

Side by side, whispering in low tones, lay the soldiers—for the hour seemed to all too solemn to be broken by any loud sound.

No hearts were so full of gratitude and joy as those of Charles Henry Buschman and Fritz Kober. In the pressure of the battle they had been separated and had not again met during the engagement. In vain they had sought and called upon one another, and each one thought of the fearful possibility that the other had fallen. At last they stumbled upon each other. With shouts of joy they rushed into each other's arms.

"You are not wounded, Fritz Kober?" said Charles Henry, with a beating heart.

"I am unharmed; but you, my friend?"

"Only a little cut in the hand, nothing more. How many prisoners did you take?"

"Seven, Charles Henry."

"You will be promoted! You will be an officer!"

"Not unless you are also. How many prisoners did you take?"

"I am not sure, Fritz; I think there were nine. But the captain will know."

"We will both be promoted, the king promised it, and now I am willing to accept it."

"But what is this to us now, my friend?" said Charles Henry; "we have found one another, and I am indifferent to all else."

"You are right, Charles Henry; this has been a fearful, a terrible day. My knees tremble beneath me—let us rest a while."

He laid himself upon the ground. Charles Henry knelt beside him, laying one hand upon his shoulder, and looked at the starry sky; a holy smile glorified his countenance. As he gazed at the moon, tender feelings were at work in his heart. He thought of his distant home—of the graves of his loved parents, upon which the moon was now shining as brightly as upon this bloody battle-field. He thought how kind and merciful God had been to preserve his friend, his only consolation, the one joy of his weary, lonesome life. The solemn stillness by which he was surrounded, the bright moonlight which illuminated the battle-field, the thought of the hard struggle of the past day, all acted strongly upon his feelings. The brave, daring soldier, Charles Henry Buschman, was once more transformed into the gentle, soft-hearted Anna Sophia Detzloff; now, when danger was past, she felt herself a weak, trembling woman. Deep, inexpressible emotion, earnest prayers to God, were busy in Anna Sophia's heart.

Kneeling upon the ground, resting on her friend, she raised her eyes heavenward, and commenced singing in an earnest, impassioned tone that glorious hymn, "Thanks unto God!" Fritz Kober, actu-

ated by the same feelings, joined in the hymn, and here and there a comrade lent his voice to swell the anthem; it became stronger, louder, until at last, like a mighty stream, it passed over the battle-field, knocking at every heart, and urging it to prayer, finding everywhere an open ear.

The moon stood smiling above the battle-field, upon which eight thousand dead and wounded men were lying. Even the wounded, who a short time before filled the air with groans of pain and agony, raised themselves to join in the song of praise which was now sung, not by a hundred, not by a thousand, but by thirty thousand soldiers, thirty thousand heroes, who, after that bloody day had earned the right to sing "Thanks unto God."

CHAPTER XV.

WINTER QUARTERS IN Breslau.

FAINT and exhausted, the king had withdrawn to his room; he was alone. To-day was the twenty-fourth of January, Frederick's birthday, and, although he had forbidden all congratulations, he could not avoid receiving the highest tribunals of Breslau, and also a few deputations of the citizens of this reconquered city. These visits wearied the king; he was grave and out of spirits. Once more alone, he could indulge in the sad memories that came over him involuntarily and forcibly. For here in Breslau he had lately experienced a bitter disappointment; every thing in the castle reminded him of the treacherous friend whom he had loved so dearly, and who had so shamefully betrayed him.

The king was now thinking of the Bishop von Schaffgotsch. An expression of painful gloom clouded his face, he felt solitary and deserted; the cold, silent room chilled his heart, and the snow blown against the window by the howling winds, oppressed him strangely. He was more dejected and anxious than he had ever felt before a battle.

"The marquis cannot travel in such weather," he said, sighing. "and my musicians will be careful not to trust themselves upon the highway; they will imagine the snow has blocked up the way, and that it is impossible to come through. They will remain in Berlin, caring but little that I am counting the weary hours until they arrive. Yes, yes, this is an example of the almighty power of a king; a few snow-flakes are sufficient to set his commands aside, and the king remains but an impotent child of the dust. Of what avail is it that I have conquered the Austrians and the French? I

have sown dragons' teeth from which new enemies will arise, new battles, perhaps new defeats. What have I gained by consecrating my heart to my friends? They are but serpents—I have nourished them in my breast, and they will sting when I least suspect them. Even those whom I still trust, forsake me now when I most need them!"

