

great a crime, so terrible a perfidy against Germany, as my enemies have seen fit to pretend?"

"Speak! I told you already that I come to accuse you in the name of Germany and of posterity, and to listen to your justification."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CALL.

JOHANNES VON MÜLLER shook his head, and as he spoke his voice grew louder and his face kindled with enthusiasm. "M. Alexander von Humboldt had made me acquainted with the French minister of state, M. Maret, who frequently invited me, with Humboldt and some other *savants*, to dine with him, and seemed to like my conversation. One morning he called to inform me that the Emperor Napoleon desired to receive me at seven o'clock in the evening. At the hour appointed I rode to Maret, and was introduced to Napoleon, who was seated by himself on a sofa; several persons, unknown to me, stood in a remote corner of the room. The emperor commenced by referring to the history of Switzerland, and told me I ought to finish it, because the more recent period of the history of that country was by no means devoid of interest. From Swiss history we passed to the history and constitution of ancient Greece, to the theory of constitutions, to the striking difference of those of the Asiatic nations, and the causes of this difference, to be found in the climate and in polygamy, to the widely different characters of the Arabs (whom the emperor extolled very highly), and the Tartars, which led us to the invasions always threatening civilization from that side, and the necessity of raising a bulwark against them. We then spoke of the real value of European culture, and stated that there never had been greater freedom, security of property, humanity, and better times in general, than since the fifteenth century; further, that there was a mysterious concatenation in all terrestrial events, that every thing was directed by the inscrutable dispensations of an invisible hand, and that the emperor himself had become great by the very actions of his enemies. We referred to the great confederation of nations, an idea that had already been entertained by Henry IV.; to the sources and necessity of

religion; we said that man was, perhaps, not able to bear the whole dazzling truth, and required to be kept in bounds; but that, nevertheless, it was possible to bring about a happy order of things if the numerous wars ceased that had been produced by constitutions too intricate, such as that of Germany, and by the intolerable burdens imposed on nations by large standing armies. A great many other things were said, and, in fact, almost all countries and nations were alluded to. The emperor spoke at first in his ordinary tone, but in a lower voice as the conversation became more interesting, so that I had to bend down, and no one else could have understood what he said. I myself shall never repeat several statements he made on this occasion. I contradicted him repeatedly, and he entered into a discussion with me.

"If I am to speak impartially, I must say that Napoleon's knowledge, the correctness of his observations, his understanding, the grandeur of his views, filled me with admiration, while the amiable manner in which he spoke to me could not but enlist my affection. A few marshals and the Prince de Benevento in the mean time entered the room, but he did not interrupt himself. After I had conversed with him about an hour and a half, he ordered the concert to commence, and I do not know whether it was a mere accident or whether he did so to oblige me, but he asked the musicians to play Swiss airs, and among them the *Ranz des Vaches*. He then bowed to me kindly, and left the room. I must confess I was fascinated. Since my conference with Frederick II., twenty-four years ago, I never had a more interesting interview, at least none with a prince; if my memory does not deceive me, the emperor's conversation was even more solid and comprehensive than that of Frederick, who did not conceal his admiration for the views of Voltaire. For the rest, Napoleon's tone is firm and vigorous, but there is as winning an expression about his mouth as there was about that of Frederick. It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. Napoleon conquered me; too, by his genius and unaffected kindness. This, my friend," said Müller, "is a faithful account of what occurred during my visit to him, and how I was charmed by his genius."

"Woe to you that he succeeded!" exclaimed Gentz—"that he confused your understanding and infatuated your judgment. Are you, then, really in earnest about this admiration and fulsome praise of a man whom you abhorred formerly—to

whom at Frankfort you vowed everlasting hatred—whom, in your wrath, you called the scourge that was torturing us, that we might be aroused from our stupor? Do you now seriously praise him as the great genius to whom we ought to do homage and bow as humble worshippers?"

"Yes, I say that Providence has intrusted to him the most sublime mission," exclaimed Müller. "I feel convinced that God has given him the empire of the world. Never before has this been more apparent than in the late war, in which he obtained victories with which only those of Arbela and Zama can be compared. Inasmuch as the old and rusty order of things was doomed to disappear, it was fortunate that these victories were vouchsafed to Napoleon and to a nation that is distinguished for its culture, and appreciates the toils of learned men far more readily than other nations. Just as little as Cicero, Livy, and Horace, concealed from the great Cæsar, or from Augustus, that they had formerly been opposed to him, have I concealed that I had belonged to a different party, or rather entertained different views, which, the issues being decided, I willingly give up, ready, if not to coöperate in, at least to become the impartial historian of the reorganization of the world. Now, it is an inexpressibly edifying occupation to raise our eyes from the ruins of Europe to the whole connection of history—to seek for the causes of events, and boldly to remove a little the veil that covers the probable future. These ideas seem to me so grand and gratifying that they fill my soul, absorbing all my reflections. Thus I try to prepare as well as I can for what is to come. History teaches me that, when the time for a great change arrives, resistance against it is utterly useless. True wisdom consists in a correct perception of the signs of the times, and true virtue is not transformed into vice when this or that phase passes away. The ruler of the world will certainly never overlook him who demonstrates his manhood, and whose skill and courage entitle him to human respect."

