to the manner in which he would have to win the confidence of Frederick William, and assured him that he would retain it, provided he never pretended to rule over the king. He called upon him in the name of Prussia and Germany not to decline the difficult task, but to fulfil the hopes which patriots were reposing in him. He advised him to impose such conditions as he might deem prudent before accepting the offer, and to address a letter to his majesty in regard to them.

A pause ensued. Stein had listened to the words of his friends in silence. All looked at him anxiously. His face was calm, and when he slowly opened his eyes, they indicated entire composure.

"High-chamberlain von Schladen," asked Stein, "you have made the long journey from Memel to this place for no other purpose than to deliver to me these letters and the order of the king?"

"It was the only object of my journey," said M. von Schladen. "I travelled by way of Copenhagen and Hamburg, in order to avoid French spies."

"And when do you intend setting out again?" asked the baron.

"Your excellency, as soon as I have obtained a reply."

"Ah," exclaimed Stein, with a gentle smile; "you want to prevent me, then, from writing immediately, that I may retain you for some time as a welcome guest?"

"No, your excellency, let me entreat you to give me at once your reply to the solicitations with which the king and the queen—all Prussia—nay, all Germany turn to you, and implore you to lend to the fatherland your strong arm."

"Alas, my hand is so feeble that it can scarcely hold a pen!" said Baron von Stein, sighing. "Wilhelmina, you are always my kind and obliging friend—will you now also lend me your hand, and be my secretary?"

The baroness cast a mournful and loving look on him. "I read in your eyes," she said, sadly, "that you have made up your mind, and that, even though I implore you to desist for my sake and that of our children, it would be in vain. We shall lose you again; your house and my heart will be lonely, and only my thoughts will travel with you! But it hardly becomes me to dissuade you from your purpose. In these days of general distress it does not behoove German patriots to confine themselves to the happiness of their own firesides, and to shut their ears against the cries of the fatherland. Your

heart, I know, belongs to me. Your mind and your abilities belong to the world. Go, then, my beloved husband, and do your duty; I will fulfil mine." She kissed the baron's forehead, and then stepped to the table at the window. "Your secretary is ready," she said, taking the pen; "tell me what to write."

Baron von Stein raised himself, and dictated in a firm voice as follows:

"To the King's Majesty:—Your gracious orders and the offer of the department of the interior, have been communicated to me by a letter from Minister von Hardenberg, *de dato* Memel, July 10, which I received on the 9th of August. I accept the office unconditionally, and leave it to your royal majesty to arrange with what persons, or in what relations to my colleagues, I am to discharge my duties. At this moment of my country's distress it would be wrong to consult my own personal grievances, particularly as your majesty manifests so exalted a constancy in adversity.

"I should have set out immediately, but a violent tertian fever is confining me to my bed; as soon as my health is better, which I trust will be the case in ten days or two weeks, I shall hasten to your majesty. Your obedient servant,

"Stein."

Baron von Stein kept his word. Two weeks afterward, although still suffering and feeble, he entered his travelling-coach to repair to Memel, and to hold again in his powerful hands the reins of the Prussian government.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOHANNES VON MÜLLER.

The French authorities had informed the municipality of Berlin that peace had been concluded at Tilsit, between the Emperor of the French and the King of Prussia. They ordered that the inhabitants of Berlin, in view of this important event, should manifest their gratification in a public manner. German singers were to perform a *Te Deum* at the cathedral in honor of this treaty, and at night the people were to show, by a general illumination, that they rejoiced at the restoration of peace. The rulers of the city had issued orders to this effect, and the citizens were obliged to obey,

although deeply affected by the humiliating terms of the treaty, which the *Berlin Telegraph* had communicated in a jubilant editorial. The capital of Prussia had to celebrate the disgrace of the country by a festive illumination. But the public officials could not compel the people to give their hearts to such outward rejoicings, or even to manifest their approval by their presence. At the cathedral, the organist with his choristers sang the ordered *Te Deum* to the accompaniment of kettle-drums, but the church was empty. Only the French officers and a few hired renegades witnessed the solemnity.

