [Tempelhof, iv. 58; Archenholtz, ii. 68; Mitchell, ii. 166.]

"Before reaching the Spree, Friedrich, who is in the Vanguard, hears of this Gorlitz March, and that the bird is flown. For which he has, therefore, to devise straightway a new expedient: 'Wheel to the right; cross Spree farther down, holding towards Bautzen itself,' orders Friedrich. And settles within two miles of Bautzen; his left being at Doberschutz,—on the strong ground he held after Hochkirch, while Daun, two years ago, sat watching so quiescent. Daun knows what kind of march these Prussians, blocked out from relief of Neisse, stole on him THEN, and saved their Silesia, in spite of his watching and blocking;—and has plunged off, in the manner of a cart-horse scared into galloping, to avoid the like." What a Sabbath-day's journey, on both sides, for those Sons of War! Nothing in the Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern marching: nor is this the fastest of Friedrich's, though of Daun's it unspeakably is. "Friedrich, having missed Daun, is thinking now to whirl round, and go into Lacy,—which will certainly bring Daun back, even better.

"This evening, accordingly, Ziethen occupies Bautzen; sweeps out certain Lacy precursors, cavalry in some strength, who are there. Lacy has come on as far as Bischofswerda: and his Horse-people seem to be wide ahead; provokingly pert upon Friedrich's outposts, who determines to chastise them the first thing to-morrow. To-morrow, as is very needful, is to be a rest-day otherwise. For Friedrich's wearied people a rest-day; not at all for Daun's, who continues his heavy-footed galloping yet another day and another, till he get across the Queiss, and actually reach Silesia."

MONDAY, JULY 7th. "Rest-day accordingly, in Bautzen neighborhood; nothing passing but a curious Skirmish of Horse,—in which Friedrich, who had gone westward reconnoitring, seeking Lacy, had the main share, and was notably situated for some time. Godau, a small town or village, six miles west of Bautzen, was the scene of this notable passage: actors in it were Friedrich himself, on the Prussian part; and, on the Austrian, by degrees Lacy's Cavalry almost in whole. Lacy's Cavalry, what Friedrich does not know, are all in those neighborhoods: and no sooner is Godau swept clear of them, than they return in greater numbers, needing to be again swept; and, in fact, they gradually gather in upon him, in a singular and dangerous manner, after his first successes on them, and before his Infantry have time to get up and support.

"Friedrich was too impatient in this provoking little haggle, arresting him here. He had ordered on the suitable Battalion with cannon; but hardly considers that the Battalion itself is six miles off,—not to speak of the Order, which is galloping on horseback, not going by electricity:—the impatient Friedrich had slashed in at once upon Godau, taken above 100 prisoners; but is astonished to see the slashed people return, with Saxon-Dragoon regiments, all manner of regiments, reinforcing them. And has some really dangerous fencing there;—issuing in dangerous and curious pause of both parties; who stand drawn up, scarcely beyond pistol-shot, and gazing into one another, for I know not how many minutes; neither of them daring to move off, lest, on the instant of turning, it be charged and overwhelmed. As the impatient Friedrich, at last, almost was,—had not his Infantry just then got in, and given their cannon-salvo. He lost about 200, the Lacy people hardly so many; and is now out of a considerable personal jeopardy, which is still celebrated in the Anecdote-Books, perhaps to a mythical extent. 'Two Uhlands [Saxon-Polish Light-Horse], with their truculent pikes, are just plunging in,' say the Anecdote-Books: Friedrich's Page, who had got unhorsed, sprang to his feet, bellowed in Polish to them: 'What are you doing here, fellows?' 'Excellenz [for the Page is not in Prussian uniform, or in uniform at all, only well-dressed], Excellenz, our horses ran away with us,' answer the poor fellows; and whirl back rapidly." The story, says Retzow, is true. [Retzow, ii. 215.]

This is the one event of July 7th,—and of July 8th withal; which day also, on news of Daun that come,

Friedrich rests. Up to July 8th, it is clear Friedrich is shooting with what we called the first string of his bow,—intent, namely, on Silesia. Nor, on hearing that Daun is forward again, now hopelessly ahead, does he quit that enterprise; but, on the contrary, to-morrow morning, July 9th, tries it by a new method, as we shall see: method cunningly devised to suit the second string as well. "How lucky that we have a second string, in case of failure!"—

TUESDAY, 8th JULY. "News that Daun reached Gorlitz yesternight; and is due to-night at Lauban, fifty miles ahead of us:—no hope now of reaching Daun. Perhaps a sudden clutch at Lacy, in the opposite direction, might be the method of recalling Daun, and reaching him? That is the method fallen upon.

"Sun being set, the drums in Bautzen sound TATTOO,—audible to listening Croats in the Environs;—beat TATTOO, and, later in the night, other passages of drum-music, also for Croat behoof (GENERAL-MARCH I think it is); indicating That we have started again, in pursuit of Daun. And in short, every precaution being taken to soothe the mind of Lacy and the Croats, Friedrich silently issues, with his best speed, in Three columns, by Three roads, towards Lacy's quarters, which go from that village of Godau westward, in a loose way, several miles. In three columns, by three routes, all to converge, with punctuality, on Lacy. Of the columns, two are of Infantry, the leftmost and the rightmost, on each hand, hidden as much as possible; one is of Cavalry in the middle. Coming on in this manner—like a pair of triple-pincers, which are to grip simultaneously on Lacy, and astonish him, if he keep quiet. But Lacy is vigilant, and is cautious almost in excess. Learning by his Pandours that the King seems to be coming this way, Lacy gathers himself on the instant; quits Godau, by one in the morning; and retreats bodily, at his fastest step, to Bischofswerda again; nor by any means stops there." [Tempelhof, iv. 61-63.]

For the third time! "Three is lucky," Friedrich may have thought: and there has no precaution, of drum-music, of secrecy or persuasive finesse, been neglected on Lacy. But Lacy has ears that hear the grass grow: our elaborately accurate triple-pincers, closing simultaneously on Bischofswerda, after eighteen miles of sweep, find Lacy flown again; nothing to be caught of him but some 80 hussars. All this day and all next night Lacy is scouring through the western parts at an extraordinary rate; halting for a camp, twice over, at different places,—Durre Fuchs (THIRSTY FOX), Durre Buhle (THIRSTY SWEETHEART), or wherever it was; then again taking wing, on sound of Prussian parties to rear; in short, hurrying towards Dresden and the Reichsfolk, as if for life.

Lacy's retreat, I hear, was ingeniously done, with a minimum of disorder in the circumstances: but certainly it was with a velocity as if his head had been on fire; and, indeed, they say he escaped annihilation by being off in time. He put up finally, not at Thirsty Sweetheart, still less at Thirsty Fox, successive Hamlets and Public Houses in the sandy Wilderness which lies to north of Elbe, and is called DRESDEN HEATH; but farther on, in the same Tract, at Weisse Hirsch (WHITE HART); which looks close over upon Dresden, within two miles or so; and is a kind of Height, and military post of advantage. Next morning, July 10th, he crosses Dresden Bridge, comes streaming through the City; and takes shelter with the Reichsfolk near there:—towards Plauen Chasm; the strongest ground in the world; hardly strong enough, it appears, in the present emergency.

Friedrich's first string, therefore, has snapped in two; but, on the instant, he has a second fitted on:—may that prove luckier!

Chapter II.—FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN.

From and after the Evening of Wednesday, July 9th, it is upon a Siege of Dresden that Friedrich goes;—turning the whole war-theatre topsy-turvy; throwing Daun, Loudon, Lacy, everybody OUT, in this strange and sudden manner. One of the finest military feats ever done, thinks Tempelhof. Undoubtedly a notable result so far, and notably done; as the impartial reader (if Tempelhof be a little inconsistent) sees for himself. These truly are a wonderful series of marches, opulent in continual promptitudes, audacities, contrivances;—done with shining talent, certainly; and also with result shining, for the moment. And in a Fabulous Epic I think Dresden would certainly have fallen to Friedrich, and his crowd of enemies been left in a tumbled condition.

But the Epic of Reality cares nothing for such considerations; and the time allowable for capture of Dresden is very brief. Had Daun, on getting warning, been as prompt to return as he was to go, frankly fronting at once the chances of the road, he might have been at Dresden again perhaps within a week,—no Siege possible for Friedrich, hardly the big guns got up from Magdeburg. But Friedrich calculated there would be very considerable fettling and haggling on Daun's part; say a good Fortnight of Siege allowed;—and that, by dead-lift effort of all hands, the thing was feasible within that limit. On Friedrich's part, as we can fancy, there was no want of effort; nor on his people's part,—in spite of his complainings, say Retzow and the Opposition party; who insinuate their own private belief of impossibility from the first. Which is not confirmed by impartial judgments,—that of Archenholtz, and others better. The truth is, Friedrich was within an inch of taking Dresden by the first assault,—they say he actually could have taken it by storm the first day; but shuddered at the thought of exposing poor Dresden to sack and plunder; and hoped to get it by capitulation.

One of the rapidest and most furious Sieges anywhere on record. Filled Europe with astonishment, expectancy, admiration, horror:—must be very briefly recited here. The main chronological epochs, salient points of crisis and successive phases of occurrence, will sufficiently indicate it to the reader's fancy.

"It was Thursday Evening, 10th July, when Lacy got to his Reichsfolk, and took breath behind Plauen Chasm. Maguire is Governor of Dresden. The consternation of garrison and population was extreme. To Lacy himself it did not seem conceivable that Friedrich could mean a Siege of Dresden. Friedrich, that night, is beyond the River, in Daun's old impregnability of Reichenberg: 'He has no siege-artillery,' thinks Lacy; 'no

means, no time.'

"Nevertheless, Saturday, next day after to-morrow,—behold, there is Hulsen, come from Schlettau to our neighborhood, on our Austrian side of the River. And at Kaditz yonder, a mile below Dresden, are not the King's people building their pontoons; in march since 2 in the morning,—evidently coming across, if not to besiege Dresden, then to attack us; which is perhaps worse! We outnumber them,—but as to trying fight in any form? Zweibruck leaves Maguire an additional 10,000;—every help and encouragement to Maguire; whose garrison is now 14,000: 'Be of courage, Excellenz Maguire! Nobody is better skilled in siege-matters. Feldmarschall and relief will be here with despatch!'—and withdraws, Lacy and he, to the edge of the Pirna Country, there to be well out of harm's way. Lacy and he, it is thought, would perhaps have got beaten, trying to save Dresden from its misery. Lacy's orders were, Not, on any terms, to get into fighting with Friedrich, but only to cover Dresden. Dresden, without fighting, has proved impossible to cover, and Lacy leaves it bare." [Tempelhof, iv. 65.]

"At Kaditz," says Mitchell, "where the second bridge of boats took a great deal of time, I was standing by his Majesty, when news to the above effect came across from General Hulsen. The King was highly pleased; and, turning to me, said: 'Just what I wished! They have saved me a very long march [round by Dippoldiswalde or so, in upon the rear of them] by going of will.' And immediately the King got on horseback; ordering the Army to follow as fast as it could." [Mitchell, ii. 168.] "Through Preisnitz, Plauen-ward, goes the Army; circling round the Western and the Southern side of Dresden; [a dread spectacle from the walls]; across Weistritz Brook and the Plauen Chasm [comfortably left vacant]; and encamps on the Southeastern side of Dresden, at Gruna, behind the GREAT GARDEN; ready to begin business on the morrow. Gruna, about a mile to southeast of Dresden Walls, is head-quarter during this Siege.

"Through the night, the Prussians proceed to build batteries, the best they can;—there is no right siege-artillery yet; a few accidental howitzers and 25-pounders, the rest mere field-guns;—but to-morrow morning, be as it may, business shall begin. Prince von Holstein [nephew of the Holstein Beck, or "Holstein SILVER-PLATE," whom we lost long ago], from beyond the River, encamped at the White Hart yonder, is to play upon the Neustadt simultaneously.

MONDAY 14th, "At 6 A.M., cannonade began; diligent on Holstein's part and ours; but of inconsiderable effect. Maguire has been summoned: 'Will [with such a garrison, in spite of such trepidations from the Court and others] defend himself to the last man.' Free-Corps people [not Quintus's, who is on the other side of the River], [Tempelhof, v. 67.] with regulars to rear, advance on the Pirna Gate; hurl in Maguire's Out-parties; and had near got in along with them,—might have done so, they and their supports, it is thought by some, had storm seemed the recommendable method.

"For four days there is livelier and livelier cannonading; new batteries getting opened in the Moschinska Garden and other points; on the Prussian part, great longing that the Magdeburg artillery were here. The Prussians are making diligently ready for it, in the mean while (refitting the old Trenches, 'old Envelope' dug by Maguire himself in the Anti-Schmettau time; these will do well enough):—the Prussians reinforce Holstein at the Weisse, Hirsch, throw a new bridge across to him; and are busy day and night. Maguire, too, is most industrious, resisting and preparing: Thursday shuts up the Weistritz Brook (a dam being ready this long while back, needing only to be closed), and lays the whole South side of Dresden under water. Many rumors about Daun: coming, not coming;—must for certain come, but will possibly be slowish."

FRIDAY 18th. "Joy to every Prussian soul: here are the heavy guns from Magdeburg. These, at any rate, are come; beds for them all ready; and now the cannonading can begin in right earnest. As it does with a vengeance. To Mitchell, and perhaps others, 'the King of Prussia says He will now be master of the Town in a few days. And the disposition he has made of his troops on the other side of the River is intended not only to attack Dresden on that side [and defend himself from Daun], but also to prevent the Garrison from retiring.... This morning, Friday, 18th, the Suburb of Pirna, the one street left of it, was set fire to, by Maguire; and burnt out of the way, as the others had been. Many of the wretched inhabitants had fled to our camp: "Let them lodge in Plauen, no fighting there, quiet artificial water expanses there instead." Many think the Town will not be taken; or that, if it should, it will cost very dear,—so determined seems Maguire. [Mitchell, iii. 170, 171.] And, in effect, from this day onwards, the Siege became altogether fierce, and not only so, but fiery as well; and, though lasting in that violent form only four, or at the very utmost seven, days more, had near ruined Dresden from the face of the world."

SATURDAY, 19th, "Maguire, touched to the quick by these new artilleries of the Prussians this morning, found good to mount a gun or two on the leads of the Kreuz-Kirche [Protestant High Church, where, before now, we have noticed Friedrich attending quasi-divine service more than once];—that is to say, on the crown of Dresden; from which there is view into the bottom of Friedrich's trenches and operations. Others say, it was only two or three old Saxon cannon, which stand there, for firing on gala-days; and that they hardly fired on Friedrich more than once. For certain, this is one of the desirablest battery-stations,—if only Friedrich will leave it alone. Which he will not for a moment; but brings terrific howitzers to bear on it; cannon-balls, grenadoes; tears it to destruction, and the poor Kreuz-Kirche along with it. Kirche speedily all in flames, street after street blazing up round it, again and again for eight-and-forty hours coming; hapless Dresden, during two days and nights, a mere volcano henceforth." "By mistake all that, and without order of mine," says Friedrich once;—meaning, I think, all that of the Kreuz-Kirche: and perhaps wishing he could mean the bombardment altogether, [Schoning, ii. 361 "To Prince Henri, at Giessen [Frankfurt Country], 23d July, 1760."]—who nevertheless got, and gets, most of the credit of the thing from a shocked outside world.

"This morning," same Saturday, 19th, "Daun is reported to have arrived; vanguard of him said to be at Schonfeld, over in THIRSTY-SWEETHEART Country yonder which Friedrich, going to reconnoitre, finds tragically indisputable: 'There, for certain; only five miles from Holstein's post at the WHITE HART, and no River between;—as the crow flies, hardly five from our own Camp. Perhaps it will be some days yet before he do anything?' So that Friedrich persists in his bombardment, only the more: 'By fire-torture, then! Let the bombarded Royalties assail Maguire, and Maguire give in;—it is our one chance left; and succeed we will and must!' Cruel, say you?—Ah, yes, cruel enough, not merciful at all. The soul of Friedrich, I perceive, is not in a bright mood at this time, but in a black and wrathful, worn almost desperate against the slings and arrows of

unjust Fate: 'Ahead, I say! If everybody will do miracles, cannot we perhaps still manage it, in spite of Fate?'" Mitchell is very sorry; but will forget and forgive those inexorable passages of war.

"I cannot think of the bombardment of Dresden without horror," says he; "nor of many other things I have seen. Misfortunes naturally sour men's temper [even royal men's]; and long continued, without interval, at last extinguish humanity." "We are now in a most critical and dangerous situation, which cannot long last: one lucky event, approaching to a miracle, may still save all: but the extreme caution and circumspection of Marshal Daun—" [Mitchell, ii. 184, 185.]

If Daun could be swift, and end the miseries of Dresden, surely Dresden would be much obliged to him. It was ten days yet, after that of the Kreuz-Kirche, before Dresden quite got rid of its Siege: Daun never was a sudden man. By a kind of accident, he got Holstein hustled across the River that first night (July 19th),—not annihilated, as was very feasible, but pushed home, out of his way. Whereby the North side of Dresden is now open; and Daun has free communication with Maguire.

Maguire rose thereupon to a fine pitch of spirits; tried several things, and wished Daun to try; but with next to no result. For two days after Holstein's departure, Daun sat still, on his safe Northern shore; stirring nothing but his own cunctations and investigations, leaving the bombardment, or cannonade, to take its own course. One attempt he did make in concert with Maguire (night of Monday 21st), and one attempt only, of a serious nature; which, like the rest, was unsuccessful. And would not be worth mentioning,—except for the poor Regiment BERNBURG'S sake; Bernburg having got into strange case in consequence of it.

"This Attempt [night of 21st-22d July] was a combined sally and assault—Sally by Maguire's people, a General Nugent heading them, from the South or Plauen side of Dresden, and Assault by 4,000 of Daun's from the North side—upon Friedrich's Trenches. Which are to be burst in upon in this double way, and swept well clear, as may be expected. Friedrich, however, was aware of the symptoms, and had people ready waiting,—especially, had Regiment BERNBURG, Battalions 1st and 2d; a Regiment hitherto without stain.

"Bernburg accordingly, on General Nugent's entering their trenches from the south side, falls altogether heartily on General Nugent; tumbles him back, takes 200 prisoners, Nudent himself one of them [who is considered to have been the eye of the enterprise, worth many hundreds this night] all this Bernburg, in its usually creditable manner, does, as expected of it. But after, or during all this, when the Dann people from the north come streaming in, say four to one, both south and north, Bernburg looked round for support; and seeing none, had, after more or less of struggle, to retire as a defeated Bernburg,—Austrians taking the battery, and ruling supreme there for some time. Till Wedell, or somebody with fresh Battalions, came up; and, rallying Bernburg to him, retook their Battery, and drove out the Austrians, with a heavy loss of prisoners. [Tempelhof, iv. 79.]

"I did not hear that Bernburg's conduct was liable to the least fair censure. But Friedrich's soul is severe at this time; demanding miracles from everybody: 'You runaway Bernburg, shame on you!'—and actually takes the swords from them, and cuts off their Hat-tresses: 'There!' Which excited such an astonishment in the Prussian Army as was seldom seen before. And affected Bernburg to the length almost of despair, and breaking of heart,—in a way that is not ridiculous to me at all, but beautiful and pathetic. Of which there is much talk, now and long afterwards, in military circles. 'The sorrows of these poor Bernburgers, their desperate efforts to wash out this stigma, their actual washing of it out, not many weeks hence, and their magnificent joy on the occasion,—these are the one distinguishing point in Daun's relief of Dresden, which was otherwise quite a cunctatory, sedentary matter."

Daun built three Bridges,—he had a broad stone one already,—but did little or nothing with them; and never himself came across at all. Merely shot out nocturnal Pandour Parties, and ordered up Lacy and the Reichsfolk to do the like, and break the night's rest of his Enemy. He made minatory movements, one at least, down the River, by his own shore, on Friedrich's Ammunition-Boats from Torgau, and actually intercepted certain of them, which was something; but, except this, and vague flourishings of the Pandour kind, left Friedrich to his own course.

Friedrich bombarded for a day or two farther; cannonaded, out of more or fewer batteries, for eight, or I think ten days more. Attacks from Daun there were to be, now on this side, now on that; many rumors of attack, but, except once only (midnight Pandours attempting the King's lodging, "a Farm-house near Gruna," but to their astonishment rousing the whole Prussian Army "in the course of three minutes" [Archenholtz, ii. 81 (who is very vivid, but does not date); Rodenbeck, ii. 24 (quotes similar account by another Eye-witness, and guesses it to be "night of July 22d-23d").]), rumor was mainly all. For guarding his siege-lines, Friedrich has to alter his position; to shift slightly, now fronting this way, now the other way; is "called always at midnight" (against these nocturnal disturbances), and "never has his clothes off." Nevertheless, continues his bombardment, and then his cannonading, till his own good time, which I think is till the 26th. His "ricochet-battery," which is good against Maguire's people, innocent to Dresden, he continued for three days more;—while gathering his furnitures about Plauen Country, making his arrangements at Meissen;—did not march till the night of June 29th. Altogether calmly; no Daun or Austrian molesting him in the least; his very sentries walking their rounds in the trenches till daylight; after which they also marched, unmolested, Meissen-ward.

Unfortunate Friedrich has made nothing of Dresden, then. After such a June and July of it, since he left the Meissen Country; after all these intricate manoeuvrings, hot fierce marchings and superhuman exertions, here is he returning to Meissen Country poorer than if he had stayed. Fouquet lost, Glatz unrelieved—Nay, just before marching off, what is this new phenomenon? Is this by way of "Happy journey to you!" Towards sunset of the 29th, exuberant joy-firing rises far and wide from the usually quiet Austrian lines,—"Meaning what, once more?" Meaning that Glatz is lost, your Majesty; that, instead of a siege of many weeks (as might have been expected with Fouquet for Commandant), it has held out, under Fouquet's Second, only a few hours; and is gone without remedy! Certain, though incredible. Imbecile Commandant, treacherous Garrison (Austrian deserters mainly), with stealthy Jesuits acting on them: no use asking what. Here is the sad Narrative, in succinct form.

CAPTURE OF GLATZ (26th July, 1760).

"Loudon is a swift man, when he can get bridle; but the curb-hand of Daun is often heavy on him. Loudon has had Glatz blockaded since June 7th; since June 23d he has had Fouquet rooted away, and the ground clear for a Siege of Glatz. But had to abstain altogether, in the mean time; to take camp at Landshut, to march and manoeuvre about, in support of Daun, and that heavy-footed gallop of Daun's which then followed: on the whole, it was not till Friedrich went for Dresden that the Siege-Artillery, from Olmutz, could be ordered forward upon Glatz; not for a fortnight more that the Artillery could come; and, in spite of Loudon's utmost despatch, not till break of day, July 26th, that the batteries could open. After which, such was Loudon's speed and fortune,—and so diligent had the Jesuits been in those seven weeks,—the 'Siege,' as they call it, was over in less than seven hours.

"One Colonel D'O [Piedmontese by nation, an incompetent person, known to loud Trenck during his detention here] was Commandant of Glatz, and had the principal Fortress,—for there are two, one on each side the Neisse River;—his Second was a Colonel Quadt, by birth Prussian, seemingly not very competent he either, who had command of the Old Fortress, round which lies the Town of Glatz: a little Town, abounding in Jesuits;—to whose Virgin, if readers remember, Friedrich once gave a new gown; with small effect on her, as would appear. The Quadt-D'O garrison was 2,400,—and, if tales are true, it had been well bejesuited during those seven weeks. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 55.] At four in the morning, July 26th the battering began on Quadt; Quadt, I will believe, responding what he could,—especially from a certain Arrowhead Redoubt (or FLECHE) he has, which ought to have been important to him. After four or five hours of this, there was mutual pause,—as if both parties had decided upon breakfast before going farther.

"Quadt's Fortress is very strong, mostly hewn in the rock; and he has that important outwork of a FLECHE; which is excellent for enfilading, as it extends well beyond the glacis; and, being of rock like the rest, is also abundantly defensible. Loudon's people, looking over into this FLECHE, find it negligently guarded; Quadt at breakfast, as would seem:—and directly send for Harsch, Captain of the Siege, and even for Loudon, the General-in-Chief. Negligently guarded, sure enough; nothing in the FLECHE but a few sentries, and these in the horizontal position, taking their unlawful rest there, after such a morning's work. 'Seize me that,' eagerly orders Loudon; 'hold that with firm grip!' Which is done; only to step in softly, two battalions of you, and lay hard hold. Incompetent Quadt, figure in what a flurry, rushing out to recapture his FLECHE,—explodes instead into mere anarchy, whole Companies of him flinging down their arms at their Officers' feet, and the like. So that Quadt is totally driven in again, Austrians along with him; and is obliged to beat chamade;—D'O following the example, about an hour after, without even a capitulation. Was there ever seen such a defence! Major Unruh, one of a small minority, was Prussian, and stanch; here is Unruh's personal experience,—testimony on D'O's Trial, I suppose,—and now pretty much the one thing worth reading on this subject.

"MAJOR ULZRUH TESTIFIES: 'At four in the morning, 26th July, 1760, the Enemy began to cannonade the Old Fortress [that of Quadt]; and about nine, I was ordered with 150 men to clear the Envelope from Austrians. Just when I had got to the Damm-Gate, halt was called. I asked the Commandant, who was behind me, which way I should march; to the Crown-work or to the Envelope? Being answered, To the Envelope, I found on coming out at the Field-Gate nothing but an Austrian Lieutenant-colonel and some men. He called to me, "There had been chamade beaten, and I was not to run into destruction (MICH UNGLUCKLICH MACHEN)!" I offered him Quarter; and took him in effect prisoner, with 20 of his best men; and sent him to the Commandant, with request that he would keep my rear free, or send me reinforcement. I shot the Enemy a great many people here; chased him from the Field-Gate, and out of both the Envelope and the Redoubt called the Crane [that is the FLECHE itself, only that the Austrians are mostly not now there, but gone THROUGH into the interior there!]-Returning to the Field-Gate, I found that the Commandant had beaten chamade a second time; there were marching in, by this Field-Gate, two battalions of the Austrian Regiment ANDLAU; I had to yield myself prisoner, and was taken to General Loudon. He asked me, "Don't you know the rules of war, then; that you fire after chamade is beaten?" I answered in my heat, "I knew of no chamade; what poltroonery or what treachery had been going on, I knew not!" Loudon answered, "You might deserve to have your head laid at your feet, Sir! Am I here to inquire which of you shows bravery, which poltroonery?" [Seyfarth, ii. 652.] A blazing Loudon, when the fire is up!"—

After the Peace, D'O had Court-Martial, which sentenced him to death, Friedrich making it perpetual imprisonment: "Perhaps not a traitor, only a blockhead!" thought Friedrich. He had been recommended to his post by Fouquet. What Trenck writes of him is, otherwise, mostly lies.

Thus is the southern Key of Silesia (one of the two southern Keys, Neisse being the other) lost to Friedrich, for the first time; and Loudon is like to drive a trade there; "Will absolutely nothing prosper with us, then?" Nothing, seemingly, your Majesty! Heavier news Friedrich scarcely ever had. But there is no help. This too he has to carry with him as he can into the Meissen Country. Unsuccessful altogether; beaten on every hand. Human talent, diligence, endeavor, is it but as lightning smiting the Serbonian Bog? Smite to the last, your Majesty, at any rate; let that be certain. As it is, and has been. That is always something, that is always a great thing.

Friedrich intends no pause in those Meissen Countries. JULY 30th, on his march northward, he detaches Hulsen with the old 10,000 to take Camp at Schlettau as before, and do his best for defence of Saxony against the Reichsfolk, numerous, but incompetent; he himself, next day, passes on, leaving Meissen a little on his right, to Schieritz, some miles farther down,—intending there to cross Elbe, and make for Silesia without loss of an hour. Need enough of speed thither; more need than even Friedrich supposes! Yesterday, July 30th, Loudon's Vanguard came blockading Breslau, and this day Loudon himself;—though Friedrich heard nothing, anticipated nothing, of that dangerous fact, for a week hence or more.

Soltikof's and Loudon's united intentions on Silesia he has well known this long while; and has been perpetually dunning Prince Henri on the subject, to no purpose,—only hoping always there would probably be no great rapidity on the part of these discordant Allies. Friedrich's feelings, now that the contrary is visible,

and indeed all through the Summer in regard to the Soltikof-Loudon Business, and the Fouquet-Henri method of dealing with it, have been painful enough, and are growing ever more so. Cautious Henri never would make the smallest attack on Soltikof, but merely keep observing him;—the end of which, what can the end of it be? urges Friedrich always: "Condense yourselves; go in upon the Russians, while they are in separate corps;"—and is very ill-satisfied with the languor of procedures there. As is the Prince with such reproaches, or implied reproaches, on said languor. Nor is his humor cheered, when the King's bad predictions prove true. What has it come to? These Letters of King and Prince are worth reading,—if indeed you can, in the confusion of Schoning (a somewhat exuberant man, loud rather than luminous);—so curious is the Private Dialogue going on there at all times, in the background of the stage, between the Brothers. One short specimen, extending through the June and July just over,—specimen distilled faithfully out of that huge jumbling sea of Schaning, and rendered legible,—the reader will consent to.

DIALOGUE OF FRIEDRICH AND HENRI (from their Private Correspondence: June 7th-July 29th, 1760).

FRIEDRICH (June 7th; before his first crossing Elbe: Henri at Sagan; he at Schlettau, scanning the waste of fatal possibilities). ... Embarrassing? Not a doubt, of that! "I own, the circumstances both of us are in are like to turn my head, three or four times a day." Loudon aiming for Neisse, don't you think? Fouquet all in the wrong.—"One has nothing for it but to watch where the likelihood of the biggest misfortune is, and to run thither with one's whole strength."

HENRI... "I confess I am in great apprehension for Colberg:"—shall one make thither; think you? Russians, 8,000 as the first instalment of them, have ARRIVED; got to Posen under Fermor, June 1st:—so the Commandant of Glogau writes me (see enclosed).

FRIEDRICH (June 9th). Commandant of Glogau writes impossibilities: Russians are not on march yet, nor will be for above a week.

"I cross Elbe, the 15th. I am compelled to undertake something of decisive nature, and leave the rest to chance. For desperate disorders desperate remedies. My bed is not one of roses. Heaven aid us: for human prudence finds itself fall short in situations so cruel and desperate as ours." [Schoning, ii. 313 ("Meissen Camp, 7th June, 1760"); ib. ii. 317 ("9th June").]

HENRI. Hm, hm, ha (Nothing but carefully collected rumors, and wire-drawn auguries from them, on the part of Henri; very intense inspection of the chicken-bowels,—hardly ever without a shake of the head).

FRIEDRICH (June 26th; has heard of the Fouquet disaster)... "Yesterday my heart was torn to pieces [news of Landshut, Fouquet's downfall there], and I felt too sad to be in a state for writing you a sensible Letter; but to-day, when I have come to myself a little again, I will send you my reflections. After what has happened to Fouquet, it is certain Loudon can have no other design but on Breslau [he designs Glatz first of all]: it will be the grand point, therefore, especially if the Russians too are bending thither, to save that Capital of Silesia. Surely the Turks must be in motion:—if so, we are saved; if not so, we are lost! To-day I have taken this Camp of Dobritz, in order to be more collected, and in condition to fight well, should occasion rise,—and in case all this that is said and written to me about the Turks is TRUE [which nothing of it was], to be able to profit by it when the time comes." [Schoning, ii. 341 ("Gross-Dobritz, 26th June, 1760").]

HENRI (simultaneously, June 26th: Henri is forward from Sagan, through Frankfurt, and got settled at Landsberg, where he remains through the rest of the Dialogue)... Tottleben, with his Cossacks, scouring about, got a check from us,—nothing like enough. "By all my accounts, Soltikof, with the gross of the Russians, is marching for Posen. The other rumors and symptoms agree in indicating a separate Corps, under Fermor, who is to join Tottleben, and besiege Colberg: if both these Corps, the Colberg and the Posen one, act, in concert, my embarrassment will be extreme.... I have just had news of what has befallen General Fouquet. Before this stroke, your affairs were desperate enough; now I see but too well what we have to look for." [Ib. ii. 339 ("Landsberg, 26th June, 1760").] (How comforting!)

FRIEDRICH. "Would to God your prayers for the swift capture of Dresden had been heard; but unfortunately I must tell you, this stroke has failed me.... Dresden has been reduced to ashes, third part of the Altstadt lying burnt;—contrary to my intentions: my orders were, To spare the City, and play the Artillery against the works. My Minister Graf von Finck will have told you what occasioned its being set on fire." [Schoning, ii. 361 ("2d-3d July").]

HENRI (July 26th; Dresden Siege gone awry)... "I am to keep the Russians from Frankfurt, to cover Glogau, and prevent a besieging of Breslau! All that forms an overwhelming problem;—which I, with my whole heart, will give up to somebody abler for it than I am." [Ib. ii. 369-371 ("Landsberg, 26th July").]

FRIEDRICH (29th July; quits the Trenches of Dresden this night). ... "I have seen with pain that you represent everything to yourself on the black side. I beg you, in the name of God, my dearest Brother, don't take things up in their blackest and worst shape:—it is this that throws your mind into such an indecision, which is so lamentable. Adopt a resolution rather, what resolution you like, but stand by it, and execute it with your whole strength. I conjure you, take a fixed resolution; better a bad than none at all.... What is possible to man, I will do; neither care nor consideration nor effort shall be spared, to secure the result of my plans. The rest depends on circumstances. Amid such a number of enemies, one cannot always do what one will, but must let them prescribe." [Ib. ii. 370-372 ("Leubnitz, before Dresden, 29th July, 1760").]

An uncomfortable little Gentleman; but full of faculty, if one can manage to get good of it! Here, what might have preceded all the above, and been preface to it, is a pretty passage from him; a glimpse he has had of

Sans-Souci, before setting out on those gloomy marchings and cunctatory haggings. Henri writes (at Torgau, April 26th, just back from Berlin and farewell of friends):—

"I mean to march the day after to-morrow. I took arrangements with General Fouquet [about that long fine-spun Chain of Posts, where we are to do such service?]-the Black Hussars cannot be here till to-morrow, otherwise I should have marched a day sooner. My Brother [poor little invalid Ferdinand] charged me to lay him at your feet. I found him weak and thin, more so than formerly. Returning hither, the day before yesterday, I passed through Potsdam; I went to Sans-Souci [April 24th, 1760]:—all is green there; the Garden embellished, and seemed to me excellently kept. Though these details cannot occupy you at present, I thought it would give you pleasure to hear of them for a moment." [Schoning, ii. 233 ("Torgau, 26th April, 1760").] Ah, yes; all is so green and blessedly silent there: sight of the lost Paradise, actually IT, visible for a moment yonder, far away, while one goes whirling in this manner on the illimitable wracking winds!—

Here finally, from a distant part of the War-Theatre, is another Note; which we will read while Friedrich is at Schieritz. At no other place so properly; the very date of it, chief date (July 31st), being by accident synchronous with Schieritz:—

DUKE FERDINAND'S BATTLE OF WARBURG (31st July, 1760).

Duke Ferdinand has opened his difficult Campaign; and especially—just while that Siege of Dresden blazed and ended—has had three sharp Fights, which were then very loud in the Gazettes, along with it. Three once famous Actions; which unexpectedly had little or no result, and are very much forgotten now. So that bare enumeration of them is nearly all we are permitted here. Pitt has furnished 7,000 new English, this Campaign,—there are now 20,000 English in all, and a Duke Ferdinand raised to 70,000 men. Surely, under good omens, thinks Pitt; and still more think the Gazetteers, judging by appearances. Yes: but if Broglio have 130,000, what will it come to? Broglio is two to one; and has, before this, proved himself a considerable Captain.

Fight FIRST is that of KORBACH (July 10th): of Broglio, namely, who has got across the River Ohm in Hessen (to Ferdinand's great disgust with the General Imhof in command there), and is streaming on to seize the Diemel River, and menace Hanover; of Broglio, in successive sections, at a certain "Pass of Korbach," VERSUS the Hereditary Prince (ERBPRINZ of Brunswick), who is waiting for him there in one good section,—and who beautifully hurls back one and another of the Broglio sections; but cannot hurl back the whole Broglio Army, all marching by sections that way; and has to retire, back foremost, fencing sharply, still in a diligently handsome manner, though with loss. [Mauvillon, ii. 105.] That is the Battle of Korbach, fought July 10th,—while Lacy streamed through Dresden, panting to be at Plauen Chasm, safe at last.

Fight SECOND (July 16th) was a kind of revenge on the Erbprinz's part: Affair of EMSDORF, six days after, in the same neighborhood; beautiful too, said the Gazetteers; but of result still more insignificant. Hearing of a considerable French Brigade posted not far off, at that Village of Emsdorf, to guard Broglio's meal-carts there, the indignant Erbprinz shoots off for that; light of foot,—English horse mainly, and Hill Scots (BERG-SCHOTTEN so called, who have a fine free stride, in summer weather);—dashes in upon said Brigade (Dragoons of Bauffremont and other picked men), who stood firmly on the defensive; but were cut up, in an amazing manner, root and branch, after a fierce struggle, and as it were brought home in one's pocket. To the admiration of military circles,—especially of mess-rooms and the junior sort. "Elliot's light horse [part of the new 7,000], what a regiment! Unparalleled for willingness, and audacity of fence; lost 125 killed,"—in fact, the loss chiefly fell on Elliot. [Ib. ii. 109 (Prisoners got "were 2,661, including General and Officers 179," with all their furnitures whatsoever, "400 horses, 8 cannon," &c.).] The BERG-SCHOTTEN too,—I think it was here that these kilted fellows, who had marched with such a stride, "came home mostly riding:" poor Bauffremont Dragoons being entirely cut up, or pocketed as prisoners, and their horses ridden in this unexpected manner! But we must not linger,—hardly even on WARBURG, which was the THIRD and greatest; and has still points of memorability, though now so obliterated.

"Warburg," says my Note on this latter, "is a pleasant little Hessian Town, some twenty-five miles west of Cassel, standing on the north or left bank of the Diemel, among fruitful knolls and hollows. The famous 'BATTLE OF WARBURG,'—if you try to inquire in the Town itself, from your brief railway-station, it is much if some intelligent inhabitant, at last, remembers to have heard of it! The thing went thus: Chevalier du Muy, who is Broglio's Rear-guard or Reserve, 30,000 foot and horse, with his back to the Diemel, and eight bridges across it in case of accident, has his right flank leaning on Warburg, and his left on a Village of Ossendorf, some two miles to northwest of that. Broglio, Prince Xavier of Saxony, especially Duke Ferdinand, are all vehemently and mysteriously moving about, since that Fight of Korbach; Broglio intent to have Cassel besieged, Du Muy keeping the Diemel for him; Ferdinand eager to have the Diemel back from Du Muy and him.

"Two days ago (July 29th), the Erbprinz crossed over into these neighborhoods, with a strong Vanguard, nearly equal to Du Muy; and, after studious reconnoitring and survey had, means, this morning (July 31st), to knock him over the Diemel again, if he can. No time to be lost; Broglio near and in such force. Duke Ferdinand too, quitting Broglio for a moment, is on march this way; crossed the Diemel, about midnight, some ten miles farther down, or eastward; will thence bend southward, at his best speed, to support the Erbprinz, if necessary, and beset the Diemel when got;—Erbprinz not, however, in any wise, to wait for him; such the pressure from Broglio and others. A most busy swift-going scene that morning;—hardly worth such describing at this date of time.

"The Erbprinz, who is still rather to northeastward, that is to rightward, not directly frontward, of Du Muy's

lines; and whose plan of attack is still dark to Du Muy, commences [about 8 A.M., I should guess] by launching his British Legion so called,—which is a composite body, of Free-Corps nature, British some of it ('Colonel Beckwith's people,' for example), not British by much the most of it, but an aggregate of wild strikers, given to plunder too:—by launching his British Legion upon Warburg Town, there to take charge of Du Muy's right wing. Which Legion, 'with great rapidity, not only pitched the French all out, but clean plundered the poor Town;' and is a sad sore on Du Muy's right, who cannot get it attended to, in the ominous aspects elsewhere visible. For the Erbprinz, who is a strategic creature, comes on, in the style of Friedrich, not straight towards Du Muy, but sweeps out in two columns round northward; privately intending upon Du Muy's left wing and front—left wing, right wing, (by British Legion), and front, all three;—and is well aided by a mist which now fell, and which hung on the higher ground, and covered his march, for an hour or more. This mist had not begun when he saw, on the knoll-tops, far off on the right, but indisputable as he flattered himself,—something of Ferdinand emerging! Saw this; and pours along, we can suppose, with still better step and temper. And bursts, pretty simultaneously, upon Du Muy's right wing and left wing, coercing his front the while; squelches both these wings furiously together; forces the coerced centre, mostly horse, to plunge back into the Diemel, and swim. Horse could swim; but many of the Foot, who tried, got drowned. And, on the whole, Du Muy is a good deal wrecked [1,600 killed, 2,000 prisoners, not to speak of cannon and flags], and, but for his eight bridges, would have been totally ruined.

"The fight was uncommonly furious, especially on Du Muy's left; 'Maxwell's Brigade' going at it, with the finest bayonet-practice, musketry, artillery-practice; obstinate as bears. On Du Muy's right, the British Legion, left wing, British too by name, had a much easier job. But the fight generally was of hot and stubborn kind, for hours, perhaps two or more;—and some say, would not have ended so triumphantly, had it not been for Duke Ferdinand's Vanguard, Lord Granby and the English Horse; who, warned by the noise ahead, pushed on at the top of their speed, and got in before the death. Granby and the Blues had gone at the high trot, for above five miles; and, I doubt not, were in keen humor when they rose to the gallop and slashed in. Mauvillon says, 'It was in this attack that Lord Granby, at the head of the Blues, his own regiment, had his hat blown off; a big bald circle in his head rendering the loss more conspicuous. But he never minded; stormed still on,' bare bald head among the helmets and sabres; 'and made it very evident that had he, instead of Sackville, led at Minden, there had been a different story to tell. The English, by their valor,' adds he, 'greatly distinguished themselves this day. And accordingly they suffered by far the most; their loss amounting to 590 men:' or, as others count,—out of 1,200 killed and wounded, 800 were English." [Mauvillon, ii. 114. Or better, in all these three cases, as elsewhere, Tempelhof's specific Chapter on Ferdinand (Tempelhof, iv. 101-122). Ferdinand's Despatch (to King George), in *Knesebeck*, ii. 96-98;—or in the Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 386, 387), where also is Lord Granby's Despatch.]

This of Granby and the bald head is mainly what now renders Warburg memorable. For, in a year or two, the excellent Reynolds did a Portrait of Granby; and by no means forgot this incident; but gives him bare-headed, bare and bald; the oblivious British connoisseur not now knowing why, as perhaps he ought. The portrait, I suppose, may be in Belvoir Castle; the artistic Why of the baldness is this BATTLE OF WARBURG, as above. An Affair otherwise of no moment. Ferdinand had soon to quit the Diemel, or to find it useless for him, and to try other methods,—fencing gallantly, but too weak for Broglio; and, on the whole, had a difficult Campaign of it, against that considerable Soldier with forces so superior.

Chapter III.—BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

Friedrich stayed hardly one day in Neissen Country; Silesia, in the jaws of destruction, requiring such speed from him. His new Series of Marches thitherward, for the next two weeks especially, with Daun and Lacy, and at last with Loudon too, for escort, are still more singular than the foregoing; a fortnight of Soldier History such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Of his inward gloom one hears nothing. But the Problem itself approaches to the desperate; needing daily new invention, new audacity, with imminent destruction overhanging it throughout. A March distinguished in Military Annals;—but of which it is not for us to pretend treating. Military readers will find it in TEMPELHOF, and the supplementary Books from time to time cited here. And, for our own share, we can only say, that Friedrich's labors strike us as abundantly Herculean; more Alcides-like than ever,—the rather as hopes of any success have sunk lower than ever. A modern Alcides, appointed to confront Tartarus itself, and be victorious over the Three-headed Dog. Daun, Lacy, Loudon coming on you simultaneously, open-mouthed, are a considerable Tartarean Dog! Soldiers judge that the King's resources of genius were extremely conspicuous on this occasion; and to all men it is in evidence that seldom in the Arena of this Universe, looked on by the idle Populaces and by the eternal Gods and Antigods (called Devils), did a Son of Adam fence better for himself, now and throughout.

This, his Third march to Silesia in 1760, is judged to be the most forlorn and ominous Friedrich ever made thither; real peril, and ruin to Silesia and him, more imminent than even in the old Leuthen days. Difficulties, complicacies very many, Friedrich can foresee: a Daun's Army and a Lacy's for escort to us; and such a Silesia when we do arrive. And there is one complicacy more which he does not yet know of; that of Loudon waiting ahead to welcome him, on crossing the Frontier, and increase his escort thenceforth!—Or rather, let us say, Friedrich, thanks to the despondent Henri and others, has escaped a great Silesian Calamity;—of which he will hear, with mixed emotions, on arriving at Bunzlau on the Silesian Frontier, six days after setting out. Since the loss of Glatz (July 26th), Friedrich has no news of Loudon; supposes him to be trying something upon Neisse, to be adjusting with his slow Russians; and, in short, to be out of the dismal account-current just at present. That is not the fact in regard to Loudon; that is far from the fact.

LOUDON IS TRYING A STROKE-OF-HAND ON BRESLAU, IN THE GLATZ FASHION, IN THE INTERIM (July 30th-August 3d).

Hardly above six hours after taking Glatz, swift Loudon, no Daun now tethering him (Daun standing, or sitting, "in relief of Dresden" far off), was on march for Breslau—Vanguard of him "marched that same evening (July 26th):" in the liveliest hope of capturing Breslau; especially if Soltikof, to whom this of Glatz ought to be a fine symbol and pledge, make speed to co-operate. Soltikof is in no violent enthusiasm about Glatz; anxious rather about his own Magazine at Posen, and how to get it carted out of Henri's way, in case of our advancing towards some Silesian Siege. "If we were not ruined last year, it was n't Daun's fault!" growls he often; and Montalembert has need of all his suasive virtues (which are wonderful to look at, if anybody cared to look at them, all flung into the sea in this manner) for keeping the barbarous man in any approach to harmony. The barbarous man had, after haggle enough, adjusted himself for besieging Glogau; and is surly to hear, on the sudden (order from Petersburg reinforcing Loudon), that it is Breslau instead. "Excellenz, it is not Cunctator Daun this time, it is fiery Loudon." "Well, Breslau, then!" answers Soltikof at last, after much suasion. And marches thither; [Tempelhof, iv. 87-89 ("Rose from Posen, July 26th").] faster than usual, quickened by new temporary hopes, of Montalembert's raising or one's own: "What a place-of-arms, and place of victual, would Breslau be for us, after all!"

And really mends his pace, mends it ever more, as matters grow stringent; and advances upon Breslau at his swiftest: "To rendezvous with Loudon under the walls there,—within the walls very soon, and ourselves chief proprietor!"—as may be hoped. Breslau has a garrison of 4,000, only 1,000 of them stanch; and there are, among other bad items, 9,000 Austrian Prisoners in it. A big City with weak walls: another place to defend than rock-hewn little Glatz,—if there be no better than a D'O for Commandant in it! But perhaps there is.

"WEDNESDAY, 30th JULY, Loudon's Vanguard arrived at Breslau; next day Loudon himself;—and besieged Breslau very violently, according to his means, till the Sunday following. Troops he has plenty, 40,000 odd, which he gives out for 50 or even 60,000; not to speak of Soltikof, 'with 75,000' (read 45,000), striding on in a fierce and dreadful manner to meet him here. 'Better surrender to Christian Austrians, had not you?' Loudon's Artillery is not come up, it is only struggling on from Glatz; Soltikof of his own has no Siege-Artillery; and Loudon judges that heavy-footed Soltikof, waited on by an alert Prince Henri, is a problematic quantity in this enterprise. 'Speedy oneself; speedy and fiery!' thinks Loudon: 'by violence of speed, of bullying and bombardment, perhaps we can still do it!' And Loudon tried all these things to a high stretch; but found in Tauentzien the wrong man.

"THURSDAY, 31st, Loudon, who has two bridges over Oder, and the Town begirt all round, summons Tauentzien in an awful sounding tone: 'Consider, Sir: no defence possible; a trading Town, you ought not to attempt defence of it: surrender on fair terms, or I shall, which God forbid, be obliged to burn you and it from the face of the world!' 'Pooh, pooh,' answers Tauentzien, in brief polite terms; 'you yourselves had no doubt it was a Garrison, when we besieged you here, on the heel of Leuthen; had you? Go to!'—Fiery Loudon cannot try storm, the Town having Oder and a wet ditch round it. He gets his bombarding batteries forward, as the one chance he has, aided by bullying. And to-morrow,

"FRIDAY, AUGUST 1st, sends, half officially, half in the friendly way, dreadful messages again: a warning to the Mayor of Breslau (which was not signed by Loudon), 'Death and destruction, Sir, unless'—!—warning to the Mayor; and, by the same private half-official messenger, a new summons to Tauentzien: 'Bombardment infallible; universal massacre by Croats; I will not spare the child in its mother's womb.' 'I am not with child,' said Tauentzien, 'nor are my soldiers! What is the use of such talk?' And about 10 that night, Loudon does accordingly break out into all the fire of bombardment he is master of. Kindles the Town in various places, which were quenched again by Tauentzien's arrangements; kindles especially the King's fine Dwelling-house (Palace they call it), and adjacent streets, not quenchable till Palace and they are much ruined. Will this make no impression? Far too little.

"Next morning Loudon sends a private messenger of conciliatory tone: 'Any terms your Excellency likes to name. Only spare me the general massacre, and child in the mother's womb!' From all which Tauentzien infers that you are probably short of ammunition; and that his outlooks are improving. That day he gets guns brought to bear on General Loudon's own quarter; blazes into Loudon's sitting-room, so that Loudon has to shift else-whither. No bombardment ensues that night; nor next day anything but desultory cannonading, and much noise and motion;—and at night, SUNDAY, 3d, everything falls quiet, and, to the glad amazement of everybody, Loudon has vanished." [Tempelhof, iv. 90-100; Archenholtz, ii. 89-94; HOFBERICHT VON DER BELAGERUNG VON BRESLAU IM AUGUST 1760 (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 688-698); also in *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 299-309; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 115-124), that is, in the OLD NEWSPAPERS, extremely particular account, How "not only the finest Horse in Breslau, and the finest House [King's Palace], but the handsomest Man, and, alas, also the prettiest Girl [poor Jungfer Muller, shattered by a bomb-shell on the streets], were destroyed in this short Siege,"—world-famous for the moment. Preuss, ii. 246.]

Loudon had no other shift left. This Sunday his Russians are still five days distant; alert Henri, on the contrary, is, in a sense, come to hand. Crossed the Katzbach River this day, the Vanguard of him did, at Parchwitz; and fell upon our Bakery; which has had to take the road. "Guard the Bakery, all hands there," orders Loudon; "off to Striegau and the Hills with it;"—and is himself gone thither after it, leaving Breslau, Henri and the Russians to what fate may be in store for them. Henri has again made one of his winged marches, the deft creature, though the despondent; "march of 90 miles in three days [in the last three, from Glogau, 90; in the whole, from Landsberg, above 200], and has saved the State," says Retzow. "Made no camping, merely bivouacked; halting for a rest four or five hours here and there;" [Retzow, ii. 230 (very vague); in Tempelhof (iv. 89, 90, 95-97) clear and specific account.] and on August 5th is at Lissa (this side

the Field of Leuthen); making Breslau one of the gladdest of cities.

So that Soltikof, on arriving (village of Hundsfeld, August 8th), by the other side of the River, finds Henri's advanced guards intrenched over there, in Old Oder; no Russian able to get within five miles of Breslau,—nor able to do more than cannonade in the distance, and ask with indignation, "Where are the siege-guns, then; where is General Loudon? Instead of Breslau capturable, and a sure Magazine for us, here is Henri, and nothing but steel to eat!" And the Soltikof risen into Russian rages, and the Montalembert sunk in difficulties: readers can imagine these. Indignant Soltikof, deaf to suasion, with this dangerous Henri in attendance, is gradually edging back; always rather back, with an eye to his provisions, and to certain bogs and woods he knows of. But we will leave the Soltikof-Henri end of the line, for the opposite end, which is more interesting.—To Friedrich, till he got to Silesia itself, these events are totally unknown. His cunctatory Henri, by this winged march, when the moment came, what a service has he done!—

Tauentzien's behavior, also, has been superlative at Breslau; and was never forgotten by the King. A very brave man, testifies Lessing of him; true to the death: "Had there come but three, to rally with the King under a bush of the forest, Tauentzien would have been one." Tauentzien was on the ramparts once, in this Breslau pinch, giving orders; a bomb burst beside him, did not injure him. "Mark that place," said Tauentzien; and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark were put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, he now lies buried. [*Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 72-75; Lessing's *Werke*; &c. &c.]

FRIEDRICH ON MARCH, FOR THE THIRD TIME, TO RESCUE SILESIA (August 1st-15th).

AUGUST 1st, Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Zehren, in the Schieritz vicinity, as near Meissen as he could; but it had to be some six miles farther down, such the liabilities to Austrian disturbance. All are across that morning by 5 o'clock (began at 2); whence we double back eastward, and camp that night at Dallwitz,—are quietly asleep there, while Loudon's bombardment bursts out on Breslau, far away! At Dallwitz we rest next day, wait for our Bakeries and Baggages; and SUNDAY, AUGUST 3d, at 2 in the morning, set forth on the forlornest adventure in the world.

The arrangements of the March, foreseen and settled beforehand to the last item, are of a perfection beyond praise;—as is still visible in the General Order, or summary of directions given out; which, to this day, one reads with a kind of satisfaction like that derivable from the Forty-seventh of Euclid: clear to the meanest capacity, not a word wanting in it, not a word superfluous, solid as geometry. "The Army marches always in Three Columns, left Column foremost: our First Line of Battle [in case we have fighting] is this foremost Column; Second Line is the Second Column; Reserve is the Third. All Generals' chaises, money-wagons, and regimental Surgeons' wagons remain with their respective Battalions; as do the Heavy Batteries with the Brigades to which they belong. When the march is through woody country, the Cavalry regiments go in between the Battalions [to be ready against Pandour operations and accidents].

"With the First Column, the Ziethen Hussars and Free-Battalion Courbiere have always the vanguard; Mohring Hussars and Free-Battalion Quintus [speed to you, learned friend!] the rear-guard. With the Second Column always the Dragoon regiments Normann and Krockow have the vanguard; Regiment Czetteritz [Dragoons, poor Czetteritz himself, with his lost MANUSCRIPT, is captive since February last], the rear-guard. With the Third Column always the Dragoon regiment Holstein as head, and the ditto Finkenstein to close the Column.—During every march, however, there are to be of the Second Column 2 Battalions joined with Column Third; so that the Third Column consists of 10 Battalions, the Second of 6, while on march.

"Ahead of each Column go three Pontoon Wagons; and daily are 50 work-people allowed them, who are immediately to lay Bridge, where it is necessary. The rear-guard of each Column takes up these Bridges again; brings them on, and returns them to the head of the Column, when the Army has got to camp. In the Second Column are to be 500 wagons, and also in the Third 500, so shared that each battalion gets an equal number. The battalions—" [In TEMPELHOF (iv. 125, 126) the entire Piece.]... This may serve as specimen.

The March proceeded through the old Country; a little to left of the track in June past: Roder Water, Pulsnitz Water; Kamenz neighborhood, Bautzen neighborhood,—Bunzlau on Silesian ground. Daun, at Bischofswerda, had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, HALF-felled the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always, to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy's, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. "An on-looker, who had observed the march of these different Armies," says Friedrich, "would have thought that they all belonged to one leader. Feldmarschall Daun's he would have taken for the Vanguard, the King's for the main Army, and General Lacy's for the Rear-guard." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, v. 56.] Tempelhof says: "It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; between Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a Third [Loudon's, in Striegau Country] waiting ahead."

The March passed without accident of moment; had not, from Lacy or Daun, any accident whatever. On the second day, an Aide-de-Camp of Daun's was picked up, with Letters from Lacy (back of the cards visible to Friedrich). Once,—it is the third day of the March (August 6th, village of Rothwasser to be quarter for the night),—on coming toward Neisse River, some careless Officer, trusting to peasants, instead of examining for himself and building a bridge, drove his Artillery-wagons into the so-called ford of Neisse; which nearly swallowed the foremost of them in quicksands. Nearly, but not completely; and caused a loss of five or six hours to that Second Column. So that darkness came on Column Second in the woody intricacies; and several hundreds of the deserter kind took the opportunity of disappearing altogether. An unlucky, evidently too

languid Officer; though Friedrich did not annihilate the poor fellow, perhaps did not rebuke him at all, but merely marked it in elucidation of his qualities for time coming." This miserable village of Rothwasser" (headquarters after the dangerous fording of Neisse), says Mitchell, "stands in the middle of a wood, almost as wild and impenetrable as those in North America. There was hardly ground enough cleared about it for the encampment of the troops." [Mitchell, ii. 190; Tempelhof, iv. 131.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 7th, Friedrich—traversing the whole Country, but more direct, by Königsbruck and Kamenz this time—is at Bunzlau altogether. "Bunzlau on the Bober;" the SILESIAN Bunzlau, not the Bohemian or any of the others. It is some 30 miles west of Liegnitz, which again lies some 40 northwest of Schweidnitz and the Strong Places. Friedrich has now done 100 miles of excellent marching; and he has still a good spell more to do,—dragging "2,000 heavy wagons" with him, and across such impediments within and without. Readers that care to study him, especially for the next few days, will find it worth their while.

Tempelhof gives, as usual, a most clear Account, minute to a degree; which, supplemented by Mitchell and a Reimann Map, enables us as it were to accompany, and to witness with our eyes. Hitherto a March toilsome in the extreme, in spite of everything done to help it; starting at 3 or at 2 in the morning; resting to breakfast in some shady place, while the sun is high, frugally cooking under the shady woods,—"BURSCHEN ABZUKOCHEN here," as the Order pleasantly bears. All encamped now, at Bunzlau in Silesia, on Thursday evening, with a very eminent week's work behind them. "In the last five days, above 100 miles of road, and such road; five considerable rivers in it"—Bober, Queiss, Neisse, Spree, Elbe; and with such a wagon-train of 2,000 teams. [Tempelhof, iv. 123-150.]

Proper that we rest a day here; in view of the still swifter marchings and sudden dashings about, which lie ahead. It will be by extremely nimble use of all the limbs we have,—hands as well as feet,—if any good is to come of us now! Friedrich is aware that Daun already holds Striegau "as an outpost [Loudon thereabouts, unknown to Friedrich], these several days;" and that Daun personally is at Schmottseifen, in our own old Camp there, twenty or thirty miles to south of us, and has his Lacy to leftward of him, partly even to rearward: rather in advance of US, both of them,—if we were for Landshut; which we are not. "Be swift enough, may not we cut through to Jauer, and get ahead of Daun?" counts Friedrich: "To Jauer, southeast of us, from Bunzlau here, is 40 miles; and to Jauer it is above 30 east for Daun: possible to be there before Daun! Jauer ours, thence to the Heights of Striegau and Hohenfriedberg Country, within wind of Schweidnitz, of Breslau: magazines, union with Prince Henri, all secure thereby?" So reckons the sanguine Friedrich; unaware that Loudon, with his corps of 35,000, has been summoned hitherward; which will make important differences! Loudon, Beck with a smaller Satellite Corps, both these, unknown to Friedrich, lie ready on the east of him: Loudon's Army on the east; Daun's, Lacy's on the south and west; three big Armies, with their Satellites, gathering in upon this King: here is a Three-headed Dog, in the Tartarus of a world he now has! On the fourth side of him is Oder, and the Russians, who are also perhaps building Bridges, by way of a supplementary or fourth head.

