

Electors of Saxony would like to be at the head of a Saxon league; the Elector of Hesse promises to ally himself with us if, above all, we secure to him a considerable enlargement of his territory; Oldenburg is going to wait and see what the other states will do; Waldeck and Lippe desire to join the Confederation of the Rhine, because they might derive greater advantages from it; and the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin replied, quite haughtily, he would remain neutral: if he were in danger, he would gratefully accept the protection of Prussia, but he would have to reject any application for supplies in the most decided manner.*

"Oh, those narrow-minded, egotistic men," exclaimed the queen, indignantly. "They dare to call themselves princes, and yet there is not a single exalted thought, not a trace of the spirit of majesty in their minds. Bad seeds are being sown by the cowardly spirit of the princes. Woe unto Germany if these seeds should ripen one day in the hearts of the people! But you did not say any thing about my father: what did Mecklenburg-Strelitz reply?"

"She is on our side; your father is faithful to us."

"But, ah, he is able only to give us his great, true heart and brave, friendly advice!" sighed the queen. "His state is too small to furnish us any other aid. Oh, my husband, I could now give my heart's blood if I only were the daughter of a mighty king, and if my father could hasten to your assistance with an army."

"A single drop of your heart's blood would be too high a price for the armies of the whole world," said the king. "Your father has given to me the most precious and priceless treasure earth contains: a noble, beautiful wife, a high-minded queen! Your father was the richest prince when he still had his daughter, and I am the richest man since you are mine."

He clasped the queen in his arms, and she clung to him with a blissful smile.

"For the rest," said the king, after a pause, "there is at least one German prince who stands faithfully by us, and that is the Duke of Saxe-Weimar."

"The friend of Goethe and Schiller!" exclaimed the queen.

"The duke places his battalion of riflemen at our disposal, and will accept a command in the war."

"There will be war, then?" asked the queen, joyfully.

"Yes, there will be war," said the king, sadly.

"You say so and sigh," exclaimed Louisa.

"Yes, I sigh," replied the king. "I am not as happy as you and those who are in favor of war. I do not believe in the invincibility of my army. I feel that we cannot be successful. There is an in-

* Häusser's "History of Germany," vol. ii., p. 770.

describable confusion in the affairs of the war department; the gentlemen at the head of it, it is true, will not believe it, and pretend that I am still too young and do not understand enough about it. Ah, I wish from the bottom of my heart I were mistaken. The future will soon show it."*

CHAPTER LXI.

A BAD OMEN.

THE decisive word had been uttered! Prussia was at length going to draw the sword, and take revenge for years of humiliation.

The army received this intelligence with unbounded exultation and the people embraced every opportunity to manifest their martial enthusiasm. They demanded that Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" should be performed at the theatre, and replied to every warlike and soul-stirring word of the tragedy by the most rapturous applause. They again broke all the windows in Count Haugwitz's house, and serenaded Prince Louis Ferdinand, Minister von Hardenberg, and such generals as were known to be in favor of war.

All the newspapers predicted the most brilliant victories, and gloated already in advance over the triumphant battles in which the Prussian army would defeat the enemy.

But the proudest and happiest of all were the officers who, in the intoxication of their joy, saw their heads already wreathed with laurels which they would gain in the impending war, and whose pride would not admit the possibility of a defeat. The army of Frederick the Great, they said, could not be vanquished, and there was but one apprehension which made them tremble: the fear lest war should be avoided after all, and lest the inevitable and crushing defeat of Bonaparte should be averted once more by the conclusion of a miserable peace.†

The old generals who had served under Frederick the Great were the heroes in whom the officers believed. "We have got generals who know something about war," said the haughty Prussian officers: "generals who have served in the army from their early youth. Those French tailors and shoemakers who have gained some distinction only in consequence of the revolution, had better take to their heels as soon as such generals take the field against them."‡

And in the enthusiasm inspired by their future victories, the officers gave each other brilliant farewell festivals, and indulged in

* The king's own words.—Vide Henchel von Donnersmark.

† Vide Varnhagen's "Denkwürdigkeiten," vol. i., pp. 389, 390.

‡ Häusser's "History of Germany," vol. ii., p. 358.

liberal potations of champagne and hock in honor of the impending battles, singing in stentorian voices the new war-songs which E. M. Arndt* had just dedicated to the German people. When their passions had been excited to the highest pitch by dreams of victory, by wine and soul-stirring songs, they went in the evening to the residence of the French minister to whet their sword-blades on the pavement in front of his door.

"But what should we need swords and muskets for?" shouted the officers up to the windows of the French minister; "for when the brave Prussians are approaching, the French will run away spontaneously; cudgels would be sufficient to drive the fellows back to their own country." †

But there were among the officers, and particularly among the generals, some prudent and sagacious men who shared the king's apprehensions, and who looked, like him, anxiously into the future.

