

whole army, soul-stirring the enthusiasm of the brave soldiers for their chieftain and emperor. When there was any momentary difficulty to overcome, the shout of 'Long live the emperor!' resounded, animating all souls, and carrying away all hearts. The emperor saw at the most critical moment of the battle that the enemy's cavalry threatened the flanks of the infantry. He galloped up to order new manœuvres, and the front to be transformed into a square. At every step he was hailed by shouts of 'Long live the emperor!' The soldiers of the imperial guard were jealous of all the other corps who participated in the battle, while they alone were inactive. Several voices were already heard to shout, 'Forward!' The emperor turned and asked, 'What is that? He must assuredly be a beardless youth who wishes to anticipate me as to what I ought to do. Let him wait until he has commanded in twenty battles; then he may claim to be my adviser.' The whole guard replied to this rebuke by the unanimous shout of 'Long live the emperor!' and rushed toward the enemy, when, at length, the order was given to charge. The results of this battle are from thirty to forty thousand prisoners, three hundred fieldpieces, and thirty standards. Among the prisoners there are more than twenty generals. The losses of the Prussian army are very heavy, amounting to more than twenty thousand killed and wounded. Our losses are estimated at about twelve hundred killed and three thousand wounded."*

Profound silence ensued when Staps had read the bulletin. The two officers were still lying on the ground, and their dilated eyes gazing at the roof of foliage above them.

"And we must quietly listen to that," said Schill, after a long pause; "and our hearts do not break with grief and rage! heaven does not grow dark, and earth does not open to swallow up the degraded, in order to save them compassionately from the sense of their humiliation! These words will be read by the whole of Europe, and all will know that this insolent conqueror may dare with impunity to speak in insulting terms of our queen, the purest and best of women!"

"He is the master of the world, and will issue many more bulletins of this description, and speak in such terms of many more princes and princesses," said Count Pückler. "He has the power to do so. He needs only stretch out his hand, and kingdoms fall to ruins—nations are at his feet, and cry imploringly: 'Let us be your slaves, and lay your hand on us as our

*Fifth bulletin of the Grand Army.

lord and master!' It is useless to resist him. Let us, therefore, submit."

"No," exclaimed Schill, rising, "no, let us not submit. When a whole nation arouses itself, and shakes its lion's mane, there is no hand, even though it were an iron one, that could hold and subdue it."

"But our nation will not rise again—it has been crushed," said Pückler, mournfully. "It is sleeping the sleep of death."

"No, it has not been crushed. No, it will not die!" exclaimed Schill, in an outburst of generous rage. "It is only necessary to instill genuine vitality into its veins, and to awaken it from its lethargy by soul-stirring exhortations, as our young friend here encouraged and strengthened us an hour ago by his noble song. Oh, sing again, friend Staps! Purify the air—which is still infected by the words of the imperial bulletin—purify it by another German song, and let the native oak, which has listened to our disgrace, now hear also manly words. Sing! and may your voice reach our poor soldiers who are closing their eyes on the battle-field; and may it breathe the consolation into their ears, 'You die for Germany, but Germany does not die—she lives, and will rise again!'"

"Yes, I will sing," said Frederick Staps, enthusiastically, "but I wish that every note issuing from my breast would transform itself into a sword, and strike around with the storm's resistless fury!"

"In that case all of us, and yourself, too, would be the first victims," said Pückler, with a melancholy smile.

"Of what consequence are our lives, if they are given up for the fatherland?" exclaimed Staps, fervently. "Oh, believe me, I could, like Mucius Scævola, lay my hand on the red-hot iron, and not wince, but sing jubilant hymns, if I thought that my torture would be useful to my country. Now, I can only sing, only pray, only weep. But who knows whether I shall not become one day a modern Mucius Scævola, a modern Mæros, and deliver the world from its tyrant?"

And suddenly raising his voice, with a radiant face, he began to sing:

Frisch auf! Es ruft das Vaterland
Die Männer in die Schlacht.
Frisch auf! Zu dämpfen Trug und Schand!
Heran mit Macht, mit Macht!
Heran und braucht den Männerleib,
Wozu ihn Gott gebaut:
Zum Schirm der Jungfrau und dem Weib,
Dem Säugling und der Braut!

Denn ein Tyrann mit Lügenwort
 Und Strick und Henkerschwert,
 Uebt in dem Vaterlande Mord,
 Und schändet Thron und Heerd,
 Und will, so weit die Sonne scheint
 Der einz'ge König sein ;
 Ein Menschenfeind, ein Freiheitsfeind,
 Spricht er : die Welt ist mein !

Verhüt' es Gott und Hermann's Blut !
 Nie werde solches wahr !
 Erwache, alter deutscher Muth,
 Der Recht und Licht gebar !
 Erwache ! sonder Rast und Ruh,
 Schlag' Jeden der dir droht,
 Und ruf' ihm deutsche Losung zu :
 "Sieg gelt' es, oder Tod !" *

"Victory or death!" shouted the two officers, raising their hands and eyes toward heaven.