At night, all Berlin was in a blaze of colored flame, but the streets were deserted. No glad populace were thronging them—no cheering or merry laughter was to be heard; only here and there, troops of French soldiers were loitering and singing loudly; or a crowd of idlers, such as are to be found wherever their curiosity can be gratified, and who, devoid of honor and character, are the same in all cities. The better classes remained at home, and disdained to cast even a fugitive glance on the dazzling scene. Nowhere had more lights been kindled than were ordered by the French authorities. At one house, however, on Behren Street, a more brilliant illumination was to be seen; variegated lamps were there artistically grouped around two busts that stood in strange harmony, side by side, and excited the astonishment of all passers-by. They were the busts of Frederick the Great and Napoleon, on whose foreheads beamed the same radiant light. At this house lived Johannes von Müller, the historian of Switzerland, who had caused this exhibition to be made, and who surveyed his work with smiling face. "It is all right," he said to himself, "it is a beautiful spectacle—those splendid heads; and it does my heart good that I have succeeded in this annoyance to my opponents. They shall see that I am not afraid of their attacks, and that I am quietly pursuing my career, in spite of their slanders. They call me a renegade, because I did not escape with the rest; they call me a friend of the French, because I delivered a French address at the Academy on the birthday of Frederick the Great, and their vulgar minds were displeased because in that speech I dared to compare Napoleon with Frederick. It is also distasteful to them that I have renounced the title of secret councillor of war, and call myself, briefly and simply, Johannes Müller. As if a title were not a superfluous addition to Johannes Müller, whom Germany loved before he had a title, and whom she will love when he

has one no longer. Yes, my enemies envy my glory, they call me a friend of the French simply because I do not abuse them in their absence, and in their presence keep quiet and assume a stupid indifference. I keep my hands free; I write openly; I am no hidden reviler of the French, but a public worshipper of all that is sublime. For this reason I have placed here, side by side, the busts of the two greatest men to whom the last century has given birth. And now, great heroes! shine upon me in the radiance which a man whom the people have honored with the name of the German Tacitus, has kindled for you! Shed your lustre on the city, and tell the Germans that Johannes von Müller does homage to genius, regardless of nationality or birth! Watch over the study of the historian, and while he works guard him from the spirits of evil!" He waved his hands to the busts, and was about to sit down to his books and papers, when his old servant entered to inform him that a gentleman wished to see the councillor of war immediately.

"Michael Fuchs," exclaimed Müller, "how often have I told you not to address me by that absurd title, which, I hope, I shall soon cast off as the ripe chestnut its capsule. Councillor of War! For my part, I never counselled any one to commence this senseless war, and now that there is peace, I scarcely regard myself as a Prussian functionary; and yet you continue repeating that ridiculous title!"

"Well, well," said the old servant, smiling, "when we received that title four years ago, we were overjoyed and felt very proud. It is true, times have changed, and I believe that Clarke, the French general, with whom we dined again to-day, does not like the title much. We may, therefore, cast it aside. But, sir, while we are quarrelling here, the gentleman outside is waiting to be admitted."

"You are right, Michael Fuchs," said Johannes von Müller, in a gentle tone, as if he desired to pacify him; "let the stranger come in."

Old Michael nodded pleasantly to his master. Opening the door and stepping out, he said aloud: "Come in, sir! I have announced you, and M. von Müller awaits you."

"He is a very good, faithful old fellow!" murmured Johannes von Müller, meeting the visitor who was entering the room.

"Oh, M. von Nostitz," exclaimed Müller, joyously, "you here in Berlin! I thought you were on your estates."

"I was not on my estates, but at Memel with our king," said M. von Nostitz, gravely. "Honored with some commissions by his majesty, I have arrived here, and as one of them concerns you, Mr. Councillor, I have hastened to call upon you."

