

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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