AUGUST 9th (BUNZLAU TO GOLDBERG), Friedrich, with his Three Columns and perfect arrangements, makes a long march: from Bunzlau at 3 in the morning; and at 5 afternoon arrives in sight of the Katzbach Valley, with the little Town of Goldberg some miles to right. Katzbach River is here; and Jauer, for to-morrow, still fifteen miles ahead. But on reconnoitring here, all is locked and bolted: Lacy strong on the Hills of Goldberg; Daun visible across the Katzbach; Daun, and behind him Loudon, inexpugnably posted: Jauer an impossibility! We have bread only for eight days; our Magazines are at Schweidnitz and Breslau: what is to be done? Get through, one way or other, we needs must! Friedrich encamps for the night; expecting an attack. If not attacked, he will make for Liegnitz leftward; cross the Katzbach there, or farther down at Parchwitz:—Parchwitz, Neumarkt, LEUTHEN, we have been in that country before now:—Courage!

AUGUST 10th-11th (TO LIEGNITZ AND BACK). At 5 A.M., Sunday, August 10th, Friedrich, nothing of attack having come, got on march again: down his own left bank of the Katzbach, straight for Liegnitz; unopposed altogether; not even a Pandour having attacked him overnight. But no sooner is he under way, than Daun too rises; Daun, Loudon, close by, on the other side of Katzbach, and keep step with us, on our right; Lacy's light people hovering on our rear:—three truculent fellows in buckram; fancy the feelings of the way-worn solitary fourth, whom they are gloomily dogging in this way! The solitary fourth does his fifteen miles to Liegnitz, unmolested by them; encamps on the Heights which look down on Liegnitz over the south; finds, however, that the Loudon-Daun people have likewise been diligent; that they now lie stretched out on their right bank, three or four miles up-stream or to rearward, and what is far worse, seven miles downwards, or ahead: that, in fact, they are a march nearer Parchwitz than he;—and that there is again no possibility. "Perhaps by Jauer, then, still? Out of this, and at lowest, into some vicinity of bread, it does behoove us to be!" At 11 that night Friedrich gets on march again; returns the way he came. And,

AUGUST 11th, At daybreak, is back to his old ground; nothing now to oppose him but Lacy, who is gone across from Goldberg, to linger as rear of the Daun-Loudon march. Friedrich steps across on Lacy, thirsting to have a stroke at Lacy; who vanishes fast enough, leaving the ground clear. Could but our baggage have come as fast as we! But our baggage, Quintus guarding and urging, has to groan on for five hours yet; and without it, there is no stirring. Five mortal hours;—by which time, Daun, Lacy, Loudon are all up again; between us and Jauer, between us and everything helpful;—and Friedrich has to encamp in Seichau,—"a very poor Village in the Mountains," writes Mitchell, who was painfully present there, "surrounded on all sides by Heights; on several of which, in the evening, the Austrians took camp, separated from us by a deep ravine only." [Mitchell, ii. 194.]

Outlooks are growing very questionable to Mitchell and everybody. "Only four days' provisions" (in reality six), whisper the Prussian Generals gloomily to Mitchell and to one another: "Shall we have to make for Glogau, then, and leave Breslau to its fate? Or perhaps it will be a second Maxen to his Majesty and us, who was so indignant with poor Finck?" My friends, no; a Maxen like Finck's it will never be: a very different Maxen, if any! But we hope better things.

Friedrich's situation, grasped in the Three-lipped Pincers in this manner, is conceivable to readers. Soltikof, on the other side of Oder, as supplementary or fourth lip, is very impatient with these three. "Why all this dodging, and fidgeting to and fro? You are above three to one of your enemy. Why don't you close on him at

once, if you mean it at all? The end is, He will be across Oder; and it is I that shall have the brunt to bear: Henri and he will enclose me between two fires!" And in fact, Henri, as we know, though Friedrich does not or only half does, has gone across Oder, to watch Soltikof, and guard Breslau from any attempts of his,—which are far from HIS thoughts at this moment;—a Soltikof fuming violently at the thought of such cunctations, and of being made cat's-paw again. "Know, however, that I understand you," violently fumes Soltikof, "and that I won't. I fall back into the Trebnitz Bog-Country, on my own right bank here, and look out for my own safety."—"Patience, your noble Excellenz," answer they always; "oh, patience yet a little! Only yesterday (Sunday, 10th the day after his arrival in this region), we had decided to attack and crush him; Sunday very early: [Tempelhof, iv. 137, 148-150.] but he skipped away to Liegnitz. Oh, be patient yet a day or two: he skips about at such a rate!" Montalembert has to be suasive as the Muses and the Sirens. Soltikof gloomily consents to another day or two. And even, such his anxiety lest this swift King skip over upon HIM, pushes out a considerable Russian Division, 24,000 ultimately, under Czernichef, towards the King's side of things, towards Auras on Oder, namely,—there to watch for oneself these interesting Royal movements; or even to join with Loudon out there, if that seem the safer course, against them. Of Czernichef at Auras we shall hear farther on,—were these Royal movements once got completed a little.

MORNING OF AUGUST 12th, Friedrich has, in his bad lodging at Seichau, laid a new plan of route: "Towards Schweidnitz let it be; round by Pombsen and the southeast, by the Hill-roads, make a sweep flankward of the enemy!"—and has people out reconnoitring the Hill-roads. Hears, however, about 8 o'clock, That Austrians in strength are coming between us and Goldberg! "Intending to enclose us in this bad pot of a Seichau; no crossing of the Katzbach, or other retreat to be left us at all?" Friedrich strikes his tents; ranks himself; is speedily in readiness for dispute of such extremity;—sends out new patrols, however, to ascertain. "Austrians in strength" there are NOT on the side indicated;—whereupon he draws in again. But, on the other hand, the Hill-roads are reported absolutely impassable for baggage; Pombsen an impossibility, as the other places have been. So Friedrich sits down again in Seichau to consider; does not stir all day. To Mitchell's horror, who, "with great labor," burns all the legationary ciphers and papers ("impossible to save the baggage if we be attacked in this hollow pot of a camp"), and feels much relieved on finishing. [Mitchell, ii. 144; Tempelhof, iv. 144.]

Towards sunset, General Bulow, with the Second Line (second column of march), is sent out Goldberg-way, to take hold of the passage of the Katzbach: and at 8 that night we all march, recrossing there about 1 in the morning; thence down our left bank to Liegnitz for the second time,—sixteen hours of it in all, or till noon of the 13th. Mitchell had been put with the Cavalry part; and "cannot but observe to your Lordship what a chief comfort it was in this long, dangerous and painful March," to have burnt one's ciphers and dread secrets quite out of the way.

And thus, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13th, about noon, we are in our old Camp; Head-quarter in the southern suburb of Liegnitz (a wretched little Tavern, which they still show there, on mythical terms): main part of the Camp, I should think, is on that range of Heights, which reaches two miles southward, and is now called "SIEGESBERG (Victory Hill)," from a modern Monument built on it, after nearly 100 years. Here Friedrich stays one day,—more exactly, 30 hours;—and his shifting, next time, is extremely memorable.

BATTLE, IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF LIEGNITZ, DOES ENSUE (Friday morning, 15th August, 1760).

Daun, Lacy and Loudon, the Three-lipped Pincers, have of course followed, and are again agape for Friedrich, all in scientific postures: Daun in the Jauer region, seven or eight miles south; Lacy about Goldberg, as far to southwest; Loudon "between Jeschkendorf and Koischwitz," northeastward, somewhat closer on Friedrich, with the Katzbach intervening. That Czernichef, with an additional 24,000, to rear of Loudon, is actually crossing Oder at Auras, with an eye to junction, Friedrich does not hear till to-morrow. [Tempelhof, iv. 148-151; Mitchell, ii. 197.]

The scene is rather pretty, if one admired scenes. Liegnitz, a square, handsome, brick-built Town, of old standing, in good repair (population then, say 7,000), with fine old castellated edifices and aspects: pleasant meeting, in level circumstances, of the Katzbach valley with the Schwartz-wasser (BLACK-WATER) ditto, which forms the north rim of Liegnitz; pleasant mixture of green poplars and brick towers,—as seen from that "Victory Hill" (more likely to be "Immediate-Ruin Hill!") where the King now is. Beyond Liegnitz and the Schwartzwasser, northwestward, right opposite to the King's, rise other Heights called of Pfaffendorf, which guard the two streams AFTER their uniting. Kloster Wahlstatt, a famed place, lies visible to southeast, few miles off. Readers recollect one Blucher "Prince of Wahlstatt," so named from one of his Anti-Napoleon victories gained there? Wahlstatt was the scene of an older Fight, almost six centuries older, [April 9th, 1241 (Kohler, REICHS-HISTORIE).]—a then Prince of Liegnitz VERSUS hideous Tartar multitudes, who rather beat him; and has been a CLOISTER Wahlstatt ever since. Till Thursday, 14th, about 8 in the evening, Friedrich continued in his Camp of Liegnitz. We are now within reach of a notable Passage of War.

Friedrich's Camp extends from the Village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzbach for about two miles, northeastward, to his Head-quarter in Liegnitz Suburb: Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five, the Katzbach separating Friedrich and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg northeastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward: that is the position on Thursday, 14th. Provisions being all but run out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth) watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here, beyond this day. If even this day it be allowed us? This day, Friedrich had to draw out, and stand to arms for some hours; while

the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack; till it proved to be nothing: only an elaborate reconnoitring by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

Friedrich understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitred, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Friedrich was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Friedrich has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches: Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty-five long miles northward. "Let us lean upon Glogau withal," thinks Friedrich; "and let us be out of this straightway! March to-night; towards Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the Heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck: let the empty meal-wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighborhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manoeuvrings,—let us hope it may not!"—Daun and the Austrians having ceased reconnoitring, and gone home, Friedrich rides with his Generals, through Liegnitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. "Here, Messieurs, is our first halting-place to be: here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal-wagons jingle on!" And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

It is a fact recorded by Friedrich himself, and by many other people, That, at this interesting juncture, there appeared at the King's Gate, King hardly yet asleep, a staggering Austrian Officer, Irish by nation, who had suddenly found good to desert the Austrian Service for the Prussian—"Sorrow on them: a pack of"—what shall I say?—Irish gentleman, bursting with intelligence of some kind, but evidently deep in liquor withal. "Impossible; the King is asleep," said the Adjutant on duty; but produced only louder insistence from the drunk Irish gentleman. "As much as all your heads are worth; the King's own safety, and not a moment to lose!" What is to be done? They awaken the King: "The man is drunk, but dreadfully in earnest, your Majesty." "Give him quantities of weak tea [Tempelhof calls it tea, but Friedrich merely warm water]; then examine him, and report if it is anything." Something it was: "Your Majesty to be attacked, for certain, this night!" what his Majesty already guessed:—something, most likely little; but nobody to this day knows. Visible only, that his Majesty, before sunset, rode out reconnoitring with this questionable Irish gentleman, now in a very flaccid state; and altered nothing whatever in prior arrangements;—and that the flaccid Irish gentleman staggers out of sight, into dusk, into rest and darkness, after this one appearance on the stage of history. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 63; Tempelhof, iv. 154.]

From about 8 in the evening, Friedrich's people got on march, in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River;—where the camp-fires are burning extremely distinct to-night. The Prussian camp-fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them; and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Friedrich's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser: artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone-Bridge at Topferberg (POTTER-HILL) there; the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About one in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a River of many tails (boggy most of them, Sohnelle or SWIFT Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far northwest of Topferberg. Towards this Waldau, Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our "left wing,"—which he will find to consist of those empty watch-fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Topferberg and Pfaffendorf (PRIEST-town, or as we should call it, "Preston"), which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horse-shoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern; till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that, northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horse-shoe Heights,—which run parallel to Schwartzwasser one part of them, and nearly parallel to Katzbach another (though above a mile distant, these latter, from IT),—Friedrich plants himself: in Order of Battle; slightly altering some points of the afternoon's program, and correcting his Generals, "Front rather so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!" Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both:—and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we resting here, and our meal-wagons jingling on Glogau way!

Excellency Mitchell, under horse-escort, among the lighter baggage, is on Kuchelberg Heath, in scrubby country, but well north behind Friedrich's centre: has had a dreadful march; one comfort only, that his ciphers are all burnt. The rest of us lie down on the grass;—among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment FORCADE: who testifies that it is one of the beautifullest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier-ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative. [Archenholtz, ii. 100-111.] Friedrich's line, we observed, is in the horse-shoe shape (or PARABOLIC, straighter than horse-shoe), fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line, Friedrich in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things being moderately in order, Friedrich has himself sat down—I think, towards the middle or convex part of his lines—by a watch-fire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say; half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past 2,—when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildern way, northward, reconnoitring, comes dashing up full speed: "The King? where is the King?" "What is it, then?" answers the King for himself. "Your Majesty, the Enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildern, coming on our Left Wing yonder; has flung back all my vedettes: is within 500 yards by this time!"

Friedrich springs to horse; has already an Order speeding forth, "General Schenkendorf and his Battalion,

their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder; swift!" How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) "has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand!" ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the Enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done; and our Left Wing is in condition to receive its early visitors,—Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Books whether Friedrich was in clear expectation of Loudon here; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Friedrich; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his Camp at Jeschkendorf, about the time Friedrich did his at Schimmelwitz; and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand; which was (also identical with Friedrich's), to seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke, scouts having informed him that the Prussian Baggage was certainly gone through to Topferberg,—more his scouts did not know, nor could Loudon guess,—"We will snatch that Baggage!" thought Loudon; and with such view has been speeding all he could; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage escort: Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve, striding on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may be. Friedrich's reconnoitring Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: "Yes, yes!" thought Loudon. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture, here, out of the vacant darkness, is Friedrich in person, on the brow of the Heights where we intended to form!—

Loudon's behavior, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had,—highly unfavorable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for Five Battalions (5,000) of front;—and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Friedrich; but could not, Friedrich edging conformably. From his right-hand, or northeast part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward: but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the northeastward on his part and Friedrich's, there had at last a considerable gap in Friedrich's Line established itself,—not only Ziethen's Line and Friedrich's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but, at the Village of Panten, in Friedrich's own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began: in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since; well to left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour;—and lo, in the nick of time, Mollendorf (our Leuthen-and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it; rushed up with infantry and cavalry; set Panten on fire, and blocked out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance: his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-fury. Bernburg, poor Regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before; and on the whole, stemming invincibly that horse-torrent,—not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough; and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther: threw up a tine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse:—and went his ways, sorely but not dishonorably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him: 4,000 killed and wounded; prisoners 6,000; 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole. [Tempelhof, iv. 159.] By 5 o'clock, the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Friedrich's Left Wing (say half of his Army, some 15,000) in such conclusive manner. Friedrich's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By 11 last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on, across the Katzbach, about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Friedrich's Camp appeared to consist only of watch-fires; and had shot off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news; which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle! One's beautiful Plan exploded into mere imbroglio of distraction; become one knows not what! Daun's watch-fires too had all been left burning; universal stratagem, on both sides, going on; producing—tragically for some of us—a TRAGEDY of Errors, or the Mistakes of a Night! Daun sallied out again, in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible: pushed on, in the track of Friedrich; warning Lacy to push on. Daun, though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious Fight and cannonade; "southwest wind having risen," so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons,—not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible: "Nonsense; you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your usual way; perhaps not sorry that, the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!"

Emerging out of Liegnitz, Daun did see, to northeastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. "Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!" Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen; but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the Stone-bridge at the Topferberg: who drove in Ziethen's picket there; but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognizes the impossibility; wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide-hour missed again; ebb going uncommonly rapid! Lacy had been about Waldau, to try farther up the Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right: but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy; not accessible on any point to heavy people,—"owing to bogs on the bank," with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

And, in fact, nothing of Lacy more than of Daun, could manage to get across: nothing except two poor

Hussar regiments; who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln,—Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs. And gave a new alarm to Mitchell, the last of several during this horrid night; who has sat painfully blocked in his carriage, with such a Devil's tumult, going on to eastward, and no sight, share or knowledge to be had of it. Repeated hussar attacks there were on the Baggage here, Loudon's hussars also trying: but Mitchell's Captain was miraculously equal to the occasion; and had beaten them all off. Mitchell, by magnanimous choice of his own, has been in many Fights by the side of Friedrich; but this is the last he will ever be in or near;—this miraculous one of Liegnitz, 3 to 4.30 A.M., Friday, August 15th, 1760.

Never did such a luck befall Friedrich before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side: ruin likelier at no moment, of his life;—and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save him. Partly by accident too; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents. [Tempelhof, iv. 151-171; Archenholtz, ubi supra; HO BERICHT VON DER SCHLACHT SO AM 15 AUGUST, 1760, BEY LIEGNITZ, VORGEFALLEN (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 696-703); &c. &c.]

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field,—if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon;—the wagons we split up, no Austrians to have them; usable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg; which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on,—Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, "I saw you, BURSCHE;" but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): "In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?" But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stepped out, saluting reverentially: "Regiment Bernburg, IHRO MAJESTAT—?" "Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed out!" "And you are again our Gracious King, then?" says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—"GEWISS, Yea, surely!" [Tempelhof, iv. 162-164.] Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, "glorious Sons of Freedom" to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand;—but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman "gave three Salvos, as Joy-fire, on the field of Liegnitz;" and, in the above succinct shape,—leaving Ziethen to come on, "with the prisoners, the sick-wagons and captured cannon," in the afternoon,—marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed: Parchwitz is the road to Breslau, also to Glogau,—to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Friedrich has but two days' bread left; on the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's Force, had Daun made any despatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

All judges say, Daun ought now to have marched, on this enterprise of still intercepting Friedrich, without loss of a moment. But he calculated Friedrich would probably spend the day in TE-DEUM-ing on the Field (as is the manner of some); and that, by to-morrow, things would be clearer to one's own mind. Daun was in no haste; gave no orders,—did not so much as send Czernichef a Letter. Czernichef got one, however. Friedrich sent him one; that is to say, sent him one TO INTERCEPT. Friedrich, namely, writes a Note addressed to his Brother Henri: "Austrians totally beaten this day; now for the Russians, dear Brother; and swift, do what we have agreed on!" [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 67.] Friedrich hands this to a Peasant, with instructions to let himself be taken by the Russians, and give it up to save his life. Czernichef, it is thought, got this Letter; and perhaps rumor itself, and the delays of Daun, would, at any rate, have sent him across. Across he at once went, with his 24,000, and burnt his Bridge. A vanished Czernichef;—though Friedrich is not yet sure of it: and as for the wandering Austrian Divisions, the Loudons, Lacys, all is dark to him.

So that, at Parchwitz, next morning (August 16th), the question, "To Glogau? To Breslau?" must have been a kind of sphinx-enigma to Friedrich; dark as that, and, in case of error, fatal. After some brief paroxysm of consideration, Friedrich's reading was, "To Breslau, then!" And, for hours, as the march went on, he was noticed "riding much about," his anxieties visibly great. Till at Neumarkt (not far from the Field of LEUTHEN), getting on the Heights there,—towards noon, I will guess,—what a sight! Before this, he had come upon Austrian Out-parties, Beck's or somebody's, who did not wait his attack: he saw, at one point, "the whole Austrian Army on march (the tops of its columns visible among the knolls, three miles off, impossible to say whitherward);" and fared on all the faster, I suppose, such a bet depending;—and, in fine, galloped to the Heights of Neumarkt for a view: "Dare we believe it? Not an Austrian there!" And might be, for the moment, the gladdest of Kings. Secure now of Breslau, of junction with Henri: fairly winner of the bet;—and can at last pause, and take breath, very needful to his poor Army, if not to himself, after such a mortal spasm of sixteen days! Daun had taken the Liegnitz accident without remark; usually a stoical man, especially in other people's misfortunes; but could not conceal his painful astonishment on this new occasion,—astonishment at unjust fortune, or at his own sluggardly cunctations, is not said.

Next day (August 17th), Friedrich encamps at Hermannsdorf, head-quarter the Schloss of Hermannsdorf, within seven miles of Breslau; continues a fortnight there, resting his wearied people, himself not resting much, watching the dismal miscellany of entanglements that yet remain, how these will settle into groups,—especially what Daun and his Soltikof will decide on. In about a fortnight, Daun's decision did become visible; Soltikof's not in a fortnight, nor ever clearly at all. Unless it were To keep a whole skin, and gradually edge home to his victuals. As essentially it was, and continued to be; creating endless negotiations, and futile overtures and messagings from Daun to his barbarous Friend, endless suasions and troubles from poor Montalembert,—of which it would weary every reader to hear mention, except of the result only.

Friedrich, for his own part, is little elated with these bits of successes at Liegnitz or since; and does not deceive himself as to the difficulties, almost the impossibilities, that still lie ahead. In answer to D'Argens, who has written ("at midnight," starting out of bed "the instant the news came"), in zealous congratulation on Liegnitz, here is a Letter of Friedrich's: well worth reading,—though it has been oftener read than almost any other of his. A Letter which D'Argens never saw in the original form; which was captured by the Austrians or Cossacks; [See *OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 198 (D'Argens himself, "19th October" following), and ib. 191 n.; Rodenbeck, ii. 31, 36;—mention of it in Voltaire, Montalembert, &c.] which got copied everywhere, soon stole into print, and is ever since extensively known.

FRIEDRICH TO MARQUIS D'ARGENS (at Berlin).

"HERMANNSDORF, near Breslau, 27th August, 1760.

"In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 15th would have settled the Campaign; at present it is but a scratch. There will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate: such, by all appearance, we shall soon have; and then you may rejoice, if the event is favorable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all your sympathy. It has cost a deal of scheming, striving and much address to bring matters to this point. Don't speak to me of dangers; the last Action costs me only a Coat [torn, useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon-ball?] and a Horse [shot under me]: that is not paying dear for a victory.

"In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Campaign. Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to overcome all the difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is growing weak withal. 'Herculean' labors to accomplish at an age when my powers are forsaking me, my weaknesses increasing, and, to speak candidly, even hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You are not enough acquainted with the posture of things, to know all the dangers that threaten the State: I know them, and conceal them; I keep all the fears to myself, and communicate to the Public only the hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. If the stroke I am meditating succeed [stroke on Daun's Anti-Schweidnitz strategies, of which anon], then, my dear Marquis, it will be time to expand one's joy; but till then let us not flatter ourselves, lest some unexpected bit of bad news depress us too much.

"I live here [Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a seven miles west of Breslau] like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless businesses, and these done, a little consolation from my Books. I know not if I shall outlive this War: but should it so happen, I am firmly resolved to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, in the bosom of Philosophy and Friendship. When the roads are surer, perhaps you will write me oftener. I know not where our winter-quarters this time are to be! My House in Breslau is burnt down in the Bombardment [Loudon's, three weeks ago]. Our enemies grudge us everything, even daylight, and air to breathe: some nook, however, they must leave us; and if it be a safe one, it will be a true pleasure to have you again with me.

"Well, my dear Marquis, what has become of the Peace with France [English Peace]! Your Nation, you see, is blinder than you thought: those fools will lose their Canada and Pondicherry, to please the Queen of Hungary and the Czarina. Heaven grant Prince Ferdinand may pay them for their zeal! And it will be the innocent that suffer, the poor officers and soldiers, not the Choiseuls and—... But here is business come on me. Adieu, dear Marquis; I embrace you.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 191.]

Two Events, of opposite complexion, a Russian and a Saxon, Friedrich had heard of while at Hermannsdorf, before writing as above. The Saxon Event is the pleasant one, and comes first.

HULSEN ON THE DURRENBERG, AUGUST 20th. "August 20th, at Strehla, in that Schlettau-Meissen Country, the Reichsfolk and Austrians made attack on Hulsens Posts, principal Post of them the Durrenberg (DRY-HILL) there,—in a most extensive manner; filling the whole region with vague artillery-thunder, and endless charges, here, there, of foot and horse; which all issued in zero and minus quantities; Hulsens standing beautifully to his work, and Hussar Kleist especially, at one point, cutting in with masterly execution, which proved general overthrow to the Reichs Project; and left Hulsens master of the field and of his Durrenberg, PLUS 1,217 prisoners and one Prince among them, and one cannon: a Hulsens who has actually given a kind of beating to the Reichsfolk and Austrians, though they were 30,000 to his 10,000, and had counted on making a new Maxens of it." [Archenholts, ii. 114; BERICHT VON DER OM 20 AUGUST 1780 BEY STREHLA VORGEFALLONEN ACTION (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 703-719).] Friedrich writes a glad laudatory Letter to Hulsens: "Right, so; give them more of that when they apply next!" [Letter in SCHONING, ii. 396, "Hermsdorf" (Hermannsdorf), "27th August, 1760."]

This is a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind, dark enough otherwise. Had Friedrich got done here, right fast would he fly to the relief of Hulsens, and recovery of Saxony. Hope, in good moments, says, "Hulsens will be able to hold out till then!" Fear answers, "No, he cannot, unless you get done here extremely soon!"—The Russian Event, full of painful anxiety to Friedrich, was a new Siege of Colberg. That is the sad fact; which, since the middle of August, has been becoming visibly certain.

SECOND SIEGE OF COLBERG, AUGUST 26th. "Under siege again, that poor Place; and this time the Russians seem to have made a vow that take it they will. Siege by land and by sea; land-troops direct from Petersburg, 15,000 in all (8,000 of them came by ship), with endless artillery; and near 40 Russian and Swedish ships-of-war, big and little, blackening the waters of poor Colberg. August 26th [the day before Friedrich's writing as above], they have got all things adjusted,—the land-troops covered by redoubts to rearward, ships moored in their battering-places;—and begin such a bombardment and firing of red-hot balls upon Colberg as was rarely seen. To which, one can only hope old Heyde will set a face of gray-steel character, as usual; and prove a difficult article to deal with, till one get some relief contrived for him.

Chapter IV.—DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS.

In spite of Friedrich's forebodings, an extraordinary recoil, in all Anti-Friedrich affairs, ensued upon Liegnitz; everything taking the backward course, from which it hardly recovered, or indeed did not recover at all, during the rest of this Campaign. Details on the subsequent Daun-Friedrich movements—which went all aback for Daun, Daun driven into the Hills again, Friedrich hopeful to cut off his bread, and drive him quite through the Hills, and home again—are not permitted us. No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousand-fold marchings, manoeuvrings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings-about (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfulest human memory, not exclusively devoted to study the Art Military under Friedrich, remember them when understood. For soldiers, desirous not to be sham-soldiers, they are a recommendable exercise; for them I do advise Tempelhof and the excellent German Narratives and Records. But in regard to others—A sample has been given: multiply that by the ten, by the threescore and ten; let the ingenuous imagination get from it what will suffice. Our first duty here to poor readers, is to elicit from that sea of small things the fractions which are cardinal, or which give human physiognomy and memorability to it; and carefully suppress all the rest.

Understand, then, that there is a general going-back on the Austrian and Russian part. Czernichef we already saw at once retire over the Oder. Soltikof bodily, the second day after, deaf to Montalembert, lifts himself to rearward; takes post behind bogs and bushy grounds more and more inaccessible; ["August 18th, to Trebnitz, on the road to Militsch" (Tempelhof, iv. 167).] followed by Prince Henri with his best impressiveness for a week longer, till he seem sufficiently remote and peaceably minded: "Making home for Poland, he," thinks the sanguine King; "leave Goltz with 12,000 to watch him. The rest of the Army over hither!" Which is done, August 27th; General Forcade taking charge, instead of Henri,—who is gone, that day or next, to Breslau, for his health's sake. "Prince Henri really ill," say some; "Not so ill, but in the sulks," say others:—partly true, both theories, it is now thought; impossible to settle in what degree true. Evident it is, Henri sat quiescent in Breslau, following regimen, in more or less pathetic humor, for two or three months to come; went afterwards to Glogau, and had private theatricals; and was no more heard of in this Campaign. Greatly to his Brother's loss and regret; who is often longing for "your recovery" (and return hither), to no purpose.

Soltikof does, in his heart, intend for Poland; but has to see the Siege of Colberg finish first; and, in decency even to the Austrians, would linger a little: "Willing I always, if only YOU prove feasible!" Which occasions such negotiating, and messaging across the Oder, for the next six weeks, as—as shall be omitted in this place. By intense suasion of Montalembert, Soltikof even consents to undertake some sham movement on Glogau, thereby to alleviate his Austrians across the River; and staggers gradually forward a little in that direction:—sham merely; for he has not a siege-gun, nor the least possibility on Glogau; and Goltz with the 12,000 will sufficiently take care of him in that quarter.

Friedrich, on junction with Forcade, has risen to perhaps 50,000; and is now in some condition against the Daun-Loudon-Lacy Armies, which cannot be double his number. These still hang about, in the Breslau-Parchwitz region; gloomy of humor; and seem to be aiming at Schweidnitz,—if that could still prove possible with a Friedrich present. Which it by no means does; though they try it by their best combinations;—by "a powerful Chain of Army-posts, isolating Schweidnitz, and uniting Daun and Loudon;" by "a Camp on the Zobtenberg, as crown of the same;"—and put Friedrich on his mettle. Who, after survey of said Chain, executes (night of August 30th) a series of beautiful manoeuvres on it, which unexpectedly conclude its existence:—"with unaccountable hardihood," as Archenholtz has it, physiognomically TRUE to Friedrich's general style just now, if a little incorrect as to the case in hand, "sees good to march direct, once for all, athwart said Chain; right across its explosive cannonadings and it,—counter-cannonading, and marching rapidly on; such a march for insolence, say the Austrians!" [Archenholtz (ii. 115-116); who is in a hurry, dateless, and rather confuses a subsequent DAY (September 18th) with this "night of August 30th." See RETZOW, ii. 26; and still better, TEMPELHOF, iv. 203.] Till, in this way, the insolent King has Schweidnitz under his protective hand again; and forces the Chain to coil itself wholly together, and roll into the Hills for a safe lodging. Whither he again follows it: with continual changes of position, vying in inaccessibility with your own; threatening your meal-wagons; trampling on your skirts in this or the other dangerous manner; marching insolently up to your very nose, more than once ("Dittmannsdorf, September 18th," for a chief instance), and confusing your best schemes. [Tempelhof, iv. 193-231; &c. &c.: in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iv. 222-235, "Diary of the AUSTRIAN Army" (3-8th September).]

This "insolent" style of management, says Archenholtz, was practised by Julius Caesar on the Gauls; and since his time by nobody,—till Friedrich, his studious scholar and admirer, revived it "against another enemy." "It is of excellent efficacy," adds Tempelhof; "it disheartens your adversary, and especially his common people, and has the reverse effect on your own; confuses him in endless apprehensions, and details of self-defence; so that he can form no plan of his own, and his overpowering resources become useless to him." Excellent efficacy,—only you must be equal to doing it; not unequal, which might be very fatal to you!

For about five weeks, Friedrich, eminently practising this style, has a most complex multifarious Briarean wrestle with big Daun and his Lacy-Loudon Satellites; who have a troublesome time, running hither, thither, under danger of slaps, and finding nowhere an available mistake made. The scene is that intricate Hill-Country between Schweidnitz and Glatz (kind of GLACIS from Schweidnitz to the Glatz Mountains): Daun, generally speaking, has his back on Glatz, Friedrich on Schweidnitz; and we hear of encampings at

Kunzendorf, at BUNZELWITZ, at BURKERSDORF—places which will be more famous in a coming Year. Daun makes no complaint of his Lacy-Loudon or other satellite people; who are diligently circumambient all of them, as bidden; but are unable, like Daun himself, to do the least good; and have perpetually, Daun and they, a bad life of it beside this Neighbor. The outer world, especially the Vienna outer world, is naturally a little surprised: "How is this, Feldmarschall Daun? Can you do absolutely nothing with him, then; but sit pinned in the Hills, eating sour herbs!"

In the Russians appears no help. Soltikof on Glogau, we know what that amounts to! Soltikof is evidently intending home, and nothing else. To all Austrian proposals,—and they have been manifold, as poor Montalembert knows too well,—the answer of Soltikof was and is: "Above 90,000 of you circling about, helping one another to do Nothing. Happy were you, not a doubt of it, could WE be wiled across to you, to get worried in your stead!" Daun begins to be extremely ill-off; provisions scarce, are far away in Bohemia; and the roads daily more insecure, Friedrich aiming evidently to get command of them altogether. Think of such an issue to our once flourishing Campaign 1760! Daun is vigilance itself against such fatality; and will do anything, except risk a Fight. Here, however, is the fatal posture: Since September 18th, Daun sees himself considerably cut off from Glatz, his provision-road more and more insecure;—and for fourteen days onward, the King and he have got into a dead-lock, and sit looking into one another's faces; Daun in a more and more distressed mood, his provender becoming so uncertain, and the Winter season drawing nigh. The sentries are in mutual view: each Camp could cannonade the other; but what good were it? By a tacit understanding they don't. The sentries, outposts and vedettes forbear musketry; on the contrary, exchange tobaccos sometimes, and have a snatch of conversation. Daun is growing more and more unhappy. To which of the gods, if not to Soltikof again, can he apply?

Friedrich himself, successful so far, is abundantly dissatisfied with such a kind of success;—and indeed seems to be less thankful to his stars than in present circumstances he ought. Profoundly wearied we find him, worn down into utter disgust in the Small War of Posts: "Here we still are, nose to nose," exclaims he (see Letters TO HENRI), "both of us in unattackable camps. This Campaign appears to me more unsupportable than any of the foregoing. Take what trouble and care I like, I can't advance a step in regard to great interests; I succeed only in trifles.... Oh for good news of your health: I am without all assistance here; the Army must divide again before long, and I have none to intrust it to." [Schoning, ii. 416.]

And TO D'ARGENS, in the same bad days: "Yes, yes, I escaped a great danger there [at Liegnitz]. In a common War it would have signified something; but in this it is a mere skirmish; my position little improved by it. I will not sing Jeremiads to you; nor speak of my fears and anxieties, but can assure you they are great. The crisis I am in has taken another shape; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can the development of it be foreseen. I am getting consumed by slow fever; I am like a living body losing limb after limb. Heaven stand by us: we need it much. [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xix. 193 ("Dittmannsdorf, 18th September," day after, or day of finishing, that cannonade).]... You talk always of my person, of my dangers. Need I tell you, it is not necessary that I live; but it is that I do my duty, and fight for my Country to save it if possible. In many LITTLE things I have had luck: I think of taking for my motto, MAXIMUS IN MINIMIS, ET MINIMUS IN MAXIMIS. A worse Campaign than any of the others: I know not sometimes what will become of it. But why weary you with such details of my labors and my sorrows? My spirits have forsaken me. All gayety is buried with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was bound to. Adieu."

Or, again, TO HENRI: Berlin? Yes; I am trying something in bar of that. Have a bad time of it, in the interim." Our means, my dear Brother, are so eaten away; far too short for opposing the prodigious number of our enemies set against us:—if we must fall, let us date our destruction from the infamous Day of Maxen!"

Is in such health, too, all the while: "Am a little better, thank you; yet have still the"—what shall we say (dreadful biliary affair)?—"HEMORRHOIDES AVEUGLES: nothing that, were it not for the disquietudes I feel: but all ends in this world, and so will these. ... I flatter myself your health is recovering. For these three days in continuance I have had so terrible a cramp, I thought it would choke me;—it is now a little gone. No wonder the chagrins and continual disquietudes I live in should undermine and at length overturn the robustest constitution." [Schoning, ii. 419: "2d October." Ib. ii. 410: "16th September." Ib. ii. 408.]

Friedrich, we observe, has heard of certain Russian-Austrian intentions on Berlin; but, after intense consideration, resolves that it will behoove him to continue here, and try to dislodge Daun, or help Hunger to dislodge him; which will be the remedy for Berlin and all things else. There are news from Colberg of welcome tenor: could Daun be sent packing, Soltikof, it is probable, will not be in much alacrity for Berlin!—September 18th, at Dittmannsdorf, was the first day of Daun's dead-lock: ever since, he has had to sit, more and more hampered, pinned to the Hills, eating sour herbs; nothing but Hunger ahead, and a retreat (battle we will not dream of), likely to be very ruinous, with a Friedrich sticking to the wings of it. Here is the Note on Colberg:—

SEPTEMBER 18th, COLBERG SIEGE RAISED. "The same September 18th, what a day at Colberg too! it is the twenty-fourth day of the continual bombardment there. Colberg is black ashes, most of its houses ruins, not a house in it uninjured. But Heyde and his poor Garrison, busy day and night, walk about in it as if fire-proof; with a great deal of battle still left in them. The King, I know not whether Heyde is aware, has contrived something of relief; General Werner coming:—the fittest of men, if there be possibility. When, see, September 18th, uneasy motion in the Russian intrenchments (for the Russians too are intrenched against attack): Something that has surprised the Russians yonder. Climb, some of you, to the highest surviving steeple, highest chimney-top if no steeple survive:—Yonder IS Werner come to our relief, O God the Merciful!"

"Werner, with 5,000, was detached from Glogau (September 5th), from Goltz's small Corps there; has come as on wings, 200 miles in thirteen days. And attacks now, as with wings, the astonished Russian 15,000, who were looking for nothing like him,—with wings, with claws, and with beak; and in a highly aquiline manner, fierce, swift, skilful, storms these intrenched Russians straightway, scatters them to pieces,—and next day is in Colberg, the Siege raising itself with great precipitation; leaving all its artilleries and furnitures, rushing on shipboard all of it that can get,—the very ships-of-war, says Archenholtz, hurrying dangerously out to sea, as if the Prussian Hussars might possibly take THEM. A glorious Werner! A beautiful defence, and ditto

rescue; which has drawn the world's attention." [Seyfarth, ii. 634; Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte*, (vi. 73-83), TAGEBUCH of Siege.]

Heyde's defence of Colberg, Werner's swift rescue of it, are very celebrated this Autumn. Medals were struck in honor of them at Berlin, not at Friedrich's expense, but under Friedrich's patronage; who purchased silver or gold copies, and gave them about. Veteran Heyde had a Letter from his Majesty, and one of these gold Medals;—what an honor! I do not hear that Heyde got any other reward, or that he needed any. A beautiful old Hero, voiceless in History; though very visible in that remote sphere, if you care to look.

That is the news from Colberg; comfortable to Friedrich; not likely to inspire Soltikof with new alacrity in behalf of Daun. It remains to us only to add, that Friedrich, with a view to quicken Daun, shot out (September 24th, after nightfall, and with due mystery) a Detachment towards Neisse,—4,000 or so, who call themselves 15,000, and affect to be for Mahren ultimately. "For Mahren, and my bit of daily bread!" Daun may well think; and did for some time think, or partly did. Pushed off one small detachment really thither, to look after Mahren; and (September 29th) pushed off another bigger; Lacy namely, with 15,000, pretending to be thither,—but who, the instant they were out of Friedrich's sight, have whirled, at a rapid pace, quite into the opposite direction: as will shortly be seen! Daun has now other irons in the fire. Daun, ever since this fatal Dead-lock in the Hills, has been shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, day and night; who at last take pity on him,—or find something feasible in his proposals.

THE RUSSIANS MAKE A RAID ON BERLIN, FOR RELIEF OF DAUN AND THEIR OWN BEHOOF (October 3d-12th, 1760).

Powerful entreaties, influences are exercised at Petersburg, and here in the Russian Camp: "Noble Russian Excellencies, for the love of Heaven, take this man off my windpipe! A sally into Brandenburg: oh, could not you? Lacy shall accompany; seizure of Berlin, were it only for one day!" Soltikof has falleu sick,—and, indeed, practically vanishes from our affairs at this point;—Fermor, who has command in the interim, finally consents: "Our poor siege of Colberg, what an end is come to it! What an end is the whole Campaign like to have! Let us at least try this of Berlin, since our hands are empty." The joy of Daun, of Montalembert, and of everybody in Austrian Court and Camp may be conceived.

Russians to the amount of 20,000, Czernichef Commander; Tottleben Second in command, a clever soldier, who knows Berlin: these are to start from Sagan Country, on this fine Expedition, and to push on at the very top of their speed. September 20th, Tottleben, with 3,000 of them as Vanguard, does accordingly cross Oder, at Beuthen in Sagan Country; and strides forward direct upon Berlin: Lacy, with 15,000, has started from Silesia, we saw how, above a week later (September 29th), but at a still more furious rate of speed. Soltikof,—theoretically Soltikof, but practically Fermor, should the dim German Books be ambiguous to any studious creature,—with the Main Army (which by itself is still a 20,000 odd), moves to Frankfurt, to support the swift Expedition, and be within two marches of it. Here surely is a feasibility! Berlin, for defence, has nothing but weak palisades; and of effective garrison 1,200 men.

And feasible, in a sort, this thing did prove; indisputably delivering Daun from strangulation in the Silesian Mountains; filling the Gazetteer mind with loud emotion of an empty nature; and very much affecting many poor people in Berlin and neighborhood. Making a big Chapter in Berlin Local History; though compressible to small bulk for strangers, who have no specific sympathies in that locality.

"FRIDAY, 3d OCTOBER, 1760, Tottleben, with his hasty Vanguard of 3,000, preceded by hastier rumor, comes circling round Berlin environs; takes post at the Halle Gate [West side of the City]; summons Rochow [the same old Commandant of Haddick's time];—requires instant admittance; ransom of Four million Thalers, and other impossible things. Berlin has been putting itself in some posture; repairing its palisades, throwing up bits of redoubts in front of the gates, and, though sounding with alarms and uncertainties, shows a fine spirit of readiness for the emergency. Rochow is still Commandant, the same old Rochow who shrunk so questionably in Haddick's time: but Rochow has no Court to tremble for at present; Queen and Royal Family, Archives, Principal Ministries, Directorium in a body, went all to Magdeburg again, on the Kunersdorf Disaster last year, and are safe from such insults. The spirit of the population, it appears, even of the rich classes, some of whom are very rich, is extraordinary. Besides Rochow, moreover, there are, by accident, certain Generals in Berlin: Seidlitz and two others, recovering from their Kunersdorf hurts, who step into the breach with heart admirably willing, if with limbs still lame. Then there is old Field-marshal Lehwald [Anti-Russian at Gross Jagersdorf, but dismissed as too old], who is official Governor of Berlin, who succeeded poor Keith in that honorable office: all these were strong for defence;—and do not now grudge, great men as they are, to take each his Gate of Berlin, his small redoubt thrown up there, and pass the night and the day in doing his utmost with it.

"Rochow refuses the surrender, and the Four Millions pure specie; and Tottleben, about 3 P.M. in an intermittent way, and about 5 in a constant, begins bombarding—grenadoes, red-hot balls, what he can;—and continues the s&me till 3 next morning. Without result to speak of; Seidlitz and Consorts making good counter-play; the poor old 1,200 of Garrison growing almost young again with energy, under their Seidlitzes; and the population zealously co-operating, especially quenching all fires that rose. What greatly contributed withal was the arrival of Prince Eugen overnight. Eugen of Wurtemberg [cadet of that bad Duke] had been engaged driving home the Swedes, but instantly quitted that with a 5,000 he had; and has marched this day,—his Vanguard has, mostly Horse, whom the Foot will follow to-morrow,—a distance of forty miles, on this fine errand. Delicate manoeuvring, by these wearied horsemen, to enter Berlin amid uncertain jostlings, under the shine of Russian bombardment; ecstatic welcome to them, when they did get in,—instant

subscription for fat oxen to them; a just abundance of beef to them, of generous beer I hope not more than an abundance: phenomena which, with others of the like, could be dwelt on, had we room. [Tempelhof, iv. 266-290; Archenholtz, ii. 122-148; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-149, 350-352; &c. &c.]

"Tottleben, under these omens, found it would not do; wended off towards his Czernichef next morning; eastward again as far as Copenik, Prince Eugen attending him in a minatory manner: and, in Berlin for the moment, the bad ten hours were over. For four days more, the fate of things hung dubious; hope soon fading again, but not quite going out till the fifth day. And this, in fact, was mainly all of bombardment that the City had to suffer; though its fate of capture was not to be averted. Is not Tottleben gone? Yes; but Lacy, marching at a rate he never did before (except from Bischofswerda), is arrived in the environs this same evening, cautious but furious. The King is far away; what are Eugen's 5,000 against these?

"On the other hand, Hulsen, leaving his Saxon affairs to their chance,—which, alas, are about extinct, at any rate; except Wittenberg, all Saxony gone from us!—Hulsen is on winged march hitherward with about 9,000. 'How would the King come on wings, like an eagle from the Blue, if he were but aware!' thought everybody, and said. Hulsen did arrive on the 8th; so that there are now 14,000 of us. Hulsen did;—but no King could; the King is just starting (October 4th, the King, on these bad rumors about Saxony, about Berlin, quitted the attempt on Daun; October 7th, got on march hitherward; has finished his first march hitherward,—Daun gradually preparing to attend him in the distance),—when Hulsen arrives. And here are all their Lacys, Czernichefs fairly assembled; five to two of us,—35,000 of them against our 14,000.

"Hulsen and Eugen, drawn out in their skilfulest way, manoeuvred about, all this Wednesday, 8th; attempted, did not attempt; found on candid examination, That 14,000 VERSUS 35,000 ran a great risk of being worsted; that, in such case, the fate of the City might be still more frightful; and that, on the whole, their one course was that of withdrawing to Spandau, and leaving poor Berlin to capitulate as it could. Capitulation starts again with Tottleben that same night; Gotzkowsky, a magnanimous Citizen and Merchant-Prince, stepping forth with beautiful courageous furtherances of every kind; and it ends better than one could have hoped: Ransom—not of Four Millions pure specie (which would have been 600,000 pounds): 'Gracious Sir, it is beyond our utmost possibility!'—but of One and a Half Million in modern Ephraim coin; with a 30,000 pounds of douceur-money to the common man, Russian and Austrian, for his forbearance;—'for the rest, we are at your Excellency's mercy, in a manner!' And so,

"THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9th, about 7 in the morning, Tottleben marches in; exactly six days since he first came circling to the Halle Gate and began bombarding. Tottleben, knowing Friedrich, knew the value of despatch; and, they say, was privately no enemy to Berlin, remembering old grateful days here. For Tottleben has himself been in difficulties; indeed, was never long out of them, during the long stormy life he had. Not a Russian at all; though I suppose Father of the now Russian Tottlebens whom one hears of: this one was a poor Saxon Gentleman, Page once to poor old drunken Weissenfels, whom, for a certain fair soul's sake, we sigh to remember! Weissenfels dying, Tottleben became a soldier of Polish Majesty's;—acceptable soldier, but disagreed with Bruhl, for which nobody will like him worse. Disagreed with Bruhl; went into the Dutch service (may have been in Fontenoy for what I know); was there till Aix-la-Chapelle, till after Aix-la-Chapelle; kindly treated, and promoted in the Dutch Army; but with outlooks, I can fancy, rather dull. Outlooks probably dull in such an element,—when, being a handsome fellow in epaulettes (Major-General, in fact, though poor), he, diligently endeavoring, caught the eye of a Dutch West-Indian Heiress; soft creature with no end of money; whom he privately wedded, and ran away with. To the horror of her appointed Dutch Lover and Friends; who prosecuted the poor Major-General with the utmost rigor, not of Law only. And were like to be the ruin of his fair West-Indian and him; when Friedrich, about 1754 as I guess, gave him shelter in Berlin; finding no insupportable objection in what the man had done. The rather, as his Heiress and he were rich. Tottleben gained general favor in Berlin society; wished, in 1756, to take service with Friedrich on the breaking out of this War. 'A Colonel with me, yes,' said Friedrich. But Tottleben had been Major-General among the Dutch, and could not consent to sink; had to go among the Russians for a Major-Generalcy; and there and elsewhere, for many years coming, had many adventures, mostly troublesome, which shall not be memorable to us here. [Sketch of Tottleben's Life; in RODENBECK, ii. 69-72.]

"Lacy, who, after hovering about in these vicinities for four days, had now actually come up, so soon as Eugen and Hulsen withdrew,—was deeply disgusted at the Terms of Capitulation; angry to find that Tottleben had concluded without him; and, in fact, flew into open rage at the arrangements Tottleben had made for himself and for others. 'No admittance, except on order from his Excellency!' said the Russian Sentry to Lacy's Austrians: upon which, Lacy forced the Gate, and violently marched in. Took lodging, to his own mind, in the Friedrichstadt quarter; and was fearfully truculent upon person and property, during his short stay. A scandal to be seen, how his Croats and loose hordes went openly ravening about, bent on mere housebreaking, street-robbery and insolent violence. So that Tottleben had fairly to fire upon the vagabonds once or twice; and force on the unwilling Lacy some coercion of them within limits. For the three days of his continuance,—it was but three days in all,—Lacy was as the evil genius of Berlin; Tottleben and his Russians the good. Their discipline was so excellent; all Cossacks and loose rabble strictly kept out beyond the Walls. To Bachmann, Russian Commandant, the Berliners, on his departure, had gratefully got ready a money-gift of handsome amount: 'By no means,' answered Bachmann: 'your treatment was according to the mildness of our Sovereign Czarina. For myself, if I have served you in anything, the fact that for three days I have been Commandant of the Great Friedrich's Capital is more than a reward to me.'

"Tottleben and Lacy, during those three days of Russian and Austrian joint dominion, had a stormy time of it together. 'Destroy the LAGER-HAUS,' said Lacy: Lager-Haus, where they manufacture their soldiers' uniforms; it is the parent of all cloth-manufacturing in Prussia; set up by Friedrich Wilhelm,—not on free-trade principles. 'The Lager-Haus, say you? I doubt, it is now private property; screened by our Capitulation;'—which it proves to be. 'You shall blow up the Arsenal!' said Lacy, with vehemence and truculence. A noble edifice, as travellers yet know: fancy its fragments flying about among the populous streets, plunging through the roofs of Palaces, and great houses all round. Lacy was inexorable; Tottleben had to send a Russian Party (one wishes they had been Croats) on this sad errand. They proceeded to the Powder-Magazine for explosive material, as preliminary; they were rash in handling the gunpowder there,

which blew up in their hands; sent itself and all of them into the air; and saved the poor Arsenal: 'Not powder enough now left for our own artillery uses,' urged Tottleben.

"Saxon and Austrian Parties were in the Palaces about,—at Potsdam, at Charlottenburg, Schonhausen (the Queen's), at Friedrichsfeld (the Margraf Karl's), some of whom behaved well, some horribly ill. In Charlottenburg, certain Saxon Bruhl-Dragoons, who by their conduct might have been Dragoons of Attila, smashed the furnitures, the doors, cutting the Pictures, much maltreating the poor people; and, what was reckoned still more tragical, upset the poor Polignac Collection of Antiques and Classicalities; not only knocking off noses and arms, but beating them small, lest reparation by cement should be possible. Their Officers, Pirna people, looking quietly on. A scandalous proceeding, thought everybody, friend or foe,—especially thought Friedrich; whose indignation at this ruin of Charlottenburg came out in way of reprisal by and by. At Potsdam, on the other hand, Prince Esterhazy, with perhaps Hungarians among his people, behaved like a very Prince; received from the Castellan an Attestation that he had scrupulously respected everything; and took, as souvenir, only one Picture of little value; Prince de Ligne, who was under him, carrying off, still more daintily, one goose-quill, immortal by having been a pen of the Great Friedrich's.

"Tottleben, with no feeling other than Official tempered by Human, was in great contrast with Lacy, and very beneficent to Berlin during the three days it lay under the TRIBULA, or harrow of War. But the Tutelary Angel of Berlin, then and afterwards for weeks and months, till all scores got settled, was the Gotzkowsky mentioned above." Whom we shall see again helpful at Leipzig; a man worth marking in these tumults. "If Tottleben was the temporal Armed King, this Gotzkowsky was the Spiritual King, PAPA or Universal Father, armed only with charities, pieties, prayers, ever shiningly attended by self-sacrifices on Gotzkowsky's part; which averted woes innumerable (Lager-Haus only one of a long list); and which 'surpassed all belief,' write the Berlin Magistracy, as if in tears over such heroism. Truly a Prince of Merchants, this Gotzkowsky, not for his vast enterprises, and the mere 1,500 workmen he employs, but for the still greater heart that dwells in him. Had begun as a travelling Pedler; used to call at Reinsberg, with female haberdasheries exquisitely chosen ('GALLANTERIE wares' the Germans call them), for the then Princess Royal; not unnoticed by Friedrich, who recognized the broad sense, solidity and great thoughts of the man. Of all which Friedrich has known far more since then, in various branches of Prussian commerce improved by Gotzkowsky's managements. A truly notable Gotzkowsky; became bankrupt at last, one is sorry to hear; and died in affliction and neglect,—short of the humblest wages for so much good work done in the world! [Preuss, ii. 257, &c. &c.; GESCHICHTE EINES PATRIOTISCHEN KAUFMANN'S (Berlin, 1769, by Gotzkowsky himself).]

"Gotzkowsky's House was like a general storeroom for everybody's preciousities; his time, means, self were the refuge of all the needy. In Zorndorf time, when this Czernichef [if readers can remember], who is now so supreme,—Czernichef, Soltikof and others,—had nothing for it but to lodge in the cellars of burnt Custrin, Gotzkowsky, with ready money, with advice, with assuagement, had been their DEUS EX MACHINA: and now Czernichef remembers it; and Gotzkowsky, as Papa, has to go with continual prayers, negotiations, counsellings, expedients, and be the refuge of all unjustly suffering men Berlin has immensities of trade in war-furnitures: the capitals circulating are astonishing to Archenholtz; million on the back of million; no such city in Germany for trade. The desire of the Three-days Lacy Government is towards any Lager-Haus; any mass of wealth, which can be construed as Royal or connected with Royalty. Ephraim and Itzig, mint-masters of that copper-coinage; rolling in foul wealth by the ruin of their neighbors; ought not these to bleed? Well, yes,—if anybody; and copiously if you like! I should have said so: but the generous Gotzkowsky said in his heart, 'No;' and again pleaded and prevailed. Ephraim and Itzig, foul swollen creatures, were not broached at all; and their gratitude was, That, at a future day, Gotzkowsky's day of bankruptcy, they were hardest of any on Gotzkowsky.

"Archenholtz and the Books are enthusiastically copious upon Gotzkowsky and his procedures; but we must be silent. This Anecdote only, in regard to Freedom of the Press,—to the so-called 'air we breathe, not having which we die!' Would modern Friends of Progress believe it? Because, in former stages of this War, the Berlin Newspapers have had offensive expressions (scarcely noticeable to the microscope in our day, and below calculation for smallness) upon the Russian and Austrian Sovereigns or Peoples,—the Able Editors (there are only Two) shall now in person, here in the market-place of Berlin, actually run the gantlet for it,—'run the rods (GASSEN-LAUFEN)', as the fashion now is; which is worse than GANTLET, not to speak of the ignominy. That is the barbaric Russian notion: 'who are you, ill-formed insolent persons, that give a loose to your tongue in that manner? Strip to the waistband, swift! Here is the true career opened for you: on each hand, one hundred sharp rods ranked waiting you; run your courses there,—no hurry more than you like!' The alternative of death, I suppose, was open to these Editors; Roman death at least, and martyrdom for a new Faith (Faith in the Loose Tongue), very sacred to the Democratic Ages now at hand. But nobody seems to have thought of it; Editors and Public took the thing as a 'sorrow incident to this dangerous Profession of the Tongue Loose (or looser than usual); which nobody yet knew to be divine. The Editors made passionate enough lamentation, in the stript state; one of them, with loud weeping, pulled off his wig, showed ice-gray hair; 'I am in my 68th year!' But it seems nothing would have steaded them, had not Gotzkowsky been busy interceding. By virtue of whom there was pardon privately in readiness: to the ice-gray Editor complete pardon; to the junior quasi-complete; only a few switches to assert the principle, and dismissal with admonition." [*Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-148; Rodenbeck, ii. 41-54; Archenholtz, ii. 130-147; Preuss, UBI SUPRA: &c. &c.]

The pleasant part of the fact is, that Gotzkowsky's powerful intercessions were thenceforth no farther needed. The same day, Saturday, October 11th, a few hours after this of the GASSEN-LAUFEN, news arrived full gallop: "The King is coming!" After which it was beautiful to see how all things got to the gallop; and in a no-time Berlin was itself again. That same evening, Saturday, Lacy took the road, with extraordinary velocity, towards Torgau Country, where the Reichsfolk, in Hulsen's absence, are supreme; and, the second evening after, was got 60 miles thitherward. His joint dominion had been of Two days. On the morning of Sunday, 12th, went Tottleben, who had businesses, settlements of ransom and the like, before marching. Tottleben, too, made uncommon despatch; marched, as did all these invasive Russians, at the rate of thirty miles a day; their Main Army likewise moving off from Frankfurt to a safer distance. Friedrich was still five marches off; but there seemed not a moment to lose.

The Russian spoilings during the retreat were more horrible than ever: "The gallows gaping for us; and only this one opportunity, if even this!" thought the agitated Cossack to himself. Our poor friend Nissler had a sad tale to tell of them; [In Busching, *Beitrag*, i. 400, 401, account of their sacking of Nussler's pleasant home and estate, "Weissensee, near Berlin."] as who had not? Terror and murder, incendiary fire and other worse unnamable abominations of the Pit. One old Half-pay gentleman, whom I somewhat respect, desperately barricaded himself, amid his domestics and tenancies, Wife and Daughters assisting: "Human Russian Officers can enter here; Cossacks no, but shall kill us first. Not a Cossack till all of us are lying dead!" [Archenholtz, ii. 150.] And kept his word; the human Russians owning it to be proper.

In Guben Country, "at Gross-Muckro, October 15th," the day after passing Guben, Friedrich first heard for certain, That the Russians had been in Berlin, and also that they were gone, and that all was over. He made two marches farther,—not now direct for Berlin, but direct for Saxony AND it;—to Lubben, 50 or 60 miles straight south of Berlin; and halted there some days, to adjust himself for a new sequel. "These are the things," exclaims he, sorrowfully, to D'Argens, "which I have been in dread of since Winter last; this is what gave the dismal tone to my Letters to you. It has required not less than all my philosophy to endure the reverses, the provocations, the outrages, and the whole scene of atrocious things that have come to pass." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 199; "22d October."] Friedrich's grief about Berlin we need not paint; though there were murmurs afterwards, "Why did not he start sooner?" which he could not, in strict reason, though aware that these savageries were on march. He had hoped the Eugen-Hulsen appliances, even should all else fail, might keep them at bay. And indeed, in regard to these latter, it turned only on a hair. Montalembert calculating, vows, on his oath, "Can assure you, M. l'Ambassadeur, PUIS BIEN VOUS ASSURER COMME SI J'ETAIS DEVANT DIEU, as if I stood before God," [Montalembert, ii. 108.] that, from first to last, it was my doing; that but for me, at the very last, the Russians, on sight of Hulsen and Eugen, and no Lacy come, would have marched away!

Friedrich's orderings and adjustings, dated Lubben, where his Army rested after this news from Berlin, were manifold; and a good deal still of wrecks from the Berlin Business fell to his share. For instance, one thing he had at once ordered: "Your Bill of a Million-and-half to the Russians, don't pay it, or any part of it! When Bamberg was ransomed, Spring gone a year,—Reich and Kaiser, did they respect our Bill we had on Bamberg? Did not they cancel it, and flatly refuse?" Friedrich is positive on the point, "Reprisal our clear remedy!" But Berlin itself was in alarm, for perhaps another Russian visit; Berlin and Gotzkowsky were humbly positive the other way. Upon which a visit of Gotzkowsky to the Royal Camp: "Merchants' Bills are a sacred thing, your Majesty!" urged Gotzkowsky. Who, in his zeal for the matter, undertook dangerous visits to the Russian Quarters, and a great deal of trouble, peril and expense, during the weeks following. Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, "in mere bribes to the Russian Officials, spent about 6,000 pounds of his own," for one item. But he had at length convinced his Majesty that Merchants' Bills were a sacred thing, in spite of Bamberg and desecrative individualities; and that this Million-and-half must be paid. Friedrich was struck with Gotzkowsky and his view of the facts. Friedrich, from his own distressed funds, handed to Gotzkowsky the necessary Million-and-half, commanding only profound silence about it; and to Gotzkowsky himself a present of 150,000 thalers (20,000 pounds odd); [Archenholtz, ii. 146.] and so the matter did at last end.

It had been a costly business to Berlin, and to the King, and to the poor harried Country. To Berlin, bombardment of ten hours; alarm of discursive siege-work in the environs for five days; foreign yoke for three days; lost money to the amounts above stated; what loss in wounds to body or to peace of mind, or whether any loss that way, nobody has counted. The Berlin people rose to a more than Roman height of temper, testifies D'Argens; [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 195-199: "D'Argens to the King: Berlin, 19th October, 1760,"—an interesting Letter of details.] so that perhaps it was a gain. The King's Magazines and War-furnitures about Berlin are wasted utterly,—Arsenal itself not blown up, we well know why;—and much Hunnish ruin in Charlottenburg, with damage to Antiques,—for which latter clause there shall, in a few months, be reprisal: if it please the Powers!