These prudent men were aware of the condition of the Prussian army, and knew that it was no longer what it had been in the Seven Years' War, and that there was no Frederick the Great to lead it into battle.

It is true, there were still in the army many generals and officers who had served under Frederick the Great, and these, of course, were experienced and skilled in warlike operations. But they were weighed down by the long number of their years; old age is opposed to an adventurous spirit, and in favor of the comforts of life. Nevertheless, these men believed in themselves and felt convinced that victory would adhere to them, the warriors of Frederick the Great, and that no army was able to defeat soldiers commanded by them.

The more prudent men looked with feelings of reverence on these ruins of the magnificent structure which the great king had erected, but they perceived at the same time that they were decayed and crumbling. They well knew that the Prussian army was behind the times in many respects, and not equal to the occasion. Not only were the leaders too old, but the soldiers also had grown hoary—not, however, in wars and military camps, but in parading and garrison life. They knew nothing of active warfare, and were only familiar with the duties of parade-soldiers. They were married, and entered sullenly into a war which deprived their wives and children of their daily bread.

The Prussian army, moreover, was still organized in the old-fashioned style, and none of the improvements rendered indispensa-

* E. M. Arndt, the celebrated author of the German hymn, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

† Bishop Eylert, "Frederick William III.," vol. iii., p. 8.

ble by the rapid progress of the art of war had been adopted by the Prussian ministers of war.

The arms of the infantry were defective and bad; the muskets looked glittering and were splendidly burnished, but their construction was imperfect. They were calculated only for parades, but not for active warfare. Besides, the infantry was drilled in the old tactics, which looked very fine on parade, but were worse than useless in battle.*

The artillery was well mounted, but its generals were too old and disabled for field service; the youngest of them were more than seventy years of age.

The clothing of the army was of the most wretched description; it was made of the coarsest and worst cloth, and, moreover, entirely insufficient. The rations were just as scanty, and fixed in accordance with the economical standard of the Seven Years' War.

Besides, there was no enthusiasm, no military ardor in the ranks of the army. The long period of peace and parade-service had diminished the zeal of the soldiers, and made them consider their duties as mere play and unnecessary vexations, requiring no other labor than the cleaning of their muskets and belts, the buttoning of their gaiters, and the artistic arrangement of their pigtails. Every neglect of these important duties was punished in the most merciless manner. The stick still reigned in the Prussian army, and while cudgelling discipline into the soldier, they cudgelled ambition and self-reliance out of him. Not military ardor and manly courage, but discipline and the everlasting stick accompanied the Prussian soldiers of 1806 into the war. †

The commander-in-chief of this dispirited and disorganized army in the present war was intrusted to the Duke of Brunswick, a man more than seventy years of age, talented and well versed in war, but hesitating and timid in action, relying too little on himself, and consequently without energy and determination. His assistant and second in command was Field-Marshal Möllendorf, one of the bravest officers of the Seven Years' War, but now no less than eighty years of age.

Such was the army which was to take the field and defeat Napoleon's enthusiastic, well-trying, and experienced legions!

The apprehensions of the prudent were but too well founded, and the anxiety visible in the king's gloomy mien was perfectly justified.

But all these doubts were now in vain; they were unable to stem the tide of events and to prevent the outbreak of hostilities.

The force of circumstances was more irresistible than the appre-

* "The War of 1806 and 1807." By Edward von Hopfner, vol. i., p. 46.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 86.

hensions of the sagacious; and if the latter said in a low voice this war was a misfortune for Prussia, public opinion only shouted the louder: "This war saves the honor of Prussia, and delivers us from the yoke of the hateful tyrant!"

Public opinion had conquered; war was inevitable. General von Knobelsdorf was commissioned to present to the Emperor of the French in the name of the King of Prussia an ultimatum, in which the king demanded that the French armies should evacuate Germany in the course of two weeks; that the emperor should raise no obstacles against the formation of the confederation of the northern princes, and give back to Prussia the city of Wesel, as well as other Prussian territories annexed to France.

This ultimatum was equivalent to a declaration of the war, and the Prussian army, therefore, marched into the field.

The regiments of the life-guards were to leave Berlin on the 21st of September, and join the army, and the king intended to accompany them.

In Berlin there reigned everywhere the greatest enthusiasm. All the houses had been decorated with festoons and flowers, and the inhabitants crowded the streets in their holiday-dresses to greet the departing life-guards with jubilant cheers and congratulations.

The king had just reviewed the regiments, and now repaired to his wife to bid her farewell and then leave Berlin at the head of his life-guards.