The wild storm increased, and blew a cloud of snow-flakes against the window, and the wind whistled mournfully in the chimney.

"No," murmured the king, "D'Argens will certainly not come; he will remain quietly in his beloved bed, and from there write me a touching epistle concerning the bonds of friendship. I know that when feeling does not flow from the hearts of men, it flows eloquently from ink as a pitiful compensation. But," he continued after a pause, "this is all folly! Solitude makes a dreamer of me—I am sighing for my friends as a lover sighs for his sweetheart! Am I then so entirely alone? Have I not my books? Come, Lucretius, thou friend in good and evil days; thou sage, thou who hast never left me without counsel and consolation! Come and cheer thy pupil—teach him how to laugh at this pitiful world as it deserves!"

Taking Lucretius from the table, and stretching himself upon the sofa, he commenced reading. Deep stillness surrounded him. Bells were ringing in the distance in honor of the royal birthday. The Breslauers, who had so shortly before joyfully welcomed the conquering Austrians, now desired to convince the King of Prussia that they were his zealous subjects. The evening of the kingly birthday they wished to show the joy of their hearts by a brilliant illumination.

The king still read, and became so absorbed that he did not hear the door gently opened. The tall, slender form of the Marquis d'Argens appeared at the threshold. Overcome with joyful emotions, he remained standing, and gazing with clouded eyes at the king. Composing himself, he closed the door softly behind him and advanced.

"Sire, will you forgive me for entering unannounced?"

The king sprang from his seat and held out both his hands. "Welcome, welcome! I thank you for coming."

The marquis could not reply; he pressed his lips silently upon the king's hands. "My God," he said, in a trembling voice, "how my heart has longed for this happy moment—how many offerings I have vowed to Heaven if allowed to see the king once more."

"You did not win Heaven by promises alone, friend, but you have offered up a victim. You have left that precious bed which

you have occupied for the past eight months—you have gained a victory over yourself which is of more value than many victories."

"Ah, your majesty," cried the marquis, whose black eyes were again sparkling with mirth, "I now feel that my poor heart spoke the truth when it declared that you were ever by its side. We have really not been separated, and your majesty begins with me to-day where you left off but yesterday. You laugh now as then at me, and my poor bed, which has heard for more than a year past only my sighs and prayers for your majesty's success. It was not difficult for me to leave it and to obey the summons of my king. If you think this conquest over myself worth more than a victory over our enemies, how lightly the hero of Rossbach and Leuthen regards victories!"

"Not so, marquis; but you know what the renowned King of the Hebrews said—that wise king who rejoiced in a thousand wives: 'He who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh a city.' You, marquis, are this rare self-conqueror, and you shall be rewarded right royally. I have had rooms prepared as warm and comfortable as the marquise herself could have arranged for you. The windows are stuffed with cotton, furs are lying before the stove, cap and foot-muff, so your faithful La Pierre may wrap and bundle you up to your heart's content. Not a breath of air shall annoy you, and all your necessities shall be provided for with as much reverence as if you were the holy fire in the temple of Vesta, and I the priestess that guards it."

The marquis laughed heartily. "Should the fire ever burn low and the flame pale, I beg my exalted priestess to cast her burning glance upon me, and thus renew my heat. Sire, allow me, before all other things, to offer my congratulations. May Heaven bless this day which rose like a star of hope upon all who love the great, the beautiful, the exalted, and the—"

"Enough, enough," cried Frederick; "if you begin in this way, I shall fly from you; I shall believe you are one of those stupid deputations with which etiquette greets the king. In this room, friend, there is no king, and when we are here alone we are two simple friends, taking each other warmly by the hand and congratulating ourselves upon having lived through another weary year, and having the courage bravely to meet the years that remain. Should you still desire to add a wish to this, marquis, pray that the war fever which has seized all Europe, may disappear—that the triumvirate of France, Russia, and Austria, may be vanquished—that the tyrants of this universe may not succeed in binding the whole world in the chains they have prepared for it."