"Yes," exclaimed Gentz, laughing scornfully, "you are indeed a true man! When the country was overwhelmed with calamities—when your friends, whom your clarion-notes once led to the charge—when the royal couple that had overwhelmed you with manifestations of kindness and esteem, and all the loyal and faithful fled, you acted like a true man! You only thought of yourself and your personal interests, and forgot what you once swore to me, and in reference to which

I stand before you at this hour. Johannes von Müller, I renounce you forevermore! Germany will accept no further services at your hands, even though you should desire to espouse her cause again, for no one reposes confidence in the faithless. Posterity will honor Johannes von Müller, the historian; but they will despise Johannes von Müller, the man. I know you now thoroughly. Your whole character is a strange error nature committed in uniting intellect of extraordinary strength with one of the feeblest souls. The many sublime thoughts, the ingenious and often profound combinations which for many years have characterized your pen, were apparently intended only for others; you yourself derive no benefit from them. You are, and will ever be, the plaything of every accidental and momentary impression. Always ready to acknowledge and embrace whatever came near you, you were never able to feel either enduring hatred or attachment. Your life is a mere capitulation. If the Evil One himself should appear on earth in visible form, I could show him the way by which he could league with you within twenty-four hours. The true source of your inconsistency is the fact that, separated from all good and true men, and surrounded by knaves and fools, you see and hear nothing but what is ignoble and false. If you could have made up your mind to leave Berlin, you would probably have been saved. Your real guilt consists in your staying here; the remainder of your faults were only consequences of it. Whether this judgment is more lenient or rigorous, more mortifying or honorable, than that which you may expect at the hands of the public, I will not decide. As for myself, it is conclusive."

"But it is not for me," exclaimed Müller, with grave dignity. "I forgive you the insults you have thrown into my face; and, instead of turning away from you in silence, and in the consciousness of right, I will address you a last word of justification; for you know full well that I have loved you, and my heart renounces reluctantly its dream of friendship. You have preferred serious charges against me; you have threatened me with the judgment of posterity; but posterity will have better ideas of justice than you, whose eyes are blinded by partisan feelings and political hatred. It is true, I have said on every page of my works that men ought not to shrink from sacrificing their lives for their country, for truth, and justice; but I am unconscious of having done any thing

to the contrary, nor have I ever been exposed to such an alternative. Never have I changed my principles. What I desired when I entered into the covenant with you at Frankfort, was to bring about a firm alliance between Austria and Prussia, and thereby to transform Germany into a strong power, interposing the two great empires. For that purpose I have striven, acted, spoken, and written. My utterances were not listened to, and the year 1805 destroyed all my hopes. The times changed, but my principles did not, based as they are on the great truth of all possible liberty, dignity, and happiness for the nations, according to their different circumstances and peculiarities. Never, however, did I permit personal considerations to influence me; I wrote for Prussia in the good cause of the princes' league, and against Prussia in the bad one of the separate peace. It is true, I was not quiet with regard to the blunders committed: I did not encourage the mad expectations of the war-party, and was opposed to misleading the public by false rumors and inflammatory appeals. I desired the truth, and proclaimed it; but the so-called German patriots think I ought to have kept silence. When the Jews were warned with tearful eyes to submit to the conqueror, into whose hands Providence had delivered Asia for a certain time, they deemed it patriotic to persecute the prophet, but Jerusalem was burned. Why did he not keep silence? Because God commanded him to speak. That is the servility, the faithlessness, and treachery with which I am now reproached. Hypocrites! Every crime has its motive. Did I intend to increase my glory? Certainly not. It was self-interest, then? Yes!—to give up the beautiful city of Berlin, the title of councillor of war, and a salary of three thousand dollars, doubtless to go to Paris and receive a large pension from the French government! No! but to accept a professorship of two thousand florins in the little town of Tübingen, and to have the honor to work hard to pay my debts! That is the brilliant position which is asserted to have induced me to sacrifice my nation, my liberty, and my honor. I am tired of sacrificing myself, of toiling incessantly, and of being exposed to danger, in an ungrateful age and for a degenerate nation, cowardly in deed, slanderous in word, and senseless in hope. A supreme intelligence is ruling over us; one era is past; another is approaching, and of what character it will be, depends on our own reformation! It was Providence that sent Napoleon as the instrument of the tran-

sition. I acquiesce in the dispensation of God, who, during the latter centuries, has so ordered events as to prevent mankind from receding from the degree of civilization they had attained. The people must take heart, concentrate their moral and mental strength, and devote themselves to the culture of the peaceful and the good. That is my last confession. If you understand me, and it satisfies you, give me your hand, and we are reconciled; if you wish to continue to misrepresent me and condemn my course, farewell! for, in that case, our paths diverge forever."