Of all this Montalembert declares, "Before God, that he, Montalembert, is and was the mainspring." And indeed, Tempelhof, without censure of Montalembert and his vocation, but accurately computing time and circumstance, comes to the same conclusion;—as thus: "OCTOBER 8th, seeing no Lacy come, Czernichef, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence, had fixed for returning to Copenik: whom cautious Lacy would have been obliged to imitate. Suppose Czernichef had, OCTOBER 9th, got to Copenik,—Eugen and Hulsen remain at Berlin; Czernichef could not have got back thither before the 11th; on the 11th was news of Friedrich's coming; which set all on gallop to the right about." [Tempelhof, iv. 277.] So that really, before God, it seems Montalembert must have the merit of this fine achievement:—the one fruit, so far as I can discover, of his really excellent reasonings, eloquences, patiences, sown broadcast, four or five long years, on such a field as fine human talent never had before. I declare to you, M. l'Ambassadeur, this excellent vulture-swoop on Berlin, and burning or reburning of the Peasantry of the Mark, is due solely to one poor zealous gentleman!—

What was next to follow out of THIS,—in Torgau neighborhood, where Daun now stands expectant,—poor M. de Montalembert was far from anticipating; and will be in no haste to claim the merit of before God or man.

Chapter V.—BATTLE OF TORGAU.

After Hulsen's fine explosion on the Durrenberg, August 20th, on the incompetent Reichs Generals, there had followed nothing eminent; new futilities, attemptings and desistings, advancings and recoilings, on the part of the Reich; Hulsen solidly maintaining himself, in defence of his Torgau Magazine and Saxon interests in those regions, against such overwhelming odds, till relief and reinforcement for them and him should

arrive; and gaining time, which was all he could aim at in such circumstances. Had the Torgau Magazine been bigger, perhaps Hulsen might have sat there to the end. But having solidly eaten out said Magazine, what could Hulsen do but again move rearward? [*Hogbericht von dem Ruckzug des General-Lieutenants von Hulsen aus dem Lager bey Torgau* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 755-784).] Above all, on the alarm from Berlin, which called him off double-quick, things had to go their old road in that quarter. Weak Torgau was taken, weak Wittenberg besieged. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, all that Country, by the time the Russians left Berlin, was again the Reich's. Eugen and Hulsen, hastening for relief of Wittenberg, the instant Berlin was free, found Wittenberg a heap of ruins, out of which the Prussian garrison, very hunger urging, had issued the day before, as prisoners of war. Nothing more to be done by Eugen, but take post, within reach of Magdeburg and victual, and wait new Order from the King.

The King is very unquestionably coming on; leaves Lubben thitherward October 20th. [Rodenbeck, ii. 35: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 241-245) Friedrich's Two Marches, towards and from Berlin (7th-17th October, to Lubben; thence, 20th October-3d November, to Torgau).] With full fixity of purpose as usual; but with as gloomy an outlook as ever before. Daun, we said, is now arrived in those parts: Daun and the Reich together are near 100,000; Daun some 60,000,—Loudon having stayed behind, and gone southward, for a stroke on Kosel (if Goltz will permit, which he won't at all!),—and the Reich 35,000. Saxony is all theirs; cannot they maintain Saxony? Not a Town or a Magazine now belongs to Friedrich there, and he is in number as 1 to 2. "Maintain Saxony; indisputably you can!" that is the express Vienna Order, as Friedrich happens to know. The Russians themselves have taken Camp again, and wait visibly, about Landsberg and the Warta Country, till they see Daun certain of executing said Order; upon which they intend, they also, to winter in those Elbe-Prussian parts, and conjointly to crush Friedrich into great confinement indeed. Friedrich is aware of this Vienna Order; which is a kind of comfort in the circumstances. The intentions of the hungry Russians, too, are legible to Friedrich; and he is much resolved that said Order shall be impossible to Daun. "Were it to be possible, we are landless. Where are our recruits, our magazines, our resources for a new Campaign? We may as well die, as suffer that to be possible!" Such is Friedrich's fixed view. He says to D'Argens:—

"You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life; as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view. Never shall I see the moment that forces me to make a disadvantageous Peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my dishonor. Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my Country, or if that consolation appears too sweet to the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is impossible to bear them any longer. I have acted, and continue to act, according to that interior voice of conscience and of honor which directs all my steps: my conduct shall be, in every time, conformable to those principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, Never shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish this Campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious end (FIN GLORIEUSE)." [*Oeuvres de Frederic*, xix. 202 ("Kemberg, 28th October, 1760," a week and a day before Torgau).]

Friedrich had marched from Lubben, after three days, settling of affairs, OCTOBER 20th; arrived at Jessen, on the Elbe, within wind of Wittenberg, in two days more. "He formed a small magazine at Duben," says Archenholtz; "and was of a velocity, a sharpness,"—like lightning, in a manner! Friedrich is uncommonly dangerous when crushed into a corner, in this way; and Daun knows that he is. Friedrich's manoeuvrings upon Daun—all readers can anticipate the general type of them. The studious military reader, if England boasts any such, will find punctual detail of them in TEMPELHOF and the German Books. For our poor objects, here is a Summary which may suffice:—

From Lubben, having winded up these bad businesses,—and reinforced Goltz, at Glogau, to a 20,000 for Silesia's sake, to look towards Kosel and Loudon's attempts there,—Friedrich gathered himself into proper concentration; and with all the strength now left to him pushed forward (20th October) towards Wittenberg, and recovery of those lost Saxon Countries. To Wittenberg from Lubben is some 60 miles;—can be done, nearly, in a couple of days. With the King, after Goltz is furnished, there are about 30,000; Eugen and Hulsen, not idle for their own part, wait in those far Western or Ultra-Wittenberg regions (in and beyond Dessau Country), to join him with their 14,000, when they get signal. Joined with these, he will be 44,000; he will then cross Elbe somewhere, probably not where Daun and the Reich imagine, and be in contact with his Problem; with what a pitch of willingness nobody need be told! Daun, in Torgau Country, has one of the best positions; nor is Daun a man for getting flurried.

The poor Reichs Army, though it once flattered itself with intending to dispute Friedrich's passage of the Elbe, and did make some detachings and manoeuvrings that way, on his approach to Wittenberg (October 22d-23d),—took a safer view, on his actual arrival there, on his re-seizure of that ruined place, and dangerous attitude on the right bank below and above. Safer view, on salutary second thoughts;—and fell back Leipzig-way, southward to Duben, 30 or 40 miles. Whence rapidly to Leipzig itself, 30 or 40 more, on his actually putting down his bridges over Elbe. Friedrich's crossing-place was Schanzhaus, in Dessau Country, between Roslau and Klikau, 12 or 15 miles below Wittenberg; about midway between Wittenberg and the inflow of the Mulda into Elbe. He crossed OCTOBER 26th, no enemy within wind at all; Daun at Torgau in his inexpugnable Camp, Reichsfolk at Duben, making towards Leipzig at their best pace. And is now wholly between Elbe and Mulda; nothing but Mulda and the Anhalt Countries and the Halle Country now to rear of him.

At Jonitz, next march southward, he finds the Eugen-Hulsen people ready. We said they had not been idle while waiting signal: of which here is one pretty instance. Eugen's Brother, supreme Reigning Duke of Wurtemberg,—whom we parted with at Fulda, last Winter, on sore terms; but who again, zealous creature, heads his own little Army in French-Austrian service, in still more eclipsed circumstances ("No subsidy at all, this Year, say your august Majesties? Well, I must do without: a volunteer; and shall need only what I can make by forced contributions!" which of course he is diligent to levy wherever possible),—has latterly taken Halle Country in hand, very busy raising contributions there: and Eugen hears, not without interest, that certain regiments or detachments of his, pushed out, are lying here, there, superintending that salutary work,—within clutch, perhaps, of Kleist the Hussar! Eugen despatches Kleist upon him; who pounces with his usual

fierce felicity upon these people. To such alarm of his poor Serenity and poor Army, that Serenity flies off homeward at once, and out of these Wars altogether; where he never had other than the reverse of business to be, and where he has played such a farce-tragedy for four years back. Eugen has been heard to speak,—theoretically, and in excited moments,—of "running such a fellow through the body," were one near him:: but it is actually Eugen in person that sends him home from these Wars: which may be counted a not unfraternal or unpatriotic procedure; being of indisputable benefit to the poor Sovereign man himself, and to everybody concerned with him.

Hearing that Friedrich was across, Daun came westward that same day (October 26th), and planted himself at Eilenburg; concluding that the Reichsfolk would now be in jeopardy first of all. Which was partly the fact; and indeed this Daun movement rather accelerated the completion of it. Without this the Reichs Army might have lived another day. It had quitted Duben, and gone in all haste for Leipzig, at 1 in the morning (not by Eilenburg, of which or of Daun's arrival there it knows nothing),—"at 1 in the morning of the 27th," or in fact, so soon as news could reach it at the gallop, That Friedrich was across. And now Friedrich, seeing Daun out in this manner, judged that a junction was contemplated; and that one could not be too swift in preventing it. October 29th, with one diligent march, Friedrich posted himself at Duben; there, in a sort now between Daun and the Reichsfolk, detached Hulsen with a considerable force to visit these latter in Leipzig itself; and began with all diligence forming "a small Magazine in Duben," Magdeburg and the current of the Elbe being hitherto his only resource in that kind. By the time of Hulsen's return, this little operation will be well forward, and Daun will have declared himself a little.

Hulsen, evening of October 30th, found Leipzig in considerable emotion, the Reichsfolk taking refuge in it: not the least inclined to stand a push, when Hulsen presented himself. Night of 30th-31st, there was summoning and menacing; Reich endeavoring to answer in firm style; but all the while industriously packing up to go. By 5 in the morning, things had come to extremity;—morning, happily for some of us, was dark mist. But about 5 o'clock, Hulsen (or Hulsen's Second) coming on with menace of fire and sword upon these poor Reichspeople, found the Reichspeople wholly vanished in the mist. Gone bodily; in full march for the spurs of the Metal-Mountain Range again;—concluding, for the fourth time, an extremely contemptible Campaign. Daun, with the King ahead of him, made not the least attempt to help them in their Leipzig difficulty; but retired to his strong Camp at Torgau; feels his work to lie THERE,—as Friedrich perceives of him, with some interest.

Hulsen left a little garrison in Leipzig (friend Quintus a part of it); [Tempelhof, iv. 290.] and returned to the King; whose small Magazine at Duben, and other small affairs there,—Magdeburg with boats, and the King with wagons, having been so diligent in carrying grain thither,—are now about completed. From Daun's returning to Torgau, Friedrich infers that the cautious man has got Order from Court to maintain Torgau at all costs,—to risk a battle rather than go. "Good: he shall have one!" thinks Friedrich. And, NOVEMBER 2d, in four columns, marches towards Torgau; to Schilda, that night, which is some seven miles on the southward side of Torgau. The King, himself in the vanguard as usual, has watched with eager questioning eye the courses of Daun's advanced parties, and by what routes they retreat; discerns for certain that Daun has no views upon Duben or our little Magazine; and that the tug of wrestle for Torgau, which is to crown this Campaign into conquest of Saxony, or shatter it into zero like its foregoers on the Austrian part, and will be of death-or-life nature on the Prussian part, ought to ensue to-morrow. Forward, then!

This Camp of Torgau is not a new place to Daun. It was Prince Henri's Camp last Autumn; where Daun tried all his efforts to no purpose; and though hugely outnumbering the Prince, could make absolutely nothing of it. Nothing, or less; and was flowing back to Dresden and the Bohemian Frontier, uncheered by anything, till that comfortable Maxen Incident turned up. Daun well knows the strength of this position. Torgau and the Block of Hill to West, called Hill of Siptitz;—Hulsen, too, stood here this Summer; not to mention Finck and Wunsch, and their beating the Reichspeople here. A Hill and Post of great strength; not unfamiliar to many Prussians, nor to Friedrich's studious considerations, though his knowledge of it was not personal on all points;—as To-morrow taught him, somewhat to his cost.

"Tourists, from Weimar and the Thuringian Countries," says a Note-book, sometimes useful to us, "have most likely omitted Rossbach in their screaming railway flight eastward; and done little in Leipzig but endeavor to eat dinner, and, still more vainly, to snatch a little sleep in the inhuman dormitories of the Country. Next morning, screaming Dresden-ward, they might, especially if military, pause at Oschatz, a stage or two before Meissen, where again are objects of interest. You can look at Hubertsburg, if given that way,—a Royal Schloss, memorable on several grounds;—at Hubertsburg, and at other features, in the neighborhood of Oschatz. This done, or this left not done, you strike off leftward, that is northward, in some open vehicle, for survey of Torgau and its vicinities and environs. Not above fifteen miles for you; a drive singular and pleasant; time enough to return and be in Dresden for dinner.

"Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant the GAU, or District, of THOR; Capital of that Gau,—part of which, now under Christian or quasi-Christian circumstances, you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your own reflections: a really agreeable kind of Gau; pleasant, though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with pleasant Villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda and many Villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned Villages, with their village industries visible around; laboring each in its kind,—not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (KALT-RAUCHEND, 'smoking COLD,' as they phrase it).

"Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins and homely and hearty rustic banter; welling up from the serious extinct Ages to our own day; 'SCHILTburger' (Inhabitant of SCHILDA) meaning still, among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to himself only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms: amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at or despised, in Ages running to the

shallow, which have lost their mirth, and become all one snigger of mock-mirth. For it is observable, the more solemn is your background of DARK, the brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations on it,—of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who the DOCTOR BORDEL of Schilda was, I do not know: but they have had their Bordel, as Gotham had;—probably various Bordels; industrious to pick up those Spiritual fruits of the earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive than those of Gotham here are.—And yonder, then, is actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to the right:—a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke-canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles on the simmer;—and you remember kindly those good old grinnings, over good SCHILTBURGER, good WISE MEN OF GOTHAM, and their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

"After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, all under forest management; with long straight stretches of sandy road (one of which is your own), straight like red tape-strings, intersecting the wide solitudes: dangerous to your topographies,—for the finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their combined whisper or big forest SOUGH audible to you in the world:—on the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular deliverance from the mad railway, and its iron bedlamisms and shrieking discords and precipitances; and is soothing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods, no chance of a wolf:"—what concerns us more is, that Friedrich's columns, on the 3d of November, had to march up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment!—

"Torgau itself stands near Elbe; on the shoulder, eastern or Elbe-ward shoulder, of a big mass of Knoll, or broad Height, called of Siptitz, the main Eminence of the Gau. Shoulder, I called it, of this Height of Siptitz; but more properly it is on a continuation, or lower ulterior height dipping into Elbe itself, that Torgau stands. Siptitz Height, nearly a mile from Elbe, drops down into a straggle of ponds; after which, on a second or final rise, comes Torgau dipping into Elbe. Not a shoulder strictly, but rather a CHEEK, with NECK intervening;—neck GOITRY for that matter, or quaggy with ponds! The old Town stands high enough, but is enlaced on the western and southern side by a set of lakes and quagmires, some of which are still extensive and undrained. The course of the waters hereabouts; and of Elbe itself, has had its intricacies: close to northwest, Torgau is bordered, in a stragglng way, by what they call OLD ELBE; which is not now a fluent entity, but a stagnant congeries of dirty waters and morasses. The Hill of Siptitz abuts in that aqueous or quaggy manner; its forefeet being, as it were, at or in Elbe River, and its sides, to the South and to the North for some distance each way, considerably enveloped in ponds and boggy difficulties.

"Plenty of water all about, but I suppose mostly of bad quality; at least Torgau has declined drinking it, and been at the trouble to lay a pipe, or ROHRGRABEN, several miles long, to bring its culinary water from the western neighborhoods of Siptitz Height. Along the southern side of Siptitz Height goes leisurely an uncomfortable kind of Brook, called the 'ROHRGRABEN (Pipe-Ditch);' the meaning of which unexpected name you find to be, That there is a SERVICE-PIPE laid cunningly at the bottom of this Brook; lifting the Brook at its pure upper springs, and sending it along, in secret tubular quasi-bottled condition; leaving the fouler drippings from the neighborhood to make what 'brook' they still can, over its head, and keep it out of harm's way till Torgau get it. This is called the ROHRGRABEN, this which comes running through Siptitz Village, all along by the southern base of Siptitz Hill; to the idle eye, a dirtyish Brook, ending in certain notable Ponds eastward: but to the eye of the inquiring mind, which has pierced deeper, a Tube of rational Water, running into the throats of Torgau, while the so-called Brook disembogues at discretion into the ENTEFANG (Duck-trap), and what Ponds or reedy Puddles there are,"—of which, in poor Wunsch's fine bit of fighting, last Year, we heard mention. Let readers keep mind of them.

The Hill Siptitz, with this ROHRGRABEN at the southern basis of it, makes a very main figure in the Battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp; where he stands intrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed Elevation, mostly in vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area: length, east to west, from Grosswig neighborhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles; breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighborhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the southwest angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great Action coming), but swells up with easier ascent on the west, east and other sides. Let the reader try for some conception of its environment and it, as the floor or arena of a great transaction this day.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbor; heights, woods, ponds and inaccessibilities envining his Position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved inexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks:—where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force: how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say;—though One military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering, discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manoeuvring 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light-flash, the EUREKA of this terrible problem. "We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!" Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich's plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big Army and him pell-mell upon the Elbe Bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe River, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

MONDAY, 3d NOVEMBER, 1760, at half-past 6 in the morning Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in Three Columns, with a Fourth of Baggage; through the woods, on four different roads; roads, or combinations of those intricate sandy avenues already noticed. Northward all of it at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely), the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward, long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue—simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible—upon Siptitz Hill from the north side. We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes off by that rightward course: "Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again,—your road is called the Butter-Strasse (BUTTER-STREET); goes by the northwest side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter-Street, and then do your endeavor!"

With the other Half of his Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and footguard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own Column. Friedrich's Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hulsens of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not AT Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front,—simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's,—some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long HANDLE of it, well away from Siptitz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part,—intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march: fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods:—a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being BETWEEN Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable: but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods; which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000,—who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the GROSSE TEICH (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, ENTEFANG, and hangs like a chief goitre on the goitry neck of Torgau),—Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rear-guard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly. On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former,—things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side:—"Ziethen engaged!" thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the BUTTER-STRASSE, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction,—a long way east of Butter-Street, and Ziethen's real place;—unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends, in the distance read to be, "Ziethen engaged!" Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable:—"Stupid, stupid, MEIN LIEBER!" which Ziethen never would admit;—and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hulsens, still less any Third under Holstein,

come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry on these Columns;—and rides out reconnoitring, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna had been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down EN POTENCE, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year, an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall,—only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as firewood lately. There, on the northwest corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind,—Holstein, with all the Cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humor under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him,—not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "MEIN GOTT, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry up!" [Tempelhof, iv. 303.] cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infantry; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden hand, through difficult brooks, Striebach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form,—parallel to Daun's northwest shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles AFTER forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of Artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire (HOLLISCHES FEUER)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never." [Tempelhof, iv. 304; Archenholtz, ii. 164.] Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment STUTTERHEIM was nearly all killed and wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances;—Daun having to hurry up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after 3. Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks;—but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this Grenadier Attack went on,—a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen,—nobody, himself least of all, records for us: only by this little symptom: Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion, as was usual in such moments, said: "All goes ill to-day; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your Brother is killed (TOUT VA MAL AUJOURD'HUI; MES AMIS ME QUITTENT. ON VIENT DE M'ANNONCER LA MORT DE VOTRE FRERE)!" [Preuss, ii. 226.] Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hulsens's Column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian MANTEUFFEL, one regiment of them;—young Archenholtz of FORCADE (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a TODES-POSAUNE, or Doomsday-Thunder, broken loose;—they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, "like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane." Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a

new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same northwest corner of him; say about half-past 3. The rain is now done, "blown away by the tremendous artillery," thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humor of those once overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potency and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here;—poor young Archenholtz too, ONLY wounded, not killed, as so many were:—Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore,—"which saved my life," he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed Book on the ART OF WAR. Berenhorst—a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form—was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over-pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance: when Friedrich reopened his indignant eyes: "WAS MACHT ER HIER?" cried Friedrich: "ER SAMMLE FUYARDS! What have you to do here? Go and gather runaways" (be of some real use, can't you)!—which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradicated from his gloomy heart. It is certain he became Prince Henri's Adjutant soon after, and that in his KRIEGSKUNST, amidst the clearest orthodox admiration, he manifests, by little touches up and down, a feeling of very fell and pallid quality against the King; and belongs, in a peculiarly virulent though taciturn way, to the Opposition Party. His Book, next to English Lloyd's (or perhaps superior, for Berenhorst is of much the more cultivated intellect, highly condensed too, though so discursive and far-read, were it not for the vice of perverse diabolic temper), seemed, to a humble outsider like myself, greatly the strongest-headed, most penetrating and humanly illuminative I had had to study on that subject. Who the weakest-headed was (perhaps JOMINI, among the widely circulating kind?), I will not attempt to decide, so great is the crush in that bad direction. To return.

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous:—when, see, here at length, about half-past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organizes a new and third Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dusk and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, SPAEN Dragoons,—one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column,—SPAEN Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manoeuvrer, who has stormed through many fields, from Mollwitz onwards), cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian cavalry rushing up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again. [Tempelhof, iv. 305.] "Had these Prussian Horse been on their ground at 2 o'clock, and done as now, it is very evident," says Tempelhof, "what the Battle of Torgau had by this time been!"

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Baireuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment KAISER, Regiment NEIPPERG,—nobody now cares which four) heels over head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sabring with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, "Daun's whole Front Line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; and on the western and northwestern the Prussian Horse Regiments were now standing in its place." But, indeed, such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: "Nothing more to be made of it; try it again to-morrow!" thinks the King; gives Hulsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people; and rides with escort northwestward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena,—in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home to Torgau,—1 think, a little earlier,—to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postilions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination,—for the space of certain hours following.

Hulsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is northwestward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest SOUTHwestern-most portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms:—when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hulsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal,—some unfortunate Village going up ("Village of Siptitz, think you?"); and need of Hulsen at his fastest! Hulsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises,—of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not,—waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradually died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and the Leuthen Mollendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or southwestern side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Rohrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on our side of the Rohrgraben:—UM GOTTES WILLEN, something, Herr General!" Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far,—were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Rohrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Mollendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter-Street,"—it is nothing more,—where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Rohrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the SCHAFFEREI (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Mollendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Mollendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Mollendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hulsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Mollendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Mollendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the southwest corner of Siptitz Height. Southwest corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Rohrgraben, where this Mollendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hulsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; "beating the Prussian march, they," sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Mollendorf's, to Ziethen's left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hulsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Mollendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell; who do try what they can; send reinforcements, and the like; but nothing that proves useful. O'Donnell is not the man for such a crisis: Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich's way than in fighting anybody. [Archenholtz's sour remark.] In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

MAP FACING PAGE 527, BOOK XX—

About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners,

though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons,—all the rest packed off except these 26;—and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time! [Tempelhof, iv. 291-318; Archenholtz, ii. 159-174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; UMSTÄNDLICHE BESCHREIBUNG DES &C, (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823-848): in *Helden-Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245-300), the Daun DESPATCHES, the Lists, &c.]—

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; but in the dark who needed mind them?—they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw itself futile. Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: "Peace and truce between us; to-morrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the night there. Busy about many things;—"using the altar," it seems, "by way of writing-table [self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?], and the stairs of it as seat." Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night-time, I know not: the Anecdote-Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before daybreak; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipiency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations:—evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none could be welcomer. Head-quarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole Army follows next day; and, on the War-theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near; but could make nothing of it; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way. [HOFBERICHT VON DER BELAGERUNG VON KOSEL, IM OCTOBER 1760 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 798-804): began "October 21st;" ended "at daybreak, October 27th."] The Russians, on sound of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this Winter; in need of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius; wishes the Fabius were a little less cunctatory. But Imperial Majesty herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in Old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated ever-honored Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State. [Archenholtz, ii. 179.]

Torgau was Daun's last Battle: Daun's last battle; and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Friedrich's last,—so that the remaining Two Campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree; and a few Chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element!—

Daun lost at Torgau, by his own account, "about 11,000 men,"—should have said, according to Tempelhof, and even to neutral persons, "above 12,000 killed and wounded, PLUS 8,000 prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 flags, 1 standard (or horse-flag)," [Tempelhof, iv. 213; Kausler, p. 726.] which brings him to at least 20,000 minus;—the Prussian loss, heavy enough too, being, by Tempelhof's admission, "between 13 and 14,000, of whom 4,000 prisoners." The sore loss, not so computable in arithmetic,—but less sore to Daun, perhaps, than to most people,—is that of being beaten, and having one's Campaign reduced to water again. No Conquest of Saxony, any more than of Silesia, possible to Daun, this Year. In Silesia, thanks to Loudon, small thanks to Loudon's Chief, they have got Glatz: Kosel they could not get; fiery Loudon himself stormed and blazed to no purpose there, and had to hurry home on sight of Goltz and relief. Glatz is the net sum-total. Daun knows all this; but in a stoical arithmetical manner, and refuses to be flurried by it.

Friedrich, as we said, had hoped something might be done in Saxony on the defeated Daun;—perhaps Dresden itself be got back from him, and his Army altogether sent to winter in Bohemia again? But it proved otherwise. Daun showed not the least disposition to quit his Plauen Chasm, or fall into discouragement: and after some weeks of diligent trial, on Friedrich's part, and much running about in those central and Hill-ward parts, Friedrich found he would have to be content with his former allotment of Saxon territory, and to leave the Austrians quiet in theirs. Took winter-quarters accordingly, and let the Enemy take. Cantoned himself, in that Meissen-Freyberg Country, in front of the Austrians and their impassable Plauens and Chasms:—pretty much as in the past Year, only that the Two Armies lay at a greater distance, and were more peaceable, as if by mutual consent.

Head-quarter of the King is Leipzig; where the King did not arrive till December 8th,—such adjusting and arranging has he had, and incessant running to and fro. He lived in the "Apel House, NEW Neumarkt, No. 16;" [Rodenbeck, ii. 65.] the same he had occupied in 1757, in the Rossbach time. "ACH! how lean your Majesty has grown!" said the Mistress of it, at sight of him again (mythically, I should fancy, though it is in

the Anecdote-Books). "Lean, JA WOHL," answered he: "and what wonder, with Three Women [Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour] hanging on the throat of me all this while!" But we propose to look in upon him ourselves, in this Apel House, on more authentic terms, by and by. Read, meanwhile, these Two bits of Autograph, thrown off incidentally, at different places, in the previous busy journeyings over Meissen-Freyberg country:—

1. FRIEDRICH TO MARQUIS D'ARGENS (at Berlin).

"MEISSEN, 10th November, 1760.

... "I drove the enemy to the Gates of Dresden; they occupy their Camp of last Year; all my skill is not enough to dislodge them,"—[Chasm of Plauen, "a place impregnable, were it garrisoned by chimney-sweeps," says the King once]. "We have saved our reputation by the Day of Torgau: but don't imagine our enemies are so disheartened as to desire Peace. Duke Ferdinand's affairs are not in a good way [missed Wesel, of which presently;—and, alas also, George II. died, this day gone a fortnight, which is far worse for us, if we knew it!]—I fear the French will preserve through Winter the advantages they gained during the Campaign.

"In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a tomb. Have some compassion on the situation I am in; conceive that I disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not detail to you all my embarrassments, my apprehensions and troubles. Adieu, dear Marquis; write to me sometimes,—don't forget a poor devil, who curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already were in those Silent Countries from which nobody returns with news." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 204, 205.]

2. The Second, of different complexion, is a still more interesting little Autograph, date elsewhere, farther on, in those wanderings. Madam Camas, Widow of the Colonel Camas whom we knew twenty years ago, is "Queen's OBER-HOFMEISTERINN (Lady in Chief),"—to whom the King's Letters are always pretty:—

FREIDRICH TO MADAM CAMAS (at Magdeburg, with the Queen's Majesty).

"NEUSTADT, 18th November, 1760.

"I am exact in answering, and eager to satisfy you [in that matter of the porcelain] you shall have a breakfast-set, my good Mamma; six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, and tricked out with all the little embellishments which increase their value. On account of some pieces which they are adding to the set, you will have to wait a few days; but I flatter myself this delay will contribute to your satisfaction, and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, and make you remember your old Adorer. It is curious how old people's habits agree. For four years past I have given up suppers, as incompatible with the Trade I am obliged to follow; and in marching days, my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate.

"We hurried off, like fools, quite inflated with our Victory, to try if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden: they made a mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. So I have withdrawn, like a bad little boy, to conceal myself, out of spite, in one of the wretchedest villages in Saxony. And here the first thing will be to drive the Circle gentlemen, [Reichs Army] out of Freyberg into Chemnitz, and get ourselves room to quarter and something to live upon. It is, I swear to you, a dog of a life [or even a she-dog, CHIENNE DE VIE], the like of which nobody but Don Quixote ever led before me. All this tumbling and toiling, and bother and confusion that never ceases, has made me so old, that you would scarcely know me again. On the right side of my head the hair is all gray; my teeth break and fall out; I have got my face wrinkled like the falbalas of a petticoat; my back bent like a fiddle-bow; and spirit sad and downcast like a monk of La Trappe. I forewarn you of all this, lest, in case we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might feel yourself too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains to me nothing but the heart,—which has undergone no change, and which will preserve, so long as I breathe, its feelings of esteem and of tender friendship for my good Mamma. Adieu." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, XVIII. 144.]—To which add only this on Duke Ferdinand, "whose affairs," we just heard, "are not in a good way:"—

FIGHT OF KLOSTER KAMPEN (Night of October 15th-16th); WESEL NOT TO BE HAD BY DUKE FERDINAND.

After WARBURG (July 31st, while Friedrich was on the eve of crossing Elbe on new adventures, Dresden Siege having failed him), Duke Ferdinand made no figure to the Gazetteers; fought no Battle farther; and has had a Campaign, which is honorable only to judges of a higher than the Gazetteer sort.

By Warburg Ferdinand had got the Diemel; on the north bank of which he spread himself out, impassable to Broglio, who lay trying on the opposite bank:—"No Hanover by this road." Broglio thereupon drew back a little; pushed out circuitously from his right wing, which reaches far eastward of Ferdinand, a considerable Brigade,—circuitously, round by the Weser-Fulda Country, and beyond the embouchure of Diemel,—to try it by that method. Got actually a few miles into Hanoverian territory, by that method; laid hold of Gottingen, also of Munden, which secures a road thither: and at Gottingen there, "ever since August 4th," Broglio has been throwing up works, and shooting out hussar-parties to a good distance; intending, it would seem, to maintain himself, and to be mischievous, in that post. Would, in fact, fain entice Ferdinand across the Weser, to help Gottingen. "Across Weser, yes;—and so leave Broglio free to take Lippstadt from me, as he might after a short siege," thinks Ferdinand always; "which would beautifully shorten Broglio's communication [quite direct then, and without interruption, all the way to Wesel], and make Hanover itself, Hanover and Brunswick, the central Seat of War!" Which Ferdinand, grieved as he is for Gottingen, will by no means consent to.

Ferdinand, strong only as one to two, cannot hinder Broglio, though he tries variously; and is much at a loss, seeing Broglio irrepressibly busy this way, all through August and on into September;—has heard,

however, from Wesel, through secret partisans there, that Wesel, considered altogether out of risk, is left in a very weak condition; weak in garrison, weak even in gunners. Reflecting upon which, in his difficulties, Ferdinand asks himself, "A sudden stroke at Wesel, 200 miles away, might it not astonish Broglio, who is so busy on us just here?"—and, September 22d, despatches the Hereditary Prince on that errand. A man likely for it, if there be one in the world:—unable to do it, however, as the issue told. Here is what I find noted.

"SEPTEMBER 22d, the Erbprinz, with a chosen Corps of 15,000, mostly English, left these Diemel regions towards Wesel, at his speediest. September 29th, Erbprinz and vanguard, Corps rapidly following, are got to Dorsten, within 20 miles of Wesel. A most swift Erbprinz; likely for such work. And it is thought by judges, Had he had either siege-artillery or scaling apparatus, he might really have attacked Wesel with good chance upon it. But he has not even a ladder ready, much less a siege-gun. Siege-guns are at Bielefeld [come from Bremen, I suppose, by English boating, up the Weser so far]; but that is six score miles of wheel-carriage; roads bad, and threatening to be worse, as it is equinoctial weather. There is nothing for it but to wait for those guns.

"The Erbprinz, hopefully waiting, does his endeavor in the interim; throws a bridge over the Rhine, pounces upon Cleve garrison (prisoners, with their furnitures), pounces upon this and that; 'spreads terror' on the French thereabouts 'up to Dusseldorf and Koln,—and on Broglio himself, so far off, the due astonishment. 'Wesel to be snatched,—ye Heavens! Our Netherlands road cut off: Dusseldorf, Koln, our Rhine Magazines, all and sundry, fallen to the hawks,—who, the lighter-winged of them, might pay visits in France itself!' Broglio has to suspend his Gottingen operations, and detach Marquis de Castries with (say ultimately, for Castries is to grow and gather by the road) 35,000, to relieve Wesel. Castries marches double-quick; weather very rainy;—arrives in those parts OCTOBER 13th;—hardly a gun from Bielefeld come to hand yet, Erbprinz merely filling men with terror. And so,

"OCTOBER 14th, after two weeks and a day, the Hereditary Prince sees, not guns from Bielefeld, but Castries pushing into Wesel a 7,000 of additional garrison,—and the Enterprise on Wesel grown impossible. Impossible, and probably far more; Castries in a condition to devour us, if he prove sharp. It behooves the Hereditary Prince to be himself sharp;—which he undoubtedly was, in this sharp crisis. Next day, our Erbprinz, taking survey of Castries in his strong ground of Kloster Kampen, decides, like a gallant fellow, to attack HIM;—and straightway does it. Breaks, that same night (October 15th-16th, 1760), stealthily, through woods and with precautions, into Castries's Post;—intending surprisal, and mere ruin to Castries. And there ensued, not the SURPRISAL as it turned out, but the BATTLE OF KLOSTER KAMPEN; which again proved unsuccessful, or only half-successful, to the Hereditary Prince. A many-winged, intricate Night-Battle; to be read of in Books. This is where the Chevalier d'Assas, he or Somebody, gave the alarm to the Castries people at the expense of his life. 'A MOI, AUVERGNE, Ho, Auvergne!' shouted D'Assas (if it was D'Assas at all), when the stealthy English came upon him; who was at once cut down. [Preuss (ii. 270 n.) asserts it to be proved, in "*Miscellen aus den neuesten auslandischen Litteratur* (1824, No. 3, p. 409)," a Book which none of us ever saw, "That the real hero [equal to a Roman Decius or more] was not Captain d'Assas, of the Regiment Auvergne, but a poor Private Soldier of it, called Dubois"!—Is not this a strange turn, after such BEPENSIONING, be-painting, singing and celebrating, as rose upon poor D'Assas, or the Family of D'Assas, twenty years afterwards (1777-1790)!—Both Dubois and D'Assas, I conclude, lay among the slain at Kloster Kampen, silent they forever:—and a painful doubt does rise, As to the miraculous operation of Posthumous Rumor and Wonder; and Whether there was any "miracle of heroism," or other miracle at all, and not rather a poor nocturnal accident,—poor sentry in the edge of the wood, shrieking out, on apparition of the stealthy English, "Ho, Auvergne, help!" probably firing withal; and getting killed in consequence? NON NOSTRUM EST.] It is certain, Auvergne gave fire; awoke Castries bodily; and saved him from what was otherwise inevitable. Surprise now there was none farther; but a complex Fight, managed in the darkness with uncommon obstinacy; ending in withdrawal of the Erbprinz, as from a thing that could not be done. His loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was 1,638; that of Castries, by his own counting, 2,036: but Kloster Kampen, in the wide-awake state, could not be won.

"During the Fight, the Erbprinz's Rhine-Bridge had burst in two: his ammunition was running short;—and, it would seem, there is no retreat, either! The Erbprinz put a bold face on the matter, stood to Castries in a threatening attitude; manoeuvred skilfully for two days longer, face still to Castries, till the Bridge was got mended; then, night of October 18th-19th, crossed to his own side; gathered up his goods; and at a deliberate pace marched home, on those terms;—doing some useful fighting by the road." [Mauvillon, ii. 120-129: Tempelhof, ii. 325-332.]

Had lost nothing, say his admirers, "but one cannon, which burst." One burst cannon left on the field of Kloster Kampen;—but also, as we see, his errand along with it; and 1,600 good fighters lost and burst: which was more important! Criticisms there were on it in England, perhaps of the unwise sort generally; sorrow in the highest quarter. "An unaccountable expedition," Walpole calls it, "on which Prince Ferdinand suddenly despatched his Nephew, at the head of a considerable force, towards the frontiers of Holland,"—merely to see the country there?—"which occasioned much solicitude in England, as the Main Army, already unequal to that of France, was thus rendered much weaker. King George felt it with much anxiety." [Walpole's *George Second*, iii. 299.] An unaccountable Enterprise, my poor Gazetteer friends,—very evidently an unsuccessful one, so far as Wesel went. Many English fallen in it, too: "the English showed here again a GANZ AUSNEHMENDE TAPFERKEIT," says Mauvillon; and probably their share of the loss was proportionate.

Clearly enough there is no Wesel to be had. Neither could Broglio, though disturbed in his Gottingen fortifyings and operations, be ejected out of Gottingen. Ferdinand, on failure of Wesel, himself marched to Gottingen, and tried for some days; but found he could not, in such weather, tear out that firmly rooted French Post, but must be content to "mask it," for the present; and, this done, withdrew (December 13th) to his winter-quarters near by, as did Broglio to his,—about the time Friedrich and Daun had finally settled in theirs.

Ferdinand's Campaigns henceforth, which turn all on the defence of Hanover, are highly recommended to professional readers; but to the laic sort do not prove interesting in proportion to the trouble. In fact, the huge War henceforth begins everywhere, or everywhere except in Pitt's department of it, to burn lower, like a

lamp with the oil getting done; and has less of brilliancy than formerly. "Let us try for Hanover," the Belleisles, Choiseuls and wise French heads had said to themselves: "Canada, India, everything is lost; but were dear Hanover well in our clutch, Hanover would be a remedy for many things!" Through the remaining Campaigns, as in this now done, that is their fixed plan. Ferdinand, by unwearied effort, succeeded in defending Hanover,—nothing of it but that inconsiderable slice or skirt round Gottingen, which they kept long, could ever be got by the French. Ferdinand defended Hanover; and wore out annually the big French Armies which were missioned thither, as in the spasm of an expiring last effort by this poor hag-ridden France,—at an expense to her, say, of 50,000 men per year. Which was good service on Ferdinand's part; but done less and less in the shining or universally notable way.

So that with him too we are henceforth, thank Heaven, permitted and even bound to be brief. Hardly above two Battles more from him, if even two:—and mostly the wearied Reader's imagination left to conceive for itself those intricate strategies, and endless manoeuvrings on the Diemel and the Dill, on the Ohm River and the Schwalm and the Lippe, or wherever they may be, with small help from a wearied Editor!—

Chapter VI.—WINTER-QUARTERS 1760-1761.

A melancholy little event, which afterwards proved unexpectedly unfortunate for Friedrich, had happened in England ten days before the Battle of Torgau. Saturday, 25th October, 1760, George II., poor old gentleman, suddenly died. He was in his 77th year; feeble, but not feebler than usual,—unless, perhaps, the unaccountable news from Kloster Kampen may have been too agitating to the dim old mind? On the Monday of this week he had, "from a tent in Hyde Park," presided at a Review of Dragoons; and on Thursday, as his Coldstream Guards were on march for Portsmouth and foreign service, "was in his Portico at Kensington to see them pass;"—full of zeal always in regard to military matters, and to this War in particular. Saturday, by sunrise he was on foot; took his cup of chocolate; inquired about the wind, and the chances of mails arriving; opened his window, said he would have a turn in the Gardens, the morning being so fine. It was now between 7 and 8. The valet then withdrew with the chocolate apparatus; but had hardly shut the door, when he heard a deep sigh, and fall of something,—"billet of wood from the fire?" thought he;—upon which, hurrying back, he found it was the King, who had dropt from his seat, "as if in attempting to ring the bell." King said faintly, "Call Amelia," and instantly died. Poor deaf Amelia (Friedrich's old love, now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George Second was no more; his grandson George Third was now King. [Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 486-488).]

Intrinsically taken, this seemed no very great event for Friedrich, for Pitt, for England or mankind: but it proved otherwise. The merit of this poor King deceased, who had led his Nation stumbling among the chimney-pots at such a rate in these mad German Wars for Twenty Years past, was, That he did now stand loyal to the Enterprise, now when it had become sane indeed; now when the Nation was broad awake, and a Captain had risen to guide it out of that perilous posture, into never-expected victory and triumph! Poor old George had stood by his Pitt, by his Ferdinand, with a perfect loyalty at all turns; and been devoted, heart and soul and breeches-pocket, to completely beating Bourbon's oppressive ideas out of Bourbon's head. A little fact, but how important, then and there! Under the Successor, all this may be different:—ghastly beings, Old Tutors, Favorites, Mother's-Favorites, flit, as yet invisible, on the new backstairs:—should Bute and Company get into the foreground, people will then know how important it was. Walpole says:—

"The Yorkes [Ex-Chancellor Hardwicke people] had long distasted this War:" yes, and been painfully obliged to hold their tongues: "but now," within a month or so of the old King's death, "there was published, under Lord Hardwicke's countenance, a Tract setting forth the burden and ill policy of our German measures. It was called CONSIDERATIONS ON THE GERMAN WAR; was ably written, and changed many men's minds." This is the famous "Mauduit Pamphlet:" first of those small stones, from the sling of Opposition not obliged to be dormant, which are now beginning to rattle on Pitt's Olympian Dwelling-place,—high really as Olympus, in comparison with others of the kind, but which unluckily is made of GLASS like the rest of them! The slinger of this first resounding little missile, Walpole informs us, was "one Mauduit, formerly a Dissenting Teacher,"—son of a Dissenting Minister in Bermondsey, I hear, and perhaps himself once a Preacher, but at present concerned with Factorage of Wool on the great scale; got soon afterwards promoted to be Head of the Custom-house in Southampton, so lovely did he seem to Bute and Company. "How agreeable his politics were to the interior of the Court, soon appeared by a place [Southampton Custom-house] being bestowed on him by Lord Bute." A fortunate Mauduit, yet a stupidly tragical; had such a destiny in English History! Hear Walpole a little farther, on Mauduit, and on other things then resonant to Arlington Street in a way of their own. "TO SIR HORACE MANN [at Florence]:—

"NOVEMBER 14th, 1760 [tenth night after Torgau].... We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters."

"DECEMBER 5th, 1760. I have received the samples of brocadella.... I shall send you a curious Pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PRESENT GERMAN WAR, ["London: Printed for John Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1761," adds my poor Copy (a frugal 12mo, of pp. 144), not adding of what edition.] and is written by a wholesale Woollen-Draper [connected with Wool, in some way] "Factor at Blackwell Hall," if that mean Draper:—and a growing man ever after; came to be "Agent for Massachusetts," on the Boston-TEA occasion, and again did Tracts; was "President of the"—in short, was a conspicuous Vice-President, so let us define him, of The general Anti-Penalty or Life-made-Soft Association, with Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the World, and such like; and a Mauduit comfortably resonant in that way till he died [Chalmers, BIOG. DICTIONARY; Nichols, LITERARY ANECDOTES; &c. &c.]; but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes. The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the

disciples of the Pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that Monarch's head shot off. [Hear, hear!]

"There are Letters from the Hague [what foolish Letters do fly about, my friend!], that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last. [Oh!] It has been the fashion to cry down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself [does immensely, according to our Selwyn informations], I dare say he would have been glad to be matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal."

"JANUARY 2d, 1761. The German War is not so popular as you imagine, either in the Closet or in the Nation." [Walpole, *Letters to Sir Horace Mann* (Lond. 1843), i. 6, 7.] (Enough, enough.)

The Mauduit Pamphlet, which then produced such an effect, is still to be met in old Collections and on Bookstalls; but produces little save weariness to a modern reader. "Hanover not in real danger," argues he; "if the French had it, would not they, all Europe ordering them, have to give it up again?" Give it up,—GRATIS, or in return for Canada and Pondicherry, Mauduit's does not say. Which is an important omission! But Mauduit's grand argument is that of expense; frightful outlay of money, aggravated by ditto mismanagement of same.

A War highly expensive, he says—(and the truth is, Pitt was never stingy of money: "Nearly the one thing we have in any plenty; be frank in use of that, in an Enterprise so ill-provided otherwise, and involving life and death!" thinks Pitt);—"dreadfully expensive," urges Mauduit, and gives some instances of Commissariat moneys signally wasted,—not by Pitt, but by the stupidity of Pitt's War Offices, Commissariat Offices, Offices of all kinds; not to be cured at once by any Pitt:—How magazines of hay were shipped and reshipped, carried hither, thither, up this river, down that (nobody knowing where the war-horses would be that were to eat it); till at length, when it had reached almost the value of bohea tea, the right place of it was found to be Embden (nearest to Britain from the first, had one but known), and not a horse would now taste it, so spoiled was the article; all horses snorted at it, as they would have done at bohea, never so expensive. [Mauduit (towards the end) has a story of that tenor,—particulars not worth verifying.] These things are incident to British warfare; also to Swedish, and to all warfares that have their War Offices in an imaginary state,—state much to be abhorred by every sane creature; but not to be mended all at once by the noblest of men, into whose hands they are suddenly thrust for saving his Nation. Conflagration to be quenched; and your buckets all in hideous leakage, like buckets of the Danaides:—your one course is, ply them, pour with them, such as they are.

Mauduit points out farther the enormous fortunes realized by a swindling set of Army-Furnishers, Hebrews mainly, and unbeautiful to look on. Alas, yes; this too is a thing incident to the case; and in a degree to all such cases, and situations of sudden crisis;—have not we seen Jew Ephraim growing rich by the copper money even of a Friedrich? Christian Protestants there are, withal, playing the same game on a larger scale. Herr Schimmelmann ("MOULDY-man") the Dane, for instance,—Dane or Holsteiner,—is coining false money for a Duke of Holstein-Plon, who has not a Seven-Years War on his hands. Diligently coining, this Mouldy Individual; still more successfully, is trading in Friedrich's Meissen China (bought in the cheapest market, sold in the dearest); has at Hamburg his "Auction of Meissen Porcelain," steadily going on, as a new commercial institution of that City;—and, in short, by assiduously laboring in such harvest-fields, gathers a colossal fortune, 100,000 pounds, 300,000 pounds, or I will not remember what. Gets "ennobled," furthermore, by a Danish Government prompt to recognize human merit: Elephant Order, Dannebrog Order; no Order good enough for this Mouldy-man of merit; [Preuss, ii. 391, 282, &c.]—and is, so far as I know, begetting "Nobles," that is to say, Vice-Kings and monitory Exemplars, for the Danish People, to this day. Let us shut down the iron lid on all that.

Mauduit's Pamphlet, if it raised in the abhorrent unthinking English mind some vague notion, as probably it did, that Pitt was responsible for these things, or was in a sort the cause or author of them, might produce some effect against him. "What a splash is this you are making, you Great Commoner; wetting everybody's feet,—as our Mauduit proves;—while the Conflagration seems to be going out, if you let it alone!" For the heads of men resemble—My friend, I will not tell you what they, in multitudinous instances, resemble.

But thus has woollen Mauduit, from his private camp ("Clement's Lane, Lombard Street," say the Dictionaries), shot, at a very high object, what pigeon's-egg or small pebble he had; the first of many such that took that aim; with weak though loud-sounding impact, but with results—results on King Friedrich in particular, which were stronger than the Cannonade of Torgau! As will be seen. For within year and day,—Mauduit and Company making their noises from without, and the Butes and Hardwicks working incessantly with such rare power of leverage and screwage in the interior parts,—a certain Quasi-Olympian House, made of glass, will lie in sherds, and the ablest and noblest man in England see himself forbidden to do England any service farther: "Not needed more, Sir! Go you,—and look at US for the remainder of your life!"

KING FRIEDRICH IN THE APEL HOUSE AT LEIPZIG (8th December, 1760-17th March, 1761).

Friedrich's Winter in the Apel House at Leipzig is of cheerfulest character than we might imagine. Endless sore business he doubtless has, of recruiting, financiering, watching and providing, which grows more difficult year by year; but he has subordinates that work to his signal, and an organized machinery for business such as no other man. And solacements there are withal: his Books he has about him; welcomer than ever in such seasons: Friends too,—he is not solitary; nor neglectful of resources. Faithful D'Argens came at once (stayed till the middle of March): [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 212, 213. Sends a Courier to conduct D'Argens "FOR December 8th;" "21st March," D'Argens is back at Berlin.] D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, English

Mitchell; these three almost daily bore him company. Till the middle of January, also, he had his two Nephews with him (Sons of his poor deceased Brother, the late tragic Prince of Prussia),—the elder of whom, Friedrich Wilhelm, became King afterwards; the second, Henri by name, died suddenly of small-pox within about seven years hence, to the King's deep and sore grief, who liked him the better of the two. Their ages respectively are now about 16 and 14. [Henri, born 30th December, 1747, died 26th May, 1767;—Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm II. (sometimes called DER DICKE, The Big), born 25th December, 1744; King, 17th August, 1786; died 16th November, 1797.] Their appetite for dancing, and their gay young ways, are pleasant now and afterwards to the old Uncle in his grim element. [Letters, &c. in SCHONING.]

Music, too, he had; daily evening Concert, though from himself there is no fluting now. One of his Berlin Concert people who had been sent for was Fasch, a virtuoso on I know not what instrument,—but a man given to take note of things about him. Fasch was painfully surprised to see his King so altered in the interim past: "bent now, sunk into himself, grown old; to whom these five years of war-tumult and anxiety, of sorrow and hard toil, had given a dash of gloomy seriousness and melancholy, which was in strong contrast with his former vividly bright expression, and was not natural to his years." [Zelter's *Life of Fasch* (cited in PREUSS, ii. 278).]

From D'Argens there is one authentic Anecdote, worth giving. One evening D'Argens came to him; entering his Apartment, found him in a situation very unexpected; which has been memorable ever since. "One evening [there is no date to it, except vaguely, as above, December, 1760-March, 1761], D'Argens, entering the King's Apartment, found him sitting on the ground with a big platter of fried meat, from which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with which he kept order among them, and shoved the best bits to his favorites. The Marquis, in astonishment, recoiled a step, struck his hands together, and exclaimed: "The Five Great Powers of Europe, who have sworn alliance, and conspired to undo the Marquis de Brandebourg, how might they puzzle their heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming some dangerous plan for the next Campaign, think they; collecting funds to have money for it; studying about magazines for man and horse; or he is deep in negotiations to divide his enemies, and get new allies for himself? Not a bit of all that. He is sitting peaceably in his room, and feeding his dogs!" [Preuss, ii. 282.]

INTERVIEW WITH HERR PROFESSOR GELLERT (Thursday, 18th December, 1760).

Still more celebrated is the Interview with Gellert; though I cannot say it is now more entertaining to the ingenuous mind. One of Friedrich's many Interviews, this Winter, with the Learned of Leipzig University; for he is a born friend of the Muses so called, and never neglects an opportunity. Wonderful to see how, in such an environment, in the depths of mere toil and tribulation, with a whole breaking world lying on his shoulders, as it were,—he always shows such appetite for a snatch of talk with anybody presumably of sense, and knowledge on something!

"This Winter," say the Books, "he had, in vacant intervals, a great deal of communing with the famed of Leipzig University;" this or the other famed Professor,—Winkler, Ernesti, Gottsched again, and others, coming to give account, each for himself, of what he professed to be teaching in the world: "on the Natural Sciences," more especially the Moral; on Libraries, on Rare Books. Gottsched was able to satisfy the King on one point; namely, That the celebrated passage of St. John's Gospel—"THERE ARE THREE THAT BEAR RECORD—was NOT in the famous Manuscript of the Vienna Library; Gottsched having himself examined that important CODEX, and found in the text nothing of said Passage, but merely, written on the margin, a legible intercalation of it, in Melanchthon's hand. Luther, in his Version, never had it at all." [*Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 596.] A Gottsched inclined to the Socinian view? Not the least consequence to Friedrich or us! Our business is exclusively with Gellert here.

Readers have heard of Gellert; there are, or there were, English Writings about him, LIVES, or I forget what: and in his native Protestant Saxony, among all classes, especially the higher, he had, in those years and onwards to his death, such a popularity and real splendor of authority as no man before or since. Had risen, against his will in some sort, to be a real Pope, a practical Oracle in those parts. In his modest bachelor lodging (age of him five-and-forty gone) he has sheaves of Letters daily,—about affairs of the conscience, of the household, of the heart: from some evangelical young lady, for example, Shall I marry HIM, think you, O my Father?" and perhaps from her Papa, "Shall SHE, think you, O my ditto?"—Sheaves of Letters: and of oral consulters such crowds, that the poor Oracle was obliged to appoint special hours for that branch of his business. His class-room (he lectures on MORALS, some THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENT, or such like) is crowded with "blue uniforms" (ingenuous Prussian Officers eager to hear a Gellert) in these Winters. Rugged Hulsen, this very season, who commands in Freyberg Country, alleviates the poor village of Hainichen from certain official inflictions, and bids the poor people say "It is because Gellert was born among you!" Plainly the Trismegistus of mankind at that date:—who is now, as usual, become a surprising Trismegistus to the new generations!

He had written certain thin Books, all of a thin languid nature; but rational, clear; especially a Book of FABLES IN VERSE, which are watery, but not wholly water, and have still a languid flavor in them for readers. His Book on LETTER-WRITING was of use to the rising generation, in its time. Clearly an amiable, ingenious, correct, altogether good man; of pious mind,—and, what was more, of strictly orthodox, according to the then Saxon standard in the best circles. This was the figure of his Life for the last fifteen years of it; and he was now about the middle of that culminating period. A modest, despondent kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: "of neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open brow;"—a fine countenance, and fine soul of its sort, poor Gellert: "punctual like the church-clock at divine service, in all weathers." [Jordens, *Lexikon Deutscher Dichter und*

Prosaisten (Leipzig, 1807), ii. 54-68 (Gellert).]

A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no means much; who was of amiable meek demeanor; studious to offend nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the established methods;—and who, what was the great secret of his success, was of orthodoxy perfect and eminent. Whom, accordingly, the whole world, polite Saxon orthodox world, hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. Essentially a commonplace man; but who employed himself in beautifying and illuminating the commonplace of his clay and generation:—infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. "How charming that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical and comfortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you creature plainly divine!" And the homages to Gellert were unlimited and continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish man in weak health.

Mitchell and Quintus Icilius, who are often urging on the King that a new German Literature is springing up, of far more importance than the King thinks, have spoken much to him of Gellert the Trismegistus;—and at length, in the course of a ten days from Friedrich's arrival here, actual Interview ensues. The DIALOGUE, though it is but dull and watery to a modern palate, shall be given entire, for the sake of one of the Interlocutors. The Report of it, gleaned gradually from Gellert himself, and printed, not long afterwards, from his manuscripts or those of others, is to be taken as perfectly faithful. Gellert, writing to his inquiring Friend Rabener (a then celebrated Berlin Wit), describes, from Leipzig, "29th January, 1760," or about six weeks after the event: "How, one day about the middle of December, Quintus Icilius suddenly came to my poor lodging here, to carry me to the King." Am too ill to go. Quintus will excuse me to-day; but will return to-morrow, when no excuse shall avail. Did go accordingly next day, Thursday, 18th December, 4 o'clock of the afternoon; and continued till a quarter to 6. "Had nothing of fear in speaking to the King. Recited my MALER ZU ATHEN." King said, at parting, he would send for me again. "The English Ambassador [Mitchell], an excellent man, was probably the cause of the King's wish to see me.... The King spoke sometimes German, sometimes French; I mostly German." [*Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius, herausgegeben von F. A. Ebert* (Leipzig, 1823), pp. 629, 631.] As follows:—

KING. "Are you (ER) the Professor Gellert?"

GELLERT. "Yea, IHRO MAJESTAT."

KING. "The English Ambassador has spoken highly of you to me. Where do you come from?"

GELLERT. "From Hainichen, near Freyberg."

KING. "Have not you a brother at Freyberg?"

GELLERT. "Yea, IHRO MAJESTAT."

KING. "Tell me why we have no good German Authors."

MAJOR QUINTUS ICILIUS (puts in a word). "Your Majesty, you see here one before you;—one whom the French themselves have translated, calling him the German La Fontaine!"

KING. "That is much. Have you read La Fontaine?"

GELLERT. "Yes, your Majesty; but have not imitated: I am original (ICH BIN EIN ORIGINAL)."

KING. "Well, this is one good Author among the Germans; but why have not we more?"

GELLERT. "Your Majesty has a prejudice against the Germans."

KING. "No; I can't say that (Nein; das kann ich nicht sagen)."

GELLERT. "At least, against German writers."

KING. "Well, perhaps. Why have we no good Historians? Why does no one undertake a Translation of Tacitus?"

GELLERT. "Tacitus is difficult to translate; and the French themselves have but bad translations of him."

KING. "That is true (DA HAT ER RECHT)."

GELLERT. "And, on the whole, various reasons may be given why the Germans have not yet distinguished themselves in every kind of writing. While Arts and Sciences were in their flower among the Greeks, the Romans were still busy in War. Perhaps this is the Warlike Era of the Germans:—perhaps also they have yet wanted Augustuses and Louis-Fourteenths!"

KING. "How, would you wish one Augustus, then, for all Germany?"

GELLERT. "Not altogether that; I could wish only that every Sovereign encouraged men of genius in his own country."

KING (starting a new subject). "Have you never been out of Saxony?"

GELLERT. "I have been in Berlin."

KING. "You should travel."

GELLERT. "IHRO MAJESTAT, for that I need two things,—health and means."

KING. "What is your complaint? Is it DIE GELEHRTE KRANKHEIT (Disease of the Learned," Dyspepsia so called)? "I have myself suffered from that. I will prescribe for you. You must ride daily, and take a dose of rhubarb every week."

GELLERT. "ACH, IHRO MAJESTAT: if the horse were as weak as I am, he would be of no use to me; if he were stronger, I should be too weak to manage him." (Mark this of the Horse, however; a tale hangs by it.)

KING. "Then you must drive out."

GELLERT. "For that I am deficient in the means."

KING. "Yes, that is true; that is what Authors (GELEHRTE) in Deutschland are always deficient in. I suppose these are bad times, are not they?"

GELLERT. "JA WOHL; and if your Majesty would grant us Peace (DEN FRIEDEN GEBEN WOLLTEN)—"

KING. "How can I? Have not you heard, then? There are three of them against me (ES SIND JA DREI WIDER MICH)!"

GELLERT. "I have more to do with the Ancients and their History than with the Moderns."

KING (changing the topic). "What do you think, is Homer or Virgil the finer as an Epic Poet?"

GELLERT. "Homer, as the more original."

KING. "But Virgil is much more polished (VIEL POLIRTER)."

GELLERT. "We are too far removed from Homer's times to judge of his language. I trust to Quintilian in that respect, who prefers Homer."

KING. "But one should not be a slave to the opinion of the Ancients."

GELLERT. "Nor am I that. I follow them only in cases where, owing to the distance, I cannot judge for myself."

MAJOR ICILIUS (again giving a slight fillip or suggestion). "He," the Herr Professor here, "has also treated of GERMAN LETTER-WRITING, and has published specimens."

KING. "So? But have you written against the CHANCERY STYLE, then" (the painfully solemn style, of ceremonial and circumlocution; Letters written so as to be mainly wig and buckram)?

GELLERT. "ACH JA, that have I, IHRO MAJESTAT!"

KING. "But why doesn't it change? The Devil must be in it (ES IST ETWAS VERTEUFELTES). They bring me whole sheets of that stuff, and I can make nothing of it!"

GELLERT. "If your Majesty cannot alter it, still less can I. I can only recommend, where you command."

KING. "Can you repeat any of your Fables?"