"Your majesty will know how to obtain this result—to break

this chain—and if they will not yield willingly, the hero of Rossbach and Leuthen will know how to crush them in his just rage.”

“God grant it!” sighed the king; “I long for peace, although my enemies say I am the evil genius that brings discord and strife into the world. They say that if Frederick of Prussia did not exist, the entire world would be a paradise of peace and love. I could say to them, as Demosthenes said to the Athenians: ‘If Philip were dead, what would it signify? You would soon make another Philip.’ I say to the Austrians: ‘Your ambition, your desire for universal reign, would soon rouse other enemies. The liberties of Germany, and indeed of all Europe, will always find defenders.’ We will speak no more of these sad themes; they belong to the past and the future. Let us try to forget, friend, that we are in winter quarters at Breslau, and imagine ourselves to be at our dear Sans-Souci.”

“In our beautiful convent,” said the marquis, “whose abbot has so long been absent, and whose monks are scattered to the four winds.”

“It is true,” sighed the king, gloomily, “widely scattered; and when the abbot returns to Sans-Souci, every thing will be changed and lonely. Oh, marquis, how much I have lost since we parted!”

“How much you have gained, sire! how many new laurels crown your heroic brow!”

“You speak of my victories,” said the king, shaking his head; “but believe me, my heart has suffered defeats from which it will never recover. I am not speaking of the death of my mother—although that is a wound that will never heal; that came from the hand of Providence; against its decrees no man dare murmur. I speak of more bitter, more cruel defeats, occasioned by the ingratitude and baseness of men.”

“Your majesty still thinks of the unworthy Abbot of Prades,” said D’Argens, sadly.

“No, marquis; that hurt, I confess. I liked him, but I never loved him—he was not my friend; his treachery grieved but did not surprise me. I knew he was weak. He sold me! Finding himself in my camp, he made use of his opportunity and betrayed to the enemy all that came to his knowledge. He had a small soul, and upon such men you cannot count. But from another source I received a great wrong—this lies like iron upon my heart, and hardens it. I loved Bishop Schaffgotsch, marquis; I called him friend; I gave him proof of my friendship. I had a right to depend on his faithfulness, and believe in a friendship he had so often confirmed by oaths. My love, at least, was unselfish, and deserved not to be betrayed. But he was false in the hour of danger, like Peter who betrayed his Master. The Austrians had scarcely entered Breslau,

when he not only denied me, but went further—he trampled upon the orders of my house, and held a *Te Deum* in the dome in honor of the Austrian victory at Collin.” The king ceased and turned away, that the marquis might not see the tears that clouded his eyes.

“Sire,” cried the marquis, deeply moved, “forget the ingratitude of these weak souls, who were unworthy of a hero’s friendship.”

“I will; but enough of this. You are here, and I still believe in you, marquis. You and the good Lord Marshal are the only friends left me to lean upon when the baseness of men makes my heart fail.”

“These friends will never fail you, sire,” said the marquis, deeply moved; “your virtues and your love made them strong.”

The king took his hand affectionately. “Let us forget the past,” said he, gayly; “and as we both, in our weak hours, consider ourselves poets, let us dream that we are in my library in our beloved Sans-Souci. We will devote this holy time of peace to our studies, for that is, without doubt, the best use we can make of it. You shall see a flood of verses with which I amused myself in camp, and some epigrams written against my enemies.”

“But if we were even now in Sans-Souci, sire, I do not think you would give this hour to books. I dare assert you would be practising with Quantz, and preparing for the evening concerts.”

“Yes, yes; but here we are denied that happiness,” said the king, sadly. “I have written for a part of my band, and they will be here I hope in eight days; but Graun and Quantz will certainly not—” The king paused and listened attentively. It seemed to him as if he heard the sound of a violin in the adjoining room, accompanied by the light tones of a flute. Yes, it was indeed so; some one was tuning a violin and the soft sound of the flute mingled with the violoncello. A flush of rosy joy lighted the king’s face—he cast a questioning glance upon the marquis, who nodded smilingly. With a joyful cry the king crossed the room—an expression of glad surprise burst from his lips.