"The king, then, has received my letter at last and grants my resignation?" asked Müller, quickly.

"The king has received your letter," replied M. von Nostitz.

"And my resignation? You come to notify me that it has been accepted?" exclaimed Müller, impatiently.

"Then you are really in earnest about your request?" asked M. von Nostitz, almost sternly. "I must tell you that none of us would believe it, and that I have come to entreat you in the name of the king and the queen—in the name of all your friends, who, faithful to their duty, followed the royal couple, to change your mind and remain with us. The queen, especially, refuses to believe that Johannes von Müller, the great historian, who, but a few months ago, spoke and wrote for Prussia with so ardent an enthusiasm, now intends to leave us voluntarily and to escape in faithless egotism from the calamities that have overwhelmed us all. I am to beg you in the name of the queen to remain with us. Her majesty cannot and will not believe that you are in earnest about this resolution to resign your office and leave the country. She has commissioned me to beg you not to treat the state at this critical juncture in so ignominious a manner as to despair of it, and assures you that your salary will always be punctually paid. She admonishes you through me to think of your numerous friends here, of the favorable disposition of the Prussian government toward you, of the agreeable life you are leading in Berlin, and, finally, of the work on Frederick the Great, which you have just commenced, and to remain in the Prussian service."

"The kindness and solicitude manifested by her majesty cannot but profoundly touch my heart," exclaimed Müller, in a tremulous voice, "and I wish from the bottom of my heart, which is truly loyal and devoted to the royal house of Prussia, that I were allowed to comply with these gracious words. Her majesty and all my friends know the high opinion and sanguine hopes which I entertain with regard to Prussia, and that I feel convinced Providence has intrusted to this state the championship of truth, liberty, and justice in Germany.

The queen is right also in saying that I am leading quite an agreeable life here; and that Berlin, if it should become a great centre of education for the north, would be a highly interesting place. It is very true, too, that I have warm friends here; that I am living at a fine villa; that I have no indispensable duties to perform every day, and that my salary has hitherto been promptly paid. But I confess I feel attracted toward my dear friends in Southern Germany and Switzerland. I am longing for peace and quiet, to finish my history of the land of Tell, but here I do not see any prospect of it. I am afraid, on the contrary, that the ferment and commotion of affairs will last a good while yet. I have been assured that important reforms and reductions in the financial administration of the country are in contemplation, and that men of high rank, who have served the state for half a century, and are by no means wealthy, will suffer; how, then, could I hope that these reforms would leave me untouched, when I have been but three years in the Prussian service?"

"That is to say, you are afraid of losing your salary, notwithstanding the queen's assurances?" asked M. von Nostitz.

"That is to say, I am unfortunately not rich enough to be contented with less; I have nothing but my salary, and have to pay my debts with it. When Prussia lost two-thirds of her revenues, I offered to give up my position here, which yields me an income of three thousand dollars. I believe that was honorable, and will cast no reproach on my character and sentiments."

"That is to say, sir, you tendered your resignation because the King of Würtemberg offered you a professorship at the University of Tübingen."

"But I should never have accepted it had I not deemed it incumbent upon me not to receive any money at the hands of Prussia at a time when her exchequer is hardly able to pay the salary of a superfluous savant. Take into consideration that, when I accept this offer, which would first necessitate my removal from the Prussian service, I cannot assuredly be charged with having done so from motives of avarice. Other reasons impel me to leave a pleasant position in the finest city of Germany, and move to a small university town, where I shall have only half the salary I am receiving here. I shall live in a remote corner of the world, but be enabled to lead a calm, undisturbed life, and finish the works I have commenced."

"All my remonstrances, the wishes of the queen, the exhortations of your friends, are in vain, then?" asked M. von Nostitz.

"I requested his majesty the King of Prussia in an autograph letter to accept my resignation," said Müller, evasively; "I want, above all, a categorical reply whether I must remain or go."