GELLERT. "I doubt it; my memory is very treacherous."

KING. "Bethink you a little; I will walk about [Gellert bethinks him, brow puckered. King, seeing the brow unpucker itself]. Well, have you one?"

GELLERT. "Yes, your Majesty: THE PAINTER." Gellert recites (voice plaintive and hollow; somewhat PREACHY, I should doubt, but not cracked or shrieky);—we condense him into prose abridgment for English readers; German can look at the bottom of the page: [(Gellert's WERKE: Leipzig, 1840; i. 135.)]—

"A prudent Painter in Athens, more intent on excellence than on money, had done a God of War; and sent for a real Critic to give him his opinion of it. On survey, the Critic shook his head: "Too much Art visible; won't do, my friend!" The Painter strove to think otherwise; and was still arguing, when a young Coxcomb [GECK, Gawk] stepped in: "Gods, what a masterpiece!" cried he at the first glance: "Ah, that foot, those exquisitely wrought toenails; helm, shield, mail, what opulence of Art!" The sorrowful Painter looked penitentially at the real Critic, looked at his brush; and the instant this GECK was gone, struck out his God of War."

KING. "And the Moral?"

GELLERT (still reciting):

"When the Critic does not like thy Bit of Writing, it is a bad sign for thee; but when the Fool admires, it is time thou at once strike it out."

*"Ein kluger Maler in Athen,
Der minder, weil man ihn bezhalte,
Als weil er Ehre suchte, malte,
Liess einen Kenner einst den Mars im Bilde sehn,
Und bat sich seine Meinung aus.
Der Kenner sagt ihm fiei heraus,
Dass ihm das Bild nicht ganz gefallen wollte,
Und dass es, um recht schon zu sein,
Weit minder Kunst verrathen sollte.
Der Maler wandte vieles ein;
Der Kenner stritt mit ihm aus Gründen,
Und konnt ihn doch nicht überwinden.
Gleich trat ein junger Geck herein,
Und nahm das Bild in Augenschein.
'O,' rief er, 'bei dem ersten Blicke,
Ihr Gotter, welch ein Meisterstucke!
Ach, welcher Fuss! O, wie geschickt
Sind nicht die Nagel ausgedruckt!
Mars lebt durchaus in diesem Bilde.
Wie viele Kunst, wie viele Pracht
Ist in dem Helm und in dem Schilde,
Und in der Rustung angebracht!
Der Maler ward beschamt geruhret,
Und sah den Kenner klaglich an.
'Nun,' sprach er, 'bin ich überfuhret!
Ihr habt mir nicht zu viel gethan.'
Der junge Geck war kaum hinaus,
So strich er seinen Kriegsgott aus."*

MORAL.

*"Wenn deine Schrift dem Kenner nicht gefällt,
So ist es schon ein böses Zeichen;
Doch, wenn sie gar des Narren Lob erhält,
So ist es Zeit, sie auszustreichen."*

KING. "That is excellent; very fine indeed. You have a something of soft and flowing in your verses; them I understand altogether. But there was Gottsched, one day, reading me his Translation of IPHIGENIE; I had the French Copy in my hand, and could not understand a word of him [a Swan of Saxony, laboring in vain that day]! They recommended me another Poet, one Peitsch [Herr Peitsch of Königsberg, Hofrath, Doctor and Professor there, Gottsched's Master in Art; edited by Gottsched thirty years ago; now become a dumb idol, though at one time a god confessed]; him I flung away."

GELLERT. "IHRO MAJESTAT, him I also fling away."

KING. "Well, if I continue here, you must come again often; bring your FABLES with you, and read me

something."

GELLERT. "I know not if I can read well; I have the singing kind of tone, native to the Hill Country."

KING. "JA, like the Silesians. No, you must read me the FABLES yourself; they lose a great deal otherwise. Come back soon." [*Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius* (already cited), pp. 632 et seq.] (EXIT GELLERT.)

KING (to Icilius, as we learn from a different Record). "That is quite another man than Gottsched!" (EXUENT OMNES.)

The modest Gellert says he "remembered Jesus Sirach's advice, PRESS NOT THYSELF ON KINGS,—and never came back;" nor was specially sent for, in the hurries succeeding; though the King never quite forgot him. Next day, at dinner, the King said, "He is the reasonablest man of all the German Literary People, C'EST LE PLUS RAISONNABLE DE TOUS LES SAVANS ALLEMANDS." And to Garve, at Breslau, years afterwards: "Gellert is the only German that will reach posterity; his department is small, but he has worked in it with real felicity." And indeed the King had, before that, as practical result of the Gellert Dialogue, managed to set some Berlin Bookseller upon printing of these eligible FABLES, "for the use of our Prussian Schools;" in which and other capacities the FABLES still serve with acceptance there and elsewhere. [Preuss, ii. 274.]

In regard to Gellert's Horse-exercise, I had still to remember that Gellert, not long after, did get a Horse; two successive Horses; both highly remarkable. The first especially; which was Prince Henri's gift: "The Horse Prince Henri had ridden at the Battle of Freyberg" (Battle to be mentioned hereafter);—quadruped that must have been astonished at itself! But a pretty enough gift from the warlike admiring Prince to his dyspeptic Great Man. This Horse having yielded to Time, the very Kurfurst (grandson of Polish Majesty that now is) sent Gellert another, housing and furniture complete; mounted on which, Gellert and it were among the sights of Leipzig;—well enough known here to young Goethe, in his College days, who used to meet the great man and princely horse, and do salutation, with perhaps some twinkle of scepticism in the corner of his eye. [DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT, Theil ii. Buch 6 (in Goethe's WERKE, xxv. 51 et seq).] Poor Gellert fell seriously ill in December, 1769; to the fear and grief of all the world: "estafettes from the Kurfurst himself galloped daily, or oftener, from Dresden for the sick bulletin;" but poor Gellert died, all the same (13th of that month); and we have (really with pathetic thoughts, even we) to bid his amiable existence in this world, his bits of glories and him, adieu forever.

DIALOGUE WITH GENERAL SALDERN (in the Apel House, Leipzig, 21st January, 1761).

Four or five weeks after this of Gellert, Friedrich had another Dialogue, which also is partly on record, and is of more importance to us here: Dialogue with Major-General Saldern; on a certain business, delicate, yet profitable to the doer,—nobody so fit for it as Saldern, thinks the King. Saldern is he who did that extraordinary feat of packing the wrecks of battle on the Field of Liegnitz; a fine, clear-flowing, silent kind of man, rapid and steady; with a great deal of methodic and other good faculty in him,—more, perhaps, than he himself yet knows of. Him the King has sent for, this morning; and it is on the business of Polish Majesty's Royal Hunting-Schloss at Hubertsburg,—which is a thing otherwise worth some notice from us.

For three months long the King had been representing, in the proper quarters, what plunderings, and riotous and even disgusting savageries, the Saxons had perpetrated at Charlottenburg, Schonhausen, Friedrichsfeld, in October last, while masters there for a few days: but neither in Reichs Diet, where Plotho was eloquent, nor elsewhere by the Diplomatic method, could he get the least redress, or one civil word of regret. From Polish Majesty himself, to whom Friedrich remonstrated the matter, through the English Resident at Warsaw, Friedrich had expected regret; but he got none. Some think he had hoped that Polish Majesty, touched by these horrors of war, and by the reciprocities evidently liable to follow, might be induced to try something towards mediating a General Peace: but Polish Majesty did not; Polish Majesty answered simply nothing at all, nor would get into any correspondence: upon which Friedrich, possibly a little piqued withal, had at length determined on retaliation.

Within our cantonments, reflects Friedrich, here is Hubertsburg Schloss, with such a hunting apparatus in and around it; Polish Majesty's HERTZBLATT ("lid of the HEART," as they call it; breastbone, at least, and pit of his STOMACH, which inclines to nothing but hunting): let his Hubertsburg become as our Charlottenburg is; perhaps that will touch his feelings! Friedrich had formed this resolution; and, Wednesday, January 21st, sends for Saldern, one of the most exact, deft-going and punctiliously honorable of all his Generals, to execute it. Enter Saldern accordingly,—royal Audience-room "in the APEL'SCHE HAUS, New Neumarkt, No. 16," as above;—to whom (one Kuster, a reliable creature, reporting for us on Saldern's behalf) the King says, in the distinct slowish tone of a King giving orders:—

KING. "Saldern, to-morrow morning you go [ER, He goes) with a detachment of Infantry and Cavalry, in all silence, to Hubertsburg; beset the Schloss, get all the furnitures carefully packed up and invoiced. I want nothing with them; the money they bring I mean to bestow on our Field Hospitals, and will not forget YOU in disposing of it."

Saldern, usually so prompt with his "JA" on any Order from the King, looks embarrassed, stands silent,—to the King's great surprise;—and after a moment or two says:—

SALDERN. "Forgive me, your Majesty: but this is contrary to my honor and my oath."

KING (still in a calm tone). "You would be right to think so if I did not intend this desperate method for a good object. Listen to me: great Lords don't feel it in their scalp, when their subjects are torn by the hair; one has to grip their own locks, as the only way to give them pain." (These last words the King said in a sharper tone; he again made his apology for the resolution he had formed; and renewed his Order. With the modesty

usual to him, but also with manliness, Saldern replied:—

SALDERN. "Order me, your Majesty, to attack the enemy and his batteries, I will on the instant cheerfully obey: but against honor, oath and duty, I cannot, I dare not!"

The King, with voice gradually rising, I suppose, repeated his demonstration that the thing was proper, necessary in the circumstances; but Saldern, true to the inward voice, answered steadily:—

SALDERN. "For this commission your Majesty will easily find another person in my stead."

KING (whirling hastily round, with an angry countenance, but, I should say, an admirable preservation of his dignity in such extreme case). "SALDERN, ER WILL NICHT REICH WERDEN,—Saldern, you refuse to become rich." And EXIT, leaving Saldern to his own stiff courses. [Kuster, *Charakterzuge des General-Lieutenant v. Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), pp. 39-44.]

Nothing remained for Saldern but to fall ill, and retire from the Service; which he did: a man honorably ruined, thought everybody;—which did not prove to be the case, by and by.

This surely is a remarkable Dialogue; far beyond any of the Gellert kind. An absolute King and Commander-in-Chief, and of such a type in both characters, getting flat refusal once in his life (this once only, so far as I know), and how he takes it:—one wishes Kuster, or somebody, had been able to go into more details!—Details on the Quintus-Icilius procedure, which followed next day, would also have been rather welcome, had Kuster seen good. It is well known, Quintus Icilius and his Battalion, on order now given, went cheerfully, next day, in Saldern's stead. And sacked Hubertsburg Castle, to the due extent or farther: 100,000 thalers (15,000 pounds) were to be raised from it for the Field-Hospital behoof; the rest was to be Quintus's own; who, it was thought, made an excellent thing of it for himself. And in hauling out the furnitures, especially in selling them, Quintus having an enterprising sharp head in trade affairs, "it is certain," says Kuster, as says everybody, "various SCHANDLICHKEITEN (scandals) occurred, which were contrary to the King's intention, and would not have happened under Saldern." What the scandals particularly were, is not specified to me anywhere, though I have searched up and down; much less the net amount of money realized by Quintus. I know only, poor Quintus was bantered about it, all his life after, by this merciless King; and at Potsdam, in years coming, had ample time and admonition for what penitence was needful.

"The case was much canvassed in the Army," says poor Kuster; "it was the topic in every tent among Officers and common Men. And among us Army-Chaplains too," poor honest souls, "the question of conflicting duties arose: Your King ordering one thing, and your own Conscience another, what ought a man to do? What ought an Army-Chaplain to preach or advise? And considerable mutual light in regard to it we struck out from one another, and saw how a prudent Army-Chaplain might steer his way. Our general conclusion was, That neither the King nor Saldern could well be called wrong. Saldern listening to the inner voice; right he, for certain. But withal the King, in his place, might judge such a thing expedient and fit; perhaps Saldern himself would, had Saldern been King of Prussia there in January, 1761."

Saldern's behavior in his retirement was beautiful; and after the Peace, he was recalled, and made more use of than ever: being indeed a model for Army arrangements and procedures, and reckoned the completest General of Infantry now left, far and near. The outcries made about Hubertsburg, which still linger in Books, are so considerable, one fancies the poor Schloss must have been quite ruined, and left standing as naked walls. Such, however, we by no means find to be the case; but, on the contrary, shall ourselves see that everything was got refitted there, and put into perfect order again, before long.

THERE ARE SOME WAR-MOVEMENTS DURING WINTER; GENERAL FINANCIERING DIFFICULTIES. CHOISEUL PROPOSES PEACE.

February 15th, there fell out, at Langensalza, on the Unstrut, in Gotha Country, a bit of sharp fighting; done by Friedrich's people and Duke Ferdinand's in concert; which, and still more what followed on it, made some noise in the quiet months. Not a great thing, this of Langensalza, but a sudden, and successfully done; costing Broglio some 2,000 prisoners; and the ruin of a considerable Post of his, which he had lately pushed out thither, "to seize the Unstrut," as he hoped. A Broglio grasping at more than he could hold, in those Thuringen parts, as elsewhere! And, indeed, the Fight of Langensalza was only the beginning of a series of such; Duke Ferdinand being now upon one of his grand Winter-Adventures: that of suddenly surprising and exploding Broglio's Winter-quarters altogether, and rolling him back to Frankfurt for a lodging. So that, since the first days of February, especially since Langensalza day, there rose suddenly a great deal of rushing about, in those regions, with hard bits of fighting, at least of severe campaigning;—which lasted two whole-months;—filling the whole world with noise that Winter; and requiring extreme brevity from us here. It was specially Duke Ferdinand's Adventure; Friedrich going on it, as per bargain, to the Langensalza enterprise, but no farther; after which it did not much concern Friedrich, nor indeed come to much result for anybody.

"Strenuous Ferdinand, very impatient of the Gottingen business and provoked to see Broglio's quarters extend into Hessen, so near hand, for the first time, silently determines to dislodge him. Broglio's chain of quarters, which goes from Frankfurt north as far as Marburg, then turns east to Ziegenhayn; thence north again to Cassel, to Munden with its Defiles; and again east, or southeast, to Langensalza even: this chain has above 150 miles of weak length; and various other grave faults to the eye of Ferdinand,—especially this, that it is in the form, not of an elbow only, or joiner's-square, which is entirely to be disapproved, but even of two elbows; in fact, of the PROFILE OF A CHAIR [if readers had a Map at hand]. FOOT of the chair is Frankfurt; SEAT part is from Marburg to Ziegenhayn; BACK part, near where Ferdinand lies in chief force, is the Cassel

region, on to Munden, which is TOP of the back,—still backwards from which, there is a kind of proud CURL or overlapping, down to Langensalza in Gotha Country, which greedy Broglio has likewise grasped at! Broglio's friends say he himself knew the faultiness of this zigzag form, but had been overruled. Ferdinand certainly knows it, and proceeds to act upon it.

"In profound silence, namely, ranks himself (FEBRUARY 1st-12th) in three Divisions, wide enough asunder; bursts up sudden as lightning, at Langensalza and elsewhere; kicks to pieces Broglio's Chair-Profile, kicks out especially the bottom part which ruins both foot and back, these being disjointed thereby, and each exposed to be taken in rear;—and of course astonishes Broglio not a little; but does not steal his presence of mind.

"So that, in effect, Broglio had instantly to quit Cassel and warm lodging, and take the field in person; to burn his Magazines; and, at the swiftest rate permissible, condense himself, at first partially about Fulda (well down the leg of his chair), and then gradually all into one mass near Frankfurt itself;—with considerable losses, loss especially of all his Magazines, full or half full. And has now, except Marburg, Ziegenhayn and Cassel, no post between Gottingen and him. Ferdinand, with his Three Divisions, went storming along in the wild weather, Granby as vanguard; pricking into the skirts of Broglio. Captured this and that of Corps, of Magazines that had not been got burnt; laid siege to Tassel, siege to Ziegenhayn; blocked Marburg, not having guns ready: and, for some three or four weeks, was by the Gazetteer world and general public thought to have done a very considerable feat;—though to himself, such were the distances, difficulties of the season, of the long roads, it probably seemed very questionable whether, in the end, any feat at all.

"Cassel he could not take, after a month's siege under the best of Siege-Captains; Ziegenhayn still less under one of the worst. Provisions, ammunitions, were not to be had by force of wagonry: scant food for soldiers, doubly scant the food of Sieges;"—"the road from Beverungen [where the Weser-boats have to stop, which is 30 miles from Cassel, perhaps 60 from Ziegenhayn, and perhaps 100 from the outmost or southernmost of Ferdinand's parties] is paved with dead horses," nor has even Cassel nearly enough of ammunition:—in a word, Broglio, finding the time come, bursts up from his Frankfurt Position (March 14th-21st) in a sharp and determined manner; drives Ferdinand's people back, beats the Erbprinz himself one day (by surprisal, 'My compliment for Langensalza'), and sets his people running. Ferdinand sees the affair to be over; and deliberately retires; lucky, perhaps, that he still can deliberately: and matters return to their old posture. Broglio resumes his quarters, somewhat altered in shape, and not quite so grasping as formerly; and beyond his half-filled Magazines, has lost nothing considerable, or more considerable than has Ferdinand himself." [Tempelhof, v. 15-45; Mauvillon, ii. 135-148.]

The vital element in Ferdinand's Adventure was the Siege of Cassel; all had to fail, when this, by defect of means, under the best of management, declared itself a failure. Siege Captain was a Graf von Lippe-Buckeburg, Ferdinand's Ordnance-Master, who is supposed to be "the best Artillery Officer in the world,"—and is a man of great mark in military and other circles. He is Son and Successor of that fantastic Lippe-Buckeburg, by whom Friedrich was introduced to Free-Masonry long since. He has himself a good deal of the fantast again, but with a better basis of solidity beneath it. A man of excellent knowledge and faculty in various departments; strict as steel, in regard to discipline, to practice and conduct of all kinds; a most punctilious, silently supercilious gentleman, of polite but privately irrefragable turn of mind. A tall, lean, dusky figure; much seen to by neighbors, as he stalks loftily through this puddle of a world, on terms of his own. Concerning whom there circulates in military circles this Anecdote, among many others;—which is set down as a fact; and may be, whether quite believable or not, a symbol of all the rest, and of a man not unimportant in these Wars. "Two years ago, on King Friedrich's birthday, 24th January, 1759, the Count had a select dinner-party in his tent in Ferdinand's Camp, in honor of the occasion. Dinner was well over, and wine handsomely flowing, when somebody at last thought of asking, 'What is it, then, Herr Graf, that whistling kind of noise we hear every now and then overhead?' 'That is nothing,' said the Graf, in his calm, dusky way: 'that is only my Artillery-people practising; I have bidden them hit the pole of our tent if they can: unhappily there is not the slightest danger. Push the bottles on.'" [Archenholtz, ii. 356; Zimmermann, *Einsamkeit*, iii. 461; &c.] Lippe-Buckeburg was Siege-Captain at Cassel; Commandant besieged was Comte de Broglio, the Marshal's younger Brother, formerly in the Diplomatic line;—whom we saw once, five years ago, at the Pirna Barrier, fly into fine frenzy, and kick vainly against the pricks. Friedrich says once, to D'Argens or somebody: "I hope we shall soon have Cassel, and M. le Comte de Broglio prisoner" (deserves it for his fine frenzies, at Pirna and since);—but that comfort was denied us.

Some careless Books say, Friedrich had at first good hopes of this Enterprise; and "had himself lent 7,000 men to it:" which is the fact, but not the whole fact. Friedrich had approved, and even advised this plan of Ferdinand's, and had agreed to send 7,000 men to co-operate at Langensalza,—which, so far out in Thuringen, and pointing as if to the Reichsfolk, is itself an eye-sorrow to Friedrich. The issue we have seen. His 7,000 went accordingly, under a General Syburg; met the Ferdinand people (General Sporken head of these, and Walpole's "Conway" one of them); found the Unstrut in flood, but crossed nevertheless; dashed in upon the French and Saxons there, and made a brilliant thing of it at Langensalza. [*Bericht von der bey Langensalza am 15 Februar 1761 vorgefallenen Action* in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 75; Tempelhof, v. 22-27.] Which done, Syburg instantly withdrew, leaving Sporken and his Conways to complete the Adventure; and, for his part, set himself with his whole might "to raising contributions, recruits, horses, proviants, over Thuringen;" "which," says Tempelhof, "had been his grand errand there, and in which he succeeded wonderfully."

Towards the end of Ferdinand's Affair, Cassel Siege now evidently like to fail, Friedrich organized a small Expedition for his own behoof: expedition into Voigtland, or Frankenland, against the intrusive Reichs-people, who have not now a Broglio or Langensalza to look across to, but are mischievous upon our outposts on the edge of the Voigtland yonder. The expedition lasted only ten days (APRIL 1st it left quarters; APRIL 11th was home again); a sharp, swift and very pretty expedition; [Tempelhof, v. 48-57.] of which we can here say only that it was beautifully impressive on the Reichs gentlemen, and sent their Croateries and them home again, to Bamberg, to Eger, quite over the horizon, in a considerably flurried state. After which there was no Small-War farther, and everybody rested in cantonment, making ready till the Great should come.

The Prussian wounded are all in Leipzig this Winter; a crowded stirring Town; young Archenholtz, among

many others, going about in convalescent state,—not attending Gellert's course, that I hear of,—but noticing vividly to right and left. Much difficulty about the contributions, Archenholtz observes;—of course an ever-increasing difficulty, here as everywhere, in regard to finance! From Archenholtz chiefly, I present the following particulars; which, though in loose form, and without date, except the general one of Winter 1760-1761, to any of them, are to be held substantially correct.

... "It is impossible to pay that Contribution,' exclaim the Leipzigers: 'you said, long since, it was to be 75,000 pounds on us by the year; and this year you rise to 160,000 pounds; more than double!'—'Perhaps that is because you favored the Reichsfolk while here?' answer the Prussians, if they answer anything: 'It is the King's order. Pay it you must.'—'Cannot; simply impossible.' 'Possible, we tell you, and also certain; we will burn your Leipzig if you don't!' And they actually, these Collector fellows, a stony-hearted set, who had a percentage of their own on the sums levied, got soldiers drawn out more than once pitch-link in hand, as if for immediate burning: hut the Leipzigers thought to themselves, 'King Friedrich is not a Soltikof!' and openly laughed at those pitch-links. Whereupon about a hundred of their Chief Merchants were thrown into prison,—one hundred or so, riddled down in a day or two to Seventeen; which latter Seventeen, as they stood out, were detained a good many days, how many is not said, but only that they were amazingly firm. Black-hole for lodging, bread-and-water for diet, straw for bed: nothing would avail on the Seventeen: 'Impossible,' they answered always; each unit of them, in sight of the other sixteen, was upon his honor, and could not think of flinching. 'You shall go for soldiers, then;—possibly you will prefer that, you fine powdered velvet gentlemen? Up then, and march; here are your firelocks, your seventeen knapsacks: to the road with us; to Magdeburg, there to get on drill!' Upon which the Seventeen, horror-struck at such quasi-ACTUAL possibility, gave in.

"Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, who had come to Leipzig on business at the time [which will give us a date for this by and by], and been solemnly applied to by Deputation of the Rath, pleaded with his usual zealous fidelity on their behalf; got various alleviations, abatements; gave bills:—'Never was seen such magnanimity!' said the Leipzig Town-Council solemnly, as that of Berlin, in October last, had done." [Archenholtz, ii. 187-192.]

Of course the difficulties, financial and other, are increasing every Winter;—not on Friedrich's side only. Here, for instance, from the Duchy of Gottingen, are some items in the French Account current, this Winter, which are also furnished by Archenholtz:—

"For bed-ticking, 13,000 webs; of shirts ready-made, 18,000; shoes," I forget in what quantity; but "from the poor little Town of Duderstadt 600 pairs,—liability to instant flogging if they are not honest shoes; flogging, and the whole shoemaker guild summoned out to see it." Hardy women the same Duderstadt has had to produce: 300 of them, "each with basket on back, who are carrying cannon-balls from the foundry at Lauterberg to Gottingen, the road being bad." [Archenholtz, ii. 237.] "These French are in such necessity," continues Archenholtz, "they spare neither friend nor foe. The Frankish Circle, for example, pleads piteously in Reichs Diet that it has already smarted by this War to the length of 2,230,000 pounds, and entreats the Kaiser to bid Most Christian Majesty cease HIS exactions,—but without the least result." Result! If Most Christian Majesty and his Pompadour will continue this War, is it he, or is it you, that can furnish the Magazines? "Magazine-furnishings, over all Hessen and this part of Hanover, are enormous. Recruits too, native Hessian, native Hanoverian, you shall furnish,—and 'We will hang them, and do, if caught deserting' [to their own side]!"

I add only one other item from Archenholtz: "Mice being busy in these Hanover Magazines, it is decided to have cats, and a requisition goes out accordingly [cipher not given]: cats do execution for a time, but cannot stand the confinement," are averse to the solitary system, and object (think with what vocality!): "upon which Hanover has to send foxes and weasels." [Ib. ii. 240] These guardian animals, and the 300 women laden with cannon-balls from the forge, are the most peculiar items in the French Account current, and the last I will mention.

Difficulty, quasi-impossibility, on the French side, there evidently is, perhaps more than on any other. But Choiseul has many arts;—and his Official existence, were there nothing more, demands that he do the impossible now if ever. This Spring (26th March, 1761), to the surprise and joy of mankind, there came formal Proposal, issuing from Choiseul, to which Maria Theresa and the Czarina had to put their signatures; regretting that the British-Prussian Proposal of last Year had, by ill accident, fallen to the ground, and now repeating it themselves (real "Congress at Augsburg," and all things fair and handsome) to Britannic and Prussian Majesties. Who answered (April 3d) as before, "Nothing with more willingness, we!" [The "Declaration" (of France &c.), with the Answer or "Counter-Declaration," in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 12-16.]

And there actually did ensue, at Paris, a vivid Negotiating all Summer; which ended, not quite in nothing, but in less, if we might say so. Considerably less, for some of us. We shall have to look what end it had, and Mauduit will look!—Most people, Pitt probably among the others, came to think that Choiseul, though his France is in beggary, had no real view from the first, except to throw powder in the eyes of France and mankind, to ascertain for himself on what terms those English would make Peace, and to get Spain drawn into his quarrel. A Choiseul with many arts. But we will leave him and his Peace-Proposals, and the other rumors and futilities of this Year. They are part of the sound and smoke which fill all Years; and which vanish into next to nothing, oftenest into pure nothing, when the Years have waited a little. Friedrich's finances, copper and other, were got completed; his Armies too were once more put on a passable footing;—and this Year will have its realities withal.

Gotzkowsky, in regard to those Leipzig Finance difficulties, yields me a date, which is supplementary to some of the Archenholtz details. I find it was "January 20th, 1761,"—precisely while the Saldern Interview, and subsequent wreck of Hubertsburg, went on,—that "Gotzkowsky arrived in Leipzig," [Rodenbeck, ii. 77.] and got those unfortunate Seventeen out of ward, and the contributions settled.

And withal, at Paris, in the same hours, there went on a thing worth noting. That January day, while Icilius was busy on the Schloss of Hubertsburg, poor old Marechal de Belleisle,—mark him, reader!—"in the Rue de Lille at Paris," lay sunk in putrid fever; and on the fourth day after, "January 26th, 1761," the last of the grand old Frenchmen died. "He had been reported dead three days before," says Barbier: "the public wished it so; they laid the blame on him of this apparent" (let a cautious man write it, "apparent) derangement in our

affairs,"—instead of thanking him for all he had done and suffered (loss of so much, including reputation and an only Son) to repair and stay the same. "He was in his 77th year. Many people say, 'We must wait three months, to see if we shall not regret him,'"—even him! [Barbier, iv. 373; i. 154.] So generous are Nations.

Marechal Duc de Belleisle was very wealthy: in Vernon Country, Normandy, he had estates and chateaux to the value of about 24,000 pounds annually. All these, having first accurately settled for his own debts, he, in his grand old way, childless, forlorn, but loftily polite to the last, bequeathed to the King. His splendid Paris Mansion he expressly left "to serve in perpetuity as a residence for the Secretary of State in the Department of War:" a magnificent Town-House it is, "HOTEL MAGNIFIQUE, at the end of the Pont-Royal,"—which, I notice farther, is in our time called "Hotel de CHOISEUL-PRASLIN,"—a house latterly become horrible in men's memory, if my guess is right.

And thus vanishes, in sour dark clouds, the once great Belleisle. Grandiose, something almost of great in him, of sublime,—alas, yes, of too sublime; and of unfortunate beyond proportion, paying the debt of many foregoers! He too is a notability gone out, the last of his kind. Twenty years ago, he crossed the OEil-de-Boeuf with Papers, just setting out to cut Teutschland in Four; and in the Rue de Lille, No. 54, with that grandiose Enterprise drawing to its issue in universal defeat, disgrace, discontent and preparation for the General Overturn (CULBUTE GENERALE of 1789) he closes his weary old eyes. Choiseul succeeds him as War-Minister; War-Minister and Prime-Minister both in one;—and by many arts of legerdemain, and another real spasm of effort upon Hanover to do the impossible there, is leading France with winged steps the same road.

Since March 17th, Friedrich was no longer in Leipzig. He left at that time, for Meissen Country, and the Hill Cantonments,—organized there his little Expedition into Voigtland, for behoof of the Reichsfolk;—and did not return. Continued, mostly in Meissen Country, as the fittest for his many businesses, Army-regulating and other. Till the Campaign come, we will remember of him nothing, but this little Note, and pleasant little Gift, to his CHERE MAMAN, the day after his arrival in those parts:—

TO MADAM CAMAS (at Magdeburg, with the Queen).

"MEISSEN, 20th March, 1761.

"I send you, my dear Mamma, a little Trifle, by way of keepsake and memento [Snuffbox of Meissen Porcelain, with the figure of a Dog on the lid]. You may use the Box for your rouge, for your patches, or you may put snuff in it, or BONBONS or pills: but whatever use you turn it to, think always, when you see this Dog, the Symbol of Fidelity, that he who sends it outstrips, in respect of fidelity and attachment to MAMAN, all the dogs in the world; and that his devotion to you has nothing whatever in common with the fragility of the material which is manufactured hereabouts.

"I have ordered Porcelain here for all the world, for Schonhausen [for your Mistress, my poor uncomplaining Wife], for my Sisters-in-law; in fact, I am rich in this brittle material only. And I hope the receivers will accept it as current money: for, the truth is, we are poor as can be, good Mamma; I have nothing left but honor, my coat, my sword, and porcelain.

"Farewell, my beloved Mamma. If Heaven will, I shall one day see you again face to face; and repeat to you, by word of mouth, what I have already said and written; but, turn it and re-turn it as I may, I shall never, except very incompletely, express what the feelings of my heart to you are.—F." [Given in Rodenbeck, ii. 79; omitted, for I know not what reason, in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 145: cited partly in Preuss, ii. 282.] ———

It was during this Winter, if ever it was, that Friedrich received the following Letter from an aspiring Young Lady, just coming out, age seventeen,—in a remote sphere of things. In "Sleepy Hollow" namely, or the Court of Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where we once visited with Friedrich almost thirty years ago. The poor collapsed Duke has ceased making dressing-gowns there; and this is his Niece, Princess Charlotte, Sister to the now reigning Duke.

This Letter, in the translated form, and the glorious results it had for some of us, are familiar to all English readers for the last hundred years. Of Friedrich's Answer to it, if he sent one, we have no trace whatever. Which is a pity, more or less;—though, in truth, the Answer could only have been some polite formality; the Letter itself being a mere breath of sentimental wind, absolutely without significance to Friedrich or anybody else,—except always to the Young Lady herself, to whom it brought a Royal Husband and Queenship of England, within a year. Signature, presumably, this Letter once had; date of place, of day, year, or even century (except by implication), there never was any: but judicious persons, scanning on the spot, have found that the "Victory" spoken of can only have meant Torgau; and that the aspiring Young Lady, hitherto a School Girl, not so much as "confirmed" till a month or two ago, age seventeen in May last, can only have written it, at Mirow, in the Winter subsequent. [Ludwig Giesebrecht,—DER FURSTENHOF IN MIROW WUHREND DER JAHRE 1708-1761, in *Programm des vereinigten Koniglichen und Stadt-Gymnasiums* for 1863 (Stettin, 1863), pp. 26-29,—enters into a minute criticism.] Certain it is, in September NEXT, September, 1761, directly after George III.'s Wedding, there appeared in the English Newspapers, what doubtless had been much handed about in society before, the following "TRANSLATION OF A LETTER, SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF MECKLENBERG TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA, ON ONE OF HIS VICTORIES,"—without farther commentary or remark of any kind; everybody then understanding, as everybody still. So notable a Document ought to be given in the Original as well (or in what passes for such), and with some approach to the necessary preliminaries of time and place: [From *Gentleman's Magazine* (for October, 1761, xxxi. 447) we take, verbatim, the TRANSLATION; from PREUSS (ii. 186) the "ORIGINAL," who does not say where he got it,—whether from an old German Newspaper or not.]—

[TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA (in Leipzig, or Somewhere. or Somewhere).

MIROW IN MECHLENBURG-STRELITZ, Winter of 1760-1761.]

"Sire!—Ich weiss nicht, ob ich uber Ewr. Majestat letzteren Sieg frohlich odor traurig sein soll, weil eben der gluckliche Sieg, der neue Lorbeern um Dero Scheitel geflochten hat, uber mein Vaterland Jammer und Elend verbreitet. Ich weiss, Sire, in diesem unserm lasterhaft verfeinerten Zeitalter werde ich verlacht werden, dass mein Herz uber das Ungluck des Landes trauert, dass ich die Drangsale des Krieges beweine, und von ganzer Seele die Ruckkehr des Friedens wunsche. Selbst Sie, Sire, werden vielleicht denken, es schicke sich besser fur mich, mich in der Kunst zu gefallen zu uben, oder mich nur um hausliche

Angelegenheiten zu bekümmern. Allein dem sey wie ihm wolle, so fühlt mein Herz zu sehr für diese Unglücklichen, um eine dringende Fürbitte für dieselben zurück zu halten.

"Seit wenigen Jahren hatte dieses Land die angenehmste Gestalt gewonnen. Man traf keine verodete Stellen an. Alles war angebaut. Das Landvolk sah vergnügt aus, und in den Städten herrschte Wohlstand und Freude. Aber welch' eine Veränderung gegen eine so angenehme Scene! Ich bin in partheischen Beschreibungen nicht erfahren, noch weniger kann ich die Grauel der Verwüstung mit erdichteten Schilderungen schrecklicher darstellen. Allein gewiss selbst Krieger, welche ein edles Herz und Gefühl besitzen, wurden durch den Anblick dieser Scenen zu Thränen bewegt werden. Das ganze Land, mein werthes Vaterland, liegt da gleich einer Wüste. Der Ackerbau und die Viehzucht haben aufgehört. Der Bauer und der Hirt sind Soldaten worden, und in den Städten sieht man nur Greise, Weiber, und Kinder, vielleicht noch hie und da einen jungen Mann, der aber durch empfangene Wunden ein Kruppel ist und den ihn umgebenden kleinen Knaben die Geschichte einer jeden Wunde mit einem so pathetischen Heldenton erzählt, dass ihr Herz schon der Trommel folgt, ehe sie recht gehen können. Was aber das Elend auf den höchsten Gipfel bringt, sind die immer abwechselnden Vorrückungen und Zurückziehungen beider Armeen, da selbst die, so sich unsre Freunde nennen, beim Abzuge alles mitnehmen und verheeren, und wenn sie wieder kommen, gleich viel wieder herbei geschafft haben wollen. Von Dero Gerechtigkeit, Sire, hoffen wir Hülfe in dieser aussersten Noth. An Sie, Sire, mögen auch Frauen, ja selbst Kinder ihre Klagen bringen. Sie, die sich auch zur niedrigsten Klasse gutigst herablassen, und dadurch, wenn es möglich ist, noch grosser werden, als selbst durch ihre Siege, werden die meinigen nicht unerhort lassen und, zur Ehre Dero eigenen Ruhmes, Bedrückungen und Drangsalen abhelfen, welche wider alle Menschenliebe und wider alle gute Kriegszucht streiten. Ich bin &c."

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY, "I am at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success that has covered you with laurels has overspread the Country of MecklenburgH with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature: but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I can't resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

"It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The Country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds and loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask a history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

"I am, Sire, &c."

It is remarked that this Young Lady, so amiably melodious in tone, though she might address to King Friedrich, seems to be writing to the wind; and that she gives nothing of fact or picture in regard to Mecklenburg, especially to Mecklenburg-STRELITZ, but what is taken from her own beautiful young brain. All operatic, vague, imaginary,—some of it expressly untrue. [In Mecklenburg-SCHWERIN, which had always to smart sore for its Duke and the line he took, the Swedes, this year, as usual (but, TILL Torgau, with more hope than usual), had been trying for winter-quarters: and had by the Prussians, as usual, been hunted out,—Eugen of Wurtemberg speeding thither, directly after Torgau; Rostock his winter-quarters;—who, doubtless with all rigor, is levying contributions for Prussian behoof. But as to Mecklenburg-Strelitz,—see, for example, in SCHONING, iii. 30 &c., an indirect but altogether conclusive proof of the perfectly amicable footing now and always subsisting there; Friedrich reluctant to intrude even with a small request or solicitation, on Eugen's behalf, at this time.] So that latterly there have been doubts as to its authenticity altogether. ["Boll, *Geschichte Mecklenburgs mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Culturgeschichte* (Neubrandenburg, 1856), ii. 303-305;—cited by Giesebrecht, who himself takes the opposite view.] And in fact the Piece has a good deal the air of some School-Exercise, Model of Letter-writing, Patriotic Aspiration or the like;—thrown off, shall we say, by the young Parson of Mirow (Charlotte's late Tutor), with Charlotte there to SIGN; or by some Patriotic Schoolmaster elsewhere, anywhere, in a moment of enthusiasm, and without any Charlotte but a hypothetic one? Certainly it is difficult to fancy how a modest, rational, practical young person like Charlotte can have thought of so airy a feat of archery into the blue! Charlotte herself never disavowed it, that I heard of; and to Colonel Grahame the Ex-Jacobite, hunting about among potential Queens of England, for behoof of Bute and of a certain Young King and King's Mother, the Letter did seem abundantly unquestionable and adorable. Perhaps authentic, after all;—and certainly small matter whether or not.

Chapter VII.—SIXTH CAMPAIGN OPENS: CAMP OF BUNZELWITZ.

To the outward observer Friedrich stands well at present, and seems again in formidable posture. After two such Victories, and such almost miraculous recovery of himself, who shall say what resistance he will not yet make? In comparison with 1759 and its failures and disasters, what a Year has 1760 been! Liegnitz and Torgau, instead of Kunersdorf and Maxen, here are unexpected phenomena; here is a King risen from the deeps again,—more incalculable than ever to contemporary mankind. "How these things will end?" Fancy of what a palpitating interest THEN, while everybody watched the huge game as it went on; though it is so little interesting now to anybody, looking at it all finished! Finished; no mystery of chance, of world-hope or of world-terror now remaining in it; all is fallen stagnant, dull, distant;—and it will behoove us to be brief upon it.

Contemporaries, and Posterity that will make study, must alike admit that, among the sons of men, few in any Age have made a stiffer fight than Friedrich has done and continues to do. But to Friedrich himself it is dismally evident, that year by year his resources are melting away; that a year must come when he will have no resource more. Ebbing very fast, his resources;—fast too, no doubt, those of his Enemies, but not SO fast. They are mighty Nations, he is one small Nation. His thoughts, we perceive, have always, in the background of them, a hue of settled black. Easy to say, "Resist till we die;" but to go about, year after year, practically doing it, under cloudy omens, no end of it visible ahead, is not easy. Many men, Kings and other, have had to take that stern posture;—few on sterner terms than those of Friedrich at present; and none that I know of with a more truly stoical and manful figure of demeanor. He is long used to it! Wet to the bone, you do not regard new showers; the one thing is, reach the bridge before IT be swum away.

The usual hopes, about Turks, about Peace, and the like, have not been wanting to Friedrich this Winter; mentionable as a trait of Friedrich's character, not otherwise worth mention. Hope of aid from the Turks, it is very strange to see how he nurses this fond shadow, which never came to anything! Happily, it does not prevent, it rather encourages, the utmost urgency of preparation: "The readier we are, the likelier are Turks and everything!" Peace, at least, between France and England, after such a Proposal on Choiseul's part, and such a pass as France has really got to, was a reasonable probability. But indeed, from the first year of this War, as we remarked, Peace has seemed possible to Friedrich every year; especially from 1759 onward, there is always every winter a lively hope of Peace:—"No slackening of preparation; the reverse, rather; but surely the Campaign of next Summer will be cut short, and we shall all get home only half expended!" [Schoning (IN LOCIS).]

Practically, Friedrich has been raising new Free-Corps people, been recruiting, refitting and equipping, with more diligence than ever; and, in spite of the almost impossibilities, has two Armies on foot, some 96,000 men in all, for defence of Saxony and of Silesia,—Henri to undertake Saxony, VERSUS Daun; Silesia, with Loudon and the Russians, to be Friedrich's heavier share. The Campaign, of which, by the one party and the other, very great things had been hoped and feared, seemed once as if it would begin two months earlier than usual; but was staved off, a long time, by Friedrich's dexterities, and otherwise; and in effect did not begin, what we can call beginning, till two months later than usual. Essentially it fell, almost all, to Friedrich's share; and turned out as little decisive on him as any of its foregoers. The one memorable part of it now is, Friedrich's Encampment at Bunzelwitz; which did not occur till four months after Friedrich's appearance on the Field. And from the end of April, when Loudon made his first attempt, till the end of August, when Friedrich took that Camp, there was nothing but a series of attempts, all ineffectual, of demonstrations, marchings, manoeuvrings and small events; which, in the name of every reader, demand condensation to the utmost. If readers will be diligent, here, so far as needful, are the prefatory steps.

Since Fouquet's disaster, Goltz generally has Silesia in charge; and does it better than expected. He was never thought to have Fouquet's talent in him; but he shows a rugged loyalty of mind, less egoistic than the fiery Fouquet's; and honestly flings himself upon his task, in a way pleasant to look at: pleasant to the King especially, who recognizes in Goltz a useful, brave, frank soul;—and has given him, this Spring, the ORDER OF MERIT, which was a high encouragement to Goltz. In Silesia, after Kosel last Year, there had been truce between Goltz and Loudon; which should have produced repose to both; but did not altogether, owing to mistakes that rose. And at any rate, in the end of April, Loudon, bursting suddenly into Silesia with great increase to the forces already there, gave notice, as per bargain, That "in 96 hours" the Truce would expire. And waiting punctiliously till the last of said hours was run out, Loudon fell upon Goltz (APRIL 25th, in the Schweidnitz-Landshut Country) with his usual vehemence;—meaning to get hold of the Silesian Passes, and extinguish Goltz (only 10 or 12,000 against 30,000), as he had done Fouquet last Year.

But Goltz took his measures better; seized "the Gallows-Hill of Hohenfriedberg," seized this and that; and stood in so forcible an attitude, that Loudon, carefully considering, durst not risk an assault; and the only result was: Friedrich hastened to relief of Goltz (rose from Meissen Country MAY 3d), and appeared in Silesia six weeks earlier than he had intended. But again took Cantonments there (Schweidnitz and neighborhood);—Loudon retiring wholly, on first tidings of him, home to Bohemia again. Home in Bohemia; at Braunau, on the western edge of the Glatz Mountains,—there sits Loudon thenceforth, silent for a long time; silently collecting an Army of 72,000, with strict orders from Vienna to avoid fighting till the Russians come. Loudon has very high intentions this Year. Intends to finish Silesia altogether;—cannot he, after such a beginning upon Glatz last Year? That is the firm notion at Vienna among men of understanding: ever-active Loudon the favorite there, against a Cunctator who has been too cunctatory many times. Liegnitz itself, was not that (as many opine) a disaster due to cunctation, not of Loudon's?

Loudon is to be joined by 60,000 Russians, under a Feldmarschall Butturlin, not under sulky Soltikof, this Year; junction to be in Upper Silesia, in Neisse neighborhood. We take that Fortress," say the Vienna people; "it is next on the file after Glatz. Neisse taken; thence northward, cleaning the Country as we go; Brieg, Schweidnitz, Glogau, probably Breslau itself in some good interim: there are but Four Fortresses to do; and the thing is finished. Let the King, one to three, and Loudon in command against him, try if he can hinder it!" This is the Program in Vienna and in Petersburg. And, accordingly, the Russians have got on march about the end of May; plodding on ever since, due hereabouts before June end: "junction to be as near Neisse as you can: and no fighting of the King, on any terms, till the Russians come." Never were the Vienna people so certain before. Daun is to do nothing "rash" in Saxony (a Daun not given that way, they can calculate), but is

to guard Loudon's game; carefully to reinforce, comfort and protect the brave Loudon and his Russians till they win;—after which Saxony as rash as you like. This is the Program of the Season:—readers feel what an immensity of preliminary higgings, hitchings and manoeuvrings will now demand to be suppressed by us! Read these essential Fractions, chiefly chronological;—and then, at once, To Bunzelwitz, and the time of close grips in Silesia here.

"Last Year," says a loose Note, which we may as well take with us, "Tottleben did not go home with the rest, but kept hovering about, in eastern Pommern, with a 10,000, all Winter; attempting several kinds of mischief in those Countries, especially attempting to do something on Colberg; which the Russians mean to besiege next Summer, with more intensity than ever, for the Third, and, if possible, the last time. 'Storm their outposts there,' thinks Tottleben, 'especially Belgard, the chief outpost; girdle tighter and tighter the obstinate little crow's-nest of a Colberg, and have it ready for besieging in good time.' Tottleben did try upon the outposts, especially Belgard the chief one (January 18th, 1761), but without the least success at Belgard; with a severe reproof instead, Werner's people being broad awake: [Account of itt, *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 670.] upon which Tottleben and they made a truce, 'Peaceable till May 12th;' till June 1st, it proved, about which time [which time, or afterwards, as the Silesian crisis may admit!] we will look in on them again."

MAY 3d, as above intimated, Friedrich hastened off for Silesia, quitted Meissen that day, with an Army of some 50,000; pressingly intent to relieve Goltz from his dangerous predicament there. This is one of Friedrich's famed marches, done in a minimum of time and with a maximum of ingenuity; concerning which I will remember only that, one night, "he lodged again at Rodewitz, near Hochklrch, in the same house as on that Occasion [what a thirty months to look back upon, as you sink to sleep!]
—and that no accident anywhere befell the March, though Daun's people, all through Saxony and the Lausitz, were hovering on the flank,—apprehensive chiefly lest it might mean a plunge INTO BOHEMIA, for relief of Goltz, instead of what it did." For six weeks after that hard March, the King's people got Cantonments again, and rested.

Prince Henri is left in Saxony, with Daun in huge force against him, Daun and the Reich; between whom and Henri,—Seidlitz being in the field again with Henri, Seidlitz and others of mark,—there fell out a great deal of exquisite manoeuvring, rapid detaching and occasional sharp cutting on the small scale; but nothing of moment to detain us here or afterwards, We shall say only that Henri, to a wonderful extent, maintained himself against the heavy overwhelming Daun and his Austrian and Reichs masses; and that Napoleon, I know not after what degree of study, pronounced this Campaign of 1761 to be the masterpiece of Henri, and really a considerable thing, "*La campagne de 1761 est celle ou ce Prince a vraiment montre des talents superieurs*; the Battle of Freyberg [wait till next Year] nothing in comparison." [Montholon, *Memoires de Napoleon*, vii. 324.] Which may well detain soldier-people upon it; but must not us, in any measure. The result of Henri being what we said,—a drawn game, or nearly so,—we will, without interference from him, follow Friedrich and Goltz.

Friedrich and Goltz,—or, alas, it is very soon Friedrich alone; the valiant Goltz soon perishing from his hand! After brief junction in Schweidnitz Country, Friedrich detached Goltz to his old fortified Camp at Glogau, there to be on watch. Goltz watching there, lynx-eyed, skilful, volunteered a Proposal (June 22d): "Reinforce me to 20,000, your Majesty; I will attack so and so of those advancing Russians!" Which his Majesty straightway approved of, and set going. [Goltz's Letter to the King, "Glogau, 22d June, 1761," is in Tempelhof (v. 88-90), who thinks the plan good.] Goltz thereupon tasked all his energies, perhaps overmuch; and it was thought might at last really have done something for the King, in this matter of the Russians still in separate Divisions,—a thing feasible if you have energy and velocity; always unfeasible otherwise. But, alas, poor Goltz, just when ready to march, was taken with sudden violent fever, the fruit probably of overwork; and, in that sad flame, blazed away his valiant existence in three or four days:—gone forever, June 30th, 1761; to the regret of Friedrich and of many.

Old Ziethen was at once pushed on, from Glogau over the frontier, to replace Goltz; but, I doubt, had not now the requisite velocity: Ziethen merely manoeuvred about, and came home "attending the Russians," as Henri, Dohna and others had done. The Russians entered Silesia, from the northeast or Polish side, without difficulty; and (July 15th-20th) were within reach of Breslau and of an open road to southward, and to junction with Loudon, who is astir for them there. About Breslau they linger and higgle, at their leisure, for three weeks longer: and if their junction with the Austrians "in Neisse neighborhood" is to be prevented or impeded, it is Friedrich, not Ziethen, that will have to do it.

Junction in Neisse neighborhood (Oppeln, where it should have been, which is some 35 miles from Neisse), Friedrich did, by velocity and dexterity, contrive to prevent; but junction somewhere he probably knows to be inevitable. These are among Friedrich's famed marches and manoeuvrings, these against the swift Loudon and his slow Russians; but we will not dwell on them. My readers know the King's manner in such cases; have already been on two Marches with him, and even in these same routes and countries. We will say only, that the Russians were and had been very dilatory; Loudon much the reverse; and their and Loudon's Adversary still more. That, for five days, the Russians, at length close to Breslau (August 6th-11th), kept vaguely cannonading and belching noise and apprehension upon the poor City, but without real damage to it, and as if merely to pass the time; and had gradually pushed out fore-posts, as far as Oppeln, towards Loudon, up their safe right bank of Oder. That Loudon, on the first glimpse of these, had made his best speed Neisse-ward; and did a march or two with good hope; but at Munsterberg (July 22d), on the morning of the third or fourth day's march, was astonished to see Friedrich ahead of him, nearer Neisse than he; and that in Neisse Country there was nothing to be done, no Russian junction possible there.

"Try it in Schweidnitz Country, then!" said Loudon. The Russians leave off cannonading Breslau; cross Oder, about Auras or Leubus (August 11th-12th); and Loudon, after some finessing, marches back Schweidnitz-way, cautiously, skilfully; followed by Friedrich, anxious to prevent a junction here too or at lowest to do some stroke before it occur. A great deal of cunning marching, shifting and manoeuvring there is, for days round Schweidnitz on all sides; encampings by Friedrich, now Liegnitz head-quarter, now Wahlstadt, now Schonbrunn, Striegau;—without the least essential harm to Loudon or likelihood increasing that the junction can be hindered. No offer of battle either; Loudon is not so easy to beat as some. The Russians come on at a snail's pace, so Loudon thinks it, who is extremely impatient; but makes no mistakes in

consequence, keeps himself safe (Kunzendorf, on the edge of the Glatz Hills, his main post), and the roads open for his heavy-footed friends.

In Nicolstadt, a march from Wahlstadt, 16th August, there are 60,000 Russians in front of Friedrich, 72,000 Austrians in rear: what can he, with at the very utmost 57,000, do against them? Now was the time to have fallen upon the King, and have consumed him between two fires, as it is thought might have been possible, had they been simultaneous, and both of them done it with a will. But simultaneity was difficult, and the will itself was wanting, or existed only on Loudon's side. Nothing of the kind was attempted on the confederate part, still less on Friedrich's,—who stands on his guard, and, from the Heights about, has at last, to witness what he cannot hinder. Sees both Armies on march; Austrians from the southeast or Kunzendorf-Freyberg side, Russians from the northeast or Kleinerwitz side, wending in many columns by the back of Jauer and the back of Liegnitz respectively; till (August 18th) they "join hands," as it is termed, or touch mutually by their light troops; and on the 19th (Friedrich now off on another scheme, and not witnessing), fall into one another's arms, ranked all in one line of posts. [Tempelhof, v. 58-150.] "Can the Reichshofrath say our junction is not complete?" And so ends what we call the Prefatory part; and the time of Close Grips seems to be come!—Friedrich has now nothing for it but to try if he cannot possibly get hold of Kunzendorf (readers may look in their Map), and cut off Loudon's staff of bread; Loudon's, and Butturlin's as well; for the whole 130,000 are now to be fed by Loudon, and no slight task he will find it. By rushing direct on Kunzendorf with such a velocity as Friedrich is capable of, it is thought he might have managed Kunzendorf; but he had to mask his design, and march by the rear or east side of Schweidnitz, not by the west side: "They will think I am making off in despair, intending for the strong post of Pilzen there, with Schweidnitz to shelter me in front!" hoped Friedrich (morning of the 19th), as he marched off on that errand. But on approaching in that manner, by the bow, he found that Loudon had been quite sceptical of such despair, and at any rate had, by the string, made sure of Kunzendorf and the food-sources. August 20th, at break of day, scouts report the Kunzendorf ground thoroughly beset again, and Loudon in his place there. No use marching thitherward farther:—whither now, therefore?

Friedrich knows Pilzen, what an admirable post it really is; except only that Schweidnitz will be between the enemy and him, and liable to be besieged by them; which will never do! Friedrich, on the moment of that news from Kunzendorf, gets on march, not by the east side (as intended till the scouts came in), but by the west or exposed side of Schweidnitz:—he stood waiting, ready for either route, and lost not a moment on his scouts coming in. All upon the road by 3 A.M. August 20th; and encamps, still at an early hour, midway between Schweidnitz and Striegau: right wing of him at Zedlitz (if the reader look on his Map), left wing at Jauernik; headquarters, Bunzelwitz, a poor Village, celebrated ever since in War-annals. And begins (that same evening, the earlier or RESTED part of him begins) digging and trenching at a most extraordinary rate, according to plan formed; no enemy taking heed of him, or giving the least molestation. This is the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz, upon which it is worth while to dwell for a little.

To common eyes the ground hereabouts has no peculiar military strength: a wavy champaign, with nothing of abrupt or high, much of it actual plain, excellent for cavalry and their work;—this latter, too, is an advantage, which Friedrich has well marked, and turns to use in his scheme. The area he takes in is perhaps some seven or eight miles long, by as many broad. On the west side runs the still-young Striegau Water, defensive more or less; and on the farther bank of it green little Hills, their steepest side stream-ward. Inexpugnable Schweidnitz, with its stores of every kind, especially with its store of cannon and of bread, is on the left or east part of the circuit; in the intervening space are peaceable farm-villages, spots of bog; knolls, some of them with wood. Not a village, bog, knoll, but Friedrich has caught up, and is busy profiting by. "Swift, BURSCHE, dig ourselves in here, and be ready for any quosity and quantity of them, if they dare attack!"

And 25,000 spades and picks are at work, under such a Field-Engineer as there is not in the world when he takes to that employment. At all hours, night and day, 25,000 of them: half the Army asleep, other half digging, wheeling, shovelling; plying their utmost, and constant as Time himself: these, in three days, will do a great deal of spade-work. Batteries, redoubts, big and little; spare not for digging. Here is ground for Cavalry, too; post them here, there, to bivouac in readiness, should our Batteries be unfortunate. Long Trenches there are, and also short; Batteries commanding every ingate, and under them are Mines: "We will blow you and our Batteries both into the air, in case of capture!" think the Prussians, the common men at least, if Friedrich do not. "Mines, and that of being blown into the air," says Tempelhof, "are always very terrible to the common man." In places there are "Trenches 16 feet broad, by 16 deep," says an admiring Archenholtz, who was in it: "and we have two of those FLATTERMINEN (scatter-mines," blowing-up apparatuses) "to each battery." [Archenholtz, ii. 262 &c.]

"Bunzelwitz, Jauernik, Tschechen and Peterwitz, all fortified," continues Archenholtz; "Wurben, in the centre, is like a citadel, looking down upon Striegau Water. Heavy cannon, plenty of them, we have brought from Schweidnitz: we have 460 pieces of cannon in all and 182 mines. Wurben, our citadel and centre, is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Our intrenchments"—You already heard what gulfs some of them were!" Before the lines are palisades, storm-posts, the things we call Spanish Horse (CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE);—woods we have in abundance in our Circuit, and axes busy for carpentries of that kind. There are four intrenched knolls; 24 big batteries, capable of playing beautifully, all like pieces in a concert." Four knolls elaborately intrenched, clothed with cannon; founded upon FLATTER-mines: try where you will to enter, such torrents of death-shot will converge on you, and a concert of 24 big batteries begin their music!—

On the third day, Loudon, looking into this thing, which he has not minded hitherto, finds it such a thing as he never dreamt of before. A thing strong as Gibraltar, in a manner;—which it will be terribly difficult to attack with success! For eight days more Friedrich did not rest from his spadework; made many changes and improvements, till he had artificially made a very Stolpen of it, a Plauen, or more. Cogniazzo, the AUSTRIAN VETERAN, says: "Plauen, and Daun's often ridiculed precautions there, were nothing to it. Not as if Bunzelwitz had been so inaccessible as our sheer rocks there; but because it is a masterpiece of Art, in which the principles of tactics are combined with those of field-fortification, as never before." Tielke grows quite eloquent on it: "A masterpiece of judgment in ground," says he; "and the treatment of it a model of sound,

true and consummate field-engineering." [Tielke, iii. BUNZELWITZ (which is praised as an attractive Piece); OESTERREICHISCHER VETERAN, iv. 79: cited in PREUSS, ii. 285.]

Ziethen, appointed to that function, watches on the Heights of Wurben, the citadel of the place: keeps a sharp eye to the southwest. All round, in huge half-moon on the edge of the Hills over there, six or more miles from Ziethen, lie the angry Enemies; Austrians south and nearest, about Kunzendorf and Freyberg. Russians are on the top of Striegau Hills, which are well known to some of us; Russian head-quarter is Hohenfriedberg,—who would have thought it, Herr General von Ziethen? Sixteen years ago, we have seen these Heights in other tenancy: Austrian field-music and displayed banners coming down; a thousand and a thousand Austrian watch-fires blazing out yonder, in the silent June night, eve of such a Day! Baireuth Dragoons and their No. 67;—you will find the Baireuth Dragoons still here in a sense, but also in a sense not. Their fencing Chasot is gone to Lubeck long since; will perhaps pay Friedrich a visit by and by: their fiery Gessler is gone much farther, and will never visit anybody more! Many were the reapers then, and they are mostly gone to rest. Here is a new harvest; the old SICKLES are still here; but the hands that wielded them—! "Steady!" answers the Herr General; profoundly aware of all that, but averse to words upon it.

Fancy Loudon's astonishment, on the third day: "While we have sat consulting how to attack him, there is he,—unattackable, shall we say?" Unattackable, Loudon will not consent to think him, though Butturlin has quite consented. "Difficult, murderous," thinks Loudon; "but possible, certain, could Butturlin but be persuaded!" And tries all his rhetoric on Butturlin: "Shame on us!" urges the ardent Loudon: "Imperial and Czarish Majesties; Kriegshofrath, Russian Senate; Vienna, Petersburg, Versailles and all the world,—what are they expecting of us? To ourselves it seemed certain, and here we sit helplessly gazing!" Loudon is very diligent upon Butturlin: "Do but believe that it is possible. A plan can be made; many plans: the problem is solved, if only your Excellency will believe." Which Butturlin never quite will.

Nobody knows better than Friedrich in what perilous crisis he now stands: beaten here, what army or resource has he left? Silesia is gone from him; by every likelihood, the game is gone. This of Bunzelwitz is his last card; this is now his one stronghold in the world:—we need not say if he is vigilant in regard to this. From about the fourth day, when his engineering was only complete in outline, he particularly expects to be attacked. On the fifth night he concludes it will be; knowing Loudon's way. Towards sunset, that evening (August 25th), all the tents are struck: tents, cookeries, every article of baggage, his own among the rest, are sent to Wurben Heights (to Schweidnitz, Archenholtz says; but has misremembered): the ground cleared for action. And horse and foot, every man marches out, and stands ready under arms.