There they were, the loved companions of his evening concerts. There was Graun, with his soft, dreamy, artistic face; there was Quantz, with his silent, discontented look—whose grumbling, even Frederick was compelled to respect; there was the young Fasch, whom the king had just engaged, and who played the violoncello in the evening concerts.

As the king advanced to meet them, they greeted him loudly. “Long live our king!—our great Frederick!” Even Quantz forgot himself for a moment, and laughed good-humoredly.

“Listen, sire; it will be a mortal sin if you scold us for coming to you without being summoned by your majesty. This is through-

out all Prussia a festal day, and no one should desecrate it by scolding or fault-finding—not even the king.”

“Oh, I am not disposed to scold,” said Frederick, in low tones; he did not wish them to hear how his voice trembled—“I do not scold—I thank you heartily.”

“We had nothing better to send your majesty on your birthday than our unworthy selves,” said Graun; “we come, therefore, to lay ourselves at our king’s feet, and say to him: ‘Accept our hearts, and do not spurn the gift.’ A warm, human heart is the richest gift one man can offer another. Your majesty is a great king, and a good and great man, and we dare approach you, therefore, as man to man.”

“And my Graun is so renowned a composer, that any man must count it an honor to be beloved by him,” said Frederick, tenderly.

“For myself,” said Quantz, gravely, handing the king a small roll carefully wrapped up, “I have brought something more than my naked heart in honor of my king’s birthday. I pray your majesty to accept it graciously.”*

The king opened it hastily. “A flute!” cried he, joyfully, “and a flute made for me by the great master Quantz, I am sure.”

“Yes, your majesty; all the time you were in the field, I have worked upon it. As the courier brought the news of the battle of Leuthen, all Berlin shouted for joy, and the banners floated in every street and at every window. Then this flute broke its silence for the first time—its first music was a hosanna to our great king.”

“From this time forth,” said Frederick, “let no man dare to say that battles are in vain. The bloody field of Leuthen produced a flute from Quantz; and by Heaven, that is a greater rarity than the most complete victory in these warlike days!”

“Sire,” said the marquis, drawing some letters from his pocket, “I have also some gifts to offer. This is a letter from Algarotti, and a small box of Italian snuff, which he begs to add as an evidence of his rejoicing in your victories. † Here is a letter from Voltaire, and one from Lord Marshal.”

“From all my distant friends—they have all thought of me,” said Frederick, as he took the letters.

“But I have no time to read letters now; we will have music, and if agreeable to you, messieurs, we will practise a quartet which I composed during my solitude these last few days.”

“Let us try it,” said Quantz, carelessly opening the piano.

Frederick went to his room to seek his note-book, and place his letters upon the table, but, before he returned, he called the marquis to him.

* Pocius, “Frederick the Great and his Friends.”

† Ibid.

“D’Argens,” said he, “may I not thank you for this agreeable surprise?”

“Yes, sire, I proposed it, and took the responsibility upon myself. If your majesty is displeased, I am the only culprit!”

“And why have you made yourself the postilion, and brought me all these letters, marquis?”

“Sire, because—”

“I will tell you, marquis,” said Frederick, with a loving glance, and laying his hand upon D’Argens’ shoulder; “you did this, because you knew my poor heart had received a deep wound, and you wished to heal it. You wished to surround me with many friends, and make me forget the one who fails, and who betrayed me. I thank you, marquis! Yours is a great heart, and I believe your balsam has magic in it. I thank you for this hour, it has done me good; and though the world may succeed in poisoning my heart, I will never—never distrust you; I will never forget this hour!”

“And now, messieurs,” said Frederick, as he returned to the musicians, “we will take our parts, and you, Quantz, take your place at the piano.”

The concert began. Frederick stood behind the piano, at which Quantz sat; Graun and Fasch had withdrawn to the window, in order to enjoy the music, as Frederick was first to play a solo on his flute, with a simple piano accompaniment.

The king played artistically, and with a rare enthusiasm. The marquis was in ecstasy, and Graun uttered a few low bravos. Suddenly, all the musicians shuddered, and Quantz was heard to mutter angrily. The king had committed a great fault in his composition—a fault against the severest rules of art. He played on, however, quietly, and said, when he had completed the page—“*Da capo!*” and recommenced. Again came the false notes, frightful to the ears of musicians. And now Graun and Fasch could not keep time. The king held his breath.