"Let us, then, pursue different paths!" exclaimed Gentz, contemptuously, taking his hat and preparing to leave. "I go, but not without painful emotion. Let your heart, in memory of the past, tell you whether I have judged correctly. I feel what it is to lose you! As a friend of patriotism, I pass an inexorable sentence on you; as a man, as your former friend, I feel nothing but compassion—to hate you is beyond my power. If God fulfil our wishes, and crown my efforts and those of my companions, then there will be but one punishment for you, and it will be terrible. Law and order will return, the robber and the usurper be humbled, and Germany, flourishing under the rule of wise sovereigns, will again be free; but you will have to stand aloof, and never be permitted to join in the sacred hymns of our patriots! Farewell!" He turned and hastily left the room.

Johannes von Müller gazed after him mournfully. "I have lost another friend! Ah, I wish I could escape into the grave from all this turmoil—these painful misunderstandings and broken friendships." Standing silent, he placed his hand over his tearful eyes. "No," he said; "I will not despair! The hand of Providence is everywhere; it will support and protect me. I have lost a friend; very well, I will return to my immortal friends—to the ancients! They never cease to instruct and strengthen me by their exalted sentiments." He stepped to his desk, and, sitting down, seized one of the large open volumes. "Come and console me, Juvenal," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "You are to me rather a new friend, whom I have learned but lately to understand thoroughly. O Juvenal! let the fire burning in your works warm my heart, and invigorate me by your words, which are among the priceless treasures of mankind!" He bent over the book and commenced reading. His face, which, at first, had been melancholy, soon assumed a serene and almost good-humored

expression, and, forgetful of the present, he became entirely absorbed in reading the Roman author.

All was silent in his room. The busts of Napoleon and Frederick looked down on the illuminated but deserted street, as if they were guarding the great historian from any evil thoughts or cowardly despondency that perchance might disturb his thoughts. Suddenly a horseman galloped up, and a carriage approached the house. Two gentlemen alighted and entered. Johannes von Müller saw and heard nothing. He read and copied such passages from old Juvenal as pleased him best.

Some one rapped violently at the door, and a deep voice called out in French, "May I enter?"

"General Clarke!" exclaimed Johannes von Müller, almost in dismay, starting up and rushing toward the door; but, before he reached it, the French governor of Berlin, General Clarke, appeared, followed by a young orderly, whose dusty uniform told that he had just left the highway and the saddle.

"M. Johannes von Müller," exclaimed Clarke, cordially nodding, and offering his hand to the *savant*. "See what I bring you!"

"Well," asked Müller, in surprise, "what does your excellency bring?"

"I bring you a courier whom the minister of state, M. Maret, by order of the emperor has sent you, and who has been hunting for you all over Germany. At Frankfort he was informed you were already at Tübingen, and on arriving there he learned that you had not yet left Berlin, although you had been expected for six months."

"I could not go," said Müller; "I had not yet received my dismissal; it arrived only to-day."

"It is well it came to-day," exclaimed Clarke; "it has arrived just in time. My friend," he added, turning to the courier, "this is M. von Müller; deliver the letter into his hands."

The courier produced a large letter to which an official seal was attached. "When can you let me have the reply?" he asked. "I have been instructed to return to Paris without delay."

"The reply?" said Müller. "But I do not yet know the question?"

"My learned friend," exclaimed Clarke, laughing, "this game of questions and answers with Napoleon resembles a

thunderstorm; almost as soon as the flash is seen, the thunder is heard. There must be no hesitation—no delay. It is the emperor that asks. Permit the courier, in the mean time, to retire into the anteroom. On crossing it, I noticed a sofa. You will permit him to take a little rest until your reply is ready. I have also commissioned your servant to fetch a glass of wine and some food. You must take into consideration that the poor fellow has been on horseback, day and night, and has but just left the saddle."

"Go, sir," exclaimed Müller, in an impressive voice, "take a little rest and some food. I am sorry that I have caused you so much trouble."

"And now, sir," said Clarke, when the courier had left the room, "read the letter from Minister Maret."

Johannes von Müller broke the seal and opened the paper with a trembling hand. While he was reading, a blush suffused his face, and an exclamation of joyful surprise burst from his lips. "This letter contains extraordinary news! I am to go to Paris! I am to receive an important office that I have never solicited!"