Contrary to everybody's expectation, not a shot was heard, that night. Nor the next night, nor the next: but the practice of vigilance was continued. Punctual as mathematics: at a given hour of the afternoon, tents are all struck; tents and furnitures, field swept clear; and the 50,000 in their places wait under arms. Next morning, nothing having fallen out, the tents come back; the Army (half of it at once, or almost the whole of it, according to aspects) rests, goes to sleep if it can. By night there is vigilance, is work, and no sleep. It is felt to be a hard life, but a necessary.

Nor in these labors of detail is the King wanting; far from it; the King is there, as ear and eye of the whole. For the King alone there is, near the chief Battery, "on the Pfarrberg, namely, in the clump of trees there," a small Tent, and a bundle of straw where he can lie down, if satisfied to do so. If all is safe, he will do so; but perhaps even still he soon awakens again; and strolls about among his guard-parties, or warms himself by their fires. One evening, among the orders, is heard this item: "And remember, a lock of straw, will you,—that I may not have to sleep on the ground, as last night!" [Seyfarth, ii. 16 n.] Many anecdotes are current to this day, about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watch-fires. "Good evening, children." "The same to thee, Fritz." "What is that you are cooking?"—and would try a spoonful of it, in such company; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking, "Don't you know he dislikes it?" "No, smoke away!" the King would insist.

Mythical mainly, these stories; but the dialect of them true; and very strange to us. Like that of an Arab Sheik among his tribesmen; like that of a man whose authority needs no keeping up, but is a Law of Nature to himself and everybody. He permits a little bantering even; a rough joke against himself, if it spring sincerely from the complexion of the fact. The poor men are terribly tired of this work: such bivouacking, packing, unpacking; and continual waiting for the tug of battle, which never comes. Biscuits, meal are abundant enough; but flesh-meat wearing low; above all, no right sleep to be had. Friedrich's own table, I should think, is very sparingly beset ("A cup of chocolate is my dinner on marching-days," wrote he once, this Season); certainly his Lodging,—damp ground, and the straw sometimes forgotten,—is none of the best. And thus it has to last, night after night and day after day. On September 8th, General Bulow went out for a little butcher's-meat; did bring home "200 head of neat cattle [I fear, not very fat] and 300 sheep." [Tempelhof, v. 172.]

Loudon, all this while, is laboring, as man seldom did, to bring Butturlin to the striking place; who continues flaccid, Loudon screwing and rescrewing, altogether in vain. Loudon does not deny the difficulty; but insists on the possibility, the necessity: Councils of War are bid, remonstrances, encouragements. "We will lend you a Corps," answers Butturlin; "but as to our Army cooperating,—except in that far-off way, it is too dangerous!" Meanwhile provisions are running low; the time presses. A formal Plan, presented by the ardent Loudon,—Loudon himself to take the deadlier part,—"Mark it, noble Russian gentlemen; and you to have the easier!"—surely that is loyal, and not in the old cat's-paw way? But in that, too, there is an offence. Butturlin and the Russians grumble to themselves: "And you to take all the credit, as you did at Kunersdorf? A mere adjunct, or auxiliary, we: and we are a Feldmarschall; and you, what is your rank and seniority?" In short, they will not do it; and in the end coldly answer: "A Corps, if you like; but the whole Army, positively no." Upon which Loudon goes home half mad; and has a colic for eight-and-forty hours. This was September 2d; the final sour refusal;—nearly heart-breaking to Loudon. Provisions are run so low withal: the Campaign season all but done; result, nothing: not even an attempt at a result.

No Prussian, from Friedrich downwards, had doubted but the attack would be: the grand upshot and fiery consummation of these dark continual hardships and nocturnal watchings. Thrice over, on different nights, the Prussians imagined Loudon to have drawn out, intending actual business; and thrice over to have drawn

in again,—instead of once only, as was the fact, and then taken colic. [Tempelhof, v. 170.] Friedrich's own notion, that "over dinner, glass in hand," the two Generals had, in the enthusiasm of such a moment, agreed to do it, but on sober inspection found it too dubious, [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 125.] appears to be ungrounded. Whether they could in reality have stormed him, had they all been willing, is still a question; and must continue one. Wednesday evening, 9th September, there was much movement noticeable in the Russian camp; also among the Austrian, there are regiments, foot and horse, coming down hitherward. "Meaning to try it then?" thought Friedrich, and got at once under arms. Suppositions were various; but about 10 at night, the whole Russian Camp went up in flame; and, next morning, the Russians were not there.

Russian main Army clean gone; already got to Jauer, as we hear; and Beck with a Division to see them safe across the Oder;—only Czernichef and 20,000 being left, as a Corps of Loudon's. Who, with all Austrians, are quiet in their Heights of Kunzendorf again. And thus, on the twentieth morning, September 10th, this strange Business terminated. Shot of those batteries is drawn again; powder of those mines lifted out again: no firing of your heavy Artillery at all, nor even of your light, after such elaborate charging and shoving of it hither and thither for the last three weeks. The Prussians cease their bivouacking, nightly striking of tents; and encamp henceforth in a merely human manner; their "Spanish Riders" (FRISIAN Horse, CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE, others of us call them), their Storm-pales and elaborate wooden Engineerings, they gradually burn as fuel in the cold nights; finding Loudon absolutely quiescent, and that the thing is over, for the present. One huge peril handsomely staved away, though so many others impend.

By way of accelerating Butturlin, Friedrich, next day, September 11th, despatched General Platen with some 8,000 (so I will guess them from Tempelhof's enumeration by battalions), to get round the flank of Butturlin, and burn his Magazines. Platen, a valiant skilful person, did this business, as he was apt to do, in a shining style; shot dexterously forward by the skirts of Butturlin; heard of a big WAGENBURG or Travelling Magazine of his, at Gostyn over the Polish Frontier; in fact, his travelling bread-basket, arranged as "Wagon-fortress" in and round some Convent there, with trenches, brick walls, cannon and defence considered strong enough for so important a necessary of the road. September 15th, Platen, before cock-crow, burst out suddenly on this Wagon-fortress, with its cannons, trenches, brick walls and defensive Russians; stormed into it with extraordinary fury: "Fixed bayonets," ordered he at the main point of their defence, "not a shot till they are tumbled out!"—tumbled them out accordingly, into flight and ruin; took of prisoners 1,845, seven cannon, and burnt the 5,000 provender wagons, which was the soul of the adventure; and directly got upon the road again. [Tempelhof, v. 281-293; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 643-649.] Detachments of him then fell on Posen, on Posen and other small Russian repositories in those parts,—hay-magazines, biscuit-stores soldiers' uniforms; distributed or burnt the same;—completely destroying the travelling haversack or general road-bag of Butturlin; a Butturlin that will have to hasten forward or starve.

Which done, Platen (not waiting the King's new orders, but anticipating them, to the King's great contentment) marched instantly, with his best speed and skilfulest contrivance of routes and methods, not back to the King, but onward towards Colberg,—(which he knows, as readers shall anon, to be much in need of him at present);—and without injury, though begirt all the way by a hurricane of Cossacks and light people doing their utmost upon him, arrived there September 25th; victoriously cutting in across the Besieging Party: and will again be visible enough when we arrive there. Indignant Butturlin chased violently, eager to punish Platen; but could get no hold: found Platen was clear off, to Pommern,—on what errand Butturlin knew well, if not so well what to do in consequence. "Reinforce our poor Besiegers there, and again reinforce [to enormous amounts, 40,000 of them in the end];—get bread from them withal:—and, before long, flow bodily thitherward, for bread to ourselves and for their poor sake!" That, on the whole, was what Butturlin did.

Friedrich stayed at Bunzelwitz above a fortnight after Butturlin. "Why did not Friedrich stay altogether, and wait here?" said some, triumphantly soon after. That was not well possible. His Schweidnitz Magazine is worn low; not above a month's provision now left for so many of us. The rate of sickness, too, gets heavier and heavier in this Bunzelwitz Circuit. In fine, it is greatly desirable that Loudon, who has nothing but Bohemia for outlook, should be got to start thither as soon as possible, and be quickened homeward. September 25th-26th, Friedrich will be under way again.

And, in the mean while, may not we employ this fortnight of quiescence in noting certain other things of interest to him and us which have occurred, or are occurring, in other parts of the Field of War? Of Henri in Saxony we undertook to say nothing; and indeed hitherto,—big Daun with his Lacys and Reichsfolk, lying so quiescent, tethered by considerations (Daun continually detaching, watching, for support of his Loudon and Russians and their thrice-important operation, which has just had such a finish),—there could almost nothing be said. Nothing hitherto, or even henceforth, as it proves, except mutual vigilances, multifarious bickerings, manoeuvrings, affairs of posts: sharp bits of cutting (Seidlitz, Green Kleist and other sharp people there); which must not detain us in such speed. But there are two points, the Britannic-French Campaign, and the Third Siege of Colberg; which in no rate of speed could be quite omitted.

OF FERDINAND'S BATTLE OF VELLINGHAUSEN (15th-16th July); AND THE CAMPAIGN 1761.

Vellinghausen is a poor little moory Hamlet in Paderborn Country, near the south or left bank of the Lippe River; lies to the north of Soest,—some 15 miles to your left-hand there, as you go by rail from Aachen to Paderborn;—but nobody now has ever heard of it at Soest or elsewhere, famous as it once became a hundred years ago. Ferdinand had taken a singular position there, in the early days of July, 1761. Here is brief Notice

of that Affair, and of some results, or adjuncts, still more important, which it had:—

"This Year, Ferdinand's Campaign is more difficult than ever; Choiseul having made a quite spasmodic effort towards Hanover, while negotiating for Peace. Two Armies, counting together 160,000 men, in great completeness of equipment, Choiseul has got on foot, against Ferdinand's of 95,000. Had a fine dashing plan, too;—devised by himself (something of a Soldier he too, and full of what the mess-rooms call 'dash');—not so bad a Plan of the dashing kind, say judges. But it was marred sadly in one point: That Broglio, on issuing from his Hessian Winter-quarters, is not to be sole General; that Soubise, from the Lower-Rhine Country, is to be Co-General;—such the inexorable will of Pompadour. This clause of the business Ferdinand, at an early stage, appears to have guessed or discerned might, for him, be the saving clause.

"Now, as formerly, Ferdinand's first grand business is to guard Lippstadt,—guard it now from these two Generals:—and, singular to see, instead of opposing the junction of them, he has submitted cheerfully to let them join. And in the course of a week or two after taking the field, is found to be on the western or outmost flank of Soubise, crushing him up towards Broglio, not otherwise! And has, partly by accident, taken a position at Vellinghausen which infinitely puzzles Broglio and Soubise, when they rush into junction at Soest (July 6th) and study the thing, with their own eyes, for eight whole days, in concert.' What continual reconnoitring, galloping about of high-plumed gentlemen together or apart; what MEMOIR-ing, mutual consulting, beating of brains, to little purpose, during those eight days!—

"Ferdinand stands in moory difficult ground, length of him about eight miles, looking eastward; with his left at Vellinghausen and the Lippe; centre of him is astride of the Ahse (centre partly, and right wing wholly, are on the south side of Ahse), which is a branch of Lippe; and in front, he has various little Hamlets, Kirch-Denkern [KIRCH-Denkern, for there are three or four other Denkers thereabouts], Scheidingen, Wambeln and others; and his right wing is covered farther by a quaggy brook, which runs into the above-said Ahse, and is a SUB-branch of Lippe. At most of these Villages Ferdinand has thrown up something of earthworks: there are bogs, rough places, woods; all are turned to advantage. Ferdinand is in a strongish, but yet a dangerous position; and will give difficulties, and does give endless dubieties, to these high-plumed gentlemen galloping about with their spy-glasses for eight days. One possibility they pretty soon discern in him: His left flank rests on Lippe, yes; but his right flank is in the air, has nothing to rest on;—here surely is some possibility for us? A strong Position, that of his; but if driven out of it by any method, he has no retreat; is tumbled back into the ANGLE where Ahse and Lippe meet, and into the little Town of Hamm there, where his Magazine is. What a fate for him, if we succeed!—

"Ferdinand, by the incessant reconnoitring and other symptoms, judges what is coming; concludes he will be attacked in this posture of his; and on the whole, what critics now reckon very wise and very courageous of him, determines to stand his chance in it. The consultations of Broglio and Soubise are a thing unique to look upon; spread over volumes of Official Record, and about a volume and a half even of BOURCET, where it is still almost amusing to read; [Memoires Historiques (that is to say, for most part, Selection of Official Papers) sur la Guerre que les Français ont soutenue en Allemagne depuis 1757 jusqu'au 1762: par M. de Bourcet, Lieutenant-General des Armees du Roi (3 tomes, Paris, 1792);—worthily done; but occupied, two-thirds of it, with this Vellinghausen and the paltry "Campaign of 1761"! and ending in helpless downbreak on both parts. Of strategic faculty nobody supposes they had much, and nearly all of it is in Broglio; Soubise being strong in Court-favor only. Exquisitely polite they both strive to be; and under the exquisite politeness, what infirmities of temper, splenetic suspicions, and in fact mutual hatred lay hidden, could never be accurately known. 'Attack him, Sunday next; on the 13th!' so, at the long last, both of them had said. And then, on more reflection, Broglio afterwards: 'Or not till the 15th, M. le Prince; till I reconnoitre ye and drive in his outposts?' 'M. le Marechal's will is always mine: Tuesday, 15th, reconnoitre him, drive him in; be it so, then!' answers Soubise, with extreme politeness,—but thinking in his own mind (or thought to be thinking), 'Wants to do it himself, or to get the credit of doing it, as in former cases; and bring me into disgrace!' Not quite an insane notion either, on Soubise's part, say some who have looked into the Broglio-Soubise Controversy;—which far be it from any of us, at this or at any time, to do. Here are the facts that ensued.

"TUESDAY, JULY 15th, 1761, Broglio reconnoitred with intensity all day, drove in all Ferdinand's outposts; and about six in the evening, seeing hope of surprise, or spurred by some notion of doing the feat by himself, suddenly burst into onslaught on Ferdinand's Position: 'Vellinghausen yonder, and the woody strengths about,—could not we get hold of that; it would be so convenient to-morrow morning!' Granby and the English are in camp about Vellinghausen; and are taken quite on the sudden: but they drew out rapidly, in a state of bottled indignation, and fought, all of them,—Pembroke's Brigade of Horse, Cavendish's of Foot, BERG-SCHOTTEN, Maxwell's Brigade and the others, in a highly satisfactory way,—'MIT UNBESCHREIBLICHER TAPFERKEIT,' says Mauvillon on this occasion again. Broglio truly has burst out into enormous cannonade, musketade and cavalry-work, in this part; and struggles at it, almost four hours,—a furious, and especially a very noisy business, charging, recharging through the woods there;—but, met in this manner, finds he can make nothing of it; and about 10 at night, leaves off till a new morning.

"Next morning, about 4, Broglio, having diligently warned Soubise overnight, recommenced; again very fiercely, and with loud cannonading; but with result worse than before. Ferdinand overnight, while Broglio was warning Soubise, had considerably strengthened his left wing here,—by detachments from the right or Anti-Soubise wing; judging, with good foresight, how Soubise would act. And accordingly, while poor Broglio kept storming forward with his best ability, and got always hurled back again, Soubise took matters easy; 'had understood the hour of attack to be' so-and-so, 'had understood' this and that; and on the whole, except summoning or threatening, in the most languid way, one outlying redoubt ('redoubt of Scheidingen') on Ferdinand's right wing, did nothing, or next to nothing, for behoof of his Broglio. Who, hour after hour, finds himself ever worse bested;—those Granby people proving 'indescribable' once more [their Wutgenau also

with his Hanoverians NOT being absent, as they rather were last night];—and about 10 in the morning gives up the bad job; and sets about retiring. If retiring be now permissible; which it is not altogether. Ferdinand, watching intently through his glass the now silent Broglio, discerns 'Some confusion in the Marechal yonder!'—and orders a general charge of the left wing upon Broglio; which considerably quickened his retreat; and broke it into flight, and distressful wreck and capture, in some parts,—Regiment ROUGE, for one item, falling wholly, men, cannon, flags and furniture, to that Maxwell and his Brigade.

"Ferdinand lost, by the indistinct accounts, 'from 1,500 to 2,000:' Broglio's loss was 'above 5,000; 2,000 of them prisoners.' Soubise, for his share, 'had of killed 24,'—O you laggard of a Soubise! [Mauvillon, ii. 171-189; Tempelhof, v. 207-221; Bourcet, ii. 75 et seq. In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 770-782-792) the French Account, and the English (or Allied), with LISTS, and the like. Slight LETTER from Sir Robert Murray Keith to his Excellency Papa, now at Petersburg, "Excellency first," as we used to define him, stands in the miserably edited *Memoirs and Correspondence* (London, 1849), i. 104-105; and may tempt you to a reading; but alters nothing, adds little or nothing. Sir R. fights here as a Colonel of Highlanders, but afterwards became "Excellency second" of his name.] And it is a Battle lost to Choiseul's grand Pair of Armies; a Campaign checked in mid volley; and nothing but recriminations, courts-martial, shrieky jargonings,—and plain incompatibility between the two Marechaux de France; so that they had to part company, and go each his own road henceforth. Choiseul remonstrates with them, urges, encourages; writes the 'admirablest Despatches;' to no purpose. 'How ridiculous and humiliating would it be for us, if, with Two Armies of such strength, we accomplished nothing, and the whole Campaign were lost!' writes he once to them.

"Which was in fact the result arrived at; the two Generals parting company for this Campaign (and indeed for all others); and each, in his own way, proving futile. Soubise, with some 30,000, went gasconading about, in the Westphalian, or extreme western parts; taking Embden (from two Companies of Chelsea Pensioners; to whom he broke his word, poor old souls;—to whom, and much more to the Populations there [LETTER FROM A FRENCH PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN AT GRONINGEN; followed by confirmatory LETTER FROM &c. &c. (copied into *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761), give special details of the altogether ULTRA-Soltikof atrocities perpetrated by Soubise's people (doubtless against his will) on the recalcitrant or disaffected Peasants, on the &c. &c.]),—taking Embden, not taking Bremen; and in fact doing nothing, except keep the Gazetteers in vain noise: a Soubise not in force, by himself, to shake Ferdinand; and who, it is remarked, now and formerly, always prefers to be at a good distance from that Gentleman. Broglio, on the other hand, keeps violently pulsing out, round Ferdinand's flanks; taking Wolfenbuttel (Broglio's for two days), besieging Brunswick (for one day);—and, in short, leaving, he too, the matter as he had found it. A man of difficult, litigious temper, I should judge; but clearly has something of generalship: 'does understand tactic, if strategy NOT,' said everybody; 'while Soubise, in both capacities, is plain zero!' [Excellency Stanley (see INFRA) to Pitt, "Paris, 30th July, 1761:" in THACKERAY, ii. 561-562.] The end, however, was: next Winter, Broglio got dismissed, in favor of Soubise;—rest from shrieky jargon having its value to some of us; and 'hold of Hanover' being now plainly a matter hopeless to France and us."

In this Battle a fine young Prince of Brunswick got killed; Erbprinz's second Brother;—leading on a Regiment of BERG-SCHOTTEN, say the accounts. [*The Life of Prince Albert Henry* [had lived only 19 years, poor youth, not much of a "Life"!—but the account of his Education is worth reading, from a respectable Eye-witness] of *Brunswick-Lunenburg, Brother to the Hereditary Prince; who so eminently &c. at Fellinghausen* &c. &c. (London, Printed for &c. 1763). *Written originally in German by the Rev. Mr. Hierusalem*" (Father of the "Young Jerusalem" who killed himself afterwards, and became, in a sense, Goethe's WERTHER and SORROWS). Price, probably, Twopence.)] Berg-Schotten, and English generally, Pembroke's Horse, Cavendish's Brigade,—we have mentioned their behavior; and how Maxwell's Brigade took one whole regiment prisoners, in that final charge on Broglio. "What a glorious set of fellows!" said the English people over their beer at home. Beer let us fancy it; at the sign of THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY, which is now everywhere prevalent and splendid;—the beer, we will hope, good. And as this is a thing still said, both over beer and higher liquors, and perhaps is liable to be too much insisted on, I will give, from a caudid By-stander, who knows the matter well, what probably is a more solid and circumstantially correct opinion. Speaking of Ferdinand's skill of management, and of how very composite a kind his Army was, Major Mauvillon has these words:—

"The first in rank," of Ferdinand's Force, "were the English; about a fourth part of the whole Army. Braver troops, when on the field of battle and under arms against the enemy, you will nowhere find in the world: that is a truth;—and with that the sum of their military merits ends. In the first place, their Infantry consists of such an unselected hand-over-head miscellany of people, that it is highly difficult to preserve among them even a shadow of good discipline,"—of MANNSZUCHT, in regard to plunder, drinking and the like; does not mean KRIEGSZUCHT, or drill. "Their Cavalry indeed is not so constituted; but a foolish love for their horses makes them astonishingly plunderous of forage; and thus they exhaust a district far faster in that respect than do the Germans.

"Officers' Commissions among them are all had by purchase: from which it follows that their Officers do not trouble their heads about the service; and understand of it, very VERY few excepted, absolutely nothing whatever [what a charming set of "Officers"!—and this goes from the Ensign up to the General. Their home-customs incline them to the indulgences of life; and, nearly without exception, they all expect to have ample and comfortable means of sleep. [Hear, hear!] This leads them often into military negligences, which would sound incredible, were they narrated to a soldier. To all this is added a quiet natural arrogance (UEBERMUTH),"—very quiet, mostly unconscious, and as if inborn and coming by discernment of mere facts,—"which tempts them to despise the enemy as well as the danger; and as they very seldom think of making any surprisal themselves, they generally take it for granted that the enemy will as little.

"This arrogance, however, had furthermore a very bad consequence for their relation to the rest of the Army. It is well known how much these people despise all Foreigners. This of itself renders their co-operating with Troops of other Nations very difficult. But in this case there was the circumstance that, as the Army was in English pay, they felt a strong tendency to regard their fellow-soldiers and copartners as a sort of subordinate war-valets, who must be ready to put up with anything;—which was far indeed from being the

opinion of the others concerned! The others had not the smallest notion of consenting to any kind of inferior treatment or consideration in respect of them. To the Hanoverians especially, from known political feelings, they were at heart, for most part, specially indisposed; and this mode of thinking was capable of leading to very dangerous outbreaks. The Hanoverians, a dull steady people, brave as need be, but too slow for anything but foot service, considered silently this War to be their War, and that all the rest, English as well, were here on their [and Britannic Majesty's] account.

"Think what difficulties Ferdinand's were, and what his merit in quietly subduing them; while to the cursory observer they were invisible, and nobody noticed them but himself!" [Mauvillon, ii. 270-272.]

Yes, doubtless. He needed to know his kinds of men; to regard intensely the chemic affinities and natural properties, to keep his phosphorescents his nitres and charcoals well apart; to get out of these English what they were capable of giving him, namely, heavy strokes,—and never ask them for what they had not: them or the others; but treat each according to his kind. Just, candid, consummately polite: an excellent manager of men, as well as of war-movements, though Voltaire found him shockingly defective in ESPRIT. The English, I think, he generally quartered by themselves; employed them oftenest under the Hereditary Prince,—a man of swift execution and prone to strokes like themselves. "Oftenest under the Erbprinz," says Mauvillon: "till, after the Fight of Kloster Kampen, it began to be noticed that there was a change in that respect; and the mess-rooms whispered, 'By accident or not?'"—which shall remain mysterious to me. In Battle after Battle he got the most unexceptionable sabring and charging from Lord Granby and the difficult English element; and never was the least discord heard in his Camp;—nor could even Sackville at Minden tempt him into a loud word.

But enough of English soldiering, and battling with the French. For about two months prior to this of Vellinghausen, and for more than two months after, there is going on, by special Envoys between Pitt and Choiseul, a lively Peace-Negotiation, which is of more concernment to us than any Battle. "Congress at Augsburg" split upon formalities, preliminaries, and never even tried to meet: but France and England are actually busy. Each Country has sent its Envoy: the Sieur de Bussy, a tricky gentleman, known here of old, is Choiseul's, whom Pitt is on his guard against; "Mr. Hans Stanley," a lively, clear-sighted person, of whom I could never hear elsewhere, is Pitt's at Paris: and it is in that City between Choiseul and Stanley, with Pitt warily and loftily presiding in the distance, that the main stress of the Negotiation lies. Pitt is lofty, haughty, but very fine and noble; no King or Kaiser could be more. Sincere, severe, though most soft-shining; high, earnest, steady, like the stars. Artful Choiseul, again, flashes out in a cheerily exuberant way; and Stanley's Despatches about Choiseul ("CE FOU PLEIN D'ESPRIT," as Friedrich once christens him), about Choiseul and the France then round him, and the effects of Vellinghausen in society and the like,—are the liveliest reading one almost anywhere meets with in that kind. [In THACKERAY, i. 505-579, and especially ii. 520-626, is the Stanley-and-Pitt Correspondence: Stanley went "23d May;" returned (got his passports for returning) "September 20th."] Choiseul frankly admits that he has come to the worst: ready for concessions, but the question is, What? Canada is gone, for instance; of Canada you will allow us nothing: but our poor Fisher-people, toiling in the Newfoundland waters, cannot they have a rock to dry their fish on; "Isle of Miquelon, or the like?" "Not the breadth of a blanket,"—that is Pitt's private expression, I believe; and for certain, that, in polite official language, is his inexorable determination. "You shall go home out of those Countries, Messieurs; America is to be English or YANkee, not FRANGcee: that has turned out to be the Decree of Heaven; and we will stand by that."

So that Choiseul soon satisfies himself it will be a hard bargain, this with Pitt; and turns the more assiduously to the Majesty of Spain (Baby Carlos, our old friend, who has sore grudges of his own against the English, standing grievance of Campeachy Logwood, of bitter Naples reminiscences, and enough else), turns to Baby Carlos, time after time, with his pathetic "See, your Most Catholic Majesty!" And by rapid degrees induces Most Catholic Majesty to go wholly into the adventure with Most Christian Ditto;—and to say, at length, or to let Choiseul say for him, by way of cautious first-step (15th July, a date worth remembering, if the reader please): "Might not Most Catholic Majesty be allowed perhaps to mediate a little in this Business?" "Most Catholic Majesty!" answers Pitt, with a flash as if from the empyrean: "Who sent for Most Catholic Majesty?"—and the matter catches fire, totally explodes, and Spain too declares War; in what way is generally known.

Details are not permitted us. The Catastrophe we shall give afterwards, and can here say only: FIRST, That old Earl Marischal, Friedrich's Spanish Envoy, is a good deal in England, coming and going, at this time,—on that interesting business of the Kintore Inheritance, doubtless,—and has been beautifully treated. Been pardoned, disattainted, permitted to inherit,—by the King on the instant, by the Parliament so soon as possible; [King's Patent is of "30th April, 1760 [DATED 29th May, 1759], Act of Parliament to follow shortly;" "August 16th, 1760, Act having passed, is Marischal's public Presentation to his Majesty (late Majesty);" Old GAZETTES in *Gentleman's Magazine* (for 1760), xxx. 201, 392.]—and is of a naturally grateful turn. SECONDLY, That in the profoundest secrecy, penetrable only to eyes near at hand and that see in the dark, a celebrated Bourbon Family Compact was signed (August 15th, 1761, ten days before the digging at Bunzelwitz began), of which the first news to the Olympian man (conveyed by Marischal, as is thought) was like—like news of dead Pythons pretending to revive upon him. And THIRDLY, That, postponing the Catastrophe, and recommending the above two dates, 15th JULY, 15th AUGUST, to careful readers, we must hasten to Colberg for the present.

THIRD SIEGE OF COLBERG.

Readers had, some while ago, a flying Note, which we promised to take up again; about Tottleben's procedures, and a Third Siege of Colberg coming. Siege, we have chanced to see, there accordingly is, and a

Platen gone to help against it. Siege, after infinite delays and haggles, has at length come,—uncommonly vivid during the final days of Bunzelwitz;—and is, and has been, and continues to be, much in the King's thoughts. Probably a matter of more concernment to him, before, during and after Bunzelwitz (though the Pitt Catastrophe, going on simultaneously, is still more important, if he knew it), than anything else befalling in the distance. Let us now give a few farther indications on that matter.

Truce between Werner and Tottleben expired May 12th; but for five weeks more nothing practical followed; except diligent reinforcing, revictualling and extraordinary fortifying of Colberg and its environs, on the Prussian part,—Eugen of Wurtemberg, direct from Restock and his Anti-Swede business, Eugen 12,000 strong, with a Werner and other such among them, taking head charge outside the walls; old Heyde again as Commandant within: while on the Russian part, under General Romanzow, there is a most tortoise-like advance,—except that the tortoise carries all his resources with him, and Romanzow's, multifarious and enormous, are scattered over seas and lands, and need endless waiting for, in the intervals of crawling.

This is the Romanzow who failed at Colberg once already (on the heel of Zorndorf in 1758, if readers recollect); and is the more bound to be successful now. From sea and from land, for five weeks, there is rumor of a Romanzow in overwhelming force, and with intentions very furious upon Colberg,—upon the outposts, under Werner, as first point. Five weeks went, before anything of Romanzow was visible even to Werner (22d June, at Coslin, forty miles to eastward); after which his advance (such waiting for the ships, for the artilleries, the this and the that) was slower than ever; and for about eight weeks more, he haggles along through Coslin, through Corlin, Belgard again, flowing slowly forward upon Werner's outposts, like a summer glacier with its rubbishes; or like a slow lava-tide,—a great deal of smoke on each side of him (owing to the Cossacks), as usual. Romanzow's progress is of the slowest; and it is not till August 19th that he practically gets possession of Corlin, Belgard and those outposts on the Persante River, and comes within sight of Colberg and his problem. By which time, he finds Eugen of Wurtemberg encamped and intrenched still ahead of him, still nearer Colberg, and likely to give him what they call "DE LA TABLATURE," or extremely difficult music to play.

"It was on AUGUST 19th [very eve of Friedrich's going into Bunzelwitz] that Romanzow,—Werner, for the sake of those poor Towns he holds, generally retiring without bombardment or utter conflagration,—had got hold of Corlin and of the River Persante [with "Quetzin and Degow," if anybody knew them, as his main posts there]; and was actually now within sight of Colberg,—only 7 or 8 miles west of him, and a river more or less in his way:—when, singular to see, Eugen of Wurtemberg has rooted himself into the ground farther inward, environing Colberg with a fortified Camp as with a second wall; and it will be a difficult problem indeed!

"But Sea Armaments, Swedish-Russian, with endless siege-material and red-hot balls, are finally at hand; and this pitiful Colberg must be done, were it only by falling flat, on it, and smothering it by weight of numbers and of red-hot iron. The day before yesterday, August 17th, after such rumoring and such manoeuvring as there has been, six Russian ships-of-war showed themselves in Colberg Roads, and three of them tried some shooting on Heyde's workpeople, busy at a redoubt on the beach; but hit nothing, and went away till Romanzow himself should come. Romanzow come, there is utmost despatch; and within the eight days following, the Russian ships, and then the Swedish as well, have all got to their moorings,—12 sail of the line, with 42 more of the frigate and gunboat kind, 54 ships in all;—and from August 24th, especially from August 28th, bombardment to the very uttermost is going on. [Tempelhof, v. 311.] Bombardment by every method, from sea and from land, continues diligent for the next fortnight,—with little or no result; so diligent are Eugen and veteran Heyde.

"SEPTEMBER 4th. The Swedish-Russian gunboats have been much shot down by Heyde's batteries on the beach; no success had, owing to Heyde and Eugen: paltry little Colberg as impossible as Bunzelwitz, it seems? 'Double our diligence, therefore!' That is Romanzow's and everybody's sentiment here. Romanzow comes closer in, September 4th; besieges in form, since not Colberg, Eugen's CAMP, or brazen wall of Colberg; and there rises in and round this poor little Colberg (a 2,000 balls daily, red-hot and other) such a volcano as attracts the eyes of all the world thither.

"SEPTEMBER 12th. News yesterday of reinforcement, men and provender, coming from Stettin; is to be at Treptow on the 13th. Werner, night of the 11th, stealthily sets out to meet it, IT in the first place; then, joined with it, to take by rearward a certain inconvenient battery, which Romanzow is building to westward of us, out that way; to demolish said battery, and be generally distressful to the rear of Romanzow. At Treptow, after his difficult night's march, Werner is resting, secure now of the adventure;—too contemptuous of his slow Russians, as appeared! Who, for once, surprise HIM; and, at and round Treptow, next morning, Werner finds himself suddenly in a most awkward predicament. Werner, one of the rapidest and stormiest of skilful men, plunged valiantly into the affair; would still have managed it, they say, had not, in some sudden swoop,—charge, or something of critical or vital nature,—rapid Werner's horse got shot, and fallen with him; whereby not only the charge failed, but Werner himself was taken prisoner. A loss of very great importance, and grievous to everybody: though, I believe, the reinforcement and supply, for this time, got mostly through, and the dangerous battery was got demolished by other means. [Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 238; Tempelhof, v. 314.] This is Romanzow's first item of success, this of getting such a Werner snatched out of the game [and sent to Petersburg instead as we shall hear]; and other items fell to Romanzow thenceforth by the aid of time and hunger.

"In the way of storming, battering or otherwise capturing Eugen's Camp, not to speak of Heyde's town, Romanzow finds, on trial after trial, that he can do as good as nothing; and his unwieldy sea-comrades (equinoctial gales coming on them, too) are equally worthless. September 19th [a week after this of Werner, tenth day after Bunzelwitz had ended], Romanzow made his fiercest attempt that way; fiercest and last: furious extremely, from 2 in the morning onwards; had for some time hold of the important 'Green Redoubt;' but was still more furiously battered and bayoneted out again, with the loss of above 3,000 men; and tried that no farther. Impossible by that method. But he can stand between the Eugen-Heyde people and supplies; and by obstinacy hunger them out: this, added to the fruitless bombardment, is now his more or less fruitful industry.

"In the end of September, the effects of Bunzelwitz are felt: Platen, after burning the Butturlin Magazine at

Gostyn, has hastened hither; in what style we know. Blaten arrives 25th September; cuts his way through Romanzow into Eugen's Camp, raises Eugen to about 15,000; [Tempelhof, v. 350.] renders Eugen, not to speak of Heyde, more impossible than ever. Butturlin did truly send reinforcements, a 10,000, a 12,000, 'As many as you like, my Romanzow!' And, in the beginning of October, came rolling thitherward bodily; hoping, they say, to make a Maxen of it upon those Eugens and Platens: but after a fortnight's survey of them, found there was not the least feasibility;—and that he himself must go home, on the score of hunger. Which he did, November 2d; leaving Romanzow reinforced at discretion [40,000, but with him too provisions are fallen low], and the advice, 'Cut off their supplies: time and famine are our sole chances here!' Butturlin's new Russians, endless thousands of them, under Fermor and others, infesting the roads from Stettin, are a great comfort to Romanzow. Nor could any Eugen—with his Platens, Thaddens, and utmost expenditure of skill and of valor and endurance, which are still memorable in soldier-annals, [*Tagebuch der Unternehmungen des Platenschen Corps vom September bis November 1761* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 32-76). *Bericht von der Unternehmungen des Thaddenschen Corps vom Jenner bis zum December 1761* (ibid. 77-147).]—suffice to convey provisions through that disastrous Wilderness of distances and difficulties.

"From Stettin, which lies southwest, through Treptow Gollnow and other wild little Prussian Towns is about 100 miles; from Landsberg south, 150: Friedrich himself is well-nigh 300 miles away; in Stettin alone is succor, could we hold the intervening Country. But it is overrun with Russians, more and ever more. A Country of swamps and moors, winter darkness stealing over it,—illuminated by such a volcano as we see: a very gloomy waste scene; and traits of stubborn human valor and military virtue plentiful in it with utter hardship as a constant quantity; details not permissible here only the main features and epochs, if they could be indicated.

"The King is greatly interested for Colberg; sends orders to collect from every quarter supplies at Stettin, and strain every nerve for the relief of that important little Haven. Which is done by the diligent Bevern, the collecting part; could only the conveying be accomplished. But endless Russians are afield, Fermor with a 15,000 of them waylaying; the conveyance is the difficulty." [*Bericht von den Unternehmungen der Wurtembergischen Corps in Pommern, vom May 1761 bis December 1761* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 147-258). Tempelhof, v. 313-326. *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 669-708.]

But now we must return to Bunzelwitz, and September 25th, in Head-quarters there.

Chapter VIII.—LOUDON POUNCES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ ONE NIGHT (LAST OF SEPTEMBER, 1761).

It was September 25th, more properly 26th, [Tempelhof, v. 327.] when Friedrich quitted Bunzelwitz; we heard on what errand. Early that morning he marches with all his goods, first to Pilzen (that fine post on the east side of Schweidnitz); and from that, straightway,—southwestward, two marches farther,—to Neisse neighborhood (Gross-Nossen the name of the place); Loudon making little dispute or none. In Neisse are abundant Magazines: living upon these, Friedrich intends to alarm Loudon's rearward country, and draw him towards Bohemia. As must have gradually followed; and would at once,—had Loudon been given to alarms, which he was not. Loudon, very privately, has quite different game afield. Loudon merely detaches this and the other small Corps to look after Friedrich's operations, which probably he believes to be only a feint:—and, before a week passes, Friedrich will have news he little expects!

Friedrich, pausing at Gross-Nossen, and perhaps a little surprised to find no Loudon meddling with him, pushes out, first one party and then another,—Dalwig, Bulow, towards Landshut Hill-Country, to threaten Loudon's Bohemian roads;—who, singular to say, do not hear the least word of Loudon thereabouts. A Loudon strangely indifferent to this new Enterprise of ours. On the third day of Gross-Nossen (Friday, October 2d), Friedrich detaches General Lentulus to rearward, or the way we came, for news of Loudon. Rearward too, Lentulus sees nothing whatever of Loudon: but, from the rumor of the country, and from two Prussian garrison-soldiers, whom he found wandering about,—he hears, with horror and amazement, That Loudon, by a sudden panther-spring, the night before last, has got hold of Schweidnitz: now his wholly, since 5 A.M. of yesterday; and a strong Austrian garrison in it by this time! That was the news Lentulus brought home to his King; the sorest Job's-post of all this War.

Truly, a surprising enterprise this of Loudon's; and is allowed by everybody to have been admirably managed. Loudon has had it in his head for some time;—ever since that colic of forty-eight hours, I should guess; upon the wrecks of which it might well rise as a new daystar. He kept it strictly in his own head; nobody but Daun and the Kaiser had hint of it, both of whom assented, and agreed to keep silence.

"On Friedrich's removal towards Neisse and threatening of Bohemia," says my Note on this subject, "Loudon's time had come. Friedrich had disappeared to southwestward, Saturday, September 26th: 'Gone to Pilzen,' reported Loudon's scouts; 'rests there over Sunday. Gone to Sigeroth, 28th; gone to Gross-Nossen, Tuesday, September 29th.' [Tempelhof, v. 330.] That will do, thinks Loudon; who has sat immovable at Kunzendorf all this while;—and, WEDNESDAY, 30th, instantly proceeds to business.

"Draws out, about 10 A.M. of Wednesday, all round Schweidnitz at some miles distance, a ring, or complete girdle, of Croat-Cossack people; blocking up every path and road: 'Nobody to pass, this day, towards Schweidnitz, much less into it, on any pretext.' That is the duty of the Croat people. To another active Officer he intrusts the task of collecting from the neighboring Villages (outside the Croat girdle) as many ladders, planks and the like, as will be requisite; which also is punctually done. For the Attack itself, which is to be Fourfold, our picked Officers are chosen, with the 20 best Battalions in the Army: Czernichef is apprised; who warmly assents, and offers every help:—'800 of your Grenadiers,' answers Loudon; 'no more needed.'

Loudon's arrangements for management of the ladders, for punctuality about the routes, the times, the simultaneity, are those of a perfect artist; no Friedrich could have done better.

"About 4 in the afternoon, all the Captains and Battalions, with their ladders and furnitures, everybody with Instruction very pointed and complete, are assembled at Kunzendorf: Loudon addresses the Troops in a few fiery words; assures himself of victory by them; promises them 10,060 pounds in lieu of plunder, which he strictly prohibits. Officers had better make themselves acquainted with the Four Routes they are to take in the dark: proper also to set all your watches by the chief General's, that there be no mistake as to time. [In TEMPELHOF (v. 332-349) and ARCHENHOLTZ (ii. 272-280) all these details.] At 9, all being now dark, and the Croat girdle having gathered itself closer round the place since nightfall, the Four Divisions march to their respective starting-places; will wait there, silent; and about 2 in the morning, each at its appointed minute, step forward on their business. With fixed bayonets all of them; no musketry permitted till the works are won. Loudon will wait at the Village of Schonbrunn [not WARKOTSCH'S Schonbrunn, of which by and by, and which also is not far [See ARCHENHOLTZ, ii. 287; and correct his mistake of the two places.]]—at Schonbrunn, within short distance; give Loudon notice when you are within 600 yards;—there shall, if desirable, be reinforcements, farther orders. Loudon knows Schweidnitz like his own bedroom. He was personally there, in Leuthen time, improving the Works. By nocturnal Croat parties, in the latter part of Bunzelwitz time; and since then, by deserters and otherwise,—he knows the condition of the Garrison, of the Commandant, and of every essential point. Has calculated that the Garrison is hardly third part of what it ought to be,—3,800 in whole, and many of them loose deserter fellows; special artillery-men, instead of about 400, only 191;—most important of all, that Commandant Zastrow is no wizard in his trade; and, on the whole, that the Enterprise is likely to succeed.

"Zastrow has been getting married lately; and has many things to think of, besides Schweidnitz. Some accounts say this was his wedding-night,—which is not true, but only that he had meant to give a Ball this last night of September; and perhaps did give it, dancing over BEFORE 2, let us hope! Something of a jolter-head seemingly, though solid and honest. I observe he is a kind of butt, or laughing-stock, of Friedrich's, and has yielded some gleams of momentary fun, he and this marriage of his, between Prince Henri and the King, in the tragic gloom all round. [Schoning, ii. SOEPIUS.] Nothing so surprises me in Friedrich as his habitual inattention to the state of his Garrisons. He has the best of Commandants and also the worst: Tauentzien in Breslau, Heyde in Colberg, unsurpassable in the world; in Glatz a D'O, in Schweidnitz a Zastrow, both of whom cost him dear. Opposition sneers secretly, 'It is as they happen to have come to hand.' Which has not much truth, though some. Tauentzien he chose; D'O was Fouquet's choice, not his; Zastrow he did choose; Heyde he had by accident; of Heyde he had never heard till the defence of Colberg began to be a world's wonder. And in regard to his Garrisons, it is indisputable they were often left palpably defective in quantity and quality; and, more than once, fatally gave way at the wrong moment. We can only say that Friedrich was bitterly in want of men for the field; that 'a Garrison-Regiment' was always reckoned an inferior article; and that Friedrich, in the press of his straits, had often had to say: 'Well, these [plainly Helots, not Spartans], these will have to do!' For which he severely suffered: and perhaps repented,—who knows?

"Zastrow, in spite of Loudon's precautionary Girdle of Croats, and the cares of a coming Ball, had got sufficient inkling of something being in the wind. And was much on the Walls all day, he and his Officers; scanning with their glasses and their guesses the surrounding phenomena, to little purpose. At night he sent out patrols; kept sputtering with musketry and an occasional cannon into the vacant darkness ('We are alert, you see, Herr Loudon!'). In a word, took what measures he could, poor man;—very stupid measures, thinks Tempelhof, and almost worse than none, especially this of sputtering with musketry;—and hoped always there would be no Attack, or none to speak of. Till, in fine, between 2 and 3 in the morning, his patrols gallop in, 'Austrians on march!' and Zastrow, throwing out a rocket or two, descries in momentary illumination that the Fact is verily here.

"His defence (four of the Five several Forts attacked at once) was of a confused character; but better than could have been expected. Loudon's Columns came on with extraordinary vigor and condensed impetuosity; stormed the Outworks everywhere, and almost at once got into the shelter of the Covered-way: but on the Main Wall, or in the scaling part of their business, were repulsed, in some places twice or thrice; and had a murderous struggle, of very chaotic nature, in the dark element. No picture of it in the least possible or needful here. In one place, a Powder-Magazine blew up with about 400 of them,—blown (said rumor, with no certainty) by an indignant Prussian artillery-man to whom they had refused quarter: in another place, the 800 Russian Grenadiers came unexpectedly upon a chasm or bridgeless interstice between two ramparts; and had to halt suddenly,—till (says rumor again, with still less certainty) their Officers insisting with the rearward part, 'Forward, forward!' enough of front men were tumbled in to make a roadway! This was the story current; [Archenholtz, ii. 275.] greatly exaggerated, I have no doubt. What we know is, That these Russians did scramble through, punctually perform their part of the work;—and furthermore, that, having got upon the Town-Wall, which was finis to everything, they punctually sat down there; and, reflectively leaning on their muskets, witnessed with the gravity and dignity of antique sages, superior to money or money's worth, the general plunder which went on in spite of Loudon's orders.

"For, in fine, between 5 and 6, that is in about three hours and a half, Loudon was everywhere victorious; Zastrow, Schweidnitz Fortress, and all that it held, were Loudon's at discretion; Loudon's one care now was to stop the pillage of the poor Townsfolk, as the most pressing thing. Which was not done without difficulty, nor completely till after hours of exertion by cavalry regiments sent in. The captors had fought valiantly; but it was whispered there had been a preliminary of brandy in them; certainly, except those poor Russians, nobody's behavior was unexceptionable."

The capture of Schweidnitz cost Loudon about 1,400 men; he found in Schweidnitz, besides the Garrison all prisoners or killed, some 240 pieces of artillery,—"211 heavy guns, 135 hand-mortars," say the Austrian Accounts, "with stores and munitions" in such quantities; "89,760 musket-cartridges, 1,300,000 flints," [In *Helden-Geschichte*, (vi. 651-665) the Austrian Account, with LISTS &c.] for two items:—and all this was a trifle compared to the shock it has brought on Friedrich's Silesian affairs. For, in present circumstances, it amounts to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia; and, for the first time, to a real prospect of

finishing the remainder next Year. It is judged to have been the hardest stroke Friedrich had in the course of this War. "Our strenuous Campaign on a sudden rendered wind, and of no worth! The Enemy to winter in Silesia, after all; Silesia to go inevitably,—and life along with it!" What Friedrich's black meditations were, "In the following weeks [not close following, but poor Kuster does not date], the King fell ill of gout, saw almost nobody, never came out; and, it was whispered, the inflexible heart of him was at last breaking; that is to say, the very axis of this Prussian world giving way. And for certain, there never was in his camp and over his dominions such a gloom as in this October, 1761; till at length he appeared on horseback again, with a cheerful face; and everybody thought to himself, 'Ha, the world will still roll, then!'" [Kuster, *Lebens-Rettungen Friedrichs des Zweyten* (Berlin, 1797), p. 59 &c. It is the same innocent reliable Kuster whom we cited, in SALDERN'S case, already.]

This is what Loudon had done, without any Russians, except Russians to give him eight-and-forty hours colic, and put him on his own shifts. And the way in which the Kriegshofrath, and her Imperial Majesty the Kaiserinn, received it, is perhaps still worth a word. The Kaiser, who had alone known of Loudon's scheme, and for good reason (absolute secrecy being the very soul of it) had whispered nothing of it farther to any mortal, was naturally overjoyed. But the Olympian brow of Maria Theresa, when the Kaiser went radiant to her with this news, did not radiate in response; but gloomed indignantly: "No order from Kriegshofrath, or me!" Indignant Kriegshofrath called it a CROATEN-STREICH (Croat's-trick); and Loudon, like Prince Eugen long since, was with difficulty excused this act of disobedience. Great is Authority;—and ought to be divinely rigorous, if (as by no means always happens) it is otherwise of divine quality!

Friedrich's treatment of Zastrow was in strong contrast of style. Here is his Letter to that unlucky Gentleman, who is himself clear that he deserves no blame: "My dear Major-General von Zastrow,—The misfortune that has befallen me is very grievous; but what consoles me in it is, to see by your Letter that you have behaved like a brave Officer, and that neither you nor the Garrison have brought disgrace or reproach on yourselves. I am your well-affectioned King,—FRIEDRICH." And in Autograph this Postscript: "You may, in this occurrence, say what Francis I., after the Battle of Pavia, wrote to his Mother: 'All is lost except honor.' As I do not yet completely understand the affair, I forbear to judge of it; for it is altogether extraordinary.—F." [*Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 305, 306 (Letter undated there; date probably, "Gross-Nossen, October 3d").]

And never meddled farther with Zastrow; only left him well alone for the future. "Grant me a Court-Martial, then!" said Zastrow, finding himself fallen so neglected, after the Peace. "No use," answered Friedrich: "I impute nothing of crime to you; but after such a mishap, it would be dangerous to trust you with any post or command;"—and in 1766, granted him, on demand, his demission instead. The poor man then retired to Cassel, where he lived twenty years longer, and was no more heard of. He was half-brother of the General Zastrow who got killed by a Pandour of long range (bullet through both temples, from brushwood, across the Elbe), in the first year of this War.

Chapter IX.—TRAITOR WARKOTSCH.

Friedrich's Army was to have cantoned itself round Neisse, October 3d: but on the instant of this fatal Schweidnitz news proceeded (3d-6th October) towards Strehlen instead,—Friedrich personally on the 5th;—and took quarters there and in the villages round. General cantonment at Strehlen, in guard of Breslau and of Neisse both; Loudon, still immovable at Kunzendorf, attempting nothing on either of those places, and carefully declining the risk of a Battle, which would have been Friedrich's game: all this continued till the beginning of December, when both parties took Winter-quarters; [Tempelhof, v. 349.] cantoned themselves in the neighboring localities,—Czernichef, with his Russians, in Glatz Country; Friedrich in Breslau as headquarter;—and the Campaign had ended. Ended in this part, without farther event of the least notability;—except the following only, which a poor man of the name of Kappel has recorded for us. Of which, and the astounding Sequel to which, we must now say something.

Kappel is a Gentleman's Groom of those Strehlen parts; and shall, in his own words, bring us face to face with Friedrich in that neighborhood, directly after Schweidnitz was lost. It is October 5th, day, or rather night of the day, of Friedrich's arrival thereabouts; most of his Army ahead of him, and the remainder all under way. Friedrich and the rearward part of his Army are filing about, in that new Strehlen-ward movement of theirs, under cloud of night, in the intricate Hill-and-Dale Country; to post themselves to the best advantage for their double object, of covering Breslau and Neisse both; Kappel LOQUITUR; abridged by Kuster, whom we abridge:—

"MONDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 5th, 1761, The King, with two or three attendants, still ahead of his Army, appeared at Schonbrunn, a Schloss and Village, five or six miles south from Strehlen; [THIS is the Warkotsch Schonbrunn; not the other near Schweidnitz, as Archenholtz believes: see ARCHENHOLTZ, ii. 287, and the bit of myth he has gone into in consequence.] and did the owner, Baron von Warkotsch, an acquaintance of his, the honor of lodging there. Before bedtime,—if indeed the King intended bed at all, meaning to be off in four hours hence,—Friedrich inquired of Warkotsch for 'a trusty man, well acquainted with the roads in this Country.' Warkotsch mentioned Kappel, his own Groom; one who undoubtedly knew every road of the Country; and who had always behaved as a trusty fellow in the seven years he had been with him. 'Let me see him,' said the King. Kappel was sent up, about midnight, King still dressed; sitting on a sofa, by the fire; Kappel's look was satisfactory; Kappel knows several roads to Strehlen, in the darkest night. 'It is the footpath which goes so-and-so that I want' (for Friedrich knows this Country intimately: readers remember his world-famous Camp of Strehlen, with all the diplomacies of Europe gathered there, through summer, in the train of Mollwitz). 'JA, IHRO MAJESTAT, I know it!' 'Be ready, then, at 4.'

"Before the stroke of 4, Kappel was at the door, on Master's best horse; the King's Groom too, and led horse, a nimble little gray, were waiting. As 4 struck, Friedrich came down, Warkotsch with him.

'Unspeakable the honor you have done my poor house! Besides the King's Groom, there were a Chamberlain, an Adjutant and two mounted Chasers (REITENDE JAGER), which latter had each a lighted lantern: in all seven persons, including Kappel and the King. 'Go before us on foot with your lanterns,' said the King. Very dark it was. And overnight the Army had arrived all about; some of them just coming in, on different roads and paths. The King walked above two miles, and looked how the Regiments were, without speaking a word. At last, as the cannons came up, and were still in full motion, the King said: 'Sharp, sharp, BURSCHE; it will be MARCH directly.' 'March? The Devil it will: we are just coming into Camp!' said a cannonier, not knowing it was the King.

"The King said nothing. Walked on still a little while; then ordered, 'Blow out the lanterns; to horseback now!' and mounted, as we all did. Me he bade keep five steps ahead, five and not more, that he might see me; for it was very dark. Not far from the Lordship Casserey, where there is a Water-mill, the King asked me, 'Have n't you missed the Bridge here?' (a King that does not forget roads and topographies which may come to concern him!)—and bade us ride with the utmost silence, and make no jingle. As day broke, we were in sight of Strehlen, near by the Farm of Treppendorf. 'And do you know where the Kallenberg lies?' said the King: 'It must be to left of the Town, near the Hills; bring us thither!'

"When we got on the Kallenberg, it was not quite day; and we had to halt for more light. After some time the King said to his Groom, 'Give me my perspective!' looked slowly all round for a good while, and then said, 'I see no Austrians!'—(ground all at our choice, then; we know where to choose!) The King then asked me if I knew the road to"—in fact, to several places, which, in a Parish History of those parts, would be abundantly interesting; but must be entirely omitted here.... "The King called his Chamberlain; gave some sign, which meant 'Beer-money to Kappel!'—and I got four eight-groschen pieces [three shillings odd; a rich reward in those days]; and was bid tell my Master, 'That the King thanked him for the good quarters, and assured him of his favor.'

"Riding back across country, Kappel, some four or five miles homeward, came upon the 'whole Prussian Army,' struggling forward in their various Columns. Two Generals,—one of them Krusemark, King's Adjutant [Colonel Krusemark, not General, as Kappel thinks, who came to know him some weeks after],—had him brought up: to whom he gave account of himself, how he had been escorting the King, and where he had left his Majesty. 'Behind Strehlen, say you? Breslau road? Devil knows whither we shall all have to go yet!' observed Krusemark, and left Kappel free." [Kuster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, pp. 66-76.]

In those weeks, Colberg Siege, Pitt's Catastrophe and high things are impending, or completed, elsewhere: but this is the one thing noticeable hereabouts. In regard to Strehlen, and Friedrich's history there, what we have to say turns all upon this Kappel and Warkotsch: and,—after mentioning only that Friedrich's lodging is not in Strehlen proper, but in Woiselwitz, a village or suburb almost half a mile off, and very negligently guarded,—we have to record an Adventure which then made a great deal of noise in the world.

Warkotsch is a rich lord; Schonbrunn only one of five or six different Estates which he has in those parts; though, not many years ago, being younger brother, he was a Captain in the Austrian service (Regiment BOTTA, if you are particular); and lay in Olmutz,—with very dull outlooks; not improved, I should judge, by the fact that Silesia and the Warkotsch connections were become Prussian since this junior entered the Austrian Army. The junior had sown his wild oats, and was already getting gray in the beard, in that dull manner, when, about seven years ago, his Elder Brother, to whom Friedrich had always been kind, fell unwell; and, in the end of 1755, died: whereupon the junior saw himself Heir; and entered on a new phase of things. Quitted his Captaincy, quitted his allegiance; and was settled here peaceably under his new King in 1756, a little while before this War broke out. And, at Schonbrunn, October 5th, 1761, has had his Majesty himself for guest.

Warkotsch was not long in riding over to Strehlen to pay his court, as in duty bound, for the honor of such a Visit; and from that time, Kappel, every day or two, had to attend him thither. The King had always had a favor for Warkotsch's late Brother, as an excellent Silesian Landlord and Manager, whose fine Domains were in an exemplary condition; as, under the new Warkotsch too, they have continued to be. Always a gracious Majesty to this Warkotsch as well; who is an old soldier withal, and man of sense and ingenuity; acceptable to Friedrich, and growing more and more familiar among Friedrich's circle of Officers now at Strehlen.

To Strehlen is Warkotsch's favorite ride; in the solitary country, quite a charming adjunct to your usual dull errand out for air and exercise. Kappel, too, remarks about this time that he (Kappel) gets once and again, and ever more frequently, a Letter to carry over to Siebenhuben, a Village three or four miles off; the Letter always to one Schmidt, who is Catholic Curate there; Letter under envelope, well sealed,—and consisting of two pieces, if you finger it judiciously. And, what is curious, the Letter never has any address; Master merely orders, "Punctual; for Curatus Schmidt, you know!" What can this be? thinks Kappel. Some secret, doubtless; perhaps some intrigue, which Madam must not know of,—"ACH, HERR BARON; and at your age,—fifty, I am sure!" Kappel, a solid fellow, concerned for groom-business alone, punctually carries his Letters; takes charge of the Responses too, which never have any Address; and does not too much trouble himself with curiosities of an impertinent nature.

To these external phenomena I will at present only add this internal one: That an old Brother Officer of Warkotsch's, a Colonel Wallis, with Hussars, is now lying at Heinrichau,—say, 10 miles from Strehlen, and about 10 from Schonbrunn too, or a mile more if you take the Siebenhuben way; and that all these missives, through Curatus Schmidt, are for Wallis the Hussar Colonel, and must be a secret not from Madam alone! How a Baron, hitherto of honor, could all at once become TURPISSIMUS, the Superlative of Scoundrels? This is even the reason,—the prize is so superlative.

"MONDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 30th, 1761 [night bitter cold], Kappel finds himself sitting mounted, and holding Master's horse, in Strehlen, more exactly in Woiselwitz, a suburb of Strehlen, near the King's door,—Majesty's travelling-coach drawn out there, symbol that Strehlen is ending, general departure towards Breslau now nigh. Not to Kappel's sorrow perhaps, waiting in the cold there. Kappel waits, hour after hour; Master taking his ease with the King's people, regardless of the horses and me, in this shivery weather;—and one must not walk about either, for disturbing the King's sleep! Not till midnight does Master emerge, and the freezing Kappel and quadrupeds get under way. Under way, Master breaks out into singular talk about

the King's lodging: Was ever anything so careless; nothing but two sentries in the King's anteroom; thirteen all the soldiers that are in Woiselwitz; Strehlen not available in less than twenty minutes: nothing but woods, haggly glens and hills, all on to Heinrichau: How easy to snatch off his Majesty! "UM GOTTES WILLEN, my Lord, don't speak so: think if a patrolling Prussian were to hear it, in the dark!" Pooh, pooh, answers the Herr Baron.

"At Schonbrunn, in the short hours, Kappel finds Frau Kappel in state of unappeasable curiosity: 'What can it be? Curatus Schmidt was here all afternoon; much in haste to see Master; had to go at last,—for the Church-service, this St. Andrew's Eve. And only think, though he sat with My Lady hours and hours, he left this Letter with ME: "Give it to your Husband, for my Lord, the instant they come; and say I must have an Answer to-morrow morning at 7." Left it with me, not with My Lady;—My Lady not to know of it!' 'Tush, woman!' But Frau Kappel has been, herself, unappeasably running about, ever since she got this Letter; has applied to two fellow-servants, one after the other, who can read writing, 'Break it up, will you!' But they would not. Practical Kappel takes the Letter up to Master's room; delivers it, with the Message. 'What, Curatus Schmidt!' interrupts My Lady, who was sitting there: 'Herr Good-man, what is that?' 'That is a Letter to me,' answers the Good-man: 'What have you to do with it?' Upon which My Lady flounces out in a huff, and the Herr Baron sets about writing his Answer, whatever it may be.