“Go on, Quantz,” said he, zealously, placing the flute again to his lips.

Quantz cast a sullen look at him.

“As your majesty pleases,” said he, and he played so fiercely that Graun and Fasch shivered, and Quantz himself whistled to drown the discord. The unlearned marquis looked in blessed ignorance upon his royal friend, and the beautiful music brought tears to his eyes. When the piece was ended, the king said to Quantz:

“Do you find this text false?”

“Yes, your majesty, it is false!”

“And you two also believe it false?”

“Yes, your majesty, it is false!” said Graun and Fasch.

"But, if the composer will have it so?"

"It is still false!" said Quantz, sullenly.

"But if it pleases me, and I think it melodious?"

"Your majesty can never find it so," said Quantz, angrily. "The notes are false, and what is false can never please your majesty."

"Well, well!" said the king, good-humoredly; "don't be quite so angry! it is, after all, not a lost battle!* If this passage is impossible, we will strike it out."

"If your majesty does that, it will be a beautiful composition, and I would be proud myself to have composed it."

The king smiled, well pleased. It was evident that this praise of his proud and stern master was most acceptable to the hero of Leuthen and Rossbach.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A CARRIAGE stopped before the pleasure palace of Oranienburg. The lady who sat in it, cast anxious, questioning glances at the windows, and breathed a heavy sigh when she saw the closed shutters, and observed the absence of life and movement in the palace. At this moment an officer stepped hastily from the great portal to greet the lady, and assist her to descend.

"Does he still live?" said she, breathlessly.

"He lives, countess, and awaits you eagerly!" said the officer.

She did not reply, but raised her large, melancholy eyes thankfully to heaven, and her lips moved as if in prayer.

They stepped silently and rapidly through the dazzling saloons, now drear and deserted. Their pomp and splendor was painful; it harmonized but little with their sad presentiments.

"We have arrived, countess," said the officer, as they stood before a closed and thickly-curtained door. "The prince is in this garden-saloon."

The lady's heart beat loudly, and her lips were pale as death. She leaned for a moment against the door, and tried to gather strength.

"I am ready! announce me to the prince!"

"That is unnecessary, countess. The prince's nerves are so sensitive, that the slightest noise does not escape him. He heard the rolling of your carriage-wheels, and knows that you are here. He is expecting you, and has commanded that you come unannounced.

* The king's own words.

Have the goodness to enter; you will be alone with the prince." He raised the curtain, and the countess looked back once more.

"Is there any hope?" said she, to her companion.

"None! The physician says he must die to-day!"

The countess opened the door so noiselessly, that not the slightest sound betrayed her presence. She sank upon a chair near the entrance, and fixed her tearful eyes with inexpressible agony upon the pale form, which lay upon the bed, near the open door, leading into the garden.

What!—this wan, emaciated figure, that countenance of deadly pallor, those fallen cheeks, those bloodless lips, the hollow temples, thinly shaded by the lifeless, colorless hair—was that Augustus William?—the lover of her youth, the worshipped dream-picture of her whole life, the never-effaced ideal of her faithful heart?

As she looked upon him, the sweetly-painful, sad, and yet glorious past, seemed to fill her soul. She felt that her heart was young, and beat, even now, as ardently for him who lay dying before her, as in the early time, when they stood side by side in the fulness of youth, beauty, and strength—when they stood side by side for the last time.

At that time, she died! Youth, happiness, heart were buried; but now, as she looked upon him, the coffin unclosed, the shroud fell back, and the immortal spirits greeted each other with the love of the olden time.

And now, Laura wept no more. Enthusiasm, inspiration were written upon her face. She felt no earthly pain; the heavenly peace of the resurrection morning filled her soul. She arose and approached the prince. He did not see her; his eyes were closed. Perhaps he slumbered; perhaps the king of terrors had already pressed his first bewildering kiss upon the pale brow. Laura bent over and looked upon him. Her long, dark ringlets fell around his face like a mourning veil. She listened to his light breathing, and, bowing lower, kissed the poor, wan lips.