"You may go, sir," exclaimed Nostitz, almost contemptuously. Taking a paper from his memorandum-book, he added, "here, sir, is your dismission. I was ordered to deliver it into your hands only when my solicitations and the representations made in the name of the queen should make no impression upon you. You are free; the king dismisses you from the service; Prussia has nothing further to do with you. Seek your fortune elsewhere; your glory you will leave here. Farewell!" Saluting him haughtily, and without giving him time to reply, M. von Nostitz turned and left the room.

Johannes von Müller gazed after him with a long, mournful look. "Another man who will charge me before my friends and before the world with treachery, perfidy, and meanness!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Oh, stupidity and empty words! They want to accuse me of treachery because it suits them best, and because they refuse to comprehend that a poor savant ought at least to be protected from want in order to be able to live for science. A reduction of salaries and pensions is impending; I owe it to myself and to the works I have commenced, to provide against this misfortune, and to seek a place where I can labor without being disturbed, and, thank God! I have found it. Now I may go to Tübingen, for I am free!" He took the paper from the table, and hastily breaking the seal read the contents. "Yes," he repeated, "I am free! I can go. All hail Tübingen! so near the Alps, so near the grand old forest! In thy tranquillity I will return to my early enthusiasm as to the bride of my youth! My history of Switzerland will at last be completed and bequeathed to posterity! Already methinks I breathe the pure air of the mountains; and sunny Italy, while I cannot return to her, invites me to thee, quiet Tübingen!"

Johannes von Müller did not perceive that, while he was speaking to himself, the door behind him had softly opened, and a gentleman, wrapped in a cloak, his face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, had entered the room and overheard the last words. The savant, staring at the muscular form of this

stranger, drew back in surprise. "What does this mean?" he muttered. "Where is Michael Fuchs?"

"Michael Fuchs is outside, and considers it very natural that an old friend should desire to surprise his master rather than be solemnly announced," said the stranger, approaching and taking off his hat.

"Frederick von Gentz!" exclaimed Müller, in a joyful voice, yet not altogether free from fear. "My friend, you dare to come hither, and yet you must know that the emperor of the French is highly exasperated at you; that he believes you to be the author of all sorts of seditious pamphlets, and that it would be very agreeable to him to have you arrested and confined."

"Yes, it is true," said Gentz, in his careless, merry way, "Napoleon Bonaparte does me the honor of being afraid of me and my pen, and would like to render me harmless, as he did poor Palm. Once I was in imminent danger of falling into the hands of his police, and I escaped in disguise, but only after a great deal of trouble."

"And yet you dare to come to the seat of the French administration in Germany?" exclaimed Müller. "Oh, my friend, your danger nearly deprives me of the delight I feel in seeing you again, and I have to mingle my loving salutations with warnings and presentiments!"

"You are right; I was rather bold in entering the cobweb of the French spiders," said Gentz. "Still, it is not so dangerous as you believe, and you may be perfectly at ease so far as I am concerned. I am here with a charming lady friend, the Princess Bagration. I figured on her passport as her private secretary, and have a regular Russian one of my own, purporting to be issued to M. de Gentzowitch. Besides, no one suspects me here; we have just arrived, and will leave Berlin to-morrow before daybreak to return to Dresden. We are now at peace with France, and the authorities here will hardly dare to lay hands on a subject of the Emperor of Russia, the friend and admirer of the Emperor of the French. You see, therefore, you need not be afraid about me, and I may safely chat with you for an hour here in your study."

"Then, my dear friend, let me welcome you," exclaimed Müller; "let us enjoy this hour, and renew the pledge of friendship." Müller welcomed Gentz with great cordiality, but the latter did not share the ardor of his friend.

"You have remained faithful to our reminiscences?" Gentz

asked, as Müller led him to the sofa, and sat by his side. "You have not forgotten the past, and your heart still retains its old friendship?" While uttering these words, he fixed his dark eyes on the face of Johannes von Müller, who seemed not to be able to bear his steadfast gaze, and became embarrassed.