The queen went to meet him with a radiant smile, and a wondrous air of joy and happiness was beaming from her eyes. The king gazed mournfully at her beautiful, flushed face, and her cheerfulness only increased his melancholy.

"You receive me with a smile," he said, "and my heart is full of anxiety and sadness. Do you not know, then, why I have come to you? I have come to bid you farewell!"

She placed her hands on his shoulders, and her whole face was radiant with sunshine.

"No," she said, "you have come to call for me!"

The king looked at her in confusion and terror. "How so, to call for you?" he asked. "Whither do you want to go, then?"

Louisa encircled her husband's neck with her arms, and clinging to him she exclaimed, in a loud and joyous voice:

"I want to go with you, dear husband!"

"With me?" ejaculated the king.

"Yes, with you," she said. "Do you believe, then, my friend, I should have been so merry and joyful if this had not been my hope and consolation? I have secretly made all the necessary preparations, and am ready now to set out with you. I have arranged every

thing; I have even," she added, in a low and tremulous voice—"I have even taken leave of the children, and I confess to you I have shed bitter tears in doing so. Part of my heart remains with them, but the other, the larger part, goes with you, and remains with you, my friend, my beloved, my king. Will you reject it? Will you not permit me to accompany you?"

"It is impossible," said the king, shaking his head.

"Impossible?" she exclaimed, quickly. "If you, if the king should order it so?"

"The king must not do so, Louisa. I shall cease for a while to be king, and shall be nothing but a soldier in the camp. Where should there be room and the necessary comforts for a queen?"

"If you cease to be king," said Louisa, smiling, "it follows, as a matter of course, that I cease to be a queen. If you are nothing but a soldier, I am merely a soldier's wife, and it behooves a soldier's wife to accompany her husband into the camp. Oh, Frederick, do not say no!—do not deprive me of my greatest happiness, of my most sacred right! Did we not swear an oath at the altar to go hand in hand through life, and to stand faithfully by each other in days of weal and woe? And now you will forget your oath? You will sever our paths?"

"The path of war is hard and rough," said the king, gloomily.

"Therefore I must be with you, to strew sometimes a few flowers on this path of yours," exclaimed the queen, joyfully. "I must be with you, so that you may enjoy at least sometimes a calm, peaceful hour in the evening, after the toils and troubles of the day! I must be with you to rejoice with you when your affairs are prosperous, and to comfort you when misfortunes befall you. Do you not feel, then, dearest, that we belong indissolubly to each other, and that we must walk inseparably through life, be it for weal or for woe?"

"I am not allowed to think of myself, Louisa," said the king, greatly affected, "nor of the joy it would afford me in these turbulent and stormy days to see you by my side—you, my angel of peace and happiness; I must only think of you, of the queen, of the mother of my children, whom I must not expose to any danger, and whom I would gladly keep aloof from any tempest and anxiety."

"When I am no longer with you, anxiety will consume me, and grief will rage around me like a tempest," exclaimed the queen, passionately. "I should find rest neither by day nor by night, for my heart would always long for you, and my soul would always tremble for you. I should always see you before me wounded and bleeding, for I know you will not regard your safety, your life, when there is a victory to be gained or a disgrace to be averted. Bullets do not spare the heads of kings, and swords do not glance off powerlessly

from their sacred persons. In time of war a king is but a man! Permit the queen, therefore, at this time, to be but a woman—your wife, who ought to nurse you if you should be wounded, and to share your pain and anxiety! Oh, my beloved husband, can you refuse your wife's supplication?"

She looked at him with her large, tearful, imploring eyes; her whole beautiful and great soul was beaming from her face in an expression of boundless love.

The king, overwhelmed, carried away by her aspect, was no longer strong enough to resist her. He clasped her in his arms, and pressed a long and glowing kiss on her forehead.

"No," he said, deeply moved, "I cannot refuse your supplication. We will, hand in hand, courageously and resolutely bear the fate God has in store for us. Nothing but death shall separate us! Come, my Louisa, my beloved wife, accompany me wherever I may go!"

The queen uttered a jofyful cry; seizing the king's hand, she bent over it and kissed it reverentially, before the king could prevent her from doing so.

"Louisa, what are you doing?" exclaimed the king, almost ashamed, "you—"

Loud shouts resounding on the street interrupted him. The royal couple hastened hand in hand to the window.

On the opposite side of the street, in front of the large portal of the arsenal, thousands of men had assembled; all seemed to be highly excited, and, with shouts and manifestations of wild curiosity, to throng around an object in the middle of the densest part of the crowd.