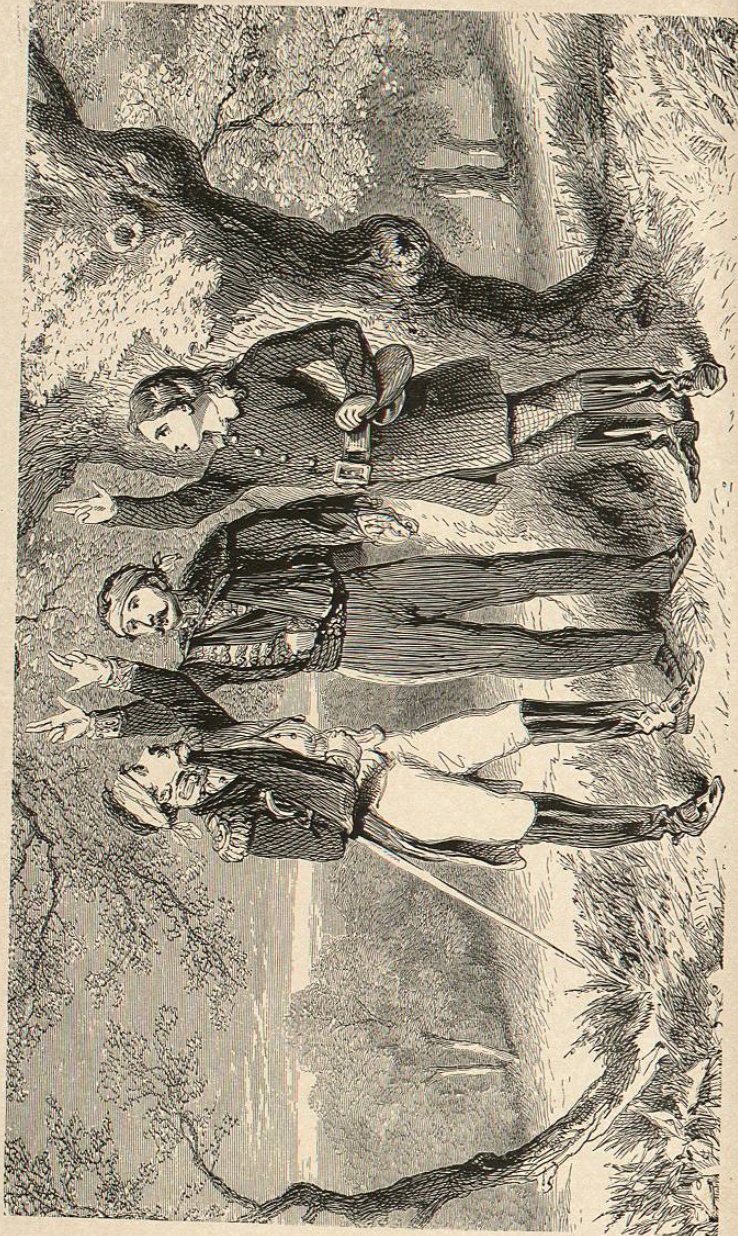
"When will the Germans sing and act in this manner?" asked Count Pückler, sadly.

"When we have awakened them!" exclaimed Schill, joyfully. "For that is now our only task: to arouse the Germans, and to remind them of their duty and honor. Every one ought to raise his voice for this purpose, and toil for it. The time is past when the nation was separated from the army, and when the civilian hated the soldier. All these separate interests we buried yesterday on the battle-fields of Jena and Auerstadt. Heaven permitted our army to be defeated for the purpose of teaching us that its heart was demoralized and its vitality entirely gone. But Bonaparte, who believes his successes to be due solely to his own energy and sagacity, is, after all, nothing but the scourge that God uses to chastise us. And, after chastising us sufficiently, the scourge will be cast aside, and lie on the ground, trampled under foot and despised, while we shall rise and become again a glorious nation. But, in order to bring about this change, it is necessary to arouse the Prussians, and fan the flames of their patriotism. Every Prussian must feel and know that he is a soldier of the grand army which we shall one day place in the field against the so-called grand army of Napoleon, and, when the call of 'Rally round the flag!' resounds, he must take up the sword, and proudly feel that the holy vengeance of the fatherland is placed in his hands."

"But suppose there is no one to utter the cry of 'Rally round the flag!' how are the people to appear and take up arms?"

"We are there, and we shall exhort the people to arms!"

* "Victory or death !" A very popular hymn of that period.



THE OATH OF REVENGE.

said Schill, energetically. "Henceforth, we must not wait until the generals call us; we ourselves must be generals, and organize armies—every one after his own fashion—according to his influence. We must travel over the country, and enlist recruits. As we have no standing army, we must form independent corps, and, by means of raids, harass and molest the enemy. The strongest lion succumbs when stung by many bees. Every Prussian must turn conspirator, and prevail on his neighbor to join the great conspiracy; secret leagues and clubs must be instituted everywhere, and work and agitate until we are united like *one* man, and, with the resistless power of our holy wrath, expel the tyrant who enslaves us!"

"Yes, you are right; we must not give way to timid dependency, but hope and dare every thing. Every one must become a general, and enlist troops, to attack the enemy whenever and wherever he can!"