He opened his eyes very quietly, without surprise. Peacefully, joyfully he looked up at her. And Laura—she asked no longer if that wasted form could be the lover of her youth. In his eyes she found the long-lost treasure—the love, the youth, the soul of the glorious past.

Slowly the prince raised his arms, and drew her toward him. She sank down, and laid her head by his cold cheek. Her hot breath wafted him a new life-current, and seemed to call back his soul from the spirit-world.

For a long time no word was spoken. How could they speak, in this first consecrated moment? They felt so much, that language

failed. They lay heart to heart, and only God understood their hollow sighs, their unspoken prayers, their suppressed tears. Only God was with them! God sent through the open doors the fresh fragrance of the flowers; He sent the winds, His messengers, through the tall trees, and their wild, melancholy voices were like a solemn organ, accompanying love's last hymn. In the distant thickets the nightingale raised her melancholy notes, for love's last greeting. Thus eternal Nature greets the dying sons of men.

God was with His children. Their thoughts were prayers; their eyes, which at first were fixed upon each other, now turned pleadingly to heaven.

"I shall soon be there!" said Prince Augustus—"soon! I shall live a true life, and this struggle with death will soon be over. For sixteen years I have been slowly dying, day by day, hour by hour. Laura, it has been sixteen years, has it not?"

She bowed silently.

"No," said he, gazing earnestly upon her; "it was but yesterday. I know now that it was but yesterday. You are just the same—unchanged, my Laura. This is the same angel-face which I have carried in my heart. Nothing is changed, and I thank God for it. It would have been a great grief to look upon you and find a strange face by my side. This is my Laura, my own Laura, who left me sixteen years ago. And now, look at me steadily; see what life has made of me; see how it has mastered me—tortured me to death with a thousand wounds! I call no man my murderer, but I die of these wounds. Oh, Laura! why did you forsake me? Why did you not leave this miserable, hypocritical, weary world of civilization, and follow me to the New World, where the happiness of a true life awaited us?"

"I dared not," said she; "God demanded this offering of me, and because I loved you boundlessly I was strong to submit. God also knows what it cost me, and how these many years I have struggled with my heart, and tried to learn to forget."

"Struggle no longer, Laura, I am dying; when I am dead you dare not forget me."

She embraced him with soft tenderness.

"No, no," whispered she, "God is merciful! He will not rob me of the only consolation of my joyless, solitary life. I had only this. To think he lives, he breathes the same air, he looks up into the same heavens—the same quiet stars greet him and me. And a day will come in which millions of men will shout and call him their king; and when I look upon his handsome face, and see him in the midst of his people, surrounded by pomp and splendor, I dare say to myself, That is my work. I loved him more than I loved my-

self, therefore he wears a crown—I had the courage not only to die for him, but to live without him, and therefore is he a king. Oh, my beloved, say not that you are dying!"

"If you love me truly, Laura, you will not wish me to live. Indeed I have long been dying. For sixteen years I have felt the death-worm in my heart—it gnaws and gnaws. I have tried to crush it—I wished to live, because I had promised you to bear my burden. I wished to prove myself a man. I gave the love which you laid at my feet, bathed in our tears and our blood, to my fatherland. I was told that I must marry, to promote the interest of my country, and I did so. I laid a mask over my face, and a mask over my heart. I wished to play my part in the drama of life to the end; I wished to honor my royal birth to which fate had condemned me. But it appears I was a bad actor. I was cast out from my service, my gay uniform and royal star torn from my breast. I, a prince, was sent home a humiliated, degraded, ragged beggar. I crept with my misery and my shame into this corner, and no one followed me. No one showed a spark of love for the poor, spurned cast-away. Love would have enabled me to overcome all, to defy the world, and to oppose its slanders boldly. I was left alone to bear my shame and my despair—wholly alone. I have a wife, I have children, and I am alone; they live far away from me, and at the moment of my death they will smile and be happy. I am the heir of a throne, but a poor beggar; I asked only of fate a little love, but I asked in vain. Fate had no pity—only when I am dead will I be a prince again; then they will heap honors upon my dead body. Oh, Laura! how it burns in my heart—how terrible is this hell-fire of shame! It eats up the marrow of my bones and devours my brain. Oh, my head, my head! how terrible is this pain!"