Some accident must have happened over yonder. Perhaps, a stroke of apoplexy had felled a poor man to the ground; perhaps, a murder had been committed, for the faces of the bystanders looked pale and dismayed; they clasped their hands wonderingly, and shook their heads anxiously.

The king rang the bell hastily, and ordered the footman, who entered immediately, to go over to the arsenal and see what was the matter.

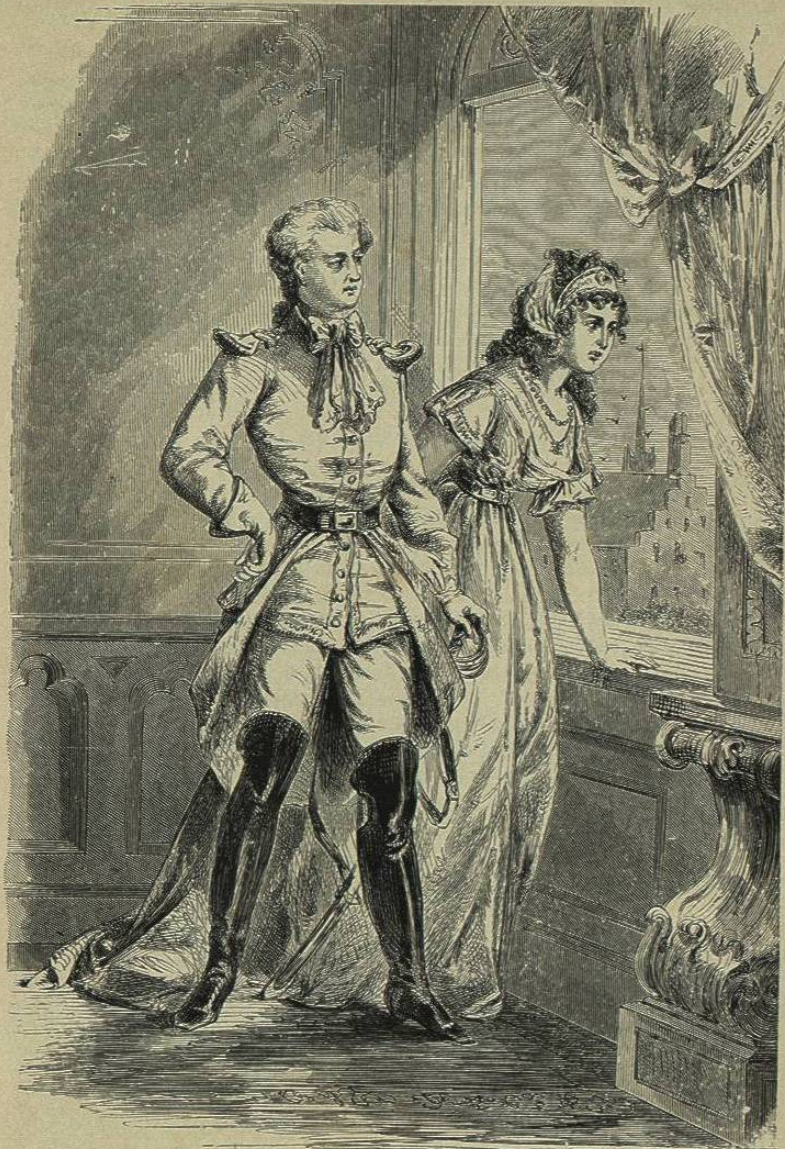
In a few minutes he returned, panting and breathless.

"Well," said the king to him, "has an accident occurred?"

"Yes, your majesty, not to anybody in the crowd, however. The statue of Bellona, which stood on the portal of the arsenal, has suddenly fallen from the roof."

"Was it shattered?" asked the queen, whose cheeks had turned pale.

"No, your majesty, but its right arm is broken."



THE FALL OF THE STATUE OF BELLONA.

The king beckoned him to withdraw, and commenced pacing the room. The queen had returned to the window, and her eyes, which she had turned toward heaven, were filled with tears.

After a long pause, the king approached her again. "Louisa," he said, in a low voice, "will you still go with me? The day is clear and sunny; not a breath is stirring, and the statue of Bellona falls from the roof of our arsenal and breaks its arm. That is a bad omen! Will you not be warned thereby?"

The queen gave him her hand, and her eyes were radiant again with love and joyfulness. "Where you go, I shall go," she said, enthusiastically! "Your life is my life, and your misfortunes are my misfortunes. I am not afraid of bad omens!"*

CHAPTER LXII.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

It was long after nightfall. A cold and dismal night. The mountains of the forests of Thuringia bordered the horizon with their snow-clad summits, and a piercing wind was howling over the heights and through the valleys.