"Kappel and Frau are gone to bed, Frau still eloquent upon the mystery of Curatus Schmidt, when his Lordship taps at their door; enters in the dark: 'This is for the Curatus, at 7 o'clock to-morrow; I leave it on the table here: be in time, like a good Kappel!' Kappel promises his Unappeasable that he will actually open this Piece before delivery of it; upon which she appeases herself, and they both fall asleep. Kappel is on foot betimes next morning. Kappel quietly pockets his Letter; still more quietly, from a neighboring room, pockets his Master's big Seal (PETSCHAFT), with a view to resealing: he then steps out; giving his BURSCH [Apprentice or Under-Groom] order to be ready in so many minutes, 'You and these two horses' (specific for speed); and, in the interim, walks over, with Letter and PETSCHAFT, to the Reverend Herr Gerlach's, for some preliminary business. Kappel is Catholic; Warkotsch, Protestant; Herr Gerlach is Protestant preacher in the Village of Schonbrunn,—much hated by Warkotsch, whose standing order is: 'Don't go near that insolent fellow;' but known by Kappel to be a just man, faithful in difficulties of the weak against the strong. Gerlach, not yet out of bed, listens to the awful story: reads the horrid missive; Warkotsch to Colonel Wallis: 'You can seize the King, living or dead, this night!'—hesitates about copying it (as Kappel wishes, for a good purpose); but is encouraged by his Wife, and soon writes a Copy. This Copy Kappel sticks into the old cover, seals as usual; and, with the Original safe in his own pocket, returns to the stables now. His Bursch and he mount; after a little, he orders his Bursch: 'Bursch, ride you to Siebenhuben and Curatus Schmidt, with this sealed Letter; YOU, and say nothing. I was to have gone myself, but cannot; be speedy, be discreet!' And the Bursch dashes off for Siebenhuben with the sealed Copy, for Schmidt, Warkotsch, Wallis and Company's behoof; Kappel riding, at a still better pace, to Strehlen with the Original, for behoof of the King's Majesty.

"At Strehlen, King's Majesty not yet visible, Kappel has great difficulties in the anteroom among the sentry people. But he persists, insists: 'Read my Letter, then!' which they dare not do; which only Colonel Krusemark, the Adjutant, perhaps dare. They take him to Krusemark. Krusemark reads, all aghast; locks up Kappel; runs to the King; returns, muffles Kappel in soldier's cloak and cap, and leads him in. The King, looking into Kappel's face, into Kappel's clear story and the Warkotsch handwriting, needed only a few questions; and the fit orders, as to Warkotsch and Company, were soon given: dangerous engineers now fallen harmless, blown up by their own petard. One of the King's first questions was: 'But how have I offended Warkotsch?' Kappel does not know; Master is of strict wilful turn;—Master would grumble and growl sometimes about the peasant people, and how a nobleman has now no power over them, in comparison. 'Are you a Protestant?' 'No, your Majesty, Catholic.' 'See, IHR HERREN,' said the King to those about him; 'Warkotsch is a Protestant; his Curatus Schmidt is a Catholic; and this man is a Catholic: there are villains and honest people in every creed!'

"At noon, that day, Warkotsch had sat down to dinner, comfortably in his dressing-gown, nobody but the good Baroness there; when Rittmeister Rabenau suddenly descended on the Schloss and dining-room with dragoons: 'In arrest, Herr Baron; I am sorry you must go with me to Brieg!' Warkotsch, a strategic fellow, kept countenance to Wife and Rittmeister, in this sudden fall of the thunder-bolt: 'Yes, Herr Rittmeister; it is that mass of Corn I was to furnish [showing him an actual order of that kind], and I am behind my time with it! Nobody can help his luck. Take a bit of dinner with us, anyway!' Rittmeister refused; but the Baroness too pressed him; he at length sat down. Warkotsch went 'to dress;' first of all, to give orders about his best horse; but was shocked to find that the dragoons were a hundred, and that every outgate was beset. Returning half-dressed, with an air of baffled hospitality: 'Herr Rittmeister, our Schloss must not be disgraced; here are your brave fellows waiting, and nothing of refreshment ready for them. I have given order at the Tavern in the Village; send them down; there they shall drink better luck to me, and have a bit of bread and cheese.' Stupid Rabenau again consents:—and in few minutes more, Warkotsch is in the Woods, galloping like Epsom, towards Wallis; and Rabenau can only arrest Madam (who knows nothing), and return in a baffled state.

"Schmidt too got away. The party sent after Schmidt found him in the little Town of Nimptsch, half-way home again from his Wallis errand; comfortably dining with some innocent hospitable people there. Schmidt could not conceal his confusion; but pleading piteously a necessity of nature, was with difficulty admitted to the—to the ABTRITT so called; and there, by some long pole or rake-handle, vanished wholly through a never-imagined aperture, and was no more heard of in the upper world. The Prussian soldiery does not seem expert in thief-taking.

"Warkotsch came back about midnight that same Tuesday, 500 Wallis Hussars escorting him; and took away his ready moneys, near 5,000 pounds in gold, reports Frau Kappel, who witnessed the ghastly operation (Hussars in great terror, in haste, and unconscionably greedy as to sharing);—after which our next news of him, the last of any clear authenticity, is this Note to his poor Wife, which was read in the Law Procedures on him six months hence: 'My Child (MEIN KIND),—The accursed thought I took up against my King has overwhelmed me in boundless misery. From the top of the highest hill I cannot see the limits of it. Farewell; I am in the farthest border of Turkey.—WARKOTSCH.'" [Kuster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, p. 88: Kuster, pp. 65-188

(for the general Narrative); Tempelhof, v. 346, &c. &c.]

Schmidt and he, after patient trial, were both of them beheaded and quartered,—in pasteboard effigy,—in the Salt Ring (Great Square) of Breslau, May, 1762:—in pasteboard, Friedrich liked it better than the other way. "MEINETWEGEN," wrote he, sanctioning the execution, "For aught I care; the Portraits will likely be as worthless as the Originals." Rittmeister Rabenau had got off with a few days' arrest, and the remark, "ER IST EIN DUMMER TEUFEL (You are a stupid devil)!" Warkotsch's Estates, all and sundry, deducting the Baroness's jointure, which was punctually paid her, were confiscated to the King,—and by him were made over to the Schools of Breslau and Glogau, which, I doubt not, enjoy them to this day. Reverend Gerlach in Schonbrunn, Kappel and Kappel's Bursch, were all attended to, and properly rewarded, though there are rumors to the contrary. Hussar-Colonel Wallis got no public promotion, though it is not doubted the Head People had been well cognizant of his ingenious intentions. Official Vienna, like mankind in general, shuddered to own him; the great Counts Wallis at Vienna published in the Newspapers, "Our House has no connection with that gentleman;"—and, in fact, he was of Irish breed, it seems, the name of him WALLISCH (or Walsh), if one cared. Warkotsch died at Raab (THIS side the farthest corner of Turkey), in 1769: his poor Baroness had vanished from Silesia five years before, probably to join him. He had some pension or alimnt from the Austrian Court; small or not so small is a disputed point.

And this is, more minutely than need have been, in authentic form only too diffuse, the once world-famous Warkotsch Tragedy or Wellnigh-Tragic Melodrama; which is still interesting and a matter of study, of pathos and minute controversy, to the patriot and antiquary in Prussian Countries, though here we might have been briefer about it. It would, indeed, have "finished the War at once;" and on terms delightful to Austria and its Generals near by. But so would any unit of the million balls and bullets which have whistled round that same Royal Head, and have, every unit of them, missed like Warkotsch! Particular Heads, royal and other, meant for use in the scheme of things, are not to be hit on any terms till the use is had.

Friedrich settled in Breslau for the Winter, December 9th. From Colberg bad news meet him in Breslau; bad and ever worse: Colberg, not Warkotsch, is the interesting matter there, for a fortnight coming,—till Colberg end, it also irremediable. The Russian hope on Colberg is, long since, limited to that of famine. We said the conveyance of Supplies, across such a Hundred Miles of wilderness, from Stettin thither, with Russians and the Winter gainsaying, was the difficulty. Our short Note continues:—

"In fact, it is the impossibility: trial after trial goes on, in a strenuous manner, but without success. October 13th, Green Kleist tries; October 22d, Knobloch and even Platen try. For the next two months there is trial on trial made (Hussar Kleist, Knobloch, Thadden, Platen), not without furious fencing, struggling; but with no success. There are, in wait at the proper places, 15,000 Russians waylaying. Winter comes early, and unusually severe: such marchings, such endeavors and endurances,—without success! For darkness, cold, grim difficulty, fierce resistance to it, one reads few things like this of Colberg. 'The snow lies ell-deep,' says Archenholtz; 'snow-tempests, sleet, frost: a country wasted and hungered out; wants fuel-wood; has not even salt. The soldier's bread is a block of ice; impracticable to human teeth till you thaw it,—which is only possible by night.' The Russian ships disappear (17th October); November 2d, Butturlin, leaving reinforcements without stint, vanishes towards Poland. The day before Butturlin went, there had been solemn summons upon Eugen, 'Surrender honorably, we once more bid you; never will we leave this ground, till Colberg is ours!' 'Vain to propose it!' answers Eugen, as before. The Russians too are clearly in great misery of want; though with better roads open for them; and Romanzow's obstinacy is extreme.

"Night of November 14th-15th, Eugen, his horse-fodder being entirely done, and Heyde's magazines worn almost out, is obliged to glide mysteriously, circuitously from his Camp, and go to try the task himself. The most difficult of marches, gloriously executed; which avails to deliver Eugen, and lightens the pressure on Heyde's small store. Eugen, in a way Tempelhof cannot enough admire, gets clear away. Joins with Platen, collects Provision; tries to send Provision in, but without effect. By the King's order, is to try it himself in a collective form. Had Heyde food, he would care little.

"Romanzow, who is now in Eugen's old Camp, summons the Veteran; they say, it is 'for the twenty-fifth time,'—not yet quite the last. Heyde consults his people: 'KAMERADEN, what think you should I do?' 'THUN SIE'S DURCHAUS NICHT, HERR OBRIST, Do not a whit of it, Herr Colonel: we will defend ourselves as long as we have bread and powder.' [Seyfarth, iii. 28; Archenholtz, ii. 304.] It is grim frost; Heyde pours water on his walls. Romanzow tries storm; the walls are glass; the garrison has powder, though on half rations as to bread: storm is of no effect. By the King's order, Eugen tries again. December 6th, starts; has again a march of the most consummate kind; December 12th, gets to the Russian intrenchment; storms a Russian redoubt, and fights inexpressibly; but it will not do. Withdraws; leaves Colberg to its fate. Next morning, Heyde gets his twenty-sixth summons; reflects on it two days; and then (December 16th), his biscuit done, decides to 'march out, with music playing, arms shouldered and the honors of war.'" [Tempelhof, v. 351-377; Archenholtz, ii. 294-307; especially the Seyfarth *Beylagen* above cited.] Adieu to the old Hero; who, we hope, will not stay long in Russian prison.

"What a Place of Arms for us!" thinks Romanzow;—"though, indeed, for Campaign 1762, at this late time of year, it will not so much avail us." No;—and for 1763, who knows if you will need it then!

Six weeks ago, Prince Henri and Daun had finished their Saxon Campaign in a much more harmless manner. NOVEMBER 5th, Daun, after infinite rallying, marshalling, rearranging, and counselling with Loudon, who has sat so long quiescent on the Heights at Kunzendorf, ready to aid and reinforce, did at length (nothing of "rashness" chargeable on Daun) make "a general attack on Prince Henri's outposts", in the Meissen or Mulda-Elbe Country, "from Rosswein all across to Siebeneichen;" simultaneous attack, 15 miles wide, or I know not how wide, but done with vigor; and, after a stiff struggle in the small way, drove them all in;—in, all of them, more or less;—and then did nothing farther whatever. Henri had to contract his quarters, and stand alertly on his guard: but nothing came. "Shall have to winter in straiter quarters, behind the Mulda, not astride of it as formerly; that is all." And so the Campaign in Saxony had ended, "without, in the whole course of it", say the Books, "either party gaining any essential advantage over the other." [Seyfarth, iii. 54; Tempelhof, v. 275 et seq. (ibid. pp. 263-280 for the Campaign at large, in all breadth of detail).]

Chapter X.—FRIEDRICH IN BRESLAU; HAS NEWS FROM PETERSBURG.

Since December 9th, Friedrich is in Breslau, in some remainder of his ruined Palace there; and is represented to us, in Books, as sitting amid ruins; no prospect ahead of him but ruin. Withdrawn from Society; looking fixedly on the gloomiest future. Sees hardly anybody; speaks, except it be on business, nothing. "One day," I have read somewhere, "General Lentulus dined with him; and there was not a word uttered at all." The Anecdote-Books have Dialogues with Ziethen; Ziethen still trusting in Divine Providence; King trusting only in the iron Destinies, and the stern refuge of Death with honor: Dialogues evidently symbolical only. In fact, this is not, or is not altogether, the King's common humor. He has his two Nephews with him (the elder, old enough to learn soldiering, is to be of next Campaign under him); he is not without society when he likes,—never without employment whether he like or not; and, in the blackest murk of despondencies, has his Turk and other Illusions, which seem to be brighter this Year than ever. [LETTERS to Henri: in SCHONING, iii. (SOEPIUS).]

For certain, the King is making all preparation, as if victory might still crown him: though of practical hope he, doubtless often enough, has little or none. England seems about deserting him; a most sad and unexpected change has befallen there: great Pitt thrown out; perverse small Butes come in, whose notions and procedures differ far from Pitt's! At home here, the Russians are in Pommern and the Neumark; Austrians have Saxony, all but a poor strip beyond the Mulda; Silesia, all but a fraction on the Oder: Friedrich has with himself 30,000; with Prince Henri, 25,000; under Eugen of Wurtemberg, against the Swedes, 5,000; in all his Dominions, 60,000 fighting men. To make head against so many enemies, he calculates that 60,000 more must be raised this Winter. And where are these to come from; England and its help having also fallen into such dubiety? Next Year, it is calculated by everybody, Friedrich himself hardly excepted (in bad moments), must be the finis of this long agonistic tragedy. On the other hand, Austria herself is in sore difficulties as to cash; discharges 20,000 men,—trusting she may have enough besides to finish Friedrich. France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for Peace; English Bute nothing like so ill to treat with as Pitt: to Austria no more subsidies from France. The War is waxing feeble, not on Friedrich's side only, like a flame short of fuel. This Year it must go out; Austria will have to kill Friedrich this Year, if at all.

Whether Austria's and the world's prophecy would have been fulfilled? Nobody can say what miraculous sudden shifts, and outbursts of fiery enterprise, may still lie in this man. Friedrich is difficult to kill, grows terribly elastic when you compress him into a corner. Or Destiny, perhaps, may have tried him sufficiently; and be satisfied? Destiny does send him a wonderful star-of-day, bursting out on the sudden, as will be seen!—Meanwhile here is the English calamity; worse than any Schweidnitz, Colberg or other that has befallen in this blackest, of the night.

THE PITT CATASTROPHE: HOW THE PEACE- NEGOTIATION WENT OFF BY EXPLOSION; HOW PITT WITHDREW (3d October, 1761), AND THERE CAME A SPANISH WAR NEVERTHELESS.

In St. James's Street, "in the Duke of Cumberland's late lodgings," on the 2d of October, 1761, there was held one of the most remarkable Cabinet-Councils known in English History: it is the last of Pitt's Cabinet-Councils for a long time,—might as well have been his last of all;—and is of the highest importance to Friedrich through Pitt. We spoke of the Choiseul Peace-Negotiation; of an offer indirectly from King Carlos, "Could not I mediate a little?"—offer which exploded said Negotiation, and produced the Bourbon Family Compact and an additional War instead. Let us now look, slightly for a few moments, into that matter and its sequences.

It was JULY 15th, when Bussy, along with something in his own French sphere, presented this beautiful Spanish Appendix,—"apprehensive that War may break out again with Spain, when we Two have got settled." By the same opportunity came a Note from him, which was reckoned important too: "That the Empress Queen would and did, whatever might become of the Congress of Augsburg, approve of this Separate Peace between France and England,—England merely undertaking to leave the King of Prussia altogether to himself in future with her Imperial Majesty and her Allies." "Never, Sir!" answered Pitt, with emphasis, to this latter Proposition; and to the former about Spain's interfering, or whispering of interference, he answered—by at once returning the Paper, as a thing non-extant, or which it was charitable to consider so. "Totally inadmissible, Sir; mention it no more!"—and at once called upon the Spanish Ambassador to disavow such impertinence imputed to his Master. Fancy the colloquies, the agitated consultations thereupon, between Bussy and this Don, in view suddenly of breakers ahead!

In about a week (July 23d), Bussy had an Interview with Pitt himself on this high Spanish matter; and got some utterances out of him which are memorable to Bussy and us. "It is my duty to declare to you, Sir, in the name of his Majesty," said Pitt, "that his Majesty will not suffer the disputes with Spain to be blended, in any manner whatever, in the Negotiation of Peace between the Two Crowns. To which I must add, that it will be

considered as an affront to his Majesty's dignity, and as a thing incompatible with the sincerity of the Negotiation, to make farther mention of such a circumstance." [In THACKERAY, ii. 554;—Pitt next day putting it in writing, "word for word," at Bussy's request.] Bussy did not go at once, after this deliverance; but was unable, by his arguments and pleadings, by all his oil and fire joined together, to produce the least improvement on it: "Time enough to treat of all that, Sir, when the Tower of London is taken sword in hand!" [Beatson, ii. 434. Archenholtz (ii. 245) has heard of this expression, in a slightly incorrect way.] was Pitt's last word. An expression which went over the world; and went especially to King Carlos, as fast as it could fly, or as his Choiseul could speed it: and, in about three weeks: produced—it and what had gone before it, by the united industry of Choiseul and Carlos, finally produced—the famed BOURBON FAMILY COMPACT (August 15th, 1761), and a variety of other weighty results, which lay in embryo therein.

Pitt, in the interim, had been intensely prosecuting, in Spain and everywhere, his inquiry into the Bussy phenomenon of July 15th; which he, from the first glimpse of it, took to mean a mystery of treachery in the pretended Peace-Negotiation, on the part of Choiseul and Catholic Majesty;—though other long heads, and Pitt's Ambassador at Madrid investigating on the spot, considered it an inadvertence mainly, and of no practical meaning. On getting knowledge of the Bourbon Family Compact, Pitt perceived that his suspicion was a certainty;—and likewise that the one clear course was, To declare War on the Spanish Bourbon too, and go into him at once: "We are ready; fleets, soldiers, in the East, in the West; he not ready anywhere. Since he wants War, let him have it, without loss of a moment!" That is Pitt's clear view of the case; but it is by no means Bute and Company's,—who discern in it, rather, a means of finishing another operation they have long been secretly busy upon, by their Mauduits and otherwise; and are clear against getting into a new War with Spain or anybody: "Have not we enough of Wars?" say they.

Since September 18th, there had been three Cabinet-Councils held on this great Spanish question: "Mystery of treachery, meaning War from Spain? Or awkward Inadvertence only, practically meaning little or nothing?" Pitt, surer of his course every time, every time meets the same contradiction. Council of October 2d was the third of the series, and proved to be the last.

"Twelve Seventy-fours sent instantly to Cadiz", had been Pitt's proposal, on the first emergence of the Bussy phenomenon. Here are his words, October 2d, when it is about to get consummated: "This is now the time for humbling the whole House of Bourbon: and if this opportunity is let slip, we shall never find another! Their united power, if suffered to gather strength, will baffle our most vigorous efforts, and possibly plunge us in the gulf of ruin. We must not allow them a moment to breathe. Self-preservation bids us crush them before they can combine or recollect themselves."—"No evidence that Spain means war; too many wars on our hands; let us at least wait!" urge all the others,—all but one, or one and A HALF, of whom presently. Whereupon Pitt: "If these views are to be followed, this is the last time I can sit at this Board. I was called to the Administration of Affairs by the voice of the People: to them I have always considered myself as accountable for my conduct; and therefore cannot remain in a situation which makes me responsible for measures I am no longer allowed to guide." [Beatson, ii. 438.]

Carteret Granville, President of said Council for ten years past, [Came in "17th June, 1751",—died "2d January, 1763."] now an old red-nosed man of seventy-two, snappishly took him up,—it is the last public thing poor Carteret did in this world,—in the following terms: "I find the Gentleman is determined to leave us; nor can I say I am sorry for it, since otherwise he would have certainly compelled us to leave him [Has ruled us, may not I say, with a rod of iron!] But if he be resolved to assume the office of exclusively advising his Majesty and directing the operations of the War, to what purpose are we called to this Council? When he talks of being responsible to the People, he talks the language of the House of Commons; forgets that, at this Board, he is only responsible to the King. However, though he may possibly have convinced himself of his infallibility, still it remains that we should be equally convinced, before we can resign our understandings to his direction, or join with him in the measure he proposes." [BIOG. BRITANNICA (Kippis's; London, 1784), iii. 278. See Thackeray, i. 589-592.]

Who, besides Temple (Pitt's Brother-in-law) confirmatory of Pitt, Bute negatory, and Newcastle SILENT, the other beautiful gentlemen were, I will not ask; but poor old Carteret,—the wine perhaps sour on his stomach (old age too, with German memories of his own, "A biggish Life once mine, all futile for want of this same Kingship like Pitt's!")—I am sorry old Carteret should have ended so! He made the above Answer; and Pitt resigned next day. [Thackeray, i. 592 n. "October 5th" (ACCEPTANCE of the resignation, I suppose?) is the date commonly given.] "The Nation was thunderstruck, alarmed and indignant," says Walpole: [*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*, i. 82 et seq.] yes, no wonder;—but, except a great deal of noisy jargon in Parliament and out of it, the Nation gained nothing for itself by its indignant, thunderstricken and other feelings. Its Pitt is irrecoverable; and it may long look for another such. These beautiful recalcitrants of the Cabinet-Council had, themselves, within three months (think under what noises and hootings from a non-admiring Nation), to declare War on Spain, ["2d January, 1762," the English; "18th January," the Spaniard (ANNUAL REGISTER for 1762, p. 50; or better, Beatson, ii. 443).] NOT on better terms than when Pitt advised; and, except for the "readiness" in which Pitt had left all things, might have fared indifferently in it.

To Spain and France the results of the Family Compact (we may as well give them at once, though they extend over the whole next year and farther, and concern Friedrich very little) were: a War on England (chiefly on poor Portugal for England's sake); with a War BY England in return, which cost Spain its Havana and its Philippine Islands.

"From 1760 and before, the Spanish Carlos, his orthodox mind perhaps shocked at Pombal and the Anti-Jesuit procedures, had forbidden trade with Portugal; had been drawing out dangerous 'militia forces on the Frontier;' and afflicting and frightening the poor Country. But on the actual arrival of War with England, Choiseul and he, as the first feasibility discernible, make Demand (three times over, 16th March-18th April, 1762, each time more stringently) on poor Portuguese Majesty: 'Give up your objectionable Heretic Ally, and join with us against him; will you, or will you not?' To which the Portuguese Majesty, whose very title is Most Faithful, answered always: 'You surprise me! I cannot; how can I? He is my Ally, and has always kept faith with me! For certain, No!' [*London Gazette*, 5th May, 1762, &c. (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxii. 205, 321, 411).] So that there is English reinforcement got ready, men, money; an English General, Lord

Tyrawley, General and Ambassador; with a 5 or 6,000 horse and foot, and many volunteer officers besides, for the Portuguese behoof. [List of all this in Beatson, ii. 491, iii. 323;—"did not get to sea till 12th May, 1762" (*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 239).] In short, every encouragement to poor Portugal: 'Pull, and we will help you by tracing.'

"The poor Portuguese pulled very badly: were disgusting to Tyrawley, he to them; and cried passionately, 'Get us another General;'—upon which, by some wise person's counsel, that singular Artillery Gentleman, the Graf von der Lippe Buckeburg, who gave the dinner in his Tent with cannon firing at the pole of it, was appointed; and Tyrawley came home in a huff. [Varnhagen van Ense, GRAF WILHELM ZUR LIPPE (Berlin, 1845), in *Vermischte Schriften*, i. 1-118: pp. 33-54, his Portuguese operations.] Which was probably a favorable circumstance. Buckeburg understands War, whether Tyrawley do or not. Duke Ferdinand has agreed to dispense with his Ordnance-Master; nay I have heard the Ordnance-Master, a man of sharp speech on occasion, was as good as idle; and had gone home to Buckeburg, this Winter: indignant at the many imperfections he saw, and perhaps too frankly expressing that feeling now and then. What he thought of the Portuguese Army in comparison is not on record; but, may be judged of by this circumstance, That on dining with the chief Portuguese military man, he found his Portuguese captains and lieutenants waiting as valets behind the chairs. [VARNHAGEN (gives no date anywhere).]

"The improvements he made are said to have been many;—and Portuguese Majesty, in bidding farewell, gave him a park of Miniature Gold Cannon by way of gracious symbol. But, so far as the facts show, he seems to have got from his Portuguese Army next to no service whatever: and, but for the English and the ill weather, would have fared badly against his French and Spaniards,—42,000 of them, advancing in Three Divisions, by the Douro and the Tagus, against Oporto and Lisbon.

"His War has only these three dates of event. 1. May 9th, The northmost of the Three Divisions [ANNUAL REGISTER for 1762, p. 30.] crosses the Portuguese Frontier on the Douro; summons Miranda, a chief Town of theirs; takes it, before their first battery is built; takes Braganza, takes Monte Corvo; and within a week is master of the Douro, in that part, 'Will be at Oporto directly!' shriek all the Wine people (no resistance anywhere, except by peasants organized by English Officers in some parts); upon which Seventy-fours were sent.

"2. Division Second of the 42,000 came by Beira Country, between Tagus and Douro, by Tras-os-Montes; and laid siege to a place called Almeida [northwest some 20 odd miles from CUIDAD RODRIGO, a name once known to veterans of us still living], which Buckeburg had tried to repair into strength, and furnish with a garrison. Garrison defended itself well; but could not be relieved;—had to surrender, August 25th: whereby it seems the Tagus is now theirs! All the more, as Division Three is likewise got across from Estremadura, invading Alemtejo: what is to keep these Two from falling on Lisbon together?

"3. Against this, Buckeburg does find a recipe. Despatches Brigadier Burgoyne with an English party upon a Town called Valencia d'Alcantara [not Alcantara Proper, but Valencia of ditto, not very far from Badajoz], where the vanguard of this Third Division is, and their principal Magazine. Burgoyne and his English did perfectly: broke into the place, stormed it sword in hand (August 27th); kept the Magazine and it, though 'the sixteen Portuguese Battalions' could not possibly get up in time. In manner following (say the Old Newspapers):—

"The garrison of Almeida, before which place the whole Spanish Army had been assembled, surrendered to the Spaniards on the 25th [August 25th, as we have just heard], having capitulated on condition of not serving against Spain for six months.

"As a counterbalance to this advantage, the Count de Lippe caused Valencia d'Alcantara to be attacked, sword in hand, by the British troops; who carried it, after an obstinate resistance. The loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in this affair, is luckily but inconsiderable: and consists in Lieutenant Burk of Colonel Frederick's, one sergeant and three privates killed; two sergeants, one drummer, 18 privates wounded; 10 horses killed and 2 wounded [loss not at all considerable, in a War of such dimensions!]. The British troops behaved upon this occasion with as much generosity as courage; and it deserves admiration, that, in an affair of this kind, the town and the inhabitants suffered very little; which is owing to the good order Brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the heat of the action. This success would probably have been attended with more, if circumstances, that could not well be expected, had not retarded the march of sixteen Portuguese battalions, and three regiments of cavalry.' [Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 443).]

"Upon which—upon which, in fact, the War had to end. Rainy weather came, deluges of rain; Burgoyne, with or without the sixteen battalions of Portuguese, kept the grip he had. Valencia d'Alcantara and its Magazine a settled business, roads round gone all to mire,—this Third Division, and with it the 42,000 in general, finding they had nothing to live upon, went their ways again." NOTE, The Burgoyne, who begins in this pretty way at Valencia d'Alcantara, is the same who ended so dismally at Saratoga, within twenty years:—perhaps, with other War-Offices, and training himself in something suitabler than Parliamentary Eloquence, he might have become a kind of General, and have ended far otherwise than there?—

"Such was the credit account on Carlos's side: By gratuitous assault on Portugal, which had done him no offence; result zero, and pay your expenses. On the English, or PER CONTRA side, again, there were these three items, two of them specifically on Carlos: FIRST, Martinique captured from the French this Spring (finished 4th February, 1762): [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 127.]—was to have been done in any case, Guadaloupe and it being both on Pitt's books for some time, and only Guadaloupe yet got. SECONDLY, King Carlos, for Family Compact and fruitless attempt at burglary on an unoffending neighbor, Debtor: 1. To Loss of the Havana (6th June-13th August, 1762), [Ib. pp. 408-459, &c.] which might easily have issued in loss of all his West Indies together, and total abolition of the Pope's meridian in that Western Hemisphere; and 2. To Loss of Manilla, with his Philippine Islands (23d September-6th October, 1762), [*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxiii. 171-177.] which was abolition of it in the Eastern. After which, happily for Carlos, Peace came,—Peace, and no Pitt to be severe upon his Indies and him. Carlos's War of ten months had stood him uncommonly high."

All these things the English Public, considerably sullen about the Cabinet-Council event of October 3d, ascribed to the real owner of them. The Public said: "These are, all of them, Pitt's bolts, not yours,—launched, or lying ready for launching, from that Olympian battery which, in the East and in the West, had already smitten down all Lallys and Montcalms; and had force already massed there, rendering your Havanas and Manillas easy for you. For which, indeed, you do not seem to care much; rather seem to be embarrassed with them, in your eagerness for Peace and a lazy life!"—Manilla was a beautiful work; [A JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN THE EXPEDITION TO MANILLA (*London Gazette*, April 19th, 1763; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxxiii. 171 et seq.). Written by Colonel or Brigadier General Draper (suggester, contriver and performer of the Enterprise; an excellent Indian Officer, of great merit with his pen as well,—Bully JUNIUS'S Correspondent afterwards).] but the Manilla Ransom; a million sterling, half of it in bills,—which the Spaniards, on no pretext at all but the disagreeableness, refused to pay! Havana, though victorious, cost a good many men: was thought to be but badly managed. "What to do with it?" said Bute, at the Peace: "Give us Florida in lieu of it",—which proved of little benefit to Bute. Enough, enough of Bute and his performances.

Pitt being gone, Friedrich's English Subsidy lags: this time Friedrich concludes it is cut off;—silent on the subject; no words will express one's thoughts on it. Not till April 9th has poor Mitchell the sad errand of announcing formally That such are our pressures, Portuguese War and other, we cannot afford it farther. Answered by I know not what kind of glance from Friedrich; answered, I find, by words few or none from the forsaken King: "Good; that too was wanting," thought the proud soul: "Keep your coin, since you so need it; I have still copper, and my sword!" The alloy this Year became as 3 to 1:—what other remedy?

From the same cause, I doubt not, this Year, for the first time in human memory, came that complete abeyance of the Gift-moneys (DOUCEUR-GELDER), which are become a standing expectation, quasi-right, and necessary item of support to every Prussian Officer, from a Lieutenant upwards: not a word, in the least official, said of them this Year; still less a penny of them actually forthcoming to a wornout expectant Army. One of the greatest sins charged upon Friedrich by Prussian or Prussian-Military public opinion: not to be excused at all;—Prussian-Military and even Prussian-Civil opinion having a strange persuasion that this King has boundless supply of money, and only out of perversity refuses it for objects of moment. In the Army as elsewhere much has gone awry; [See Mollendorf's two or three LETTERS (Preuss, iv. 407-411).] many rivets loose after such a climbing of the Alps as there has been, through dense and rare.

It will surprise everybody that Friedrich, with his copper and other resources, actually raised his additional 60,000; and has for himself 70,000 to recover Schweidnitz, and bring Silesia to its old state; 40,000 for Prince Henri and Saxony, with a 10,000 of margin for Sweden and accidental sundries. This is strange, but it is true. [Stenzel, v. 297, 286; Tempelhof, vi. 2, 10, 63.] And has not been done without strivings and contrivings, hard requisitions on the places liable; and has involved not a little of severity and difficulty,—especially a great deal of haggling with the collecting parties, or at least with Prince Henri, who presides in Saxony, and is apt to complain and mourn over the undoable, rather than proceed to do it. The King's Correspondence with Henri, this Winter, is curious enough; like a Dialogue between Hope on its feet, and Despair taking to its bed. "You know there are Two Doctors in MOLIERE," says Friedrich to him once; "a Doctor TANT-MIEUX (So much the Better) and a Doctor TANT-PIS (So much the Worse): these two cannot be expected to agree!"—Instead of infinite arithmetical details, here is part of a Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens; and a Passage, one of many, with Prince Henri;—which command a view into the interior that concerns us.

THE KING TO D'ARGENS (at Berlin).

"BRESLAU, 18th January, 1762.

... "You have lifted the political veil which covered horrors and perfidies meditated and ready to burst out [Bute's dismal procedures, I believe; who is ravenous for Peace, and would fain force Friedrich along with him on terms altogether disgraceful and inadmissible [See D'Argens's Letter (to which this is Answer), *OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 281, 282.]: you judge correctly of the whole situation I am in, of the abysses which surround me; and, as I see by what you say, of the kind of hope that still remains to me. It will not be till the month of February [Turks, probably, and Tartar Khan; great things coming then!] that we can speak of that; and that is the term I contemplate for deciding whether I shall hold to CATO [Cato,—and the little Glass Tube I have!] or to CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES," and the best fight one can make.

"The School of patience I am at is hard, long-continued, cruel, nay barbarous. I have not been able to escape my lot: all that human foresight could suggest has been employed, and nothing has succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, doubtless I shall sink; it is only she that can extricate me from the situation I am in. I escape out of it by looking at the Universe on the great scale, like an observer from some distant Planet; all then seems to me so infinitely small, and I could almost pity my enemies for giving themselves such trouble about so very little. What would become of us without philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things frivolous, transient and fugitive, about which the greedy and ambitious make such a pother, fancying them to be solid! This is to become wise by stripes, you will tell me; well, if one do become wise, what matters it how?—I read a great deal; I devour my Books, and that brings me useful alleviation. But for my Books, I think hypochondria would have had me in bedlam before now. In fine, dear Marquis, we live in troublous times and in desperate situations:—I have all the properties of a Stage-Hero; always in danger, always on the point of perishing. One must hope the conclusion will come; and if the end of the piece be lucky, we will forget the rest. Patience then, MON CHER, till February 20th [By which time, what far other veritable star-of-day will have risen on me!]. ADIEU, MON CHER.—F." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 282, 283.]

TIFF OF QUARREL BETWEEN KING AND HENRI (March-April, 1762).

In the Spring months Prince Henri is at Hof in Voigtland, on the extreme right of his long line of "Quarters behind the Mulda;" busy enough, watching the Austrians and Reich; levying the severe contributions; speeding all he can the manifold preparatives;—conscious to himself of the greatest vigilance and diligence, but wrapt in despondency and black acidulent humors; a "Doctor SO MUCH THE WORSE," who is not a comforting Correspondent. From Hof, towards the middle of March, he becomes specially gloomy and acidulous; sends a series of Complaints; also of News, not important, but all rather in YOUR favor, my dearest Brother, than in mine, if you will please to observe! As thus:—

HENRI (at Hof, 10th-13th March)... "Sadly off here, my dearest Brother.! Of our '1,284 head of commissariat horses,' only 180 are come in; of our '287 drivers,' not one. Will be impossible to open Campaign at that rate."—"Grenadier Battalions ROTHENBURG and GRANT demand to have picked men to complete them [of CANTONIST, or sure Prussian sort].... I find [NOTA BENE, Reader!] there are eight Austrian regiments going to Silesia [off my hands, and upon YOURS, in a sense], eight instead of four that I spoke of: intending, probably, for Glatz, to replace Czernichef [a Czernichef off for home lately, in a most miraculous way; as readers shall hear!]
—to replace Czernichef, and the blank he has left there? Eight of them: Your Majesty can have no difficulty; but I will detach Platen or somebody, if you order it; though I am myself perilously ill off here, so scattered into parts, not capable of speedy junction like your Majesty."

FRIEDRICH (14th-16th March). "Commissariat horses, drivers? I arranged and provided where everything was to be got. But if my orders are not executed, nor the requisitions brought in, of course there is failure. I am despatching Adjutant von Anhalt to Saxony a second time, to enforce matters. If I could be for three weeks in Saxony, myself, I believe I could put all on its right footing; but, as I must not stir two steps from here, I will send you Anhalt, with orders to the Generals, to compel them to their duty." [Schoning, iii. 301, 302.] "As to Grenadier Battalions GRANT and ROTHENBURG, it is absurd." (Henri falls silent for about a week, brooding his gloom;—not aware that still worse is coming.) King continues:—

KING (22d March). "Eight regiments, you said? Here, by enclosed List, are seventeen of them, names and particulars all given", which is rather a different view of the account against Silesia! Seventeen of them, going, not for Glatz, I should say, but to strengthen our Enemies hereabouts.

HENRI. "Hm, hah [answers only in German; dry military reports, official merely;—thinks of writing to Chief-Clerk Eichel, who is factotum in these spheres].... Artillery recruits are scarce in the extreme; demand bounty: five thalers, shall we say?"

KING. "Seventeen regiments of them, beyond question, instead of eight, coming on us: strange that you did n't warn me better. I have therefore ordered your Major-General Schmettau hitherward at once. As he has not done raising the contributions in the Lausitz, you must send another to do it, and have them ready when General Platen passes that way hither."—"Five thalers bounty for artillery men" say you? It is not to be thought of. Artillery men can be had by conscription where you are." Henri (in silence, still more indignant) sends military reports exclusively. March 26th, Henri's gloom reaches the igniting point; he writes to Chief-Clerk Eichel:—

"Monsieur, you are aware that Adjutant von Anhalt is on the way hither. To judge by his orders, if they correspond to the Letters I have had from the King, Adjutant von Anhalt's appearance here will produce an embarrassment, from which I am resolved to extricate myself by a voluntary retirement from office. My totally ruined (ABIMEE) health, the vexations I have had, the fatigues and troubles of war, leave in me little regret to quit the employment. I solicit only, from your attentions and skill of management, that my retreat be permitted to take place with the decency observed towards those who have served the State. I have not a high opinion of my services; but perhaps I am not mistaken in supposing that it would be more a shame to the King than to me if he should make me endure all manner of chagrins during my retirement." [Schoning, iii. 307.]

Eichel sinks into profound reflection; says nothing. How is this fire to be got under? Where is the place to trample on it, before opening door or window, or saying a word to the King or anybody?

HENRI (same day, 26th March). "My dearest Brother,—In the List you send me of those seventeen Austrian regiments, several, I am informed, are still in Saxony; and by all the news that I get, there are only eight gone towards Silesia."—"From Leipzig my accounts are, the Reichs Army is to make a movement in advance, and Prince Xavier with the Saxons was expected at Naumburg the 20th ult. I know not if you have arranged with Duke Ferdinand for a proportionate succor, in case his French also should try to penetrate into Saxony upon me? I am, with the profoundest attachment, your faithful and devoted servant and Brother."

KING (30th March). "Seventeen of them, you may depend; I am too well informed to be allowed to doubt in any way. What you report of the Reichsfolk and Saxons moving hither, thither; that seems to me a bit of game on their part. They will try to cut one post from you, then another, unless you assemble a corps and go in upon them. Till you decide for this resolution, you have nothing but chicanes and provocations to expect there. As to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, I don't imagine that his Orders [from England] would permit him what you propose [for relief of yourself]: at any rate, you will have to write at least thrice to him,—that is to say, waste three weeks, before he will answer No or Yes. You yourself are in force enough for those fellows: but so long as you keep on the defensive alone, the enemy gains time, and things will always go a bad road." Henri's patience is already out; this same day he is writing to the King.

HENRI (30th March)... "You have hitherto received proofs enough of my ways of thinking and acting to know that if in reality I was mistaken about those eight regiments, it can only have been a piece of ignorance on the part of my spy: meanwhile you are pleased to make me responsible for what misfortune may come of it. I think I have my hands full with the task laid on me of guarding 4,000 square miles of country with fewer troops than you have, and of being opposite an enemy whose posts touch upon ours, and who is superior in force. Your preceding Letters [from March 16th hitherto], on which I have wished to be silent, and this last proof of want of affection, show me too clearly to what fortune I have sacrificed these Six Years of Campaigning."

KING (3d April: Official Orders given in Teutsch; at the tail of which). "Spare your wrath and indignation at your servant, Monseigneur! You, who preach indulgence, have a little of it for persons who have no intention

of offending you, or of failing in respect for you; and deign to receive with more benignity the humble representations which the conjunctures sometimes force from me. F."—Which relieves Eichel of his difficulties, and quenches this sputter. [Plucked up from the waste imbroglis of SCHONING (iii. 296-311), by arranging and omitting.]

Prince Henri, for all his complaining, did beautifully this Season again (though to us it must be silent, being small-war merely;—and in particular, MAY 12th) early in the morning, simultaneously in many different parts, burst across the Mulda, ten or twenty miles long (or BROAD rather, from his right hand to his left), sudden as lightning, upon the supine Serbelloni and his Austrians and Reichsfolk. And hurled them back, one and all, almost to the Plauen Chasm and their old haunts; widening his quarters notably. [*Bericht von dem Uebergang uber die Mulde, den der Prinz Heinrich den 12ten May 1762 glucklich ausgefuhrt* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii, 280-291).] A really brilliant thing, testifies everybody, though not to be dwelt on here. Seidlitz was of it (much fine cutting and careering, from the Seidlitz and others, we have to omit in these two Saxon Campaigns!)—Seidlitz was of it; he and another still more special acquaintance of ours, the learned Quintus Icilius; who also did his best in it, but lost his "AMUSETTE" (small bit of cannon, "Plaything," so called by Marechal de Saxe, inventor of the article), and did not shine like Seidlitz.

Henri's quarters being notably widened in this way, and nothing but torpid Serbellonis and Prince Stollbergs on the opposite part, Henri "drew himself out thirty-five miles long;" and stood there, almost looking into Plauen region as formerly. And with his fiery Seidlitzes, Kleists, made a handsome Summer of it. And beat the Austrians and Reichsfolk at Freyberg (OCTOBER 29th) a fine Battle, and his sole one,—on the Horse which afterwards carried Gellert, as is pleasantly known.

But we are omitting the news from Petersburg,—which came the very day after that gloomy LETTER TO D'ARGENS; months before the TIFF OF QUARREL with Henri, and the brilliant better destinies of that Gentleman in his Campaign.

BRIGHT NEWS FROM PETERSBURG (certain, Jan. 19th); WHICH GROW EVER BRIGHTER; AND BECOME A STAR-OF-DAY FOR FRIEDRICH.

To Friedrich, long before all this of Henri, indeed almost on the very day while he was writing so despondently to D'Argens, a new phasis had arisen. Hardly had he been five weeks at Breslau, in those gloomy circumstances, when,—about the middle of January, 1762 (day not given, though it is forever notable),—there arrive rumors, arrive news,—news from Petersburg; such as this King never had before! "Among the thousand ill strokes of Fortune, does there at length come one pre-eminently good? The unspeakable Sovereign Woman, is she verily dead, then, and become peaceable to me forevermore?" We promised Friedrich a wonderful star-of-day; and this is it,—though it is long before he dare quite regard it as such. Peter, the Successor, he knows to be secretly his friend and admirer; if only, in the new Czarish capacity and its chaotic environments and conditions, Peter dare and can assert these feelings? What a hope to Friedrich, from this time onward! Russia may be counted as the bigger half of all he had to strive with; the bigger, or at least the far uglier, more ruinous and incendiary;—and if this were at once taken away, think what a daybreak when the night was at the blackest!

Pious people say, The darkest hour is often nearest the dawn. And a dawn this proved to be for Friedrich. And the fact grew always the longer the brighter;—and before Campaign time, had ripened into real daylight and sunrise. The dates should have been precise; but are not to be had so: here is the nearest we could come. January 14th, writing to Henri, the King has a mysterious word about "possibilities of an uncommon sort,"—rumors from Petersburg, I could conjecture; though perhaps they are only Turk or Tartar-Khan affairs, which are higher this year than ever, and as futile as ever. But, on JANUARY 19th, he has heard plainly,—with what hopes (if one durst indulge them)!—that the implacable Imperial Woman, INFAME CATIN DU NORD, is verily dead. Dead; and does not hate me any more. Deliverance, Peace and Victory lie in the word!—Catin had long been failing, but they kept it religiously secret within the Court walls: even at Petersburg nobody knew till the Prayers of the Church were required: Prayers as zealous as you can,—the Doctors having plainly intimated that she is desperate, and that the thing is over. On CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1761, by Russian Style, 5th JANUARY, 1762, by European, the poor Imperial Catin lay dead;—a death still more important than that of George II. to this King.

Peter III., who succeeded has lang been privately a sworn friend and admirer of the King; and hastens, not too SLOWLY as the King had feared, but far the reverse, to make that known to all mankind. That, and much else,—in a far too headlong manner, poor soul! Like an ardent, violent, totally inexperienced person (enfranchised SCHOOL-BOY, come to the age of thirty-four), who has sat hitherto in darkness, in intolerable compression; as if buried alive! He is now Czar Peter, Autocrat, not of Himself only, but of All the Russias;—and has, besides the complete regeneration of Russia, two great thoughts: FIRST, That of avenging native Holstein, and his poor martyr of a Father now with God, against the Danes;—and,

SECOND, what is scarcely second in importance to the first, and indeed is practically a kind of preliminary to it, That of delivering the Prussian Pattern of Heroes from such a pattern of foul combinations, and bringing Peace to Europe, while he settles the Holstein-Danish business. Peter is Russian by the Mother's side; his Mother was Sister of the late Catin, a Daughter, like her, of Czar Peter called the Great, and of the little brown Catharine whom we saw transiently long ago. His Holstein Business shall concern us little; but that with Friedrich, during the brief Six Months allowed him for it,—for it, and for all his remaining businesses in this world,—is of the highest importance to Friedrich and us.

Peter is one of the wildest men; his fate, which was tragical, is now to most readers rather of a ghastly grotesque than of a lamentable and pitiable character. Few know, or have ever considered, in how wild an element poor Peter was born and nursed; what a time he has had, since his fifteenth year especially, when Cousin of Zerbst and he were married. Perhaps the wildest and maddest any human soul had, during that Century. I find in him, starting out from the Lethean quagmires where he had to grow, a certain rash greatness of idea; traces of veritable conviction, just resolution; veritable and just, though rash. That of admiration for King Friedrich was not intrinsically foolish, in the solitary thoughts of the poor young fellow; nay it was the reverse; though it was highly inopportune in the place where he stood. Nor was the Holstein notion bad; it was generous rather, noble and natural, though, again, somewhat impracticable in the circumstances.

The summary of the Friedrich-Peter business is perhaps already known to most readers, and can be very briefly given; nor is Peter's tragical Six Months of Czarship (5th JANUARY-9th JULY, 1762) a thing for us to dwell on beyond need. But it is wildly tragical; strokes of deep pathos in it, blended with the ghastly and grotesque: it is part of Friedrich's strange element and environment: and though the outer incidents are public enough, it is essentially little known. Had there been an AEschylus, had there been a Shakspeare!—But poor Peter's shocking Six Months of History has been treated by a far different set of hands, themselves almost shocking to see: and, to the seriously inquiring mind, it lies, and will long lie, in a very waste, chaotic, enigmatic condition. Here, out of considerable bundles now burnt, are some rough jottings, Excerpts of Notes and Studies,—which, I still doubt rather, ought to have gone in AUTO DA FE along with the others. AUTO DA FE I called it; Act of FAITH, not Spanish-Inquisitional, but essentially Celestial many times, if you reflect well on the poisonous consequences, on the sinfulness and deadly criminality, of Human Babble,—as nobody does nowadays! I label the different Pieces, and try to make legible;—hasty readers have the privilege of skipping, if they like. The first Two are of preliminary or prefatory nature,—perhaps still more skippable than those that will by and by follow.

1. GENEALOGY OF PETER. "His grandfather was Friedrich IV., Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and Schleswig, Karl XII.'s brother-in-law; on whose score it was (Denmark finding the time opportune for a stroke of robbery there) that Karl XII., a young lad hardly eighteen, first took arms; and began the career of fighting that astonished Denmark and certain other Neighbors who had been too covetous on a young King. This his young Brother-in-law, Friedrich of Holstein-Gottorp (young he too, though Karl's senior by ten years), had been reinstated in his Territory, and the Danes sternly forbidden farther burglary there, by the victorious Karl; but went with Karl in his farther expeditions. Always Karl's intimate, and at his right hand for the next two years: fell in the Battle of Clissow, 19th July, 1702; age not yet thirty-one.

"He left as Heir a poor young Boy, at this time only two years old. His young Widow Hedwig survived him six years. [Michaelis, ii. 618-629.] Her poor child grew to manhood; and had tragic fortunes in this world; Danes again burglarious in that part, again robbing this poor Boy at discretion, so soon as Karl XII. became unfortunate; and refusing to restore (have not restored Schleswig at all [A.D. 1864, HAVE at last had to do it, under unexpected circumstances!]):—a grimly sad story to the now Peter, his only Child! This poor Duke at last died, 18th June, 1739, age thirty-nine; the now Peter then about 11,—who well remembers tragic Papa; tragic Mamma not, who died above ten years before. [Michaelis, ii. 617; Hubner, tt. 227, 229.]

"Czar Peter called the Great had evidently a pity for this unfortunate Duke, a hope in his just hopes; and pleaded, as did various others, and endeavored with the unjust Danes, mostly without effect. Did, however, give him one of his Daughters to wife;—the result of whom is this new Czar Peter, called the Third: a Czar who is Sovereign of Holstein, and has claims of Sovereignty in Sweden, right of heirship in Schleswig, and of damages against Denmark, which are in litigation to this day. The Czarina CATIN, tenderly remembering her Sister, would hear of no Heir to Russia but this Peter. Peter, in virtue of his paternal affinities, was elected King of Sweden about the same time; but preferred Russia,—with an eye to his Danes, some think. For certain, did adopt the Russian Expectancy, the Greek religion so called; and was," in the way we saw long years ago, "married (or to all appearance married) to Catharina Alexiewna of Anhalt-Zerbst, born in Stettin; [Herr Preuss knows the house: "Now Dr. Lehmann's [at that time the Governor of Stettin's], in which also Czar Paul's second Spouse [Eugen of Wurtemberg a NEW Governor's Daughter], who is Mother of the Czars that follow, was born:" Preuss, ii. 310, 311. Catharine, during her reign, was pious in a small way to the place of her cradle; sent her successive MEDALS &c. to Stettin, which still has them to show.] a Lady who became world-famous as Czarina of the Russias.

"Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with his Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether mad except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, but helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash of wild magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element, amid such darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opulence, such impediments, imaginary and real,—dreadfully real to poor Peter,—as made him the unique of mankind in his time. He 'used to drill cats,' it is said, and to do the maddest-looking things (in his late buried-alive condition);—and fell partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into drinking, as the solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, and now more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbors, withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case!—

"For seven or eight years, there came no progeny, nor could come; about the eighth or ninth, there could, and did: the marvellous Czar Paul that was to be. Concerning whose exact paternity there are still calumnious assertions widely current; to this individual Editor much a matter of indifference, though on examining, his verdict is: 'Calumnies, to all appearance; mysteries which decent or decorous society refuses to speak of, and which indecent is pretty sure to make calumnies out of.' Czar Paul may be considered genealogically genuine, if that is much an object to him. Poor Paul, does not he father himself, were there nothing more? Only that Peter and this Catharine could have begotten such a Paul. Genealogically genuine enough, my poor Czar,—that needed to be garroted so very soon!

2. OF CATHARINE AND THE BOOKS UPON PETER AND HER. "Catharine too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which was consoled to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of lovers, the best the ground yielded. In which department it is well known what a Thrice-Greatest she became: superior to any Charles II.;

equal almost to an August the Strong! Of her loves now and henceforth, which are heartily uninteresting to me, I propose to say nothing farther; merely this, That in extent they probably rivalled the highest male sovereign figures (and are to be put in the same category with these, and damned as deep, or a little deeper);—and cost her, in gifts, in magnificent pensions to the EMERITI (for she did things always in a grandiose manner, quietly and yet inexorably dismissing the EMERITUS with stores of gold), the considerable sum of 20 millions sterling, in the course of her long reign. One, or at most two, were off on pension, when Hanbury Williams brought Poniatowski for her, as we transiently saw. Poniatowski will be King of Poland in the course of events....

"Russia is not a publishing country; the Books about Catharine are few, and of little worth. TOOKE, an English Chaplain; CASTERA, an unknown French Hanger-on, who copies from Tooke, or Tooke from him: these are to be read, as the bad-best, and will yield little satisfactory insight; Castera, in particular, a great deal of dubious backstairs gossip and street rumor, which are not delightful to a reader of sense. In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a FRAGMENT of early AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Catharine herself,—a credible and highly remarkable little Piece: worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catharine you are seeking. [*Memoires de l'Imperatrice Catharine II., ecrites par elle-meme* (A. Herzen editing; London, 1859)];—which we already cited, on occasion of Catharine's marriage.

Anonymous (Castera), *Vie de Catharine II., Imperatrice de Russie* a Paris, 1797; or reprinted, most of it, enough of it, A VARSOVIE, 1798) 2 tomes, 8vo. Tooke, *Life of Catharine II.* (4th edition, London, 1800), 3 vols. 8vo; *View of the Russian Empire during &c.* (London, 1799), 3 vols. 8vo.—Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1853 ET ANTEA), v. 241-308 et seq.; is by much the most solid Book, though a dull and heavy. Stenzel cites, as does Hermann, a *Biographie Peters des IIIten*; which no doubt exists, in perhaps 3 volumes; but where, when, by whom, or of what quality, they do not tell me. A most placid, solid, substantial young Lady comes to light there; dropped into such an element as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made her wiser and wiser in her generation. Element black, hideous, dirty, as Lapland Sorcery;—in which the first clear duty is, to hold one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars,—not very heavenly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine,—a star or two, shine through the abominable murk: Steady, patient; steer silently, in all weathers, towards these!

"Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted environment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the Devil; terrific-absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, and some of them less ugly. Will be Czar of Russia, however;—and is one's so-called Husband. These are prospects for an observant, immovably steady-going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old CATIN herself, is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres her very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book of Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, of obstinacy, of intricate abrupt rigor, which—who knows but it may savor of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old blockhead? The Book says little of her, and in the way of criticism, of praise or of blame, nothing whatever; but one gains the notion of some dark human female object, bigger than one had fancied it before.

"Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouchsafed her, of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); and, at length, through perilous intricacies, the big star, Autocracy of All the Russias,—through what horrors of intricacy, that last! She had hoped always it would be by Husband Peter that she, with the deeper steady head, would be Autocrat: but the intricacies kept increasing, grew at last to the strangling pitch; and it came to be, between Peter and her, 'Either you to Siberia (perhaps FARTHER), or else I!' And it was Peter that had to go;—in what hideous way is well enough known; no Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter:—and Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the Autocracy herself. And then, the big star of stars being once hers, she had, not in the lover kind alone, but in all uncelestial kinds, whole nebulae and milky-ways of small stars. A very Semiramis, the Louis-Quatorze of those Northern Parts. 'Second Creatress of Russia,' second Peter the Great in a sense. To me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier: object grandiose, if not great."—We return to Friedrich and the Death of Catin.

Colonel Hordt, I believe, was the first who credibly apprised Friedrich of the great Russian Event. Colonel Hordt, late of the Free-Corps HORDT, but captive since soon after the Kunersdorf time; and whose doleful quasi-infernal "twenty-five months and three days" in the Citadel of Petersburg have changed in one hour into celestial glories in the Court of that City;—as readers shall themselves see anon. By Hordt or by whomsoever, the instant Friedrich heard, by an authentic source, of the new Czar's Accession, Friedrich hastened to turn round upon him with the friendliest attitude, with arms as if ready to open; dismissing all his Russian Prisoners; and testifying, in every polite and royal way, how gladly he would advance if permitted. To which the Czar, by Hordt and by other channels, imperially responded; rushing forward, he, as if with arms flung wide.

January 31st is Order from the King, [In SCHONING, iii. 275 ("Breslau, 31st January, 1762").] That our Russian Prisoners, one and all, shod, clad and dieted, be forthwith set under way from Stettin: in return for which generosity the Prussians, from Siberia or wherever they were buried, are, soon after, hastening home in like manner. Gudowitsh, Peter's favorite Adjutant, who had been sent to congratulate at Zerbst, comes round by Breslau (February 20th), and has joyfully benign audience next day; directly on the heel of whom, Adjutant Colonel von Goltz, who KAMMERHERR as well as Colonel, and understands things of business, goes to Petersburg. February 23d, Czarish Majesty, to the horror of Vienna and glad astonishment of mankind, emits Declaration (Note to all the Foreign Excellencies in Petersburg), "That there ought to be Peace with this King of Prussia; that Czarish Majesty, for his own part, is resolved on the thing; gives up East Preussen and the so-called conquests made; Russian participation in such a War has ceased." And practically orders Czernichef, who is wintering with his 20,000 in Glatz, to quit Glatz and these Austrian Combinations, and march homeward with his 20,000. Which Czernichef, so soon as arrangements of proviant and the like are made, hastens to do;—and does, as far as Thorn; but no farther, for a reason that will be seen. On the last day of March, Czernichef—off about a week ago from Glatz, and now got into the Breslau latitude—came across, with a select Suite of Four, to pay his court there; and had the honor to dine with his Majesty, and to be,

personally too, a Czernichef agreeable to his Majesty.

The vehemency of Austrian Diplomacies at Petersburg; and the horror of Kaiserinn and Kriegshofrath in Vienna,—who have just discharged 20,000 of their own people, counting on this Czernichef, and being dreadfully tight for money,—may be fancied. But all avails nothing. The ardent Czar advances towards Friedrich with arms flung wide. Goltz and Gudowitsch are engaged on Treaty of Peace; Czar frankly gives up East Prussen, "Yours again; what use has Russia for it, Royal Friend?" Treaty of Peace goes forward like the drawing of a Marriage-settlement (concluded MAY 5th); and, in a month more, has changed into Treaty of Alliance;—Czernichef ordered to stop short at Thorn; to turn back, and join himself to this heroic King, instead of fighting against him. Which again Czernichef, himself an admirer of this King, joyfully does;—though, unhappily, not with all the advantage he expected to the King.

Swedish Peace, Queen Ulrique and the Anti-French Party now getting the upper hand, had been hastening forward in the interim (finished, at Hamburg, MAY 2d): a most small matter in comparison to the Russian; but welcome enough to Friedrich;—though he said slightly of it, when first mentioned: "Peace? I know not hardly of any War there has been with Sweden;—ask Colonel Belling about it!" Colonel Belling, a most shining swift Hussar Colonel, who, with a 2,000 sharp fellows, hanging always on the Swedish flanks, sharp as lightning, "nowhere and yet everywhere," as was said of him, has mainly, for the last year or two, had the management of this extraordinary "War." Peace over all the North, Peace and more, is now Friedrich's. Strangling imbroglio, wide as the world, has ebbed to man's height; dawn of day has ripened into sunrise for Friedrich; the way out is now a thing credible and visible to him. Peter's friendliness is boundless; almost too boundless! Peter begs a Prussian Regiment,—dresses himself in its uniform, Colonel of ITZENPLITZ; Friedrich begs a Russian Regiment, Colonel of SCHUWALOF: and all is joyful, hopeful; marriage-bells instead of dirge ditto and gallows ditto,—unhappily not for very long.

In regard to Friedrich's feelings while all this went on, take the following small utterances of his, before going farther. JANUARY 27th, 1762 (To Madam Camas,—eight days after the Russian Event): "I rejoice, my good Mamma, to find you have such courage; I exhort you to redouble it! All ends in this world; so we may hope this accursed War will not be the only thing eternal there. Since death has trussed up a certain CATIN of the Hyperborean Countries, our situation has advantageously changed, and becomes more supportable than it was. We must hope that some other events [favor of the new Czar mainly] will happen; by which we may profit to arrive at a good Peace."

JANUARY 31st (To Minister Finkenstein) "Behold the first gleam of light that rises;—Heaven be praised for it! We must hope good weather will succeed these storms. God grant it!" [Preuss, ii. 312.]