"Oh, my friend!" he exclaimed, "how can you ask whether I remember other days? My heart frequently feels exalted at the idea of friendship, which so few can appreciate at its true value. What attachment was that of Jonathan, himself a victorious warrior, for Jesse's noble son! How great Jonathan was, who knew that the throne of Israel would pass from his house to David! I was always affected by David's exclamation at Jonathan's death. I thought of it just now. And Scipio had a disinterested friendship for Lælius, although he was aware that envious men desired to rob him of the glory of having conquered Carthage, and ascribed every thing to the skilful plans of Lælius. Just as if, when I narrate the heroic deeds of our ancestors, some one should say, 'The best passages were written by his friend!' What Scipio felt was once illustrated, at a private dinner, by Ferdinand of Brunswick, the hero of Crefeld and Minden. He also had a friend, and to him were attributed the successes of the prince. Ferdinand himself smilingly said to me, 'Between real friends it is a matter of indifference to whom the credit is given.' Oh, the spirits of David, Jonathan, and Scipio, must have rejoiced at these words as heartily as I did. So, my dear Gentz, you ask me whether I have forgotten our friendship?"

"Words, words!" exclaimed Gentz, indignantly. "Instead of deeds, you have nothing but words. I will speak to you plainly, and with the sincerity of a true German. That is what I have come for."

"Like a true German?" repeated Müller. "Are there still any true Germans? Are they not by this time extinct, leaving behind only slaves and renegades? This is not the age for true Germans, and if any really exist, they ought to hide themselves and be silent."

"And you can say that—you who once called so enthusiastically for deeds?" exclaimed Gentz, indignantly. "Listen to me, Johannes von Müller! I tell you once more, it is for your sake that I have come. I wanted to appear before you either as your guilty conscience or as your friend, as your judge or as your ally. I refused to believe in all that was

told me about you. I would trust only my own ears, my own eyes. Johannes von Müller, I have come to ask you: Do you still remember the oath we took in so solemn a manner at Frankfort?"

"I do," said Johannes von Müller, timidly. "Carried away by the enthusiasm of our hopes, we covenanted for the welfare of Germany, and especially for her deliverance from foreign tyranny."

"We swore to unite in active love for Germany, and in active hatred against France," exclaimed Gentz, solemnly. "I have fulfilled my oath; I have toiled incessantly for the deliverance of Germany. The persecutions I have suffered at the hands of the French, and Napoleon's wrath, speak for me! I have well improved my time. But what have you done? Where are the friends enlisted for our covenant? Where are the allies gathered around you to assist against France? The time for action is coming, and we must be ready to fight the battle and expel the tyrant. Johannes von Müller, where are the troops you have enlisted—the men you have gained over to our cause?"

"I have enlisted no troops—prepared no battles, and concentrated no corps," said Müller, sighing. "On the battlefield of Jena lie buried not only our soldiers, but our hopes. The disaster is boundless; name, rights, existence—all gone! A new order of things is at hand. The great period of many monarchies, since the downfall of the Roman empire, is closed. No other path to prosperity and glory remains to us than that of the arts of peace; we cannot succeed by war."

"It is true, then," exclaimed Gentz, mournfully, "that you are a traitor and a renegade, and have not been slandered! You have not only lost your faith, but the consciousness of your perfidy! Oh, I refused to believe it; I thought it was impossible. I did have confidence in you. It was well known to me that you had long since lost your courage and inclination to struggle for our cause. I was also aware that, even before the commencement of the war between Prussia and France, your irresolution and timidity had increased. I was not greatly surprised, therefore, that you remained at Berlin when all faithful men left the capital, or, as some assert, you returned hither agreeably to an invitation from the French. After this, I was no longer astonished at seeing you repudiate your principles, your glory, your friends, the cause of Germany, every thing great and good that you had advocated for

years, and truckle in the most cowardly manner to the conqueror, carry on disgraceful secret negotiations with him, and issue equivocal declarations and confessions; but that you should betray all that ought to be dear to you—that you should publicly renounce your principles—of such treachery I never deemed you capable!"