The Prussian army seemed at length to have reached its destination, and here, on the hills and in the valleys of Jena and Auerstädt, the great conflict was to be decided, for the Prussian army was now confronting the legions of Napoleon.

The principal army, with the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, the king, and the staff, was encamped at Auerstädt.

The second army, commanded by the Prince von Hohenlohe, was in the immediate neighborhood of Jena.

It was still firmly believed that Prussia would accomplish her great purpose, and defeat Napoleon. The disastrous skirmish of Saalfeld, and the death of Prince Louis Ferdinand, had made a bad impression, but not shaken the general confidence.

It is true, the Prussians were cold, for they had no cloaks; it is true, they were hungry, for, owing to the sudden lack of bread, they had received only half rations for the last few days; but their hearts were still undismayed, and they longed only for one thing—for the decisive struggle. The decision, at all events, could not but put an end to their hunger, either by death or by a victory, which would open to them large army magazines and supplies.

* Another bad omen occurred on that day. Field-Marshal von Möllendorf, who was to accompany the troops, after being lifted on the left side of his charger, fell down on the other.

The Prussian troops encamped at Jena stood quietly before their tents and chatted about the hopes of the next day; they told each other that Bonaparte with his French, as soon as he had heard that the Prussians were already at Jena, had hastily left Weimar again and retreated toward Gera.

"Then it will be still longer before we get hold of the French," exclaimed several soldiers. "We thought we had got him sure at last, and that he could not escape any more, and when he scented us, he again found a mouse-hole through which he might get away."

"But we will close this mouse-hole for him, so that he cannot get out of it," said a powerful voice behind them, and when the soldiers turned anxiously around, they beheld their general, the Prince von Hohenlohe, who, walking with his adjutants through the camp, just reached their tents.

The soldiers faced about and respectfully saluted the general, who kindly nodded to them.

"You would be glad then to meet the French soon?" he asked the soldiers, whose conversation he had overheard.

"Yes, we should be glad," they exclaimed; "it would be a holiday for us."

"Well, it may happen very soon," said the prince, smiling, and continued his walk.

"Long live the Prince von Hohenlohe!" shouted the soldiers.

The prince walked on, everywhere greeting the soldiers and receiving their salutations; everywhere filling the men with exultation by promising them that they would soon have a battle and defeat the French.

Now he stopped in front of the grenadiers, who were drawn up in line before him.

"Boys," he said, loudly and joyously, "you will have to perform the heaviest part of the work. If need be, you must make a bayonet charge, and I know you will rout the enemy wherever you meet with him. I am sure you will do so!"

"Yes, we will!" shouted the grenadiers; "most assuredly we will! Would we had already got hold of the French!"

"We will soon enough," exclaimed the prince; and when he then walked along the ranks, he asked a tall, broad-shouldered grenadier.

"Well, how many French soldiers will you take?"

"Five," said the grenadier.

"And you?" said the prince, to another grenadier.

"Three," he replied.

"I shall not take less than seven!" shouted another.

"I shall not take less than ten!" said still another.

The prince laughed and passed on.

When the night had further advanced, he rode with his staff to a hill near Kapellendorf, where he had established his headquarters.

From this hill he closely scanned the position of the enemy, whose camp was marked only by a few lights and bivouac-fires.

"We shall have nothing to do to-morrow," said the prince, turning to his officers. "It seems the principal army of the French is moving toward Leipsic and Naumburg. At the best, we shall have a few skirmishes of no consequence to-morrow. We may, therefore, calmly go to bed, and so may our soldiers. Good-night, gentlemen."

And the prince rode with his adjutants down to his headquarters at Kapellendorf, to go to bed and sleep. An hour later, profound silence reigned in the Prussian camp near Jena. The soldiers were sleeping, and so was their general.

And profound silence reigned also in the Prussian camp at Auerstädt. The king had held a council of war late in the evening, and conferred with the Duke of Brunswick, Field-Marshal von Möllendorf, and the other generals about the operations of the following day. The result of this consultation had been that nobody believed in the possibility of a battle on the following day; and hence, it had been decided that the army was quietly to advance, follow the enemy, who seemed to retreat, and prevent him from crossing the Saale.

The council of war had then adjourned, and the Duke of Brunswick hastened to his quarters, in order, like the Prince von Hohenlohe, to go to bed and sleep.

An hour later, profound silence reigned also in the Prussian camp at Auerstädt. The Duke of Brunswick slept, and so did his soldiers.

The king alone was awake.

With a heavy heart and a gloomy face, he was walking up and down in his tent. He felt indescribably lonesome, for his wife was no longer with him. Yielding, with bitter tears, to the supplications of her husband, she had left the camp to-day and gone toward Naumburg.

The king had implored her to go, but his heart was heavy; and when he at last, late at night, repaired to his couch, slumber kept aloof from his eyes.