END OF MARCH (To D'Argens):... "All that [at Paris; about the Pompadourisms, the EXILE of Broglio and Brother, and your other news] is very miserable; as well as that discrepancy between King's Council and Parlement for and against the Jesuits! But, MON CHER MARQUIS, my head is so ill, I can tell you nothing more,—except that the Czar of Russia is a divine man; to whom I ought to erect altars." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 301.]

MAY 25th (To the same,—Russian PEACE three weeks ago): "It is very pleasant to me, dear Marquis, that Sans-Souci could afford you an agreeable retreat during the beautiful Spring days. If it depended only on me, how soon should I be there beside you! But to the Six Campaigns there is a Seventh to be added, and will soon open; either because the Number 7 had once mystic qualities, or because in the Book of Fate from all eternity the"—... "Jesuits banished from France? Ah, yes;—hearing of that, I made my bit of plan for them [mean to have my pick of them as schoolmasters in Silesia here]; and am waiting only till I get Silesia cleared of Austrians as the first thing. You see we must not mow the corn till it is ripe." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. p. 321.]

MAY 28th (To the same):... Tartar Khan actually astir, 10,000 men of his in Hungary (I am told); Turk potentially ditto, with 200,000 (futile both, as ever): "All things show me the sure prospect of Peace by the end of this Year; and, in the background of it, Sans-Souci and my dear Marquis! A sweet calm springs up again in my soul; and a feeling of hope, to which for six years I had got unused, consoles me for all I have come through. Think only what a coil I shall be in, before a month hence [Campaign opened by that time, horrid Game begun again]; and what a pass we had come to, in December last: Country at its last gasp (AGONISAIT), as if waiting for extreme unction: and now—!" [Ib. xix. 323.]...

JUNE 8th (To Madame Camas,—Russian ALLIANCE now come): "I know well, my good Mamma, the sincere part you take in the lucky events that befall us. The mischief is, we are got so low, that we want at present all manner of fortunate events to raise us again; and Two grand conclusions of Peace [the Russian, the Swedish], which might re-establish Peace throughout, are at this moment only a step towards finishing the War less unfortunately." [Ib. xviii. 146, 147.]*

Same day, JUNE 8th (To D'Argens): "Czernichef is on march to join us. Our Campaign will not open till towards the end of this month [did open July 1st]; but think then what a pretty noise in this poor Silesia again! In fine, my dear Marquis, the job ahead of me is hard and difficult; and nobody can say positively how it will all go. Pray for us; and don't forget a poor devil who kicks about strangely in his harness, who leads the life of one damned; and who nevertheless loves you sincerely.—Adieu." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xix. 327.] D'Argens (May 24th) has heard, by Letters from very well-informed persons in Vienna, that "Imperial Majesty, for some time past, spends half of her time in praying to the Virgin, and the other half in weeping." "I wish her," adds the ungallant D'Argens, "as punishment for the mischiefs her ambition has cost mankind these seven years past, the fate of Phaethon's Sisters, and that she melt altogether into water!" [Ib. xix. 320 ("24th May, 1762").]—Take one other little utterance; and then to Colonel Hordt and the Petersburg side of things.

JUNE 19th (still to D'Argens); "What is now going on in Russia no Count Kaunitz could foresee: what has come to pass in England,—of which the hatefulest part [Bute's altogether extraordinary attempts, in the Kaunitz, in the Czar Peter direction, to FORCE a Peace upon me] is not yet known to you,—I had no notion of, in forming my plans! The Governor of a State, in troublous times, never can be sure. This is what disgusts me with the business, in comparison. A Man of Letters operates on something certain; a Politician can have almost no data of that kind." [Ib. xix. p. 329.] (How easy everybody's trade but one's own!)

Readers know what a tragedy poor Peter's was. His Czernichef did join the King; but with far less advantage than Czernichef or anybody had anticipated!—It is none of our intention to go into the chaotic Russian element, or that wildly blazing sanguinary Catharine-and-Peter business; of which, at any rate, there are plentiful accounts in common circulation, more or less accurate,—especially M. Rulhiere's, [*Histoire ou Anecdotes sur la Revolution de Russie en l'annee 1762* (written 1768; first printed Paris, 1797: English Translation, London, 1797).] the most succinct, lucid and least unsatisfactory, in the accessible languages. Only so far as Friedrich was concerned are we. But readers saw this Couple married, under Friedrich's auspices,—a Marriage which he thought important twenty years ago; and sure enough the Dissolution of it did prove important to him, and is a necessary item here!

Readers, even those that know RULHIERE, will doubtless consent to a little supplementing from Two other Eye-witnesses of credit. The first and principal is a respectable Ex-Swedish Gentleman, whom readers used to hear of; the Colonel Hordt above mentioned, once of the Free-Corps HORDT, but fallen Prisoner latterly;—whose experiences and reports are all the more interesting to us, as Friedrich himself had specially to depend on them at present; and doubtless, in times long afterwards, now and then heard speech of them from Hordt. Our second Eye-witness is the Reverend Herr Doctor Busching (of the ERDBESCHREIBUNG, of the BEITRAGE, and many other Works, an invaluable friend to us all along); who, in his wandering time, had come to be "Pastor of the GERMAN CHURCH AT PETERSBURG," some years back.

WHAT COLONEL HORDT AND THE OTHERS SAW AT PETERSBURG (January-July, 1762).

Autumn, 1759, in the sequel to KUNERSDORF,—when the Russians and Daun lay so long torpid, uncertain what to do except keep Friedrich and Prince Henri well separate, and Friedrich had such watchings, campings and marchings about on the hither skirt of them (skirt always veiled in Cossacks, and producing skirmishes as you marched past),—we did mention Hordt's capture; [*Supra*, vol. x. p. 315.] not much hoping that readers could remember it in such a press of things more memorable. It was in, or as prelude to, one of those skirmishes (one of the earliest, and a rather sharp one, "at Trebatsch," in Frankfurt-Lieberose Country, "4th September, 1759"), that Hordt had his misfortune: he had been out reconnoitring, with an Orderly or two, before the skirmish began, was suddenly "surrounded by 200 Cossacks," and after desperate plunging into bogs, desperate firing of pistols and the like, was taken prisoner. Was carted miserably to Petersburg,—such a journey for dead ennui as Hordt never knew; and was then tumbled out into solitary confinement in the Citadel, a place like the Spanish Inquisition; not the least notice taken of his request for a few Books, for leave to answer his poor Wife's Letter, merely by the words, "Dear one, I am alive;"—and was left there, to the company of his own reflections, and a life as if in vacant Hades, for twenty-five months and three days. After the lapse of that period, he has something to say to us again, and we transiently look in upon him there.

The Book we excerpt from is *Memoires du Comte de Hordt* (second edition, 2 volumes 12mo, Berlin, 1789). This is Bookseller Pitra's redaction of the Hordt Autobiography (Berlin, 1788, was Pitra's first edition): several years after, how many is not said, nor whether Hordt (who had become a dignitary in Berlin society before Pitra's feat) was still living or not, a "M. Borelly, Professor in the Military School," undertook a second considerably enlarged and improved redaction;—of which latter there is an English Translation; easy enough to read; but nearly without meaning, I should fear, to readers unacquainted with the scene and subject. [*Memoirs of the Count de Hordt*: London, 1806: 2 vols. 12mo,—only the FIRST volume of which (unavailable here) is in my possession.] Hordt was reckoned a perfectly veracious, intelligent kind of man: but he seldom gives the least date, specification or precise detail; and his Book reads, not like the Testimony of an Eye-witness, which it is, and valuable when you understand it; but more like some vague Forgery, compiled by a destitute inventive individual, regardless of the Ten Commandments (sparingly consulting even his file of Old Newspapers), and writing a Book which would deserve the tread-mill, were there any Police in his trade!—

WEDNESDAY, 6th JANUARY, 1762, Hordt's vacant Hades of an existence in the Citadel of Petersburg was broken by a loud sound: three minute-guns went off from different sides, close by; and then whole salvos, peal after peal: "Czarina gone overnight, Peter III. Czar in her stead!" said the Officer, rushing in to tell Hordt; to whom it was as news of resurrection from the dead. "Evening of same day, an Aide-de-Camp of the new Czar came to announce my liberty; equipage waiting to take me at once to his Russian Majesty. Asked him to defer it till the following day—so agitated was I." And indeed the Czar, busy taking acclamations, oaths of fealty, riding about among his Troops by torchlight, could have made little of me that evening. [*Hermann, Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, v. 241.] "Ultimately, my presentation was deferred till Sunday" January 10th, "that it might be done with proper splendor, all the Nobility being then usually assembled about his Majesty."

"JANUARY 10th, Waited, amid crowds of Nobility, in the Gallery, accordingly. Was presented in the Gallery, through which the Czar, followed by Czarina and all the Court, were passing on their way to Chapel. Czar made a short kind speech ('Delighted to do you an act of justice, Monsieur, and return a valuable servant to the King I esteem'); gave me his hand to kiss: Czarina did the same. General Korf," an excellent friend, so kind to me at Konigsberg, while I was getting carted hither, and a General now in high office here, "who had been my introducer, led me into Chapel, to the Court's place (TRIBUNE DE LA COUR). Czar came across repeatedly [while public worship was going on; a Czar perhaps too regardless that way!] to talk to me; dwelt much on his attachment to the King. On coming out, the Head Chamberlain whispered me, 'You dine with the Court.'" Which, of course, I did.

"Table was of sixty covers; splendid as the Arabian Tales. Czar and Czarina sat side by side; Korf and I had the honor to be placed opposite them. Hardly were we seated when the Czar addressed me: 'You have had no Prussian news this long while. I am glad to tell you that the King is well, though he has had such fighting to

right and left;—but I hope there will soon be an end to all that.' Words which everybody listened to like prophecy! [Peter is nothing of a Politician.] 'How long have you been in prison?' continued the Czar. 'Twenty-five months and three days, your Majesty.' 'Were you well treated?' Hordt hesitated, knew not what to say; but, the Czar urging him, confessed, 'He had been always rather badly used; not even allowed to buy a few books to read.' At which the Czarina was evidently shocked: 'CELA EST BIEN BARBARE!' she exclaimed aloud.—I wished much to return home at once; and petitioned the Czar on that subject, during coffee, in the withdrawing rooms; but he answered, 'No, you must not,—not till an express Prussian Envoy arrive!' I had to stay, therefore; and was thenceforth almost daily at Court",—but unluckily a little vague, and altogether DATELESS as to what I saw there!

BIEREN AND MUNNICH, BOTH OF THEM JUST HOME FROM SIBERIA, ARE TO DRINK TOGETHER (No date: Palace of Petersburg, Spring, 1762).—Peter had begun in a great way: all for liberalism, enlightenment, abolition of abuses, general magnanimity on his own and everybody's part. Rulhiere did not see the following scene; but it seems to be well enough vouched for, and Rulhiere heard it talked of in society. "As many as 20,000 persons, it is counted, have come home from Siberian Exile:" the L'Estocs, the Munnichs, Bierens, all manner of internecine figures, as if risen from the dead. "Since the night when Munnich arrested Bieren [readers possibly remember it, and Mannstein's account of it [Supra, vol. vii. p. 363.]], the first time these two met was in the gay and tumultuous crowd which surrounded the new Czar. 'Come, by-gones be by-gones,' said Peter, noticing them; 'let us three all drink together, like friends!'—and ordered three glasses of wine. Peter was beginning his glass to show the others an example, when somebody came with a message to him, which was delivered in a low tone; Peter listening drank out his wine, set down the glass, and hastened off; so that Bieren and Munnich, the two old enemies, were left standing, glass in hand, each with his eyes on the Czar's glass;—at length, as the Czar did not return, they flashed each his eyes into the other's face; and after a moment's survey, set down their glasses untasted, and walked off in opposite directions." [Rulhiere, p. 33.] Won't coalesce, it seems, in spite of the Czar's high wishes. An emblem of much that befell the poor Czar in his present high course of good intentions and headlong magnanimities!—We return to Hordt:—

THE CZAR WEARS A PORTRAIT OF FRIEDRICH ON HIS FINGER. "Czar Peter never disguised his Prussian predilections. One evening he said, 'Propose to your friend Keith [English Excellency here, whom we know] to give me a supper at his house to-morrow night. The other Foreign Ministers will perhaps be jealous; but I don't care!' Supper at the English Embassy took place. Only ten or twelve persons, of the Czar's choosing, were present. Czar very gay and in fine spirits. Talked much of the King of Prussia. Showed me a signet-ring on his finger, with Friedrich's Portrait in it; ring was handed round the table." [Hordt, ii. 118, 124, 129.] This is a signet-ring famous at Court in these months. One day Peter had lost it (mis-laid somewhere), and got into furious explosion till it was found for him again. [Hermann, v. 258.] Let us now hear Busching, our Geographical Friend, for a moment:—

HERR PASTOR BUSCHING DOES THE HOMAGING FOR SELF AND PEOPLE.... "In most Countries, it is Official or Military People that administer the Oath of Homage, on a change of Sovereigns. But in Petersburg, among the German population, it is the Pastors of their respective Churches. At the accession of Peter III., I, for the first time [being still a young hand rather than an old], took the Oath from several thousands in my Church,"—and handed it over, with my own, in the proper quarter.

"As to the Congratulatory Addresses, the new Czar received the Congratulations of all classes, and also of the Pastors of the Foreign Churches, in the following manner. He came walking slowly through a suite of rooms, in each of which a body of Congratulators were assembled. Court-officials preceded, State-officials followed him. Then came the Czarina, attended in a similar way. And always on entering a new room they received a new Congratulation from the spokesman of the party there. The spokesman of us Protestant Pastors was my colleague, Senior Trefurt; but the General-in-Chief and Head-of-Police, Baron von Korf [Hordt's friend, known to us above, German, we perceive, by creed and name], thinking it was I that had to make the speech, and intending to present me at the same time to the Czar, motioned to me from his place behind the Czar to advance. But I did not push forward; thinking it inopportune and of no importance to me."—"Neither did I share the great expectations which Baron von Korf and everybody entertained of this new reign. All people now promised themselves better times, without reflecting [as they should have done!] that the better men necessary to produce these were nowhere forthcoming!" [Busching's *Beitrag*, vi. ("Author's own Biography") 462 et seq.]

For the first two or three months, Peter was the idol of all the world: such generousities and magnanimities; Such zeal and diligence, one magnanimous improvement following another! He had at once abolished Torture in his Law-Courts: resolved to have a regular Code of Laws,—and Judges to be depended on for doing justice. He "destroyed monopolies;" "lowered the price of salt." To the joy of everybody, he had hastened (January 18th, second week of reign) to abolish the SECRET CHANCERY,—a horrid Spanish-Inquisition engine of domestic politics. His Nobility he had determined should be noble: January 28th (third week of reign just beginning), he absolved the Nobility from all servile duties to him: "You can travel when and where you please; you are not obliged to serve in my Armies; you may serve in anybody's not at war with me!" under plaudits loud and universal from that Order of men. And was petitioned by a grateful Petersburg world: "Permit us, magnanimous Czar, to raise a statue of your Majesty in solid Gold!" "Don't at all!" answered Peter: "Ah, if by good governing I could raise a memorial in my People's hearts; that would be the Statue for me!" [Hermann, v. 248.] Poor headlong Peter!—It was a less lucky step that of informing the Clergy (date not given), That in the Czarship lay Spiritual Sovereignty as well as Temporal, and that HE would henceforth administer their rich Abbey Lands and the like:—this gave a sad shock to the upper strata of Priesthood, extending gradually to the lower, and ultimately raising an ominous general thought (perhaps worse than a general cry) of "Church in Danger! Alas, is our Czar regardless of Holy Religion, then? Perhaps, at heart still Lutheran, and has no Religion?" This, and his too headlong Prussian tendencies, are counted to have done him infinite mischief.

HERR BUSCHING SEES THE CZAR ON HORSEBACK. "When the Czar's own Regiment of Cuirassiers came to Petersburg, the Czar, dressed in the uniform of the regiment, rode out to meet it; and returning at its head, rode repeatedly through certain quarters of the Town. His helmet was buckled tight with leather straps under

the chin; he sat his horse as upright and stiff as a wooden image; held his sabre in equally stiff manner; turned fixedly his eyes to the right; and never by a hair's-breadth changed that posture. In such attitude he twice passed my house with his regiment, without changing a feature at sight of the many persons who crowded the windows. To me [in my privately austere judgment] he seemed so KLEINGEISTISCH, so small-minded a person, that I"—in fact, knew not what to think of it. [Busching, *Beitrag*, vi. 464.]

HORDT SEES THE DECEASED CZARINA LYING IN STATE. "One day, after dining at Court, General Korf proposed that we should go and see the LIT DE PARADE" (Parade-bed) of the late Czarina, which is in another Palace, not far off. "Count Schuwalof [NOT her old lover, who has DIED since her, poor old creature; but his Son, a cultivated man, afterwards Voltaire's friend] accompanied us; and, his rooms being contiguous to those of the dead Lady, he asked us to take coffee with him afterwards. The Imperial Bier stood in the Grand Saloon, which was hung all round with black, festooned and garlanded with cloth-of-silver; the glare of wax-lights quite blinding. Bier, covered with cloth-of-gold trimmed with silver lace, was raised upon steps. A rich Crown was on the head of the dead Czarina. Beside the bier stood Four Ladies, two on each hand, in grand mourning; immense crape training on the ground behind them. Two Officers of the Life-Guard occupied the lowest steps: on the topmost, at the foot of the bier, was an Archimandrite (superior kind of ABBOT), who had a Bible before him, from which he read aloud,—continuously till relieved by another. This went on day and night without interruption. All round the bier, on stools (TABOURETS), were placed different Crowns, and the insignia of various Orders,—those of Prussia, among others. It being established usage, I had, to my great repugnance, to kiss the hand of the corpse! We then talked a little to the Ladies in attendance (with their crape trains), joking about the article of hand-kissing; finally we adjourned for coffee to Count Schuwalof's apartments, which were of an incredible magnificence." That same evening, farther on,

"I supped with the Czar in his PETIT APPARTEMENT, Private Rooms [a fine free-and-easy nook of space!]. The company there consisted of the Countess Woronzow, a creature without any graces, bodily or mental, whom the Czar had chosen for his Mistress [snub-nosed, pock-marked, fat, and with a pert tongue at times], whom I liked the less, as there were one or two other very handsome women there. Some Courtiers too; and no Foreigners but the English Envoy and myself. The supper was very gay, and was prolonged late into the night. These late orgies, however, did not prevent his Majesty from attending to business in good time next morning. He would appear unexpectedly, at an early hour, at the Senate, at the Synod [Head CONSISTORY], making them stand to their duties,"—or pretend to do it. His Majesty is not understood to have got much real work out of either of these Governing Bodies; the former, the Senate, or SECULAR one, which had fallen very torpid latterly, was, not long after this, suffered to die out altogether. Peter himself was a violently pushing man, and never shrank from labor; always in a plunge of hurries, and of irregular hours. In his final time, people whispered, "The Czar is killing himself; sits smoking, tipping, talking till 2 in the morning; and is overhead in business again by 7!"

CZARINA ELIZABETH'S FUNERAL, AS SEEN BY HORDT (much abridged). "At 10 in the morning all the bells in Petersburg broke out; and tolled incessantly [day or month not hinted at,—nor worth seeking; grim darkness of universal frost perceptible enough; clangor of bells; and procession seemingly of miles long,—on this extremely high errand!—Minute-guns were fired from the moment the procession set out from the Castle till it arrived at the Citadel, a distance of two English miles and a half. Planks were laid all the way; forming a sort of bridge through the streets, and over the ice of the Neva. All the soldiers of the Garrison were ranked in espalier on each side. Three hundred grenadiers opened the march; after them, three hundred priests, in sacerdotal costume; walking two-and-two, singing hymns. All the Crowns and Orders, above mentioned by me, were carried by high Dignitaries of the Court, walking in single file, each a chamberlain behind him. Hearse was followed by the Czar, skirt of his black cloak held up by Twelve Chamberlains, each a lighted taper in the OTHER hand. Prince George of Holstein [Czar's Uncle] came next, then Holstein-Beck [Czar's Cousin]. Czarina Catharine followed, also on foot, with a lighted taper; her cloak borne by all her Ladies. Three hundred grenadiers closed the procession. Bells tolling, minute-guns firing, seas of people crowding."—Thus the Russians buried their Czarina. Day and its dusky frost-curtains sank; and Bootes, looking down from the starry deeps, found one Telluric Anomaly forever hidden from him. She had left of unworn Dresses, the richest procurable in Nature (five a day her usual allowance, and never or seldom worn twice), "15,000 and some hundreds." [Hermann, v. 176.]

HORDT IS OF THE NEW CZARINA CATHARINE'S EVENING PARTIES. "The Czarina received company every morning. She received everybody with great affability and grace. But notwithstanding her efforts to appear gay, one could perceive a deep background of sadness in her. She knew better than anybody the violent (ARDENTE) character of her husband; and perhaps she then already foresaw what would come. She also had her circle every evening, and always asked the company to stay supper. One evening, when I was of her party, a confidential Equerry of the Czar came in, and whispered me That I had been searched for all over Town, to come to supper at the COUNTESS'S (that was the usual designation of the Sultana,"—DAS FRAULEIN, spelt in Russian ways, is the more usual). "I begged to be excused for this time, being engaged to sup with the Czarina, to whom I could not well state the reason for which I was to leave. The Equerry had not gone long, when suddenly a great noise was heard, the two wings of the door were flung open, and the Czar entered. He saluted politely the Czarina and her circle; called me with that smiling and gracious air which he always had; took me by the arm, and said to the Czarina: 'Excuse me, Madam, if to-night I carry off one of your guests; it is this Prussian I had searched for all over the Town.' The Czarina laughed; I made her a deep bow, and went away with my conductor. Next morning I went to the Czarina; who, without mentioning what had passed last night, said smiling, 'Come and sup with me always when there is nothing to prevent it.'"

FEBRUARY 21st, HORDT AT ZARSKOE-ZELOE. "On occasion of the Czar's birthday [which gives us a date, for once], [Michaelis, ii. 627: "Peter born, 21st February, 1728."] there were great festivities, lasting a week. It began with a grand TE DEUM, at which the Czar was present, but not the Czarina. She had, that morning, in obedience to her husband's will, decorated 'the Countess' with the cordon of the Order of St. Catharine. She was now detained in her Apartment 'by indisposition;' and did not leave it during the eight days the festivities lasted." This happened at the Country Palace, Zarskoe-Zeloe; and is a turning-point in poor Peter's History. [Hermann, p. 253.] From that day, his Czarina saw that, by the medium of her Peter, it was not she

that would ever come to be Autocrat; not she, but a pock-marked, unbeautiful Person, with Cordon of the Order of St. Catharine,—blessings on it! From that day the Czarina sat brooding her wrongs and her perils,—wrongs DONE, very many, and now wrongs to be SUFFERED, who can say how many! She perceives clearly that the Czar is gone from her, fixedly sullen at her (not without cause);—and that Siberia, or worse, is possible by and by. The Czarina was helplessly wretched for some time; and by degrees entered on a Plot;—assisted by Princess Dashkof (Sister of the Snub-nosed), by Panin (our Son's Tutor, "a genuine Son, I will swear, whatever the Papa may think in his wild moments!"), by Gregory Orlof (one's present Lover), and others of less mark;—and it ripened exquisitely within the next four months!—

HORDT HEARS THE PRAISES OF HIS KING. "Next day [nobody can guess what DAY] I dined at Court. I sat opposite the Czar, who talked of nothing but of his 'good friend the King of Prussia.' He knew all the smallest details of his Campaigns; all his military arrangements; the dress and strength of all his Regiments; and he declared aloud that he would shortly put all his troops upon the same footing [which he did shortly, to the great disgust of his troops].—Rising from table, the Czar himself did me the honor to say, 'Come tomorrow; dine with me EN PETIT APPARTEMENT [on the SNUG, where we often play high-jinks, and go to great lengths in liquor and tobacco]; I will show you something curious, which you will like.' I went at the accustomed hour; I found—Lieutenant-General Werner [hidden since his accident at Colberg last winter, whom a beneficent Czar has summoned again into the light of noon]! I made a great friendship with this distinguished General, who was a charming man; and went constantly about with him, till he left me here,"—Czarish kindness letting Werner home, and detaining me, to my regret. [HORDT, i. 133-145, 151.]

The Prussian Treaties, first of Peace (May 5th), with all our Conquests flung back, and then of Alliance, with yourself and ourselves, as it were, flung into the bargain,—were by no means so popular in Petersburg as in Berlin! From May 5th onwards, we can suppose Peter to be, perhaps rather rapidly, on the declining hand. Add the fatal element, "Church in Danger" (a Czar privately Apostate); his very Guardsmen indignant at their tight-fitting Prussian uniforms, and at their no less tight Prussian DRILL (which the Czar is uncommonly urgent with); and a Czarina Plot silently spreading on all sides, like subterranean mines filled with gunpowder!—

HERR BUSCHING SEES THE CATASTROPHE (Friday, 9th July, 1762). "This being the day before Peter-and-Paul, which is a great Holiday in Petersburg, I drove out, between 9 and 10 in the morning, to visit the sick. On my way from the first house where I had called, I heard a distant noise like that of a rising thunderstorm, and asked my people what it was. They did not know; but it appeared to them like the Shouting of a Mob (VOLKSGESCHREI), and there were all sorts of rumors afloat. Some said, 'The Czar had suddenly resolved to get himself crowned at Petersburg, before setting out for the War on Denmark.' Others said, 'He had named the Czarina to be Regent during his absence, and that she was to be crowned for this purpose.' These rumors were too silly: meanwhile the noise perceptibly drew nearer; and I ordered my coachman to proceed no farther, but to turn home.

"On getting home, I called my Wife; and told her, That something extraordinary was then going on, but that I could not learn what; that it appeared to me like some popular Tumult, which was coming nearer to us every moment. We hurried to the corner room of our house; threw open the window, which looks to the Church of St. Mary of Casan [where an Act of Thanksgiving has just been consummated, of a very peculiar kind!]
—and we then saw, near this Church, an innumerable crowd of people; dressed and half-dressed soldiers of the foot-regiments of the Guards mixed with the populace. We perceived that the crowd pressed round a common two-seated Hackney Coach drawn by two horses; in which, after a few minutes, a Lady dressed in black, and wearing the Order of St. Catharine, coming out of the church, took a seat. Whereupon the church-bells began ringing, and the priests, with their assistants carrying crosses, got into procession, and walked before the Coach. We now recognized that it was the Czarina Catharine saluting the multitude to right and left, as she fared along." [*Beitrag*, vi. 465: compare RULHIÈRE, p. 95; HERMANN, v. 287.]

Yes, Doctor, that Lady in black is the Czarina; and has come a drive of twenty miles this morning; and done a great deal of business in Town,—one day before the set time. In her remote Apartment at Peterhof, this morning, between 2 and 3, she awoke to see Alexei Orlof, called oftener SCARRED Orlof (Lover GREGORY'S Brother), kneeling at her bedside, with the words, "Madam, you must come: there is not a moment to lose!"—who, seeing her awake, vanished to get the vehicles ready. About 7, she, with the Scarred and her maid and a valet or two, arrived at the Guards' Barracks here,—Gregory Orlof, and others concerned, waiting to receive her, in the fit temper for playing at sharps. She has spoken a little, wept a little, to the Guards (still only half-dressed, many of them): "Holy religion, Russian Empire thrown at the feet of Prussia; my poor Son to be disinherited: Alack, ohoo!" Whereupon the Guards (their Officers already gained by Orlof) have indignantly blazed up into the fit Hurra-hurra-ing:—and here, since about 9 A.M., we have just been in the "Church of St. Mary of Casan" ("Oh, my friends, Orthodox Religion, first of all!") doing TE-DEUMS and the other Divine Offices, for the thrice-happy Revolution and Deliverance now vouchsafed us and you! And the Herr Doctor, under outburst of the chimes of St. Mary, and of the jubilant Soldieries and Populations, sees the Czarina saluting to right and left; and Priests, with their assistants and crucifixes ("Behold them, ye Orthodox; is there anything equal to true Religion?"), walking before her Hackney Coach.

"On the one step of her Coach," continues the Herr Doctor, "stood Grigorei Grigorjewitsh Orlow," so he spells him, "and in front of it, with drawn sword, rode the Field-marshal and Hetman Count Kirila Grigorjewitsh Rasomowski, Colonel of the Ismailow Guard. Lieutenant-General (soon to be General-Ordinance-Master) Villebois came galloping up; leapt from his horse under our windows, and placed himself on the other step of the Coach. The procession passed before our house; going first to the New stone Palace, then to the Old wooden Winter Palace. Common Russians shouted mockingly up to us, 'Your god [meaning the Czar] is dead!' And others, 'He is gone; we will have no more of him!'"—

About this hour of the day, at Oranienbaum (ORANGE-TREE, some twenty miles from here, and from Peterhof guess ten or twelve), Czar Peter is drilling zealously his brave Holsteiners (2,000 or more, "the flower of all my troops"); and has not, for hours after, the least inkling of all this. Catharine had been across to visit him on Wednesday, no farther back; and had kindled Oranienbaum into opera, into illumination and what not. Thursday (yesterday), Czar and Czarina met at some Grandee's festivity, who lives between their

two Residences. This day the Czar is appointed for Peterhof; to-morrow, July 10th (Peter-and-Paul's grand Holiday), Czar, Czarina and united Court were to have done the Festivities together there,—with Czarina's powder-mine of Plot laid under them; which latter has exploded one day sooner, in the present happy manner! The poor Czar, this day, on getting to Peterhof, and finding Czarina vanished, understood too well; he saw "big smoke-clouds rise suddenly over Petersburg region," withal,—“Ha, she has cannon going for her yonder; salvoing and homaging!”—and rushed back to Oranienbaum half mad. Old Munnich undertook to save him, by one, by two or even three different methods, "Only order me, and stand up to it with sword bare!"—but Peter's wits were all flying miscellaneously about, and he could resolve on nothing.

Peter and his Czarina never met more. Saturday (to-morrow), he abdicates; drives over to Peterhof, expecting, as per bargain, interview with his Wife; freedom to retire to Holstein, and "every sort of kindness compatible with his situation:" but is met there instead, on the staircase, by brutal people, who tear the orders off his coat, at length the very clothes off his back,—and pack him away to Ropscha, a quiet Villa some miles off, to sit silent there till Orlof and Company have considered. Consideration is: "To Holstein? He has an Anti-Danish Russian Army just now in that neighborhood; he will not be safe in Holstein;—where will he be safe?" Saturday, 17th, Peter's seventh day in Ropscha, the Orlofs (Scarred Orlof and Four other miscreants, one of them a Prince, one a Play-actor) came over, and murdered poor Peter, in a treacherous, and even bungling and disgusting, and altogether hideous manner. "A glass of burgundy [poisoned burgundy], your Highness?" said they, at dinner with his poor Highness. On the back of which, the burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a Five of his Elect?—But we detain Herr Busching: it is still only Friday morning, 9th of the month; and the Czarina's Hackney Coach, in the manner of a comet and tail, has just gone into other streets:

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"After this terrible uproar had left our quarter, I hastened to the Danish Ambassador, Count Haxthausen, who lived near me, to bring him the important news that the Czar was said to be dead. The Count was just about to burn a mass of Papers, fearing the mob would plunder his house; but he did not proceed with it now, and thanked Heaven for saving his Country. His Secretary of Legation, my friend Schumacher, gave me all the money he had in his pockets, to distribute amongst the poor; and I returned home. Directly after, there passed our house, at a rate as if the horses were running away, a common two-horse coach, in which sat Head-Tutor (OBER-HOFMEISTER) von Panin with the Grand Duke [famous Czar Paul that is to be], who was still in his nightgown," poor frightened little boy!—

"Not long after, I saw some of the Foot-guards, in the public street near the Winter Palace, selling, at rates dog-cheap, their new uniforms after the Prussian cut, which they had stript off; whilst others, singing merrily, carried about, stuck on the top of their muskets, or on their bayonets, their new grenadier caps of Prussian fashion. [See in HERMANN (v. 291) the Saxon Ambassador's Report.] I saw several soldiers, out on errand or otherwise, seizing the coaches they met in the streets, and driving on in them. Others appropriated the eatables which hucksters carried about in baskets. But in all this wild tumult, nobody was killed; and only at Oranienbaum a few Holstein soldiers got wounded by some low Russians, in their wantonness.

"July 11th, the disorder amongst the soldiers was at its height; yet still much less than might have been expected. Many of them entered the houses of Foreigners, and demanded money. Seeing a number of them come into my house, I hastily put a quantity of roubles and half-roubles in my pocket, and went out with a servant, especially with a cheerful face, to meet them,"—and no harm was done.

"SATURDAY, JULY 17th, was the day of the Czar's death; on the same 17th, the Empress was informed of it; and next day, his body was brought from Ropscha to the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, near Petersburg. Here it lay in state three days; nay, an Imperial Manifesto even ordered that the last honors and duty be paid to it. July 20th, I drove thither with my Wife; and to be able to view the body more minutely, we passed twice through the room where it lay. [An uncommonly broad neckcloth on it, did you observe?] Owing to the rapid dissolution, it had to be interred on the following day:—and it was a touching circumstance, that this happened to be the very day on which the Czar had fixed to start from Petersburg on his Campaign against Denmark." [Busching, vi. 464-467.]

Catharine, one must own with a shudder, has not attained the Autocracy of All the Russias gratis. Let us hope she would once—till driven upon a dire alternative—have herself shuddered to purchase at such a price. A kind of horror haunts one's notion of her red-handed brazen-faced Orlofs and her, which all the cosmetics of the world will never quite cover. And yet, on the spot, in Petersburg at the moment—! Read this Clipping from Smelfungus, on a collateral topic:—

"In BUSCHING'S MAGAZINE are some Love-letters from the old Marshal Munnich to Catharine just after this event, which are psychologically curious. Love-letters, for they partake of that character; though the man is 82, and has had such breakages and vicissitudes in this Earth. Alive yet, it would seem; and full of ambitions. Unspeakably beautiful is this young Woman to him; radiant as ox-eyed Juno, as Diana of the silver bow,—such a power in her to gratify the avarices, ambitions, cupidities of an insatiable old fellow: O divine young Empress, Aurora of bright Summer epochs, rosy-fingered daughter of the Sun,—grant me the governing of This, the administering of That: and see what a thing I will make of it (I, an inventive old gentleman), for your Majesty's honor and glory, and my own advantage! [Busching, *Magazin fur die neue Historie und Geographie* (Halle, Year 1782), xvi. 413-477 (22 LETTERS, and only thrice or so a word of RESPONSE from "MA DIVINITE:" dates, "Narva, 4th August, 1762"... "Petersburg, 3d October, 1762").]—Innumerable persons of less note than Munnich have their Biographies, and are known to the reading public and in all barbers'-shops, if that were an advantage to them. Very considerable, this Munnich, as a soldier, for one thing. And surely had very strange adventures; an original German character withal:—about the stature of Belleisle, for example; and not quite unlike Belleisle in some of his ways? Came originally from the swamps of Oldenburg, or Lower Weser Country,—son of a DEICHGRAFE (Ditch-Superintendent) there. REQUIESCANT in oblivious silence, Belleisle and he; it is better than being lied of, and maundered of, and blotched and blundered of.

"Biographies were once rhythmic, earnest as death or as life, earnest as transcendent human Insight risen to the Singing pitch; some Homer, nay some Psalmist or Evangelist, spokesman of reverent Populations, was

the Biographer. Rhythmic, WITH exactitude, investigation to the very marrow; this, or else oblivion, Biography should now, and at all times, be; but is not,—by any manner of means. With what results is visible enough, if you will look! Human Stupor, fallen into the dishonest, lazy and UNflogged condition, is truly an awful thing."

Catharine did not persist in her Anti-Prussian determination. July 9th, the Manifesto had been indignantly emphatic on Prussia; July 22d, in a Note to Goltz from the Czarina, it was all withdrawn again. [Rodenbeck, ii. 171.] Looking into the deceased Czar's Papers, she found that Friedrich's Letters to him had contained nothing of wrong or offensive; always excellent advices, on the contrary,—advice, among others, To be conciliatory to his clever-witted Wife, and to make her his ally, not his opponent, in living and reigning. In Konigsberg (July 16th, seven days after July 9th), the Russian Governor, just on the point of quitting, emitted Proclamation, to everybody's horror: "No; altered, all that; under pain of death, your Oath to Russia still valid!" Which for the next ten days, or till his new proclamation, made such a Konigsberg of it as may be imagined. The sight of those Letters is understood to have turned the scale; which had hung wavering till July 22d in the Czarina's mind. "Can it be good," she might privately think withal, "to begin our reign by kindling a foolish War again?" How Friedrich received the news of July 9th, and into what a crisis it threw him, we shall soon see. His Campaign had begun July 1st;—and has been summoning us home, into ITS horizon, for some time.

Chapter XI.—SEVENTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

Friedrich's plan of Campaign is settled long since: Recapture Schweidnitz; clear Silesia of the enemy; Silesia and all our own Dominions clear, we can then stand fencible against the Austrian perseverances. Peace, one day, they must grant us. The general tide of European things is changed by these occurrences in Petersburg and London. Peace is evidently near. France and England are again beginning to negotiate; no Pitt now to be rigorous. The tide of War has been wavering at its summit for two years past; and now, with this of Russia, and this of Bute instead of Pitt, there is ebb everywhere, and all Europe determining for peace. Steady at the helm, as heretofore, a Friedrich, with the world-current in his favor, may hope to get home after all.

Austrian Head-quarters had been at Waldenburg, under Loudon or his Lieutenants, all Winter. Loudon returned thither from Vienna April 7th; but is not to command in chief, this Year,—Schweidnitz still sticking in some people's throats: "Dangerous; a man with such rash practices, rapidities and Pandour tendencies!" Daun is to command in Silesia; Loudon, under him, obscure to us henceforth, and inoffensive to Official people. Reichs Army shall take charge of Saxony; nominally a Reichs Army, though there are 35,000 Austrians in it, as the soul of it, under some Serbelloni, some Stollberg as Chief—(the fact, I believe, is: Serbelloni got angrily displaced on that "crossing of the Mulda by Prince Henri, May 13th;" Prince of Zweibruck had angrily abdicated a year before; and a Prince von Stollberg is now Generalissimo of Reich and Allies: but it is no kind of matter),—some Stollberg, with Serbelloni, Haddick, Maguire and such like in subaltern places. Cunctator Daun, in spite of his late sleepy ways, is to be Head-man again: this surely is a cheering circumstance to Friedrich; Loudon, not Daun, being the only man he ever got much ill of hitherto.

Daun arrives in Waldenburg, May 9th; and to show that he is not cunctatory, steps out within a week after. May 15th, he has descended from his Mountains; has swept round by the back and by the front of Schweidnitz, far and wide, into the Plain Country, and encamped himself crescent-wise, many miles in length, Head-quarter near the Zobtenberg. Bent fondly round Schweidnitz; meaning, as is evident, to defend Schweidnitz against all comers,—his very position symbolically intimating: "I will fight for it, Prussian Majesty, if you like!"

Prussian Majesty, however, seemed to take no notice of him; and, what was very surprising, kept his old quarters: "a Cantonment, or Chain of Posts, ten miles long; Schweidnitz Water on his right flank, Oder on his left;" perfectly safe, as he perceives, being able to assemble in four hours, if Daun try anything. [Tempelhof, vi. 66.] And, in fact, sat there, and did not come into the Field at all for five weeks or more;—waiting till Czernichef's 20,000 arrive, who are on march from Thorn since June 2d. Mere small-war goes on in the interim; world getting all greener and flowerier; the Glatz Highlands, to one's left yonder (Owl-Mountains, EULENGBIRGE so called), lying magically blue and mysterious:—on the Plain in front of them, ten miles from the final peaks of them, is Schweidnitz Fortress, lying full in view, with a picked Garrison of 12,000 under a picked Captain, and all else of defence or impregnability; and Friedrich privately determined to take it, though by methods of his own choosing, and which cannot commence till Czernichef come. Daun, with his right wing, has hold of those Highland Regions, and cautiously guards them; can, when he pleases, wend back to Waldenburg Country; and at once, with his superior numbers, block all passages, and sit there impregnable. The methods of dislodging him are obscure to Friedrich himself; but methods there must be, dislodged he must be, and sent packing. Without that, all siege of Schweidnitz is flatly impossible.

June 27th, Friedrich's Head-quarter is Tintz, Czernichef now nigh: [Tempelhof, vi. 76.] two days ago (June 25th), Czernichef's Cossacks "crossed the Oder at Auras,"—with how different objects from those they used to have! JULY 1st, Czernichef himself is here, in full tale and equipment. Had encamped, a day ago, on the Field of Lissa; where Majesty reviewed him, inspected and manoeuvred him, with great mutual satisfaction. "Field of Lissa;" it is where our poor Prussian people encamped on the night of Leuthen, with their "NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT," five years ago, in memorable circumstances: to what various uses are Earth's Fields liable!

Friedrich, by degrees, has considerably changed his opinion, and bent towards the late Keith's, about Russian Soldiery: a Soldiery of most various kinds; from predatory Cossacks and Calmucks to those noble Grenadiers, whom we saw sit down on the Walls of Schweidnitz when their work was done. A perfectly steady obedience is in these men; at any and all times obedient, to the death if needful, and with a silence, with a

steadfastness as of rocks and gravitation. Which is a superlative quality in soldiers. Good in Nations too, within limits; and much a distinction in the Russian Nation: rare, or almost unique, in these unruly Times. The Russians have privately had their admirations of Friedrich, all this while; and called him by I forget what unpronounceable vernacular epithet, signifying "Son of Lightning," or some such thing. [Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (1775), vol ii. (page irrecoverable).] No doubt they are proud to have a stroke of service under such a one, since Father Peter Feodorowitsh graciously orders it: the very Cossacks show an alertness, a vivacity; and see cheery possibilities ahead, in Countries not yet plundered out. They stayed with Friedrich only Three Weeks,—Russia being an uncertain Country. As we have seen above; though Friedrich, who is vitally concerned, has not yet seen! But their junction with him, and review by him in the Field of Lissa, had its uses by and by; and may be counted an epoch in Russian History, if nothing more. The poor Russian Nation, most pitiable of loyal Nations,—struggling patiently ahead, on those bad terms, under such CATINS and foul Nightmares,—has it, shall we say, quite gone without conquest in this mad War? Perhaps, not quite. It has at least shown Europe that it possesses fighting qualities: a changed Nation, since Karl XII. beat them easily, at Narva, 8,000 to 80,000, in the snowy morning, long since!—

Czernichef once come, and in his place in the Camp of Tintz, business instantly begins,—business, and a press of it, in right earnest;—upon the hitherto idle Daun. July 1st, there is general complex Advance everywhere on Friedrich's part; general attempt towards the Mountains. Upon which Daun, well awake, at once rolls universally thitherward again; takes post in front of the Mountains,—on the Heights of Kunzendorf, to wit (Loudon's old post in Bunzelwitz time);—and elaborately spreads himself out in defence there. "Take him multifariously by the left flank, get between him and his Magazine at Braunau!" thinks Friedrich. Discovering which, Daun straightway hitches back into the Mountains altogether, leaving Kunzendorf to Friedrich's use as main camp. His outmost Austrians, on the edge of the Mountain Country, and back as far as suitable, Daun elaborately posts; and intrenches himself behind them in all the commanding points,—Schweidnitz still well in sight; and Braunau and the roads to it well capable of being guarded. Daun's Head-quarter is Tannhausen; Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, if readers can remember them, are frontward posts:—in his old imperturbable way Daun sits there waiting events.

And for near three weeks there ensues a very multiplex series of rapid movements, and alarming demonstrations, on Daun's front, on Daun's right flank; with serious extensive effort (masked in that way) to turn Daun's left flank, and push round by Landshut Country upon Bohemia and Braunau. Effort very serious indeed on that Landshut side: conducted at first by Friedrich in person, with General Wied (called also NEUwied, a man of mark since Liegnitz time) as second under him; latterly by Wied himself, as Friedrich found it growing dubious or hopeless. That was Friedrich's first notion of the Daun problem. There are rapid marches here, there, round that western or left flank of Daun; sudden spurts of fierce fighting, oftenest with a stiff climb as preliminary: but not the least real success on Daun. Daun perfectly comprehends what is on foot; refuses to take shine for substance; stands massed, or grouped, at his own skilful judgment, in the proper points for Braunau, still more for Schweidnitz; and is very vigilant and imperturbable.

Kunzendorf Heights, which are not of the Hills, but in front of them, with a strip of flat still intervening;—these, we said, Daun had at once quitted: and these are now Friedrich's;—but yield him a very complex prospect at present. A line of opposing Heights, Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, Leuthmannsdorf, bristling with abundant cannon; behind is the multiplex sea of Hills, rising higher and higher, to the ridge of the Eulenberg in Glatz Country 10 or 12 miles southward: Daun, with forces much superior, calmly lord of all that; infinitely needing to be ousted, could one but say how! Friedrich begins to perceive that Braunau will not do; that he must contrive some other plan. General Wied he still leaves to prosecute the Braunau scheme: perhaps there is still some chance in it; at lowest it will keep Daun's attention thitherward. And Wied perseveres upon Braunau; and Braunau proving impossible, pushes past it deeper into Bohemia, Daun loftily regardless of him. Wied's marches and attempts were of approved quality; though unsuccessful in the way of stirring Daun. Wied's Light troops went scouring almost as far as Prag,—especially a 500 Cossacks that were with him, following their old fashion, in a new Country. To the horror of Austria; who shrieked loudly, feeling them in her own bowels; though so quiet while they were in other people's on her score. This of the 500 Cossacks under Wied, if this were anything, was all of actual work that Friedrich had from his Czernichef Allies;—nothing more of real or actual while they stayed, though something of imaginary or ostensible which had its importance, as we shall see.

Friedrich, in the third week, recalls Wied: "Braunau clearly impossible; only let us still keep up appearances!" July 18th, Wied is in Kunzendorf Country again; on an important new enterprise, or method with the Daun Problem, in which Wied is to bear a principal hand. That is to say, The discomfiture and overturn of Daun's right wing, if we can,—since his left has proved impossible. This was the **STORMING OF BURKERSDORF HEIGHTS**; Friedrich's new plan. Which did prove successful, and is still famous in the Annals of War: reckoned by all judges a beautiful plan, beautifully executed, and once more a wonderful achieving of what seemed the impossible, when it had become the indispensable. One of Friedrich's prettiest feats; and the last of his notable performances in this War. Readers ought not to be left without some shadowy authentic notion of it; though the real portraiture or image (which is achievable too, after long study) is for the professional soldier only,—for whom **TEMPELHOF**, good maps and plenty of patience are the recipe.

"The scene is the Wall of Heights, running east and west, parallel to Friedrich's Position at Kunzendorf; which form the Face, or decisive beginning, of that Mountain Glacis spreading up ten miles farther, towards Glatz Country. They, these Heights called of Burkersdorf, are in effect Daun's right wing; vitally precious to Daun, who has taken every pains about them. Burkersdorf Height (or Heights, for there are two, divided by the Brook Weistriz; but we shall neglect the eastern or lower, which is ruled by the other, and stands or falls along with it), Burkersdorf Height is the principal: a Hill of some magnitude (short way south of the Village of Burkersdorf, which also is Daun's); Hill falling rather steep down, on two of its sides, namely on the north side, which is towards Friedrich and Kunzendorf, and on the east side, where Weistriz Water, as yet only a Brook, gushes out from the Mountains,—hastening towards Schweidnitz or Schweidnitz Water; towards Lissa and Leuthen Country, where we have seen it on an important night. Weistriz, at this part, has scarped the eastern flank of Burkersdorf Height; and made for itself a pleasant little Valley there: this is the one Pass into the Mountains. A Valley of level bottom; where Daun has a terrific trench and sunk battery level with the

ground, capable of sweeping to destruction whoever enters there without leave.

"East from Burkersdorf Lesser Height (which we neglect for the present), and a little farther inwards or south, are Two other Heights: Ludwigsdorf and Leuthmannsdorf; which also need capture, as adjuncts of Burkersdorf, or second line to Burkersdorf; and are abundantly difficult, though not so steep as Burkersdorf.

"The Enterprise, therefore, divides itself into two. Wied is to do the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part; Mollendorf, the Burkersdorf. The strength of guns in these places, especially on Burkersdorf,—we know Daun's habit in that particular; and need say nothing. Man-devouring batteries, abatis; battalions palisaded to the teeth, 'the pales strong as masts, and room only for a musket-barrel between;' nay, they are 'furnished with a lath or cross-strap all along, for resting your gun-barrel on and taking aim:'—so careful is Daun. The ground itself is intricate, in parts impracticably steep; everywhere full of bushes, gnarls and impediments. Seldom was there such a problem altogether! Friedrich's position, as we say, is Kunzendorf Heights, with Schweidnitz and his old ground of Bunzelwitz to rear, Czernichef and others lying there, and Wurben and the old Villages and Heights again occupied as posts:—what a tale of Egyptian bricks has one to bake, your Majesty, on certain fields of this world; and with such insufficiency of raw-material sometimes!"

By the 16th of July, Friedrich's plans are complete. Contrived, I must say, with a veracity and opulent potency of intellect, flashing clear into the matter, and yet careful of the smallest practical detail. FRIDAY, 17th, Mollendorf, with men and furnitures complete, circles off northwestward by Wurben (for the benefit of certain on-lookers), but will have circled round to Burkersdorf neighborhood two days hence; by which time also Wied will be quietly in his place thereabouts, with a view to business on the 20th and 21st. Mollendorf, Wied and everything, are prosperously under way in this manner,—when, on the afternoon of that same Friday, 17th, [Compare Tempelhof, vi. 99, and Rodenbeck, ii. 164.] Czernichef steps over, most privately, to head-quarters: with what a bit of news! "A Revolution in Petersburg [JULY 9th, as we saw above, or as Herr Busching saw]; Czar Peter,—your Majesty's adorer, is dethroned, perhaps murdered; your Majesty's enemies, in the name of Czarina Catharine, order me instantly homeward with my 20,000!" This is true news, this of Czernichef. A most unexpected, overwhelming Revolution in those Northern Parts;—not needing to be farther touched upon in this place.

What here concerns us is, Friedrich's feelings on hearing of it; which no reader can now imagine. Horror, amazement, pity, very poignant; grief for one's hapless friend Peter, for one's still more hapless self! "The Sisyphus stone, which we had got dragged to the top, the chains all beautifully slack these three months past,—has it leapt away again? And on the eve of Burkersdorf, and our grand Daun problem!" Truly, the Destinies have been quite dramatic with this King, and have contrived the moment of hitting him to the heart. He passionately entreats Czernichef to be helpful to him,—which Czernichef would fain be, only how can he? To be helpful; at least to keep the matter absolutely secret yet for some hours: this the obliging Czernichef will do. And Friedrich remains, Czernichef having promised this, in the throes of desperate consideration and uncertainty, hour after hour,—how many hours I do not know. It is confidently said, [Retzow, ii. 415.] Friedrich had the thought of forcibly disarming Czernichef and his 20,000:—in which case he must have given up the Daun Enterprise; for without Czernichef as a positive quantity, much more with Czernichef as a negative, it is impossible. But, at any rate, most luckily for himself, he came upon a milder thought: "Stay with us yet three days, merely in the semblance of Allies, no service required of you, but keeping the matter a dead secret;—on the fourth day go, with my eternal thanks!" This is his milder proposal; urged with his best efforts upon the obliging Czernichef: who is in huge difficulty, and sees it to be at peril of his head, but generously consents. It is the same Czernichef who got lodged in Custring cellars, on one occasion: know, O King,—the King, before this, does begin to know,—that Russians too can have something of heroic, and can recognize a hero when they see him! In this fine way does Friedrich get the frightful chasm, or sudden gap of the ground under him, bridged over for the moment; and proceeds upon Burkersdorf all the same.

Of the Attack itself we propose to say almost nothing. It consists of Two Parts, Wied and Mollendorf, which are intensely Real; and of a great many more which are Scenic chiefly,—some of them Scenic to the degree of Drury-Lane itself, as we perceive;—all cunningly devised, and beautifully playing into one another, both the real and the scenic. EVENING OF THE 20th, Friedrich is on his ground, according to Program. Friedrich—who has now his Mollendorf and Wied beside him again, near this Village of Burkersdorf; and has his completely scenic Czernichef, and partly scenic Ziethen and others, all in their places behind him—quietly crushes Daun's people out of Burkersdorf Village; and furthermore, so soon as Night has fallen, bursts up, for his own uses, Burkersdorf old Castle, and its obstinate handful of defenders, which was a noisier process. Which done, he diligently sets to trenching, building batteries in that part; will have forty formidable guns, howitzers a good few of them, ready before sunrise. And so,

WEDNESDAY, 21st JULY, 1762, All Prussians are in motion, far and wide; especially Mollendorf and Wied (VERSUS O'Kelly and Prince de Ligne),—which Pair of Prussians may be defined rather as near and close; these Two being, in fact, the soul of the matter, and all else garniture and semblance. About 4 in the morning, Friedrich's Battery of 40 has begun raging; the howitzers diligent upon O'Kelly and his Burkersdorf Height,—not much hurting O'Kelly or his Height, so high was it, but making a prodigious noise upon O'Kelly;—others of the cannon shearing home on those palisades and elaborations, in the Weistriz Valley in particular, and quite tearing up a Cavalry Regiment which was drawn out there; so that O'Kelly had instantly to call it home, in a very wrecked condition. Why O'Kelly ever put it there—except that he saw no place for it in his rugged localities, or no use for it anywhere—is still a mystery to the intelligent mind. [Tempelhof, vi. 107.] The howitzers, their shells bursting mostly in the air, did O'Kelly little hurt, nor for hours yet was there any real attack on Burkersdorf or him; but the noise, the horrid death-blaze was prodigious, and kept O'Kelly, like some others, in an agitated, occupied condition till their own turn came.

For it had been ordered that Wied and Mollendorf were not to attack together: not together, but successively,—for the following reasons. TOGETHER; suppose Mollendorf to prosper on O'Kelly (whom he is to storm, not by the steep front part as O'Kelly fancies, but to go round by the western flank and take him in rear); suppose Mollendorf to be near prospering on Burkersdorf Height,—unless Wied too have prospered, Ludwigsdorf batteries and forces will have Mollendorf by the right flank, and between two fires he will be ruined; he and everything! On the other hand, let Wied try first: if Wied can manage Ludwigsdorf, well: if

Wied cannot, he comes home again with small damage; and the whole Enterprise is off for the present. That was Friedrich's wise arrangement, and the reason why he so bombards O'Kelly with thunder, blank mostly.

And indeed, from 4 this morning and till 4 in the afternoon, there is such an outburst and blazing series of Scenic Effect, and thunder mostly blank, going on far and near all over that District of Country: General This ostentatiously speeding off, as if for attack on some important place; General That, for attack on some other; all hands busy,—the 20,000 Russians not yet speeding, but seemingly just about to do it,—and blank thunder so mixed with not blank, and scenic effect with bitter reality, [Tempelhof, vi. 105-111.]—as was seldom seen before. And no wisest Daun, not to speak of his O'Kellys and lieutenants, can, for the life of him, say where the real attack is to be, or on what hand to turn himself. Daun in person, I believe, is still at Tannhausen, near the centre of this astonishing scene; five or six miles from any practical part of it. And does order forward, hither, thither, masses of force to support the De Ligne, the O'Kelly, among others,—but who can tell what to support? Daun's lieutenants were alert some of them, others less: General Guasco, for instance, who is in Schweidnitz, an alert Commandant, with 12,000 picked men, was drawing out, of his own will, with certain regiments to try Friedrich's rear: but a check was put on him (some dangerous shake of the fist from afar), when he had to draw in again. In general the O'Kelly supports sat gazing dubiously, and did nothing for O'Kelly but roll back along with him, when the time came. But let us first attend to Wied, and the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part.

Wied, divided into Three, is diligently pushing up on Ludwigsdorf by the slacker eastern ascents; meets firm enough battalions, potent, dangerous and resolute in their strong posts; but endeavors firmly to be more dangerous than they. Dislodges everything, on his right, on his left; comes in sight of the batteries and ranked masses atop, which seem to him difficult indeed; flatly impossible, if tried on front; but always some Colonel Lottum, or quick-eyed man, finds some little valley, little hollow; gets at the Enemy side-wise and rear-wise; rushes on with fixed bayonets, double-quick, to co-operate with the front: and, on the whole, there are the best news from Wied, and we perceive he sees his way through the affair.

Upon which, Mollendorf gets in motion, upon his specific errand. Mollendorf has been surveying his ground a little, during the leisure hour; especially examining what mode of passage there may be, and looking for some road up those slacker western parts: has found no road, but a kind of sheep track, which he thinks will do. Mollendorf, with all energy, surmounting many difficulties, pushes up accordingly; gets into his sheep-track; finds, in the steeper part of this track, that horses cannot draw his cannon; sets his men to do it; pulls and pushes, he and they, with a right will;—sees over his left shoulder, at a certain point, the ranked Austrians waiting for him behind their cannon (which must have been an interesting glimpse of scenery for some moments); tugs along, till he is at a point for planting his cannon; and then, under help of these, rushes forward,—in two parts, perhaps in three, but with one impetus in all,—to seize the Austrian fruit set before him. Surely, if a precious, a very prickly Pomegranate, to clutch hold of on different sides, after such a climb! The Austrians make stiff fight; have abatis, multiplex defences; and Mollendorf has a furious wrestle with this last remnant, holding out wonderfully,—till at length the abatis itself catches fire, in the musketry, and they have to surrender. This must be about noon, as I collect: and Feldmarschall Daun himself now orders everybody to fall back. And the tug of fight is over;—though Friedrich's scenic effects did not cease; and in particular his big battery raged till 5 in the afternoon, the more to confirm Daun's rearward resolutions and quicken his motions. On fall of night, Daun, everybody having had his orders, and been making his preparations for six hours past, ebbed totally away; in perfect order, bag and baggage. Well away to southward; and left Friedrich quit of him. [Tempelhof. vi. 100-115: compare *Bericht von der bey Leutmannsdorf den 21sten Julius 1762 vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 302-308); *Anderweiter Bericht von der &c.* (ib. 308-314); Archenholtz, &c. &c.]

Quit of Daun forevermore, as it turned out. Plainly free, at any rate, to begin upon Schweidnitz, whenever he sees good. Of the behavior of Wied, Mollendorf, and their people, indeed of the Prussians one and all, what can be said, but that it was worthy of their Captain and of the Plannings he had made? Which is saying a great deal. "We got above 14 big guns," report they; "above 1,000 prisoners, and perhaps twice as many that deserted to us in the days following." Czernichef was full of admiration at the day's work: he marched early next morning,—I trust with lasting gratitude on the part of an obliged Friedrich.

Some three weeks before this of Burkersdorf, Duke Ferdinand, near a place called Wilhelmsthal, in the neighborhood of Cassel, in woody broken country of Hill and Dale, favorable for strategic contrivances, had organized a beautiful movement from many sides, hoping to overwhelm the too careless or too ignorant French, and gain a signal victory over them: BATTLE, so called, OF WILHELMSTHAL, JUNE 24th, 1762, being the result. Mauvillon never can forgive a certain stupid Hanoverian, who mistook his orders; and on getting to his Hill-top, which was the centre of all the rest,—formed himself with his BACK to the point of attack; and began shooting cannon at next to nothing, as if to warn the French, that they had better instantly make off! Which they instantly set about, with a will; and mainly succeeded in; nothing all day but mazes of intricate marching on both sides, with spurts of fight here and there,—ending in a truly stiff bout between Granby and a Comte de Stainville, who covered the retreat, and who could not be beaten without a great deal of trouble. The result a kind of victory to Ferdinand; but nothing like what he expected. [Mauvillon, ii. 227-236; Tempelhof, vi. &c. &c.]

Soubise leads the French this final Year; but he has a D'Estrees with him (our old D'Estrees of HASTENBECK), who much helps the account current; and though generally on the declining hand (obliged to give up Gottingen, to edge away farther and farther out of Hessen itself, to give up the Weser, and see no shift but the farther side of Fulda, with Frankfurt to rear),—is not often caught napping as here at Wilhelmsthal. There ensued about the banks of the Fulda, and the question, Shall we be driven across it sooner or not so soon? a great deal of fighting and pushing (Battle called of LUTTERNBERG, Battle of JOHANNISBERG, and others): but all readers will look forward rather to the CANNONADE OF AMONEBURG, more precisely Cannonade of the BRUCKEN-MUHLE (September 21st), which finishes these wearisome death-wrestlings. Peace is coming; all the world can now count on that!