With a loud sob he sank back on the pillow; his eyes closed, great drops of sweat stood on his brow, and the breath seemed struggling in his breast.

Laura bowed over him, she wiped away the death-sweat with her hair, and hot tears fell on the poor wan face. These tears aroused him—he opened his eyes.

"I have got something to say," whispered he; "I feel that I shall soon be well. When the world says of me, 'He is dead,' I shall have just awaked from death. There above begins the true life; what is here so called is only a pitiful prologue. We live here only that we may learn to wish for death. Oh, my Laura! I shall soon live, love, and be happy."

"Oh, take me with you, my beloved," cried Laura, kneeling before him, dissolved in tears. "Leave me not alone—it is so sad, so solitary in this cold world! Take me with you, my beloved!"

He heard her not! Death had already touched him with the point of his dark wings, and spread his mantle over him. His spirit struggled with the exhausted body and panted to escape. He no longer heard when Laura called, but he still lived: his eyes were wide open and he spoke again. But they were single, disconnected words, which belonged to the dreamland and the forms of the invisible world which his almost disembodied spirit now looked upon.

Once he said, in a loud voice, and this time he looked with full consciousness upon Laura, "I close my life—a life of sorrow. Winterfeldt has shortened my days, but I die content in knowing that so bad, so dangerous a man is no longer in the army."*

His mind wandered, and he thought he was on the battle-field, and called out, loudly:

"Forward! forward to the death!"

Then all was still but the song of the birds and the sighing winds. Laura knelt and prayed. When she turned her glance from the cloudless heavens upon her beloved, his countenance was changed. There was a glory about it, and his great, wide-opened eyes flashed with inspiration; he raised his dying head and greeted the trees and flowers with his last glance.

"How beautiful is the world when one is about to die," said he, with a sweet smile. "Farewell, world! Farewell, Laura! Come,

* The prince's own words. He died the 12th of June, 1758, at thirty-six years of age. As his adjutant, Von Hagen, brought the news of his death to the king, Frederick asked, "Of what disease did my brother die?" "Grief and shame shortened his life," said the officer. Frederick turned his back on him without a reply, and Von Hagen was never promoted.

The king erected a monument to Winterfeldt, Ziethen, and Schwerin, but he left it to his brother Henry to erect one to the Prince of Prussia. This was done in Reineck, where a lofty pyramid was built in honor of the heroes of the Seven Years' War. The names of all the generals, and all the battles they had gained were engraven upon it, and it was crowned by a bust of Augustus William, the great-grandfather of the present King of Prussia.

The king erected a statue to Winterfeldt, and forgot his brother, and now Prince Henry forgot to place Winterfeldt's name among the heroes of the war. When the monument was completed, the prince made a speech, which was full of enthusiastic praise of his beloved brother, so early numbered with the dead. Prince Henry betrayed by insinuation the strifes and difficulties which always reigned between the king and himself; he did not allude to the king during his speech, and did not class him among the heroes of the Seven Years' War.

In speaking of the necessity of a monument in memory of his best beloved brother, Augustus William, he alluded to the statue of Winterfeldt, and added: "L'abus des richesses et du pouvoir élève des statues de marbre et de bronze à ceux qui n'étaient pas dignes de passer à la postérité sous l'emblème de l'honneur."—Rouille's "Vie du Prince Henry."

Recently a signal honor has been shown to Prince Augustus William, his statue has the principal place on the monument erected in honor of Frederick the Great in Berlin.—Rouille.

take me in your arms—let me die in the arms of love! Hate has its reign in this world, but love goes down with us into the cold grave. Farewell!—farewell!—farewell!"

His head fell upon Laura's shoulder; one last gasp, one last shudder, and the heir of a throne, the future ruler of millions, was nothing but a corpse.

The trees whispered gayly—no cloud shadowed the blue heavens; the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and yet in that eventful moment a prince was born, a pardoned soul was wafted to the skies.

Love pressed the last kiss upon the poor, wan lips; love closed the weary eyes; love wept over him; love prayed for his soul.

"Hate has her reign in this poor world, love goes down with us into the dark tomb."