At the same time, while the Prussian army and its generals were sleeping, a wondrous scene took place not far from them, and a singular procession moved across the fields at no great distance from Jena.

Silence, darkness, and fog reigned all around. But suddenly the fog parted, and two torch-bearers, with grave faces, appeared.

accompanying a man clad in a green overcoat, with white facings, with a small three-cornered hat on his head, and mounted on a white horse. The blaze of the torches illuminated his pale face; his eyes were as keen as those of an eagle, and seemed to command the fog to disappear, so that he might see what it was concealing from him. At his side, whenever the torches blazed up, two other horsemen, in brilliant uniforms, were to be seen; but their eyes did not try to pierce the fog, but to fathom the face of the proud man at their side; their eyes were fixed on him, on his pale face, on which, even at this hour of the night, the sun of Austerlitz was shedding his golden rays.

While the Prussian army and its generals were sleeping, Napoleon was awake and was arranging the plans for the impending battle. The postmaster of Jena and General Denzel were his torch-bearers; Marshal Lannes and Marshal Soult were his companions.

The Emperor Napoleon was reconnoitring, in the dead of night, the ground on which he was to gain a battle over the Prussians on the morrow, as he had recently gained a battle over the Austrians.

Austria had had her Austerlitz; Prussia was to have her Auerstädt and Jena.

Napoleon had fixed his plan; to-morrow was the day when he would take revenge on the King of Prussia for the treaty of Potsdam and the alliance with Russia.

Arriving at the foot of the hill of Jena, the emperor stopped and alighted, in order to ascend it on foot. When he reached the summit, he stood for a long while absorbed in his reflections. The two torch-bearers were at his side; the two marshals stood a little behind them. The emperor's eyes were fixed on the mountains, especially on the Dornberg which he had previously passed.

The mountain lay dark and silent before him—a lonely, sleeping giant.

The emperor raised his arm and pointed at the Dornberg. "The Prussians have left the heights," he said, turning slowly to Marshal Lannes; "they were probably afraid of the cold night-air, and have descended into the valley to sleep. They believe we shall not take advantage of their slumber. But they will be dreadfully mistaken, those old wigs!* As soon as the fog has descended a little post your sharpshooters on the heights of the Dornberg, that they may bid the Prussians good-morning when they want to march up again!"

He turned his eyes again to the gorge; suddenly his eyes flashed fire and seemed to pierce the darkness.

"What is going on in the gorge below?" he asked, hastily.

The torch-bearers lowered their torches; the emperor and the

* Napoleon said: "Ils se tromperont formidablement ces vieux perruques."

marshals looked anxiously at a long black line moving forward in the middle of the gorge, illuminated here and there by a yellow pale light which seemed to burn in large lanterns.

Napoleon turned with an angry glance to Marshal Lannes. His face was pale—his right shoulder was quivering, a symptom that he was highly incensed. "It is the artillery of your corps," he said. "It has stuck in the gorge! If we cannot get it off, we shall lose to-morrow's battle! Come!"

And he hastened down-hill in so rapid and impetuous a manner that the torch-bearers and marshals were scarcely able to follow him.

Like an apparition, with flashing eyes, with an angry, pale face, his form suddenly emerged from the darkness before the artillerymen who vainly tried to move the field-pieces, the wheels of which sank deeply into the sand. The whole column of cannon and caissons behind them had been obliged to halt, and an inextricable confusion would have ensued unless immediate and energetic steps had been taken to open a passage.

This was to be done immediately, for Napoleon was there.

He called in a loud voice for the general commanding the artillery; he repeated this call three times, and every time his voice became more threatening, and his face turned paler.

But the officers he called for did not appear. The emperor did not say a word; his right shoulder was quivering, and his eyes flashed fire.

He commanded all the gunners in a loud voice to come to him, and ordered them to get their tools and light their large lanterns.

The emperor had himself seized the first lantern that was lighted.

"Now take your pick-axes and spades," he shouted. "We must widen the gorge in order to get the field-pieces off again."

It was hard and exhausting work. Large drops of perspiration ran down from the foreheads of the gunners, and their breath issued painfully from their breasts. But they worked on courageously and untiringly, for the emperor stood at their side, lantern in hand, and lighted them during their toilsome task.

At times the gunners would pause and lean on their spades—not, however, for the purpose of resting, but of looking with wondering eyes at this strange spectacle, this man with his pale marble face and flaming eyes, this emperor who had transformed himself into an artillery officer, and, lantern in hand, lighted his gunners.*

Only when the wagons and field-pieces, thanks to the energy of the gunners, had commenced moving again, the emperor left the gorge and returned to his bivouac. He took his supper hastily and

* "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 278.

thoughtfully; then he summoned all his generals and gave them their instructions for to-morrow's battle as lucidly and calmly as ever.