"I shall also enlist my troops, and lead them against the enemy," exclaimed Staps, with sparkling eyes. "But my troops will not be made of flesh and blood. They will be the songs I sing, and one day I shall march out with them, and challenge the tyrant to mortal combat! Yes, you are right in saying, 'Every one must fight after his own fashion, and according to his power and influence;' let me fight, too, after my fashion!"

"Go and fight, and may the blessings of all the brave follow you!" said Schill, placing his hand on the head of the youth. "Let us take here, under the German oak, a solemn oath that we will devote our fortunes, our lives, and our sacred honor, to the fatherland!"

"Yes," exclaimed Pückler and Staps, "we will take that oath!"

"Let us," said Schill, "then swear to strive for nothing but to deliver Germany from the grasp of the tyrant."

"We swear," continued Schill, "to regard ourselves from this hour as soldiers of the grand army one day to battle for our liberties—to leave nothing undone in enlisting fresh troops—that our life shall be nothing but an inexorable and never-flagging struggle against the usurper—that we will rather die than submit. We vow vengeance against him, and deliverance to the fatherland!"

When all had repeated this oath, Schill said, solemnly, "The German oak has heard our words, and they are registered on high; now, my friends, let us go and enter into a new life—a new future. Let us take care of the body, in

order to impart strength to the mind to carry out its schemes. Come, let us go!"

They passed on, and soon reached the village, guided by Staps to the parsonage.

The clergyman joyfully received the officers; his wife prepared her best rooms for them, and pledged herself, like her husband, to protect them at the risk of her life, if French soldiers should arrive, and search the house for wounded Prussians.

"Now you are safe, and I can go," said Frederick Staps, when he was again alone with his friends, their host having withdrawn to prepare every thing that was necessary for the comfort of his guests. "I cannot stay here any longer, for I have promised my father to proceed without delay to Leipsic, and I must keep my pledge to him, as I shall keep it to you. Farewell, friends; may God protect you, and may your deeds fill the world with your glory, so that the poor merchant's apprentice in Leipsic may also hear of it!"

"The poor merchant's apprentice is also a soldier of our grand army of the future," said Schill; "we have enlisted him, and he will go and fulfil his duty to his fatherland."

"Yes, you may depend on it he will do his duty," exclaimed Staps, "and you will hear of him one day. Farewell, and, please God! we shall meet again!"

"Yes, we shall meet again," said the two officers, cordially shaking hands with the youth, and taking leave of him.

Staps left the room hastily. When he turned round once more at the door, and greeted the friends with a nod, they saw that his eyes were filled with tears.

The clergyman's wife now entered to serve up the dinner she herself had prepared, and there was added a bottle of old Hock from the wine-cellar.

"In the first place, however," said the clergyman to Schill, "I must see and dress your arm, sir; I am quite experienced in dressing wounds, having taken lessons in surgery in order to assist our poor peasants in case of injuries, and render it unnecessary for them to pay large doctors' bills. Let me, therefore, be your surgeon, too."

Schill gratefully accepted his kind offer, and after his wife had brought every thing necessary for dressing a wound, the clergyman examined Schill's arm, and removed the coagulated blood from it.

"It is a very deep flesh-wound," he said, "fortunately the bone is uninjured."

"Then I shall soon be able to use my arm again?" asked Schill, joyfully.

"Not for a few weeks yet, unless you wish to run the risk of losing it entirely. Mortification might set in after the wound has commenced ulcerating. Hence, you must be very cautious, and live as quietly as possible. Your hands are now already burning, and your fever will be very severe. Unfortunately, I have brought up my wine in vain. Both of you, gentlemen, will not be able to drink it to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after to-morrow either. For the first three days your fever, as I stated already, will be very serious."

This prediction was fulfilled. For three days the officers were unable to rise from their couch. They were delirious, and unaware of the danger menacing them. A French regiment had come to the village to spend the night, and four of its officers established their headquarters at the parsonage.

But as soon as the French troops had been descried in the neighborhood of the village, the clergyman, assisted by his wife and servants, had removed the wounded, and prepared a safe refuge for them in the hay-loft of his barn, far from the dwelling-house. He himself remained with them, and, while his wife received the French officers, and informed them that her husband was not at home, the good old man was sitting in the hay-loft beside his guests, nursing them with the kindness of a father and the skill of an experienced physician. He had locked the door of his asylum, and a loaded gun and unsheathed sword were within his reach, in order forcibly to drive back the French, in case they should try to penetrate into this hiding-place.

But the danger passed, and the fever abated. Four days afterward the two Prussians were strong enough to continue their journey. The clergyman himself drove them in his carriage to the neighboring town, where they bought two horses and departed—not together, however, but by different routes. Count Pückler took the road to Breslau; Ferdinand von Schill turned toward Kolberg.

Before parting, they cordially shook hands once more.

"Let us remember the oath under the German oak," said Schill.

"Yes," replied Pückler. "We shall not desert the fatherland, but serve it with our whole strength, and after that is exhausted, we know how to die."