"Yes, sir, you are to go to Paris, and, as speedily as possible," said Clarke, smiling. "I also received a letter from the minister by this courier, and his excellency requests me to have you set out without delay. It is the emperor's order, sir, and must be complied with. His majesty himself has appointed you to the exalted position which you are to fill at the court of his brother, the King of Westphalia. Jerome's kingdom sprang from the soil of Germany in a night; hence it is right that you should be his minister of public instruction. That is the office to be intrusted to you, sir. The emperor has so ordered it. He promised his brother a minister of the German nation."

"I, a poor book-worm, who have had more intercourse with the dead than the living—I am to become a minister! That will not do. I lack the necessary ability and experience."

"Nonsense, sir!" exclaimed Clarke; "when the emperor bestows an office on a man, he gives him the understanding required for it. Hesitation is injurious, because it only postpones your departure. Please notice that you have not been asked whether you wish to accept or not, but that the emperor orders your presence, and that quickly. I shall lend you my own travelling-coach, and send my secretary with you. You

will travel by way of Mentz and Strasburg, and in five days you must be at Fontainebleau, where the emperor is awaiting you to give you further instructions. Well, when do you intend to set out?"

"When shall I set out? I feel as one dreaming, or as if all this were the play of my imagination."

"You will have to admit, however, that it is at least brilliant. It is worth while, I should think, to make a journey to Paris to receive the appointment of cabinet-minister. I ask you again, When will you set out? Remember, it is the emperor that calls you."

"Oh, then he has not forgotten me, the great man!" exclaimed Müller. "After so many victories, he still remembers that interview in which I learned to admire him. I must not be ungrateful for so gratifying a remembrance. Only sublime and salutary ideas spring from the head of Jove; hence, I submit in every respect to his will, and shall go to him to receive his orders and comply with his wishes."

"Well said!" exclaimed Clarke. "You will set out tomorrow morning. I shall prepare every thing that is necessary. But, remember, the courier is waiting for your reply. Quick, my friend! write an answer to the minister. But few words are required. Just say to him: 'Your excellency, I come!' That will be sufficient."

Johannes von Müller, almost intoxicated with delight, hastened to his desk, and wrote a few lines. "I have written what you told me," he said, smiling, and handing the paper to the general. "I have written: 'Your excellency, I come!'"

"Now fold it up and direct it," said Clarke.

Müller did so, and gave the sealed letter to Clarke: "Well, general, here is the letter—I deliver it into your hands, and with it my future."

"Mr. Minister, permit me to congratulate you," said Clarke, smiling, and, going to the door, he gave the letter to the courier.

"Minister!" said Johannes von Müller, with a joyful air, "I am to be a minister!" But suddenly his face became gloomy. "Alas!" he murmured, "now my country will call me a traitor indeed, and Gentz will seem to be right in denouncing me as an apostate, and accusing me of having tendered my resignation to obtain a more lucrative office. Well, no matter," he exclaimed, after a pause, "let them denounce

and slander me! My conscience acquits me, and I may be permitted, after all, to be useful to Germany in my new position. May God in His mercy guide me!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

FINANCIAL CALAMITIES.

"HEAVEN be praised that you are again restored to us!" exclaimed the queen, smiling gratefully, and offering her hand to Minister von Stein. "Oh, believe me, such a sunbeam is welcome to us in these dreary days of Memel."

"It is true," said Stein, sighing. "Your majesty has passed disastrous days, and I am glad that I am able again to assist my adored queen in her troubles."

She shook her head mournfully. "I do not believe in the possibility of any alleviation or change. We have suffered great misfortunes, and greater may befall us. Since the days of Jena and Auerstadt our sorrows have increased. We are constantly experiencing some new humiliation; even the treaty of Tilsit is not the climax of our calamities. They come as an avalanche, and sometimes I wish to be buried beneath them."

"Then the last ray of hope for Prussia would disappear," said Stein. "If your majesty desert us, we are irretrievably lost, for your life, your courage, and your spirit, are the support of your husband. Without Louisa, Prussia and her king would perish."

"Oh, it is true he loves me," cheerfully exclaimed the queen. "The king treats me more affectionately than ever. And that is great happiness after a wedded life of fourteen years! I will be grateful to him as long as I live, and to Prussia for loving me. But, alas! I have no other thanks for them than my devotion and my prayers!"

"You have still your courage and a strong hope in the future of your country. You must animate the desponding and strengthen the weak. Let that be your majesty's great and holy duty."

"You are right, I must not despair," responded the queen, "and I thank you for having admonished me. Oh, it is sometimes very difficult to bear such disasters, and I feel that my health is giving way more and more. And tell me where