"And now let us sleep, for we must be up and doing to-morrow morning at four o'clock!" said the emperor, dismissing his generals with a winning smile.

A few minutes later profound silence reigned all around; the emperor lay on his straw and slept. Roustan sat at some distance from him, and his dark eyes were fixed on his master with the expression of a faithful and vigilant St. Bernard's dog. The flames of the bivouac-fire enveloped at times, when they rose higher, the whole form of the emperor in a strange halo, and when they sank down again the shades of the night shrouded it once more. Four sentinels were walking up and down in front of the emperor's bivouac.

Morning was dawning; it was the morning of the 14th of October, 1806.

The Prussians were still asleep in their tents. But the French were awake, and the emperor was at their head.

At four o'clock, according to the orders Napoleon had given, the divisions that were to make the first attack were under arms.

The emperor on his white horse galloped up; an outburst of the most rapturous enthusiasm hailed his appearance.

"Long live our little corporal! Long live the emperor!" shouted thousands of voices.

The emperor raised his hat a little and thanked the soldiers with a smile which penetrated like a warm sunbeam into all hearts. He waved his right hand, commanding them to be silent, and then his powerful, sonorous voice resounded through the stillness of the autumnal morning.

"Soldiers," he shouted in his usual imperious tone, "soldiers, the Prussian army is cut off, like that of General Mack a year ago at Ulm. That army will only fight to secure a retreat and to regain its communications. The French corps, which suffers itself to be defeated under such circumstances, disgraces itself. Fear not that celebrated cavalry; meet it in square and with the bayonet!"

"Long live the emperor! Long live the little corporal!" shouted the soldiers jubilantly on all sides. The emperor nodded smilingly, and galloped on to give his orders here and there, and to address the soldiers.

It was six o'clock in the morning; the Prussians were still asleep! But now the first guns thundered; they awakened the sleeping Prussians.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER.

PROFOUND silence reigned in the small room; books were to be seen everywhere on the shelves, on the tables, and on the floor; they formed almost the only decoration of this room which contained only the most indispensable furniture.

It was the room of a German *savant*, a professor at the far-famed University of Jena.

He was sitting at the large oaken table where he was engaged in writing. His form, which was of middle height, was wrapped in a comfortable dressing-gown of green silk, trimmed with black fur, which showed here and there a few worn-out, defective spots. A small green velvet cap, the shape of which reminded the beholder of the cap of the learned Melancthon, covered his expansive, intellectual forehead, which was shaded by sparse light-brown hair.

A number of closely-written sheets of paper lay on the table before him, on which the eyes of the *savant*, of the philosopher, were fixed.

This *savant* in the lonely small room, this philosopher was George Frederick William Hegel.

For two days he had not left his room; for two days nobody had been permitted to enter it except the old waitress who silently and softly laid the cloth on his table, and placed on it the meals she had brought for him from a neighboring restaurant.

Averting his thoughts from all worldly affairs, the philosopher had worked and reflected, and heard nothing but the intellectual voices that spoke to him from the depths of his mind. Without, history had walked across the battle-field with mighty strides and performed immortal deeds; and here, in the philosopher's room, the mind had unveiled its grand ideas and problems.

On the 14th of October, and in the night of the 14th and 15th, Hegel finished his "Phenomenology of the Mind," a work by which he intended to prepare the world for his bold philosophical system, and in which, with the ringing steps of a prophet, he had accomplished his first walk through the catacombs of the creative intellect.

All the power and strength of reality, in his eyes, sprang from this system, which he strove to found in the sweat of his intellectual brow,—and his system had caused him to forget the great events that had occurred in his immediate neighborhood.

Now he had finished his work; now he had written the last word.

The pen dropped from his hands, which he folded over his manuscript as if to bless it silently.

He raised his head, which, up to this time, he had bent over the paper, and his blue eyes, so gentle and lustrous, turned toward heaven with a silent prayer for the success of his work. His fine, intellectual face beamed with energy and determination; the philosopher was conscious of the struggle to which his work would give rise in the realm of thought, but he felt ready and prepared to meet his assailants.

"The work is finished," he exclaimed, loudly and joyfully; "it shall now go out into the world!"

He hastily folded up his manuscript, wrapped a sheet of paper around it, sealed it and directed it.

Then he looked at his watch.

"Eight o'clock," he said, in a low voice; "if I make haste, the postmaster will forward my manuscript to-day."