"And where did I commit any such treachery?" asked Müller, reproachfully; "where did I secretly or publicly renounce all that had hitherto been dear to me? Tell me, accuse me! I will justify myself! This will show you how ardently I love you, for I will accept you as a judge of my actions, and allow you to acquit me or to find me guilty."

"Be it so!" exclaimed Gentz. "I do not stand before you as an individual; but as the voice of Germany—of posterity, that will judge and condemn you if you are unable to justify yourself. Listen to the charges, and reply to them! Why did you remain in Berlin when the court fled; when all those who were loyal to the king and his cause left the capital, because they refused to bow their heads to the French yoke?"

"I remained because I did not see any reason for fleeing. I am no prominent politician; politics, on the contrary, are only a matter of secondary importance to me. My principal sphere is science, and every thing connected with it. Now I was better able to serve it here than elsewhere. I had my books here, and a large number was on the way to me; accordingly, I had to wait for them; besides I had commenced studying the royal archives of Berlin to obtain material for my history of Frederick II. These are the reasons why I remained, and I confess to you that I had no cause to repent of it. No one injured me, or asked any thing dishonorable of me; no one insisted on my doing any thing incompatible with my duty and loyalty; on the contrary, all treated me politely. They seemed to regard me as one of the ancients, living only in and for posterity. Never before was the dignity of historical science honored in a more delicate manner than by the treatment I received at the hands of the French. Thus, amid the crash of falling thrones, I have quietly continued at my history of Switzerland, written articles for several reviews, and made extracts from many of the ancient classics, from the whole *Muratorian Thesaurus*, and from other printed and manuscript volumes. This, my friend, is a brief sketch of the quiet and retired life I have led since the disastrous day of Jena."

"You forgot to mention several essential points in your sketch," said Gentz, sternly. "You did not allude to your friendly intercourse with Napoleon's prætorians; you forgot even to refer to the remarkable visit you paid to the Emperor of the French. How could you, who so recently in public addresses had called upon every one to rise against the usurper—how could you dare to enter the lion's lair without fearing lest he strike you dead by a single blow? Napoleon Bonaparte might invite me twenty times in the most flattering manner, I should still take care to refuse, for I feel convinced that I should never return. The bullets that struck Palm's breast would be remoulded for me. How did it come that you did not feel any such apprehensions? How could you hope that the French would forgive your former Prussian patriotism, unless you had made concessions to them—unless you had proved recreant to the cause to which you had hitherto adhered?"

"I made no concessions. They were unnecessary; no one asked me to make them," said Johannes von Müller, gently. "I remained in Berlin, because I was unable to flee with my whole library, and because I was no more bribed by France than by England, or any other power."

"Ah, I understand you; you will now turn the table, and accuse me instead of justifying yourself. It is a very common thing nowadays to tell marvellous stories about the large sums with which England has bribed me to speak and write against the usurper, who tramples upon our freedom and nationality. You can scarcely open a newspaper without finding in it, side by side with eulogies of the great German historian, and of the gratifying manner in which 'Napoleon, the hero, whose eagle-eye discerns every thing, knew how to appreciate his merits,' systematic attacks against me, and allusions to the rumor that I had been bribed by England."

"I did not intend accusing you," said Müller. "I am only justifying myself; first, as to my remaining here, and, secondly, as to the visit I paid to the Emperor Napoleon. He sent for me, and, rest assured, I did nothing whatever to bring about this invitation. Ought I to have refused? He did not say a word about the king, the queen, myself, my wishes or plans. Dear friend, will you permit me to relate to you the particulars of my interview with Napoleon? Will you listen to me quietly, so as to judge for yourself whether that visit, which has been censured so severely, was really so