Bute is ravenous for Peace; has been privately taking the most unheard-of steps:—wrote to Kaunitz, "Peace at once and we will vote for your HAVING Silesia;" to which Kaunitz, suspecting trickery in artless Bute,

answered, haughtily sneering, "No help needed from your Lordship in that matter!" After which repulse, or before it, Bute had applied to the Czar's Minister in London: "Czarish Majesty to have East Prussen guaranteed to him, if he will insist that the King of Prussia DISPENSE with Silesia;" which the indignant Czar rejected with scorn, and at once made his Royal Friend aware of; with what emotion on the Royal Friend's part we have transiently seen. "Horrors and perfidies!" ejaculated he, in our hearing lately; and regarded Bute, from that time, as a knave and an imbecile both in one; nor ever quite forgave Bute's Nation either, which was far from being Bute's accomplice in this unheard-of procedure. "No more Alliances with England!" counted he: "What Alliance can there be with that ever-fluctuating People? To-day they have a thrice-noble Pitt; to-morrow a thrice-paltry Bute, and all goes heels-over-head on the sudden!" [Preuss, ii. 308; Mitchell, ii. 286.]

Bute, at this rate of going, will manage to get hold of Peace before long. To Friedrich himself, a Siege of Schweidnitz is now free; Schweidnitz his, the Austrians will have to quit Silesia. "Their cash is out: except prayer to the Virgin, what but Peace can they attempt farther? In Saxony things will have gone ill, if there be not enough left us to offer them in return for Glatz. And Peace and AS-YOU-WERE must ensue!"

Let us go upon Schweidnitz, therefore; pausing on none of these subsidiary things; and be brief upon Schweidnitz too.

Chapter XII.—SIEGE OF SCHWEIDNITZ: SEVENTH CAMPAIGN ENDS.

Daun being now cleared away, Friedrich instantly proceeds upon Schweidnitz. Orders the necessary Siege Materials to get under way from Neisse; posts his Army in the proper places, between Daun and the Fortress,—King's head-quarter Dittmannsdorf, Army spread in fine large crescent-shape, to southwest of Schweidnitz some ten miles, and as far between Daun and it;—orders home to him his Upper-Silesia Detachments, "Home, all of you, by Neisse Country, to make up for Czernichef's departure; from Neisse onwards you can guard the Siege-Ammunition wagons!" Naturally he has blockaded Schweidnitz, from the first; he names Tauentzien Siege-Captain, with a 10 or 12,000 to do the Siege: "Ahead, all of you!"—and in short, AUGUST 7th, with the due adroitness and precautions, opens his first parallel; suffering little or nothing hitherto by a resistance which is rather vehement. [Tempelhof, vi. 126.] He expects to have the place in a couple of weeks—"one week (HUIT JOUR)" he sometimes counts it, but was far out in his reckoning as to time.

The Siege of Schweidnitz occupied two most laborious, tedious months;—and would be wearisome to every reader now, as it was to Friedrich then, did we venture on more than the briefest outline. The resistance is vehement, very skilful:—Commandant is Guasco (the same who was so truculent to Schmettau in the Dresden time); his Garrison is near 12,000, picked from all regiments of the Austrian Army; his provisions, ammunitions, are of the amplest; and he has under him as chief Engineer a M. Gribeauval, who understands "counter-mining" like no other. After about a fortnight of trial, and one Event in the neighborhood which shall be mentioned, this of Mining and Counter-mining—though the External Sap went restlessly forward too, and the cannonading was incessant on both sides—came to be regarded more and more as the real method, and for six or seven weeks longer was persisted in, with wonderful tenacity of attempt and resistance. Friedrich's chief Mining Engineer is also a Frenchman, one Lefebvre; who is personally the rival of Gribeauval (his old class-fellow at College, I almost think); but is not his equal in subterranean work,—or perhaps rather has the harder task of it, that of Mining, instead of COUNTER-mining, or SPOILING Mines. Tempelhof's account of these two people, and their underground wrestle here, is really curious reading;—clear as daylight to those that will study, but of endless expansion (as usual in Tempelhof), and fit only to be indicated here. [Tempelhof, vi. 122-219; *Bericht und Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9 October, 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-479); Archenholtz, *Retzow*, &c.]

The external Event I promised to mention is an attempt on Daun's part (August 16th) to break in upon Friedrich's position, and interrupt the Siege, or render it still impossible. Event called the BATTLE OF REICHENBACH, though there was not much of battle in it;—in which our old friend the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern (whom we have seen in abeyance, and merely a Garrison Commandant, for years back, till the Russians left Stettin to itself) again played a shining part.

Daun—at Tannhausen, 10 miles to southwest of Friedrich, and spread out among the Hills, with Loudons, Lacys, Becks, as lieutenants, and in plenty of force, could he resolve on using it—has at last, after a month's meditation, hit upon a plan. Plan of flowing round by the southern skirt of Friedrich, and seizing certain Heights to the southeastern or open side of Schweidnitz,—Koltschen Height the key one; from which he may spread up at will, Height after Height, to the very Zobtenberg on that eastern side, and render Schweidnitz an impossibility. The plan, people say, was good; but required rapidity of execution,—a thing Daun is not strong in.

Bevern's behavior, too, upon whom the edge of the matter fell, was very good. Bevern, coming on from Neisse and Upper Silesia, had been much manoeuvred upon for various days by Beck; Beck, a dangerous, alert man, doing his utmost to seize post after post, and bar Bevern's way,—meaning especially, as ultimate thing, to get hold of a Height called Fischerberg, which lies near Reichenbach (in the southern Schweidnitz vicinities), and is preface to Koltschen Height and to the whole Enterprise of Daun. In most of which attempts, especially in this last, Bevern, with great merit, not of dexterity alone (for the King's Orders had often to be DISobeyed in the letter, and only the spirit of them held in view), contrived to outmanoeuvre Beck; and be found (August 13th) already firm on the Fischerberg, when Beck, in full confidence, came marching towards it. "The Fischerberg lost to us!" Beck had to report, in disappointment. "Must be recovered, and my grand Enterprise no longer put off!" thinks Daun to himself, in still more disappointment ("Laggard that I am!").—And on the third day following, the BATTLE OF REICHENBACH ensued. Lacy, as

chief, with abundant force, and Beck and Brentano under him: these are to march, "Recover me that Fischerberg; it is the preface to Koltschen and all else!" [Tempelhof, vi. 144.]

MONDAY, AUGUST 16th, pretty early in the day, Lacy, with his Becks and Brentanos, appeared in great force on the western side of Fischerberg; planted themselves there, about the three Villages of Peilau (Upper, Nether and Middle Peilau, a little way to south of Reichenbach), within cannon-shot of Bevern; their purpose abundantly clear. Behind them, in the gorges of the Mountains, what is not so clear, lay Daun and most of his Army; intending to push through at once upon Koltschen and seize the key, were this of Fischerberg had. Lacy, after reconnoitring a little, spreads his tents (which it is observable Beck does not); and all Austrians proceed to cooking their dinner. "Nothing coming of them till to-morrow!" said Friedrich, who was here; and went his way home, on this symptom of the Austrian procedures;—hardly consenting to regard them farther, even when he heard their cannonade begin.

Lacy, the general composure being thus established, and dinner well done, suddenly drew out about five in the evening, in long strong line, before these Hamlets of Peilau, on the western side of the Fischerberg; Beck privately pushing round by woods to take it on the eastern side: and there ensued abundant cannonading on the part of Lacy and Brentano, and some idle flourishing about of horse, responded to by Bevern; and, on the part of Lacy and Brentano, nothing else whatever. More like a theatre fight than a real one, says Tempelhof. Beck, however, is in earnest; has a most difficult march through the tangled pathless woods; does arrive at length, and begin real fighting, very sharp for some time; which might have been productive, had Lacy given the least help to it, as he did NOT. [Tempelhof, vi. 146-151.] Beck did his fieriest; but got repulsed everywhere. Beck tries in various places; finds swamps, impediments, fierce resistance from the Bevern people;—finds, at length, that the King is awake, and that reinforcements, horse, foot, riding-artillery, are coming in at the gallop; and that he, Beck, cannot too soon get away.

None of the King's Foot people could get in for a stroke, though they came mostly running (distance five miles); but the Horse-charges were beautifully impressive on Lacy's theatrical performers, as was the Horse-Artillery to a still more surprising degree; and produced an immediate EXEUNT OMNES on the Lacy part. All off; about 7 P.M.,—Sun just going down in the autumn sky;—and the Battle of Reichenbach a thing finished. Seeing which, Daun also immediately withdrew, through the gorges of the Mountains again. And for seven weeks thenceforth sat contemplative, without the least farther attempt at relief of Schweidnitz. It was during those seven weeks, some time after this, that poor Madam Daun, going to a Levee at Schonbrunn one day, had her carriage half filled with symbolical nightcaps, successively flung in upon her by the Vienna people;—symbolical; in lieu of Slashing Articles, and Newspapers the best Instructors, which they as yet have not.

Next day the Joy-fire of the Prussians taught Guasco what disaster had happened; and on the fifth day afterwards (August 22d), hearing nothing farther of Daun, Guasco offered to surrender, on the principle of Free Withdrawal. "No, never," answered Tauentzien, by the King's order: "As Prisoners of War it must be!" Upon which Guasco stood to his defences again; and maintained himself,—Gribeauval and he did,—with an admirable obstinacy: the details of which would be very wearisome to readers. Gribeauval and he, I said; for from this time, Engineer Lefebvre, though he tried (with bad skill, thinks Tempelhof) some bits of assault above ground, took mainly to mining, and a grand underground invention called GLOBES DE COMPRESSION; which he reckoned to be the real sovereign method,—unlucky that he was! I may at least explain what GLOBE DE COMPRESSION is; for it becomes famous on this occasion, and no name could be less descriptive of the thing. Not a GLOBE at all, for that matter, nor intended to "compress," but to EXpress, and shatter to pieces in a transcendent degree: it is, in fact, a huge cubical mine-chamber, filled by a wooden box (till Friedrich, in his hurry, taught Lefebvre that a sack would do as well), loaded with, say, five thousand-weight of powder. Sufficient to blow any horn-work, bastion, bulwark, into the air,—provided you plant it in the right place; which poor Lefebvre never can. He tried, with immense labor, successively some four or almost five of these "PRESS BALLS" so called (or Volcanoes in Little); mining on, many yards, 15 or 20 feet underground (tormented by Gribeauval all the way); then at last, exploding his five thousand-weight,—would produce a "Funnel," or crater, of perhaps "30 yards in diameter," but, alas, "150 yards OFF any bastion." Funnel of no use to him;—mere sign to him that he must go down into it, and begin there again; with better aim, if possible. And then Gribeauval's tormentings; never were the like! Gribeauval has, all round under the Glacis, mine-galleries, or main-roads for Counter-mining, ready to his hand (mine-galleries built by Friedrich while lately proprietor); there Gribeauval is hearkening the beat of Lefebvre's picks: "Ten yards from us, think you? Six yards? Get a 30 hundredweight of chamber ready for him!" And will, at the right moment, blow Lefebvre's gallery about his ears;—sometimes bursts in upon him bodily with pistol and cutlass, or still worse, with explosive sulphur-balls, choke-pots and infinitudes of mal-odor instantaneously developed on Lefebvre,—which mean withal, "You will have to begin again, Monsieur!" Enough to drive a Lefebvre out of his wits. Twice, or oftener, Lefebvre, a zealous creature but a thin-skinned, flew out into open paroxysm; wept, invoked the gods, threatened suicide: so that Friedrich had to console him, "Courage, you will manage it; make chicanes on Gribeauval, as he does on you,"—and suggested that powder-SACK instead of deal-box, which we just mentioned.

Friedrich's patience seems to have been great; but in the end he began to think the time long. He was in three successive head-quarters, Dittmannsdorf, Peterswaldau, Bogendorf, nearer and nearer; at length quite near (Bogendorf within a couple of miles); and wondering Gazetteers reported him on horseback, examining minutely the parallels and siege-works,—with a singular indifference to the cannon-balls flying about ("Not easy to hit a small object with cannon!"), and intent only on giving Tauentzien suggestions, admonitions and new orders. Here, prior to Bogendorf, are three snatches of writing, which successively have indications for us. KING TO PRINCE HENRI:—

PETERSWALDAU, AUGUST 13th, 1762 (King has just shifted hither, August 10th, on the Bevern-REICHENBACH score; continues here till September 23d).... "You are right to say, 'We ourselves are our best Allies.' I am of the same opinion; nevertheless, it is a clear duty and call of prudence to try and alleviate the burden as much as possible: and I own to you, that if, after all I have written, the thing fails this time [as it does], I shall be obliged to grant

MAP GOES HERE—FACING PAGE 152, CHAP XII, BOOK 20—

that there is nothing to be made of those Turks."—"We are now in the press of our crisis as to Schweidnitz. The Siege advances beautifully: but Beck is come hereabouts, Lacy masked behind him; and I cannot yet tell you [not till REICHENBACH and the 16th] whether the Enemy intends some big adventure for disengaging Schweidnitz, or will content himself with disturbing and annoying us."

PETERSWALDAU, 9th SEPTEMBER. Springs, water-threads coming into our mines delay us a little: "by the 12th [in 3 days' time, little thinking it would be 30 days!] I still hope to despatch you a courier with the news, All is over! Your Nephew [Prince of Prussia] is out to-day assisting in a forage; he begins to kindle into fine action. We are nothing but pygmies in comparison to him [in point of physical stature]; imagine to yourself Prince Franz [of Brunswick; killed, poor fellow, at Hochkirch], only taller still: this is the figure of him at present."

PETERSWALDAU, SEPTEMBER 19th.... "Our Siege wearies all the world; people persecute me to know the end of it; I never get a Berlin Letter without something on that head;—and I have no resource myself but patience. We do all we can: but I cannot hinder the enemy from defending himself, and Gribeauval from being a clever fellow:—soon, however, surely soon, soon, we shall see the end. Our weather here is like December; the Seasons are as mad as the Politics of Europe. Finally, my dear Brother, one must shove Time on; day follows day, and at last we shall catch the one that ends our labors. Adieu; JE VOUS EMBRASSE." [Schoning, iii. 403, 430, 446.]—Here farther, from the Siege-ground itself, are some tracteries, scratchings by a sure hand, which yield us something of image. Date is still only "BEFORE Schweidnitz," far on in the eighth week:

SEPTEMBER 23d. "This morning, before 9, the King [direct from Peterswaldau, where he has been lodging hitherto,—must have breakfasted rather early] came into the Lines here:—his quarter is now to be at Bogendorf near hand, in a Farm house there. The Prince of Prussia was riding with him, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt [the Adjutant whom we have heard of]: he looked at the Battery" lately ordered by him; "looked at many things; rode along, a good 100 yards inside of the vedettes; so that the Enemy noticed him, and fired violently,"—King decidedly ignoring. "To Captain Beauvrye [Captain of the Miners] he paid a gracious compliment; Major Lefebvre he rallied a little for losing heart, for bungling his business; but was not angry with him, consoled him rather; bantered him on the shabbiness of his equipments, and made him a gift of 400 thalers (60 pounds), to improve them. Lefebvre, Tauentzien and" another General "dined with him at Bogendorf to-day." ["Captain Gotz's NOTE-book" (a conspicuous Captain here, Note-book still in manuscript, I think): cited in SCHONING, iii. 453 et seq.]

SEPTEMBER 24th, EARLY. "The King on horseback viewed the trenches, rode close behind the first parallel, along the mid-most communication-line: the Enemy cannonaded at us horribly (ERSCHRECKLICH); a ball struck down the Page von Pirch's horse [Pirch lay writhing, making moan,—plainly overmuch, thought the King]: on Pirch's accident, too, the Prince of Prussia's horse made a wild plunge, and pitched its rider aloft out of the saddle; people thought the Prince was shot, and everybody was in horror: great was the commotion; only the King was heard calling with a clear voice, 'PIRCH, VERGISS ER SEINEN SATTEL NICHT,—Pirch, bring your saddle with you!'"

This of Pirch and the saddle is an Anecdote in wide circulation; taken sometimes as a proof of Royal thrift; but is mainly the Royal mode of rebuking Pirch for his weak behavior in the accident that had befallen. Pirch, an ingenious handy kind of fellow, famed for his pranks and trickeries in those Page-days, had many adventures in the world;—was, for one while, something of a notability among the French; will "teach you the Prussian mode of drill," and actually got leave to try it "on the German Regiments in our service:" [Voltaire's wondering Report of him ("Ferney, 7th December, 1774"), and Friedrich's quiet Answer ("Berlin, 28th Dec. 1774"): in *OEuvres de Frederic*, xxiii. 297, 301. Rodenbeck (ii. 198-200) has a slight "BIOGRAPHY" of Pirch.]—died, finally, as Colonel of one of these, at the Siege of Gibraltar, in 1783.

SEPTEMBER 25th. "Morning and noon, each time two hours, the King was in his new batteries; and, with great satisfaction, watched the working of them. This day there dined with him the Prince of Bernburg [General of Brigade here], Tauentzien, Lefebvre and Dieskau" (head of the Artillery).

The King is always riding about; has now, virtually, taken charge of the Siege himself. "In Bogendorf, the first night, he dismissed the Guard sent for him; would have nothing there but six chasers (JAGER):" an alarming case! "After a night or two, there came always, without his knowledge, a dragoon party of 30 horse; took post behind Bogendorf Church, patrolled towards Kunzendorf, Giesdorf, and had three pickets."

SEPTEMBER 28th. "Gribeauval has sprung a mine last night;" totally blown up Lefebvre again! "Engineer-Lieutenants Gerhard and Von Kleist were wounded by our own people; Captain Guyon was shot:" things all going wrong,—weather, I suspect also, bad. "The King was in dreadful humor (SEHR UNGNADIG); rated and rebuked to right and left: 'If it should last till January, the Attack must go on. Nobody seems to be able for his business; Lefebvre a blockhead (DUMMER TEUFEL), who knows nothing of mining: the Generals, too, where are they? Every General henceforth is to take his place in the third parallel, at the head of his Covering-Party [most exposed place of all], and stay his whole twenty-four hours there [Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg is Covering-Party today; I hope, in his post during this thunder!]: Taken the Place can and must be! We have the misfortune, That a stupid Engineer who knows nothing of his art has the direction; and a General without sense in Sieging has the command. Everybody is at a NON PLUS, it appears! Not all our Artillery can silence that Front-fire; not in a single place can Thirty stupid Miners get into the Fort.' To-day and yesterday the King spoke neither to General Tauentzien nor to Major Lefebvre; Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt had to give all the Orders." An electric kind of day!

The weather is becoming wet. In fact, there ensue whole weeks of rain,—the trenches swimming, service very hard. Guasco's guns are many of them dismounted; no Daun to be heard of. Guasco again and again proposes modified capitulations; answer always, "Prisoners of War on the common terms." Guasco is wearing low: OCTOBER 7th (Lefebvre sweating and puffing at his last Globe of Expression, hoping to hit the mark this last time), an accidental grenade from Tauentzien, above ground, rolled into one of Guasco's powder-vaults; blew it, and a good space of Wall along with it, into wreck; two days after which, Guasco had finished his Capitulating;—and we get done with this wearisome affair. [Tempelhof, vi. 122-220; *Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9ten October, 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-497);

Tielke, &c. &c.] Guasco was invited to dine with the King; praised for his excellent defence. Prisoners of War his Garrison and he; about 9,000 of them still on their feet; their entire loss had been 3,552 killed and wounded; that of the Prussians 3,033. Poor Guasco died, in Konigsberg, still prisoner, before the Peace came.

Of Austrian fighting in Silesia, this proved to be the last, in the present Controversy which has endured so long. No thought of fighting is in Daun; far the reverse. Daun is getting ill off for horse-forage in his Mountains; the weather is bad upon him; we hear "he has had, for some time past, 12,000 laborers" palisading and fortifying at the Passes of Bohemia: "Truce for the Winter" is what he proposes. To which the King answers, "No; unless you retire wholly within Bohemia and Glatz Country:" this at present Daun grudged to do; but was forced to it, some weeks afterwards, by the sleets and the snows, had there been no other pressure. In about three weeks hence, Friedrich, leaving Bevern in command here, and a Silesia more or less adjusted, made for Saxony; whither important reinforcements had preceded him,—reinforcements under General Wied, the instant it was possible. Saxony he had long regarded as the grand point, were Schweidnitz over: "Recapture Dresden, and they will have to give us Peace this very Winter!" Daun, also with reinforcements, followed him to Saxony, as usual; but never quite arrived, or else found matters settled on arriving;—and will not require farther mention in this History. He died some three years hence, age 60; ["5th February, 1766;" "born 24th September, 1705" (Hormayr *Oester-reichischer Plutarch*, ii. 80-111).] an honorable, imperturbable, eupeptic kind of man, sufficiently known to readers by this time.

Friedrich did not recapture Dresden; far enough from that,—though Peace came all the same. Hardly a week after our recovery of Schweidnitz, Stollberg and his Reichsfolk, especially his Austrians, became unexpectedly pert upon Henri; pressed forward (October 15th), in overpowering force, into his Posts about Freyberg, Pretschendorf and that southwestern Reich-ward part: "No more invadings of Bohemia from you, Monseigneur; no more tormentings of the Reich; here is other work for you, my Prince!"—and in spite of all Prince Henri could do, drove him back, clear out of Freyberg; northward, towards Hulsen and his reserves. [*Bericht von dem Angriff so am 15ten October, 1762, van der Reichs-Armee auf die Kongilich-Preussischen unter dem Prinzen Heinrich geschehen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 362-364). *Ausfuhrlicher Bericht von der den 15ten October, 1762, bey Brand vorgefallenen Action* (Ib. iii. 350-362). Tempelhof, vi. 238.] Giving him, in this manner, what soldiers call a slap; slap which might have been more considerable, had those Stollberg people followed it up with emphasis. But they did not; so alert was Henri. Henri at once rallied beautifully from his slap (King's reinforcements coming too, as we have said); and, in ten days' time, without any reinforcement, paid Stollberg and Company by a stunning blow: BATTLE OF FREYBERG (October 29th),—which must not go without mention, were it only as Prince Henri's sole Battle, and the last of this War. Preparatory to which and its sequel, let us glance again at Duke Ferdinand and the English-French posture,—also for the last time.

CANNONADE AT AMONEBURG (21st September, 1762). "The controversies about right or left bank of the Fulda have been settled long since in Ferdinand's favor; who proceeded next to blockade the various French strongholds in Hessen; Marburg, Ziegenhayn, especially Cassel; with an eye to besieging the same, and rooting the French permanently out. To prevent or delay which, what can Soubise and D'Estrees do but send for their secondary smaller Army, which is in the Lower-Rhine Country under a Prince de Conde, mostly idle at present, to come and join them in the critical regions here. Whereupon new Controversy shifting westward to the Mayn and Nidda-Lahn Country, to achieve said Junction and to hinder it. Junction was not to be hindered. The D'Estrees-Soubise people and young Conde made good manoeuvring, handsome fight on occasion; so that in spite of all the Erbprinz could do, they got hands joined; far too strong for the Erbprinz thenceforth; and on the last night of August were all fairly together, head-quarter Friedberg in Frankfurt Country (a thirty miles north of Frankfurt); and were earnestly considering the now not hopeless question, 'How, or by what routes and methods, push to northward, get through to those blockaded Hessian Strong-places, Cassel especially; and hinder Ferdinand's besieging them, and quite outrooting us there?'

"This is a difficult question, but a vital. 'Sweep rapidly past Ferdinand,—cannot we? Well forward or eastward of him, dexterously across the Lahn and its Branches (our light people are to rear of him, on this side of the Fulda, between the Fulda and him): once joined with those light people by such methods, we have Cassel ahead, Ferdinand to rear, and will make short work with the blockades,—the blockades will have to rise in a hurry!' This was the plan devised by D'Estrees; and rapidly set about; but it was seen into, at the first step, by Ferdinand, who proved still more rapid upon it. Campings, counter-campings, crossings of the Lahn by D'Estrees people, then recrossings of it, ensued for above a fortnight; which are not for mention here: in fine, about the middle of September, the D'Estrees Enterprise had plainly become impossible, unless it could get across the Ohm,—an eastern, or wide-circling northeastern Branch of the Lahn,—where, on the right or eastern bank of which, as better for him than the Lahn itself in this part, Ferdinand now is. 'Across the Ohm: and that, how can that be done, the provident Ferdinand having laid hold of Ohm, and secured every pass of it, several days ago! Perhaps by a Surprisal; by extreme despatch?'

"Amoneburg is a pleasant little Town, about thirty miles east of Marburg,—in which latter we have been, in very old times; looking after St. Elizabeth, Teutsch Ritters, Philip the Magnanimous and other objects. Amoneburg stands on the left or western bank of the Ohm, with an old Schloss in it, and a Bridge near by; both of which, Ferdinand, the left or southmost wing of whose Position on the other bank of Ohm is hereabouts, has made due seizure of. Seizure of the Bridge, first of all,—Bridge with a Mill at it (which, in consequence, is called BRUCKEN-MUHLE, Bridge-Mill),—at the eastern end of this there is a strong Redoubt, with the Bridge-way blocked and rammed ahead of it; there Ferdinand has put 200 men; 500 more are across in Amoneburg and its old Castle. Unless by surprisal and extreme despatch, there is clearly no hope! Ferdinand's head-quarter is seven or eight miles to northwest of this his Brucken-Muhle and extreme left; next to Brucken-Muhle is Zastrow's Division; next, again, is Granby's; several Divisions between Ferdinand and it; 'Do it by surprisal, by utmost force of vehemency!' say the French. And accordingly,

"SEPTEMBER 21st [day of the Equinox, 1762], An hour before sunrise, there began, quite on the sudden, a vivid attack on the Brucken-Muhle and on Amoneburg, by cannon, by musketry, by all methods; and, in spite of the alert and completely obstinate resistance, would not cease; but, on the contrary, seemed to be on the increasing hand, new cannon, new musketries; and went on, hour after hour, ever the more vivid. So that,

about 8 in the morning, after three hours of this, Zastrow, with his Division, had to intervene: to range himself on the Hill-top behind this Brucken-Muhle; replace the afflicted 200 (many of them hurt, not a few killed) by a fresh 200 of his own; who again needed to be relieved before long. For the French, whom Zastrow had to imitate in that respect, kept bringing up more cannon, ever more, as if they would bring up all the cannon of their Army: and there rose between Zastrow and them such a cannonade, for length and loudness together, as had not been heard in this War. Most furious cannonading, musketading; and seemingly no end to it. Ferdinand himself came over to ascertain; found it a hot thing indeed. Zastrow had to relieve his 200 every hour: 'Don't go down in rank, you new ones,' ordered he—'slide, leap, descend the hill-face in scattered form: rank at the bottom!'—and generally about half of the old 200 were left dead or lamed by their hour's work. 'They intend to have this Bridge from us at any cost,' thinks Ferdinand; 'and at any cost they shall not!' And, in the end, orders Granby forward in room of Zastrow, who has had some eight hours of it now; and rides home to look after his main quarters.

"It was about 4 in the afternoon when Granby and his English came into the fire; and I rather think the French onslaught was, if anything, more furious than ever:—Despair striding visibly forward on it, or something too like Despair. Amoneburg they had battered to pieces, Wall and Schloss, so that the 500 had to ground arms: but not an inch of way had they made upon the Bridge, nor were like to make. Granby continued on the old plan, plying all his diligences and artilleries; needing them all. Fierce work to a degree: '200 of you go down on wings' (in an hour about 100 will come back)! In English Families you will still hear some vague memory of Amoneburg, How we had built walls of the dead, and fired from behind them,—French more and more furious, we more and more obstinate. Granby had still four hours of it; sunset, twilight, dusk; about 8, the French, in what spirits I can guess, ceased, and went their ways. Bridge impossible; game up. They had lost, by their own account, 1,100 killed and wounded; Ferdinand probably not fewer." [Mauvillon, ii. 251; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 432-439.]

And in this loud peal, what none could yet know, the French-English part of the Seven-Years War had ended. The French attempted nothing farther; huddled themselves where they were, and waited in the pouring rains: Ferdinand also huddled himself, in guard of the Ohm; while his people plied their Siege-batteries on Cassel, on Ziegenhayn, cannonading their best in the bad weather;—took Cassel, did not quite take Ziegenhayn, had it been of moment;—and for above six weeks coming (till November 7th-14th [Preliminaries of Peace SIGNED, "Paris, November 3d;" known to French Generals "November 7th;" not, OFFICIALLY, to Ferdinand till "November 14th" (Mauvillon, ii. 257).]), nothing more but skirmishings and small scuffles, not worth a word from us, fell out between the Two Parties there. That Cannonade of the Brucken-Muhle had been finis.

For supreme Bute, careless of the good news coming in on him from West and from East, or even rather embarrassed by them, had some time ago started decisively upon the Peace Negotiation. "September 5th," three weeks before that of Amoneburg, "the Duke of Bedford, Bute's Plenipotentiary, set out towards Paris,—considerably hissed on the street here by a sulky population," it would seem;—"but sure of success in Paris. Bute shared in none of the national triumphs of this Year. The transports of rejoicing which burst out on the news of Havana" were a sorrow and distress to him. [Walpole's *George the Third*, ii. 191.] "Havana, what shall we do with it?" thought he; and for his own share answered stiffly, "Nothing with it; fling it back to them!"—till some consort of his persuaded him Florida would look better. [Thackeray, ii. 11.] Of Manilla and the Philippines he did not even hear till Peace was concluded; had made the Most Catholic Carlos a present of that Colony,—who would not even pay our soldiers their Manilla Ransom, as too disagreeable. Such is the Bute, such and no other, whom the satirical Fates have appointed to crown and finish off the heroic Day's-work of such a Pitt. Let us, if we can help it, speak no more of him! Friedrich writes before leaving for Saxony: "The Peace between the English and the French is much farther off than was thought;—so many oppositions do the Spaniards raise, or rather do the French,—busy duping this buzzard of an English Minister, who has not common sense." [Schoning, iii. 480 (To Henri: "Peterswaldau, 17th October, 1762").] Never fear, your Majesty: a man with Havanas and Manillas of that kind to fling about at random, is certain to bring Peace, if resolved on it!—

We said, Prince Henri rallied beautifully from his little slap and loss of Freyberg (October 15th), and that the King was sending Wied with reinforcements to him. In fact, Prince Henri of himself was all alertness, and instantly appeared on the Heights again; seemingly quite in sanguinary humor, and courting Battle, much more than was yet really the case. Which cowed Stollberg from meddling with him farther, as he might have done. Not for some ten days had Henri finished his arrangements; and then, under cloud of night (28th-29th OCTOBER, 1762), he did break forward on those Spittelwalds and Michael's Mounts, and multiplex impregnabilities about Freyberg, in what was thought a very shining manner. The BATTLE OF FREYBERG, I think, is five or six miles long, all on the west, and finally on the southwest side of Freyberg (north and northwest sides, with so many batteries and fortified villages, are judged unattackable); and the main stress, very heavy for some time, lay in the abatis of the Spittelwald (where Seidlitz was sublime), and about the roots of St. Michael's Mount (the TOP of it Stollberg, or some foolish General of Stollberg's, had left empty; nobody there when we reached the top),—down from which, Freyberg now lying free ahead of us, and the Spittelwald on our left now also ours, we take Stollberg in rear, and turn him inside out. The Battle lasted only three hours, till Stollberg and his Maguires, Campitellis and Austrians (especially his Reichsfolk, who did no work at all, except at last running), were all under way; and the hopes of some Saxon Victory to balance one's disgraces in Silesia had altogether vanished. [*Beschreibung der am 29sten October, 1762, bey Freyberg vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 365-376). Tempelhof, vi. 235-258; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 177-181.]

Of Austrians and Reichsfolk together I dimly count about 40,000 in this Action; Prince Henri seems to have been well under 30,000. ["29 battalions, 60 squadrons," VERSUS "49 battalions, 68 squadrons" (Schoning, iii. 499).] I will give Prince Henri's DESPATCH to his Brother (a most modest Piece); and cannot afford to say more of the matter,—except that "Wegfurth," where Henri gets on march the night before, lies 8 or more miles west-by-north of Freyberg and the Spittelwald, and is about as far straight south from Hainichen, Gellert's birthplace, who afterwards got the War-horse now coming into action,—I sometimes think, with what surprise to that quadruped!

PRINCE HENRI TO THE KING (Battle just done; King on the road from Silesia hither, Letter meets him at Lowenberg).

"FREYBERG, 29th October, 1762.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—It is a happiness for me to send you the agreeable news, That your Army has this day gained a considerable advantage over the combined Austrian and Reichs Army. I marched yesternight; I had got on through Wegfurth, leaving Spittelwald [Tempelhof, p. 237.] to my left, with intent to seize [storm, if necessary] the Height of St. Michael,—when I came upon the Enemy's Army. I made two true attacks, and two false: the Enemy resisted obstinately; but the sustained valor of your troops prevailed: and, after three hours in fire, the Enemy was obliged to yield everywhere. I don't yet know the number of Prisoners; but there must be above 4,000:—the Reichs Army has lost next to nothing; the stress of effort fell to the Austrian share. We have got quantities of Cannon and Flags; Lieutenant-General Roth of the Reichs Army is among our Prisoners. I reckon we have lost from 2 to 3,000 men; among them no Officer of mark. Lieutenant-General von Seidlitz rendered me the highest services; in a place where the Cavalry could not act [border of the Spittelwald, and its impassable entanglements and obstinacies], he put himself at the head of the Infantry, and did signal services [his Battle mainly, scheming and all, say some ill-natured private accounts]; Generals Belling and Kleist [renowned Colonels known to us, now become Major-Generals] did their very best. All the Infantry was admirable; not one battalion yielded ground. My Aide-de-Camp [Kalkreuth, a famous man in the Napoleon times long after], who brings you this, had charge of assisting to conduct the attack through the Spittelwald [and did it well, we can suppose]: if, on that ground, you pleased to have the goodness to advance him, I should have my humble thanks to give you. There are a good many Officers who have distinguished themselves and behaved with courage, for whom I shall present similar requests. You will permit me to pay those who have taken cannons and flags (100 ducats per cannon, 50 per flag, or whatever the tariff was)—"By all manner of means!" his Majesty would answer].

"The Enemy is retiring towards Dresden and Dippoldiswalde. I am sending at his heels this night, and shall hear the result. My Aide-de-Camp is acquainted with all, and will be able to render you account of everything you may wish to know in regard to our present circumstances. General Wied, I believe, will cross Elbe to-morrow [General Wied, with 10,000 to help us,—for whom it was too dangerous to wait, or perhaps there was a spur on one's own mind?]; his arrival would be [not "would have been:" CELA VIENDRAIT, not even VIENDRA] very opportune for me. I am, with all attachment, my dearest Brother,—your most devoted Servant and Brother,—HENRI." [Schoning, iii. 491, 492.]

To-morrow, in cipher, goes the following Despatch:—

"FREYBERG, 30th October, 1762.

"General Wied [not yet come to hand, or even got across Elbe] informs me, That Prince Albert of Saxony [pushing hither with reinforcement, sent by Daun] must have crossed Elbe yesterday at Pirna [did not show face here, with his large reinforcements to them, or what would have become of us!];—and that for this reason he, Wied, must himself cross; which he will to-morrow. The same day I am to be joined by some battalions from General Hulsen; and the day after to-morrow, when General Wied [coming by Meissen Bridge, it appears] shall have reached the Katzenhauser, the whole of General Hulsen's troops will join me. Directly thereupon I shall—" [Schoning, p. 493.] Or no more of that second Despatch; Friedrich's LETTER IN RESPONSE is better worth giving:—

"LOWENBERG, 2d November, 1762.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The arrival of Kalkreuter [so he persists in calling him], and of your Letter, my dear Brother, has made me twenty [not to say forty] years younger: yesterday I was sixty, to-day hardly eighteen. I bless Heaven for preserving you in health (BONNE SANTE," so we term escape of lesion in fight); "and that things have passed so happily! You took the good step of attacking those who meant to attack you; and, by your good and solid measures (DISPOSITIONS), you have overcome all the difficulties of a strong Post and a vigorous resistance. It is a service so important rendered by you to the State, that I cannot enough express my gratitude, and will wait to do it in person.

"Kalkreuter will explain what motions I—... If Fortune favor our views on Dresden [which it cannot in the least, at this late season], we shall indubitably have Peace this Winter or next Spring,—and get honorably out of a difficult and perilous conjuncture, where we have often seen ourselves within two steps of total destruction. And, by this which you have now done, to you alone will belong the honor of having given the final stroke to Austrian Obstinacy, and laid the foundations of the Public Happiness, which will be the consequence of Peace.—F." [Ib. iii. 495, 496.]

Two days after this, November 4th, Friedrich is in Meissen; November 9th, he comes across to Freyberg; has pleasant day,—pleasant survey of the Battle-field, Henri and Seidlitz escorting as guides. Henri, in furtherance of the Dresden project, has Kleist out on the Bohemian Magazines,—"That is the one way to clear Dresden neighborhood of Enemies!" thinks Henri always. Kleist burns the considerable magazine of Saatz; finds the grand one of Leitmeritz too well guarded for him:—upon which, in such snowdrifts and sleety deluges, is not Dresden plainly impossible, your Majesty? Impossible, Friedrich admits,—the rather as he now sees Peace to be coming without that. Freyberg has at last broken the back of Austrian Obstinacy. "Go in upon the Reich," Friedrich now orders Kleist, the instant Kleist is home from his Bohemian inroad: "In upon the Reich, with 6,000, in your old style! That will dispose of the Reichs Principalities to Peace."

Kleist marched November 3d; kept the Reich in paroxysm till December 13th;—Plotho, meanwhile, proclaiming in the Reichs Diet: "Such Reichs Princes as wish for Peace with my King can have it; those that prefer War, they too can have it!" Kleist, dividing himself in the due artistic way, flew over the Voigtland, on to Bamberg, on to Nurnberg itself (which he took, by sounding rams'-horns, as it were, having no gun heavier than a carbine, and held for a week); [*Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 186-194.]—fluttering the Reichs Diet not a little, and disposing everybody for Peace. The Austrians saw it with pleasure, "We solemnly engaged to save these poor people harmless, on their joining us;—and, behold, it has become thrice and four times impossible. Let them fall off into Peace, like ripe pears, of themselves; we can then turn round and say, 'Save you harmless? Yes; if you had n't fallen off!'"

NOVEMBER 24th, all Austrians make truce with Friedrich, Truce till March 1st;—all Austrians, and what is singular, with no mention of the Reich whatever. The Reich is defenceless, at the feet of Kleist and his 6,000. Stollberg is still in Prussian neighborhood; and may be picked up any day! Stollberg hastens off to defend the Reich; finds the Reich quite empty of enemies before his arrival;—and at least saves his own skin. A month or two more, and Stollberg will lay down his Command, and the last Reichs-Execution Army, playing Farce-Tragedy so long, make its exit from the Theatre of this World.

Chapter XIII.—PEACE OF HUBERTSBURG.

The Prussian troops took Winter-quarters in the Meissen-Freyberg region, the old Saxon ground, familiar to them for the last three years: room enough this Winter, "from Plauen and Zwickau, round by Langensalza again;" Truce with everybody, and nothing of disturbance till March 1st at soonest. The usual recruiting went on, or was preparing to go on,—a part of which took immediate effect, as we shall see. Recruiting, refitting, "Be ready for a new Campaign, in any case: the readier we are, the less our chance of having one!" Friedrich's head-quarter is Leipzig; but till December 5th he does not get thither. "More business on me than ever!" complains he. At Leipzig he had his Nephews, his D'Argens; for a week or two his Brother Henri; finally, his Berlin Ministers, especially Herzberg, when actual Peace came to be the matter in hand. Henri, before that, had gone home: "Peace being now the likelihood;—Home; and recruit one's poor health, at Berlin, among friends!"

Before getting to Leipzig, the King paid a flying Visit at Gotha;—probably now the one fraction of these manifold Winter movements and employments, in which readers could take interest. Of this, as there happens to be some record left of it, here is what will suffice. From Meissen, Friedrich writes to his bright Grand-Duchess, always a bright, high and noble creature in his eyes: "Authorized by your approval [has politely inquired beforehand], I shall have the infinite satisfaction of paying my duties on December 3d [four days hence], and of reiterating to you, Madam, my liveliest and sincerest assurances of esteem and friendship.... Some of my Commissariat people have been misbehaving? Strict inquiry shall be had," [To the Grand-Duchess, "Meissen, 29th November" (*OEuvres de Frederic*, xviii. 199).]—and we soon find WAS. But the Visit is our first thing.

The Visit took place accordingly; Seidlitz, a man known in Gotha ever since his fine scenic-military procedures there in 1757, accompanied the King. Of the lucent individualities invited to meet him, all are now lost to me, except one Putter, a really learned Gottingen Professor (deep in REICHS-HISTORY and the like), whom the Duchess has summoned over. By the dim lucency of Putter, faint to most of us as a rushlight in the act of going out, the available part of our imagination must try to figure, in a kind of Obliterated-Rembrandt way, this glorious Evening; for there was but one,—December 3d-4th,—Friedrich having to leave early on the 4th. Here is Putter's record, given in the third person:—

"During dinner, Putter, honorably present among the spectators of this high business, was beckoned by the Duchess to step near the King [right hand or left, Putter does not say]; but the King graciously turned round, and conversed with Putter." The King said:—

KING. "In German History much is still buried; many important Documents lie hidden in Monasteries." Putter answered "schicklich—fitly;" that is all we know of Putter's answer.

KING (thereupon). "Of Books on Reichs-History I know only the PERE BARRI." [*Barri de Beaumarchais*, 10 vols. 4to, Paris, 1748: I believe, an extremely feeble Pillar of Will-o'-Wisps by Night;—as I can expressly testify Pfeffel to be (Pfeffel, *Abrege Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne*, 2 vols. 4to, Paris, 1776), who has succeeded Barri as Patent Guide through that vast SYLVA SYLVARUM and its pathless intricacies, for the inquiring French and English.]

PUTTER.... "Foreigners have for most part known only, in regard to our History, a Latin work written by Struve at Jena." [Burkhard Gotthelf Struve, *Syntagma Historiae Germanicus* (1730, 2 vols. folio).]

KING. "Struv, Struvius; him I don't know."

PUTTER. "It is a pity Barri had not known German."

KING. "Barri was a Lorrainer; Barri must have known German!"—Then turning to the Duchess, on this hint about the German Language, he told her, "in a ringing merry tone, How, at Leipzig once, he had talked with Gottsched [talk known to us] on that subject, and had said to him, That the French had many advantages; among others, that a word could often be used in a complex signification, for which you had in German to scrape together several different expressions. Upon which Gottsched had said, 'We will have that mended (DAS WOLLEN WIR NOCH MACHEN)!' These words the King repeated twice or thrice, with such a tone that you could well see how the man's conceit had struck him;"—and in short, as we know already, what a gigantic entity, consisting of wind mainly, he took this elevated Gottsched to be.

Upon which, Putter retires into the honorary ranks again; silent, at least to us, and invisible; as the rest of this Royal Evening at Gotha is. ["Putter's *Selbstbiographie* (Autobiography), p. 406:" cited in Preuss, ii. 277 n.] Here, however, is the Letter following on it two days after:—

FRIEDRICH TO THE DUCHESS OF SACHSEN-GOTHA.

"LEIPZIG, 6th December, 1762.

"MADAM,—I should never have done, my adorable Duchess, if I rendered you account of all the impressions which the friendship you lavished on me has made on my heart. I could wish to answer it by entering into everything that can be agreeable to you [conduct of my Recruiters or Commissariat people first of all]. I take the liberty of forwarding the ANSWERS which have come in to the Two MEMOIRES you sent me. I am mortified, Madam, if I have not been able to fulfil completely your desires: but if you knew the situation I am in, I flatter myself you would have some consideration for it.

"I have found myself here [in Leipzig, as elsewhere] overwhelmed with business, and even to a degree I had not expected. Meanwhile, if I ever can manage again to run over and pay you in person the homage of a heart which is more attached to you than that of your near relations, assuredly I will not neglect the first opportunity that shall present itself.

"Messieurs the English [Bute, Bedford and Company, with their Preliminaries signed, and all my Westphalian Provinces left in a condition we shall hear of] continue to betray. Poor M. Mitchell has had a stroke of apoplexy on hearing it. It is a hideous thing (CHOSE AFFREUSE); but I will speak of it no more. May you, Madam, enjoy all the prosperities that I wish for you, and not forget a Friend, who will be till his death, with sentiments of the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration,—Madam, your Highness's most faithful Cousin and Servant, FRIEDRICH." [*OEuvres de Frederic*, xzvii. 201.]

For a fortnight past, Friedrich has had no doubt that general Peace is now actually at hand. November 25th, ten days before this visit, a Saxon Privy-Councillor, Baron von Fritsch, who, by Order from his Court, had privately been at Vienna on the errand, came privately next, with all speed, to Friedrich (Meissen, November 25th): [Rodenbeck, ii. 193.] "Austria willing for Treaty; is your Majesty willing?" "Thrice-willing, I; my terms well known!" Friedrich would answer,—gladdest of mankind to see general Pacification coming to this vexed Earth again. The Dance of the Furies, waltzing itself off, HOME out of this upper sunlight: the mad Bellona steeds plunging down, down, towards their Abysses again, for a season!—

This was a result which Friedrich had foreseen as nearly certain ever since the French and English signed their Preliminaries. And there was only one thing which gave him anxiety; that of his Rhine Provinces and Strong Places, especially Wesel, which have been in French hands for six years past, ever since Spring, 1757. Bute stipulates That those places and countries shall be evacuated by his Choiseul, as soon as weather and possibility permit; but Bute, astonishing to say, has not made the least stipulation as to whom they are to be delivered to,—allies or enemies, it is all one to Bute. Truly rather a shameful omission, Pitt might indignantly think,—and call the whole business steadily, as he persisted to do, "a shameful Peace," had there been no other article in it but this;—as Friedrich, with at least equal emphasis thought and felt. And, in fact, it had thrown him into very great embarrassment, on the first emergence of it.

For her Imperial Majesty began straightway to draw troops into those neighborhoods: "WE will take delivery, our Allies playing into our hand!" And Friedrich, who had no disposable troops, had to devise some rapid expedient; and did. Set his Free-Corps agents and recruiters in motion: "Enlist me those Light people of Duke Ferdinand's, who are all getting discharged; especially that BRITANNIC LEGION so called. All to be discharged; re-enlist them, you; Ferdinand will keep them till you do it. Be swift!" And it is done;—a small bit of actual enlistment among the many prospective that were going on, as we noticed above. Precise date of it not given; must have been soon after November 3d. There were from 5 to 6,000 of them; and it was promptly done. Divided into various regiments; chief command of them given to a Colonel Bauer, under whom a Colonel Beckwith whose name we have heard: these, to the surprise of Imperial Majesty, and alarm of a pacific Versailles, suddenly appeared in the Cleve Countries, handy for Wesel, for Geldern; in such posts, and in such force and condition as intimated, "It shall be we, under favor, that take delivery!" Snatch Wesel from them, some night, sword in hand: that had been Bauer's notion; but nothing of that kind was found necessary; mere demonstration proved sufficient. To the French Garrisons the one thing needful was to get away in peace; Bauer with his brows gloomy is a dangerous neighbor. Perhaps the French Officers themselves rather favored Friedrich than his enemies. Enough, a private agreement, or mutual understanding on word of honor, was come to: and, very publicly, at length, on the 11th and 12th days of March, 1763 (Peace now settled everywhere), Wesel, in great gala, full of field-music, military salutations and mutual dining, saw the French all filing out, and Bauer and people filing in, to the joy of that poor Town. [Preuss, ii. 342.]

Soon after which, painful to relate, such the inexorable pressure of finance, Bauer and people were all paid off, flung loose again: ruthlessly paid off by a necessitous King! There were about 6,000 of those poor fellows, —specimens of the bastard heroic, under difficulties, from every country in the world; Beckwith and I know not what other English specimens of the lawless heroic; who were all cashiered, officer and man, on getting to Berlin. As were the earlier Free-Corps, and indeed the subsequent, all and sundry, "except seven," whose names will not be interesting to you. Paid off, with or without remorse, such the exhaustion of finance; Kleist, Icilius, Count Hordt and others vainly repugning and remonstrating; the King himself inexorable as Arithmetic. "Can maintain 138,000 of regular, 12,000 of other sorts; not a man more!" Zealous Icilius applied for some consideration to his Officers: "partial repayment of the money they have spent from their own pocket in enlistment of their people now discharged!" Not a doit. The King's answer is in autograph, still extant; not in good spelling, but with sense clear as light: "SEINE OFFICIERS HABEN WIE DIE RABEN GESTOLLEN SIE KRIGEN NICHTS, Your Officers stole like ravens;—they get Nothing." [Preuss, ii. 320.] Lessing's fine play of MINNA VON BARNHELM testifies to considerable public sympathy for these impoverished Ex-Military people. Pathetic truly, in a degree; but such things will happen. Irregular gentlemen, to whom the world 's their oyster,—said oyster does suddenly snap to on them, by a chance. And they have to try it on the other side, and say little!—But we are forgetting the Peace-Treaty itself, which still demands a few words.

Kleist's raid into the Reich had a fine effect on the Potentates there; and Ploto's Offer was greedily complied with; the Kaiser, such his generosity, giving "free permission." We spoke of Privy-Councillor von Fritsch, and his private little word with Friedrich at Meissen, on November 25th. The Electoral-Prince of Saxony, it seems, was author of that fine stroke; the history of it this. Since November 3d, the French and English have had their preliminaries signed; and all Nations are longing for the like. "Let us have a German Treaty for general Peace," said the Kurprinz of Saxony, that amiable Heir-Apparent whom we have seen sometimes, who is rather crooked of back, but has a sprightly Wife. "By all means," answered Polish Majesty: "and as I am in the distance, do you in every way further it, my Son!" Whereupon despatch of Fritsch to Vienna, and thence to Meissen; with "Yes" to him from both parties. Plenipotentiaries are named: "Fritsch shall be ours: they shall have my Schloss of Hubertsburg for Place of Congress," said the Prince. And on Thursday, December 30th, 1762, the Three Dignitaries met at Hubertsburg, and began business.

This is the Schloss in Torgau Country which Quintus Icilius's people, Saldern having refused the job,

willingly undertook spoiling; and, as is well known, did it, January 22d, 1761; a thing Quintus never heard the end of. What the amount of profit, or the degree of spoil and mischief, Quintus's people made of it, I could not learn; but infer from this new event that the wreck had not been so considerable as the noise was; at any rate, that the Schloss had soon been restored to its pristine state of brilliancy. The Plenipotentiaries,—for Saxony, Fritsch; for Austria, a Von Collenbach, unknown to us; for Prussia, one Hertzberg, a man experienced beyond his years, who is of great name in Prussian History subsequently,—sat here till February 15th, 1763, that is for six weeks and five days. Leaving their Protocols to better judges, who report them good, we will much prefer a word or two from Friedrich himself, while waiting the result they come to.

FRIEDRICH TO PRINCE HENRI (home at Berlin).

"LEIPZIG, 14th JANUARY, 1763.... Am not surprised you find Berlin changed for the worse: such a train of calamities must, in the end, make itself felt in a poor and naturally barren Country, where continual industry is needed to second its fecundity and keep up production. However, I will do what I can to remedy this dearth (LA DISETTE), at least as far as my small means permit....

"No fear of Geldern and Wesel; all that has been cared for by Bauer and the new Free-Corps. By the end of February Peace will be signed; at the beginning of April everybody will find himself at home, as in 1756.

"The Circles are going to separate: indifferent to me, or nearly so; but it is good to be plucking out tiresome burning sticks, stick after stick. I hope you amuse yourself at Berlin: at Leipzig nothing but balls and redouts; my Nephews diverting themselves amazingly. Madam Friedrich, lately Garden-maid at Seidlitz [Village in the Neumark, with this Beauty plucking weeds in it,—little prescient of such a fortune], now Wife to an Officer of the Free Hussars, is the principal heroine of these Festivities." [Schoning, iii. 528.]

LEIPZIG, 25th JANUARY, 1763. "Thanks for your care about my existence. I am becoming very old, dear Brother; in a little while I shall be useless to the world and a burden to myself: it is the lot of all creatures to wear down with age,—but one is not, for all that, to abuse one's privilege of falling into dotage.

"You still speak without full confidence of our Negotiation business [going on at Hubertsburg yonder]. Most certainly the chapter of accidents is inexhaustible; and it is still certain there may happen quantities of things which the limited mind of man cannot foresee: but, judging by the ordinary course, and such degrees of probability as human creatures found their hopes on, I believe, before the month of February entirely end, our Peace will be completed. In a permanent Arrangement, many things need settling, which are easier to settle now than they ever will be again. Patience; haste without speed is a thriftless method." [Ib. iii. 529.]

February 5th, the trio at Hubertsburg got their Preliminaries signed. On the tenth day thereafter, the Treaty itself was signed and sealed. All other Treaties on the same subject had been guided towards a contemporary finis: England and France, ready since the 3d of November last, signed and ended February 10th. February 11th, the Reich signed and ended; February 15th, Prussia, Austria, Saxony; and the THIRD SILESIAN or SEVEN-YEARS WAR was completely finished. [Copy of the treaty in *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 624 et seq.; in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 479-495; in ROUSSET, in WENCK, in &c. &c.]

It had cost, in loss of human lives first of all, nobody can say what: according to Friedrich's computation, there had perished of actual fighters, on the various fields, of all the nations, 853,000; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, is his own share: and, by misery and ravage, the general Population of Prussia finds itself 500,000 fewer; nearly the ninth man missing. This is the expenditure of Life. Other items are not worth enumerating, in comparison; if statistically given, you can find the most approved guesses at them by the same Head, who ought to be an authority. [*OEuvres de Frederic*, v. 230-234; Preuss, iii. 349-351.] It was a War distinguished by—Archenholtz will tell you, with melodious emphasis, what a distinguished, great and thrice-greatest War it was. There have since been other far bigger Wars,—if size were a measure of greatness; which it by no means is! I believe there was excellent Heroism shown in this War, by persons I could name; by one person, Heroism really to be called superior, or, in its kind, almost of the rank of supreme;—and that in regard to the Military Arts and Virtues, it has as yet, for faculty and for performance, had no rival; nor is likely soon to have. The Prussians, as we once mentioned, still use it as their school-model in those respects. And we—O readers, do not at least you and I thank God to have now done with it!—

Of the Peace-Treaties at Hubertsburg, Paris and other places, it is not necessary that we say almost anything. They are to be found in innumerable Books, dreary to the mind; and of the 158 Articles to be counted there, not one could be interesting at present. The substance of the whole lies now in Three Points, not mentioned or contemplated at all in those Documents, though repeatedly alluded to and intimated by us here.

The issue, as between Austria and Prussia, strives to be, in all points, simply AS-YOU-WERE; and, in all outward or tangible points, strictly is so. After such a tornado of strife as the civilized world had not witnessed since the Thirty-Years War. Tornado springing doubtless from the regions called Infernal; and darkening the upper world from south to north, and from east to west for Seven Years long;—issuing in general AS-YOU-WERE! Yes truly, the tornado was Infernal; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. Nor is the mere expenditure of men's diabolic rages, in mutual clash as of opposite electricities, with reduction to equipoise, and restoration of zero and repose again after seven years, the one or the principal result arrived at. Inarticulately, little dreamt of at the time by any by-stander, the results, on survey from this distance, are visible as Threefold. Let us name them one other time:—

1. There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives up the Problem: "We have lost Silesia!" Yes; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation not grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in:—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth. To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied by the devils about you;

what an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star—As it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling! For the sake of Germany, one hopes always Prussia will; and that it may get through its various Child-Diseases, without death: though it has had sad plunges and crises,—and is perhaps just now in one of its worst Influenzas, the Parliamentary-Eloquence or Ballot-Box Influenza! One of the most dangerous Diseases of National Adolescence; extremely prevalent over the world at this time,—indeed unavoidable, for reasons obvious enough. "SIC ITUR AD ASTRA;" all Nations certain that the way to Heaven is By voting, by eloquently wagging the tongue "within those walls"! Diseases, real or imaginary, await Nations like individuals; and are not to be resisted, but must be submitted to, and got through the best you can. Measles and mumps; you cannot prevent them in Nations either. Nay fashions even; fashion of Crinoline, for instance (how infinitely more, that of Ballot-Box and Fourth-Estate!),—are you able to prevent even that? You have to be patient under it, and keep hoping!

2. In regard to England. Her JENKINS'S-EAR CONTROVERSY is at last settled. Not only liberty of the Seas, but, if she were not wiser, dominion of them; guardianship of liberty for all others whatsoever: Dominion of the Seas for that wise object. America is to be English, not French; what a result is that, were there no other! Really a considerable Fact in the History of the World. Fact principally due to Pitt, as I believe, according to my best conjecture, and comparison of probabilities and circumstances. For which, after all, is not everybody thankful, less or more? O my English brothers, O my Yankee half-brothers, how oblivious are we of those that have done us benefit!—

These are the results for England. And in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonizings, foreign-settlings, gold-nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor);—and, in fact, to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, "Unexampled Prosperities," which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type: which, in the mean while, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of

SHODDY; filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangor, mad noises, mad hurries mostly no-whither;—and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more ominous set of Questions than have ever risen in England's History before. As in the foregoing case, we have to be patient and keep hoping.

3. In regard to France. It appears, noble old Teutschland, with such pieties and unconquerable silent valors, such opulences human and divine, amid its wreck of new and old confusions, is not to be cut in Four, and made to dance to the piping of Versailles or another. Far the contrary! To Versailles itself there has gone forth, Versailles may read it or not, the writing on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting" (at last even "FOUND wanting")! France, beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentant, governed by mere sinners and, at best, clever fools (FOUS PLEINS D'ESPRIT),—collapses, like a creature whose limbs fail it; sinks into bankrupt quiescence, into nameless fermentation, generally into DRY-ROT. Rotting, none guesses whitherward;—rotting towards that thrice-extraordinary Spontaneous-Combustion, which blazed out in 1789. And has kindled, over the whole world, gradually or by explosion, this unexpected Outburst of all the chained Devilries (among other chained things), this roaring Conflagration of the Anarchies; under which it is the lot of these poor generations to live,—for I know not what length of Centuries yet. "Go into Combustion, my pretty child!" the Destinies had said to this BELLE FRANCE, who is always so fond of shining and outshining: "Self-Combustion;—in that way, won't you shine, as none of them yet could?" Shine; yes, truly,—till you are got to CAPUT MORTUUM, my pretty child (unless you gain new wisdom!)—But not to wander farther:—

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th, Friedrich, all Saxon things being now settled,—among the rest, "eight Saxon Schoolmasters" to be a model in Prussia,—quitted Leipzig, with the Seven-Years War safe in his pocket, as it were. Drove to Moritzburg, to dinner with the amiable Kurprinz and still more amiable Wife: "It was to your Highness that we owe this Treaty!" A dinner which readers may hear of again. At Moritzburg; where, with the Lacys, there was once such rattling and battling. After which, rapidly on to Silesia, and an eight days of adjusting and inspecting there.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30th, Friedrich arrives in Frankfurt-on-Oder, on the way homeward from Silesia: "takes view of the Field of Kunersdorf" (reflections to be fancied); early in the afternoon speeds forward again; at one of the stages (place called Tassdorf) has a Dialogue, which we shall hear of; and between 8 and 9 in the evening, not through the solemn receptions and crowded streets, drives to the Schloss of Berlin. "Goes straight to the Queen's Apartment," Queen, Princesses and Court all home triumphantly some time ago; sups there with the Queen's Majesty and these bright creatures,—beautiful supper, had it consisted only of cresses and salt; and, behind it, sound sleep to us under our own roof-tree once more. [Rodenbeck, ii. 211, 212; Preuss, ii. 345, 346; &c. &c.] Next day, "the King made gifts to," as it were, to everybody; "to the Queen about 5,000 pounds, to the Princess Amelia 1,000 pounds," and so on; and saw true hearts all merry round him,—merrier, perhaps, than his own was.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II OF PRUSSIA — VOLUME 20

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