He divested himself of his gown, and dressed. Then he took his hat and the manuscript and hastened down into the street toward the post-office. Absorbed as he was in his reflections, he saw neither the extraordinary commotion reigning in the small university town, nor the sad faces of the passers-by; he only thought of his work, and not of reality.

He now entered the post-office; all the doors were open; all the employés were chatting with each other, and no one was at the desk to attend to the office business and to receive the various letters.

Hegel, therefore, had to go to the postmaster, who had not noticed him at all, but was conversing loudly and angrily with several gentlemen who were present.

"Here is a package which I want you to send to Bamberg," said the philosopher, handing his package to the postmaster. "The stage-coach has not set out yet, I suppose?"

The postmaster stared at him wonderingly. "No," he said, "it has not set out yet, and will not set out at all!"

It was now the philosopher's turn to look wonderingly at the postmaster.

"It will not set out?" he asked. "Why not?"

"It is impossible, in the general confusion and excitement. There are neither horses nor men to be had to-day. Everybody is anxious and terrified."

"But what has happened?" asked the philosopher, in a low voice.

"What? Then you do not know yet the terrible events of the day, Mr. Professor?" exclaimed the postmaster, in dismay.

"I do not know any thing about them," said the philosopher, timidly, and almost ashamed of himself.

"Perhaps you did not hear, in your study, the thunders of the artillery?"

"I heard occasionally a dull, long-continued noise, but I confess I did not pay any attention to it. What has occurred?"

"A battle has occurred," exclaimed the postmaster, "and when I say a battle, I mean two battles; one was fought here at Jena, and the other at Auerstädt; but here they did not know that a battle was going on at Auerstädt, and at Auerstädt, like you, Mr. Professor, they did not hear the artillery of Jena."

"And who has won the battle?" asked Hegel, feelingly.

"Who but the conqueror of the world, the Emperor Napoleon!" exclaimed the postmaster. "The Prussians are defeated, routed, dispersed; they are escaping in all directions; and when two French horsemen are approaching, hundreds of Prussians throw their arms away and beg for mercy! The whole Prussian army has exploded like a soap-bubble. The king was constantly in the thickest of the fray; he wished to die when he saw that all was lost, but death seemed to avoid him. Two horses were killed under him, but neither sword nor bullet struck him. He is retreating now, but the French are at his heels. God grant that he may escape! The commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, was mortally wounded; a bullet struck him in the face and destroyed his eyes. Oh, it is a terrible disaster! Prussia is lost, and so is Saxe-Weimar, for the Emperor Napoleon will never forgive our duke that, instead of joining the Confederation of the Rhine, he stood by Prussia and fought against France. Our poor state will have to atone for it!"

Hegel had listened sadly to the loquacious man, and his features had become gloomier and gloomier. He felt dizzy, and a terrible burden weighed down his breast. He nodded to the postmaster and went out again into the street.

But his knees were trembling under him. He slowly tottered toward his residence.

All at once a brilliant procession entered the lower part of the street. Drums and cheers resounded. A large cavalcade was now approaching.

At its head, mounted on a white horse with a waving mane and quivering nostrils, rode the man of the century, the man with the marble face of a Roman *imperator*, the Julius Cæsar of modern history.

His eyes were beaming with courage and pride; a triumphant smile was playing on his lips. It was the *triumphator* making his entry into the conquered city.

The philosopher thought of the history of ancient Rome, and it

seemed to him as though the face of the modern Cæsar were that of a resuscitated statue of antiquity.

Napoleon now fixed his flashing eyes on the philosopher, who felt that this glance penetrated into the innermost depths of his heart.*

Seized with awe, Hegel took off his hat and bowed deeply.

The emperor touched his hat smilingly, and thanked him; then he galloped on, followed by the whole brilliant suite of his marshals and generals.

The German philosopher stood still, as if fixed to the ground, and gazed after him musingly and absorbed in solemn reflections.

He himself, the Napoleon of ideas, had yet to win his literary battles in the learned world of Germany.

The emperor, the Napoleon of action, had already won his battles, and Germany lay at his feet. Vanquished, crushed Germany seemed to have undergone her last death-struggle in the battles of Jena and Auerstädt.

*The writer heard the account of this meeting with the Emperor Napoleon from the celebrated philosopher himself in 1829. He described in plain, yet soul-stirring words, the profound, overwhelming impression which the appearance of the great emperor had made upon him, and called this meeting with Napoleon one of the most momentous events of his life. The writer, then a young girl, listened at the side of her father with breathless suspense to the narrative which, precisely by its simplicity made so profound an impression upon her, that, carried away by her feelings, she burst into tears. The philosopher smiled, and placed his hand on her head. "Young folks weep with their hearts," he said, "but we men wept at that time with our heads."

THE AUTHORESS.

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THE END.

